

"15 TO LIFE"

FADE IN:

INT. ARLO'S BEDROOM - DAY 1

TITLE, "15 TO LIFE", over:

A colorful l.p. cover in the hands of a teenage boy. It's Springsteen's "Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J." The cover whips OUT OF FRAME to reveal spinning vinyl.

The needle DROPS in a well-played groove: "Growing Up." The lyrics, about defiance and rebellion, continue under a 0:40 CREDIT SEQUENCE.

ARLO SOBANSKI, 15, pulls on an Army jacket, nodding dopily to the music next to various classic rock posters (Mott The Hoople/Deep Purple) in his suburban bedroom, tangled hair flying. Arlo is seriously retro. (ACTOR CREDIT)

ANGLE: A pair of bowling shoes on a side table, white 8's painted on each shoe. Arlo's hands whisk them out of frame. Lava lamp on the table, blacklight poster on the wall.

ANGLE: A cold pizza slice on a stereo speaker. Arlo peels it off the speaker and he's out the door.

INT. HALL WITH LOCKERS - DAY 2

Middlebridge High, a mid-sized high school in Anywhere, USA. The beautiful TONI WEAVER, 15, black top, black jeans, dark shades, reads Death In Venice sitting squeezed in her open LOCKER, wearing Walkman headphones. Posters on her locker door: Alice In Chains, P.J. Harvey, The Fall. Toni's the poster child for Alternative Music. (ACTOR CREDIT)

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY 3

Toni delivers a presentation. "The French Revolution" on the blackboard behind her.

ANGLE: A functional guillotine with a crowned DUMMY

stands next to a horrified female TEACHER.

ANGLE: TONI pulls a rope. The dummy's head drops into a basket. The teacher FAINTS. Toni looks pleased.

INT. MATH CLASSROOM - DAY 4

TRUMAN FRENCH, 15, West Indian by way of London, England, sits attentively at his desk in dress shirt and slacks, typing on a laptop computer open before him. He's smart, slick and hip-hop. (ACTOR CREDIT)

ANGLE: the laptop screen. Truman isn't taking notes, he's watching Coolio's "Gangsta's Paradise" (BURN-IN) on CD-ROM video, earplug in one ear, fingers drumming.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - DAY 5

Truman sits on a motorcycle, chatting up a cute GIRL, confidently laying down a line. AN ENORMOUS GUY in leathers with a motorcycle helmet walks into frame. Truman slides apologetically off the guy's bike.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 6

MAYA ROBINSON, 15, a perky blonde in a home-made dress, sits with her HAND UP, cheeks blazing with enthusiasm, waving wildly for the teacher's attention. The bored kids nearby regard her pep with dull disbelief. (ACTOR CREDIT)

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN - DAY 7

Maya sits on the school lawn, a boombox beside her, happily NEEDLEPOINTING a picture. She holds up the frame to admire her picture of KENNY G.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY 8

A SHELF of trophies: football, baseball, track. Hunky SCOTT PRYCE, a 15-year-old Fabio with brains, rises INTO FRAME with a barbell on his shirtless shoulders, and lowers again, barely straining.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY 9

LOW-ANGLE, POV, and TRACKING, as Scott cruises down the hall on his skateboard, Megadeth tee over sweats, Walkman on his belt... Mister Heavy Metal, Mister Popular, trading high-fives and daps as he goes. (ACTOR CREDIT)

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 10

MR. HUTTON teaches Geography as Scott skates THROUGH FRAME past him, handing Hutton a finished essay, spinning the GLOBE as he passes. (ACTOR CREDIT)

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

Kids file into Middlebridge High.

FADE OUT.

*ACT ONE*

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 12

"Layla" (original, not the Unplugged) plays over Arlo napping in class on folded arms. His TEACHER'S droning voice replaces the music:

TEACHER (V/O)  
... does anybody know? Arlo?  
ARLO?

Arlo jerks awake and jumps from his seat in an air-guitar posture.

ARLO  
You got me on my kneeeeeeess!!

TEACHER  
That's fascinating Arlo, but the question was, name the three

stages of digestion.

Laughter from the class.

ARLO

With my Mom's cooking, on your  
knees is the third stage of  
digestion.

SFX: PERIOD BELL.

The kids rise to leave. The teacher waves a stapled  
sheaf of yellow pages; the V.A.Q. Many of the kids are  
carrying the same pages.

