

The Struggle is Real

By

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Scene opens in Wellesley High cafeteria, packed with students during lunch time. COACH HOGSWORTH, the overweight football coach and liaison officer, calls over a dozen of his football players for a pep talk as they enter the cafeteria.

COACH HOGSWORTH

Hey boys, bring it in here real quick.

His football players, built like military men, jog over to their coach and huddle around him.

COACH HOGSWORTH

I shouldn't have to stress the importance of this game on Thursday. Every Thanksgiving for 120 years, we have battled those swine over the town border in Needham, in what many consider to be the longest-standing high school football rivalry in the nation!

The students hoot and holler, some pump their fists in exuberance.

COACH HOGSWORTH

Now, as long as I've coached here, they've taken it to us pretty damn good on Turkey Day. But this year, I feel a new sense of unity and pride amongst you young men, and it's only grown since week one.

Hogsworth's football players look at each other, grinning proudly and nodding, feeling both motivated and empowered.

COACH HOGSWORTH

This game on Thursday, boys, is yours. This moment come Thursday, is yours. And the pride from the victory is forever yours!

The football players explode with a mighty roar, high-fiving and chest-bumping one another.

COACH HOGSWORTH

And once the game clock ticks down to the final second, with the score in our favor, tradition will be restored, and no one can ever steal that from you!

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM WALL - DAY

Laughter fades out as we shift to exterior gymnasium wall where two Needham high school football players, who are Wellesley's bitter rivals, are trying to scale the school walls.

Kicker SEAN McCARTHY, a short yet muscular guy, is attempting to hoist up his portly lineman teammate, JIMMY O'LEABMAN, to steal Wellesley's flag as seniors have done in the past per tradition.

JIMMY

I can't believe we're about to steal their flag!

SEAN

And I can't believe their principal hasn't released the hounds on us after hearing you yell at the top of your lungs. Are you trying to get us caught?

JIMMY

Sorry man, I forgot.

SEAN

Playing hooky is enough to get us suspended for the big game on its own, never mind stealing private property. We need to be nothing short of flawless on this mission.

Sean's knees start to wobble as he struggles to hoist Jimmy's cumbersome body up to a nearby ledge. Jimmy eventually gets on Sean's shoulders, and the boys start swaying back and fourth. Jimmy steps on Sean's head.

SEAN

Criminy, Jimmy! That's my freakin' head your stepping on!

JIMMY

I'm sorry man, this isn't easy!

Jimmy eventually pulls himself up onto the ledge. He looks down at Sean, moving a small milk crate up to the ledge for much needed additional height.

SEAN

Alright numb nuts, pull me up.

Jimmy extends his massive, flabby arm and yanks Sean up effortlessly.

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SEAN

Okay, now that that's over, let's go over the game plan again.

JIMMY

Why?

SEAN

Because if I know anything about you Jimmy, you've probably forgotten why we're even here in the first place.

Jimmy, insulted at the remark, crosses his arms and pouts.

JIMMY

I know why we're here! You said it yourself in the car: if you had to sit through another one of Ms. Swegan's boring Spanish lectures, you'd kill yourself.

Sean puts his head in his hands, amazed at Jimmy's remark.

SEAN

(under his breath)

At this point it might actually be worth it...

JIMMY

Huh?

SEAN

Just shut up and listen, Bigfoot.

Sean pulls Jimmy close to him, making sure he has Jimmy's full attention.

SEAN

While I stay on lookout, you're going to run across the gym roof, hop onto the cafeteria roof, then slide underneath the classroom windows at the other end until we reach the front of the school where the flag is-

JIMMY

(yelling)

-and then take it!

Sean smacks Jimmy upside the head

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Shhhhhhh! Jesus, Jimmy, you yell
one more time and I'll turn your
Twinkie collection into pudding.

While Jimmy is rubbing his head where he was hit, Sean goes to grab the walkie-talkie out of his back pocket. He begins speaking into it.

SEAN

*Come in, Omega. Omega can you hear
me?*

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Scene shifts to GARY GARABEDIAN, not an athlete by any stretch but a good friend of Sean and Jimmy that is crazy enough to do just about anything.

Gary is sitting in the getaway car, a black Ford Escape filled with more smoke than air. He is using his lit joint as a conductor's baton, moving it along to the beat of a reggae song.

SEAN (O.S.)

Omega, do you copy? Over.

