

WEREWOLVES
(First 21 pages)

Written by

John Vamvas

&

Olga Montes

© John Vamvas & Olga Montes
writers@werewolvesthefilm.com

www.werewolvesthefilm.com

Whitt Brantley
WBMT Literary, Film and Television
www.whittbrantley.com
wb@whittbrantley.com
T.484.824.0372

DARKNESS. SOUNDS of HEAVY PANTING, RUNNING, SNAPPING BRANCHES and GROWLS.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

DILLY, in her 30s, clothes torn, full of bloody cuts and scratches, runs for her life. Something is chasing her, GROWLING.

She spots a bundle in a tree and starts to kick at the dead leaves on the ground below it until: CLICK. She throws herself to the ground.

WHOOSH. A stuffed burlap sack tied to a rope swings right over her and slams into whatever is chasing her. PIERCING DOG-LIKE YELP.

She rolls aside, feels about and finds a rock. She looks. Nothing's there. Dilly slowly gets to her knees. A BRANCH SNAPS behind her, she turns, is about to throw the rock. Nothing's there. Dilly gets up and starts off.

GROWL! She's pulled down and dragged by her feet. She screams.

Light shines through - far off headlights getting closer cause a distraction. Dilly whips the rock. A PAINFUL YOWL.

Dilly crawls to a stand and runs.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

A trucker, DREW, 40's, drives while fidgeting with his radio.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dilly runs. She sees the truck's lights and waves her arms.

DILLY

Hey! Hey!

She catches herself, the headlights reveal she's on the edge of a ridge. Whatever is behind her is coming. She panics, grabs on to a thorny tree root and lets herself hang over the edge.

The beastly SNARLS and GROWLS above her turn to SNIFFING and PANTING. Dilly presses her body into the earth, her feet dangle, her palms bleed.

The NOISES above her slowly fade to an EERIE BREEZE. She can't hold on any longer. She pulls herself up.

DILLY (cont'd)
Please don't be there. Please don't-

A fiery breath steams her forehead - a SNARL SWELLS into a FEROCIOUS GROWL. Not daring to lift her eyes, Dilly lets go.

She tumbles down a steep hill.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The TRUCK, hauling an OIL TANKER, speeds down the steep road.

Dilly is tumbling toward the road.

The truck is rolling faster.

Dilly rolls onto the road.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
-Police are still looking for the
two teens who-

The truck is about to hit her.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dilly screams, standing as the headlights shine on her.

The truck SCREECHES loudly, SKIDS and comes to a stop yet hits her enough to throw her to the side of the road.

Drew jumps out, motor still running, and goes to her.

DREW
Are you crazy? What the hell are
you doing in the middle-

Horrified, Dilly points behind him. Drew turns.

DREW (cont'd)
Oh, fuck! Fuck me!

Drew leads Dilly to the passenger door. It's locked!

DREW (cont'd)
 SHIT!
 (Pulling her along)
 Come on! Come on! Move!
 (he opens his door)
 Get in! Get in!

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 -caution, do not approach, repeat,
 do not approach. Call your local
 authorities immediate-

Dilly quickly turns off the radio.

Drew hops in, locks his door and throws the truck into gear.
 He scans his mirrors and windows: nothing.

DREW
 Are you alright?

Dilly is curled up in a ball, trembling and whimpering. Drew reaches for his phone when the sound of SPINE-CHILLING SCRAPING coming from his window sets his teeth on edge. He slowly turns and sees his door window is completely smeared. He leans in closer and sees it's blood and mud. A THUNDEROUS GROWL! Drew jumps back, losing control of the wheel. Dilly jumps back and screams. Another THUNDEROUS GROWL, coming from her side. Her window is also covered in mud and blood. Dilly jumps out of her seat and clutches at Drew. He tries to shake off whatever is POUNDING, GROWLING and SCRAPING at his truck. He floors it, picking up speed, veering from left to right. He sees a sign up ahead:

NEXT EXIT, HOPE 27 MILES.

DREW (cont'd)
 Hang on. This fucker's getting off.