TEACHER

Don't forget your Vocational  
Aptitude Questionnaires!

A DUDE catches Arlo on his way out.

DUDE

Hey man, what you gonna put for  
number one?

INSERT: TOP OF ARLO'S FIRST PAGE. It says "NAME."

ARLO

"Arlo Sobanski."

DUDE

Your name's one of the answers?  
Excellent.

EXT. MIDDLEBRIDGE HIGH - DAY

13

Over VARIOUS school shots:

PUBLIC ADDRESS

(V/O)

Would the following students  
please report to Room 107 after  
school... Truman French, Scott  
Pryce, Maya Robinson, Arlo  
Sobanski, Toni Weaver.

Room 107, after school, empty. Maya sits up front and center, hands tapping on her books, nervous. Toni slouches behind dark sunglasses at the back, doodling on a pad. Both girls have the yellow V.A.Q. somewhere in their books. Maya twists around.

MAYA

Okay. I'm going to break the ice, because you haven't. I'm Maya Robinson, 10E, and I have never done anything wrong in my life.

TONI

Gee, we'll be best friends forever, then.

MAYA

Don't you want to sit up front, so you can find out what this is about?

TONI

(continues doodling)

No. I think I'll wait the extra billionth of a second for the sound to travel all the way back here.

MAYA

(freaking out)

I'm totally innocent! You look like you've done something wrong! What have you done that they think I've done?

Toni just stares at her.

(TONI'S CLIP -- THE STRANGLERS: "Get a grip on yourself...")

Arlo and Truman enter, looking around. Truman carries his Powerbook and his V.A.Q. Arlo spots Toni and Maya.

ARLO

Hey, all right. Detention babes!

MAYA

I haven't done anything!

Truman has a pessimistic Cockney delivery:

TRUMAN

Anne Boleyn didn't do nothing,  
she had her head cut off. Nelson  
Mandela fought for freedom, spent  
half his life in jail. Ronnie  
Biggs? Pulls the Great Train  
Robbery and he's living' in a  
chateau in Rio. If you want  
justice you've beamed down to the  
wrong planet. Am I right?

TONI

(deadpan to Maya)

The feet beatings are the worst.  
When they hang us upside-down,  
you're really gonna wish you'd  
worn pants.

MAYA

(panicked)

Oh my God...

Scott skates in, in a KERRANG! t-shirt, backpack.

SCOTT

Hey, dudes, dudettes. Scott  
Pryce.

(firm handshakes)

Captain and point guard for the  
Hoopsters. Captain of the  
debating team, Co-Captain,  
academic decathlon. Junior Class  
President.

A SPARKLE on his smile. Maya gives Scott a moony look.

(MAYA'S CLIP -- JOAN OSBORNE: "What if God was one of  
us?")

ARLO

Arlo Sobanski, mere mortal.

TRUMAN

Truman French. No relation to the dressing, or that fat guy on Family Affair.

MAYA

I'm Maya Robinson.  
(re: Toni)  
She won't tell me her name.

Toni slouches to the front.

TONI

This is obviously some kinda administrative screw-up. I mean...

(TONI'S CLIP -- RADIOHEAD: "What the hell am I doing here? I don't belong here...")

TONI

... what could I possibly have in common with you guys? Mister Laptop...

(Truman)

Jock-o the Wonder Boy,

(Scott)

Little Sally Sunflower,

(Maya)

And a guy with one shoelace.

Sure enough, Arlo has only one shoelace.

ARLO

I gave it to this homeless guy. I like to think I helped him take that first step on the long road back to, you know, shoes.

MAYA

That's beautiful.

TONI

That is sub-dumb.

TRUMAN

So, Morticia, what's your story?

TONI

Toni Weaver.

SCOTT

Weaver. I read one of your poems  
in the school paper. Interesting  
title.

As Scott recalls it:

(SCOTT'S CLIP -- GUNS 'N ROSES: "You're gonna die,  
baby")

Maya cranes her neck for a look at what Toni was  
doodling.

TRUMAN

Yeah, I read that. Quite an  
uplifting message.

(TRUMAN'S CLIP -- 2PAC: "Death around the corner...")

TONI

Please tell me this isn't a  
surprise meeting of my fan club.

INSERT MAYA'S POV: Toni has drawn a grim CARTOON of  
Maya, sitting at her desk, panicking, sweat flying off  
her. Maya is shocked and offended.

