

The POS

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1 EXT. EMPTY STRETCH OF ROAD - DAY

1

upbeat, dangerous music

Slow-motion: All seven of the PIECES OF SHIT ("POS") are walking together down the side of the road on a hot summer day. They are dressed similarly in dark, dusty, shapeless clothing, showing that they're a team, but each one has their own style. They look about 14, and they're carrying cold drinks from a convenience store. The street is otherwise empty.

(note: Character names will change halfway through the screenplay, but characters will be called by their assumed names throughout the script.)

(also note: All written dialogue is a placeholder for authentic youth voices. Dialogue is meant to be translated, adlibbed, modified, stretched, compressed, faked, and made up as long as it progresses the story to its end.)

Closeups: BILLIE/NOUN is the center of the group, no nonsense, solid; she has a bloody lip. ANGEL/VERB is about action, dressed for movement and violence; she has scraped knuckles. JASMIN/ADJECTIVE has subtle accents to her style, something only the careful would notice; she has a fading bruise around one eye. DESTINY/ADVERB's clothes gives hints of being a detective in a crime noir; she wears a watch with a cracked face. RUE/CONJUNCTION is the warmest of the group, smiling and creating conversation as she goes; she wears the most color, but also the most dirt, sticks, and leaves in her hair. JORDAN/PRONOUN is gender ambiguous; they carry a laptop and act just a little awkward. DEISHA/PREPOSITION looks the most studious, always aware of her surroundings even as she maintains her presence in the group. She's the first one to notice the car approaching from behind them.

Music fades out. Camera at normal speed:

The car slows down and matches their pace. It has tinted windows. The street is otherwise empty. The POS keep walking.

NOUN

Motherfucker.

The car's window rolls down and COACH RUST leans out. He is about 40, starting to get some gray in his goatee and a little pudg around his middle. He carries himself as someone who still thinks of himself as an athlete, but he no longer is.

COACH RUST

Hey girls! Looking good! How old are you? 19? 21?

The POS ignore him and keep walking.

COACH RUST (CONT'D)
 Hey! You want a ride? Hot day.
 (he checks his mirrors, no one around)

The POS keep walking, eyes ahead.

VERB
 Motherfucker.

ADVERB
 Wait for it...

COACH RUST
 (getting annoyed)
 Hey! I'm talking to you! You can be nice! Not even gonna look at me?!
 Can't even be respectful?
 (regroups)
 Come on! Jump in! We can go buy some nice things. Maybe you need some new swimsuits for those cute little tits?

The POS stop. The car stops. Coach Rust leers at them, feeling powerful. Preposition looks both ways, then saunters towards the car, one hand holding her drink, the other hand signaling behind her that three should go to her left and three to her right. Preposition leans down to his open window, keeping eye contact. Coach Rust grins, glances to try to see down her shirt. Mirroring him, Preposition grins and her eyes look down to his chest and back up.

PREPOSITION
 Yours are bigger than mine you fat balding fuck.

His grins drops from his face, and Preposition dumps her drink in his lap.

COACH RUST
 (scrambling to open the door)
 You fucking bitch piece of shit!

Preposition takes a step back. As Coach Rust gets halfway out, fumbling in his intensity and speed, Verb kicks the door hard, and he falls to the ground. The rest of the POS, other than Pronoun, are on him with a shocking, intense violence.

From his pov, the world is kicking feet. He tries to push himself up, but his elbow is crumbled by a foot. He tries to get to his knees, but his knee is kicked sideways. He tries to curl up, but he's put in a headlock that he tries to break by reaching up, but this opens his stomach to a vicious kick. His eyes bulge. His face is red. He passes out. Like they planned it, Adjective grabs his wallet as Noun jumps in the car, rolls the windows up, then helps drag him into the driver's seat. Noun takes the keys and slides out the passenger side, throwing the keys away from the car; Adjective takes the money from his wallet, throws the empty wallet in the car; Verb kicks the door shut. Their movements are fast, practiced, professional. There is a moment of silence as they wipe the sweat off their faces. The sun beats down.

VERB

I hope you bake.

They run away, laughing like innocent kids. A car passes them. It's engine noise transitions...

2 INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

2

...to the noise of a bus engine. The POS are seated at the back of the bus, staring ahead grimly, not speaking. The camera pulls back down the aisle, showing rows of empty seats, then rows where the kids are crammed three to a seat. The bus pulls into the school. As the other kids jostle to get off, the camera spends just enough time on EZEKIAL to notice him. Conjunction stops the POS as they reach the door of the bus.

CONJUNCTION

New school. New people. First day.
Can we try to stay out of trouble?

BUS DRIVER

Hey girls! Let's go! I got a 'nother
whole route to get to.

The POS all turn their heads to look at the driver.
Dangerous.

PRONOUN

I'm not a girl.

BUS DRIVER

(looking Pronoun in the
eye)
Let's go girls. School is starting.

Verb starts to act, but Conjunction puts a calming hand on her arm.

CONJUNCTION

(to driver with a NJ mob
boss energy)

Hello. Maybe you don't understand.
You were talking to my friend. So
I'm reaching out politely to let you
know you hurt all of our feelings.
So maybe a quick apology? You act
like a mature adult?

(beat)

And we act like kids?

BUS DRIVER

Girls,...

CONJUNCTION

Goddammit.

In an instant, Verb loops the seat belt over the driver's neck, Conjunction puts his near wrist in a painful, bent submission hold. As his free hand reaches over to clutch at his trapped hand, Preposition traps that one too.

3 EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - MORNING 3

From the outside of the bus, it doesn't look too strange, just kids hanging out with their bus driver. People pass by. No one notices anything.

4 INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING 4

NOUN

(intense)

We know the places bruises don't
show.

BUS DRIVER

(angry, afraid)

Jesus. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. What
the fuck?

VERB

You don't sound sorry.

Verb tightens the belt around his neck, and he gurgles painfully.

VERB (CONT'D)

Now you do. You gonna tell anyone
about this?

The bus driver shakes his head frantically.

VERB (CONT'D)

Good. Don't. No one would believe
you anyway.

ADVERB

Let's go.

And in another instant, they are off the bus, leaving the bus
driver shaken and afraid.

5 EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - MORNING

5

The POS come off the bus to join the herd of students pressed
together to cram through the school doors. They see a girl
with a bright skirt get her butt grabbed by GRABBY BOY in a
Wolf Pack football jersey. She turns and laughs awkwardly,
but she's afraid. He grabs at her again. She's kind of
laughing, trying to get him to stop without making a scene,
but she can't get away. School SAFETY MONITORS are watching
students come in the doors, but they don't see what is
happening. The POS see. They exchange looks.

PREPOSITION

(looking at the safety
monitors as they approach
the doors)

Angel, get low. We'll bring you to
him, and you take him down. After we
trip the fuck out of his face, stand
back up in the commotion. Ready? Go.

The POS form a diamond shape that spears into the crowd,
moving quickly closer to Grabby Boy as other students are
moved out of the way. Verb sinks out of sight.

6 INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MORNING

6

Leg-level POV. The tip of the diamond parts and envelops
Grabby Boy. From below, like a shark, Verb takes him down.
The POS, minus Pronoun (who just stays out of the way), start
yelling as if they're being pushed. Grabby Boy hits the
ground and Verb wraps him up from behind, immobilizing him,
then whispers in his ear.

VERB

Keep your hands to yourself.

(queue upbeat music like
Selena Gomez's "Can't Keep
My Hands to Myself" as the
POS take out Grabby Boy)

She puts her elbow to his head as she rises, and Grabby Boy cries out in pain as the POS crush him and his hands under their feet.

7 INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MORNING

7

Head-level POV. A safety monitor sees Grabby Boy go down and wades in to the crowded chaos to help, but as the POS move away, Grabby Boy is writhing in pain and fear. Other students back away, clogging up the entrance. The POS keep moving.

8 INT. SCHOOL GYM - MORNING

8

Students are arranged according to grade: seniors are at the far end; 9th graders are near the door. Teachers stand against the walls of the gym, looking into the high-energy stands, doing nothing. The POS take some seats.

As the last students trickle in, the lights dim, and the CHEERLEADERS run onto the floor.

(queue inappropriate dance
music like MIA's "Live
Fast, Die Young")

The cheerleaders are dressed in skimpy outfits, and they dance suggestively, almost like a lap dance to a row of empty folding chairs. The male teachers standing against the walls pay an uncomfortable amount of attention to the cheerleaders. One male teacher turns to the male teacher next to him, smirks, and they share a nod. A female teacher sees and rolls her eyes.

We see the girl who had been assaulted by Grabby Boy come out of the stands, crying. On the opposite side of the gym from the cheerleaders, she walks up to a teacher, and they speak briefly. She runs out of the gym as the POS watch her go. Everyone else in the gym is looking at the cheerleaders in the other direction.

The cheerleaders' dance ends, and the FOOTBALL TEAM breaks through some paper and the smoke of a smoke machine to enter the gym. COACH ETON follows them. The crowd cheers with an unhealthy amount of adulation. The starting lineup and Coach Eton sit down in the row of chairs, and the cheerleaders do their intro lap dance again: while they don't make any

contact, the dance clearly crosses a line into being inappropriate.

The POS are frozen, wide eyed. The crowd goes wild.

As the dance ends, PRINCIPAL OGENIES approaches a podium in the center of the gym.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

Welcome back Wolf Pack! I'll try to keep this short because your education is important. Like our mission statement says, "We are committed to providing a positive, safe, and stimulating environment for children to learn." There are just three things I want to share with you this morning. First, a special welcome to the freshmen class!

(cheers and jeers)

No matter if you were a falcon or a river otter, a knight or bear, you are all part of the wolf pack now!

(cheers)

Second, I have your first homework assignment for you!

(boos)

You know our football team deserves the best, and Coach Eton has been working tirelessly to secure funding for a new stadium and a new jumbotron. How about a cheer for Coach?!

(Coach Eton stands up and waves; the crowd cheers)

But the school board has different priorities.

(boos)

Your homework assignment is to ask your parents to contact the school board and let them know how important this funding is for us!

(she pauses as if it was a cheer line, but it bombs)

And lastly, on a somber note, can we have a moment of silence?

Behind her, a photo of a happy cheerleader's face is projected on a screen.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES (CONT'D)

As many of you know, we lost one of our own this summer. She was a

special girl in all of our hearts,
 but especially for the cheerleaders
 and the football team. Mental
 illness is a dangerous foe, and
 Chelsea lost the fight. Just because
 we look good on the outside doesn't
 mean that we aren't broken inside.
 When she took her own life, she took
 a part of us with her, but we will
 remember her forever. Join me in a
 quiet moment as we remember ...
 Chelsea Davis.

(The stands quiet, but not
 totally. Football players
 stand up and give each
 other hugs. So do the
 cheerleaders. Then the
 crowd noise starts to
 rise.)

Thank you everyone! Have a great
 year! You are dismissed! Go wolf
 pack!

9 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

9

The POS walk towards the row of 9th-grade lockers. LITTLE RUST, a senior football player, is hitting on LOCKER GIRL. The POS are walking past him as he talks.

LITTLE RUST

Come on! What's your number? What's
 your Snap? You know you're gonna
 tell me!

The POS slow. Little Rust has his back to them. The girl smiles nervously, shakes her head, and tries to spin her combo lock. Little Rust flicks the lock so that she has to start over.

LITTLE RUST

I can stand here all day, but you're
 gonna be late to your first period
 on your first day of high school. Or
 just give me your number?

LOCKER GIRL

Please. Just...leave me alone.

LITTLE RUST

Come on! You know you want to.

The POS stop.

CONJUNCTION
 (to her friends)
 Just take it easy, okay?

They turn around as one. Verb takes a step, but Adjective puts a hand on her shoulder.

ADJECTIVE
 My turn.

She taps Little Rust on the shoulder. He turns and looks down at her.

ADJECTIVE (CONT'D)
 I'd say she's made herself clear.
 Look at her body language: she's nervous, uncomfortable, afraid.
 You're manipulating her into doing something she doesn't want to do.
 Maybe go hit on girls your own age?
 Or do girls your own age not talk to you?

LITTLE RUST
 (shocked at the audacity)
 Who the fuck are you?

Ezekial nudges into the circle.

EZEKIAL
 Little Rust. They go to my school. They're from that group home? You don't wanna...Just walk away...

LITTLE RUST
 And who the fuck are you?

EZEKIAL
 (surprised- he thought Little Rust knew him)
 I'm Ezekial. Daniel's broth...

LITTLE RUST
 Fuck you Ezekial...

Little Rust pushes Ezekial in the face, then turns to push Adjective with a pointed index finger.

LITTLE RUST
 ...and fuck you.

Adjective keeps eye contact as she dislocates his stabbing index finger, the first bell covering Little Rust's wide-eyed cry of alarm.

ADJECTIVE

(still holding his finger)

Don't talk to her. Don't look at us.
 Don't come down this hallway.
 Consider this your warning. Second
 time, we break your hand.

She lets go. Little Rust turns and runs. The POS share a
 smile together.

VERB

(to Ezekial)

You tried.

CONJUNCTION

We haven't even made it to the first
 class and we've strangled a bus
 driver, stomped a kid, and
 dislocated a finger. The fuck?! What
 the fuck is wrong with us? Are we
 the drama? I need... I need.... Can
 we regroup?

PREPOSITION

Back to the gym!

10 INT. SCHOOL GYM - MORNING**10**

The POS enter the gym. A JANITOR looks up from where he is
 mopping, and his stare is inscrutable, but uncomfortable.

JANITOR

Smile. It's another day in paradise.

ADVERB

Not here. This way!

Adverb ducks into a side door which leads to an empty
 stairwell. There is a moment of quiet.

CONJUNCTION

What are we going to do?

VERB

Break his hand?

CONJUNCTION

(starting to freak out)

*Who?! Which one?! That's what I'm
 talking about! We can't beat up
 everybody! It can't be everybody,
 can it?*

There is sudden commotion from behind them, and the POS don't have time to escape or hide as MS. TERRY busts through the doors, looking backward over her shoulder at a looming, pushing Coach Eton.

MS. TERRY
Please! Leave me alone!

She staggers into the center of the circle made by the POS before she sees them. The door closes. Everyone looks at each other. Most of the POS make subtle movements in preparation for a fight: closeups of clenching fists, feet feeling the purchase of the floor; bodies moving to create space and opportunity. The moment is tense. Pronoun takes a step back. Conjunction looks desperately at Preposition.

MS. TERRY
What is this?

PREPOSITION
They're talking about fighting.

MS. TERRY
Who?

PREPOSITION
Those two.
(pointing at Conjunction
and Verb)

CONJUNCTION
(to Preposition)
What are you doing?

PREPOSITION
(with a meaningful glance
at Coach Eton)
I don't want you two to fight.

Ms. Terry sees an escape from Coach Eton. She pushes past Coach Eton and opens to door back into the gym.

MS. TERRY
Right! You two! To the office! Let's
go! Let's go!

Conjunction and Verb look at Noun, who nods. The two girls follow her out, and the door closes. Coach Eton finds himself staring at five unafraid people.

COACH ETON
(slow, testing his
authority)
You get to class.

There is another moment of tense silence.

PREPOSITION

After you.

Coach Eton turns and opens the door. The POS file through, short and small compared to him, all of them tense. The POS walk back towards the gym exit and Coach Eton walks across the gym in the other direction. Both Coach Eton and the POS look back over their shoulders, as if sizing each other up.

11 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

11

Principal Ogenies is sitting behind her desk, looking exasperated. In front of her, Conjunction and Verb are sitting with their arms crossed, relaxed but confrontational. To the side, Ms. Terry looks like she regrets bringing the girls to the office.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

So Rue and Angel weren't actually fighting, Ms. Terry?

MS. TERRY

No, but they were talking about fighting.

