

Dirty Discing
(Working Title)

An original Screenplay by
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A Screwball Production

FADE IN.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

FRISBEE CHAMPIONSHIP - MONTAGE

-Kids are running up and down a field throwing a frisbee to kids in alike attire.

-One team is clearly winning the possession battle as the opposing team is being run ragged.

-Other team is lagging and stumbling to catch up.

-One kid in a bandana passes it to another kid wearing a boonie hat, who then passes it to another kid wearing face paint in the end zone for the game winning point

-The three celebrate in the end zone, as the rest of the team follows them and cheers.

-The huddle in the end zone together chanting school pride.

-They gather their gear and walk towards the parked bus giving each other high fives.

EXT. SCHOOL - DUSK

8-10 kids piling off a bus and gathering to talk excitedly amongst themselves wearing assorted athletic outfits. The last two kids to get off the bus walk in front of the group heading towards the parking lot. The one in war-paint carrying the bag of frisbees initiates the conversation. This is JIMMY NIXON.

NIXON

Hey, Finch wait up. That was intense, I can't believe we won. I feel all tingly.

The one wearing the bandana to whom Jimmy Nixon talks to turns to meet him. This is MAX FINCH.

FINCH

That was amazing. Winning the frisbee states is definitely something to remember.

NIXON

It is the highlight of my school career, the highlight of my life. I plan to ride this new fame for a long time. Time for the high

life!

FINCH

(High Fives Nixon)

Yeah man, I can't wait to hear
the praise rain down tomorrow.
I'm bringing my buckets!

A kid dressed in a boonie hat and sunscreen on his nose approaches
Nixon and Finch, this is ROB.

ROB

What a game huh? frisbeetastic!
I can't wait for these shirts
we're getting! Here we go
frisbee club! Alright, I am
out of here! Peace easy.

NIXON

Haha yeah Rob, I'll catch up with
you later to get those shirts squared
away. See you later discinator.

FINCH

Talk to you later dude.

Rob skips merrily away.

NIXON

Tomorrow we will be hounded
for autographs. We will be
the new kings of sports.

FINCH

(Chuckles)

Yeah, maybe. I guess we'll find
out tomorrow. I'll see you then.

Finch and Nixon walk to their cars and drive away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Nixon pulls into his parking spot and gets out, popping the trunk
to get his backpack. He is noticeably enthused. Rob gets out of
the passenger side of Nixon's car.

ROB

So man, when are we gunna hang
out, huh? Soon right?

NIXON

Yeah, soon! Chill out girl scout.

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Finch pulls into the spot next to Nixon and gets out.

FINCH
Hey guys what's going on?

NIXON
Nothing but glory man! Whoohoo!

Nixon gets his back pack and slams the trunk shut before Rob can get his. Nixon and Finch walk towards the school together.

ROB
(to Nixon)
COME ON!

INT. HOMEROOM - DAY

Nixon is talking excitedly to Finch who is in the desk next to him. Nixon keeps looking to the TV, eagerly awaiting the announcements.

NIXON
These announcements will bring us
to a new level of popularity.

FINCH
Maybe, but really, its no--

Announcements come on and Nixon puts his finger to Finch's mouth.

NIXON
Shh, shh, shhhhhh! Here it is!

INSERT - TV SCREEN

ANCHOR
Good morning Walpole High, today
is Monday October 15, its a day 2
we start with period 6. For lunch
today we have a vegetarian meat pie.
In sports, over the weekend the
frisbee team won the state
championships, BUT MORE
IMPORTANTLY, THE WALPOLE REBELS ARE
PLAYING NORWOOD THIS FRIDAY! BRING IT
ON MUSTANGS, WHOO! And now for call
list...

BACK TO SCENE

The class is fired up at the news of the football game. Nixon is staring blankly, clearly devastated by the lack of acknowledgment. Finch looks a little disappointed.

FINCH
(chuckles)
Oh well. It figures, right?

NIXON
(standing up)
WHAT?! We worked our asses off for that victory! We deserve praise, I deserve praise! This is ridiculous! What do the other sports have that we don't have? CAPTAINS?!

TEACHER
James! Relax, it's just frisbee!

FINCH
Yeah, man chill.

NIXON
Don't tell me to chill!

The bell rings and Nixon storms out of the room, leaving Finch inside dumbfounded.

TEACHER
Wow. Kid has issues.

INT. LOCKERS - DAY

Nixon is at his locker, grumbling to himself as he takes books out to shove in his bag. Finch approaches him cautiously.