Gary takes a puff of his joint, eyes closed, and sticks his hand underneath the driver seat. After a few seconds of shuffling trash around, he eventually comes up with the walkie-talkie, over the antenna hangs an empty carton of McDonald's fries.

GARY

Yooooo what's good Sean?

SEAN (O.S.)

*Codenames, Omega, use the damn
codenames I gave you!*

A beat. Gary stops to think.

GARY

So, like, you don't like my actual
name?

EXT. TOP OF GYMNASIUM - DAY

Scene shifts back to Sean and Jimmy. Sean is pinching his sinuses to relieve the migraine he is receiving from his two partners, while Jimmy is picking his nose.

SEAN

I need a fucking cig right now.

Sean begins to walk across the roof of the gym, then across the cafeteria roof to the prime lookout location next to a row of classrooms extruding above the rooftop.

Jimmy watches him walk, then looks at his booger, and eats it as he follows. He exhales loudly after swallowing.

SEAN

Shhhhhhh! Nothing louder than a whisper, Jimmy!

Jimmy, covering his mouth, becomes mute and continues making his silent way towards Sean.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Hey Sean, why are we using walkie-talkies? I understand for Gary, 'cause he's a complete idiot, but I'm just gonna be around the corner.

SEAN

(whispering)

Honestly, Jimmy, you're not too far behind when it comes to sheer stupidity. You and Gary have a natural tendency to get side tracked and fuck everything up. These make sure you don't.

JIMMY

(whispering)

I do not!

SEAN

(whispering)

Your screen is cracked to bejezus and back. You're clumsy fat ass is always dropping or breaking something. This walkie-talkie is a brick and practically Jimmy-proof.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
(whispering)
What about Gary-proof?

GARY (O.S.)
*Ha ha ha, man, don't be crazy,
nothing is Gary-pr-*

Jimmy and Sean fumble with the walkie-talkie as soon as they hear it go off, trying to silence it by turning it off. It drops to the ground with a loud thud.

The boys hear a nearby window opening. Sean quickly turns off his walkie-talkie as the boys drop to ground, well below the sight line from the window. A teacher pokes his head out of the window.

The boys wait for a few moments while a teacher pokes his head outside. The teacher then shuts the window.

SEAN
Go! I'll stand lookout. Don't forget your walkie-talkie and to use the codenames!

Sean shifts to a more covert location. Jimmy waddles across the cafeteria roof towards the flag.

SEAN (O.S.)
Come in Beach Ball. Beach Ball, do you copy? Over.

JIMMY
I copy, Foxtrot.
I thought we agreed my codename was Tango, Foxtrot? Over.

GARY (O.S.)
Yeah bro, you also agreed to go on Weight Watchers and drop a couple before the season started. Look how that turned out, man.

JIMMY
It's not my fault, Gary. All you do is smoke pot around me and the smell gives me the munchies and then I forget where I am and I wake up covered in barbecue sauce. Or chocolate.

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SEAN (O.S.)

*Say over when you're done talking,
Beach Ball! And use the damn
codenames! Over.*

Jimmy, visible stressed, pulls out a Twix and starts eating it. He gives a sigh of relief, and continues waddling towards the flag.

JIMMY

*Man, this mission is stressing me
out. I need a snack break.*

Devours the rest of the Twix bar in one final bite.

SEAN (O.S.)

(sighs)

*Well, this plan is off to a lovely
start. Tell me you're somewhat near
the target, beach ball. Over.*

Jimmy pulls around a corner and comes within arms reach of the flag.

JIMMY

Ooooooh you betcha.

On his tip-toes, Jimmy approaches the flag quietly and removes it from its holder. Gary is in view from the parking lot and sees Jimmy remove the flag.

GARY (O.S.)

*Fucking A right, Jimmy boy! That's
my homie!*

Jimmy begins to jump up and down with joy and excitement.

JIMMY

Yeah! Yeah! I did it!

SEAN

*Jesus, Jimmy, settle down! The last
thing we need is you starting an
earthquake.*

Jimmy stops jumping, but is still caught up in the moment and remains grinning, holding the flag high for Gary to see all the way down in the car.

*Now get your meat-and-potato ass
back over here, pronto! And don't
do anything stupid.*

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Shift to Coach Hogsworth finishing up talking to his team in the cafeteria.