CONJUNCTION

We were trying not to fight. That's what we were talking about.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

Well. That's good, I guess. But you certainly weren't where you were supposed to be. Let's make it a detention. Today. After school. And tomorrow you can start the year off with a clean slate on a new foot in places you are supposed to be.

CONJUNCTION

Can we do our detention in Ms. Terry's room?

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

(looks at Ms. Terry, who nods)

Okay, but keep it to these two, Ms. Terry. It's not supposed to be a social hour.

MS. TERRY

You got it.

(then to Conjunction and
Verb)
You two know where my room is?

CONJUNCTION
We will. You're our 6th-hour class.

Verb looks up looks up in surprise.

VERB
She is?

12 INT. FRONT OFFICE - MORNING

12

As they leave the principal's office and pass through the front office, they see Grabby Boy on the phone. His face is bruised. He is holding the phone awkwardly in damaged hands. He is crying.

GRABBY BOY
Mom! I'm not faking it! My hands! I
think they're broken or something.
Can you *please* come get me? ...*Mom!*

Verb and Conjunction walk out of the office with smiles on their faces, and into the first day of school.

13 INT. MS. TERRY'S ENGLISH CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

13

We see Conjunction and Verb sitting in Ms. Terry's class at the end of the school day. This is the beginning of a montage of classroom scenes that bring out the characters of the POS—that they are capable of joy, that they are whole humans.

MS. TERRY
And I left talking about grammar to
the last part of the day so that you
know it's not going to last long.
(class groans)
Sh! It's okay! Let me just introduce
you to the parts of speech.

14 INT. MUSIC ROOM - MORNING

14

Noun plays drums in music class; people enjoy it.

MS. TERRY (V.O.)
Nouns are the core of a sentence,
the basic beat that everything else
is built on.

15 INT. MATH CLASSROOM - MORNING 15

MS. TERRY (V.O.)
 Prepositions are my favorite because they know the ins and the outs and all the ways around. They choose the time, the place, and how it gets done.

Preposition helps a student see that there are different ways to solve an icebreaker math problem.

16 INT. SCIENCE LAB - MORNING 16

Adjective looks up from a microscope with a lot of observations written down; the STUDENT next to her has only a few things written down, and looks at her in amazement.

MS. TERRY (V.O.)
 Adjectives describe things. They are everything that is beautiful, or ugly, or good, or bad, or sweet, or sour. They are the world as it is.

17 INT. CAFETERIA - NOON 17

Conjunction makes new friends at lunch, including NIKKI, SAVANNAH, MARIA; Ezekial sits next to Conjunction at lunch; she smiles at him.

MS. TERRY (V.O.)
 Conjunctions join. They bring things together. As long as you have conjunctions, your sentences never have to end.

18 INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON 18

Adverb asks a question in history that makes the TEACHER pause, think about it, and act impressed.

MS. TERRY (V.O.)
 Adverbs are the when, the where, the how, and the why. They are purpose, and purpose gives your sentence power.

19 INT. GYM HALLWAY- AFTERNOON 19

Pronoun stands awkwardly in front of the gym changing rooms marked "Girls" and "Boys," trying to figure out which to go into. They are sad and concerned.

MS. TERRY (V.O.)

Pronouns take the place of nouns. In some ways, they make our lives easier, more simple. But we have to be careful: sometimes, we can make things so simple they're confusing.

20 INT. GYM - AFTERNOON

20

Verb and Pronoun play dodgeball, where Verb destroys anyone who thinks about throwing a ball at Pronoun. Verb dodges balls, catches them, and throws devastating knock outs.

MS. TERRY (V.O.)

Verbs are all about the action. They are power and strength, but they can also sit and listen.
(bell rings)

21 INT. MS. TERRY'S ENGLISH CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

21

Ms. Terry laughs as the students get up to leave for the day. The students love her.

MS. TERRY (V.O.)

And Verbs leave! See you tomorrow, everyone!

Upbeat music fades as everyone files out except for Verb and Conjunction.

CONJUNCTION

We'll go grab our other books and be right back?

MS. TERRY

Sure. But be back in five!

The girls go to the door, but as they reach it, Coach Eton walks past, eerie, looming, looking in, wearing a team hoodie. The positive classroom vibe is replaced with a feeling of concern.

CONJUNCTION

Maybe we'll just stay.

MS. TERRY

(smiling)
What? Why?

VERB
Coach Eton is out there.

MS. TERRY
(she frowns, tries to act
calm)
Shut the door, please.

They shut the door. Then the two girls and Ms. Terry look at each other for a heavy second.

CONJUNCTION
We understand.

Ms. Terry tears up. The quiet moment is broken by a knock on the door. Ms. Terry jumps; the two girls look at the door, ready. The door opens and Noun pokes her head in. Tension is broken.

NOUN
Can we come in?

22 INT. BUSTLING SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

22

The other five POS are at Ms. Terry's door. The hallways are clearing as kids close lockers and run for the buses.

MS. TERRY
(looking out into the
hallway, not seeing Coach
Eton)
I'm sorry, but I'm not supposed to
have anyone one else here.

ADJECTIVE
Ms. Terry? There's safety in
numbers.

After another quick look in the hallway, Ms. Terry lets the POS in.

23 INT. MS. TERRY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

23

Ms. Terry locks the door and puts her back against it.

MS. TERRY
Listen, if I have to answer the
door, the rest of you just hide in
the storage closet, okay? You're not

supposed to be here, and I'm not sure what I'm doing.

There is a startling knock on the door. Wide-eyed, Ms. Terry points, and the five head for the closet. From the hallway, we hear Ezekial calling.

EZEKIAL

Ms. Terry! Is Rue in there? Rue, are you catching the bus? Hey! Hello?

Everyone looks at Conjunction, who bats her eyelashes comically and smiles flirtatiously.

MS. TERRY

(to Ezekial)

Hold on! Coming!

She waits until the closet door closes to open her door. Ezekial takes a step in the doorway as if he's going to walk in, but Ms. Terry doesn't move back.

MS. TERRY

I'm running a detention, um, Ezekial, right? So, they can't talk right now, okay?

Ezekial stands there for a moment, confused. And suddenly Coach Eton is looming near the door, like a monster in a horror movie. Instinctively, Ms. Terry pulls Ezekial inside the room, shuts the door, and throws the lock. The knob rattles. Ms. Terry looks wide-eyed to the girls. She backs up to get in front of them, still holding on to Ezekial. Then we hear a key in the lock, and the door opens. It's Coach Eton.

COACH ETON

Sorry girls. Sorry champ. Study hall is over for the moment. Ms. Terry and I need to talk privately.

CONJUNCTION

(leaning close to Ms. Terry's ear)

We won't leave you. Remember, you're not alone.

COACH ETON

Out! Let's go!

There's a moment of stillness, of violent possibility, but Conjunction shakes her head at Verb, who grabs a confused Ezekial, and they walk out the door. As they look back, Coach Eton closes the door in their faces, locks it. He turns to Ms. Terry.

COACH ETON

You and I have some unfinished business.

He advances on Ms. Terry, who backs up, wide eyed.

MS. TERRY

Please. Don't! Please! Not here! Not again! Are you insane?!

And there is the sound of the classroom door unlocking again. Coach Eton turns around, startled. The other five POS have come out of the closet behind him, and Preposition has unlocked the room's door. Conjunction and Verb walk back in. Ezekial scurries in as an afterthought; no one pays attention. Preposition closes the door, locks it purposefully. Coach Eton stares at them angrily. Pronoun steps aside to record video on their phone.

NOUN

You will not hurt her. Never again.

Coach Eton frowns as he tries to figure out what is going on.

COACH ETON

You don't understand what's going on here. This is private, between adults. Get out of here before I get you in trouble. Say one word, and I will make your lives hell. Ms. Terry. Tell them it's fine.

MS. TERRY

It's fine. Please. Please just ...

CONJUNCTION

With respect, Ms. Terry... no.

COACH ETON

Whatever you think you see, no one will believe you.

NOUN

We've all heard that one before.

And she smiles. But it's a hungry smile, full of both pain and anticipation of something good. It's a smile full of memory and devoid of fear.

COACH ETON

(unsettled)

Fine. I'll come back later.

Coach Eton goes to push through the POS and leave, extending his arms to sweep Noun and the rest aside, but she ducks his arm, swings inside his step, places a leg between his legs, and uses his momentum to flip him over her shoulder. As he lands on his face, she keeps his arm and leaps into a submission hold that snaps his elbow tendons. Meanwhile, excluding Pronoun, the other POS are all over him. He is a giant compared to them, but together, they destroy him. It is not a pretty fight. The POS display a rage that is frightening, a rage that is a symbol of how broken they are inside. Coach Rust's beating pales in comparison.

The POS step back, breathing hard. Noun kneels down near Coach Eton's bloody face. Ms. Terry is cowering, face hidden.

NOUN

You're going to go back to your office and get yourself cleaned up. Don't let anyone see you. When you go to the hospital, make up a story. What are you gonna do? Tell them the truth? No one will believe you. And if you say one word, we will make your life a living hell. Go home. Don't come back. And maybe she won't press charges. And remember, we have the whole beating on video where a handful of girls kick your ass. You probably don't want that to get out, do you? Do you?

Coach Eton scrambles to his feet, breathing noisily with a broken nose, broken teeth.

NOUN (CONT'D)

And the key you used to get in here?
I'll take that.

He makes a small animal noises that could be anger or could be pain. He pulls out his keys in trembling, knotted, broken hands and drops the whole bunch in hers. He puts up his hoodie. He stumbles to the door. Ezekial, his eyes wide, opens it for Coach Eton to pass, then closes it. Ms. Terry's eyes are wide too, her mouth agape. She's breathing heavily. The POS just look at her, breathing hard themselves.

MS. TERRY

(motioning for the keys)
Give me those.

Noun hands them over. She clutches them close to her chest.

NOUN

He deserved that didn't he?

MS. TERRY

(nodding)

I can't go to the police. What would I say? "I went to his house." So stupid!

PREPOSITION

Never your fault. And some of us tried the police when it happened to us. I did. Worst fucking decision of my life.

MS. TERRY

What do you mean "tried the police"? What do you mean "when it happened to us"?!?

(she looks at all of them, desperately)

You're not saying that all of you... that all of you...?

Ms. Terry can't get the words out. As she struggles to control herself, the POS nod. A low, disturbing sound starts to build as the POS name their rapists.

NOUN

(nonchalant)

It's my first memory. I was four. My uncle.

VERB

It was a cop that caught me shoplifting.

ADJECTIVE

My babysitter's boyfriend.

ADVERB

My pastor.

CONJUNCTION

The neighbor kid. I thought he was my friend.

PREPOSITION

My coach.

PRONOUN

My stepfather.

The low, disturbing sound bursts into a brief, out of focus, jumpy flashback of adult men's smiles turning to lustful leers, to unclear struggles in the dark, to quiet, urgent

whispers from an adult mouth at a child's ear. We should feel nauseous. And the sound stops.

EZEKIAL
My dad's friend.

They all turn to look at him, having forgotten he was there.

EZEKIAL
(starting to cry)
I never told anyone before.

Conjunction throws an arm around his shoulder; he turns into her and cries.

MS. TERRY
Who are you?

NOUN
We're the Pieces of Shit. Angel and I started it.

MS. TERRY
"Pieces of Shit"?

NOUN
We're like a family. We've all been in the same group home for a couple years now.

MS. TERRY
You don't seem like pieces of shit to me. You... you saved me.

ADJECTIVE
No. We are. Trauma fucks people up, and we are traumatized, fucked up people. Look at you. You left five kids in a stairwell with a predator this morning. Maybe you're a piece of shit, too. Welcome to the club.

Ms. Terry tries to process if she's offended, mortified, or flattered to be included.

MS. TERRY
(changing the subject)
...How did you learn...
(she gestures at the blood on the floor, makes fighting motions with her hands)

NOUN

You Tube.

FADE OUT

24 INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING**24**

The POS's school bus pulls up to the school in a cloud of dust and noise, and everyone gets up to leave. The bus driver keeps looking at them nervously in his mirror as the POS, including Ezekial now, get closer to him. Conjunction stops next to him.

CONJUNCTION

Anything to say this morning?

BUS DRIVER

(nervous, clenching the steering wheel)

Have a good day, um, folks?

Conjunction smiles.

CONJUNCTION

Aw!

The rest of the POS make similar noises of appreciation. They act like the 14-year-olds they are. Ezekial looks confused.

CONJUNCTION

Thanks! You too!

They get off the bus. The bus driver wipes his brow.

BUS DRIVER

Teenagers scare the living shit out of me.

25 INT. SCHOOL FOYER - MORNING**25**

Second day of school. As the POS enter the school, teachers are directing all students to the gym.

26 INT. SCHOOL GYM - MORNING**26**

Principal Ogenies is at the center of the gym with a microphone, lit by a spotlight.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

I hate to be the bearer of bad news,
but when things happens to members

of our Wolf Pack family, you should know. Last night, Coach Eton was in a very bad car accident.

(students gasp)

I spoke to him on the phone, and he expects to make a full recovery, but he doesn't know when he'll be able to come back. We have a card for you to sign. We'll have in the office so that you can wish him a speedy recovery. And in related news, we have promoted Assistant Coach Rust to Coach Rust for as long as he is needed. Coach Rust! A few words?

Coach Rust walks into the spotlight to applause from the crowd and loud cheers from the football team. He has a limp from the summer beating that the POS gave him. The POS freeze in recognition.

LITTLE RUST

That's my dad! That's my dad!

Surrounded by the waving and clapping students, the POS stand out for their stillness and disgust.

COACH RUST

How about some applause for Coach Eton and a speedy recovery?!

(loud applause)

I just want to say that nothing changes. This team is made of warriors. We are sad, yes. But we are even more angry! Angry that Coach Eton can't actualize the vision he's been building.

(applause; the football team gets louder)

But I'm gonna try to do right by him. They're big shoes to fill, but I'm ready for the challenge for as long as it takes. So we're gonna make it right! We're gonna take that anger and we're gonna make Coach Eton proud!

(applause; the football team gets frightening)

Bring it in team! Bring it in!

The football team members come out of the stands, shoving people out of their way, circle in a scrum around Coach Rust, put their arms around each other, and do an incomprehensible, guttural, swaying chant that ends in a roar.

As they finish, the students assume the assembly is over, and everyone makes their ways to the doors as, behind them, Principal Ogenies finds the microphone.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

You are dismissed. Have a good day!
Don't forget to come sign the card!

The POS remain seated in the stands. They look at each other.

PRONOUN

Fuck.

27 INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

27

Coach Rust is at the center of the room, getting the team pumped up for practice. There are a number of ASSISTANT COACHES also there, looking tough. Some kids have their phones up to record Coach Rust.

COACH RUST

Are we real men? Are we real men?
(team cheers)

We've got a man down. A man down.
But we never leave a man behind! We
circle up. We take a knee. We escort
them off the field of battle. We
salute them. But we do not leave
them behind!

(team cheers)

We take care of the things we love.
And I'm not afraid to say it! I love
Coach Eton like a brother. That man
is my brother! And that love I have?
That love? It makes me angry!

(team cheers)

I'm angry that he's out there and
not in here! He can't come to us. So
we're gonna have to go to him! We're
gonna have to go to him with a win
at Homecoming. Real men protect what
they care about, and Coach Eton
cares about that win!

(team cheers)

Do you want it? Will you protect
that win?

(team cheers)

Will you work for it? Will you go to
him?

(team cheers)

Hit the field! 4 laps and start
stretching. Wolf Pack!

(team cheers)

28 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - AFTERNOON

28

The POS are watching the team practice. It is hot and sunny. The team is intense. We can hear Coach Rust yelling. On the sidelines, we see the cheerleaders and CHEER COACH running through some practice moves. Little Rust, his hand bandaged, is hanging out by the cheerleaders with a water bottle cage. Ezekial is staring at the players intently. Adjective notices.

ADJECTIVE

How come you didn't try out for the team, Ezekial?

