

THE BOY WHO HAD THREE ARMS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE, TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The walls are covered in faded wall paper, adorned with once colourful pictures of steam trains. Model planes hang from the ceiling by fishing line.

TRISTAN (13), skinny, is hunched over his desk, scribbling away. A goldfish does laps in its bowl beside him.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Hi, my name's Tristan. This is my room.

He puts down his pen.

TRISTAN (V.O)

I'm thirteen years old and today is the last day of school before summer.

Tristan climbs up onto the chair and busies himself with something overhead.

TRISTAN(V.O)

It's also the day I'm going to kill myself. Depressing thought, I know. What could possibly make a thirteen year old want to kill himself? I'll get to that...

He tiptoes. After a moment he kicks the chair out from under him and is left hanging, feet swinging.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Next time I attempt suicide though...

His bedroom door opens wide and GLORIA (41), floral dress and apron, enters carrying a tray of food.

TRISTAN (V.O)

...I'll make sure my mum's not home.

GLORIA

Tristan, I've got you din - My God! Tristan!

Gloria drops the tray and runs to her Son. She grabs him by the legs, attempting to lift him, take his weight.

TRISTAN (V.O)

...and I'll make sure my trousers are done up properly.

(CONTINUED)

Gloria gets a face full of trousers as her frantic life-saving attempt takes its toll on Tristan's school uniform.

TRISTAN (V.O)
It'll save me a lot of
embarrassment.

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tristan stares vacantly at a plate of food before him. He's sandwiched between Gloria and STEVE (45), beer gut and stubble, both worn with pride.

TRISTAN (V.O)
My Mum, you've now met. That's my
Dad. Oh yeah, why I was trying to
kill myself...

GLORIA
Let's all say grace.

The three of them put their hands together to pray.

TRISTAN (V.O)
I've got three arms.

As Tristan's left and right hands meet, a third additional and slightly deformed hand, joins them.

TITLE CARD:

THE BOY WHO HAD THREE ARMS

TRISTAN (V.O)
When I was born, it made the
papers.

INSERT:

The front page of a newspaper whips into shot. The headline reads 'BOY BORN WITH THIRD ARM' - beneath that, a photo of a beaming Gloria holding young Tristan and a less than enthused Steve.

TRISTAN (V.O)
And thirteen years later I tried
to kill myself.

INT. HOUSE, TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tristan hangs up his school uniform inside his wardrobe.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Of course my parents had the option to have it removed when I was still little, but my Mum said it was God's will that I have three arms. So apparently my will didn't account for much. God works in mysterious ways, so I'm told. What a load of crap.

He pulls out a trunk from under his bed and puts away his suicide note and his noose amongst his childhood toys.

TRISTAN(V.O)

But my Dad was not without a sense of humour. It was his choice to name me Tristan, for the simple fact that he could call me 'Tri' for short. Good one Dad. Ha-dee-fucking-ha-ha-ha.

Tristan sits on his bed staring hard at his slightly deformed third arm.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Six weeks of summer. Six weeks of being alone. Six weeks of despair and misery. At least at school the bullies keep me company. As I sat there, I made a vow to myself: if I feel as shitty as I do now in six weeks' time I'll kill myself.

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The COUNSELOR sits at his desk across from Gloria and Tristan.

COUNSELOR

What Christian needs -

TRISTAN

My name's Tristan.

COUNSELOR

What Tristan needs is somewhere he could go to make friends, somewhere for him to integrate with other children who share similar interests.

(CONTINUED)

Gloria nods along with a sympathetic smile on her face. Tristan remains stoic.

COUNSELOR

What I'm suggesting is a local youth club. It's a great place where Christian -

TRISTAN

It's Tristan.

COUNSELOR

Where Tristan can go along and get involved.

TRISTAN

Involved with what? What does that mean 'get involved'? Involved is not a fun word.

COUNSELOR

Sorry, time's up. You'll be fine.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Tristan drags his heels behind Gloria, chin to his chest. He risks a glance up only to immediately see passers-by staring back at him, their eyes on his third arm. He does his best to hide it.

GLORIA

That sounds promising doesn't it?

TRISTAN

It sounds like school - without the education - which just leaves the humiliation.

Gloria is way too chirpy. Tristan nods the most unenthusiastic nod an unhappy teenager can muster.

GLORIA

You'll soon feel much better. How about some ice cream?

TRISTAN

I just want to get rid of it.

She stops and turns on him.

GLORIA

Tristan, we've talked about this. I don't want to hear it anymore. You hear me? I mean honestly - suicide. Do you know how embarrassing this is for me?

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

Is it as embarrassing as being a hideous freak?

GLORIA

...I mean....we have to go to Church on Sunday! What am I supposed to tell our friends?

TRISTAN

Tell them to pray for me. You know, the same way people do before a hurricane - right before their house gets destroyed.

LATER;

Tristan continues to drag along a few paces behind Gloria. SUDDENLY something in a FLEA MARKET window catches his eye.

He stops, puts his face to the glass.

GLORIA

Come along, we've got to get to the post office to pick up your Dad's job-seekers.

TRISTAN

Don't you have to be seeking jobs to receive job-seekers allowance?

Tristan steps through the dust-covered doors of the Flea Market.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Tristan finds himself in a cathedral of forgotten treasures. There is no order here. It's chaos. Fun.

He goes to the window to seek out the item that drew him in.

He soon finds the COMIC BOOK propped up on a shelf, the shelving itself at the far side of a maze of boxes and assorted furniture.

Tristan tiptoes and reaches for the comic. Not close enough. He leans further, using his left and right arm to brace himself, and reaches out with his THIRD ARM.

He's just about to make contact when...

JIM (O.C)

That's a good one.

(CONTINUED)

Tristan is startled. He looks up at JIM (70), a man with long, greying hair who never got past his hippie days.

Tristan makes an effort to bury his third arm behind his other two.

Jim smiles at Tristan and grabs the comic book before handing it to him.

TRISTAN

Thanks.

JIM

You're welcome.

TRISTAN

This your place?

JIM

Yes, you like it?

TRISTAN

It's cool.

JIM

Thanks for saying so. Anything else I can help you find?

TRISTAN

I think I'll just check this out for now.

JIM

Very well. Meet you at the till when you're ready.

Smiling, Jim heads off down one of the cluttered aisles and Tristan watches him leave before turning his gaze to the comic book in his hands.

The cover is spectacular. A diorama of action and spectacle frozen in time at the peak of conflict.

Not that its perfect. The colours are faded and the paper thinning. But the depiction of the Hero - bold and powerful. And he has only two arms.

TRISTAN (V.O)

I saw what I wished I could be: physical perfection. No, physical normality.

Tristan is disturbed from his thoughts by an intermittent 'squeak...squeak...squeak'.

He looks up. At the far end of an aisle a WOODEN HORSE on wheels seemingly moves along by itself.

As Tristan keeps watching, the wooden horse turns a corner, revealing that it is in fact pushed by a VERY SHORT BOY.

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

Steve is on his knees in front of the TV, smacking a DVD player with his palm.

STEVE
Bastard piece of crap.

Gloria opens the front door and Tristan follows her into the house, clutching his rolled up comic book.

STEVE
Work, you electrical asshole.

GLORIA
Hiya love.

STEVE
Alright? How did it go down at the head doctor's? He alright now? What you say, Tri, you done showing us up?

GLORIA
All better. Aren't you sweetheart?

TRISTAN
Like there was nothing ever wrong.

Tristan makes his way straight upstairs to his bedroom.

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - EVENING

Tristan is shirtless in front of the mirror. He takes a good long look at himself before he gets started.

He takes a deep breath and sucks in his stomach as much as his organs will allow before duct taping his third arm against his body. He pulls on a shirt, and buttons it up.

Tristan pulls on a second shirt, and a third before examining his own reflection. He admires his two visible arms. Done, he allows himself a smile.

He brushes his teeth, gels his hair, gives a blast of his Dad's aftershave to his throat.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (O.S)
Better not be using my aftershave
in there, Tri.

GLORIA (O.S)
You ready?

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - EVENING

Tristan comes down stairs, a little more sprightly than
his usual self. More bounce in his step

Steve sits in his prized armchair watching TV.

Tristan's Mum waits by the door. She looks Tristan up and
down and her expression starts to sour.

TRISTAN
Wish me luck, Dad.

STEVE
G'luck, boy. There gonna be any
muff there tonight?

GLORIA
Steven!

TRISTAN
Dad, I'm thirteen.

STEVE
Didn't stop me when I was your
age.

TRISTAN
So you'd rather I was a sex pest?

STEVE
At least that way I'd know you're
red-blooded.

TRISTAN
Great parenting Dad.

STEVE
You're welcome son.

TRISTAN
I was being facetious.

STEVE
What'd I tell you about using big
words like that?

Tristan heads out the door and hurries to the car in the
drive.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA
Won't be long. Just dropping him
off.

Steve burps in response.

Gloria follows her Son outside and closes the door.

Steve is enjoying a car chase when the screen turns to
FUZZ.

STEVE
Oh you fucking bastard.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - EVENING

Tristan taps along to a song on the radio and watches the
rows of houses whiz by while his Mum drives.

Gloria turns down the radio.

GLORIA
You going out like that?

TRISTAN
Like what?

GLORIA
Like that. Like everybody else.

TRISTAN
Exactly. I want to look like
everyone else.

GLORIA
You don't want to be special?

TRISTAN
No. I want to be normal.

GLORIA
You should be grateful.

TRISTAN
For my genetic mutation?

GLORIA
How dare you.

TRISTAN
How dare I? I'm bullied and I
hate my life. That's how I dare.

GLORIA
Where's all this coming from?

TRISTAN

Me. And this is nothing new, Mum.

GLORIA

You are the way God made you.

TRISTAN

Well he cocked it up then, didn't he?

Tristan turns the volume on the radio back up.

EXT. YOUTH CLUB - EVENING.

The car pulls up outside.

INT/EXT. CAR - EVENING

GLORIA

I'll be back in a couple of hours to pick you up.

Tristan gets out of the car.

EXT. YOUTH CLUB - EVENING

A couple of KIDS show off their best skateboard tricks, a COUPLE share a cheeky smoke and a few more circle the car park on bikes.

Tristan makes his way to the entrance, trying hard to act casual but not quite pulling it off.

A couple of KIDS come his way.

TRISTAN

Hi.

KID

Hello Twat.

EXT. CAR - EVENING

Gloria watches Tristan walk inside the youth club before turning the car around and driving away.

INT. YOUTH CLUB - EVENING

Tristan takes a look around the place; a small canteen area knocks out cans of Coke, sweets and chips in exchange for sweaty handfuls of change.

In one corner, TEENAGERS gather around a clumsy GUITARIST.

(CONTINUED)

There are KIDS scattered about everywhere, friends engaged in conversation, all having a good time.

Tristan wipes a bead of sweat from his brow and singles out some KIDS his own age sat around a Playstation. He fights for a place in the crowd but remains in the side lines.

TRISTAN

What ya' playin'?

KID WITH HAND CONTROL

Piss off.

TRISTAN

I've played that one before.

He clocks a group of TEENAGE BOYS gathered around a pool table. The boys stand in a semicircle by the Alpha male of the group, KEVIN.

KEVIN

That's nothing...my brother had sex once.

SPOTTY KID

Older or younger?

KEVIN

My younger brother is eight, what do you think? Anyway, he and this girl start doing stuff but he realises he doesn't have a condom.

All the boys lean in, waiting to hear what comes next.

KEVIN

Yep. Used them all up...in a day.

SKINNY KID

How could he have used them all up if he only ever did it once?

KEVIN

You wanna hear the story or not?

SPOTTY KID

Yeah, go on.

KEVIN

So they were doing stuff, right, my brother and these two sisters who he calls 'Fit-as and Shit-as', but minge is minge, right, and my brother realises he's run out of rubbers.

TRISTAN
So what did he do?

KEVIN
He...
(Spotting Tristan)
Hang on, who are you?

Tristan can do nothing but shrink under the army of eyes that fall on him. He sweats a little more.

Kevin is still left waiting for a response.

TRISTAN
My name's Tristan.

