

Taco Tuesday

By

Chaz Delgado

December 2014

ccdelgad@syr.edu

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Students crowd the courtyard as the bell rings. FRANK, a lanky, subtly attractive, 17 year old male, stares across the courtyard as a flicker catches his attention.

MADDY, a short ginger who doesn't realize her own beauty, saunters down the stairs of the school with her two friends.

FRANK
(gulps)
Here goes nothin'.

Frank awkwardly stumbles over in Maddy's direction. He stands directly in front of her but no words will come out.

MADDY
Hey... Frank?

An awkward silence is shared between the two. Maddy and her friends begin to walk away.

FRANK
(violently screams)
WILL YOU GO TO THE LUAU WITH ME?!

The courtyard is hushed and everyone's attention hits Frank and Maddy like a bullet. Murmurs of confusion and shock fill the silence.

MADDY
...Oh my God.

Kids begin to laugh like hyenas before the hunt. Each one points at Frank as if he's their next meal.

Maddy's eyes widen and she is frozen. Suddenly, she sprints to huddle with her friends. Cackles and giggles are now coming from Maddy's group of friends.

FRANK
Damn it.

A bubbling comes from Frank's stomach and he tries his hardest to hold whatever it is down.

FRANK
(in pain)
Aw, Taco Tuesday.

Frank starts to gag. Sweat beads are trickling down his greasy forehead. His face gains a tint of lime green.

(CONTINUED)

Maddy begins to walk over to Frank and the crowd slowly decrescendos into a lull. Everyone is confused.

MADDY
(shrugs)
Yes.

With this simple word, Frank regains his composure and the bubbling stops.

FRANK
You- you'll go to the luau with me?

MADDY
Yeah, why not?

Frank is stunned. So stunned that he is at a loss for words.

MADDY
Frank. Frank? Aren't you gonna say something?

Frank's face doesn't look so good. He opens his mouth and spews taco meat all over Maddy.

A collective gasp by the crowd is broken by Maddy's shriek of utter disgust.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

PHIL, a skinny skater with mild acne and overly sized clothing is sitting in a stall. He reaches for the toilet paper.

PHIL
You what?! No way.

FRANK
I know. My life is over. I might as well transfer schools.

PHIL
So much for going to the Annual Senior Luau. Everyone is gonna be there.

FRANK
Except for us.

Phil and Frank flush the toilets and stand in front of the bathroom mirrors washing their hands.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

With me puking on the last girl available for the luau and your date moving to California in the middle of the school year, looks like we are going to be spending the night watching HBO After Dark and eating Fuzzy's Wings.

PHIL

...That actually doesn't sound too bad come to think of it.

Frank and Phil leave the bathroom and make their way to class. Before going their separate ways they perform an extravagant cult-like handshake.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The following day, Frank is walking through the school's courtyard. Eyes dart in his direction and snickers and murmurs are heard as he walks by.

HECKLER 1

Watch out, here comes Taco Tuesday!

HECKLER 2

Whoa! Don't blow chunks on me man!
Haha.

Frank pulls his hood over his head and briskly bolts behind a dumpster. Phil sees him and runs to catch up.

PHIL

(mockingly)

You know, if you keep running away from all your problems like this, maybe they'll go away.

FRANK

What else do you expect me to do? People keep calling me Taco Tuesday. I can't go to the luau. And do you know that I found ground beef and sour cream in my locker this morning?

PHIL

Wow. Maybe I'd run from my problems too.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
(dry)
Thanks.

DYLAN, a puny kid sporting a mushroom haircut and glasses, appears from behind the dumpster with a half-eaten sandwich in hand.

DYLAN
Don't mean to interrupt fellas, but it seems to me that you're in a bit of a sticky situation.

Phil and Frank shoot each other a confused look and stare at Dylan. Frank slightly cocks his head to the side.

FRANK
Uh, yeah. What's it to you?

DYLAN
Well, have you guys ever thought of sneaking into the luau?