EZEKIAL

Me? I'm too small. My brother Daniel's on the team. Number 59! He said if I tried out, he'd kill me.

ADJECTIVE

I didn't know you have a brother.

EZEKIAL

Yeah, he's a senior. We don't really hang out or anything.

COACH RUST

(in the distance)

Come on! Don't think! I need you playing with your hearts! You're playing with your minds! I see another play like that and I'm sending you over to the cheerleaders where you can play with your... selves!

The cheerleaders look over their shoulders distastefully at Coach Rust.

COACH RUST

Just joking around girls! Just joking!

NOUN

I do not like this. I do not like this at all.

CHEER COACH

Back to it, girls! Focus here. Boys will be boys.

LITTLE RUST

(flirty)

Water anyone? Anyone?

A CHEERLEADER expresses interest.

LITTLE RUST

Let me just put this down. I only
got one hand at the moment.

He kneels down, puts his phone on the grass, and picks out a
water bottle.

LITTLE RUST

Open wide!

He squirts the water into her mouth and makes it sexual until
she backs away, laughing.

CHEERLEADER

Stop!

LITTLE RUST

Anyone else? No? Come on! I'll be
good!

COACH RUST

Little Rust! We could use that water
over here! You're on the injured
list, not the flirting list! Move
it!

LITTLE RUST

(smiling sheepishly at the
cheerleaders)

Yes sir!

He picks his phone up from the grass and hustles across the
field.

ADJECTIVE

Did you see that?

NOUN

See what?

ADJECTIVE

I think Little Rust just took an
upskirt with his phone.

ADVERB

Just now? Right then?

VERB

Let's go check his phone.

PREPOSITION

We'll get him when he goes to fill
up those bottles. Ezekial, stay
here.

EZEKIAL

Ok.

29 INT. FOOTBALL GEAR ROOM SINK - AFTERNOON

29

Little Rust is letting the water run at the sink, the bottles
to the side, looking at his phone. He does not hear the POS
come up behind him. Verb taps the phone from underneath to
send it into the air, catches it, tosses it the Pronoun.

VERB

What you been up to, Little Rust?

PRONOUN

(to Adjective)

You were right.

LITTLE RUST

(a little desperate, a
little afraid)

Give that back, bitch!

Little Rust reaches out to snatch the phone from Pronoun.
Verb takes his hand and bends his wrist into a submission
hold. Little Rust strains to his tiptoes to ease the
pressure.

PRONOUN

Deleted it.

VERB

What did we say would happen next
time?

LITTLE RUST

Please! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

VERB

I don't believe you. You don't sound
sorry.

She snaps down on his wrist as Little Rust screams.

VERB

Now you do.

30 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - AFTERNOON

30

Coach Rust is giving instructions to the players when he hears screaming from the direction of the school. Little Rust is stumbling towards them, cradling his injured hand.

COACH RUST

The fuck he trip on now?

31 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

31

Third day of school. Morning. Principal Ogenies is standing behind her desk in front of a seated Ms. Terry.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

What have you done?!

MS. TERRY

I...I don't know what you mean.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

(using the air quotes)

Did you file a police report that Coach Eton "assaulted" you?

MS. TERRY

How could you know that?

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

This is a community that protects its own, Ms. Terry, and Coach Eton is one of our most respected citizens. I bet nearly every police officer on that force has played football under Coach. And you thought word wouldn't get back to me?

MS. TERRY

I didn't... it didn't...

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

Well, it did. And I'm not only one. I have already had three phone calls this morning about you, wanting to know what is going on over here. There is a man, a good man, just about on his death bed, and you're going to kick him when he's down?!

MS. TERRY

If I could just ...

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

(getting angrier as she talks)

And do you have any proof? Is this going to be your word against his? Your word against Coach? Because frankly, Ms. Terry, I do not believe it. I do not believe it for a second. And even if it was true, even if it was, did you stop for a moment to think about the consequences of your actions? And not just for him and his reputation, but for the school? We have been working tirelessly for years to secure the funding for a new stadium, and we are this close. This close! And I think you just ruined it. Ruined it. Like our school's reputation meant nothing to you. I do hope you're proud of yourself.

MS. TERRY

(quietly)

I am proud of myself.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

(furious)

You piece of shit, no one is going to believe you.

MS. TERRY

(blinking at the insult, then identifying with the POS and feeling stronger)

I am proud of myself.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

You are? You are?!

(trying to calm herself)

Your professionalism has been seriously called into question. Your effectiveness as a teacher has been compromised.

MS. TERRY

My professionalism? You just called me a piece of shit! Because he r... ra...assaulted me?!

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

Allegedly. You can go down to the police station, right now, and tell them that it's a mistake, that you

take it back. Maybe, if you do it fast enough....

MS. TERRY
 (against her best efforts,
 starting to cry)
 Forgive *me*?! This happened to me!
 I'm the *survivor* here! This man
 works with *kids*. Are you *insane*?

PRINCIPAL OGENIES
 I've seen that man's heart, and this
 is not something he could have done.
 Could it have been a
 misunderstanding? Or is this your
 regret talking? You can still fix
 this. Just take it back.

MS. TERRY
 I will *not*!

PRINCIPAL OGENIES
 Then I can't protect you.
 You have declared war on this school
 and the man that makes this town
 feel proud of itself. He has an army
 to defend him. And what do you have?

MS. TERRY
 You have no idea. I have the Pieces
 of Shit!

Ms. Terry storms out, leaving Principal Ogenies with a very confused look on her face.

32 INT. FRONT OFFICE - MORNING

32

Ms. Terry slams open the door of the Principal's office and comes face to face with Coach Rust.

COACH RUST
 I hope you've come to your senses.

As Ms. Terry struggles to come up with an appropriate response, Coach Rust runs his eyes down her body possessively, then looks her in the eyes, and smirks. Ms. Terry pushes past him desperately and flees the office. Coach Rust knocks on Principal Ogenies's door.

33 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

33

COACH RUST

No luck?

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

No luck. And it's possible that she's insane. You would not believe the last thing she said to me. I'll be placing the first letter of reprimand in her file today. We'll make a paper trail. We'll be able to fire her for cause, but the process can take months, maybe even a year.

COACH RUST

A year? If we don't get that funding now, a year might be too late. New elections. New Board members. We've almost got this sewed up. It's in the bag. This could ruin everything. I can see that new stadium. The concession stands. The new jumbotron. The stadium lights.... This is the heart of this town! We deserve this, and one teacher? One teacher won't stop this.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

Well. I warned her.
(she sighs)

There are days that I wish this building would just burn down, and we just get to start from scratch in the morning.

34 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

34

Ms. Terry walks down the hall, stifling panicked tears, lost in her own world. She stumbles on a backpack in the hall. She ignores it and keeps walking, but then we see another backpack get pushed out with a foot into her path. She trips again, registers something is wrong. Stops. Looks back. Little Rust and another football player have their backs against their lockers, looking at her, unapologetic, menacing. Little Rust has his arm in a cast.

LITTLE RUST

Maybe you should watch what you're doing. Could get hurt.

MS. TERRY

(stunned, disoriented)
What?

LITTLE RUST

Maybe you should watch your step.
You could trip.

MS. TERRY
(still disoriented)
What happened to your arm?

LITTLE RUST
I tripped.

Ms. Terry takes a moment to register the threat. Then she backs away, wide eyed and almost disbelieving. She turns and makes her way to her classroom. There are already a number of senior students around her door, waiting for class, happy to see her. They say good morning cheerily, but she struggles to act normal.

MS. TERRY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I ... can't.
I... just give me a minute.

The students look at each other wonderingly as Ms. Terry unlocks her door, enters, closes it behind her, and locks it again.

35 INT. MS. TERRY'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

35

As the warning bell rings, Ms. Terry picks her head up from her desk and wipes her tears. She pulls herself together. She opens the door and welcomes her class with as much cheer as she can muster. They enter. FOOTBALL PLAYER 1 and FOOTBALL PLAYER 2 sit down in the back row. No one sits directly in the row in front of them. Ms. Terry goes to her desk to look at her lesson plans, then writes "Heroic Archetypes" on the board. The second bell rings, she begins class.

MS. TERRY
We started talking last class about the heroic archetypes and the hero's journey. And the beginning of that journey is the hero's choice to accept a difficult task. And....
(she breaks off- she can't maintain the facade)
We don't know each other too well yet, but I always want to be real with you. I am having a difficult day, and I'm worried that I've made a terrible mistake. I'm not sure I can be a very good teacher today. So what I'd like to do is this: Would you get out a sheet of paper or your laptop, and would you tell me about

something you did that was difficult, but that you got through. Like a hero! I could use some inspiration. Tell me about something hard.

(she pauses, composes herself)

Let's aim for 250 words. It's due at the end of class, and I'll just circle around and look over your shoulders, and see how you write. And if you finish early, the rest of the class is yours.

The class accepts this with enthusiasm, bemusement, concern, or annoyance. Ms. Terry retreats to her desk for a moment. Football Player 1 nudges Football Player 2, then draws a large erection on his page and raises his hand.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1

Ms. Terry? I think I'm done.

MS. TERRY

What do you mean? We just started.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1

I think I understood the assignment. Can you come check?

MS. TERRY

Ok, let me come over.

She makes her way around the room to his desk. His hand is covering the drawing. As she reaches his desk, he removes his hand. Ms. Terry reacts with shock and horror.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1

(innocently)

What? I thought you wanted us to put something hard on our paper.

His teammate doubles over with laughter.

MS. TERRY

(stunned again)

Get out. Go to the office. Get out!

The classroom is totally quiet. Everyone is looking. FOOTBALL PLAYER 1 saunters out of the classroom. The door clicks shut loudly. Ms. Terry goes to the phone and calls the office.

MS. TERRY

I've just sent you a student. If you could keep them, I'll write up the

incident when I have a moment...
Okay. Thank you.

The students are staring at her. Still quiet.

MS. TERRY
Can we get back to work?

The students get back to work as there is a knock at the door: Principal Ogenies and Football Player 1 enter the classroom.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES
I found this young man wandering the hallway. He tells me that you kicked him out for doing the assignment. He is very confused, Ms. Terry. Maybe you should be more clear. And frankly, Ms. Terry, sending students to the office for a simple miscommunication is a sign that you're struggling to manage your classroom. Now, maybe you can tell me. What did you want him to do?

The class looks from the principal to Ms. Terry in shock and amusement to see two authorities at odds.

MS. TERRY
(stunned)
I asked him to write about something difficult. And he put down... he drew...
(embarrassed to say it,
feeling like a victim)

PRINCIPAL OGENIES
(turning to Football
Player 1)
Can you do that?

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1
Oh, now I get it. I'll try ...
harder.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES
Excellent. You do that. Keep your grades up. We need you to stay eligible for the Homecoming game!

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1
Yes ma'am. I'll, uh, keep it... up.

Football Player 2 snickers, and Principal Ogenies gives him a withering stare.

PRINCIPAL OGENIES

Please continue your lesson, Ms. Terry, and I expect I won't be interrupted again. As you know, I already have enough going on today.

Principal Ogenies leaves. The door clicks shut again.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1

Sorry I was a bad boy. Do you want to...punish me?

Ms. Terry holds herself very still and doesn't look at him, like she's a glass of water that's a little overfilled, and the slightest bump will cause it to spill. She sits slowly back down at her desk. Football Player 1 returns to his desk, exchanges a smile with Football Player 2. They both start to write. The clock moves 50 minutes. Ms. Terry has not moved. Football Player 1 shows his work to the Football Player 2, who opens his eyes wide, snorts, and looks at Ms. Terry surreptitiously. Almost everyone has put their work down. The students have gathered in groups, looking at videos on their phones and chatting. The bell rings.

MS. TERRY

(careful of her emotional balance)

Please put your papers on my desk. Thank you.

The students drop off the papers in a haphazard pile on her desk. Football Player 1 waits to be last, then ambles casually by her desk and puts his paper carefully on the top, facing her. She stares straight ahead. He leaves. She lets her eyes drop fearfully to the page. She sees triggering words like "dick," "she begged for it," "whore," "slut," "cunt," and "regret." She closes her eyes and starts to cry. Noun and Pronoun come into the room.

NOUN

(cheerily)

What are we doing today, Ms. Terry?

Noun sees Ms. Terry is in trouble.

NOUN

Ms. Terry! What's wrong?

Noun goes around her desk to stand next to her, and Ms. Terry shatters. She leans over from where she's sitting and buries her head in Noun's shoulder, puts her arms over Noun's

shoulders, and sobs, sobs. Noun looks down and reads the story by Football Player 1. Her face hardens in anger, and she points out the paper to Pronoun, who scans it. A couple 9th-grade students start walking in the room, but they back out when they see Noun consoling Ms. Terry. Pronoun walks to the door, shuts it, and locks it.

NOUN

Go out there and make up some excuse. I don't know. Send the class to the library or something. When the hallways are clear, I'll take Ms. Terry out to her car.

PRONOUN

(they gesture with helplessness)

But...me?

Noun makes helpless gestures of her own at the still-sobbing Ms. Terry.

36 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

36

Pronoun opens the door of the classroom just enough to slip out as the bell rings. There are a few people running late to class still in the halls, but there is a large group of 9th graders congregated in front of Ms. Terry's door, staring. Pronoun stares back, awkwardly.

PRONOUN

Class ... is going be ... in the library.

9TH GRADE STUDENT 1

Why? What's going on? Is Ms. Terry okay?

PRONOUN

(more awkwardly)

Ms. Terry is ... has diarrhea. And it's bad.

37 INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

37

The POS are all sitting huddled together.

PREPOSITION

You said WHAT?!

PRONOUN

(acting fidgety and
distressed)

I didn't know what to say. You know
how I get. They were all staring at
me. I just talked and that's what
came out, like ... you know!

CONJUNCTION

(with a calming hand on
Preposition)

You did fine, Jordan. You got the
class to the library.

(looking at Noun)

So?

NOUN

From what I can make out, Ms. Terry
filed a police report against Coach
Eton last night for what he did to
her a few weeks ago....

(they all take a moment)

Somehow, the principal found out
about it, told her she should take
it back. And there are some football
players who are now bullying her
about it.

VERB

Those motherfuckers.

NOUN

She was pretty messed up. We've all
been there. So I called her an Uber.

PREPOSITION

With what money?

NOUN

From her wallet.

ADVERB

How'd you know her address?

NOUN

I looked at her license.

PREPOSITION

Tell me you did not put a crying
woman, in shock, in the back of an
Uber and send her off by herself.

NOUN

What? You think I'm an animal? No, I
went with her, then had the Uber

drive me back.

ADVERB

Wait. You've been to Ms. Terry's house?! This morning?! You know where she lives?!

NOUN

Yeah. And I think that's gonna be important. Because I'm pretty sure some other people do too.

38 INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

38

The football team yells loudly and proudly. Coach Rust is at the front of the room, pacing, red-faced. A couple of the players are recording the talk on their phones.

COACH RUST

Are we real men?!

(team yells loudly and proudly)

Real men stay focused on the job at hand. And we have a job to do on Friday night!

(cheers)

East High is half our size! They are half our strength! But they want to play our game? On our field? They're going to come here and demand our respect?! Do we respect pussies?

(team yells no)

Maybe you've heard some of these feminists talk about showing pussies respect, but that is not what pussies want! Real men know what pussies want.

(team loves the non-pc talk- cheers, laughs)

And are we real men?!

(violent cheers)

So we're going to show East High what happens when they show up in our home and demand our respect. We built this home! Our hard work built this home! So they are not going to waste our time. If they are in our house, we are going to pound them. And when they get up, we'll pound them again. And we will do that minute after minute, down after down, and quarter after quarter. Real men protect what they care

about, but we do not care about East High.

(cheers and laughter)

They will drag themselves out of our home knowing that we don't respect them.

(cheers)

Hit the field! Four laps and start stretching! Wolf Pack!

The football teams crowds out of the locker room, full of energy and violence and noise.