BANG! He smashes whatever is out there into the sign.

He turns to deal with what's on his left. He can't see anything through the bloody-muddy window. He turns on the exterior LED lights. He reaches under his seat and pulls out a tire iron. He starts to roll his window down carefully, steering with his knees. Dilly backs into the sleeper, horrified. Drew continues to roll the window down inch by inch as Dilly shakes her head "no". The window is now about six inches down. He looks out: up, down, side to side, and in his mirror. Nothing's there.

DREW (cont'd)
 They're gone. Go on, take a look
 for yourself. Trust me, no one
 fucks with a trucker.

Drew sets the tire iron down, picks up his phone and dials.

911 (V.O.)
 911, what's your emergency?

DREW
 Lady, you wouldn't believe me.

911 (V.O.)
 Don't tell me they're out of
 chicken nuggets.

DREW
 What? Chicken? What the hell are
 you talking about?

911 (V.O.)
 Sir, try to remain calm.

DREW
 CALM! I am calm! Something was
 climbing my rig trying to kill us
 and you're talking about nuggets?!!

911
 Thing?

DREW
 Things!

911 (V.O.)
 What kind of things, sir?

DREW
 I don't know, the kind that hang on
 and bang on your truck. And growl.

911 (V.O.)
 Growl? Oh, no, not you too. Is this
 a joke?

DREW
 Do I sound like I'm joking?

911 (V.O.)
 Well, all night I've been getting
 prank calls with growls. I just
 want to make sure-

DREW
How do you know they're pranks?

911 (V.O.)
Because I've been doing this job
long enough to-

DREW
Maybe they're dead now. Maybe you
got them killed.

911 (V.O.)
Sir, what is your name?

DREW
What?

911
Your name. I need your name.

DREW
I have an emergency here!

911
And I have protocol. I need your-

DREW
Drew. Drew fucking Daniels and I've
got a woman here who's been
scratched, bitten and I don't know
what the fuck else and if you sit
there shittin' me about your prank
calls and protocols and something
happens to her it'll be all on you,
lady.

(Drew mouths to Dilly:)
Don't worry, nothing'll happen to
you.

911 (V.O.)
I'm sorry, sir.

DREW
Damn straight.

911 (V.O.)
Please give me your location.

DREW
I'm on the 13 South about twenty-
seven miles from Hope just past-

BANG! BANG! BANG! coming from the top of the cab.

DREW (cont'd)
Oh, Jesus!

Drew quickly rolls up his window.

GROWL! GROWL! Dilly screams. She jumps out of the back and grabs Drew's arm, knocking the phone out of his hands.

From the phone on the floor:

911 (V.O.)
Sir? Sir?

Drew pushes Dilly off and reaches for the phone. The truck hits a bump lifting him off his seat. His foot crushes the phone as it lands.

The POUNDING, SCRAPING and GROWLING are coming from all over the cab. Dilly is hysterical between the seats. Drew veers the truck left and right as it reaches the top of a hill.

DREW
Don't worry, I got 'em exactly
where I want.

He glances at the emergency handbrake lever.

DREW (cont'd)
Sit down! Fasten your seat belt!

Dilly clambers back into her seat and fastens her belt.

The POUNDING and GROWLING stop.

Drew and Dilly look about. Nothing. The truck picks up speed as it rolls downhill.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on the passenger door. Dilly stiffens, too horrified to look. Drew reaches for the tire iron and sees Dilly frozen in her seat, eyes on the road in front of her. Dilly's eyes widen, she points:

CRASH! The front windshield shatters. Whatever is out there is trying to pound its way in!

DREW (cont'd)
SON OF A BITCH! HOLD ON!!!

He pulls the handbrake! SCREECH. Whatever was out there goes flying off. Drew pushes back the handbrake and continues moving, trying to control the rig, trying to see through the shattered windshield. He smashes the windshield out with his tire iron and gains control of the vehicle.

Drew rolls down his window and from his side mirror tries to make out what is out there.

DREW (cont'd)
What the hell was that?