PHIL
There's no chance that's going to happen. Frank's been socially exiled because his lunch ended up on some girl's boobs.

FRANK
Yeah, no way they're gonna let me in.

DYLAN
You're right, they won't let you in, but they might let Phil and his date, Shelly, in.

PHIL
Who's Shelly? Do you have a hot sister you're keeping from us?

DYLAN
Ugh, fool. You need a date and Frank needs a way to get in without people noticing.

Dylan motions with his hands as if the explanation will magically appear before their eyes. He frustratingly waits for them to understand what he is hinting towards.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Oh, no. You've got the wrong idea here. There is no way I'm doing that.

PHIL

Frank, what's he talking about?

DYLAN

Take Frank to the luau as your date.

PHIL

Wait, I thought I was going with Shelly? Frank can't tag along. That's weird.

Dylan smacks his forehead and sighs. He takes a deep breath.

FRANK

He wants me to dress up as a girl and go as your date to the school luau.

PHIL

Welp, THAT'S not happening. Frank would make an ugly girl.

FRANK

That's your reasoning? Whatever, I'm not doing it.

DYLAN

Look at it this way, you dress up, get into the luau, dress back in your regular clothes, AND you'd get a second chance with Taco Boobs.

FRANK

Hold it, you think Maddy would give me another chance?

DYLAN

Yeah, word on the street is that although you turned her boobs into a Chipotle bowl, she still thinks you're decent.

FRANK

Really?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Why are you so into this idea?
What's in it for you?

DYLAN

To be honest,
(speedy)
I've just never really had friends
and have been waiting for an
opportunity like this to get close
with some guys by being the brains
of the group.

FRANK

Ah, dude. That's kinda insulting
and kinda sad at the same time.

PHIL

Yeah, you're weird... But I can dig
it.

FRANK

Okay, so all I'd have to do is
throw on a dress and once I'm in
the luau I can change back, find
Maddy, and get my second chance?

DYLAN

Precisely.

PHIL

Dudes. This is genius but will
probably go terribly wrong.

DYLAN

None of my plans ever fail.

FRANK

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but I think we have a deal.

Frank and Phil perform their ritual handshake.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Dylan is standing at a drawing board in front of Frank and Phil. There is a diagram of women's clothing, hairstyles, and the layout of the school gym.

DYLAN

Okay, in order for this plan to go
smoothly, we're gonna need a few
supplies and make sure you don't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN (cont'd)
look like a caveman in heels the
night of the luau.

FRANK
It can't be that hard. Just throw
on the dress and bam.

PHIL
Yeah. Simple stuff. Also, why am I
here again? I'm not the one that's
gonna be in the wig.

DYLAN
We're gonna need you to hold him
down when we shave his legs.

FRANK
What?!

Phil laughs uncontrollably and Frank throws a tennis ball at
him.

DYLAN
If you want everyone to believe
you, there's gonna have to be some
sacrifices made.

FRANK
Fine. But only for Maddy.

PHIL
Wow. This is gonna be more
enjoyable than I thought.

FRANK
So, how exactly do we plan on
getting all these materials for me
to look like a girl?

Phil has a mischievous look on his face.

INT. FRANK'S MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

Phil, Frank, and Dylan's heads all pop out from behind a
wall. They tip toe into Frank's mom's room. They make their
way towards the closet.

FRANK
Okay, my mom has got plenty of
these things. She'll never know
it's gone.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Here, take this one. I'll grab the shoes.

DYLAN

What? Do you know nothing? Those shoes are not going to go with that dress.

FRANK

How would you know?

DYLAN

I have two sisters... Also, I had an experimental phase when I was younger, okay?

PHIL

...Just grab something and let's get out of here.

The boys grab what they can after careful consideration from Dylan. They bolt back to Frank's room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

LINDA, Frank's mom, a middle-aged, very put together housewife, is watching TV and hears the boys running upstairs.

LINDA

Boys, what are you doing up there?

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

ALL

Nothing!