39 INT/EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY WINDOW- AFTERNOON

39

School has been over for a while. The hallway is mostly empty. The POS are looking out at the athletic field as the football team runs out onto the track. Cheerleaders are already practicing.

VERB

Let's make missing the bus again worth it.

NOUN

Deisha, you think this will work?

PREPOSITION

Depends on Jasmin and Jordan, so, yeah, I think it'll work. Destiny?

Adverb glances down the hall, where one of the school counselors is leaving the office. The door closes behind them.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR 1

I'll see you in the morning, Andrea.

ADVERB

There's just one left in there. I think it's time.

(to Adjective)

What are you going to say?

ADJECTIVE

I won't know until I get in there.

PREPOSITION

And Jordan, you're sure?

PRONOUN

Nothing is sure, but the chances that the admin password is written

on a sticky note taped to at least one computer screen or edge of a desk is high. Very high.

NOUN

Then let's do it.

40 INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

40

With the sound of some commotion, ANDREA lifts her head up from her computer. Through the door's window, she can see that the POS are on the other side of the closed counseling department door, and they are loudly encouraging Adjective to talk to someone. The department is made of a number of open-layout secretarial desks and a number of individual counseling offices with doors. The voices are muffled.

NOUN

(to Adjective)

You can't bottle up your feelings!

PREPOSITION

(to Adjective)

You gotta express yourself!

EZEKIAL

(to Adjective)

You matter to me!

EVERYONE

(to Adjective)

Just talk to someone! Give it a try!

ANDREA

(getting up to check on the noise, opening the door)

What is going on? Whoa!

The whole group pushes past her into the office.

NOUN

We're worried about our friend. She's been saying some scary stuff about unaliving, and maybe she needs to talk to a professional?

ANDREA

Sorry kids, but maybe you can come back to tomorrow? I'm slammed with schedule changes right now.

ADJECTIVE

(yelling dramatically)
 See? No one cares about me! I have
 an idea, and I have a plan, and no
 one's gonna stop me!

Adjective pretends to try to escape the office, but the POS
 and Andrea all reach for her, yelling. In the commotion,
 Pronoun awkwardly hides themself under a secretary's desk.
 Pronoun is not great at acting covertly.

ANDREA
 Okay, okay. It's okay. I can make
 the time. I care about you. You are
 important to me. Come into my
 office? Come on. I have some snacks?
 (Adjective makes a show of
 hesitating)
 Please. I'm here for you.

ADJECTIVE
 What kind of snacks?

ANDREA
 Some granola bars?

ADJECTIVE
 (thinking about it as her
 friends encourage her)
 Okay. I'll do it for the gran'.

ANDREA
 Okay. Now, kids, I'm going to have
 to ask the rest of you to wait
 outside. I can't have you in the
 office with no one else here. Okay?
 Okay.
 (to Adjective)
 Come on in.

She closes the department door.

41 INT. COUNSELING DEPARTMENT DOOR - AFTERNOON

41

The door to the department closes in the faces the five POS
 in the hallway. They continue to stare in the window,
 everyone trying to squeeze a look at Pronoun.

VERB
 She calls me a kid agin, and I'll
 fail every class this semester and
 tell her it's because of her.

They see Andrea look out her door at them quizzically. They all give her fake smiles and thumbs up. Andrea gives them an encouraging smile back and closes her office door.

42 INT. ANDREAS' S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

42

Andrea offers Adjective a seat next to the door and settles herself in her desk chair. Adjective wants Andrea to not be facing the windowed door.

ADJECTIVE

Actually, I prefer to face doors.
It's a ... it's a thing I do.

ANDREA

Sure. Do what makes you comfortable.

Adjective moves the chair so that Andrea is facing away from the door, and in a spot that Adjective can see the front door of the counseling department.

ANDREA

Granola bar?

Adjective chooses one, opens it, and takes a bite. As she chews, she is scanning the room, looking at the photos, the decorations, Andrea's appearance, and she sees clues that makes her think Andrea is gay, like a ring on her finger and a photo of a woman on her desk, an undercut, a couple rainbow-themed objects. Andrea waits until she sees Adjective is ready.

ANDREA

My name is Andrea.

ADJECTIVE

Jasmin.

ANDRE

What's going on, Jasmin?

ADJECTIVE

I was going to come in here and lie to you. I was going to see what you had on your shelves, use it to string you along. I wasn't going to talk to you. But the truth is ... Real shit? ... Have you seen the Avengers movies?

(Andrea nods)

You know that scene where they're trying to get Bruce Bannon to turn into the Hulk, and he says, "Tha's

ma secret Cap'n. I'm always angry?"
That's me. I'm always angry. I'm
always depressed. I'm always
suicidal. There are very few moments
in my life where I'm not thinking
about offing myself. I'm a little
fucked up, Andrea. I'm sorry, can I
say "fucked up"?

(Andrea makes encouraging
motions)

But there's one thing that makes me
forget about that. And that's when
I'm close to... when I'm around...

(tearing up)

Andrea, I think I'm gay, and I don't
know what to do.

43 INT. UNDER A DESK IN THE COUNSELING DEPT - AFTERNOON

43

Under the desk, Pronoun sees a sticky note with a user name
and password.

PRONOUN

So fucking stupid.

Stealthily, they get out from under the desk, turn on the
computer, log in.

PRONOUN

(muttering as they scan
the desktop)

Class schedules. Class schedules.

Ah.

44 INT. ANDREA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

44

ANDREA

Yeah, no, you're right. That's
exactly the problem. That is very
perceptive of you for a 14 year old.
I think you've hit the nail on the
head. Are you interested in a
counseling job?

As Andrea talks, Pronoun's head slowly appears in the bottom
corner of the window. One eye. Then a thumbs up. Then Pronoun
slowly lowers themselves out of view. It is so awkward that
Adjective has a hard time not smiling. Moments later,
Adjective sees the department door open and close.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Because we're a little short staffed here. You have a college degree, of course? No? Well. I believe you could get one if you wanted to. I believe in you. Here. Let me write down some web pages you might find helpful.

Andrea is writing.

ADJECTIVE
Does it gets better?

ANDREA
(she thinks about it)
It usually does.

45 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY WINDOW - AFTERNOON

45

The POS are watching the football team start practice as they wait for Adjective. The door to the counseling department opens up, and Adjective and Andrea walk out. Both of them are wiping their eyes, and when Andrea opens her arms, Adjective leans in for a brief hug.

The POS turn and look at each other in amazement.

NOUN
(to the POS)
Oh, she's good.

ANDREA
You gonna be okay? Come say hi sometime soon, alright? I'll be looking for you.

Adjective nods, wipes her eyes, and walks over to the POS. Behind her, Andrea closes the door.

ADJECTIVE
(to Pronoun)
You got it done?

Pronoun nods.

PRONOUN
No problem. At least one of us is in each of Ms. Terry's classes every period of the day. I don't know how long before they switch us back, but as long as no one complains, I bet this is low priority. We probably have a week or two.

NOUN

Good work! I wonder if we should go to our regular classes tomorrow or start the new schedule.

PRONOUN

Tomorrow? Tomorrow we are all marked excused.

(there are mixed reactions- Pronoun turns to Preposition)
You didn't tell them?

PREPOSITION

Tomorrow, we're visiting Ms. Terry. We have some planning to do.

46 EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - MORNING**46**

The bus doors open, and the students crowd out. The POS get off last.

CONJUNCTION

Thanks, Carl! See you!

The bus driver looked scared, closes the bus door, and drives off.

NOUN

Right. Rue and I will meet the rest of you at the 7-11 in five or ten.

ADVERB

We're not taking the city bus?

NOUN

(smiling)
Why take the bus when you can drive?

ADVERB

But we don't have a car.

NOUN

(pulling a key from her pocket)
Someone needs to return Ms. Terry's car to her. I figured it should be us.

EZEKIAL

You can drive?

NOUN

(tossing the keys to
Conjunction)
No, but Rue has been driving her
parents home from the bars since she
was ten. She can drive.

Rising arial shot of them walking against the mass of people making their way to the school. We see a line of cars mixed in with buses pulling in; we see a filling student parking lot with someone doing donuts; we see the teacher parking lot, already full, and Noun and Conjunction breaking away from the group to head in that direction. In the teacher lot, one of the car's lights flash as Noun unlocks Ms. Terry's car with the key fob.

47 EXT. ROAD - SUNRISE

47

The POS are crammed into a car with the morning sun on their faces. It is beautiful. They are beautiful. In the background, Fleetwood Mac's "Dreams" is playing. They are passing around a bottle of Ocean Spray cranberry juice. Ezekial is crammed next to Conjunction. Adverb is sitting in Adjective's lap, and both of them are beaming, but neither is looking at the other.

48 EXT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

48

A fist knocks on the front door.

VERB

Ms. Terry! Ms. Terry! You awake?
Hello?

More knocking. They ring the doorbell. The door opens.

MS. TERRY

(she looks terrible)
What is this?

NOUN

We came to give you back your car.
And stuff.

MS. TERRY

My car? Where did you take my car?
(leaning out the door to
check)

NOUN

Here.

MS. TERRY

But where did you go with it?

NOUN

Here. You left your car at school
when I took you home in an Uber.

MS. TERRY

You took me home?! In an Uber?! If
this is some scam to get me fired, I
think you're too late. But how do
you know where I live? And why
aren't you in school? And is this
real life? And last question: what
the fuck?

VERB

You know, from the outside looking
in, trauma is kind of funny.

MS. TERRY

And...oh....
(loses her composure a
bit)
Yesterday was a bad day.

ADVERB

Worse than Wednesday?

MS. TERRY

Yesterday was Wednesday?

ADVERB

Yesterday was Thursday. It's Friday.

MS. TERRY

Friday? What happened to Thursday?
Blissfully blank. I'm starting to
see the benefits of hard drinking.
And drugs. I've never done drugs,
but now... Whatever. Back to bed.
I'm going to sit at home until I run
out of money... and then I'm going
to... not have any money. Thank you
for my car. I can sell it for
groceries. And drugs. Don't be like
me. Stay in school. Good bye.
(starts to close door)

PREPOSITION

We told the office you went home
sick.

PRONOUN

I told them that...

(interrupted)

PREPOSITION

That you were sick. Ms. Terry. Can we come in?

MS. TERRY

(registering concern,
opening door a bit)

No. Is this weird? This is weird, right? Like, how do you know where I live? How did you get here with my car? These have been the worst couple weeks of my life, and you are all weird and scary...

(her gaze pauses on
Ezekial)

...not you...you're just weird. I'm going to go back to bed. This is probably a dream.

(starts to close door)

CONJUNCTION

We used to have dreams.

(door stops closing)

We were just kids. And one day, one night, someone took those dreams. We know what happened to you. We know the fear, the isolation, the physical pain, the emotional pain, the depression, the sense of injustice,

(starts getting emotional)

the loss of trust, the rejection from people we love, the loss of hope, the emptiness where those dreams used to be. But we've healed. We filled that emptiness with hate and rage, and the wound's healed over with a scar I like to pick at. So how about you let us in, we'll make you some breakfast, and we'll explain everything? Because on top of everything else, we think they're coming after you, and all we want is an excuse to rip out their throats with our teeth.

MS. TERRY

(amazed, confused,
tempted)

What the fuck. Come in.

49 INT. MS. TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

49

Ms. Terry has had a shower, dressed, and has eaten. She's in a better state of mind. The POS are surrounded by dishes and leftover food.

MS. TERRY

Destiny, you've made me feel human again. That was amazing.

ADVERB

You put the right ingredients in at the right time in the right way, and you always get the same result. Not like the rest of my life.

MS. TERRY

Oh, my life. What am I going to do?

NOUN

Let's lay out the situation as we know it: 1. Coach Eton is a rapist. He's done it before. He'll probably do it again. Fuck him. 2. Coach Rust catcalled us last summer, and we kicked his ass. That pedo is probably also a rapist.

MS. TERRY

What?

NOUN

Yeah. Destroyed him.

MS. TERRY

And he knows who you are?

ADJECTIVE

He hasn't seen us yet. But when he does, and he will eventually, he's going to want to kill us.

VERB

Also, we kind of have it out for his shitbag son. I broke his wrist a couple days ago.

MS. TERRY

What?

NOUN

Who is probably also a rapist.

MS. TERRY

What?!

VERB

And if he fucks up again, I'll break his arm.

MS. TERRY

What?

PREPOSITION

And Principal Ogenies ...

NOUN

(interrupting Preposition, who pauses, but mostly just keeps talking over Noun)
Probably not a rapist, but I wouldn't put it past her.

PREPOSITION

...is out to get you. You said she wanted you to take back your police report, but that's not public information. So a cop snitched you out to her. So you can't trust the cops.

NOUN

Who are rapists.
And that football player knew just what to say in that paper he wrote, so the cops are snitching to the football team? Or Ogenies did? Ogenies didn't do shit about that football mofo: just sent him back to class. She's at least on their side.

PREPOSITION

I think what we have here is the classic "Us against the Fucking World" story.

VERB

So you need to decide if this is a fight you want. There's no right answer.

CONJUNCTION

Or a wrong one. We can't all kick ass. Jordan doesn't.

PRONOUN

I don't think I should have to be violent to survive; men could just

chill.

CONJUNCTION

Ms. Terry, if you need to sell your house, get in your car, and just drive until you hit one ocean or another, you do what you need to do. Go restart somewhere. What Coach Eton did to you does not define who you are. You can heal, and this can just be a bad memory you try not to think about.

MS. TERRY

(thinks about it)

Is it bad that I'd rather watch the whole school burn to the ground?

Verb smiles. Conjunction smiles. They all look around and smile.

PRONOUN

I think now is probably the right time to tell you that I have access to the school's servers.

MS. TERRY

What?

PRONOUN

When I was in the counseling office moving us into all of Ms. Terry's English classes..

(interrupted)

MS. TERRY

What?! How?!

(Conjunction puts a steadying hand on Ms. Terry's arm)

NOUN

We lied.

ADJECTIVE

(too quickly)

Yep!

MS. TERRY

You know, next time you need to get break in to something in the school, ask me. Those keys from Coach Eton? Master keys for the whole building.

There's no way he should have had those.

PREPOSITION

Keep those on you. They could be useful.

PRONOUN

...Um...I thought it'd be a good time, since I was already in, to sort of make a key of my own. I used the district's remote-access software to access my virtual computer, then I reversed the connection.

MS. TERRY

What?

PRONOUN

Ms. Terry, for an English teacher, your vocabulary seems remarkably limited. I'm saying that I have access to every computer system in the school.

MS. TERRY

What? ...

(Pronoun frowns at her)

...can you do?

PRONOUN

(thinking about it)

I could change the calendar on the website. I could change our grades. I bet I could make the jumbotron say "Coach Rust- I know what you did last summer" at the football game tonight.

NOUN

No way.

PRONOUN

I don't see why not.

PREPOSITION

I have an idea. Let's push some buttons.

Friday night football. The game is about to start. Across the field from them, there is an ANNOUNCER doing the play-by-play. Near the announcer, a student is recording the game on a video camera. We see the jumbotron. It has advertisements for the concession stand and the 50/50 raffle. It switches screens to show a blank score for both teams. It switches screen to say "Go Wolf Pack!" And back to ads. On the field, the cheerleaders are doing their thing to energize the crowd.

ANNOUNCER

It's another Friday night in the Wolf Pen! The Rage Cage! And it looks like our boys have a little fresh meat to gnaw on. East High is in for the fight of their lives tonight. The coin has been flipped and East High will be kicking off; the Wolf Pack will receive. (voice fades out as sounds of cheering rise)

There is a small cheering section for the visiting East High, but most of the stands are full of a raucous home crowd. There are lines at the concession stand. Friends are laughing with each other, flirting, being seen. The POS and Ms. Terry have seats on the edge of things, in view of the video camera recording the game, and in a spot where they can see Coach Rust. On the East High side of the field, the team is looking strong and determined, but there are noticeably less players and support staff than on the Wolf Pack side of the field. The HEAD REF blows a whistle, and East reaches in for a quick cheer. The other four REGULAR REFS arrange themselves on the field.