COACH HOGSWORTH

One final thing I'm gonna leave you boys with before lunch; don't be idiots and get yourself caught doing something stupid that could jeopardize our chances of winning. I know it's tradition for you guys to steal stuff from Needham-

EXT. CAFETERIA ROOF TOP - DAY

Shift to a cocky Jimmy, marching and holding the flag as a soldier would with his knees high and flag resting against his shoulder. A goofy smile is spread across his face.

COACH HOGSWORTH (O.S.)

-and for them to steal stuff from you. Let me be the first to warn you...anybody caught stealing anything, whether you or them, will have to deal with the likes of me. And trust me, fellas, it won't be a pretty sight.

Jimmy comes to a complete stop, takes a few sniffs, and turns away from his getaway route and diverts towards an open cafeteria sky light.

Sean, now in view, sees Jimmy sniffing around, oblivious to the mission objective yet again.

SEAN

(whispering)

Jimmy!

JIMMY

You smell that?

SEAN

Smell what?

JIMMY

It's the best smell in the world, the smell to end all smells, the only smell I ever want to smell again...

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy looks down through the cafeteria skylight. His eyes immediately zoom in on a fresh piece of chocolate cake dripping with fudge.

JIMMY

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, chocolate
caaaaaaaaaakkkeee!

SEAN

Oh, goddammit Jimmy, not
again.

With no regard for stealth, Sean begins to run towards Jimmy.

Jimmy! You get your floppy
flapjacks over here! We have to
bounce!

Jimmy kneels next to the skylight, puts his face, and most of his body weight, up on the diagonal glass section of the skylight, trying to get closer to the smell.

JIMMY

Hold on man, this cake smells
delicious! I just wanna know what
kind it is!

A few cracking noises are made. Sean is standing right over Jimmy. Sean grabs the back of Jimmy's shirt.

SEAN

I got you, you fat fuck. Now come
on, we're getting out of-

The glass shatters under Jimmy's weight, sending the two boys falling and screaming to the cafeteria floor.

-heeeeeeeeerrrrreeeeeeeeee!!!!

Walkie-talkie and flag still in hand, Jimmy belly flops on a lunch table occupied by many students. Sean lands on top of him. Jimmy's entire front is covered in chocolate cake, mayo, deli meat and vegetables.

Sean and Jimmy are looking around the silent cafeteria. All eyes are glued to them.

JIMMY

Shiiiiiiiiiiiiittt...

Jimmy, wearing his varsity letterman jacket, realizes the predicament he's fallen into, sits up and surveys the room. Students around their table are the first to speak.

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BRUNETTE STUDENT

Are you guys okay?

REDHEAD STUDENT

Were you guys just skydiving?

BLONDE STUDENT

(holding chocolate cake)

Are you Jesus?

Standing up on the table, Jimmy leans in towards the blonde student.

JIMMY

Jesus?

Jimmy snatches cake out of students hand, takes a bite.

JIMMY

Boy, and I thought I was slow.

Hogsworth is a few tables away. He is the first to go after the two boys.

COACH HOGSWORTH

Hey!

Jimmy and Sean whip their heads around. A little piece of chocolate is stuck in the corner of Jimmy's mouth as he gives a glazed look towards Hogsworth.

They're stealing our flag! Get them!

Sean is already off of the table running.

SEAN

Run, you idiot, run!

The blonde student lunges at Jimmy's leg. Jimmy smashes the chocolate cake in his face, jumps over the redhead student and makes his way towards the exit.

A group of Wellesley football players are in front of the exit. They start walking towards Jimmy. Jimmy puts the walkie-talkie in his back pocket, and with the flag takes a hard right turn down a row of tables.

Jimmy has a bit of space until he sees a new group of football players running right at him. He freezes, grabs more cake off of a nearby lunch tray, and stares at it longingly.

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JIMMY
(to the cake)
I'm really sorry I have to do this.

Jimmy kisses the cake and throws it at the lead football player, striking his face, blinding him as he falls to the floor. Six trailing players trip on their fallen teammate.

SEAN
Jimmy! Get your ass over here!

Jimmy turns around to see Sean running through the lunch line, knocking into a few people waiting at the register. Jimmy bolts towards Sean. Two players follow them.

Jimmy runs behind the counter where the food is served, grabbing macaroni and cheese and stuffing his face as he runs, hoping to find a new exit.

SEAN
Move your ass Jimmy! This is not
the time for one of your seven
daily meals.