FINCH
Hey, man. You still mad? You're making this bigger than it is.

NIXON
Of course I'm still mad! We got hardly any recognition and plus someone dumped milk all over my frisbee!

FINCH
It's just the announcements, I'm sure people know about it. I mean, have you talked to anyone yet?

NIXON
No, not really. Yeah, you're right. I'll ask around.

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Nixon tries to get the attention of the student next to him by tossing his sandal at him.

STUDENT
(agitated)
What was that for?

NIXON
Yeah sorry bout that. Dude, you hear about our victory?

STUDENT
What victory? Gymnastics?

NIXON
No! Frisbee team, the states!

STUDENT
Nope, didn't hear about that one.

Nixon turns from him and scowls.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Nixon and another student are standing at the sinks.

NIXON
Hey, you hear about the frisbee team's victory at the states.

STUDENT
Uh, we have a frisbee team?

NIXON
YES WE HAVE A FRISBEE TEAM!

Nixon dries his hands and storms off.

~~EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY~~

~~Nixon walks to his car and whips the door open, hurls his bag in, gets in and peels out as Rob is approaching the passenger door.~~

INT. NIXON'S ROOM - NIGHT

NIXON
Ugh! I can't believe the ignorance of the people at that school.

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Sports think they're so great
with their captains and their
rebel pride. They don't have
anything on frisbee. Something
has to be done. They will pay.

NIXON'S MOM

(off screen)

Hey honey, you want some milk
and cookies? They're homemade!

NIXON

NOT NOW MOM! I'M PLOTTING
MY REVENGE! SHEESH! Maybe
later.

NIXON'S MOM (O.S)

Ok honey, have fun.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a dark room Nixon is sitting at his desk listening intently on
the phone.

NIXON

No, no recognition at all.
Yeah I can't stand it, what do I
--yeah but--no no your right.
I understand, yes thank you.

Nixon hangs up the phone.

MONTAGE - NIXON PREPARING

- Nixon gathers frisbees and gear.
- Puts on tactical clothing.
- Straps on belt.
- Admires himself in the mirror.
- Sharpening frisbees.
- Practicing his aim on a can.
- Lays out 4 pictures of team captains.
- Dips cookie in milk, takes a bite.

INT. HOMEROOM - DAY

Nixon and Finch are sitting at their desks watching the news. Finch looks over at Nixon cautiously several times. Nixon stares blankly at the T.V.

FINCH
Hey, um how are you?

NIXON
Fine.

FINCH
Well that is fantastic.

NIXON
Sure is.

FINCH
So, what are you doing today after school?

NIXON
Just some odds and ends, you know.

FINCH
I guess. You still mad about yesterday?

NIXON
I'm working on getting over it. In no time I'll be good.

FINCH
That's good to hear, I was worried about how you'd take it.

NIXON
(Smiling)
Oh don't worry, I'll be fine.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Nixon is sitting at his desk getting his books out in preparation for the upcoming class. The bell rings and the teacher approaches the front of the class and begins talking.

TEACHER
Ok, today class we will be learning about --

Just then two large boys enter the room. One is wearing shoulder pads and a practice jersey, the other is wearing a game jersey and backwards hat. They walk in rather loudly. The football player takes his seat and the captain remains standing.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN
Yeah I leveled that kid yesterday!
I hope I broke his arm and his soul!

FOOTBALL PLAYER
(Pounding hands)
YEEHAW! Pound the meat!

TEACHER
You're late. Where are your passes?

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN
First of all we are not late, and
second of all we don't need passes.

TEACHER
What? You are way la--

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN
Ah bup bup bup! We play football
and I am a captain. What do you
think we are, part of some dinky
club like frisbee?

Nixon is sitting at his desk fuming.

TEACHER
You're right, how could I not see
it before. Take your seat.

Nixon is sitting at his desk scowling, watching the captain take
his seat. He is shaking furiously while dragging his pencil
through a picture of the captain.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN
Hey teacher dude, can I go get
some water?

TEACHER
Ugh, yeah I guess.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN
All right cool!

The Football captain stands up and leaves the classroom.

NIXON
Do you mind if I go to the bathroom?

TEACHER
Yeah whatever, its not like any
one is paying attention any ways.

Nixon stands up and walks out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Football Captain finishes drinking from the fountain and starts to walk back towards the classroom. As he goes to turn the corner a frisbee smacks him in the face. The captain stumbles back and falls over. Nixon comes from around the corner and stands over the captain, frisbee in hand.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

OWWWWW! What the hell man? What's wrong with--

NIXON

5 seconds on the clock! What's your move, huh?! 4th and goal, you got no time outs left bro. The snap was fumbled! YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK BUD! Now this is happening!