Mr. Hutton strides in, florid and industrious, carrying a  
wreath of room keys on a metal hoop.

HUTTON

Good, you're all here.

MAYA

Mister Hutton!

She runs to him in a blind panic.

MAYA

I'm Maya Robinson, 10E? This is a mistake. I have an alibi; I was doing homework! I don't even know these people. And she's drawn a hideously uncomplimentary picture of me!

Scott looks at Toni's drawing.

SCOTT

Primo.

(his bicep)

Could you do a bleeding skull right about here?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

15

Minutes later, standing before a door with no number. The 5 kids watch Hutton fish through his keys.

HUTTON

In ninth grade you were asked what feature you'd add to Middlebridge High. The most popular request was "Mondays off," followed by "less skanky-looking teachers," something I've often wished for myself, ha ha. Those were beyond our purview. But down at thirty-ninth on the list, the five of you all wrote "Radio station."

TONI

That was a year ago.

HUTTON

It took a while for the paperwork.

(this key fits)

Ah. Ladies and gentleman, I give you...

He swings the door open. It's the Black Hole Of Calcutta

inside.

HUTTON

... KMH-Radio!

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

16

A dark moldy space, unused for a decade except for the storage of things no one has wanted for a decade. The kids enter, aghast, as Hutton flicks on a WORKLIGHT.

MAYA

I'll have to bring in my Miracle  
Mop.

HUTTON

What do you think?

(ARLO'S CLIP -- LYNKYRD SKYNYRD: "Smell that smell. The  
smell is all around you...")

ARLO

Interesting *odeur*.

HUTTON

Yes, many moons ago we had a  
Principal who liked to make his  
own beef jerky.

MEATHOOKS hang from the ceiling. The kids wander around  
the dank space, sizing it up.

HUTTON

Awful stuff. Thirteen teachers  
had to be hospitalized.

(shaking his head)

Poor Mrs. Elsinore lay in the  
hallway outside Home Ec, begging  
to be shot. The surplus had to  
be shipped to a third-world  
country for disposal.

TONI

It took a year to process the  
paperwork to give us a filthy  
smelly room no one was using?

HUTTON

Of course there's fixing-up to do, painting, spiders to rout... but that spool of wire left over from when we had the phones put in is all yours.

He indicates a dirty wooden drum of telephone wire.

HUTTON

Don't forget, your Vocational Aptitude Questionnaires are due tomorrow. Who knows, the experience you gain in this small room might lead some of you to promising careers as broadcasters.

TRUMAN

(looks around)

Or hostages.

HUTTON

Oh, and don't eat the cheese out of the rat traps.

MAYA

Rats?

Hutton cheerily exits, leaving them standing there. Scott inspects the spool of wire.

SCOTT

24-gauge unshielded, no good.

(looks up)

This is gonna take some bucks. How's everyone's cash flow situation?

They stare at him.

(TRUMAN'S CLIP -- SPEARHEAD: "There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza...")

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

17

Corner of the cafeteria after school; some other kids study in the b.g. Maya, Toni and Arlo at a table.

ARLO

I've got a job, like, digging a swimming pool in our yard with a shovel, but my Dad's only paying me fifty cents an hour...

TONI

Why are we even talking about this? It's impossible.

ARLO

... It was going great til I hit cement. First I thought it was an old Roman road, then I found this root beer can...

TONI

I mean, we might as well try to grow wheat in our gym bags.

(indicating Arlo)

Although you probably could in his.

MAYA

You should really try to overcome your negativity. We have to ask ourselves "What would Joan Baez do?"

ARLO

(in his own world)

... and I think the Romans drank their root beer out of, like, flagons.

Truman and Scott join them, carrying some papers, pencils, a tape measure.

SCOTT

Okay, we can probably bum a CD player, but we're still gonna need a mike, an amp, lumber and

glass for a booth, and a transmitter.

TRUMAN

Figuring everything's second-hand, we've gotta raise a thousand bucks.

TONI

Right. Or we could sit in a circle and chant until it appears before us in the mouth of a golden horse.

MAYA

How can you be so young and so cynical? Are you getting enough filberts at home?

TONI

Life blows. Smell the chunks, okay?

MAYA

"Smell the chunks"?? Eeeeew!

SCOTT

Dudes, we've gotta get a positive vibe going here. This is my chance to bring some righteous speed metal to the masses.