KEVIN
I didn't ask your name, I asked who you are.

TRISTAN
But I am Tristan.

KEVIN
Yeah you said that.

TRISTAN
What's your name?

KEVIN
Why do you wanna know my name, do you fancy me, do you wanna ask me out, you wanna touch my bum?
(To his friends)
He loves bum.

Another volley of laughs from all but Tristan.

KEVIN
Why are you wearing three shirts?
Piss-tan.

TRISTAN
Tristan...I...I get cold.

That gets a laugh from the gang.

KEVIN
I called you Piss-tan.

The group laugh.

TRISTAN
That's not my name.

KEVIN

Yeah but I prefer to call you
Piss-tan. It's you, but with
added piss. Get it?

TRISTAN

Yeah, I managed to mastermind
that one.

(Pause)

How about a game of pool?

KEVIN

How about a game of piss off?

TRISTAN

Just played that with those other
guys.

Tristan starts wandering away.

SKINNY KID

Yeah go on, piss off, Piss-tan.

KEVIN

Don't steal my joke. Just don't.

SKINNY KID

Yeah, go away, three-shirts.

Tristan keeps on walking. It doesn't take the gang long to
forget about him and resume story time.

SPOTTY KID (O.C)

So tell us what happened Kev.

KEVIN (O.C)

He used a rubber glove instead.
Stuck his knob in the index
finger.

SPOTTY KID (O.C)

Left glove or right glove?

Wounded and now sweating profusely, Tristan roams the club
and comes up against a PAIR hammering away at a PINBALL
MACHINE. He's ignored.

TWO KIDS hitting a ping pong ball across a table. Ignored.

He approaches a couple of KIDS slouched in chairs. He
notes the headphones jammed in their ears and doesn't even
bother.

Deflated, Tristan fans his three shirts, now sweat-stained
at the collar. He heads for the canteen, digging deep in a
pocket for some change.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN
Can of coke, please?

CANTEEN DUDE
We got Pepsi.

TRISTAN
Whatever.

The CANTEEN DUDE hands over the drink.

Tristan leans against the counter, doing his best James Dean. He opens the drink and it sprays into his face.

Tristan, dripping with coke, is about to wipe his face when...

TRISTAN (V.O)
Whoa...

Someone catches his eye and he watches HER move across the room.

TRISTAN (V.O)
That was when I first saw her.

SLOW MOTION as we watch a PRETTY GIRL, wearing EAR MUFFS, enter and make her way to a far corner of the room. She is DAKOTA (15).

TRISTAN (V.O)
I'm a sucker for red hair. Have been ever since I first saw Daphne in Scooby Doo. She was the prettiest girl I had ever seen in real life...I couldn't wait to see her smile.

Dakota settles in a corner of the room by herself.

TRISTAN (V.O)
But she was older than me. If I had to guesstimate, I'd say fifteen. A fifteen year old talking to a thirteen year old?..she might as well have been fifty. But this is the new me, and the new me desperately wants to talk to her. The new me desperately wants to see if she has that awesome girl smell that girls have.

Tristan takes a swig of Pepsi and watches a younger BOY swoop in Dakota. There's a brief exchange of words before he runs away crying.

Dakota takes out a notebook and scribbles something down. The book disappears back in her pocket.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Here I go...

Tristan plays it 'cool'.

TRISTAN (V.O)

One Mississippi, two
Mississippi, three
Mississippi...

He's just a few feet away...

TRISTAN

Wha -

Dakota turns and the look on her face stops him there. He clears his throat.

TRISTAN

What do you prefer, Coke or
Pepsi?

She says nothing. She takes out her book and writes.

TRISTAN

Or maybe you like vanilla Coke or
cherry Coke?

(Pause)

I like your freckles.

DAKOTA

Don't.

TRISTAN

Don't what?

DAKOTA

Compliment me on something I
haven't earned. I was born with
freckles, I have no control over
my freckles.

TRISTAN

Ok.

(Long pause)

I -

DAKOTA

Whatever you've got to say, I've
already heard it.

TRISTAN

Ok. Sorry.

DAKOTA

And don't apologise. Its a sign
of weakness.

TRISTAN

Ok. Sorry.

The sweat is practically dripping from him now.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Suddenly three shirts doesn't
seem like such a good
idea...oh...shit!

The duct tape keeping Tristan's third arm tucked away
can't hold out against the heavy sweating.

SUDDENLY his third arm explodes from his shirt, popping
the buttons open, knocking the drink from his hand and
spilling it over Dakota.

TRISTAN

Sorry.

She stands dripping with Pepsi. Tristan's three shirts
hang open, strands of duct tape peeling from his bare,
skinny chest.

His third arm is EXPOSED for all to see.

The entire youth club erupts with laughter.

Dakota doesn't laugh.

Tristan runs crying from the youth club. He's almost at
the door when Kevin sticks out his foot, tripping him.
More laughter.

ALPHA MALE

See you next time, Three Arms.

Tristan gets back to his feet and bolts out of there.

EXT. YOUTH CLUB - EVENING

Tristan is stopped in the doorway by a YOUTH WORKER.

YOUTH WORKER

Can I sign you up for the
end-of-summer raft building
competition? It's a team effort,
so bring your friends.

Tristan sidesteps the way-too-happy Youth Worker and keeps
on running.

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT

Tristan meanders, kicking stones and litter. His shirts flap in the breeze and tears still streak his face.

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Gloria and Steve, in front of the TV, are woken as Tristan enters and shuts the door.

STEVE
You home already, Tri?

TRISTAN
Nope. I'm still out.

Without a word Tristan heads through the house.

EXT. TRISTAN'S BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Tristan grabs an AXE, drops to his knees and lays his unwanted third arm across the chopping block.

TRISTAN (V.O)
The ironic thing is, when I was younger, Mum and Dad had me circumcised. They were more than prepared to have part of my knob chopped off but they refuse point blank to do anything about this.

MR. HESCHEL (O.C)
You ok, Tristan?

Tristan drops the axe and jumps to his feet. He finds his neighbour, MR HESCHEL (60s), looking over the fence.

TRISTAN
Oh, Hi mister Heschel.

MR. HESCHEL
Is everything alright?

Tristan can only shrug his shoulders.

MR. HESCHEL
Your Mother and Father, how are they keeping?

TRISTAN
Blissfully ignorant.

MR. HESCHEL
You wanna come over for a bit? We're having a bit of a party.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

You're always celebrating.

MR. HESCHEL

That's because there is much to celebrate. Want to join us?

Tristan shakes his head.

MR. HESCHEL

You sure? There's plenty to eat and drink.

TRISTAN

No. But thanks anyway.

MR. HESCHEL

Well ok. Just so long as you're sure you're alright?

Tristan nods his head, not too convincingly, and heads back to the house.

MR. HESCHEL

Bye for now.

Mr Heschel dips back down behind the fence.

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tristan lays awake in bed, looking out through the gap in the curtain at the moon.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Tristan is bordered on his left and right by his Mum and Dad as they follow a long line of people into Church.

Gloria is visibly exuberant, Steve is going through the motions. Tristan looks as willing as a lamb to the slaughter.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The FLOCK sit quietly listening to the VICAR. A CHILD swings their feet before a PARENT stills them with a hand to the knee.

Like any other child in Church, Tristan pays little or no attention, until...

VICAR

Genesis, Chapter one, Verse twenty-seven. The Bible tells us

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICAR (cont'd)
that God created man in his own
image: 'In the image of God he
created him'. But what the bible
does not tell us, what is for
ourselves to learn, to
understand...is why. To what
purpose?

Tristan takes note.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Tristan is buried in a comic book, staring at a full page
depiction of Doctor Octopus battling it out with
Spiderman. Doc Oc is victorious and grins maniacally.

TRISTAN (V.O)
It was then that I realised the
ones who always seemed happy, the
ones always smiling, were the bad
guys. The villains. They looked
like they were having a great
time. It was the good guys who
were always worried about stuff.
Superman, Batman, Spiderman - the
neurotic shits, were always
stressing about a whole bunch of
crap. Not knowing their place in
this world. If I was gonna be
happy, if I was gonna have a
smile on my face I was gonna have
to be a bad guy. The villain. I
was gonna have to start fucking
stuff up.

The same Short Boy as before walks past the end of the
aisle smiling happily.

SHORT BOY
Hello.

Tristan looks around but the Short Boy has already
disappeared.

Tristan turns back to the comic book. Back to that HUGE
VILLAINOUS GRIN staring back at him.

CUT TO:

MINI MONTAGE:

A. Tristan takes a COAT from amongst his Mum's clothes. He
cuts off the sleeves.

(CONTINUED)

B. He removes a blindfold from Steve as he sleeps and cuts two eye holes in it. Steve is woken by the glare of the sun.

C. Tristan cuts a haggard circle from the middle of a white CURTAIN as it still hangs from its rail.

D. Tristan uses a marker pen to draw three arms on the circle, the hand of each grabbing the elbow of the next so the three arms form a triangle. A symbol. His logo.

E. He attaches the logo to the back of the coat and slips the whole thing over his head.

It's his cape.

F. Tristan urinates into a water pistol.

G. He picks his nose and puts everything he excavates into a jar.

H. Tristan enters a park, passing a sign asking visitors to 'CLEAN UP AFTER YOUR DOG'. He soon finds what he came for; the ever-mysterious dog turd in plastic food bag, hanging from a tree branch. Using a rubber glove, he takes it.

I. Tristan steals his father's tool belt and holds it upside-down so all its contents fall to the garage floor.

J. The jar of boogers, the urine-filled Supersoaker and the bag of dogshit all find a home on Tristan's new UTILITY BELT, now adorned with the Three Arms Logo.

TRISTAN (V.O)

I'm ready.

Tristan wears a pair of tights, green Lycra cycling shorts, Zorro-style blindfold, and his cape. He strikes a pose, putting his hands on his waist. All three of them.

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

The whole place is a little sad and desperate. But busy nonetheless; families, young couples, and lone truckers tuck into their greasy muck.

Steve carries a tray of food to the table. Gloria gratefully accepts. Tristan sits wearing his costume.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Today's my birthday.

STEVE AND GLORIA

Happy Birthday.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN (V.O)
And this is my birthday party.

GLORIA
You sure you don't want anything?

TRISTAN
I'm sure.

STEVE
You not hungry?

TRISTAN
I'm hungry. I just don't want to eat anything from here.

STEVE
Why not, what's wrong with it?

TRISTAN
If you don't already know, then I can't help you.

ALL STAFF (O.C)
(Singing)
Happy Birthday to you -

The STAFF come Tristan's way, wearing Burger hats and carrying a cake jam-packed with sparkling candles.

TRISTAN (V.O)
Things are looking up.

ALL STAFF
(Singing)
Happy Birthday to you -

A smile creeps on Tristan's lips as the Birthday Cake nears.

ALL STAFF
(Singing)
Happy Birthday dear Kevin -

The cake and the Staff bypass Tristan's table and come to a stop a few tables down. Tristan watches it land in front of the Alpha Male from the Youth Club.

He's surrounded by friends and family.

ALL STAFF
(Singing)
Happy Birthday to youuuuuu.

Kevin blows out his candles. Everyone in the joint but Tristan applauds.

GLORIA
Isn't that funny? He's got the
same birthday as you!

TRISTAN
Mm.

GLORIA
Why don't you go over and wish
him happy birthday. Go on.

TRISTAN
No.

STEVE
Why not?

GLORIA
Go on, I'll bet he'll like that.

TRISTAN
I don't want to.

STEVE
(Smirking around a mouthful
of food)
You can show him your cape, Tri.

Tristan looks to his Dad. Something hits home. Gets him
thinking.

TRISTAN
Yeah, ok. I'll go over and wish
him a happy birthday.

Tristan gets out of his seat, proudly 'swooshing' his cape
as it billows out behind him.

TRISTAN (V.O)
Time to start fucking shit up.
Here we go.

Everyone at the table swaps stories, laughing. Tristan
recognises Stubby Kid, Spotty Kid and Skinny Kid.

The laughter subsides a little as Tristan steps up. But
the sight of Tristan is enough to keep a big smile on
Kevin's face.