Dilly just stares at him.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

WHATEVER IS OUT THERE POV

Watches the truck speed away, tires on fire. SIRENS approach.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

STATE TROOPER CARS zoom by, lights flashing, SIRENS blaring.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY, CORNFIELDS - NIGHT

WHATEVER IS OUT THERE POV

Sees a neon sign far ahead, "Eats All Nite - 24HR".

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

WHATEVER IS OUT THERE POV

Looking into the diner: OLD MAN SAM goes behind the counter. GARY, late 30's, sits in the last booth talking to a young couple, KURT and KAREN, in the booth in front of him. A TV above the counter plays the news. SIRENS in the distance.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The flashing red, white, and blue lights of State Trooper cars, other EMERGENCY VEHICLES, and REPORTER VANS illuminate the road.

The truck, bloody and severely beaten, is stopped. Extinguisher in hand, Drew puts out the fire on his tires.

Paramedics rush and take over.

TROOPERS CHRIS and FLOYD rush to Drew. Soon after, they rush back into their vehicles and take off.

The paramedics rush to Drew. Drew points to the truck and one of them rushes and opens the cab door. He looks back at Drew, shaking his head.

Drew runs to the cab.

Reporters follow, mikes, lights and cameras in hand.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Old Man Sam turns up the volume.

ON TV: Drew is being interviewed live.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Mr. Daniels, what happened to your
passenger?

DREW (ON TV)
They must have taken her.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Who? Who has taken her?

Drew shakes his head.

REPORTER (ON TV) (cont'd)
Mr. Daniels, what is out there?

DREW (ON TV)
I don't know ... but whatever it
is, you come across it, you'd
better run for your life.

The bells on the door RING as it swings open. Everyone in the diner turns to look. All are horrified.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY, NEAR CORNFIELDS - NIGHT

Two State Trooper cars are on the shoulder of the road, their police lights flashing, headlights on. Troopers Floyd and Chris follow a trail of blood on the road using flashlights.

Chris turns and flashes his light across the road.

TROOPER FLOYD
What?

TROOPER CHRIS
I thought I heard something.

Floyd flashes his light across the road also. There's nothing but thick forest. Floyd turns and continues to follow the blood trail. Chris stays focused on the forest.

TROOPER FLOYD

I got something.

Chris turns and points his flashlight at the cornfields but once again hears something and points his light behind him.

TROOPER FLOYD (cont'd)

Did you copy, that?

TROOPER CHRIS

There's something out there.

TROOPER FLOYD

Look.

Chris turns. Floyd points his flashlight at the cornfield.

Broken, bloody and squashed corn stems form a path leading to the neon sign up ahead, "Eats All Nite - 24HR".

They rush to their vehicles.

EXT. CROSBY - NIGHT

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)

... and are believed to be headed for the Eats All Nite diner, one mile east of Route 13 in Crosby.

STATE TROOPER CARS speed down the road.

SHERIFF DEPUTY CARS speed down the road.

REPORTERS speed down the road.

PARAMEDICS speed down the road.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY, NEAR CORNFIELDS - NIGHT

Something's approaching the Troopers' cars.

Trooper Floyd's car peels off.

Trooper Chris is about to go but sees something approaching.

Another STATE TROOPER CAR rounds the bend, speeding. He slams on the brakes. BAM!

Blood spatters all over Trooper Chris's car.

TROOPER CHRIS
Sweet Jesus!

INT./EXT. SHERIFF'S CAR, DINER'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The SHERIFF pulls into the diner's parking lot. The diner's windows are almost completely covered with blood.

SHERIFF
My God!

Other emergency vehicles begin to fill the parking lot.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY, NEAR CORNFIELDS - NIGHT

A State Trooper is leaning over his steering wheel, unconscious. His car is dented and bloody. Trooper Chris checks his vitals. He sees whatever the trooper hit move and runs to it.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The parking lot is now teeming with: Deputies, troopers, paramedics, reporters and other people and their cars. The Sheriff and other officers keep everyone at a safe distance.

A HELICOPTER hovers overhead and lands in the parking lot.