Scott does a little air guitar, hair flying.

(SCOTT'S CLIP -- PANTERA, "Primal Concrete Sledge")

MAYA

Speed metal? Isn't that that really loud music? I was thinking of something everybody could enjoy.

(MAYA'S CLIP -- THE BRADY BUNCH: "It's a sunshine day...")

ARLO

I gotta agree with Betty  
Homemaker on this one. We should  
be playing Zep, Jimmy, T-Rex.  
The true poets.

(ARLO'S CLIP -- T-REX: "I have never kissed a car  
before, it's like a door...")

TONI

Or! How about someone who's  
actually still *alive*?

TRUMAN

Yeah. Coolio, Tha Dogg Pound,  
something with deeper social  
significance.

(TRUMAN CLIP -- GEORGE CLINTON: "Open the door, get on  
the floor, everybody walk the dinosaur.")

TONI

I was thinking more like Nine  
Inch Nails, Rancid, Garbage...

MAYA

"Rancid Garbage"? Don't any of  
you people like nice music?

SCOTT

If we don't raise the grand,  
there won't be any music.

TRUMAN

My brother says if I can sell his  
car I can keep anything I clear  
over two hundred bucks.

MAYA

Great! What kind is it?

TRUMAN

RCB.

MAYA

Is that a Chrysler?

TRUMAN

Nah, a Rusty Crap Box.

ARLO

(hits his forehead)

Bong! What are we *thinking*?  
We've got chicks! Let's set up a  
kissing booth! "Lip-A-Palooza!"  
Five bucks a tongue wrestle!

TONI

Why don't we set up an  
Electrocute-The-Sexist-Dullard  
booth?

ARLO

No way, I don't go for hurting  
ducks.

MAYA

Big idea! Big idea!

They're up for it...

MAYA

A good old-fashioned... bake  
sale!

Deflation.

TRUMAN

Oh, yeah.

(re: Toni)

I can really picture Wednesday  
Addams in a frilly apron,  
dolloping black frosting on a  
macaroon in the shape of Eddie  
Vedder.

Arlo and Scott laugh. Maya feels ganged-up-on.

MAYA

Well I don't hear you guys coming  
up with anything except snide  
remarks and pointless anecdotes  
about root beer!

ARLO

Hey, that came from deep inside.

SCOTT

Look, we can squabble later. But if we pull this together, instead of rotting in study hall we can spend every morning, every lunch hour, every spare... hanging out in our own private room, playing tunes.

This thought cancels their differences...

(GROUP CLIP -- LIVE AID: "We Are The World...")

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

18

Next day. The kids minus Arlo gather on an old couch and some cheap chairs draped in painter's drop-cloths. Paint supplies lie around, most of the garbage has been green-bagged. Looks like the set for an MTV talk show.

MAYA

Okay, I'm secretary-treasurer, Truman's in charge of equipment and materials, Scott is staff liaison, and as long as she promises not to be too dreary, Toni gets to decorate the room.

TRUMAN

She liked it the way it was.

SCOTT

Where's Arlo?

(MAYA'S CLIP -- KATHY LEE GIFFORD: "Somewhere over the rainbow...")

MAYA

Where is he when he's here?

SCOTT

He said something about raising

money.

TRUMAN

He's probably selling the other shoelace.

Arlo staggers in, holding his head, toting a cardboard sign. He's wearing a white shirt with concentric "target" circles.

MAYA

Arlo! What happened?

ARLO

I had this brainstorm to raise some dinero...

He shows the sign: "Throw A Rock At Arlo, \$1."

TONI

"Throw A Rock At Arlo, one dollar"?

ARLO

I made thirteen bucks. But then...

(ARLO'S CLIP -- PAT TRAVERS: "Boom Boom! Out go the lights!")

ARLO

... and when I came-to, somebody'd swiped it.

SCOTT

Good try, man.

ARLO

They even took my rock.

THREE SNOTTY SENIORS enter and look around.

TONI

Can we help you?

SNOTTY SENIOR

That's okay, we just wanted to see the room.

TRUMAN

Yeah, it's quite the attraction. We get tourists in here all day long.

SNOTTY SENIOR

Mr. Markham says if you haven't raised the money for your little karaoke project by Friday, we can turn it into The Middlebridge High Seniors' Lounge.