KEVIN
Hey, it's Piss-tan. Everyone this
is Piss-tan. Piss-tan, meet
everyone.

From across the way and out of earshot Steve and Gloria
watch their son converse with this popular boy.

Back at Kevin's table;

KEVIN

It's my Birthday. We're having a
'Me' party.

TRISTAN

What's a 'Me' party?

KEVIN

A 'Me' party is where everyone
comes as me.

A dozen people, adults and kids alike, raise masks on
sticks.

Tristan finds 12 Kevins staring back at him - with the
real one smack in the middle, grinning smugly.

KEVIN

See?

After a beat, Kevin spots and points at Tristan's cape.

KEVIN

Hey, what's that?

TRISTAN

This is my costume. See, I made
the decision to be bad. Very bad.

KEVIN

If 'bad' is the new 'dick', then
yeah, you're very, very dick.

TRISTAN

It's my birthday too.

KEVIN

Yeah, what d'ya get, another arm?

GLORIA AND STEVE'S TABLE;

GLORIA

Seems to be going very well.

STEVE

You gonna eat your fries?

BACK AT KEVIN'S TABLE;

TRISTAN

Happy Birthday...here's your
present...

Tristan's THIRD ARM goes for a quick draw; he grabs the
water pistol and shoots from the hip. A stream of urine
hits the real Kevin in the face.

(CONTINUED)

With yet another hand, Tristan flips the cake through the air. It then lands upside-down on the table and explodes. All Kevins drip frosting and jam.

Tristan, pleased with himself, holds the cape over the bottom half of his face like pint-sized Bela Lugosi.

Kevin and his army spring from their seats and take Tristan down.

Steve and Gloria dig into their burgers and chips.

Tristan writhes amid the squirming mass of bodies, blows raining down on him.

His cape is torn away and thrown to the floor where it is trampled and soiled with cake.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Ok. Maybe I'll play things a bit more low key. Below the radar type stuff.

MONTAGE:

MUSIC PLAYS OVER THE SOUNDTRACK.

EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY

A. Wearing his food-stained cape, Tristan uses all three hands to decorate the underpass with spray paint, creating his own brand of graffiti.

INT. GREEN GROCER'S - DAY

B. The GROCER is busy weighing fruit and veg when an APPLE bounces off his head. The Grocer looks past his CUSTOMER at Tristan.

Tristan already has two hands full. It couldn't possibly be him. He shrugs his shoulders; 'I wish I could help ya'.

EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY

C. We return to the scene of the crime. Tristan is still busy marking the walls of the underpass. Still we do not see.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

D. An ELDERLY COUPLE get off the bus. As it slowly pulls away there is a knock on the window and the couple look.

Pressed to the glass is a small hand, its middle finger raised - but Tristan sits holding a book. The couple are perplexed.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

E. Tristan walks past a pyramid of cereal boxes. His third arm extends and swipes at the precarious structure.

INT. FLORIST - DAY

F. The FLORIST looks out her window, smiling at the sweet young man taking time to smell her flowers.

EXT. FLORIST - DAY

Tristan's third arm rips every flower from every stem.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

G. A WINDOW CLEANER, satisfied with his work, looks up after dumping his wash rag in a soapy bucket to find a thick brown smear across the length of the store window.

INT. CAFE - DAY

H. COUPLES sit across from each other enjoying pleasant conversation in between sips of coffee.

Tristan walks by outside, and with his third arm, presses the bag of dog turd to the glass.

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

I. Tristan browses the CDs with two hands, while a third shoves discs down the front of his pants.

Tristan peers over the top of the CD racks and sees the pretty young Redhead from the youth club at a listening station, headphones over her earmuffs.

She closes her eyes, enjoying whatever she's listening to.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

J. Everyone but Tristan is deep in prayer. He has a finger from his third arm buried deep in his nostril

Satisfied he's found a good bogey, he reaches for the MAN sat in front and wipes the bogey on the man's jacket.

The man turns to look at Tristan. But Tristan has both hands clasped together in prayer.

EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY

K. Tristan's three arms move as if conducting a sweeping symphony as he paints.

INT. TOY SHOP - DAY

L. Tristan walks down an aisle working away at a Rubik's Cube with both hands while his third arm snatches randomly at items and tosses them to the floor.

A small crowd of perplexed staff members gather behind Tristan, watching the toys seemingly throwing themselves on the ground.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

M. Tristan holds open a comic book but does not read. Instead he looks over his shoulder while his third arm grabs a handful of comics and sticks them down the front of his trousers.

A HAND comes down on his opposite shoulder. Tristan drops the comics and Jim shakes his head, sad.

EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY

N. Tristan steps back to admire his masterpiece. He has created a landscape of dicks, inhabited by dick-shaped characters.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - SUNSET

Tristan sits on the front steps studying his feet. He is soon joined by Jim, carrying two glasses of lemonade.

JIM

Here, it's good and cold.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

Thanks.

Jim sits himself by Tristan, careful to give him space.

JIM

Why?

Tristan shrugs.

JIM

What's with the costume?

TRISTAN

I was trying to be a villain?

JIM

A villain? Why don't you try being yourself?

TRISTAN

Who's that?

JIM

I dunno, you tell me.

TRISTAN

(Pause)

Maybe I could work here, over the summer, I mean? You know, work off whatever the comic books woulda' cost me?

JIM

Deal.

Jim offers his cup, waiting for Tristan to clink it with his own. Finally, Tristan understands and a hint of a smile appears.

EXT. TRISTAN'S STREET - EVENING

Tristan walks home with his tattered cape slung over his shoulder. He tosses the cape into a dumpster he passes.

FOUR FACES appear from behind a bush; Kevin, Spotty, Skinny and Stumpy. They each wear matching grins.

KEVIN

We know where you live, Skidmark.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Tristan chews on his nails and hovers in the doorway. The place echoes with the 'THRAP THRAP THRAP' of someone banging away at a type writer.

Tristan follows the sound and finds Jim sat behind the cluttered counter, typing away. Jim looks over the top of his reading glasses.

JIM

Ah, young master. You're here.
You ready?

TRISTAN

S'pose.

Tristan follows Jim down one of the long aisles.

JIM

Books, books, books, books. You like to read books Tristan?

TRISTAN

I don't know.

JIM

You don't know? I don't know how high is up but I know if I like to read or not.

TRISTAN

I guess I do.

JIM

'I guess' is better than 'don't know'. But still, we can do better than 'I guess'.

TRISTAN

Yeah. I do.

JIM

Good, so do I. But the trouble with these books, they're covered in dust. Dust isn't all bad. We find something covered in dust, it means it's too important for us to throw away. But sometimes we need to wipe away the dust to see what it was that made it so special in the first place. You ever worked a duster before?

TRISTAN

I guess...no. I haven't.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

(Offering him a duster)
Amazing piece of equipment.
Combine a duster with a strong
arm and the will of a determined
young man and great things can
happen.

Tristan takes the duster. Jim walks away and leaves him to it.

JIM

Hey Tristan, those comics any
good?

Tristan nods, smiling.

JIM

Let me know what happens in the
end.

Jim walks off and Tristan starts pulling books from the shelves and wiping away the dust. He coughs a little.

Soon enough the sound of Jim beating at his typewriter resumes.

Tristan makes it through a few books before coming to one that makes him stop; 'CIRCUS FREAKS'.

The old book is full of black and white photos of 'Freaks' through the ages, each one posing for the camera: Siamese twins, the pinhead, the bearded lady, the Human Worm, the Human-Lizard...

Tristan flicks through its pages. More 'Freaks' stare back at him; the Elephant man, midgets, the human torso.

Worse than the images of these so-called Freaks on stages and under tents are the crowds. They point. They stare. They laugh.

PEANUT (O.C)

Want an M+M?

Tristan drops the book. It slams on the floor at the feet of the SMALL BOY. His name is PEANUT.

PEANUT

My name's Bobby, but everybody
calls me Peanut. Do you want an
M+M? I don't like the yellow
ones.

TRISTAN

Yeah sure, thanks. I never liked
the blue ones.

(CONTINUED)

Tristan accepts the offered yellow M+M and eats it.

PEANUT

I know they all taste the same and it doesn't make any sense to not like the yellow ones. I just don't. Your name's Tristan.

TRISTAN

Yeah, but some people call me Tri.

PEANUT

Is that a nickname?

TRISTAN

Something like that. I've seen you here before.

PEANUT

This is my Granddad's place. He looks after me.

(Points to the dropped book)
Cool book. You look at the pictures in it?

TRISTAN

Yeah.

PEANUT

Cool, eh?

TRISTAN

Not really. I hate them.

PEANUT

Why? They're awesome. I wish I could be like them.

TRISTAN

The ones being pointed and laughed at or the ones doing the pointing and laughing?

Peanut picks up the book and starts flicking through it. His eyes light up.

PEANUT

Nobody's pointing and laughing, everyone's happy. The weirdos make the people happy, and seeing the people happy makes the weirdos happy. Everyone's gone PC crazy these days and spoiled it for everyone. If some guy born with a lump on his head wants to make a few quid from it, let him.

(CONTINUED)

Peanut points at Tristan's third arm.

PEANUT

You're so lucky you've got that.
I'd give my right arm for one of
those.

Tristan self-consciously tries to tuck the arm away.

PEANUT

(Pause)

You wanna see my rack?

INT. FLEA MARKET, BACKROOM - DAY

We're in Peanut's hideout that he's made for himself. The room is filled with bits and bobs that have come through the shop.

In the middle of the room is what is obviously a homemade rack.

TRISTAN

So you meant an actual rack?

PEANUTS

Except it does the opposite to a
normal rack. This doesn't
stretch, it squashes.

TRISTAN

Squashes?

PEANUT

Yeah, but I can't work it by
myself. It took me four months to
build it but I haven't been able
to use it yet.

TRISTAN

You want me to help you squash
yourself?

PEANUT

I gotta get down to three foot
six.

TRISTAN

Why three foot six?

PEANUT

That's the same height as Warwick
Davis.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN
Who's Warwick Davis?

LATER;

Peanut and Tristan sit together on a couch staring at a TV as the credits roll.

PEANUT
You wanna watch Leprechaun 2 now?
It's even better than the first
one.

TRISTAN
No, sorry.

PEANUT
Leprechaun 3?

Tristan shakes his head.

PEANUT
Leprechaun in Space?

At each and every offer Tristan shakes his head.

TRISTAN
Sorry I cant, I have to go to
youth club tonight.

PEANUT
Can I come?

INT. YOUTH CLUB - EVENING

Tristan and Peanut huddle in a corner of the hall,
observing all the other teenagers.

Peanut seems full of energy. Excited. Tristan is anything
but.

PEANUT
So this is where you come to hang
out with your friends?

TRISTAN
No. This is where I'm forced to
hang out on my own.

PEANUT
Really? Good looking guy like
you, extra arm, spaz-hand, I
thought you'd be one of the
popular ones, fingers smelling of
fanny. You know?

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

I don't think that's an accurate picture of anyone, and certainly not me. I'm a freak.

PEANUT

Exactly.

TRISTAN

Yeah exactly. That's exactly why I'm a sad loner.

PEANUT

Nah, you're Girl-Bait. And anyway, all these people are freaks too. Everyone's got their thing - in every school there's the fat kid, the skinny kid, the spotty kid, the kid with webbed feet, the bearded kid, the pale kid, the kid with goofy teeth, the kid who's scared of seagulls, the short kid...

Peanut points to himself.

PEANUT

...and the kid with three arms. Everyone's a weirdo, you're just better at it.

He taps a finger to Tristan's chest.

TRISTAN

Yeah well I don't wanna be the kid with three arms. I wanna be the kid with two arms. Kids with two arms have friends. Kids with two arms have social lives.

(Pause)

A kid with two arms could talk to her.

Tristan points. Dakota, the Pretty Redhead graces the room. She glides as if on air. Alone. Confident.

PEANUT

The ginger girl?

TRISTAN

That's not ginger, that's red.

PEANUT

You got something against ginger hair?

TRISTAN

No.

PEANUT

So go talk to the ginger girl.

TRISTAN

I'm not gonna talk to her.

PEANUT

Why not?