EAST HIGH PLAYERS

1, 2, 3: team!

East High jogs onto the field. On the Wolf Pack side, the entire team gathers around their coach, put their arms over each other, and lean in towards the center. On the outside of the scrum, people lean one arm in as far as they can get. The chant is unclear at first, but it gets louder and more intense.

WOLF PACK TEAM

Raw dog! Raw dog! Raw dog! Raw Dog!
Raw Dog!

The stands love it. Cut to Principal Ogenies. People near her are laughing and look over at her to see her reaction. She smiles and rolls her eyes as if to say, "Those boys!"

The Head Ref blows his whistle again, and the two teams line up. East kicks off; the Wolf Pack return it, but get taken

down. Coach Rust is intense. He is screaming and gesturing wildly. Some of the East High players switch with other on the sidelines, but pretty much every player on the Wolf Pack kickoff return side runs off and the offensive team takes their place. First down. Bodies collide. A catch is missed. Coach Rust continues yelling. Second down. A running back finds a hole, is able to drop the defense, and scores a touchdown for the Wolf Pack.

PREPOSITION

Now?

ADVERB

Now.

PRONOUN

How many?

NOUN

Six.

Pronoun presses a couple buttons on their laptop, and the jumbotron show six points for East High, not the Wolf Pack.

Coach Rust doesn't notice. The kicker sends the ball between the goal posts.

NOUN

Add one point.

Pronoun presses a button. East High gets another point on the jumbotron. Some people in the crowd are pointing and laughing. Others are upset. On the sidelines, the students in charge of changing the score look upset: they're trying to change the score; they're checking cables. Nothing is changing.

Coach Rush gets in the defense huddle.

COACH RUST

"No respect" on three! 1, 2, 3 !

DEFENSE

No respect!

Ezekial points to his brother coming on the field as part of the defense.

EZEKIAL

That's my brother! #59! Go Daniel!
(the POS think this is odd
behavior)

East hikes the ball, and the quarterback goes back, but the offensive line is unable to hold the defense. The quarterback is sacked. Bodies pile on. Daniel, Ezekial's brother, throws some punches to the quarterback's ribs while under all the people. The Regular Refs are blowing their whistles; the Wolf Pack stands are cheering; the players and fans from East are concerned. When the Wolf Pack bodies come off, the quarterback doesn't get up. He is injured and has to be helped off the field. Penalty: the Head Ref give East High 10 yards and a new 1st down. A smaller backup quarter back comes on the field. There is jeering and laughing. The ball is snapped, there is a fast throw, a catch, and the receiver is smashed between two Wolf Pack players. The ball comes loose, is scooped up, and is run to the end zone for another touchdown for the Wolf Pack.

NOUN

Six more for East.

Pronoun presses a couple keys, and the score changes. The crowd gasps. People are pointing, trying to get Coach Rust's attention, but he is smiling at the pain of the hurt receiver, high-fiving his players. The East High coach is furious at how Coach Rust is playing the game, hurting his players. He calls his players in. He points at the score. He then kneels, smiles, and takes a selfie with the score behind him and the team. Then they huddle, and he passes along some instructions.

EAST HIGH PLAYERS

1,2,3: Team!

Coach Rust is still smiling. The Wolf Pack take the field. They snap to kick for the extra point, but East falls back instead of fighting to block it. Coast Rust laughs at them. The kick is good, and for the first time, Coach Rust looks at the score. He calls a frantic time out. He runs out to yell at the Head Ref. He runs over to the students trying to run the scoreboard, yells at them. They show that they're trying, but nothing is working. The Regular Refs help calm him down. The Head Ref goes to the center of the field for an announcement.

HEAD REF

The score is 14-0 for the Wolf Pack.
The scoreboard is incorrect. Play
on.

Coach Rust goes back to his sideline, still angry. Then he sees the East team and coach parading in front of the incorrect score, flexing, taking photos, and his face darkens. Game starts again, and East quarterback lobs the ball towards the Wolf Pack. The "interception" is caught, and the player starts to run towards his end zone, but East

doesn't try to stop him, Coach Rust is yelling at him to stop, the East coach is telling him to run, and he gets confused, trails to a stop, and just puts the ball down. Coach Rust is stomping like a child having a tantrum.

NOUN
(giggling)
Add six for East.

PRONOUN
But they didn't score.

NOUN
(grinning)
Yeah.

The score changes to 20-0 for East High. Coach Rust throws his clipboard on the ground. He loses control. He runs across the field at the other coach as if to fight him, but the East players get in his way; he tries to break through the kids. The five referees come charging over to try to keep order. His own players pull him off, players start pushing each other, and the teams look like they might brawl. It's chaos. The Wolf Pack fans are standing and booing. The teams separate and start to move back to their sides.

In the stands, the POS and Ms. Terry remain seated. They are having a great time. They watch Coach Rust on the field gesticulating wildly to the Head Ref, screaming in his face. The Head Ref tries to talk to him. Coach Rust makes chopping motions with his arms. The Head Ref has enough and turns to the crowd.

HEAD REF
Unsportsmanlike behavior. The Wolf
Pack forfeits the game. East High
wins. Goodnight.

Coach Rust runs after the Head Ref, but the Head Ref is done. The East High team celebrates. The crowd boos.

NOUN
Can we do fireworks?

The jumbotron ignites with fireworks. Coach Rust is walking back to his bench behind everyone; he's angry and looking for something to blame. In front of him, at the edge of the standing, colorfully dressed crowd, there is a pocket of dark-clothed stillness: the POS and Ms. Terry. His eyes narrow, then widen in shock. He knows who they are.

ADJECTIVE
We've been spotted.

The POS all look at him. Ms. Terry and Ezekial don't know how to act, but the other POS are confident, smirking, and then their smirks turn to smiles that they aim at Coach Rust like weapons of war. Coach Rust is blown away. He knows they did this to him. He loses his confidence, his anger. He puts his head down and makes his way to his coaching staff.

COACH RUST

Tell the team we practice Monday. I need to go home.

In the stands, the POS and Ms. Terry look at each other.

MS. TERRY

He knew you.

VERB

I told you. We kicked his ass.

MS. TERRY

I'm a little scared.

PREPOSITION

Let's go. We have some planning to do.

EZEKIAL

Maybe I'll catch up with you Monday?
I'm going to catch a ride home with my brother. That might have been hard for him.

(turns to Conjunction)

You maybe want to come with me?

CONJUNCTION

(trying to be nice)

Oh. No thanks, Ezekial. I think it's going to be a busy night. You sure you don't want to come with us?

EZEKIAL

But I.... Ok. No. See you later.

The POS look at each other quizzically as Ezekial climbs out of the stands and heads towards the Wolf Pack locker room.

51 INT. IHOP - NIGHT

51

The POS and Ms. Terry are crammed into a booth, and they're finishing a late-night breakfast. Across the aisle from them is a table of four White overweight men: SLEAZE 1, 2, 3, 4. The restaurant is otherwise mostly empty, and the other diners are far away.

ADVERB

Can you do something like that,
Jordan?

PRONOUN

Give me a day or two to think about
it. Maybe.

CONJUNCTION

This is going to be difficult for
you, Ms. Terry. It's going to get
worse before it gets better, but
everything they do is just more
ammunition we can use against them.

MS. TERRY

If you say so. But you know what is
difficult for me? "The Pieces of
Shit." And just hear me out, okay?

(The table sighs and
shoulders slump.)

Listen. I messed up when I left some
of you in the stairwell with Mr.
Eton. I was just thinking about
myself. You're right; I was acting
like a piece of shit, but that's not
who I am?! And neither are you!
You're not the bad guys.

(the POS look like they
might argue)

I know. I know. Just. Listen for a
second.

(beat)

For me, the "POS" are the "Parts of
Speech." There's only eight of them.
And together, they can make any
sentence in English: they can do
anything. Like you.

(As Ms. Terry names each
part of speech, the camera
lingers on that person.)

The noun is the core of the
sentence, the leader. The verb is
all about the action; it moves; it
acts. The adjective sees how things
are; it's perceptive. The adverb
knows the where, when, why, and how.
The preposition sees all the
options. The conjunction brings
things together. The pronoun ...
gets respect.

ADJECTIVE

That's seven.

MS. TERRY

The last one doesn't do much but
hype up the sentence. And that's who
I want to be, if you'll take me. I
want to be Interjection. Because
when I look at you, and who you are,
and what you've overcome, and what
you can do, all I can think is
"wow."

The POS look at each other. They're not angry.

NOUN

We'll think about it.

PREPOSITION

Code names would be pretty cool. I
can see how they'd be useful.

Across the aisle, a waitress walks by and offers the men a
refill on their coffees. They decline and ask for the bill.
One man gets his wallet out and put it on the table.

VERB

Let's do it. I'm Verb, right? Action
Verb!

ADVERB

Not now.

PREPOSITION

I want to think about it. But I like
it.

The waitress turns to offer the POS more coffee. And she
suddenly jumps and stiffens. The guys across the aisle
smother a chuckle. The waitress frowns.

VERB

Oh no he didn't.
(to the waitress)
Did he?

The waitress makes a wry face as if to say, "I can't deny it,
but no use talking about it."

VERB (CONT'D)

(to the POS)
Action Verb!

Verb gets up, looks down at the table of men.

VERB (CONT'D)

You missed an opportunity, boys. Let me show you how it's done: "Hey. Tony. That's not how we treat women. Or anybody. She's not here for you to touch her. She didn't give consent. How about you apologize and offer her a big tip?"

The four guys look at each other incredulously, smile, then look back at Verb.

SLEAZE 1
Fuck off, kid.

Ms. Terry turns to the other POS who have remained in their seats.

MS. TERRY
(whispering)
Shouldn't you help her?

ADJECTIVE
(shaking her head)
There's only four of them.

WAITRESS
(to Verb)
It's fine. Just let it be.

VERB
No, I don't think so. They'll apologize. You're sorry. Right guys?

SLEAZE 2
What the hell, kid? Fuck off.

VERB
(sighs)
You don't sound sorry.

Slow motion: Verb snatches the man's wallet off the table, the coffee pot from the waitress, and runs for the door. The men leap awkwardly from the booth to follow. Slo-mo jowls flap. Ms. Terry looks worried, but the waitress is the only other one who moves to look out the door.

something like Run-DC and Aerosmith's song "Walk This Way" starts to play at 1:30: "She told me to walk this way!"

52 EXT. IHOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

52

Slow motion: Verb careens out the door, her hands full, then turns and is waiting for them. She kicks one in the throat,

kicks another between his legs, kicks the knee out of the third, and then dodges as Sleaze 1 tries to kick her, tripping on his own feet as he goes by. Verb takes a step and kicks him in the head, knocking him out. She uses an elbow, a knee, and another kick to knock out the other three. She spits. She's barely breathing hard.

WAITRESS

Jesus.

End slow motion. Verb's head snaps to look at the waitress, then she steps on Sleaze 1's hand and pours the hot coffee over it, burning him. She drops the pot on him and opens his wallet, taking out a wad of cash. She drops the empty wallet on him and walks back inside.

53 INT. IHOP - NIGHT

53

Verb walks past the waitress, who stares at her, and throws the wad of cash on the men's table. From the parking lot, we hear a cry of anguish as Sleaze 1 wakes up.

SLEAZE 1

(distantly)

My hand! My hand! Fuck!

VERB

(looking at waitress)

Now he sounds sorry.

MS. TERRY

I think I'd better get the check.

WAITRESS

(looking at the wad of cash)

It's on me.

The POS get up and file out past the still-shocked waitress.

SLEAZE 1

(distantly)

Ah! Don't hurt me!

The door closes, and the waitress makes little fighting moves, emulating her new hero.

54 INT/EXT. MS. TERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

54

The POS are all crammed into Ms. Terry's car in the IHOP parking lot. She starts it.

MS. TERRY

Where's my first stop? Let me take you home.

The POS look uncomfortable.

ADVERB

That's okay. Just drop us at the school, and we can catch a city bus.

MS. TERRY

No, that's fine. I wasn't going to be doing anything else tonight. Come on! It's the least I can do.

CONJUNCTION

I think we'd be more comfortable getting home on our own.

MS. TERRY

I insist. Where to first?

PREPOSITION

(sighing)

We live in a group home. I would rather cut off my left hand than let you see it.

Everyone is uncomfortable.

ADJECTIVE

(a little desperate)

Ms. Terry, this is crazy, and just say no if you don't want to, but can we stay at your place? Our house parents won't care if you tell them it's okay. We'll tell them we'll see them Sunday. It'll be fine!

The rest of the POS voice their agreement.

MS. TERRY

Don't you think it'd seem a little weird for a bunch of students to spend the night at their teacher's house? Like, it sounds creepy, right?

NOUN

Our house parents know we can take care of ourselves. We kind of set our own rules anyway after ... yeah. We do what we want.

MS. TERRY

But YOU don't think it's creepy?

NOUN

No offense, Ms. Terry. But #1, we can take you. And #2, you kind of feel like a sister.

VERB

A younger sister.

Ms. Terry laughs. She's thinking about it. The POS encourage her.

MS. TERRY

I haven't had a pajama party in years....

Everyone looks at each other excitedly, except for Pronoun, who rolls their eyes.

55 INT. BEAUTY STORE - NIGHT

55

montage: The POS cavort in the store. They pick up different products, like lipstick and eyeliner, and laugh about the different colors they could use. They look at fingernail polishes, skin masks. They even get Pronoun involved, picking up some mascara the color of Pronoun's hair to make a fake beard. Ms. Terry pays.

56 INT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

56

montage: The POS and Ms. Terry do each other's makeup, nails, hair. They have a great time making Pronoun look very masculine, giving them angled features and facial hair; Pronoun enjoys it immensely. Verb gets everything in black, emo style. Adverb does Adjective's nails, and Adverb calms Adjective's shaking hand with a gentlemanly kiss on the top of the hand: Adjective acts poleaxed. In general, the POS act like children. They watch an action movie; they eat popcorn; they yell "The Parts of Speech!" to embrace their new names; the POS fall asleep in a nest of pillows, sheets, and blankets in the living room. Seeing them all asleep, Ms. Terry smiles at them sadly, mourning the childhood they lost, then heads to her room.

Pronoun opens their eyes suddenly, wide awake. They get their laptop, set it the table in the kitchen, think for a second in the blue light, then start typing code.

57 INT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

57

The POS wake to the sound of a keyboard. Pronoun is at a table, writing code on their laptop. They type a final symbol.

PRONOUN

And...done.

NOUN

(yawning)

Already? Did you sleep?

PRONOUN

No, I had an idea. I couldn't sleep.

(sees Adjective looking at her phone- types something into the computer, and Adjective phone bings with a new message alert)

I just sent you a message, Adjective.

ADJECTIVE

Ew. "Coach Rust" is sending me a message?

PRONOUN

Open it.

ADJECTIVE

It's just a link that says "check this out!"

PRONOUN

Click it.

A meme pops up of a sexy, scantily-clad dominatrix with the words "Practice is going to be a BITCH!" The POS erupt in hoots of enthusiasm.

VERB

On brand!

PRONOUN

(her computer makes a binging sound)

And that's the sound of success.

When she clicked the link, my code was uploaded onto her phone. Her phone will now automatically send me her photo library as well as any new photos or videos. For instance, I can see that her last video is ...

Adjective realizes what about to happen and frantically tries to stop Pronoun from saying more or watch the video, but fails to be able to coordinate her words or movements.

PRONOUN (CONT'D)

...of Adverb sleeping? Why would you do that?

Adjective is mortified as everyone turns to look at her with teasing expressions.

ADJECTIVE

(turning red)

If you need to find me, I'll be the puddle of embarrassment under the couch for the rest of my life.