Jimmy cuts a corner towards Sean and sees a door. Hoping it's an exit, Sean kicks it in as hard as he can.

LUNCH LADY
Eeeeeeeekkk!

Sean and Jimmy witnesses an elderly lunch lady in the middle of using the employee restroom.

JIMMY
Aaaaahhhh! I'm blind!

Covering his eyes in shock, Jimmy stumbles backwards, flailing, his stolen flag cracking an oncoming football player in the head, knocking him out cold.

SEAN
Come on, we gotta keep moving!

Jimmy quickly regains composure, looks down at the unconscious football player, then up at half a dozen screaming football players gunning for him.

Jimmy turns around and runs behind Sean, takes a hard cut left and sees Sean standing at another door.

SEAN
It's locked! We're fucked!

Jimmy hands Sean the flag and moves him to the side.

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JIMMY

Please, God, let this be a better door.

Jimmy bulldozers the door open, flying through it and landing on top of a lunch table occupied by three good-looking girls.

Lying face down, Jimmy picks his head up to find himself staring directly into the cleavage-exposing chest of one of the well-endowed girls.

JIMMY

(jaw dropped)

Wow. That was a better door.

GIRL

Um, excuse me.

Jimmy picks his head up and looks her in the eyes. He notices she is holding a hot dog. He begins to smile.

JIMMY

My oh my. You are excused, m'lady!

Jimmy grabs the hot dog from her, takes a bite, raises the hot dog and his eyebrows, showing appreciation and approval of the dog.

COACH HOGSWORTH

There's that thieving Needham scum!

SEAN

Jesus Jimmy, would you quit staring at those tits and move?!

Football players and administration run after them. Sean throws Jimmy's hot dog away and pulls him off the table past the appalled girl, who then watches them scurry away.

Sean and Jimmy are chased into a corner, with the intersection of two large glass windows to their back.

Sean holds the flag in a jousting manner, fending off the players and administrators from coming any closer.

JIMMY

Just give the flag back to them, Sean. Maybe they won't even send us to jail if we're polite.

Hogsworth makes his way through the crowd surrounding the two boys. He stands just feet in front of the boys, much closer than everyone else.

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COACH HOGSWORTH

No, we will. You see boys, I'm not just an officer who knows the law, but I'm the opposing coach for your Thanksgiving Day game. And let me tell ya, you punks are going away for much longer than until the game. The way you got me all hot and bothered chasing your asses around this cafeteria, you'll be lucky if you're out by Easter!

Sean and Jimmy look at each other and gulp.

COACH HOGSWORTH

I know that the shit you were trying to pull today was fueled by this rivalry. Jesus, have you no respect for personal property? You bastards are everything that is wrong with today's youth.

SEAN

Are we, though?

Hogsworth stares at the boys with a look of confusion.

SEAN

Was what we did today *really* an accurate account of what's wrong with today's youth? I don't think that's fair, nor right, to say in regards to our actions today. There is, up and away, much worse going on with today's youth.

Jimmy comes up behind Sean nervously. He whispers in Sean's ear.

JIMMY

Sean, are you crazy? Don't talk back to a cop! He'll book us!

SEAN

We're already in the books unless I try and weasel our way out of this shit storm.

Sean takes a step forward. He begins to embody the posture of a coach giving a motivational speech.

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SEAN

Pussification. You see it all over; kids being pampered by their parents, teachers grading on the curve, newly censored television programs. Hell, fat ass behind me over here isn't allowed out of the house past dark because his mommy is scared he'll be the victim of a rape, and he's a 300 pound lineman!

JIMMY

(shrugging)

It's true.

Sean begins pacing back and forth, holding his hands behind his back.

SEAN

It's true, ladies and gentlemen, that we are all soft as chicken shit. The pussification of America has been in full swing for years, and there's nothing you or I or any one of us can do about it. There are simply too many princes and princess demanding the world not offend them because it makes them go doody in their diapers.

Hogsworth and the surrounding crowd become more settled. Their anger has transformed into intrigue.

SEAN

However, not all people are a lost cause for this pussification! Why, you look at our brave troops, fighting overseas for the freedoms and privileges that we all take for granted. Firefighters are on the same level, battling thousand-degree flames and collapsing buildings to save strangers in danger, without so much as a second thought about their own personal safety.

Sean now focuses his remarks directly toward Hogsworth.