TRISTAN

Because I've got three arms.

EXT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - EVENING

A fist raps gently on the door, a few beats pass and Gloria opens up.

Kevin, Spotty, Stumpy and Skinny smile pleasantly back at her.

KEVIN

Good evening Missus Tristan's mum, we're good friends of your son's. We were just on our way to go and volunteer at the old people's home and couldn't help but wonder if Tristan would like to join us for a rather subdued and uneventful evening of chess, cream teas and TV shows about gardening?

GLORIA

What a shame, he's out at Youth Club tonight. Unless you go there to meet him?

KEVIN

I'm afraid we find the clientele of such a place to be a far too rambunctious bunch for us. Perhaps we could wait for him here...in his room? Undisturbed? We have some studying to catch up on.

GLORIA

I don't see why he would mind.

The four file up stairs and Gloria returns to the living room to sit beside Steve, his face obscured by the tabloid newspaper in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA
Such nice boys.

INT. YOUTH CLUB - EVENING

Peanut and Tristan remain huddled in the corner, observing the pretty young Redhead.

PEANUT
I vote you go over and talk to her.

TRISTAN
What do you mean, vote?

PEANUT
All in favour of Tristan talking to the ginger girl, raise your hand.

Peanut raises both hands.

PEANUT
Against?

Tristan raises all three hands.

PEANUT
Ok, I didn't see that one coming.
(Pause)
Either you go over and talk to her, or I go over and tell her that you want to talk to her.

TRISTAN
That's just embarrassing.

PEANUT
Which is why going over there by yourself is now the more attractive option.

Tristan composes himself and makes his way to Dakota who sits by herself writing in her little notebook.

TRISTAN
What is that?

DAKOTA
Be more specific.

TRISTAN
That thing you're always writing in?

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

I call it the Moron Diaries.

TRISTAN

The Moron Diaries?

DAKOTA

That's what I said.

TRISTAN

And I'm in it?

DAKOTA

It's an archive of annoying people doing stupid things and stupid people doing annoying things.

TRISTAN

And I'm in it?

DAKOTA

I've concluded that humanity in general is a populace of ignoramuses and it's only the minority that are worthy of my companionship. By weening out the moronic from the less moronic I waste as little of my own time as possible in the company of the undeserving. And I've just wasted about ninety seconds on you. Goodbye.

TRISTAN

Er -

DAKOTA

Still here?

TRISTAN

What if my still being here actually says that I'm not a moron? Think about it.

DAKOTA

Ok. I've thought about it, and no, it still says you're a moron. It screams it into a microphone and out through an amplifier turned to 11.

TRISTAN

I disagree. I didn't turn and walk away after you rebuffed me.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Rebuffed?

TRISTAN

That demonstrates resilience.

DAKOTA

Rebuffed?

TRISTAN

I think you should go out with me sometime.

DAKOTA

You know what, I think I should go out with you too.

TRISTAN

Yeah?

DAKOTA

But not in the way you think.

TRISTAN

Oh.

DAKOTA

I think you just might be what I need to complete my diary. You could be the moron encyclopedia. If I go out with you, I get to write about you. Then you can tell me all about why it is you disagree.

TRISTAN

Deal.

DAKOTA

It's now been one hundred and twenty seconds. That's two minutes. Goodbye.

TRISTAN

Oh, what's your name?

DAKOTA

Dakota.

Tristan walks back over to Peanut.

PEANUT

So?

TRISTAN

I got a date.

DAKOTA (O.C)
 It's not a date.

INT. HOUSE, TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tristan enters. His shoulders drop and his smile fades when he sees his beloved Goldfish floating on the surface of the water, now yellow with urine.

EXT. TRISTAN'S BACK GARDEN - DAY

Steve stands by Tristan's shoulder. Gloria hands her son a single flower, which he takes and lays in a tiny grave.

Steve offers his own words of comfort.

 STEVE
 Only two things are certain in
 life Tri, death and taxes. Just
 be grateful you got a few years
 left before you gotta worry about
 paying taxes.

Tristan covers the Goldfish with the soil piled to the side of the tiny grave and spears a small homemade cross into the ground.

The cross bears the name 'SILVER'.

 STEVE
 Who the bloody hell names a
 Goldfish 'Silver' anyhow?

 TRISTAN
 I wanted a pet I could say
 'Hi-Ho-Silver' to.

 STEVE
 You think we could afford a
 horse?

 TRISTAN
 A dog or cat would've done.

Gloria runs her hand through her Son's hair and gives a gentle pat on the shoulder.

 GLORIA
 Come on, lets leave him for a
 bit.

Gloria and Steve start heading back to the house.

Steve calls back to Tristan over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

If you ain't got no more fish to bury, put my tools away when you're done.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Tristan is sorting through boxes of dusty old stuff.

Peanut balances a stack of books on his head, piling the thickest volume atop the existing stack.

PEANUT

You just have to play it cool.

TRISTAN

An extra, deformed arm doesn't exactly say 'cool' to me.

PEANUT

It does to me.

TRISTAN

Yeah well, you're not the one I've got a date with.

PEANUT

I thought it wasn't a date?

TRISTAN

A girl like that is looking for a guy who knows where they're going in life.

PEANUT

I know exactly what I'm gonna be when I'm older. I'm gonna be a midget. If I can just lose a few inches.

TRISTAN

Good for you. What can I do? What can I be?

PEANUT

There's tonnes of stuff. You can do anything you want. You could be a circus freak, a pickpocket, a juggler, a puppeteer, a drummer, an octopus...

TRISTAN

An octopus?

(CONTINUED)

PEANUT
Loads of stuff.

TRISTAN
All good suggestions, thanks.

PEANUT
Mate if you don't love you, how do you expect anyone else to? You could have breath like sewage and an anus for a nose, doesn't mean you shouldn't have some sense of pride.

Peanut removes the books from his head. He backs up against the door frame and marks his height with a pen.

PEANUT
You think I should take up smoking?

TRISTAN
Why?

PEANUT
Because I hear it stunts growth.

TRISTAN
I've heard that. I've also heard it causes lung cancer, throat cancer, mouth cancer, heart disease, premature aging, impotence and death.

PEANUT
So should I or not?

INT. FLEA MARKET, BATHROOM - DAY

Tristan wets his hair and fixes it in front of a mirror. He slathers his hairless face with shaving cream before taking a razor to it. He immediately cuts himself.

Tristan opens the bathroom door, several spots of blood now mark his face and neck.

Peanut looks Tristan up and down, nods approvingly.

TRISTAN
How do I look?

PEANUT
Like Girl-Bait. Like pure Girl-Bait.

INT. TOWN, SUBURBS - DAY

Tristan and Peanut walk side by side. All is quiet and peaceful. We hear the familiar sounds of a little town; cars moving steadily along, a dog barking in the distance, kids playing in the street.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Could this really be happening?
Here I am walking along with an
actual real-life friend on the
way to meet an actual real-life
girl? Ok, the girl thinks I'm a
moron, but it's a start.

Tristan farts.

Peanut shoots him a surprised look.

TRISTAN

Whoa. Nerves, I guess.

Another fart. Peanut laughs.

PEANUT

I reckon you hold them in at her
house.

A third fart from Tristan.

TRISTAN

I think I might have a solid up
there that wants out.

PEANUT

Ok, you definitely can't do that
at her house.

TRISTAN

Why not? I get the solid out, the
gas will stop.

PEANUT

It's the first time you go to her
house - do you really want to
mark the occasion by taking a
dump?

TRISTAN

What's the issue? You're at
someone's house, you need the
toilet, you go.

PEANUT

Yeah, liquids are ok. Gas, maybe
if you can do it on the quiet and
blame someone else. But solids

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PEANUT (cont'd)
are a no-go. You don't poo at a
girl's house. It's in the Magna
Carta.

Tristan lets another one rip.

TRISTAN
It's getting urgent now. Let's
walk faster.

PEANUT
We're gonna need to find a public
toilet.

TRISTAN
No. I don't use public toilets.

PEANUT
You do now. I'm not gonna let you
blow your chances at romance by
pooing at a pretty girl's house.

TRISTAN
I don't get the big deal.

PEANUT
She's a girl! Girls don't even
take shits. Why'd you think
they've got front bottoms?

TRISTAN
But we're closer to her house
than we are to any toilets.

PEANUT
Sorry, no choice. Let's run.

TRISTAN
I told you, I don't do public
toilets.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

Tristan and Peanut are stood in front of the cubicles.
Peanut gives Tristan instructions.

PEANUT
You know about 'The Mummy' right?

TRISTAN
What's 'The Mummy'?

PEANUT
Wrap your knob in a good length
of toilet paper until it looks
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PEANUT (cont'd)
like Boris Karloff. That way if
it accidentally touches the edge
of the toilet bowl, you're safe.

Tristan is visibly nervous. Peanut slaps him on the
shoulder.

PEANUT
Good luck, buddy.

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nervous, Tristan walks up the drive to the front door. He
looks back over his shoulder to see Peanut give a thumbs
up and leave.

Tristan turns back to the door. Knocks.

JANET (O.S)
It's open!

Tristan pushes open the door. He is soon confronted by the
sight of JANET, Dakota's Mum, bent over in front of him in
the hallway, her thong very much visible.

Janet turns around and waves at Tristan wearing a pair of
RUBBER GLOVES. Tristan fixes on the rubber gloves for a
beat.

JANET
Come on in, Poppet.

Tristan is about to step inside.

Dakota barrels down the stairs carrying a bag and wearing
her signature earmuffs.

DAKOTA
No Mum, we're going straight out.

JANET
Is your Dad with ya, darling?

TRISTAN
Er...no.

Dakota slips into her shoes.

JANET
Well you be sure to bring him
along next time, see if he'd like
a cup of tea.

DAKOTA
We're going out, Mum.

 TRISTAN
Are we?

 DAKOTA
Yes.

Dakota is leading the way out the door.

 JANET
Don't be late, Britney.

Dakota slams the door shut.

Dakota walks briskly, Tristan does his best to keep up.

 TRISTAN
Britney? I thought you said your
name was Dakota.

 DAKOTA
She calls me Britney, my birth
certificate says Britney, the
name I chose for myself is
Dakota. And unless you want to
get beaten up by a girl, you call
me Dakota too.

 TRISTAN
Ok.

 DAKOTA
When I have a daughter -
conceived via artificial
insemination, I might add - I'll
be naming her Harriet. After
Harriet Tubman.

 TRISTAN
Who's Harriet Tubman?

 DAKOTA
Harriet Tubman was an
abolitionist, humanitarian, spy
and suffragette. So, what's your
name?

 TRISTAN
My name?

 DAKOTA
Yeah, I need something to call my
book, don't I.

TRISTAN

Oh. Tristan.

DAKOTA

Ok Tristan, I'm going to be recording all our conversations from this point onwards for the purposes of transcribing them later. This will form the basis of my book.

Dakota takes a Dictaphone from the bag and hits record.

DAKOTA

So, what have you been up to recently? Don't think I'm asking out of genuine interest, it's more of an empty perfunctory pleasantry.

TRISTAN

It was my birthday the other week.

DAKOTA

Yet another occasion when we're rewarded simply for existing. A man fertilized a woman, nine months later you were born. Well done. Happy Birthday.

TRISTAN

I wasn't that happy.

DAKOTA

At least your birthday is in summer. Mine's in January, it's always grey and miserable.

TRISTAN

Is that why you are the way you are?

DAKOTA

And what way is that?

TRISTAN

You know, like this.

DAKOTA

Go on.

TRISTAN

Not very...More...Less. Neutral.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

What happened to your face?

TRISTAN

I cut myself shaving.

DAKOTA

But you have no facial hair.

TRISTAN

So it worked then.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - DAY

Together, Tristan and Dakota walk the high street, past rows of shops and other people going about their business.

Tristan notes passersby staring at his third arm.

TRISTAN

How come you wanted to get out? I thought we were gonna be staying in.

DAKOTA

You saw my mum.

TRISTAN

I saw a lot of her, yeah.

DAKOTA

She has high hopes of me becoming a reality TV star. I hope to disappoint her.

TRISTAN

I'm thirsty, you thirsty? You want a drink? I'm gonna go get a drink, you want one?