Adverb grabs her hand, turns Adjective towards her, and kisses her forehead.

THE POS

Awww!

MS. TERRY

I may go to prison for this, but it'll be worth it.

VERB

Don't worry. We're doing all the illegal stuff.

PREPOSITION

And don't worry about your safety, either. They'll be a couple of us in all your classes thanks to Pronoun's schedule changes. You'll be safe.

MS. TERRY

We're ready?

PRONOUN

I think so. I have all their phone numbers from Coach Rust's football roster. We don't need to buy hidden cameras or microphones. I think the football team is going to come after you, Ms. Terry. After all of us. And they're going to record it. And every video they take is going to come to me as we sit in the cafeteria or pass in the hallways. We may not know what they're going to do, but they're going to send us the evidence of what they've done.

And that is going to make for an amazing presentation at Homecoming next week.

Everyone smiles slyly.

VERB

I never thought I'd say this, but I'm actually looking forward to school on Monday.

58 INT/EXT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

58

The POS are sitting in the back of the bus, as usual. Ezekial is with them, but looking morose. The POS are laughing.

ADJECTIVE

Ezekial! Come on! You left us! And you probably wouldn't have enjoyed the pajama party!

CONJUNCTION

Really, Ezekial, we're sorry! We'll make it up to you. Pronoun has a surprise we think you're gonna like!

PREPOSITION

Let's wait and show him after school! We can watch some movies and do his makeup!

The POS laugh happily, but it just makes Ezekial feel more out of place.

59 INT. MS. TERRY'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

59

Preposition and Adverb enter Ms. Terry's 1st period class and stand there, pretending to be confused.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1

Freshmeat, this is a senior class. You're in the wrong place.

PREPOSITION

But our schedules got changed. They said we're supposed to be in here now.

MS. TERRY

(pretending to be preoccupied)

Yeah, you're in the wrong place, but the counseling office is slammed right now. If your schedule says you should be here, have a seat, and we can fix it later this week.

The only two seats next to each other are directly in front of the two football players. The two POS look at each other, roll their eyes, and make their ways to the seats. They have boys on all sides of them. The bell rings.

MS. TERRY

We started talking last week about what it meant to be heroic. So today, we're going to start writing a superhero comic...

(class makes happy, excited sounds)

but first, I have a little experiment for you.

(nodding at a student near the door)

Can we get the lights?

As the lights go off, Ms. Terry opens the projector lens, and we see the results of entering "superhero" into Google page, the "images" tab.

MS. TERRY (CONT'D)

To start with, let's start counting the images that we see of men.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1

(under this breath)

Fucking feminist man-hating bitch.

Football Player 1 slips off his shoes, leans back in his seat, and tries to wedge his feet under Preposition's butt. She slides forward, but his feet follow. Preposition sighs and starts writing a note for Adverb. Football Player 2 smiles, leans forward over his desk and tugs at Adverb's bra strap. The class is counting out, shouting out, the numbers of White male superhero images. The back rows of boys see what's happening to the two POS: some enjoy the scene and other studiously ignore it. No one says anything. Football Player 2 uses his other hand and tries to unclip the bra strap. Preposition slides her a note: "Going great! Give me 2 min after they leave." The two POS look at each other and nod. Preposition stands up abruptly. She walks to the front of the room.

PREPOSITION

Ms. Terry, can I go to the bathroom?

MS. TERRY
 (looking worried, unsure
 of what's happening)
 Oh, you're gonna miss a good part,
 but okay. Come back soon.

Preposition walks out the door.

60 INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - MORNING

60

Preposition slams the door open, startling two girls, Nikki and Savannah. Both are dressed in cute outfits. One of them is putting on makeup and wearing a short skirt she brought to school. On the counter is the pair of modest black jeans she'd worn to school that look a lot like Preposition's pants.

PREPOSITION
 You're gonna wanna leave.

NIKKI
 The fuck?

PREPOSITION
 Two guys are about to come in here
 to try and fuck with me. Me and my
 friend are going to knock them
 unconscious.
 (she looks around the
 bathroom)
 Can I borrow your pants? I have an
 idea.

After glancing at her friend, Nikki hands Preposition the pants, looking her in the eye, sizing her up.

NIKKI
 You don't want help? Because...

PREPOSITION
 Nah. We're good.

NIKKI
 (shrugging her shoulders)
 Go get 'em girl. I'll find you later
 for the jeans.

Preposition takes the pants and tilts her head at the door. The two girls grab their stuff and go. Preposition opens the stall nearest the door and slips off her shoes. The bathroom stall door closes, creating a moment of darkness that transitions to...

... the door to the bathroom opening. The two football players walk in. The one behind is filming on his phone, giggling. The door closes and the one with the camera leans back against the door to prevent anyone else from entering.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1
Little lost freshmeat? Are you here?

He can see her shoes and lowered pants under the stall. He turns to his friend and grins. Then he turns to peer in the crack between the door and stall wall.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1
(creepy, then startled)
Helloooo? What the fuck?

He turns to his friend, confused, then pushes the stall open.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1
It's just pants.

He leans over to pick them up where they're draped on the edge of the toilet seat. And Preposition leaps over the top of the neighboring stall, pile driving his face into the toilet with a downward kick. His friend gives a startled, high-pitched yelp, turns, and opens the door to run. Adverb is standing in the doorway. She punches his solar plexus, and as he bends over, she pulls the back of his shirt over his head, then sends a knee to his jaw, knocking him out.

ADVERB
Don't ever touch me.

She drags him into the open stall, raises the lid on the toilet, and sits him into the bowl, wetting his pants. Preposition is sitting on Football Player 1's back, putting her shoes back on. His face is still in the toilet.

ADVERB
He alright?

PREPOSITION
Yeah. Gave him an aggressive swirlie. He's just being a bitch about it.

Football Player 1 moans.

61 INT. MS. TERRY'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

61

Preposition and Adverb walk back into class. Everyone stops and looks. The students thought they knew what was happening. Ms. Terry was worried. Everyone stares. The two POS walk to

their desks, pick up their belongings, push the football players' stuff onto the floor, and then take the two football players' seats. Message delivered. Students in class exchange awed stares.

62 INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

62

The POS are sitting at a lunch table together, laughing. Pronoun has their computer open with an external hard drive attached.

ADVERB

And then the nurse came in to grab their things! People in class turned and looked at us, like, "Whaaaat?!"

More laughter.

NOUN

Nothing happened in second period. 9th-grade boys are slow to mature...

ADJECTIVE

...into fucking assholes. How many videos we have now?

PRONOUN

So many. I'm organizing them to put most recent at the top.

VERB

Can we look at some now?

ADVERB

Yeah, come on!

Nikki and Savannah cross the cafeteria to come over to their table. Preposition sees them coming.

PREPOSITION

(to the POS)

Hold up for a second.

NIKKI

You got my jeans?

Preposition pulls them out of her bag.

PREPOSITION

Yeah, but I was going to wash them for you. I got some blood on them.

NIKKI

(sounding incredulous,
maybe angry)
You got some blood on them?

The POS tense. Pronoun slowly closes the computer. Feet move beneath the table. Hands prepare.

PREPOSITION

I'm sorry. I think I can get it out.

NIKKI

You're sorry?

(tense beat)

Not as sorry as I am that I didn't stick around to watch you beat his ass! Yo, where'd you learn how to do that?! Can you teach us? Give me those jeans. You're not washing shit. These are my new favorite jeans. Those motherfuckers deserved all their stitches. But really. Can you teach us?

The POS look at each other in amazement. Small smiles.

NOUN

We could teach you a couple things.

NIKKI

Whatcha doing after school?

ADVERB

We're maybe busy today. And probably this whole week. Maybe we can do something next week.

NIKKI

I wanna be real with you. There's been guys here that have caught these hands, but those two motherfuckers left school in an ambulance. You're doing next-level shit. And I'm so sick of these boys, thinking they can touch me, thinking I'm dressing pretty for them. I want these boys scared of me. For real.

The POS look at each other. Nod.

NOUN

(to the POS)

We don't all need to, um, sit with Pronoun this afternoon. Maybe a couple of us could help them out?

CONJUNCTION

I could.

NIKKI

You?! You look too sweet. I want to learn the ambulance shit, not how to bake scones.

Conjunction stands up, sweeping Nikki's feet out from under her, holds on to her as she falls, and sits back down, tucking Nikki into the seat next to her, putting Nikki's wrist in a submission hold. Nikki hardly knows what happened. She's held in close to Conjunction's face, helpless.

NIKKI

I think you just turned me gay.

CONJUNCTION

(releasing her)

After school?

NIKKI

Meet at the Smoke Spot?

CONJUNCTION

Smoke Spot?

NIKKI

Smoke Spot. In the trees behind the school. You mind if I bring a couple friends?

CONJUNCTION

Sure. Why not? See you there.

ADJECTIVE

Where's Ezekial been? I wonder if he'd want to come. He seems a little lost right now.

63 INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

63

Coach Rust is at the front of the room. The players are suited up. Some players are filming the speech.

COACH RUST

First of all, you played good on Friday. You crushed those weak-kneed, limp-wristed cocksuckers and showed them who the real men are.

(players give a weak cheer)

But I would rather die than let someone else take *our* honor. When I saw East High celebrating *our* points, pretending *our* success was theirs, ruining *our* reputations, and making fun of *you*,

(he pauses to let angry muttering die off)

And then I saw something I wish I hadn't seen: I saw the people who did this to you.

(hissing, mutters)

If I show them to you, will you defend our honor?

(some angry sounds)

If I show them to you, will you defend our honor?!

(loud, angry yells)

In this piece of game tape,

(he shows video from the camera by the announcer's stand)

I want to point out two things over here in the stands: 1. The Liar. The one who is dragging Coach Eton's name in the mud! The bitch who does not deserve to be associated with the Wolf Pack!

(angry noises)

And 2. Her little friends. Watch this clip. See how one points, then the one with the computer types something, and then the score changes? We've been betrayed. By females! By our own family!

(angry yells)

So we have two enemies this week. On Friday, we take down Bartlett High for our Homecoming game. But I have another homework assignment for you this week. Because nothing is more important to a man than his reputation!

(players sound off after every sentence now)

That's something females just don't understand! They don't understand how easy it is to ruin our lives! How we can lose everything! They don't understand, and sometimes, I think they don't care! So here's what else we're going to do this week: we're going to let those

bitches and Ms. Liar know that we
will protect our own!

(wild cheer)

I won't tell you how. Maybe you can
figure it out. But I don't want to
see them at the game *this* Friday.
Hit the field! Four laps and start
stretching! Wolf Pack!

Players rush out of the locker room, some turning off their
phones and chucking them in their lockers as they leave. The
camera stays on a phone. We hear a number of players
shouting, "'Practice is gonna be a bitch!', right Coach?"

COACH RUST

(voice only)

The fuck they talking about? And why
haven't I seen Chad and Bryan yet...
What do you mean the hospital?!

The camera moves away from the phone sideways through the
wall ...

64 INT. STAIRWELL NEXT TO FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM- AFTERNOON 64

...and the camera enters the stairwell. Pronoun is sitting
there on the laptop, downloading video files, her computer
binging away with notifications. Verb is doing pushups in
time with their arrivals.

65 EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON 65

Behind the school, the Smoke Spot is hidden enough to not be
seen, but close enough to the school to make it convenient.
Noun, Adverb, Adjective, Conjunction, Preposition, and
Ezekial are walking towards it in a loose group.

EZEKIAL

Really?

ADJECTIVE

Yeah, we've missed you Ezekial!

NOUN

We could have done your makeup too!
Pronoun loved the beard we made
them.

PREPOSITION

And you are going to love what we
have planned for the football team
this week!

EZEKIAL

I don't know. Why do we have to be after the football team? Some of them are cool.

ADJECTIVE

What? You were there when Coach Eton tried to SA Ms. Terry.

EZEKIAL

Yeah.

ADJECTIVE

And we told you what Coach Rust did to us last summer.

EZEKIAL

I know, but...

ADJECTIVE

And the two football players coming after Preposition in the bathroom.

EZEKIAL

I mean, could there be another explanation?

The POS get near the Smoke Spot.

PREPOSITION

Ezekial. You mean well, but I'm not sure you should keep talking. Come on. Let's go show Nikki and her friends a couple things. And then, afterwards, I think you'll see why we're so concerned about the football team.

66 EXT. THE SMOKE SPOT - AFTERNOON

66

The POS enter the Smoke Spot. There are a few amenities to make it feel comfortable, like a couple chairs. The POS are surprised to see not 3 or 4 people as expected, but about 15 girls waiting for them. Nikki walks forward.

NIKKI

(pointing at Ezekial)
Who's this?

NOUN

That's Ezekial. He's cool. He's with us.

NIKKI

I thought this was for girls only.

EZEKIAL

You know what? I'm gonna go.

Ezekial turns and starts to walk away.

CONJUNCTION

What?! Ezekial!

EZEKIAL

(a little angry, confused,
sad)

No, I get it! It's fine. Catch up
with you later.

Noun is about to go after him, but Adjective catches her arm and shakes her head, then nods to the group of girls waiting for some instruction in self defense.

ADJECTIVE

I've got a feeling. But it doesn't
matter either way. Let's not get
distracted by drama.

NOUN

(sighing, to Adjective)

You're right.

(to the girls waiting for
them)

You here to learn how to fight?

(some low "yeahs")

Let me tell you where we're coming
from. These girls? Me? We're all
what they call "survivors." We were
"victims." And we decided that we
would rather die than be victims
again. So that's how we fight. Like
it's us or them. Life or death.

NIKKI

Prove it.

ADJECTIVE

What? You came to us.

NIKKI

Yeah, I know what you can do, but
some of my friends haven't seen it.

PREPOSITION

Okay. Who's the toughest here? Bring
it. I won't hurt you. Much.

A very tough looking girl, Maria, stands up from where she was sitting. She is bigger than the rest.

MARIA

Let's see what you got.

Maria walks up like she's going to shake hands, but then swings on Preposition. Camera goes slow motion. Preposition moves aside. Maria swings again. And Preposition watches it go by. A third time. No contact. Frustrated, Maria tries to tackle her. Preposition grabs an arm and flips Maria, ungainly legs flying through the air. Still holding the arm as Maria lands, Preposition hooks an ankle under Maria's chin, pulls her up a little, pinning Maria's neck behind her knee, then sinks into a squat. Maria's blood flow to her brain is cut off, and she passes out. Camera goes back to regular speed. Preposition stands up. Maria just flops on the ground. The group of girls are stunned, impressed, and horrified.

PREPOSITION

See? Didn't hurt her at all.

NIKKI

(rushing to Maria's side)

The fuck you didn't! I wanted a demo, not a murder!

Maria starts to move, wakes up. The other girls look between her and the POS, wondering what Maria's reaction is going to be.

MARIA

You got to show me how you did that.

Nikki and the other girls start laughing.

NIKKI

Yeah, show us how you did that.

NOUN

Alright. Let's do it. Everyone face a partner. Give yourself some space. We're going to start with some basics, and we'll see what happens.

montage: The girls throw each other over their shoulders, trap wrists in submission holds, learn choke holds, punch each other in the face to get used to it. We see dirty, scratched, bleeding, sweating, laughing, shouting, vibrant, beautiful, physical girls.

The camera rises out of the Smoke Spot, looks across to the athletic field where the football team is practicing.

67 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON**67**

The players are lined up against some tackling dummies. The dummies have been dressed in long-haired wigs.

COACH RUST

Are you men?! Will you let females
demean you? Hike!

A row of players tackles the dummies with violence and anger. It's frightening. The next row of players takes their place. The camera gets close ups of their faces. Compared to the girls, these boys are just as dirty, just as sweaty, but they are not having a good time. They are angry, frustrated, and ugly.

COACH RUST

Are you men?! Will you let females
take your reputation? Hike!