PHIL

Alright twerps, now that we've got the supplies, it's time to put them to use.

MONTAGE - LUAU PREPARATION

-Frank clumsily walks in his mom's heels. He starts to get the hang of it and then tumbles to the ground. Phil and Dylan laugh hysterically.

-Dylan demonstrates the proper arm linkage for girls and guys to Phil and Frank. They try it and pretend they're dancing in a country hoedown. Dylan lowers and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

-Dylan and Phil hold up a sequence of pictures to Frank. A picture of Maddy, a picture of someone about to barf, and a picture of a red circle with a slash through it.

-Frank and Phil teaching Dylan the honorary friendship handshake. He isn't good at it at first, but slowly catches on in an awkward way.

END MONTAGE

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Posters line the hall that advertise the school luau coming up. It reads 'THIS FRIDAY' in big letters. Phil is walking to class when he passes Maddy and her friend, KAREN.

KAREN

Well, what about the luau?

MADDY

I can't. My AP U.S. History paper is due at midnight and I haven't even started it.

Phil's eyes widen as he hears Maddy's conversation and he runs to find Frank.

Frank is standing at his locker pulling books out and putting them into his bookbag. Dylan is standing next to him cleaning his glasses.

PHIL

(out of breath)

We've got a serious problem.

FRANK

Did you crap your pants again, fudge butt? Because I've got an extra pair in my locker.

PHIL

I thought we agreed to never speak of that again. Well, I'll have you know-

FRANK

Then what's the big deal?

PHIL

I just overheard that Maddy isn't going to the luau anymore.

Frank drops his books on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

What? Why?!

PHIL

Apparently, she has a paper to write that's due that night.

DYLAN

Oh brother, it doesn't take that long to write a paper. Amateurs.

Phil and Frank look at each other instantaneously. They slowly shake their heads up and down and turn to Dylan with smiles on their faces.

Dylan notices and sighs.

DYLAN

Oh, pickles.

INT. GYM CLASS - DAY

Maddy is standing and laughing with her friends as the rest of the class is aggressively playing dodge ball.

Dylan awkwardly walks up to Maddy, nearly tripping in front of her from dodging balls. They speak for a moment and Maddy starts jumping up and down in excitement.

Maddy hugs Dylan and she mouths the words "Thank you so much!" Dylan is suddenly hit by a dodgeball and Maddy laughs with Dylan and helps him up.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Frank and Phil are anxiously waiting. Frank is pacing the floor when Dylan walks in.

FRANK

Where have you been?

DYLAN

I was helping Maddy with her paper. Getting ideas for what she wants me to write.

FRANK

So she's going to the dance?!
Awesome.

PHIL

Welp, looks like I've got to get ready for my hot date tonight.
Right, Shelly?

(CONTINUED)

Phil throws a wig to Frank. Frank catches it with a smile.

FRANK

You sure do.

INT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL LUAU - NIGHT

Frank, Phil, and Dylan walk up to the dance entrance. MR. HARRIGAN, young, slim, teacher with glasses is taking tickets at the door.

MR. HARRIGAN

Hello, Phil, Dylan. Who is this beauty you've got here?

PHIL

Her name's Shelly. She's a foreign exchange student from... England.

MR. HARRIGAN

That's nice. Welcome to America, Shelly.

Frank responds to Mr. Harrigan in an Australian accent.

FRANK

Nice to meet you too, mate.

Mr. Harrigan looks confused. Dylan and Frank are just as confused and yank Frank away and enter the dance.

INT. SCHOOL LUAU - NIGHT

PHIL

Mate? You were supposed to be from England. Channel your freaking Harry Potter, dude.

FRANK

Sorry! I blanked.

DYLAN

Forget about it. There's Maddy.

FRANK

Shit. Here she comes.

Maddy begins to make her way over to Frank, Phil, and Dylan.

MADDY

Dylan! Oh my gosh. Thank you so much for helping me out with the paper. You're a true life saver.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Don't worry about it. I'm glad I could help.