Dakota watches a nervous Tristan enter a NEWSAGENTS. She waits outside and watches him through the glass;

He takes two bottles of water from a chiller. Behind him a small gathering of people are trying to be discrete about pointing at Tristan.

Dakota doesn't need to hear them. She can see them tittering behind his back.

Tristan joins the line with his bottles of water.

Dakota pulls the Dictaphone from her bag and speaks into the mic.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Chapter one. Subject
is...different. Very, very
different.

Tristan pays and joins Dakota outside the shop. He offers
her a bottle.

TRISTAN

Want some strawberry-flavored
water?

DAKOTA

(Not impressed)

What?

TRISTAN

Strawberry-flavored water. It's
water, but it tastes like
strawberries.

DAKOTA

If I wanted water, I'd drink
water, and if I wanted
strawberries -

TRISTAN

You'd eat some strawberries?

DAKOTA

Hey, you're not the moron I
thought you were.

TRISTAN

Oh yeah, about that - I was gonna
explain how I'm not actually a
moron.

DAKOTA

Explain away, professor.

TRISTAN

A moron would have walked away
from you at the first obstacle. I
didn't.

DAKOTA

You stood in the face of
potential harm. That's
counter-intuitive. You lack even
common sense.

TRISTAN

You would have hurt me?

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Emotionally, yes. Physical violence is for the weak of mind.

TRISTAN

I stood my ground when you made things difficult. I'm brave.

DAKOTA

It's a thin line between bravery and stupidity.

TRISTAN

A brave man talks to a pretty girl when he sees one, a stupid man will walk away and give up when she knocks him back.

DAKOTA

Flattery will get you nowhere.

TRISTAN

Flattery will get you standing talking to the pretty girl outside a news agents drinking strawberry flavored water.

Dakota is silent for a couple of beats.

DAKOTA

You wanna go listen to some music?

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Dakota fingers through a rack of CD's.

DAKOTA

Here it is.

She finds what's she's looking for and picks it out.

Tristan follows Dakota to the counter, where she hands it to the CLERK on the other side.

The two of them move to the listening station. Dakota picks up the headphones, waiting for the music to come on, she puts an ear to one of the speakers and offers the other to Tristan.

They find themselves moving in close together.

DAKOTA

I come here every weekend to listen to this music.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

Why don't you just buy the CD?

DAKOTA

You ever heard the saying 'you don't own your possessions, they own you'?

The music comes on. He and Dakota begin moving to the music together, oblivious to the other people in the shop.

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dakota and Tristan approach Dakota's house, walking slowly, in no hurry. Relaxed.

TRISTAN

So did you get much stuff for your book today?

DAKOTA

Huh? Oh yeah. Yeah, I did. All good stuff.

TRISTAN

Glad I could help.

They come to a stop at Dakota's front door.

DAKOTA

Are you going on the camping trip next weekend?

TRISTAN

Camping trip?

DAKOTA

Yeah. Something the youth club do every year.

TRISTAN

Are you going?

DAKOTA

Yes. But only to get out of being dragged along to compete in a teen beauty pageant.

TRISTAN

Really? But you'd easily win.

Dakota tries to fight it but a smile breaks out.

TRISTAN

I knew you'd look even better when you smiled.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

What?

TRISTAN

Doesn't matter.

The front door swings open, Janet stands in the doorway, a face full of cheap lipstick, looking down at the young pair.

JANET

Ah, Britney...and the boy with three arms. Did your Dad bring you back home?

DAKOTA

No mum, we put one foot in front of the other. It's called walking.

Dakota steps into the house.

DAKOTA

So maybe see you at camp?

TRISTAN

Yeah. Maybe.

Dakota shuts the front door, if only to separate Tristan and her Mum. Tristan turns on his heels and runs for home.

EXT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Tristan runs up the street and past Mr. Heschel, who is busy taking out the week's trash and recycling.

TRISTAN

Hi Mr. Heschel.

MR. HESCHEL

Hello Tristan.

Tristan goes into his house.

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - EVENING

Tristan bundles in through the front door and into the lounge.

Steve hangs back by one of the windows, fingers twitching at the curtain.

STEVE

Look at that nosy bastard.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Heschel waves back at Steve, who begrudgingly returns the gesture.

TRISTAN

What makes him a nosy bastard?

STEVE

Looking in, down his Shylock nose at me.

TRISTAN

Well you're looking out at him. What's the difference?

(Pause)

I wanna go to camp.

STEVE

What's that?

TRISTAN

I need your permission and I need some money to go on a weekend camping trip, please. Please?

STEVE

Money, eh? Why don't you ask your pal next door. Those sympathy-seeking-Jews have been milking that holocaust cash cow for bloody years.

Mr. Heschel smiles a final time as he goes back inside his own home.

STEVE

(Waving, smiling)

Smug bastard.

TRISTAN

I'm asking you, Dad.

STEVE

Money's tight.

TRISTAN

Yeah, what with all those horses to bet on, cans of beer to drink, and porn channels to subscribe to there's barely enough left to enjoy yourself with.

STEVE

What do you know about it?

TRISTAN

I know that you won't go out and get a proper dad type job.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Hey, a shopping centre Santa Claus is a legitimate profession, I'll have you know.

TRISTAN

Yeah, and I can see how grueling the forty-eight weeks holiday a year are too.

STEVE

What you trying to say, boy?

TRISTAN

I'm saying that I've only ever asked for one thing from you in the past, Dad, and I never got it. And now I'm asking for just one more thing - one more. You're my dad and I want a little bit of money and your permission to go to camp because there's a girl I like and she's going.

STEVE

Well...at least you're finally interested in girls. You have my permission. The money you're gonna have to earn yourself.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Both a little dirty and mud-stained, and with a healthy film of sweat on their brows, Tristan and Peanut explore the woods.

TRISTAN

How does a person who is too young to work make money from nothing?

PEANUT

I got one. A person is in hospital. They know they're there to die. You know it, but you also wanna show you care...do you get them a "get well soon" card?

TRISTAN

I'm talking about an actual problem.

PEANUT

Oh. Money from nothing...hmmm...let me think on that one.

(CONTINUED)

They come to a fork in the forest trails. They have a choice - left or right.

TRISTAN

I reckon we go this way.

He points to the left.

PEANUT

I say we go this way.

Peanut points right down the centre. There is no path, no trail. Just Bushes and trees.

TRISTAN

That's not a path.

PEANUT

To find your way, first you have to be lost.

Without another word, Peanut heads for the tangles of bushes and starts fighting his way inside.

TRISTAN

Why do you talk like that?

PEANUT

Like what?

TRISTAN

Like a knobhead.

Tristan follows Peanut.

MUSIC KICKS IN and the **MONTAGE** STARTS;

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

A. Tristan sits at his desk, busy sketching away while Peanut stands at his shoulder, watching Tristan intently.

WE REVEAL; Tristan's drawing plans for 'RAFT'. The friends nod their mutual approval.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

B. Jim leads Peanut and Tristan through the Flea market, up and down aisles and round a half dozen corners, twists and turns.

JIM

Feel free to take anything you find that doesn't quite work right, anything that needs a good

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)
clean up. Take it out, fix it up,
and you can sell it.

Tristan and Peanut stand at the foot of a stack of boxes and smile at each other.

They start raiding the place...

EXT. TRISTAN'S BACK GARDEN - DAY

C. Tristan and Peanut gather tools: hammers, saws, screwdrivers.

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

D. Tristan opens cupboards and closets, digs around under the bed. He gathers a pile of childhood toys.

EXT. TRISTAN'S BACK GARDEN - DAY

E. Tristan steadies a length of wood while Peanut saws the end. They carry the wood to the vague framework of a raft and Tristan hammers it into place.

INT. FLEA MARKET, BACKROOM - DAY

F. Peanut lies on the rack. Tristan pulls hard on a lever, squashing Peanut.

Peanut appears to be in pain but he nods to Tristan; 'keep going'. Tristan pulls harder on the lever.

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

G. Tristan pulls the trunk from under his bed and opens it. He lays aside the noose and suicide note and pulls out toy after toy.

EXT. SKIP, STREET - DAY

H. Peanut and Tristan are in up to their knees, rummaging through garbage and tossing junk over head. It appears Tristan's three arms work faster than Peanut's two.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

I. Tristan and Peanut both sit cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by forts of boxes.

Peanut up-ends something that looks a little like a vase and gets a face full of ash - a small plaque reads 'Beloved Auntie'

EXT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE - DAY

J. The young pair set up a table at the end of the drive. Peanut lays a tablecloth. Tristan sets down boxes of toys.

EXT. TRISTAN'S BACK GARDEN, DEN - DAY

K. Peanut yanks strips of wood from Tristan's garden shed before holding them in place against the half-built raft.

L. Tristan cuts through his Mum's washing line. Every item of laundry drops to the dirty ground.

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

M. The tired pair sit with their feet up on boxes, eating from their own bags of M+M's.

Tristan hands Peanut a small handful of BLUE M+M's as Peanut offers Tristan a sweaty palm full of YELLOW M+Ms.

EXT. TRISTAN'S BACK GARDEN, DEN - DAY

N. CLOSE UP of Tristan's original sketch of the raft clutched in Peanut's hands. Peanut lowers the paper to reveal a skewed version of the vessel, complete with flag, and mannequin as a makeshift Figurehead.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP on a handmade sign: 'WHOLE BUNCH OF CRAP SALE'.

The sign is fitted to a length of wood and is speared into the ground.

Peanut haphazardly pours some lemonade into a row of glasses in one swoop. Inevitably, much of the lemonade ends up soiling the tablecloth.

A second sign; 'Lemonade £1 a sip' is slapped down. 'Sip' is soon crossed out and replaced with 'glass'.

(CONTINUED)

Peanut approaches carrying a box with 'MUM'S STUFF' scribbled on the front.

TRISTAN
What's that?

PEANUT
A whole bunch of my Mum and Dad's old stuff. She and my dad met on the set of a skin flick.

TRISTAN
What's a skin flick?

PEANUT
I don't know. Something to dermatology?

Peanut and Tristan stand behind the table and wait for customers.

A LITTLE GIRL (4) strolls along beside her MUM. The Girl pushes a pram with a doll in it.

Peanut spots the mother and daughter pair.

PEANUT
Business faces on. We got customers.

The Mother heads for the lemonade, Tristan's end of the table.

TRISTAN
Afternoon.

MOTHER
Hello boys. Sure is hot, I could use a glass of lemonade.

TRISTAN
No problem.

The Mother and Tristan reach for the same glass at the same moment and the glass is knocked over.

TRISTAN
Oh crap.

MOTHER
Oh Heavens.

Mother and Tristan busy themselves with cleaning up the mess.

Little Girl heads straight for the box labelled 'MUM AND DAD'S STUFF', Peanut's end of the table.

LITTLE GIRL
What's this?

PEANUT
Er...looks like a Halloween mask.

The Little Girl pulls out a GIMP MASK.

LITTLE GIRL
And what's this?

PEANUT
A torch?

The Little Girl pulls out a FLESH LIGHT. The cap comes away in her hand revealing the flesh-like vagina beneath.

PEANUT
With a hidden hand warmer.

LITTLE GIRL
What's this one?

PEANUT
A drumstick.

She lifts a STRAP-ON from the box.

LITTLE GIRL
And this one?

PEANUT
Candle without a wick.

It's a dildo.

In the BG Tristan and the Girl's Mother remain oblivious, apologising to each other, cleaning up the lemonade.

Little Girl gets her fingers on the next item.

LITTLE GIRL
What's this?

PEANUT
A doll.

She lifts out an INFLATABLE DOLL, which, according to the packaging is named Judy - and appears in a permanent state of surprise from the O shape of her mouth.

PEANUT
She's called Judy.

LITTLE GIRL
I like Judy.
(Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE GIRL (cont'd)
What's this?

PEANUT
That one's a pearl necklace.

It's a foot-long string of anal beads. The girl ties it around her neck.

Peanut has to help her with the next item. It's big. He reaches in and hauls out a BLACK COWHIDE, METAL STUDDED BDSM SEX SWING.