This row of players attacks the dummies in the same way. We see Little Rust laughing and filming the scene on his phone. He stops recording and pockets his phone.

68 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD STADIUM - AFTERNOON**68**

Ezekial is watching the team. He can hear Coach Rust asking his players if they are men. He can hear the cheerleaders practicing a cheer called "Be Aggressive". He sees his brother get attention and high fives. He looks back towards the Smoke Spot. He looks back at the football field. He's torn.

69 EXT. THE SMOKE SPOT - AFTERNOON**69**

The POS are wrapping up their first practice.

NOUN

Nice job! We'll see you here
tomorrow!

Pronoun and Verb run into the Smoke Spot.

VERB

(serious, upset)
You have to see this.

NOUN

And you have to see what these girls
can do already!

VERB

(more serious)
 No. Like, now. We got to get to Ms.
 Terry.

Verb and Pronoun turn and start running back towards the school. The rest of the POS give each other worried looks and follow.

70 INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

70

As the POS run in the front door of the school, Ms. Terry is coming out of the front office. She is wiping away angry tears.

VERB
 Ms. Terry! We need to talk!

Ms. Terry glances back at the office, where the secretaries are watching disapprovingly.

MS. TERRY
 Not here.

71 INT. MS. TERRY'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

71

Ms. Terry and the POS bust into the classroom and Ms. Terry slams the door.

MS. TERRY
 I just got a letter of reprimand in my file for "disrespecting my supervisors" and being "difficult to manage." For going to the police about my assault!

VERB
 Hate to make your day worse, but you should see this. This is from this afternoon's football practice.

Ms. Terry and the other POS get to see both the end of Coach Rust's speech and a clip of the dressed-up tackling dummies.

MS. TERRY
 This feels unsafe. Right? But what do we do? I can't go to Principal Ogenies. I can't go to the cops....I'm trapped. How do I get out of this?

PREPOSITION

The options are still on the table:
run or fight. No shame in either
one.

MS. TERRY

I want to fight.

PREPOSITION

Me too.

ADVERB

Let's go grocery shopping! We're
staying with you this week. You're
not going to be alone. And Saturday
morning, you're going to wake up,
and this is all going to be over. I
think.

72 INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

72

The POS and Ms. Terry walk down the aisles with a cart. They are having a good time. The POS are throwing in whatever they want: boxes of cereal, pop tarts, candy; Ms. Terry is putting some of that back, and she is adding vegetables, to their feigned horror.

73 INT/EXT. MS. TERRY'S CAR - EVENING

73

They are all packed together in the car, smiling and singing along to a song, as they pull into Ms. Terry's driveway. Then they stop smiling.

74 EXT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - EVENING

74

The house has been vandalized. They get out of the car. Toilet paper and eggs mark the front of the house. Someone has spray painted "Bitch" on her front door. Her driveway and sidewalk have a bunch of spray-painted penises. There is a moment of quiet as everyone absorbs the damage.

ADJECTIVE

Ms. Terry. I don't like what you've
done to the place.

The tension is broken. Everyone laughs so hard that they have to wipe away tears.

75 EXT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

75

montage with upbeat, happy music: A car pulls up to Ms. Terry's house, its headlights lights off, and three teen boys jump out with some cartons of eggs. Adjective, Adverb, Preposition, and Verb stand up from the bushes, take the eggs, inflict some damage on the boys, and send them scurrying for their car. Another car pulls up, and as the boys get out, spray paint in their hands, they are met with a barrage of eggs. Trying to ward off the eggs flying at their faces, they drop the spray paint, and are attacked by the POS, who inflict some damage before they can get away in the car. The POS wait. When the next group pulls up, the POS spike the spray cans with knives and throw the venting cans through the open windows like grenades. The boys tear away into the night, screaming, paint clouding everything in the car.

76 INT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

76

Ms. Terry, Pronoun, Noun, and Conjunction are scrolling through the hacked video files. The computer is facing them.

NOUN

Boring. Next.

All four wince and squint and turn a little away from the computer screen as Pronoun opens the next video. They all yell in alarm at the same time. Pronoun taps frantically on the keyboard.

MS. TERRY

What the hell is wrong with these boys? Why are they always taking videos of *that*?

There is an upbeat knock on the front door. Ms. Terry goes to answer it.

MS. TERRY

Hello?

VERB

(from outside)

Time to switch!

Ms. Terry opens the door. The four POS come in.

ADJECTIVE

You finding good stuff on the videos?

MS. TERRY

Oh, lots of incriminating stuff, but not as much as..

(she grimaces)

ADJECTIVE

What does that mean?

Pronoun turns the computer screen towards the four POS coming into the house. They all yell and turn their eyes away.

ADVERB

Jesus! How about a warning?! *That's* what you're seeing?

PRONOUN

Finding the good stuff is like finding a needle in a haystack.

NOUN

A short haystack.

CONJUNCTION

With very small straws.

The four POS who came in the door look at each other, nod, and head right back out the door as the POS in the room yell "No! No! Nonononono! Our turn! Our turn!"

77 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS - MORNING

77

triumphal music: Ms. Terry walks into the school surrounded by the POS. They pass pockets of boys who are bandaged and bruised and who give them angry stares as they go by. The girls who are with the boys stare after them, some angry, some with thoughtful expressions, some admiring. The POS drop Ms. Terry off in her room, leaving Preposition and Adverb with her. They continue down the hallway. A group of unmarred football boys, smirking, turns around from their open lockers to try to intimidate the POS. The POS smile. Cut to the defeated boys willingly putting themselves into their lockers as the POS close the doors on them. The girls standing near the lockers offer the POS high fives.

78 INT. MS. TERRY'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

78

triumphal music cont'd: Football Players 1+2 enter Ms. Terry's classroom with black eyes and neck braces. The seats are about half full. They go to the back row as usual, but their seats already have Preposition and Adverb's stuff on them. The players look at the POS, who shake their heads. The players move forward a row and look at the POS, who shake their heads no.

79 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS - MORNING**79**

triumphal music cont'd: Coach Rust comes walking down the hallway towards them with his son. When Little Rust sees them, he gets behind his father. Other students get out of their way. The POS stare at Coach Rust, unafraid. Coach Rust bears down on them. The POS keep coming too. Adverb flexes her fingers and mouths "Now?" Coach Rust has a flashback to the beating they already gave him. He stands aside, but he's furious, emasculated. Little Rust doesn't understand why his dad stood aside.

80 INT. MS. TERRY'S CLASSROOM - MORNING**80**

triumphal music cont'd: Football Player 1+2 are at the front row of desks. They look at the two POS, who still shake their heads "no." Frustrated, they wonder where they're supposed to sit. The POS point invitingly to the floor. The players think about arguing. The POS smile at the thought. The two football players sullenly sit on the floor. The girls in the class stare at each other, then give the POS appreciative nods.

81 INT. CAFETERIA - NOON**81**

The POS are all sitting together with Ms. Terry at a lunch table. Ms. Terry is a little nervous. The POS are talking to each other, but are very aware of their surroundings. Other students are talking about them, looking at them.

NOUN

I think the word is out.

PREPOSITION

Things are going well.

CONJUNCTION

Hey, there's Ezekial. Ezekial!

Ezekial comes over, a little self conscious.

ADJECTIVE

You want to join us?

EZEKIAL

Um, my brother wants me to hang out with him in the weight room, eat lunch there.

ADJECTIVE

Ezekial, you really think it's a good idea to hang out with the football team right now? It seems

like they're making a lot of poor choices. What are you doing?

EZEKIAL
(looking uncomfortable)
He's my brother.

CONJUNCTION
What if we had proof that your brother has done some bad things?

EZEKIAL
Proof?

ADJECTIVE
Proof.

Ezekial turns away, takes a step, then turns around to face the group.

EZEKIAL
I thought you were my friends!
(then glancing at
Conjunction wistfully)
Or something.
(to everyone again)
But family is more important than friends, and if I have to choose one over the other, I'm choosing my brother. Fuck you guys.

Verb shoots a hand out, holding him by the wrist.

PRONOUN
Not a guy.

EZEKIAL
(starting to raise his voice)
Not a guy! Not a girl! You're a freak!
(yelling now)
You're all freaks! My brother is right! And I'm sorry I ever met you!

The cafeteria falls silent. Everyone is looking.

MS. TERRY
Let him go.

Verb releases Ezekial's arm, and he disappears into the crowd.

ADJECTIVE

I got a bad feeling.

CONJUNCTION

I agree.

NOUN

Trauma. It'll fuck you up all sorts of ways; ways you can see, and ways you don't even realize.

82 INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

82

Camera is on Coach Rust as he enters the locker room, clipboard in hand, ready to make one of his speeches. As he reaches the front of the room, the camera shows us his team. About half the players are suited up. The other half are impaired by various injuries, bandages, bruises, crutches, splints, and casts.

COACH RUST

The fuck happened to all of you?

No one answers. People look at each other or look down.

COACH RUST (CONT'D)

No. You're not telling me that a handful of females did this to you?

(silence)

I thought you were men.

(screaming)

I thought you were men! Get out! Hit the field! Four laps and start stretching! Wolf Pack! Get out! Out!

His team gets up sullenly, starts moving slowly towards the exit.

COACH RUST (CONT'D)

(out of control screaming)

Out! Out!

Coach Rust starts pushing players. People fall over, trip.

83 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

83

Players fan out of the locker room, Coach Rust behind them, screaming "Out!" as he pushes players forward, knocks them down. They start to run, but Coach Rust is chasing them, willing them to run faster, harder, but as he gets closer, they veer off the track to escape him. The camera rises to watch curlicues of players drifting away from an incensed, insane Coach Rust, all direction lost. We see a reduced

cheerleader squad. And the camera looks towards the Smoke Spot and starts to zoom in, shooting over the heads of lines of girls heading for where the POS await them.

music like Emmy Meli's "I Am Woman" starts to play.

84 EXT. THE SMOKE SPOT - AFTERNOON

84

Line after line of girls face Verb, who is throwing short combinations of punches, then waiting for everyone to copy her. There are cheerleaders dressed for practice in the group. Verb's breath and grunts are loud.

VERB
(throwing a punch)
Hooah!

ALL THE GIRLS
(throwing a punch)
HOOAH!

85 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

85

Coach Rust has his hands on his knees, panting. His players are spread out, fearful, looking over at him, many of them bandaged and beaten. In the distance, he hears the girls' "HOOAH." He stands. And snarls in their direction.

COACH RUST
(panting)
Practice is cancelled! Be here tomorrow with a better attitude, or God help me, this season is over. And somebody better do something about those girls!

86 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD STADIUM - AFTERNOON

86

Ezekial is looking out at the disaster on the football field, and he sees his brother throw his helmet and sit down, his head in his hands. He looks over his shoulder toward the Smoke Spot. He looks back at his brother. He makes a decision and runs towards his brother.

EZEKIAL
Hey Daniel!

87 INT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

87

PREPOSITION

Anyone want first watch?

Verb raises her hand high and wiggles it.

ADVERB

I'll join you.

ADJECTIVE

I'll come too!
(leans in for a side hug)

ADVERB

Mmm. I need to focus if I'm out there, and you are just too distracting.
(kisses her on forehead)

All the POS say "Oooo!" and Adjective and Adverb blush.

MS. TERRY

Oh my god, you two are too cute.

PREPOSITION

Okay, the rest of us will stay in here and try to sort through more videos. Friday's coming fast.

NOUN

I'll nap for second watch.

CONJUNCTION

That sounds good to me, too.

PREPOSITION

It's a plan. Ready? Break!

88 EXT. MS. TERRY'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

88

Verb and Adverb are hidden in the front yard. It's quiet. An occasional car drives by, which Verb and Adverb watch, but nothing happens. Inside, they hear yells and muted laughter and sounds of "Not again! Turn it off!" Then an unmarked police car drives by. His window is down. There are quick glimpses of the inside of the car: the radio, the computer, the badge, the gun. The cop, OFFICER JANKOVICH, looks at the house as he drives by.

VERB

Fuck.

ADVERB

What?

VERB
 (nonchalant)
 That's the cop that raped me.

The cop car slows, pulls up across the road a few houses down, and turns its lights off. We can see the officer's face reflected in the rear view mirror.

ADVERB
 I do not like this.

89 INT. MS. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

89

Everyone is laughing.

PRONOUN
 (scrolling through the
 file names)
 Please no more dick videos!...Wait.
 This is strange. A bunch of
 different phones all have the same
 big file. How far back do they
 go...It looks like something they
 were sharing back and forth ...
 since ... July. Maybe. Yeah, July.

They open the file. We can't see the video. We only see the POS's reaction. We hear boys' laughter, music: a party. Ms. Terry suddenly stands bolt upright.

MS. TERRY
 (horrified)
 Chelsea!

NOUN
 Who?

CONJUNCTION
 It's the cheerleader from the first
 assembly. The one who unalived
 herself.

MS. TERRY
 What's wrong with her?

ADJECTIVE
 She looks drugged.

We hear more laughter from the boys.

CONJUNCTION
 I do not like where this is going.
 Stop. Stop. Open one of the other

file. Is it the same thing?

Pronoun shuts one file and the sound stops. They open another file. We hear the same sounds.

MS. TERRY
(sinking back into her
chair, whispering)
Chelsea.

ADJECTIVE
How many phones had this file?

PRONOUN
A lot. Maybe all of them?

The party sounds continue.

CONJUNCTION
That's Little Rust! And Daniel,
Ezekial's brother!

We hear someone say "Bring her back here." A door shuts and the party sounds decrease. We hear gleeful giggling. "Coach was right! That shit really works! She's totally out of it!" "Who's going first?!" "No wait, let's get all the guys in here!" "Ezekial! Bring the camera over here!"

The POS's faces fall in shock. We hear "Someone grab her legs so I can get her pants off." And the POS and Ms. Terry start crying, some quietly and stoically, some sobbing, but they don't look away until Adjective stumbles up, sobbing deep from her belly, and heads for the door.

90 EXT. MS. TERRY'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

90

Verb and Adverb are crouched in the front yard when two pickup trucks come careening around the corner. They stop outside the house in slow motion and handguns come out the window. At the same time, Adjective throws open the front door, sobbing.

ADJECTIVE
(screaming and crying into
the night)
Adverb! Adverb!

The guns fire. Windows break out. Adjective is hit and falls down. Adverb screams. Little Rust, in the bed of the closer truck, lights a Molotov cocktail and prepares to throw it with his good arm. Verb leaps into the back of the truck, kicks his leg so that he falls, grabs the cocktail, throws it at the first truck, where someone is still firing a gun: the

bed of the first pickup lights on fire. In the light of the flames, Adverb sees in the large side-view mirror that the driver is Coach Rust. He speeds away, his truck still on fire. Verb jumps from the bed of the second truck onto the arm of the driver holding a gun out the window, breaking it: the gun falls to the ground. It's Daniel. He's screaming about his arm. She reaches in, punches Daniel in the face, throws the door open intending to do more, but stops short when she sees Ezekial in the passenger seat, looking frightened, sad, angry.

EZEKIAL
 (to Daniel)
 Go! Go! Go!

Daniel recovers enough to press the gas. The truck burns rubber; Verb and Adverb jump away. As the two stand there for a moment, breathing hard, the cop car swings a u-turn and drives right by the house, in the opposite direction of the trucks, lights off, the cop staring them in the eyes as he passes, sending them a message.

ADVERB
 (remembering)
 Adjective!

Verb and Adverb run to Adjective, who is surrounded by the other POS. Adjective is shot in the upper arm. No bones hit. The bullet went right through. She's bleeding, but she's okay.

MS. TERRY
 We have to get her to the hospital.

ADJECTIVE
 No, I'll be fine. There's going to be a few boys heading there right now, and I'd rather not run into them again tonight. We have more important things to do.

ADVERB
 What? Fuck them. We can take them. What could be more important than patching you up?!

ADJECTIVE
 Chelsea.