Nixon launches a frisbee at the football captain's head. He goes unconscious. Nixon drags the body away.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nixon is sitting at his desk with the pictures of the team captains in front of him. He draws a large 'X' through the picture of the football captain. He draws a large circle around the field hockey captain.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Nixon is sleeping soundly until the alarm clock sounds at 6:15 and Nixon props up quickly.

NIXON

(yawns)

Today is a beautiful day...for revenge.

INT. LOCKERS - DAY

Nixon is at his locker as several field hockey players walk by.

FIELD HOCKEY PLAYER 1

I am super psyched for this game today!

FIELD HOCKEY PLAYER 2

Oh my God I know! We have to be there at

2:30 right?

FIELD HOCKEY PLAYER 3
Yeah, it starts at 3.

NIXON
(to himself)
Yes it does.

EXT. PORKER HILL - DAY

The game is over and the Porkers are celebrating their victory. In the background, Nixon is seen stumbling around the pile of bags. The team starts to leave.

FIELD HOCKEY CAPTAIN
Hey, has anyone seen my bag?

FIELD HOCKEY PLAYER 1
(pointing)
Oh my God, is that it hanging from that tree?

FIELD HOCKEY CAPTAIN
That is it! What the heck? Ugh, I'll catch up with you later.

The Field Hockey captain starts to walk over to the tree from which her bag hangs. The tree is at the edge of the hill. She jumps up to try to grab her bag, but can't reach. A frisbee flies out and hits her in the knees. She falls over and starts to roll/slide down the hill. She finally stops at Nixon's feet.

NIXON
Hey.

FIELD HOCKEY CAPTAIN
Hey?

Nixon then throws a frisbee directly at the field hockey captain. He then props her body up on his shoulder and makes off with her.

INT. HOMEROOM - DAY

Nixon is sitting at his desk. Finch enters the room and sits down at his desk that is next to Nixon.

FINCH
Hey long time no talk. How are things going, how you holding' up?

NIXON

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Couldn't be better.

FINCH
Want to hang out later today?
Maybe fling the disc around
a bit?

NIXON
No, not really.

FINCH
What?

The bell rings and Nixon gets up and leaves. Finch follows.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nixon goes to his locker and starts getting stuff out. Finch follows and stands next to his locker. In his locker you can see the sharpened frisbee on the top shelf wedged between some books.

FINCH
Why not? You always want to play
frisbee. You're overreacting about
this whole thing. It's just frisbee.

NIXON
Yes, just frisbee...Oh and by the
way we have a frisbee meeting today
and I suggest you go if you are
still committed.

FINCH
Ok, yeah, I'll be there.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Finch is sitting at his desk spacing out in a classroom. Next to him is Rob drawing. He holds up the paper to show Finch.

ROB
Hey Finch, check out this idea for
a shirt design: tye-dye with a big
blue and orange frisbee in the
middle. What do you think? Well
this is assuming Nixon gets his
act together and orders them.

FINCH
Yeah, that'd be cool. Nixon has
been a little off lately. Do you
know what's up?

ROB

I think he's still a little upset about the lack of acknowledgement. Either way, the kid's a mystery.

FINCH

Yeah...

ROB

I'm sure whatever he has to say he'll say at the meeting today. Maybe even a shirt update. You going?

FINCH

Yeah I'll be there.

ROB

All right, good.

Rob returns to coloring happily, and Finch sighs and goes to work.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The frisbee team assembles in the classroom. They all are talking quietly in their seats. At the front of the room is a podium. In walks Nixon, Finch is already in his seat.

NIXON

QUIET!

Silence falls over the room as Nixon stares around the room scowling. Rob is busily drawing.

NIXON

You have been gathered here for a simple purpose. The promotion of the frisbee club! The one team at this high school that deserves any praise!

TEAM

Amen.

Finch looks around the room uncomfortably.

NIXON

The other sports have nothing on us! WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS!

TEAM

Yeah man, tell it like it is!

NIXON

A NEW DAY IS DAWNING! THE BIG FRISBEE RISES IN THE SKY OVER OUR BLESSED HEADS! Today, my comrades, frisbee rules this school.

The team starts screaming words of support as they stand and applause. They all sit down as Nixon signals for them sit down.

NIXON

Now--

Finch raises his hand and stands up.

FINCH

What is wrong with you? You are blowing this way out proportion.

NIXON

No I'm not, you are!