He holds it up with one hand and nudges it with the other. It swings in his hand gently.

PEANUT
A swing. You got a tree in your garden?

LITTLE GIRL
Yay.

MOMENTS LATER;

Peanut hands the little girl a box full of her items.

PEANUT
There you go little girl. Since you've been such a good customer, here, have a sticker on the house.

Peanut slaps a BUMPER STICKER across the front of her box of goodies; 'I LOVE GARY GLITTER - WANNA BE IN MY GANG?'

At the other end of the table, Tristan and the Girl's Mother are just about done cleaning the mess.

TRISTAN
You still didn't get a glass of lemonade.

He hands her a glass.

MOTHER
(Smiling)
On the house?

TRISTAN
No.

She digs deep into her purse while Tristan waits for the money.

The Mother hands Tristan a pound coin. The little Girl joins her and the pair move on down the street.

(CONTINUED)

Peanut is visibly excited. He wafts a TWENTY POUND NOTE in front of Tristan.

PEANUT

Just rinsed that little girl of a month's worth of her pocket money.

TRISTAN

Cool.

MUSIC BOOMS AND THE CUTS COME THICK AND FAST;

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN purchases a pack of Saddam Hussein PLAYING CARDS.

The 'camping fund' jar gains another handful of change.

A couple of glasses of lemonade get bought and downed.

A WOMAN picks up and inspects a 'GROW YOUR OWN JESUS' before handing over her cash, which is then thrown into the bucket.

Notes and coins fly into the bucket. A nice little pile of cash is building.

A YOUNG BOY grins maniacally as he walks away having just bought a HUMAN SKULL. The grin on the skull is an uncanny match for the boy's own smile.

ARMIES OF KIDS raid the boxes of toys - money exchanges hands across the table.

The LAST CUSTOMER walks away carrying a MANNEQUIN under their arm.

The table is empty. We almost expect a tumbleweed to blow across the drive.

Tristan and Peanut turn to each other, happy smiles painted across their faces.

They go for a two-handed high five and hit their marks, but Tristan's third arm comes up and hits Peanut in the face.

INT. DEN, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Tristan and Peanut sit up in their sleeping bags and take it in turns trying to land a rock in a rusted can.

Peanut throws and misses.

(CONTINUED)

PEANUT
Hey Tristan?

TRISTAN
Yeah?

PEANUT
Is it still masturbating if you
use your elbows?

Tristan throws and misses.

EXT. RIVER, CAMPSITE - DAY

Dakota sits alone, writing, away from the other girls with their fishing lines in the water.

Tristan watches her from the other side of the river while the other boys chatter. Likewise, they too are all fishing and dressed in matching CAMP GROUP T-SHIRTS.

Kevin is surrounded by his usual entourage.

KEVIN
Once my brother hit an eagle with his car but it didn't die.

STUMPY KID
Is he old enough to drive?

KEVIN
No. But that doesn't stop my brother.

SPOTTY KID
Do they even have eagles in England?

KEVIN
Not anymore. My brother made them an extinct species.

SKINNY KID
I thought you said it didn't die?

KEVIN
Not when he hit it with the car. But it couldn't fly so he broke its neck.

SPOTTY KID
Whoa.

KEVIN
Yep. He twisted its head all the way around three times before it died.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

You tellin' lies about that
brother of your's again, Son.

The CAMP LEADER, DUNCAN (45), a former jock who's had one too many beers in subsequent years, grins beneath a pair of aviators.

DUNCAN

It took four rotations of the
head before that bird departed. I
was there.

KEVIN

Yeah, my Dad was there. Weren't
you Dad?

Dakota looks up at Tristan from across the water.

TRISTAN

Er, Mister Duncan?

DUNCAN

That's Camp Leader Duncan to you.

TRISTAN

Camp Leader Duncan?

DUNCAN

Yes?

TRISTAN

Are we going to be putting the
fish back?

DUNCAN

What are ya boy, soft-hearted?

TRISTAN

I just want to know if we're
putting the fish back.

DUNCAN

You gotta catch them first. You
ain't much good at hooking trout,
are ya?

KEVIN

Yeah Tristan, do you need a hand?

That one gets all the boys laughing. Even Camp Leader
Duncan makes no attempt to hide his smirk.

TRISTAN

But do we put the fish back
after?

DUNCAN

If you don't want to eat no supper tonight, you go ahead and put back all the fishy-wishies you like. But if you wanna sleep on a full stomach then you learn to gut fish real quick.

TRISTAN

You want me to kill the fish?

DUNCAN

Only two things in life are certain -

TRISTAN

Death and taxes?

DUNCAN

Don't get smart on me.

TRISTAN

I won't.

DUNCAN

You think you're smarter than me?

TRISTAN

No.

DUNCAN

'Cause I can insult you in four languages if I want to.

TRISTAN

Ok.

KEVIN

Say one of them now Dad.

DUNCAN

Now Kevin, I've told you before haven't I? It's not good to show off.

TRISTAN

But I don't want to kill any fish.

DUNCAN

And I don't want to pity you, but my nature won't allow it. Nor do I wish to treat you like an equal, but political correctness demands it. Which is why you will catch me a fish, and it's also why you'll be swimming tomorrow

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN (cont'd)
 with all the other young men. And
 no sick note from Mummy and no
 amount of crocodile tears is
 gonna get you out of doing twenty
 lengths. Because by God you'll
 arrive at this camp a boy and
 leave as a man. I'm gonna
 personally see to it.

KEVIN
 Yeah.

SPOTTY KID
 Yeah. SKINNY KID
 Yeah.

STUMPY KID
 Yeah.

DUNCAN
 It's like I always say to my
 Kevin, what do I always say
 Kevin?

KEVIN
 Don't look in the bottom draw
 next to mum and dad's bed.

DUNCAN
 No, not that.

KEVIN
 It's for looking at, not for
 touching.

DUNCAN
 Not that either. Goddammit Kevin,
 how many times have I told ya? I
 always tell him; some things get
 killed, some do the killin'.
 Everything's got their part to
 play in the cycle of life. So
 Tristan, what part you playing?

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Tristan lies awake in his sleeping bag, looking down at
 his third arm as it slowly uncurls before his eyes. He's
 seen enough and covers it.

After a beat, he gets up, unzips the tent, and walks out
 into the dark.

EXT. TENT, CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Tristan puts a hand to his crotch desperately holding onto the urine that fills his bladder.

He heads for the bushes.

But before he makes it there he is suddenly jumped by Kevin, Spotty, Stumpy, and Spotty.

Kevin pins Tristan down.

KEVIN

A summer's day's worth of sweaty
balls, bum crack and skid
marks...all for you,
Three-Shirts.

Spotty Kid goes first - he pulls a pair of DIRTY PANTS over Tristan's face and hold them for a second.

Stumpy Kid does the same, then Skinny kid takes his turn. Kevin's three sidekicks then all hold Tristan down.

Kevin relishes his turn. He holds his sweat-stained underwear over Tristan's face and takes out his phone.

He turns it on himself and takes a selfie - himself in the foreground, Tristan (smothered by underwear) in the background.

They all run away laughing.

Tristan doesn't even bother to get up. He lies there silently crying.

INT. BREAKFAST HALL, CAMPSITE - DAY

Tristan approaches Dakota where she sits by herself at the end of a long table.

TRISTAN

Hi.

DAKOTA

Hello.

TRISTAN

How's the book coming along?

DAKOTA

Fine.

DUNCAN

Tristan. You wanna sit with the girls, then you go toilet like a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN (cont'd)
girl. Now, you wanna sit with the
girls or you wanna sit with the
men?

Tristan says nothing.

DUNCAN
Get back in your group.

Tristan reluctantly returns to his seat.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL, CAMP SITE - DAY

Tristan, dressed only in his swim shorts and exposed from the waist up makes his way timidly from the lockers to the pool proper.

The sounds of the other kids playing and splashing about grow louder as we near the pool.

He rounds the final corner and steps out POOLSIDE, his arm exposed to the world.

Tristan looks out across the pool. It is filled with splashing kids having the time of their lives.

At the far end of the pool, Dakota sits at the water's edge, a T-shirt over her swimsuit and earmuffs on her head. She hugs her arms across her stomach and chest.

In the water at her feet, Stumpy, Spotty and Skinny pull and paw at her, tugging at her legs.

Kevin, who is a little behind his sidekicks overseeing the bullying of Dakota, turns to see Tristan on the other side of the pool. He points.

KEVIN
Hey, look at the freak.

Suddenly it seems, the pool erupts with laughter.

Spotty, Skinny, and Stumpy pull Dakota into the water.

Tristan, enraged and no longer caring about himself, dives into the water.

Kevin howls with laughter watching Tristan's awkward swimming. His three friends dunk Dakota.

Tristan grabs Skinny and pulls him off of Dakota. He punches Stumpy in the face, and pushes Spotty hard, forcing him back.

Dakota comes up gasping for air.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin grabs Tristan from behind.

Stumpy, Skinny and Spotty move on Tristan but he fights them away, a fist to the face for the three of them.

Dakota wipes her hair from her face and sees for the first time that it is Tristan who came to help her.

Tristan turns his attention to Kevin and draws back all three fists, winding back and grimacing.

For a second, just a second, Kevin cowers and flinches.

A whistle blows.

LIFEGUARD

Hey.

Dakota climbs from the pool and runs away crying.

Tristan climbs out, grabs a couple of towels and follows after Dakota.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Dakota hurries along, squeezing the water from her ear muffs, fighting back tears. Tristan catches her up and offers one of the towels.

TRISTAN

I brought you a towel.

DAKOTA

I don't need a boy to bring me a towel.

TRISTAN

Ok fine.

He drops the towel.

TRISTAN

There's a towel on the floor, why don't you pick it up.

Dakota picks up the towel and wraps it around herself. She can no longer fight the tears.

Tristan traces a line in the grass with his toes, nervous.

TRISTAN

Want a hug? My hugs are thirty-three point three percent better than a normal person's hug.

Dakota steps into Tristan's arms without word or protest.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tristan and Dakota walk together, now dried and dressed, though Dakota's hair is still a little wet.

DAKOTA

It's agreed that black people, the handicapped, and the dead should be free from persecution. But it's open fucking season on ginger people.

TRISTAN

I always thought of you as a redhead.

DAKOTA

Either way, I'm discriminated against.

TRISTAN

At least you can dye your hair. I'm stuck with this thing.

DAKOTA

Why would I want to pretend I'm something I'm not?

TRISTAN

To stop the bullying.

DAKOTA

Then they've already beaten you. Anyway, they'd just find something else. They only do it because of their own insecurities. Haven't you noticed how spotty, skinny, and stumpy they are between them?

TRISTAN

I've had that pointed out to me. It doesn't make me feel any better. And it doesn't change the fact that summer is gonna end, and when it does, I have to start school again, and its just gonna get worse. Do they really flush people's heads down the toilet once you get to upper school?

DAKOTA

My first week, I gave myself lice so no one would want to touch me. The lice made better company than my classmates.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

I think you like people more than
you think you like people.

DAKOTA

How much do you think I like
people?

TRISTAN

You like me.

DAKOTA

You're a curiosity.

They walk in silence for a few beats.

TRISTAN

Do you want to eat supper with me
tonight?

DAKOTA

Sure. But only for research
purposes, of course.

Dakota is not quite as convincing as she once was.

TRISTAN

Of course.

EXT. CAMPSITE, TENTS - NIGHT

Tents form a semicircle, at the centre of which is a
campfire and barbecue. Camp Leader Duncan, Kevin, Spotty
Kid, Skinny Kid and Stumpy Kid huddle around the barbecue.

Tristan tries to slip past them unnoticed.

DUNCAN

Oi, Tristan? You not eating with
us?

He holds up a huge fish still sizzling from the barbecue,
a smirk on his lips.

TRISTAN

No thanks, not hungry. I'm going
for a walk.

DUNCAN

Walking is for pussies. I wanna
see you run.

He stomps his foot. It gets Tristan running and the others
around him laughing heartily.

After the laughter subsides, Kevin leans in close to his
buddies and keeps his voice low.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

We gotta get that freak back. I say he's owed some paycheque.

SKINNY KID

You mean payback?