SEAN

And our police force! Why, without them, society would be reduced to nothing more than rubble. Crime

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SEAN (cont'd)

would be as common as exchanging currency, death literally would lurk around every corner, and fat ass over here might actually get subjected to his mommy's worse nightmare. There is simply no room for pussification in our armed forces!

The surrounding crowd begins cheering in support of Sean's words.

Jimmy leans in to whisper to Sean.

JIMMY

Dude, I hope you know where you're going with this.

SEAN

Trust me, Jimmy, you'll be home scarfing down Twinkies in no time. Just let me do the talking.

Sean raises his arms to silence the crowd and finish his speech.

SEAN

But, I digress. I'm simply trying to explain how two young boys, exuding an exorbitant amount of school and hometown pride in preparation for their battle against a worthy adversary, should be recognized, not chastised. We got caught, okay? We realize that. We fucked up. We'll pay for the broken glass and we'll give you the flag back. But please, respect the fact that we're not pussies from over the town border in Needham, and we deserve a chance to fight for our team!

Hogsworth, with a slight smirk on his face, walks up to Sean.

A beat, as they stare into each others eyes.

COACH HOGSWORTH

That whole sequence you guys just went through, was the single dumbest, most idiotic and

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COACH HOGSWORTH (cont'd)
life-threatening thing I've ever
seen or heard.

Hogsworth sticks out his hand for Sean to shake.

COACH HOGSWORTH
But goddamn if I don't respect the
hell out of it!

The crowd cheers behind Hogsworth. Jimmy, still clutching
the flag, looks relieved.

COACH HOGSWORTH
Now give me that flag, you crazy
fucking kids, and the next time
you'll have to deal with us is on
Turkey Day.

Sean motions to Jimmy to bring the flag forward to give to
Hogsworth.

Just as Jimmy starts walking towards Hogsworth and extends
his arm to hand him the flag, a loud CRASH!

Students and administrators alike cover their head from
flying glass. Hogsworth is knocked over by a falling window
support column.

The window behind Jimmy shatters into a million tiny pieces.
Through the window comes Gary in the Ford Escape. He lands
on top of two lunch tables, collapsing both of them under
the immense weight of the car.

GARY
Yoooo dudes, get in! Go go go!

Sean and Jimmy look at each other, then back at Gary, and
finally at everyone else in the room. Without saying a word,
they bolt towards the car.

Once the boys hop in, Gary drives the car towards the other
end of the cafeteria, knocking over chairs and people in the
way. He then spins around and begins revving the engine.

SEAN
Get us the fuck out of here, Gary!
What are you waiting for?

GARY
Chill man, the solo in Stairway to
Heaven is about to come on, it'd be
sooooo tight if it started right as
we-

(CONTINUED)

SEAN AND JIMMY
GOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Gary waists no more time, and slams on the gas pedal, accelerating towards the first broken table he smashed upon entry.

Using the broken table as a ramp, the boys fly out of the cafeteria, landing on a grassy knoll adjacent to the school exit.

SEAN
What in the fucking fuck made you think it was a good fucking idea, Gary? We were about to get off Scott-free, and then you come in, cause even more damage and fuck everything up.

JIMMY
Dude, I'm pretty sure you hit like four or five people in there. They might be dead, or even worse, hungry and unable to move.

GARY
You guys sound like you need to take a toke and chill out.

Sean puts his head in his hands. He looks as if he is going to start crying.

SEAN
That was a complete and utter failure. Fuck, guys. Not only are we probably going to jail for attempted murder and destruction of public property, but we didn't even get that fucking flag.

JIMMY
You're not talking about this fucking flag, are you?

Sean's head pops up. He turns around, and sure enough, there's the Wellesley High flag gripped firmly in Jimmy's sausage-like fingers.

SEAN
Woooooo! Let's go fat man! How the hell did you grab it? I didn't think you had time!

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Please. If I have time to eat seven meals a day, I have time to steal a stupid flag.

Sean tackles Jimmy with a hug, sending them both to the ground of the back seat. He starts pecking his cheek and forehead with a spray of kisses.

SEAN

I fucking love you, you goofy fat fuck!

GARY

Hey man, don't be going all homo in the back of my car. What you gay boys do in the shower after practice isn't gonna happen in the back of my mom's car.

Sean gets off of him, laughing. He snatches the joint from Gary's extended reach.

SEAN

Just shut up and drive, Gary.

Sean takes a puff of the joint as the boys proudly drive off with the flag in their possession.