2nd SNOTTY SENIOR

Thanks for cleaning it up for us.

The snots snicker. The kids look at each other, stunned.

(MUTUAL CLIP -- R.E.M. "The end of the world as we know it")

ARLO

Mega bummer.

FADE OUT.

-end of act one-

*ACT TWO*

FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

19

The kids surround Mr. Hutton in an empty classroom, complaining loudly; "It's not fair!" etc.

HUTTON

Now, now, look at the school's side of this. You've had almost a year to arrange funding.

SCOTT

We haven't had a year, we've had two days!

HUTTON

But the application was submitted  
a year ago.

MAYA

We didn't even know we'd  
submitted it! Oh, I'm losing my  
unquestioning faith in all grown-  
ups!

TONI

This is Kafka-esque! It's  
Orwellian!

ARLO

It's bigger than that! It's  
Orson-Wellian!

TRUMAN

The seniors already get  
*everything*. Better class trips,  
better computer equipment...

ARLO

... better-developed girlfriends.

TRUMAN

They can't take our radio  
station!

MAYA

Could you talk to Mr. Markham?

Hutton freezes with fear.

HUTTON

No! Oh no. No, Mr. Markham's  
busy... I wouldn't bring it up  
with him. Don't even mention my  
name! This has all been very  
informal and off the record...

He backs out of the room, falling backwards over a metal  
garbage can. The kids stare at him.

HUTTON  
(the can)  
I'll go empty this.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

20

An hour later. Scott pounds nails into the framework of a rudimentary SOUND BOOTH as Maya, Toni and Truman slump on the couch and chairs, dispiritedly filling out Vocational Questionnaires. Arlo enters with something in a cardboard box.

MAYA  
What's that?

ARLO  
Turntable. Official machine of  
rock 'n roll.

TRUMAN  
Won't that scratch the CDs?

ARLO  
(contemptuously)  
Cds. You don't stuff rock 'n  
roll in a little metal drawer.  
(with gestures)  
You gotta see it spinning around,  
dizzy and out of its head,  
screaming at the world with a  
needle stuck in its eye!

TRUMAN  
I saw a guy like that in the  
public library last week.

SCOTT  
Anyone gonna give us a hand here?

TONI  
I don't want to spend three days  
of my life helping the seniors  
build a lounge, thank you very  
much.

MAYA

I was so depressed this morning I  
couldn't even steam my pleats.  
And everybody knows I wear pleats  
on Tuesdays.

TONI

I sensed this was a Tuesday  
unlike all others.

SCOTT

Come on, guys, we've got till  
Friday. Something's bound to  
come up. It always does for me.

Truman puts down his Questionnaire.

TRUMAN

Scott, in case you haven't looked  
around, not everyone's got a  
photographic memory, rich parents  
and a Porsche waiting for them  
when they turn 16.

ARLO

You're getting a Porsche?

TONI

(ironically)

You can finally dump that boring  
Mercedes you got when you turned  
12.

MAYA

(to Scott & Arlo)

Shouldn't you guys be filling out  
your Vocational Questionnaires?

SCOTT

Already did mine. Besides, I  
know where I'm headed. I'm gonna  
pre-med at an Ivy League school,  
intern in Europe, maybe  
Switzerland where I can ski to  
class, then come back here and  
become either a G.P, a thoracic  
surgeon... or a roadie for

Anthrax.

ARLO

Same here.

MAYA

You're gonna be a surgeon?

TONI

Wake up, Arlo. They wouldn't even let you in a hospital as a patient.

ARLO

Très low blow, but I meant my future's secure. I'm taking over my Dad's bowling alley.

(sagely)

Like he says, no matter what happens in the economy, or how bad things get, people will always need to bowl.

TRUMAN

Yeah, good thing he's not in one of those iffy businesses, like selling food.

TONI

(to Maya)

How about you?

MAYA

I'm going to be a homemaker and a mother with two adopted children.

TONI

Adopted?

MAYA

My boyfriend-slash-fiancee, Greg, was in a tobogganing accident at the age of 11 which removed all prospects of his fathering children, along with the front pockets of his pants.

TONI

(straight-faced)

I'm really sorry to hear that.

(TONI'S CLIP -- THE WIZARD OF OZ: "Hee hee hee, ho ho ho, and a couple of la-di-da's...")