FINCH

What? You all are! Yeah we won a championship and it was awesome, but you have to realize we aren't a big sport at this school. We never were, and we never will be big. But we have fun so what does all the fame really matter? And can't you all see that something is wrong with this guy? Something has snapped and he's acting like a madman.

The team is silent. Nixon is fuming at his podium.

NIXON

You don't get it do you?
IF YOU AREN'T COMMITTED TO THE BETTERFICATION OF FRISBEE AT THIS SCHOOL THEN YOU ARE OUT!

FINCH

WHAT?!

NIXON

Leave.

FINCH

Are you serious?

NIXON

Quite.

FINCH

But why?

NIXON

You are getting in the way of
frisbee evolution.

FINCH

I am just as much a part of this
team as you are! And what is
frisbee evolution anyway?! Its
a known fact we will never be
as big as the other teams!

The other frisbee clubbers start yelling and screaming at Finch to
leave. Nixon restores order by signal.

NIXON

Leave, you are dealing with things
way over your head. So do us a favor
and use your only option right now.

FINCH

And what if I choose another
option, like, the one that says
I stay because I am part of this
team.

The whole frisbee team stands up ready for action. Finch looks at
Rob who shrugs and returns to drawing. Finch turns and leaves
solemnly. Nixon stares at him as he leaves. Nixon looks down at
two other pictures of captains.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Finch walks down the hall with a puzzled look on his face.

FINCH

What is happening?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nixon is sitting at his desk on the phone.

NIXON

Hello,--yes I have been successful,
I have two left on my list.--What?
Well, no one really suspects me,

I think.--Yes,I think-- I mean there is one, but take him out--yeah no I understand. Even though he is a good friend?-- all right I will. --You are? When?--you want him out too? That would complete the evolution!-- That's GENIUS!

NIXON TAKING OUT REMAINING CAPTAINS - MONTAGE

- The soccer captain is at Bird school. The captain, the last one to leave walks around the back of the backstop. Hanging up on the backstop is Nixon. As the captain walks around the backstop Nixon jumps down onto him with the frisbee crashing down on his head. The captain lays dazed on the ground as Nixon hits him with a frisbee.

- The volleyball captain is picking up all the volleyballs as the team leaves through the gym doors. Nixon pops up from his trash barrel hiding place and begins to paddle the trash barrel over to her. She keeps turning to see what the noise is but he keeps ducking. She then walks over to the barrel and looks down in. She sees Nixon and then drills her in the face with the ball. Then jumps out and hits her with a frisbee.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Finch is sulking down the hall towards homeroom as he passes the other team members. When they see him they stop their conversation and turn away.

INT. HOMEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finch enters and slumps down his seat. Nixon turns to Finch.

NIXON

Hey man, sorry about yesterday. I wasn't thinking clearly. We have another frisbee meeting tonight here at the high school by the double doors. I'll clear everything up, don't worry.

FINCH

(Confused)

Oh, really? You sure?

NIXON

Yeah, all of this isn't worth

losing a fellow frisbee member
over! So, you coming?

FINCH
Uh, yeah I guess so. See you
there.

NIXON
(To himself)
Yes you will.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The athletic director, dressed in formal attire, is leaving school walking towards his car after school, this is VILLA. He goes to open his car but it is already open.

VILLA
Must not have locked it, oh
bother.

The athletic director sits down in his truck and shuts the door. He is immediately finds two frisbees around his neck.

NIXON
Don't move. Your time is over
sir.

VILLA
What is that funky smell?
WHAT IS THIS?!

NIXON
Frisbee.

Villa is chloroformed and goes unconscious. Nixon then wheels a dolly over to the driver's side and puts Villa on it and wheels him away.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Finch is in his car on his way to the meeting. He calls up Rob.

FINCH
Hey, guess what? Nixon's might be
letting me back into the club!

ROB
What?

FINCH

Yeah I am on my way to the frisbee meeting now. Nixon called a meeting tonight. all right I'm pulling in now. Well, I'll see you there.

ROB

But wait there is no--

Finch hangs up the phone and parks the car.

EXT. DOUBLE DOORS - NIGHT

Finch is walking towards the double doors when he sees a shadowy figured dressed in an odd attire. Finch stops and start looking around.

FINCH

Um, hey can you tell me where the frisbee kids are meeting?

NIXON

Yes I can. Right here. You're right on time Finch, like usual. However, I have a feeling though you might be late for school tomorrow.

FINCH

I'm not sure I understand. Who are you?