Frank is trying to be as inconspicuous as possible, but Maddy notices him.

MADDY

Oh my god, I love your bracelet!

Frank's face turns white and he looks in all directions behind him. He responds in a high pitched voice.

FRANK

(giggling)
Oh, me? Thanks.

MADDY

No problem. Hey, do I know you?

FRANK

(nervously)
Oh, me? Haha, no. I'm from England.

MADDY

That's weird. You look just like this kid- ah, nevermind. Good seeing you guys!

Maddy walks away. Frank, Phil, and Dylan are flustered.

PHIL

Okay, you have got to go change right now.

DYLAN

That was a close one.

FRANK

You're telling me. I nearly shit my pants.

FRANK

(whispers)
And I'm not wearing any underwear.

PHIL

Duuuude! What the hell.

DYLAN

I guess you really committed to the role. Anyway, you've gotta get out of here.

FRANK

Thank you so much again for this guys. Especially you Dylan. You're not so bad to have around after all.

Frank and Dylan perform the infamous handshake. Phil looks on from the side and slightly smiles. Frank runs to the bathroom while Dylan and Phil go get some punch.

Frank comes out of the bathroom and is dressed in a suit. Maddy is standing from afar and sees him go over to Phil and Dylan. They embrace and perform the handshake.

Maddy's face turns up and her eyes narrow. She looks confused.

Frank walks over to Maddy while Dylan and Phil look on in the background.

FRANK

Hi.

MADDY

Hey.

FRANK

Sorry about what happened a couple of weeks ago.

(beat)

I don't know why that happened. I just get really nervous sometimes and I- I don't know, it's just that-

MADDY

Let me guess. You were so nervous that your stomach decided to prove it by spewing taco meat all over my boobs?

FRANK

No! That's not it. I really didn't mean it.

Maddy starts laughing hysterically.

MADDY

I'm just messing with you. Don't sweat it.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
So, you're not mad?

MADDY
Nope. Unfortunately, I've had worse
done to me. You're good.

FRANK
Wow. That's hard to believe.
(beat)
Do you wanna dance?

MADDY
Sure.

Frank extends his hand and shiny bracelet slips from under
his sleeve.

MADDY
Um... Where'd you get that
bracelet?

Frank scrambles to take the bracelet off.

MADDY
Wait a second. That girl was
wearing that earlier. But why would
you have it? Was that your
girlfriend?

FRANK
No! She wasn't my girlfriend.

MADDY
So that's how you think this is
gonna work? I don't date guys who
have girlfriends, Frank!

FRANK
But- That's not what- She wasn't my
girlfriend. Ugh!
(beat)
I dressed up as a girl so that I
could get into the dance without
people making fun of me in hopes
that you would give me a second
chance after Taco Tuesday erupted
onto your boobs.

Maddy is silent. Her jaw is dropped and Frank tensely looks
at her in shame.

(CONTINUED)

MADDY

You what?

FRANK

I know it's pathe-

MADDY

-The sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me.

FRANK

Wait, what?

MADDY

No one has ever done something so... extravagant for me. Not gonna lie, it's kinda weird but so thoughtful. Oh my god, I have to go tell Karen.

Maddy kisses Frank on the cheek and runs to her friends. Phil and Dylan sprint over.

PHIL

So, what happened? Where did she go?

DYLAN

Did she give you another chance?

Frank stands dumbfoundedly while staring off into space.

PHIL

Oh no. Tacos, again? It's not even Tuesday, Frank!

FRANK

She kissed me. On the cheek. This isn't real life.

DYLAN

That's awesome!

PHIL

You had us worried for a second there, bro. Congrats.

FRANK

Hm. I can't believe it actually worked.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

I told you my plans never fail. You
got the girl, I found some friends,
and Phil, well Phil was along for
the ride.

Frank, Phil, and Dylan laugh. Phil pushes Dylan in a playful
manner. All three of the guys perform the handshake for the
last time.

END