STUMPY KID

I dunno man, my nose hurts pretty bad. He hit us hard.

SKINNY KID

Why don't you get your older brother to help you out? With all that alligator wrestling he does, taking care of a human tripod should be a piece of piss.

KEVIN

(Hesitates)

Forget it.

Kevin retreats to his tent.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Tristan traipses through the woods, a torch lighting the way. Ahead, in a clearing, he sees Dakota by a small fire. He steps out of the trees and sits down next to her.

Dakota does not say a word, she looks up at the night sky. The stars are out.

Tristan shuffles his bottom, discretely shuffling closer. He pulls out a bunch of bananas.

TRISTAN

I brought bananas.

DAKOTA

Phallic-shaped food?

TRISTAN

For toasting.

DAKOTA

Oh. Sounds nice.

Tristan peels a couple from the bunch and sets them on a rock as close to the fire as possible.

TRISTAN

What are you looking at?

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Venus.

TRISTAN

You can really see Venus?

DAKOTA

You can if you know where to look.

TRISTAN

Wanna show me?

Dakota points out a bright spot in the sky, slightly brighter than the stars that surround it.

TRISTAN

Whoa, it's a lot smaller than I was expecting.

DAKOTA

It all depends on how you choose to see. Sometimes when we can't see, we think its because we're too far away, but most of the time it's because we're too close to see.

TRISTAN

I've never met anybody quite like you before.

DAKOTA

I've never met anybody who has three arms before.

A hint of sadness washes over Tristan's face, and he makes that same conscious effort to hide his arm from Dakota.

Dakota reaches out and puts a hand to it.

DAKOTA

No, don't. Don't hide it. It's what makes you different.

TRISTAN

But I don't want to be different.

DAKOTA

Why? I bet you can do amazing shadow puppets.

Tristan laughs, warming to Dakota's charm - charm she never knew she had.

LATER;

(CONTINUED)

Tristan and Dakota carefully peel the skin from their toasted bananas. Tristan tucks into his.

TRISTAN

Ah, I think I burnt my mouth.

DAKOTA

You're an idiot. I told you it'd be too hot.

TRISTAN

I thought I might impress you.

DAKOTA

By defying me or by burning your mouth?

TRISTAN

By facing danger, head on. Did it work?

DAKOTA

No.

TRISTAN

Bummer.

DAKOTA

So how was your day?

TRISTAN

I -

DAKOTA

I'm not asking out of interest, it's just a -

TRISTAN

A pleasantry, I know.

DAKOTA

Yeah.

TRISTAN

After swimming I had to be back for an afternoon of orienteering. Turns out I have something of a natural talent for orienteering, which is good because the rest of my group purposefully lost me and I spent the better part of the day navigating myself out of the woods alone. Any relief I may have felt soon disappeared when I found the gusset had been cut from all of my underwear with a sharp object.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

So you're not wearing any
underwear?

TRISTAN

I am, they're just crotchless.

DAKOTA

What's that like?

TRISTAN

Strangely liberating.

DAKOTA

So they did you a favour?

TRISTAN

I wouldn't go that far. Though
I'm glad I finally got to use the
word gusset in a sentence.

DAKOTA

It is a great word.

(Pause)

Well, I'd say it looks like
you're getting your revenge
anyway.

TRISTAN

How'd you figure?

DAKOTA

You're living well.

Dakota uses a finger to spoon some of the banana into her
mouth. She makes a satisfied 'mmmm' sound.

Tristan tries again at his own, chews, and swallows it
down.

DAKOTA

How's your mouth now?

TRISTAN

Still hurts.

Dakota leans in and kisses him. Gentle and innocent.

DAKOTA

Better?

Tristan cannot talk. He catches his breath.

TRISTAN

Yeah. Better. Thanks.

They eat their bananas.

(CONTINUED)

PAN UP to Venus.

DISSOLVE TO:

MORNING.

PAN DOWN.

Dakota and Tristan lie sleeping next to one another. The fire has long since burned itself out.

They wake together and smile at one another.

TRISTAN

So, does this mean we're
boyfriend and girlfriend now?

Dakota laughs.

TRISTAN

What? What's funny?

INT. MINI BUS (MOVING) - DAY

Dakota and Tristan sleep, their heads resting on each others shoulders.

Kevin and pals can be heard not too far away.

KEVIN

You hear that; aaaaaaaaaaaaaah.
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah. That there, that's
my voice breaking. It's getting
deeper.

STUMPY KID

Is it true that your balls
actually drop?

KEVIN

Hit the floor when it first
happened. But they go back up
after a while.

SKINNY KID

Good.

EXT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Tristan stands at the end of the drive, waving goodbye to Dakota as the bus drives away.

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

Tristan enters and drops his bags. His Dad throws on a jacket and stuffs a set of keys in his pocket.

STEVE

You alright, Tri? How was camping? Good was it? Good stuff.

TRISTAN

Er, Dad, I want to ask your advice about something.

STEVE

Sorry Son, gotta run to the betting shop.

TRISTAN

But it's important.

STEVE

So's this. I got a hot tip and one of us has gotta bring some money into the house.

TRISTAN

I've never had a girlfriend before and I don't know what to do...I don't know where...how...I...

STEVE

And don't go off wondering about will ya, I sent that damn DVD player off to get mended and I'm expecting 'em to bring it back any minute.

TRISTAN

You didn't take it back to the same place did you?

STEVE

They're cheap.

TRISTAN

So's the DVD player. That's why it's crap. The repair people are crap. Every time you send something to get fixed it comes back worse, with an all-new problem.

STEVE

I gotta go. Those horses won't bet on 'emselves. Keep an ear out, won't ya?

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

Yeah, sure.

Steve heads out the door.

Tristan slumps down on the sofa and finds himself looking up at the framed photos on the mantelpiece.

A photo of himself, stood between his mother and father, stares back at him.

There is a 'KNOCK' at the door.

Tristan answers the door. Stood across the threshold is a TRACK-SUITED MAN with a mullet hair-do and a cigarette in his mouth.

He hands Tristan a DVD player and blows cigarette smoke in his face.

TRACK-SUITED MAN

All good now.

Without waiting for a response, he walks away to an idling car where an almost identical man waits. The pair drive away.

MOMENTS LATER;

Tristan plugs in the player and a DVD automatically ejects itself.

Tristan takes the DVD out; 'CLUSTERFUCK IN CAPTAIN MUTT'S BUTT MUCK'.

He thinks on it for a bit, chewing on his lip and pops it back in before settling in front of the TV and hitting a button on the remote.

We stay on Tristan as events unfold on the TV screen. We don't see what he's watching but we certainly hear it.

He vomits on the carpet.

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

MUSIC PLAYS.

Wallpaper is peeled from the walls. The old, faded child's wallpaper with pictures of trains on, comes down.

Dakota, Tristan, and Peanut tear down the wallpaper.

The lid comes off a paint tin. The paint gets poured into a tray. Three rollers, one after the other, get dipped into the tray of paint.

(CONTINUED)

We hold on a WIDE as the three friends start painting the walls of Tristan's room.

Tristan paints a grid ripe for a game of 'naughts and crosses' They each take their turn. Dakota wins.

Tristan paints over the game and starts a new one. Dakota wins. Tristan paints over her face and she retaliates, laughing.

Inevitably they get paint on themselves, on their clothes, on each other. This then becomes intentional and they jab each other with their brushes and rollers.

LATER;

The three of them lie on the floor propped up on elbows. Tired, they admire their work. Half painted and slap-dash renditions of human genitalia adorn the walls here and there, ready to be painted over.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

TRISTAN
Not a bad job, people.

PEANUT
Not bad at all.

TRISTAN
Thanks guys.

DAKOTA
You're welcome.

Gloria backs into the room carrying a tray of food and glasses of milk.

GLORIA
Tristan, I brought your din -

Her eyes fall on the room and her jaw drops. She quickly puts down the tray before she drops it.

GLORIA
Steven! Steven, get up here, now.
Tristan, what on earth are you
doing?

Steve can be heard pounding up the stairs.

TRISTAN
I just wanted to paint my room.

Dakota and Peanut exchange nervous glances.

Steve enters. His eyes roam the room.

STEVE

What the bloody hell have you done, Tri?

TRISTAN

We painted my room, what's the problem?

GLORIA

The problem is, you didn't ask for permission.

TRISTAN

Would you have said yes?

STEVE

That's not the point.

TRISTAN

You're right, it's not the point. The point is, why should I ask permission? It's my room.

STEVE

And we're your parents.

TRISTAN

So fucking act like parents.

Tristan finally lets it all out.

Dakota's and Peanut's unease grows.

GLORIA

When did you start using language like that?

TRISTAN

I don't want to be ignored. I want to be listened to.

GLORIA

We listen to you.

TRISTAN

You hear, but you don't listen. Why do I have to keep this fucking thing for the rest of my life? Because you make me.

STEVE

That's enough of that.

TRISTAN

It's enough when I'm done.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

I've told you. It's the way God made you.

TRISTAN

Nobody made me this way. I was born with something wrong with me and you should have gotten it cut off - like other mums and dads do whenever some kid is born with eleven fingers or toes or anything else that gives people an excuse to make fun. But you did nothing. And you know what's worse...that you won't let me have a choice about it.

Gloria starts looking to Peanut and Dakota. Her attention turns sharply back to Tristan.

GLORIA

Did these two put you up to this?

TRISTAN

No. This is all me.

STEVE

You'll stop talking like that now and first thing tomorrow, me and you are going out to get some new wallpaper to cover up this mess.

TRISTAN

No, I won't.

GLORIA

You'll do what your Dad says, and you'll stop seeing these friends of yours.

TRISTAN

No. I want you out of my room, please.

PEANUT

Er...shall we go?

STEVE

Yes, I think you should.

TRISTAN

No, you don't have to go. And from now on I make up my own mind about my life, including who I hang out with.

Gloria and Steve exchange glances. Maybe it's finally sinking in.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA
We'll talk about this later.
(To Steve)
Come on, let's go.

Gloria and Steve leave the room.

Tristan has a hard time settling down.

DAKOTA
Wow. I didn't know you had it in
you.

PEANUT
Yeah.

DAKOTA
Tristan, are you ok?

TRISTAN
No, not really.

PEANUT
They just don't get you, mate.

TRISTAN
Don't talk about my Mum and Dad.

PEANUT
Why not?

TRISTAN
Because they're still my Mum and
Dad.

PEANUT
But they don't even know you.

TRISTAN
I don't even know me.

DAKOTA
We do.

TRISTAN
Why can't everyone just leave me
alone?

Dakota and Peanut both look hurt and scalded.

DAKOTA
Why are you so ungrateful?

TRISTAN
Please, just leave me alone.

Dakota and Peanut quietly walk out and leave the door
open.

Tristan is alone in the room.

EXT. TRISTAN'S BACK GARDEN, DEN - DAY

MUSIC PLAYS.

Tristan stands staring at the RAFT he and Peanut built. His face is long, his shoulders slouched.

After a while he mopes towards the house and slips inside.

A SHADOWED FIGURE emerges from the treeline at the end of the garden. Kevin lowers his hood, grinning, and takes a PENKNIFE from his pocket.

Penknife in hand, he stalks over to the raft.

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The muffled sound of a KNOCK at the front door. Tristan wanders out onto the landing to see Steve move from the lounge to the front door.

STEVE

Who could that be?

It's Mr. Heschel, smiling as usual.

STEVE

What do you want?

MR. HESCHEL

Would you and the family like to join us next door? We're having a bit of a celebration, it's my nephew's Bar Mitzvah.

STEVE

Is there booze?

MR. HESCHEL

We have wine.

STEVE

Might as well. Our telly's on the blink.

INT. MR. HESCHEL'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - EVENING

Tristan sits solemn and depressed amongst a table's length of JEWISH CHILDREN in front of a more-than-generous spread of food.

(CONTINUED)

While the Children greedily tuck into food, passing plates and dishes to each other over smiles and giggles, Tristan struggles to join in.

A LITTLE LATER;

INT. MR. HESCHEL'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Steve drinks from a glass of wine, watching his Son through the back window.