A SWAT TEAM and their LEADER hurry out of the chopper and scatter to take their positions.

The Sheriff runs over to the SWAT Leader and fills him in.

Trooper Floyd rushes over to hand the SWAT Leader his phone.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

WHATEVER IS OUT THERE POV

Listening to the ruckus outside, doing a full three-sixty of the diner revealing thick blood on the walls and windows, body parts, no sign of Gary, Old Man Sam laying in a pool of blood, Kurt and Karen huddled under a table, noise coming from the back door. No way out.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The SWAT Leader hands Trooper Floyd back his phone and rushes over to the UTILITY MAN's pack, pulls out night vision binoculars and looks into the diner. He hurries back into the pack, pulls out a box of ammo, and hands two SILVER-TIPPED BULLETS to his TWO SWAT SHARPSHOOTERS who are positioned over a State Trooper's car. They reload.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

WHATEVER IS OUT THERE POV

Kurt glances at a gun on the floor. He goes for it. Whatever is out there races toward Kurt, belting BLOOD-CURDLING HOWLS.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

SWAT Leader, looking through his binoculars:

SWAT LEADER
Now! Take them out now!

The Sharpshooters FIRE.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

WHATEVER IS OUT THERE POV

Two silver-tipped bullets shatter the window, spattering glass. Just as the bullets are about to hit, FREEZE FRAME.

TITLE SEQUENCE

Red bloody ink bursts out of the two bullets to spell the Film Title: WHEREWOLVES.

MUSIC BEGINS: maybe a modern version of "Renegades" by Styx.

The title, WHEREWOLVES, dissipates.

The film REWINDS in slow motion: bullets back up, the window is back in place.

Back outside the bullets make their way back into the rifles.

The music picks up and the movie REWINDS in ULTRA FAST SPEED.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES. DORIS MITCHELL, a geeky seventeen-year-old listens to her iPod as she dances to her locker.

CINDY CHEN and ROSA ORTIZ make fun of Doris as they follow behind her.

A gang of seventeen-year-olds is gathered across from Doris's locker.

RONALD (OBAMA) COLLINS, is trying to kiss his girlfriend, HEATHER WILLIAMS, but she's playing hard to get.

GEORGE GARCIA and SCOTT MCCALLA are showing each other martial arts moves.

JEFFREY DALTON walks to his locker as JONATHAN (J.J.) JOHNSON keeps ramming his football up Jeffrey's butt. Walking next to J.J., LANCE WILLIS laughs at the situation. Jeffrey is irritated but does little to stop J.J.

BILLY BOB (SWIFTY) JENKINS, zooms by wearing roller shoes, high-fiving them both.

SWIFTY

J.J.! Lance!

J.J.

Swifty!

LANCE

Swifty!

Doris is about to open her locker. Swifty zooms by lifting her skirt. She drops her books and iPod. The MUSIC STOPS.

Everybody laughs except for Scott.

SCOTT

(mouths)

Fuck!

Scott likes what he just saw. Cindy notices.

DORIS

Don't do that!

SWIFTY

Wasn't me. Was the wind.

Swifty makes a cool three-sixty and stops.

The girls circle Doris.

ROSA, HEATHER

Doris wears a thong! Doris wears a thong! Doris wears a thong!

HEATHER

You don't have to get so blush, girl. We all got one on.

Heather reaches and snaps Rosa's tanga.

ROSA

But you, you are so spanky, mami chula. Let's check out that culo again.

Rosa tries to lift Doris's skirt. Doris holds it down.

HEATHER

Don't be shy, baby. You got that Sasha Grey thing going. Why, you could pose for Playboy.

ROSA

No, Penthouse.

HEATHER

No, Swank.

CINDY

Try Skank.

RONALD

I know, I know, with that pale tail she can pose for Fangoria's zombie booty of the month.

GEORGE

I thought you liked them white, Obama?

HEATHER

Yeah, white but tight and outta fucking sight.

(slapping her butt)

Spanky, baby.