91 INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

91

A lot of the football team is suited up, but a lot of them are just in their jerseys, bandages on their arms, or legs,

or heads. Coach Rust is at the front of the room.

COACH RUST

Sometimes, life just sends you a gut punch. Sometimes, life isn't fair. Sometimes, bad things happen to you for no good reason. And that's when we get to choose: are we men?! Are we men?!

(the team yells weakly)

It's been a tough week. I admit it. The shit hit the fan. We didn't accomplish all our goals. I could have done better by you. But that's for next week! Tonight is for you! Tonight is Homecoming! It's true we have some injuries! It's true we're down some starters! But that just means the rest of us have to play with heart! With soul! With intensity! Real men don't back down when life says, "No"! They don't take no for an answer! They do not ask for consent! Real men get what they want! So the question I have for you is "Do you want it?".

(players cheer)

Do you want it?!

(players cheer)

Then go get it! Hit the field! Wolf Pack!

The players start to run or limp out of the locker room.

92 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

92

The football team comes out onto the field. The Wolf Pack stands are full of fans with painted faces and Wolf Pack jerseys. In the stands, we see an entire community: the school bus driver and the safety monitor, the four Sleazes and the waitress from the IHOP, all the hurt football players on the sidelines like Grabby Boy and Football Player 1 and 2, male teachers who ogled the cheerleaders at the first assembly, Principal Ogenies, the front-office secretaries, and the janitor. As the team crosses the field to do their warmups or stand injured on the sidelines, the announcer starts talking.

ANNOUNCER

And here comes the Wolf Pack! It's a special night in the Rage Cage. Happy Howwwwwmcoming! Welcome students, parents, and alumni! We

are glad you are here, continuing the proud traditions that make this place your home. Speaking of traditions, look for the 50/50 raffle tonight. One of us is going home with a lot of cash, and all proceeds go to the Football Booster Club. Gooooo Wolf Pack!

Coach Rust comes out on the field, and the crowd gives him some applause. He acknowledges it and heads over to the non-digital "score-flipper" scoreboard on the sidelines to talk with the two teens in charge of displaying the score.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Speaking of the Booster Club, one of their goals is a new jumbotron, which is still out of service. We're going back to the traditional ways tonight, folks! Can I hear a "tradition" on three? One! Two! Three!

The crowd yells "Tradition!" The announcer keeps talking, Coach Rust turns and looks at the opposing team sidelines, but there's no one there.

ANNOUNCER

And speaking of tradition we have a special guest tonight! Coach Eton is making a good recovery after his accident. Let's welcome him back to his field!

Coach Eton is on the sidelines in a wheelchair. He is very bruised. He raises his broken arm to gingerly wave his hand. The crowd applauds as Coach Rust jogs over to his assistants to ask if they know where the other team is, but they don't know.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Not sure where Bartlett High is. Either running late or running scared! Wolf Pack has been having quite the season!

We see the POS and Ms. Terry in the stands, off to the side.

PREPOSITION

(as if talking to Coach Rust)

They're not coming because you sent them an email canceling the game, Coach. You just don't know it yet.

The POS look grim. Preposition makes a cutting motion, Pronoun presses a button on their computer, and the announcer's voice is cut off. We see him tapping his mic, checking his cables. Pronoun is looking at Preposition, who nods. Pronoun presses a button. The jumbotron turns on.

There is a red-eyed man on the screen, identified with a caption: "Mark Davis, Chelsea's Dad." People in the stands shush each other. On the field, we can barely hear Coach Rust yelling, "Turn it off! Turn it off!"

MARK DAVIS

Good evening, and welcome to Homecoming. You may not know me, but most of you knew who my daughter was, Chelsea Davis.

He breaks down for a second, then recovers. Everyone is silent, rapt, watching.

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)

My daughter tragically took her own life, and mine with it. She seemed so happy. Until she wasn't. And we didn't know why. We wondered what we'd done wrong. And it was a lot of things. But there was one thing we didn't know about. We didn't know. But we do now.

He breaks again, but he keeps going through his ugly tears.

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)

And so tonight, I'd like to introduce your Wolf Pack team in the order that they raped my little girl!

The crowd goes still in shock. We see their faces as we hear the same words as before: "Coach was right! That shit really works! She's totally out of it!" "Who's going first?!" "No wait, let's get all the guys in here!" "Ezekial! Bring the camera over here!" The people in the stands are all looking at each other in some confusion. We do not see the images on the jumbotron.

Then people scream. They cover the eyes of their children. They cover their faces with their hands. Mark Davis's voice pierces the bedlam.

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)

At quarterback, number 23, is Bryan Gamble, son of Mary and Jacob Gamble.

We see people sitting in the stands turn to look at a couple:
MARY and JACOB GAMBLE.

MARY GAMBLE
(broken)
Bryan?! You fucker!

JACOB GAMBLE
Maybe there's some explanation.
Let's not jump to conclusions.

MARY GAMBLE
Explanation?! You fucker! Our son's
a fucking rapist for everyone to see
and you want a fucking explanation?!
An explanation?! He killed that
girl!

Mary Gamble starts slapping her husband, who cowers. People
around them start throwing things at them, women cheering on
Mary; men protesting for Jacob.

COACH RUST
Turn it OFF!

Everyone is screaming. People are trying get out of the
stands. The unrest around the Gambles grows, and people in
the stands are starting to push each other, some trying to
get away, some women hitting men.

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)
Number 69 is David Rust, known as
Little Rust, son of Christy and
Coach Rust.

Coach Rust is searching for his son, finds him, and starts to
hustle him off the field.

COACH RUST
(desperate, insane)
No! NO!

Women start to storm the field and accost the players. Maria,
Nikki, and Savannah stand up from where they were sitting,
raise their hands in the air, and roar "HOOAH!" From
everywhere in the stands, girls stand up and roar "HOOAH!"
Some of their boyfriends try to sit them back down. Those
boys are the first to fall to the girls' fists as the girls
use the basic techniques the POS taught them in the Smoke
Spot: we see flips, choke holds, punch combinations. Women
and girls start to rush the team bench. Men come out of the
stands to get in front of and protect the football team. But
behind their lines, the cheerleaders turn and start to fight
the already-battered team. The men start trying to push the

women and girls back. It is a brawl. Things are out of control.

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)
Number 15 is Daniel Martenson, son
of Sally and Joe Martenson.

CHEERLEADER
(punching a downed player)
Be aggressive! B! E! Aggressive!

Officer Jankovich joins the Coach and Little Rust. He points to the POS and Ms. Terry sitting in the stands. The football field is in chaos. The three of them head behind the stands.

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)
(breaking down more)
Number 20 is Chad Armour, son of
Elizabeth and Justin Armour.

A MOM walks up to the frightened Coach Eton.

MOM
I bet I know why your team thought
raping people was okay. You remember
me, Coach? You remember what you did
to me?

He shakes his head, points to his wired jaw, and puts out an imploring hand. Mom tackles Coach Eton. His chair tips over, and she starts punching him.

MOM
(in time to her punches)
I've! Had! To! Watch! You! Treated!
With! Respect! You motherfucker!

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)
(almost incomprehensible)
Number 3 is Bryan Armstrong, son of
Sydney and Andrew Armstrong.

The girls rage out of the stands, through the crowd of women, and start to decimate the men standing between the angry crowd and the football players.

MARK DAVIS (CONT'D)
(just sobbing)

Officer Jankovich and the Rusts approach the POS from behind. Little Rust gets out his phone and starts to record, grinning. The cop draws his gun.

OFFICER JANKOVICH

Don't move.

The POS look over their shoulders.

OFFICER JANKOVICH (CONT'D)

One at a time, climb down and stand back here. Don't touch your phones.

The POS don't protest. Pronoun closes their computer, puts it away, and slings the case over their shoulder. One at a time, they climb down, stand where they're told. Little Rust and Coach Rust give the same grin.

COACH RUST

(to POS)

Not so tough now, are you?! You fucking bitches, you think you've ruined everything?

(to Officer Jankovich)

Football locker room.

The cop makes a motion with his gun, and the POS start to move towards the locker room, out of sight of the field.

COACH RUST

You thought you were so smart. You think you destroyed me and my family. But we're going to build back better because of you.

The truck Daniel was driving from the shooting at Ms. Terry's house is parked in the grass near the entrance to the locker rooms. Coach Rust jogs over and grabs a container of gasoline from the back of the truck as he goes by.

93 INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

93

The POS and Ms. Terry enter the locker room, followed by Officer Jankovich with gun out, Coach Rust with a gas can, and Little Rust with his phone, recording.

Coach Rust looks around. Sees the gear cage, full of pads and tackling dummies. He unlocks the padlock with a key, opens the door, and the POS and Ms. Terry are waved inside. Officer Jankovich waves them away from the door with his gun. He closes the door and locks the padlock. The three men step back to survey their handiwork. Little Rust is behind all of them, recording unnoticed.

COACH RUST

You're trapped. Your ninja skills can't help you now, you bitch pieces of shit!

NOUN

We're not pieces of shit.

CONJUNCTION

Why are you doing this? What can you possibly gain from locking us up? It's over!

COACH RUST

Gain? You've tried to take everything from me. What do I have to gain? Everything!

VERB

Hey, Officer Jankovich. Remember me?

Officer Jankovich looks at her closely, then shakes his head.

OFFICER JANKOVICH

No. Who the fuck are you?

VERB

You remember a girl you caught shoplifting? You remember what you did to her in the back of your car?

Officer Jankovich's eyes widen. He kind of grins guiltily.

VERB (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. You remember. Maybe I'd feel better about it if you apologized.

OFFICER JANKOVICH

Yeah, I'm real sorry, kid. But you had such a sweet ass. Low-hanging fruit, kid. Easy pickings. No one cared about you then. No one cares about you now.

VERB

You don't sound sorry.

OFFICER JANKOVICH

(snorts)

Let's put them out of their misery already.

Coach Rust starts pouring gasoline on the ground in front of the cage, then put the half-empty container on the ground. Out of sight, Pronoun has opened their computer and is watching Little Rust.

COACH RUST

Here's the story. We saw you start the riot using fake video, trying to destroy good people's reputations! You ran in here with a can of gas intending to burn down the school you hate! We chased you, but we were too late: you'd already started the fire. When you saw us, you locked yourself in the gear pen so that we couldn't get you. But you're too stupid to realize that you couldn't get out, and so you died in the fire you started!

Coach Rust pulls out a match, lights it, and drops it in the gas.

COACH RUST

Bye girls. It's a sacrifice, but know that it's not in vain! The insurance money is going to build us a whole new school, a whole new stadium! Thank you for your service!

Little Rust stops recording, pockets his phone.

LITTLE RUST

Looks like we win, girls.

PRONOUN

(to themselves)
Not a girl.

Next to her, her computer bings the alert that a file has been received.

PRONOUN

And ...
(they press a button)
forwarded to the FBI.

The Rusts and Officer Jankovich admire their work for a moment, then turn and run out to the athletic field. The fire is burning up the sides of the cage, burning under the door.

NOUN

Keys!

Ms. Terry hands Noun the ring of keys that Coach Eton left behind in her room. Noun looks through the ring, grabs the lock through the flames, and reaches into the flames to try one of the keys. It doesn't work. The other POS have crouched back against the wall. Noun steps back, chooses a different

key, and grabs the lock again. Her hands sizzle. Her face doesn't twitch.

VERB

(to Ms. Terry)

Noun's the toughest of us.

Noun's clothes start to burn. She ignores it and opens the lock.

NOUN

Stay back!

Jumping through the flames, she runs to the far wall, grabs the fire extinguisher, and puts out the fire. The POS leap through the wall of smoke and head for the exit. Noun sinks down to the ground, her burned hands held in front of her. Ms. Terry and Pronoun run over to her.

NOUN

Don't worry about me. Doesn't hurt.
Disassociation. The superpower I
never wanted.

94 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD DOORS - AFTERNOON

94

slow motion: Verb, Adjective, Adverb, Conjunction, and Preposition come out the smoking doors like dogs from hell. Their teeth are bared, their sprint is efficient, and they are eager to kill. The Rusts and Officer Jankovich have stopped on the field, not having gone far, looking at the chaos, and don't see them coming. The five girls tackle them from behind, and the men rag doll to the ground. Verb gets in a couple punches, then gets out Officer Jankovich's cuffs and locks him to Coach Rust. She pulls his gun out of the holster and throws it aside. Little Rust is pulled to his feet. The dazed men are kicked, prodded, bullied, and punched back into the locker room...

95 INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

95

...and into the smoking gear pen. Adverb grabs the can of gas and puts it in the gear pen. Then they close and lock the door, handling the hot lock gingerly. Pronoun turns on the recording that Little Rust just made, and the men can hear their confessions.

PREPOSITION

Now you motherfuckers have a choice.
The FBI has your entire confession
on video. You lose, losers. Your
careers are over. Hell, your lives

are over. You'll always be known as the rapists of children. When you go to jail, you will be spit on by the worst of men. Your reputations are trash. You will never be able to show your faces in any town ever again. So I'm going to point your attention to that can of gas.... You have a choice. Blaze of glory? Or life of shame? You decide how your story ends.

The POS turn their backs on the three men in the cage and walk towards the door. Behind them, we can hear a scuffle and some splashing.

LITTLE RUST/OFFICER JANKOVICH
Dad! No! What are you doing! Stop!
Put the lighter down! Give me the keys! The keys!

COACH RUST
(sounding insane)
I'm a real man! A real man!

96 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD DOORS - AFTERNOON

96

The POS and Ms. Terry walk out the doors. We can still hear the men in the cage, then the sound of a fire starting, and then they start to scream. Smoke starts to billow out of the doors, followed by tongues of flame. The screams continue. The POS do not look back.

VERB
Now you sound sorry.

They find Ezekial sitting alone, on the edge of things, crying.

CONJUNCTION
What the fuck, Ezekial?

Ezekial looks at them and groans.

EZEKIAL
(crying turns to sobbing)
I just wanted to be somebody. Why did he do that to me? I just want to be a man. Why did he do that to me? I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He is lost in despair, in terrible memories, in regret. His abject despair makes them pause.

VERB

He sounds sorry.

ADVERB

He was with them when they shot
Adjective. And he was at the party.
Fuck him.

EZEKIAL

(still sobbing)

That was after what... that was when
I was... I'm so sorry. I'll never
make it up to you.

ADJECTIVE

(putting a soothing hand
on Adverb's arm)

I don't know. Most of us have done
things we regret when we were
healing. You know?

NOUN

I've seen men cry when they're
caught. I'm not sure this means
anything.

They all look at each other. They shrug: a decision is made.

CONJUNCTION

We missed you, Ezekial. Get your
shit together, and maybe come talk
to us later.

MS. TERRY

But be ready to talk about what it
means to be a man.

ADJECTIVE

250 words?

MS. TERRY

(smiling)

To start with.

They leave Ezekial behind and keep walking. Principal Ogenies
is standing in the middle of the chaos. Football players are
beaten up and moaning. Grown men are passed out. Men are
being chased by packs of women and girls. Adults are shouting
at each other. They walk up to her.

MS. TERRY

Principal Ogenies! You should do
something. This doesn't look like a
very "safe, positive, and

stimulating" educational
environment. But I know a way to
make things better!

PRINCIPAL OGENIES
(a little disoriented)
What? What is it?

Ms. Terry launches a vicious uppercut that takes the old
woman into the air and crumples her on the ground.

MS. TERRY
(rubbing her knuckles)
I feel safer and more positive
already!

Everyone smiles and continues walking.

MS. TERRY
Let's see if Noun can beat the line
to the hospital, and then
afterwards, what do you think about
IHOP?

The camera rises, first taking in the continued chaos on the
field, then the jam of cars stuck trying to escape the
parking lot, the school on fire, and then the lights of
emergency vehicles coming from all directions.

NOUN (V.O.)

We're the Parts of Speech!

CONJUNCTION (V.O.)

Together, we can do anything.

FADE OUT

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