

Elwood Short 2.
(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
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FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY

A boy is getting books out of his locker. He is WILL.

A smaller boy approaches him from behind.

SMALLER BOY
You're will right?

Will turns to face him.

WILL
Who's askin'?

SMALLER BOY
I am, sir. The reason being, I
heard that Tim's gonna find you
after school and he's gonna, AND I
quote...

The smaller boy pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and begins to read from it.

SMALLER BOY (CONT'D)
Give that Will boy the beating of
his life, make him cry blood, make
him need an assistant when using
the rest room, and lastly, make him
unrecognizable to grandmother and
other close relatives and friends.

The smaller boy puts the piece of paper back in his pocket.

WILL
Thank you, uh, smaller boy.

SMALLER BOY
Uh, actually it's pronounced
Quentin.

WILL
Excellent.

Will looks up.

WILL (V.O.)
Pequenio Jim was a big help for me
that day. Without his transcript of
Tim's anti-me rant, I'd have never
known this was coming. Tim was
known for being the school bully.
(MORE)

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
He was also known for being a man
of his word. Neither of these facts
played to my favor.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM

Will and his friend Grisham are standing in the bathroom,
talking.

GRISHAM
I understand THAT he wants to fight
you, what I'm not getting, however,
is that reason of WHY he wants to
fight you.

WILL
You know, Grisham, I can't help but
think about the fact of how that
doesn't effect us in any way, You
don't NEED a good reason to fight
people these days.

GRISHAM
So you're gonna fight him?

WILL
Of course I'm gonna fight, In the
two weeks that you've know me, have
I shown any sign of being the type
of person who backs down under any
circumstances?

GRISHAM
I'm sorry, Willejandro, I just, I
just don't know what I'll do if you
don't make it back. I can't afford
to lose this friendship

Beat

GRISHAM (CONT'D)
(crying)
It's all I have.

WILL
If I don't make it back alive, tell
my story, oh, and you tell my
mother that my moustache shown
boldly in the setting sun as I laid
down to rest.

INT. WEIGHTROOM

Tim is in the weightroom, in 80's workout attire. He's standing on the cleaning platform, but rather than doing hang cleans, he's doing something that slightly resembles aerobics.

EXT. 50 YARD LINE

Will and Grisham are sitting, legs spread, feet against each other's, with a ball in between them.

GRISHAM

I still think you should find a way to talk your way out of it.

WILL

I'd rather have to re-introduce myself to my grandmother than be known as the little pansy boy who, rather than manning up and exchanging knuckle hits with a fellow student, decided to use mind games to save myself a few nicks, bruises and missing limbs.

GRISHAM

That's beside the point, I really feel like we need at least two more people to have an appropriate number for a good wonder ball game.

WILL

I'm SICK AND TIRED of your condescension, I'm never GOOD ENOUGH for you! Roll the ball.

INT. BATHROOM

Tim is looking in the mirror, obviously psyching himself up for the fight.

He puts eye black on and growls.

With the eye black still on he puts on lipstick, and makes a kissy face in the mirror.

INT. CLASSROOM

MR. JEAN is teaching a class, Will is in the front row. Mr. Jean is holding his trademark YARD STICK.

JEAN
Which is why I've given in, and now
consider myself a Republi...

Mr. Jean stops mid sentence and swings his ruler, hitting Will square in the face.

JEAN
COME ON!

WILL
What the hell?!

JEAN
I was testing your reflexes, 'cause
I know you have that big fight
coming up!

WILL
(standing up)
THEY NEED WORK OKAY!? Why do you
always feel the need to point out
my flaws?

INT. UNDER THE MAIN LOBBY STAIRCASE

Will and Grisham are sitting at the deserted desks under the stairs.

GRISHAM
It's about identity isn't it?

WILL
The desk?

GRISHAM
No, the fight.

WILL
I don't understand.

GRISHAM
You're trying to be a bad ass,
because you want the bad ass
reputation. You're not happy with
any of the identities you have now.

WILL
You're making this up.

GRISHAM
No, you're just not happy being
Will, the kid who puts
Wocestershire sauce on his
pancakes, or Will, the kid who's
had a moustache since seventh
grade, or even Will, who's a pretty
decent Mini-Golf player.

WILL
STOP IT! I can't take it anymore!
Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm late.

GRISHAM
Where are you going?

WILL
The flag pole, that's where all the
fights happen.

EXT. FLAG POLE

Tim's waiting, with a menacing scowl on his face. Will
approaches.

TIM
Who the hell are you?

WILL
(proudly)
Will, I have come for fighting you
sir.

TIM
Wait, what? You're Will?

WILL
But of course.

TIM
Dude, I was thinking of the wrong
guy, I'm sorry. NOTHIN' TO SEE HERE
FOLKS, you can all go home.

Will looks around at the empty area.

WILL
I guess uh, I guess I'll see you
later then.

TIM
By buddy.

Will walks away, but stops after a few feet, and looks over his shoulder.

WILL
Hey Tim?

TIM
Yeah?

WILL
If anyone asks, you kicked my ass.

Tim winks in response.