Ronald tries to grab Heather but bumps into DAWN EVANS, who dresses in dark clothes, hides behind dark make-up and is always listening to her iPod.

RONALD

Speaking of zombies- Hey, Dawn.

(he moans like a zombie)

Dawn of the Dead.

Dawn smiles and covers her face with her hands.

HEATHER

Doris has one. Do you have one?

Dawn, peeking through her fingers, shrugs her shoulders.

Heather pulls off Dawn's earphone, MUSIC.

HEATHER (cont'd)

A thong, baby.

Dawn covers her face completely with both hands, shakes her head "no" and scurries off.

Scott goes to Doris, checks her up and down, and whispers something into her ear. Doris is taken aback.

Cindy steps in and slaps Doris hard across the face.

Jeffrey runs over.

JEFFREY

Hey, leave her alone!

J.J. tosses the football to Lance, pins Jeffrey up against the lockers and punches him in the stomach.

George comes flying over, kicks, intentionally just missing Jeffrey's head.

Scott fakes a couple of karate chops, scaring Jeffrey.

J.J.

Is that your girlfriend? Repeat, is that your girlfriend?

Jeffrey shakes his head no.

J.J. (cont'd)

Then mind your own fucking business, geek.

J.J. flicks his earlobe hard.

TIM O'SULLIVAN, 40's, a veteran from the second Iraqi war who has a bullet lodged in his leg and walks with a cane, steps out of his classroom.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Is there a problem here?

J.J.
Sir, yes, sir. Geek freak here was
showing aggression, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN
Is that true, Dalton?

The bell RINGS.

SWIFTY
Sir, Doris mooned us, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN
Get your ass in class. All of you.

Tim goes back into his classroom. The gang breaks up and heads for Tim's class.

Scott tries to smoothly put his arm around Cindy but she pushes him off.

Jeffrey and Doris open their lockers. Both have pictures and drawings of werewolves taped to their locker doors.

JEFFREY
Sorry.

DORIS
You could have said I was.

JEFFREY
But you're not.

DORIS
It might have saved you the
embarrassment.

JEFFREY
I doubt it.

DORIS
I hate them. All of them. I wish I
could- ugghh!

Doris slams her locker door.

INT. TIM'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Tim is at his desk leafing through papers as the students get to their seats. The "8 Simple Rules for Survival" are written on the board.

Also in the class are: SHARON JENKINS, Swifty's twin sister who is staring at J.J. ELI EL-HAGE, ALEX PETERSON, ABIGAIL SIMMONS, and KIMBERLY JONES, who is reading a text: AND LIFTED HER SKIRT. SHE WAS WEARING A THONG!

Kimberly kicks the chair in front of her. Heather turns. Kimberly motions 'Really?' Heather nods. Kimberly whispers to Abigail. They both laugh.

TIM O'SULLIVAN
Simmons, Jones, what's so funny?

ABIGAIL
Sir, nothing, sir.

KIMBERLY
Sir, nothing, sir.

Ronald motions to Heather 'What so funny?' Heather indicates the door.

Jeffrey and Doris walk in.

Doris looks over her shoulder and catches Scott's eye. Scott blows her a kiss. Cindy kicks his chair.

J.J. sticks his foot out and trips Jeffrey, who catches himself. Tim looks up. Jeffrey sits, rubbing his throbbing earlobe.

Doris is about to sit but notices a thumbtack on her chair.

TIM O'SULLIVAN (cont'd)
Mitchell, sit! You're late.

Doris sits, brushing the thumbtack off her seat.

SWIFTY
Such a nice ass, I just wanted to pinch it.

Doris flips open her sketch pad and draws.

TIM O'SULLIVAN
All right, all right, you bunch of misfits, settle down. First thing's first: Permission slips.
(as he walks toward:)
Willis?

Tim stands over Lance. Lance is reading the sports page.

TIM O'SULLIVAN (cont'd)
Giants or Jets, son?

LANCE
Sir, Giants all the way, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Slip?

Lance hands it to him.

TIM O'SULLIVAN (cont'd)

Jenkins!

Sharon and Swifty hold their slips out.