Nixon walks out of the shadows and lifts up his hood, revealing himself to Finch. Nixon pulls out a frisbee and slowly advances towards Finch.

FINCH

Nixon? What are you doing? Are you gunna let me back in or not?

NIXON

Nope. Sorry pal. You've been too curious lately. Can't you just mind your own business? I thought you, of all people, would understand my motives here. I was doing this for frisbee!

FINCH

So it was you! You've been taking out all the team captains! Nixon, can't you see? This is madness!

A shadowy figure walks up behind Nixon. He is dressed in a buttoned up shirt, khakis, and a bow tie. This is MR. MILLER.

MR. MILLER
Madness? THIS IS FRISBEE!

Nixon launches a frisbee at Finch, knocking him to the ground.

FINCH
Mr. Miller I thought you started this club to have fun, not to belt kids in the noggin with plastic disks. The point of not being a major sport was to be without pressure!

MR. MILLER
What are you talking about? Frisbee is everything, don't you know that? And as the new athletic director, I'm going to make sure that's enforced.

Finch stumbles to his feet and starts to run as best he can towards the parking lot. Nixon and Mr. Miller follow close behind. When he reaches the far side of the parking lot, he falls over.

Just as Mr. Miller and Nixon reach him, headlights can be seen and screeching of tires can be heard. A convoy of cars pulls in and one screeches to a halt in front of Finch. Rob gets out.

ROB
Thought you might need a hand. I brought some friends to play some disc, baby! Woot woot!

FRISBEE BATTLE - MONTAGE

- Nixon and Mr. Miller fight viciously against the frisbee team.
- Kids are taking cover behind cars.
- Various frisbee team members are knocked out by Nixon and Mr. Miller.
- Rob leaps off a car and throws a frisbee at Nixon, but Nixon ducks and drills Rob taking him out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

-Miller and Nixon are on both sides of Finch who is the only one standing.

NIXON
You should have just stayed away. I didn't want it to happen this way but you

had to MEDDLE!

MILLER

Finch I thought you were all frisbee, but I guess not. Now you are an obstacle that I plan to fix right now.

NIXON

Wait! I want the honor, let me do it!

MILLER

No, are you forgetting that I started this? I'll do it.

NIXON

No, please let me do!

MILLER

Nope.

NIXON

YES!

Nixon winds up to throw the frisbee.

MILLER

Oh no you don't!

Miller and Nixon throw frisbees at the exact same time but Finch ducks and Miller and Nixon are knocked out by their own frisbees.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rob, still a little disorientated, and Finch are standing together with Miller and Finch tied up in the background. The frisbee kids are attending to their wounds around them.

FINCH

So why did you show up?

ROB

Well, I knew there really wasn't a meeting planned. So I thought you might be in trouble so I brought the team.

FINCH

I thought you and the team were against me.

ROB

We weren't against you, we just went along with Nixon 'cause we thought he was gunna get us frisbee shirts. I mean, we all wanted recognition, but not that bad. I told the team that you could get them the shirts, so they came to help.

FINCH

Yeah I can do that, thats the least I can do. Thanks so much.

ROB

No problem.

FINCH

So now what?

ROB

Now we deal with these two.

Rob and Finch walk over to Miller and Nixon.

Rob

Mr. Miller, you are to leave and never come back. Take this plane ticket to Michigan and stay there.

Two frisbee kids untie Miller and push him off and he walks away. He stops and turns.

MILLER

You haven't heard the last of me!

ROB

Yeah we have, get out of here!

MILLER

Fine...

Finch and Nixon turn their attention back to Nixon.

ROB

And as for you you crazy nut job, You are out of the club! Finch is the new president and he definitely doesn't want your whacked mind anywhere near him.

Nixon is just sitting with a dejected look on his face.

FINCH
I'm president?

ROB
Yeah, we all decided you'd be
the best one.

FINCH
Sweet, all right for my first action
...

Pauses and looks at Nixon.

FINCH
I am reinstating Nixon back into
the club.

NIXON
Huh?

ROB
WHAT?!

Murmurs erupt from the frisbee clubbers.

FINCH
Welcome back buddy. You love
frisbee as much, if not more than
everyone here. If you tweak again
though, you are out for good.

NIXON
YES! THANK YOU!

Nixon jumps around hugging everyone.

FINCH
Now let's go find the Captains
and Villa.

NIXON
Ok, follow me. I'm not
opening the door though. Please
don't tell them it was me.

FINCH
Oh, don't worry we won't.

Finch puts his hand on Nixon's shoulder as they walk away.

FADE OUT