MR. HESCHEL (O.C)
Every spring we Jewish celebrate
passover.

Steve is caught by surprise.

STEVE
You lot are always celebrating.

MR. HESCHEL
That's because there's much to
celebrate. You have a bright
young man on your hands, Steve.
(pause)
During passover we read a book
called The Haggadah. The Haggadah
is a story about four children.
The wise child searches for depth
and meaning. The wicked child has
a rebellious nature and demands
to know how rituals are relevant
to his own life. The simple child
simply smiles and says 'tell me
what to do, and I'll do it',
taking enjoyment in the 'how' and
not the 'why'. A good Rabbi
teaches how these children all
live within the same person and
all of them must be celebrated.

STEVE
So who is the fourth child?

MR. HESCHEL
So you were listening?
(Smiles)
The fourth child is the child who
hungers for knowledge but doesn't
know where to begin.
(Pause)
You want to know how to make
Tristan happy? You show him where
to begin.

EXT. MR. HESCHEL'S BACK GARDEN - EVENING

Tristan sits alone in the garden. Behind him, through the window, the celebrations and merriment continue. He looks up at the stars just becoming visible.

Steve enters frame and sits next to him.

STEVE
What you doing?

TRISTAN
Looking at Venus.

STEVE
Ah.
(Long pause)
You know, me and your Mum,
everything we do, we do because
we love you.
(Pause)
We're still figuring it all out
too, making it up as we go along.
We're still working out how to be
a Mum and a Dad. You're a kid,
and it's ok to be a kid. When the
time comes to grow up, you'll
know it. Don't force it. And even
when you're all grown up, well
it's still ok to be a kid
sometimes.

Tristan looks up at his Dad, and Steve looks back at his Son.

STEVE
I start a new job next week, a
proper job this time. If you
want, I can save up and get you
that operation you've always
wanted.

TRISTAN
Thanks Dad, but I think I'm going
to keep the arm.

FROM INSIDE Mr. Heschel watches through the window and smiles to himself.

EXT. DAKOTA'S ROOM - DAY

Tristan holds out a gift-wrapped present for Dakota as she sits on the edge of her bed.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

It's a sorry present.

She takes it and unwraps it. It's the CD she always listened to but refused to buy.

TRISTAN

I figured it's ok if it's a present, if someone else got it for you.

Dakota stands and the two kiss.

TRISTAN

And this way you can listen to it when you come over to my house.

(Pause)

You wanna come for a walk? I got one more sorry present to give.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Tristan and Dakota walk hand in hand, Tristan carrying a glass jar full of BLUE M+Ms.

The pair bound up the stairs only to find the door is locked.

Tristan bangs on the door.

TRISTAN

Peanut? Peanut?

JIM (O.C)

Tristan.

Dakota and Tristan turn and find Jim standing behind them, his eyes red.

JIM

Your parents said you'd be here.

TRISTAN

Where's Peanut?

JIM

He's gone.

TRISTAN

Gone? Gone where?
(reading Jim)
What is it?...Tell me.

JIM

Tristan, I'm so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

Tristan reaches for Dakota's shoulder, but it's no use. He drops to the pavement. The jar of blue M+Ms hits the concrete and shatters.

Tristan is racked by violent sobs and he bellows in pain.

Dakota gets to her knees and wraps her arms around him.

INT. JIM AND PEANUT'S HOUSE - DAY

MOURNERS dressed in black chatter quietly, nibble at finger food, and sip wine, while Tristan drifts through the house.

Dakota watches from a doorway as Tristan ambles through crowds of adults, gazing up at pictures of Peanut that adorn the mantelpiece - Peanut abseiling, riding a pony, giving a thumbs up from inside a fridge.

TRISTAN (V.O)

I later found out it was something called Morquio's syndrome - an enlarged heart. It was something Peanut was born with and they say causes dwarfism. People with Morquio's syndrome are said to not live very long.

(Pause)

My best friend died quite literally because his heart was too big. I miss him.

He drifts along the line of Peanut photos and stops at one of his friend stood inside a plant pot, feigning disapproval while Jim holds a watering can above his head.

A shadow falls over Tristan. He finds himself looking up at Jim, a sad, bittersweet smile on his face.

TRISTAN

Why didn't he tell me? If he knew all his life, why didn't he tell me? I was his best friend.

JIM

He always said he didn't want to be treated any different. Not for that, anyway.

(Pause)

Did Peanut ever tell you that I write greeting cards - philosophical stuff?

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

No, like what?

JIM

One I always liked was 'To find your way, first you must be lost'.

TRISTAN

(Smiling)

I knew that stuff was too grown up for him to come up with by himself.

JIM

Actually, there is one he did come up with. I liked it so much that I had it printed and framed. I want you to have it, I think it might answer your question somewhat.

Jim takes a frame from the the mantelpiece and hands it to Tristan. He reads. "What's more important: the secrets we keep or the people we keep them from?"

A tear hits the glass.

INT. FLEA MARKET, BACKROOM - DAY

Tristan wanders Peanut's den. He turns the gears on his friend's homemade rack. Across the room, through the moving cogs, he glimpses Peanut, grinning, standing among his beloved clutter.

Tristan looks again. A life-sized cardboard cutout of Warwick Davis, in full make-up as a maniacal Leprechaun, leers back at him.

Tristan searches through the clutter, finds a VHS tape of Leprechaun 2. He pushes the tape into a player and falls onto the couch.

He shifts uncomfortably before pulling out a tub of yellow M+Ms from behind a cushion.

TRISTAN (V.O)

When he died a part of me died with him.

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tristan reaches under the bed and slides out his trunk. He lifts the lid and looks in at the noose and suicide note.

TRISTAN (V.O)

I could no longer see myself
going through life without my
best friend.

There is a 'KNOCK' at the bedroom door. His Mum peeks her head in. She carries a wrapped parcel.

GLORIA

Dakota stopped by. She left this,
said you'd know what it is. I'll
just leave it here.

Gloria leaves the parcel on his desk and slips out of the room.

Tristan unwraps the parcel. It's a book with his name as the title. The book has been lovingly handmade, a mark above any scrapbook.

He reads.

DAKOTA (V.O)

Chapter one. Subject is
different.

He turns a page and finds a beautifully sketched picture of himself on his first day at youth club, sipping at a can of Pepsi.

He turns another page; 'My favourite things about Tristan...'

DAKOTA (V.O)

Number one, the funny noise you
make when you sleep. It's not
quite snoring, but it's more than
just breathing. Number two, you
never asked me why I always wear
 earmuffs. Number three, you
introduced me to toasted bananas.
Number four, you freed me. And
number five, you're tougher than
you think you are.

Tristan flips to the back of the book. There are empty pages, blank pages.

TRISTAN (V.O)

It's not finished? It's not done.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA (V.O)

I knew you'd say that. But that's because you're not done yet. Only you can know how it finishes. It's up to you to write how this story ends.

Tristan closes the book.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Some great friends have taught me that sometimes we have to keep the things we'd rather lose and lose things we'd rather keep.

YOUTH WORKER (V.O)

Boys and girls, mums and dads, welcome to the fifth annual Elm Grove Youth Club Raft Build and Race!

Sounds of CHEERS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

A gathering of PARENTS, BROTHERS and SISTERS. Four small teams of Kids - each team gathered around their homemade rafts.

Dakota and Tristan are the only two-man team, while Kevin leads Skinny, Stumpy, Spotty and himself.

There are two more teams, one with a raft with a teddy tied to a flagpole, and another with a sail made of bedsheets.

Among the crowd are Gloria and Steve.

Dakota looks out majestically at the water, smiling every couple of seconds.

TRISTAN

What are you doing?

DAKOTA

Practising my enigmatic smile.

TRISTAN

Why?

DAKOTA

So I can look enigmatic when we win.

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN

It's not the winning, it's the taking part that counts.

KEVIN

Yeah right, taking part's for pussies.

Kevin's is a mean-looking raft.

DAKOTA

Hey, we need a name for our boat. It's bad luck not to name a boat.

TRISTAN

How about Titanic?

DAKOTA

And that's gonna help us side-step bad luck?

TRISTAN

It's the only boat name I know. How about the Friend-ship?

DAKOTA

I hate myself for liking it.

The Youth Worker's voice pipes up and rouses them.

YOUTH WORKER

Ok! Are our Seamen and Sea-women ready?

KEVIN

Haha. He said semen.

Members from all four teams climb aboard their rafts while one remains with their feet on the ground.

Kevin and Tristan brace themselves against the stern of their rafts and stare each other down.

The parents look on anxiously. Some take pictures.

YOUTH WORKER

The first raft to sail to the other end of the lake and back wins. Ready?

Cries of 'READY' from everyone.

YOUTH WORKER

Ok. Three! Two! One! Set sail!

Tristan pushes his raft with Dakota on it into the water. Kevin does the same with his raft. Team Teddy and team Bedsheets also go into the lake.

(CONTINUED)

The team members pushing the rafts then hop out of the water and onto the vessels to get rowing.

Parents 'WHOOOP' and 'CHEER' and shout 'COME ON, COME ON'.

Team Bedsheets start to fall behind. One corner of their raft goes down and starts to sink. The team are left splashing in the water.

The three remaining teams up their effort.

Team Kevin is the first to reach the far end. They turn back, now on the home stretch.

Team Teddy soon follow. Then Team Tristan.

Team Teddy start to sink and go down. The team keep rowing to the bitter end until they are just splashing in the water and only the teddy bear is left above the water.

Team Tristan up the ante even more, rowing faster and harder. They start to close in on Team Kevin.

The two teams left treading water by their sunken rafts watch the nail-biting race and start cheering for team Tristan - the underdogs - to win.

DUNCAN

Go on Kevin, go on my Son. Do it,
fucking do it.

Team Tristan pull closer to Team Kevin's raft and the two remain neck and neck for the final leg of the race. Little distance remains between the rafts and dry land.

Tristan's raft starts to lose some of its barrels - the rope evidently tampered with. They take on water.

TRISTAN

Well, it was good while it
lasted.

DAKOTA

It's not over yet.

Dakota jumps out of the raft. Tristan eases up on the rowing as Dakota is left behind, treading water.

DAKOTA

Keep going! You can still win!

The flow of water into the raft eases up a little.

DAKOTA

What are you waiting for? Row.

Tristan resumes rowing, hard and fast.

Team Kevin pull ahead despite Tristan's best efforts, but it doesn't deter him.

Team Kevin pull onto dry land first. They jump from their raft, fist pumping. Camp Leader Duncan runs to Kevin.

Kevin, Skinny, Spotty and Stumpy look back to the lake and seem dismayed to find Tristan cheering and applauding.

Tristan jumps from the raft to join Dakota in the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tristan, dressed in school uniform, looks at the walls of his room, a smile on his lips.

We slowly pull back until the room fills the frame and Tristan is dwarfed by murals of male and female genitalia.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Tristan smiles with pride as he passes through the school gates. All around, kids in uniform, carry bags, meet up with friends, and say goodbye to parents.

TRISTAN (V.O)

Weird is normal. Normal is weird.
They are the same thing and
neither truly exist. Everybody
has a thing...the fat kid...

Tristan passes a rather plump schoolboy.

TRISTAN (V.O)

The skinny kid...

Tristan walks past and looks at Skinny...

TRISTAN (V.O)

The stumpy kid, the spotty
kid...even being an
arsehole...that's a thing...

He strides on past Stumpy, Spotty and Kevin.

TRISTAN (V.O)

The nerdy kid, the kid with the
wonky eye, the four-eyed kid, the
smelly kid, the kid with holes in
his shoes, the kid with braces,
the kid with the girlie pencil
case, the kid who cries too
easily, the kid with big lips,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRISTAN (V.O) (cont'd)
the kid with the head that leans
to one side, the kid who walks
like a duck, the kid who always
seems to have a cold, the kid
who's way too big for his age.
The ginger kid...

Dakota waits for Tristan by the steps. They smile and
reach for each others' hands.

TRISTAN (V.O)
My name's Tristan, I'm fourteen
years old and today is the first
day of school. And I'm the kid
with three arms. Which kid are
you proud to be?

Together Dakota and Tristan bounce in to school.

THE END.