SWIFTY

Sir, yes, sir!

SHARON

Sir, yes, sir!

Tim takes the slips as JASON SWARTZ, a very handsome and narcissistic self-appointed 'movie star' enters, flashing a dazzling smile.

JASON

Sir, I'm sorry, rehearsals ran late last night, sir.

As Jason makes his way to his seat his PHONE RINGS, the ringer tone is a woman's orgasmic cries. Laughter. As he turns off his phone:

JASON (cont'd)

Sir, sorry, the GF misses me, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Rehearsals my ass. You have something for me?

JASON

Sir, yes, sir.

Jason hands Tim his permission slip.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Maybe I should have given you two? One for the GF to sign?

JASON

Sir, don't worry about me and the G. She knows how important this weekend is and that I'm a team player looking forward to whatever Mother Nature throws my way, sir.

(winks at Abigail)

Sir, they say that when it gets real cold out there your best chance of survival is spooning, sir.

Laughter.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Evans?

Dawn holds up her slip. Some of the students moan like zombies. Dawn covers her face with her hands. Tim gently takes the slip from between her fingers, scowling at the students.

Tim heads toward Eli and stands over him, waiting.

ELI

Sir?

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Your slip?

ELI

Sir, I already gave it in, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Then why don't I have it?

Tim goes back to his desk and leafs through all the slips.

ELI

Sir, I gave mine in last month, the day after you gave us the form. You told me to leave it on your desk, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Well I never got it.

ELI

Sir, maybe-

LANCE

Sir, maybe Osama here decided to chicken out, sir.

J.J.

What you talking about, Willis? Ahmed isn't afraid of anything. He's got Allah on his side.

ELI

Shut up!

J.J.

Maybe Omar's just got something better to do, like a pray or 9-11 our asses again.

ELI
You're an idiot, you know that? I think you've been sacked one too many times.

J.J.
What do you know about football, Al-Qaida? In your country, instead of strapping on shoulder pads to play ball you strap on bombs to kill all.

ELI
I know that QB stands for quarterback but in your case it means queer boy.

J.J. goes toward him. Tim is about to intervene but stops himself.

J.J.
Shut your a-hole A-rab.

Eli stands.

ELI
You like it when they pile up on you, don't you, QB?

J.J.
You shut your sand trap, Habibi.

ELI
Yeah, or what are you going to do about it?

Tim eagerly waits to see what's going to happen.

J.J.
Go back to your country.

J.J. tries to flick Eli's ear, Eli stops him.

ELI
This is my country, QB. And my name isn't Ahmed or Omar or Al-Qaida. My name is Eli El-Hage. A proud American born and raised in this country and would gladly give my life to protect it just like my grandfather did and my father is doing right now.

J.J.

Oh, yeah?
 (as he goes to his seat)
 On whose side, Mohammed?

The class laughs. J.J. feels the victor. Sharon smiles but J.J. only notices Jeffrey smirking. He kicks Jeffrey's foot and sits down.

ELI

Sir, I believe my permission slip was taken from your desk, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

Sorry, son. Whatever the reason, school rules: no slip, no trip.

ELI

Sir, it'll blow my chance for a scholarship, sir.

(beat)

Sir, if you give me another form I'll have it signed and on your desk before the end of the day, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

You've got 'til sixteen-hundred hours, son.

ELI

Sir, thank-you, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

All right then. The rest of you I have.

Jeffrey and Doris exchange looks.

Tim stops beside them.

TIM O'SULLIVAN (cont'd)

Oh, and in case you two think you got out of this one I want you to know that I personally went to see your mother, Mitchell, and your father, Dalton, and got them to sign the permission slips myself.

JEFFREY

Sir, he's not my father-

RONALD

No, he's just banging your momma.

JEFFREY

-he's my stepfather and he has no
right, sir.

DORIS

I can't believe my mom signed that
stupid form. Well, I'm not going.

JEFFREY

Neither am I.

TIM O'SULLIVAN

If you miss this weekend you fail
the course. Do you understand?

They both look at Tim blankly. They don't care.