TRUMAN

Me, I figger within ten years there's gonna be anarchy in the streets. Society's crumbling, the economy's built on debt. I'm gonna do whatever makes me rich the fastest, then move to a farm in New Zealand before they shut the power off, the lunatics break out the guns and the blood starts raining from the skies.

MAYA

What did the computer suggest when you did this last year?

TRUMAN

Youth Counsellor.

Scott crosses to the couch, indicating the Questionnaires.

SCOTT

Look... all this thing does is analyze a couple hundred multiple-choice answers, compare 'em to a database and pop out a career suggestion based on a matching algorithm. That's no way to plot your life, man. Look at the five of us! We've got high aptitudes!

ARLO

I get a nosebleed at high aptitudes.

MAYA

Scott's right. We shouldn't let some... *adding machine* dictate our futures! We should be making our own future, starting right now!

Maya defiantly throws down her Questionnaire.

MAYA

Darn it, let the stuck-up seniors go sit in that corner of the football field where people take their dogs to poop! This is *our radio station!*

ARLO

Maya's right!

Arlo emphatically throws down his turntable. KERRASHH!

ARLO

Whoa.

(recovering)

I shouldn't have quit just cos Throw A Rock At Arlo dangerously contused my head and temporarily impaired my vision. I just had an even better idea for making that money! Who's with me?!

They sit there impassively.

ARLO

Great!

He runs enthusiastically out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

21

The next morning. Arlo drags a tall black WOODEN BOX on wheels, with a curtained head-hole on one side. He squeaks it to a stop beside Scott and Toni.

SCOTT

Gee, a large black upright coffin. What is it, Toni's

bedroom?

TONI

In your dreams, girlie-hair.

ARLO

Lords and Ladies, may I  
present...

He reveals a sign: "THE BOX OF ARLO. \$1." Maya and  
Truman wander over.

ARLO

... the Box Of Arlo!

MAYA

It looks very nice. What's  
inside?

ARLO

Only a buck to put your head in  
the hole and see. Who's first?  
The Tone-ster, mayhaps?

TONI

Pass.

SCOTT

Hey, I'll stick my head in  
anything once.

Scott hands over his \$1, bends down and sticks his head  
in the hole. Rapturously:

SCOTT

Wow!

He pulls his head out, a changed man.

SCOTT

That's truly ingenious, Arlo.

A CURIOUS KID walking by has watched this.

CURIOUS KID

Hey, I've got a dollar. Can I

stick my head in there?

ARLO

Go ahead, young man.

The kid hands over his buck and sticks his head in. A crowd of kids starts to gather. A pause...

CURIOUS KID

Wow.

MAYA

Guys, if Arlo can come up with a good idea, literally *anybody* can! Let's park the glum wagon and go earn that thousand dollars!

Hyped, Scott, Truman and Toni march off.

ARLO

Yeah! If *I* can come up with...  
(realizes he's  
been insulted)  
... huh?

M.O.S. MONTAGE BEGINS:

(To XTC's "Earn Enough For Us")

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

22

Maya sits at a outdoor booth that says "Macrame Owls, \$15." There's an assortment of macrame barnfowl hung on the booth. No one's buying.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

23

Car-smashing party. Truman's brother's old junker sits in the parking lot with a SIGN on it: "\$5 A SWING." Truman stands on the hood as A BIG GUY hoists a sledgehammer and takes a mighty swing at the headlight. KER-SMASSSH. A FOOTBALLER in pads tackles the car.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

24

Maya has changed her booth to "Home-Made Organic Papaya

Juice." Still no takers.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

25

TIGHT ON an ELABORATE piece of Heavy Metal Apocalyptic Art: flames, skulls, swords.

WIDER: Toni is penning this intricate masterpiece on a HEAVY METALLER'S CHEST in magic marker. Sign: "Tats By Toni. \$10" Other kids line up.

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN - DAY

26

A WHOLE BUNCH of kids line up at the BOX OF ARLO. Arlo, grinning, has a stack of bills.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

27

Toni stands at a auctioneer's podium with a gavel and pointer. SIGN: "MIDDLEBRIDGE HIGH ANNUAL AUCTION." She points to the next item... it's Scott, striking a hunky pose.

ANGLE: CUTE GIRLS hold up bid cards.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

28

Maya has changed the sign to "VICIOUS RUMORS ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS, 50 cents." A crowd THRONGS around her booth.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

29

Late in the day, Toni sits next to Maya, a rapprochement evident. Scott is on the couch, wiped.

TONI

My folks divorced when I was eleven. My Mom skipped and left me with my Dad, and he re-married, but my step-Mom was cool. Then my Dad took off and my step-Mom re-married, so now I've got a stepmother and a stepfather and no parents.

(MAYA'S CLIP - MARIA CAREY: "You always smile, but in

your eyes the sorrow shows..." )

MAYA

No wonder you're the way you are.  
My Mom's my best friend.

TONI

I don't doubt that at all.

Truman enters, counting money.

TRUMAN

Well, at Zero Hour we've got a  
grand total of...six hundred and  
twenty bucks.

They slump back, moaning.

(SCOTT'S CLIP -- THERAPY?: "Goin' nowhere... goin'  
nowhere.")

SCOTT

I can't carry another girl to  
school, no matter how much she  
pays.

Arlo enters, dragging the Box Of Arlo.

ARLO

What's up, Mousketeers?

MAYA

We're over three hundred dollars  
short.

ARLO

Oh man. I guess that's the end  
of the dream.

They all slump, depressed.

ARLO

Why don't we take the seven  
hundred and forty-five bucks I  
raised and go have a party?

TONI

The Box Of Arlo made over seven  
hundred dollars??

SCOTT

Ya-hooooooo! I knew we could do  
it!

TRUMAN

We can start building on Monday!

MAYA

And have enough left over for an  
Opening Day salad party!

Toni's curiosity is killing her.

TONI

So, Arlo. What's in the box?

ARLO

Only a buck to see.

SCOTT

Come on. I'll lend you the dead  
Pres.

Toni grudgingly takes the dollar and slumps to the box.

TONI'S POV: approaching the box, bending over, and  
sticking her head through the flap. At first it's dark,  
then a light CLICKS on, illuminating a sheet of paper  
with these words:

*You're completely helpless. Say "WOW,"  
or I'll pull your pants down.*

REVERSE: Toni's cheated face inside the blacked-out box.  
The others, OFF, LAUGH uproariously.

TONI

Very funny. But I'm not saying  
it.

ZZZZIP! Her eyes bug out and she SHRIEKS...

FADE OUT.

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

30

There's an ON AIR light in the completed broadcast booth. Posters on the walls, a KMH logo. Faint MUSIC AUDIBLE -- Truman exits the booth as Mr. Hutton enters with 5 envelopes.

HUTTON

I just came by to say  
Congratulations and keep on  
rocking and rolling...

(to Truman)

And rapping.

(the envelopes)

Oh, and I have your Vocational  
Aptitude results. If one of them  
says "Geography teacher," don't  
go after my job! Ha ha!

They all look at him.

(GROUP CLIP -- ROLLING STONES: "What a drag it is  
getting old...")

SCOTT

You're a genuine wag, sir.

He exits. The kids, except Toni, open their envelopes.

ARLO

(reads his)

Wow. All right. "Bowling alley  
owner." What's yours say?

SCOTT

Hm. "Anything you want to be."

ARLO

Dude, that's the Army! You've

been drafted!

TRUMAN

"Youth Counsellor" again.

MAYA

"Calligrapher to the King of Norway"? I don't understand what this means.

She runs out; "Mr. Hutton? Oh, Mr. Hutton?" The others look at Truman, who admits, proudly:

TRUMAN

I couldn't resist. I hacked into the system and did a little editing.

(TRUMAN'S CLIP -- LL COOL J: "That's the kinda guy I am...")

ARLO

Toni, aren't you gonna open yours?

TONI

Nope. Twenty years from now, if I still don't know what I wanna be, maybe I'll open it then. After all, if you know where you're going before you start, why take the trip?

Scott goes into the booth. Arlo and Truman watch Toni walk out of the station.

ARLO

Quite a chick.

TRUMAN

Yep. She's gonna be real P.O'd when she opens that up in 20 years and reads "Chief Executive Fart Taster."

ARLO

Whoa. You better have that farm  
in New Zealand by then.

SCOTT

(in booth)

This is Doctor Scott on KMH,  
signing off for the day with a  
request from Arlo Sobanski.  
Believe it or not, folks, this is  
what a "record" sounded like.

NEEDLE CRACKLE, and The Who: "Long Live Rock..."

FADE OUT.

CREDITS. (INCLUDING WEBSITE FOR CLIP INFO)