

FULL TILT

Written by

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SAMPLE

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INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

GREG (teens) walks down the hall toward the car, holding a lunch box full to **DRUGS** he and his friend **EPHRAM** (teens) bought earlier that day. Ephram joins him.

EPHRAM

You're three minutes late.

GREG

Class went late.

EPHRAM

You know where we're going?

GREG

Roughly.

EPHRAM

You have the box?

Greg hands the box to Ephram, who **SHOVES** it away.

EPHRAM

Idiot! Not here! Wait until we're in the car.

GREG

Can you please not be like this? Just take the box. I'm tired of carrying this thing around.

EPHRAM

Seriously, man: Just shut up and wait until we're in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY - AFTER

They **APPROACH CAR**. They slip inside the car - Greg in the drivers' seat, Ephram next to him. Ephram slips inside.

EPHRAM

Okay...now you can give it to me.

Greg sighs miserably and gives it to him.

EPHRAM

Thank you.

And they **DRIVE OFF**.

Ephram **STARTS OPENING THE BOX**.

GREG

(tired)

Okay, I'm sorry for earlier. You were right. I was out of line. I had no business yelling at you. I guess I was just a bit shaken up. Point is, this was my choice, and it's still my choice. I'll do whatever you need. You can count on me.

Ephram isn't responding, so Greg looks. Ephram is just STARING into the LUNCHBOX.

GREG

What?

Ephram lifts up a CRUST-LESS SANDWICH.

EPHRAM

What does this look like to you, Greg? Does it look like drugs? Because as far as I can tell, it looks an awful lot like a peanut butter sandwich.

GREG

What?

EPHRAM

Where's the drugs!

GREG

They're in there!

EPHRAM

I'm looking "in there" and they're not "in there".

A look of realization dawns on Greg's face.

GREG

I must have picked up the wrong box.

EPHRAM

Just go back! Turn around!

Greg turns around, scolding himself.

GREG

I'm sorry!

EPHRAM
What did you do?!

GREG
What do you mean, "what did I do"?
I didn't do anything on purpose.

EPHRAM
Oh, so you just naturally screw
stuff up!

GREG
My shoe was untied. I set it down.
There was a girl who had a
lunchbox--

EPHRAM
Are you kidding me!

GREG
I said I was sorry.

EPHRAM
Sorry doesn't turn back time, man!
(pause)
Just stop the car.

Greg stops the car next to the school and EPHRAM HUSTLES
OUT, LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN behind him.

EPHRAM
(shouting back at him)
Come on!

GREG
This is teacher parking. I can't
park here.

EPHRAM
Just get out of the car!

Ephram RUNS.

Greg REACHES across to close the door, but he can't reach
it. He REACHES AGAIN, still can't reach it.

GREG
Crap!

Giving up, Greg GETS OUT of the car and RUNS after Ephram.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Ephram and Greg rush through the school, looking around frantically.

GREG
(pointing)
There she is.

WHIP-PAN RIGHT: Kaitlin walks with the HELLO KITTY LUNCHBOX, rounding corner.

Ephram and Greg follow her.

PEAKING AROUND THE CORNER RIGHT NEXT TO THE BATHROOM, they watch her open her locker.

Greg and Ephram face each other, whispering frantically:

GREG
Okay, here's what we do. I distract her, and you nab the box.

EPHRAM
Are you trying to screw this up even more? She'll notice. I have a better idea. I pull fire alarm, and during the commotion, I grab it.

GREG
What? We'll never get away with that.

EPHRAM
Do you have a better idea?

GREG
I just gave you a better idea!

KAITLIN
Excuse me?

Both Ephram and Greg turn in UNISON.

THE GIRL stands in front of them with the LUNCHBOX.

They can't speak.

KAITLIN
(holds out lunchbox)
Greg, could you watch my lunch while I use the restroom?

LONG PAUSE, THEN:

Ephram NUDGES Greg out of his disbelief.

GREG
 (hesitantly takes
 lunchbox)
 Uh, yes.

KAITLIN
 (looking between them)
 Thanks.

And she WALKS TOWARDS THE BATHROOM.

Ephram and Greg stand there for moment, watching her go.
 Then, they LOOK at each other, then down at the LUNCHBOX.

They start running down the HALL toward the EXIT.

EPHRAM
 When does period end?

GREG
 (looks at watch)
 Couple minutes. We won't make it.

EPHRAM
 I bet that makes you happy.

GREG
 I didn't do it on purpose, Ephram!

They ROUND THE CORNER...then STOP!

Before them stands **PRINCIPAL JEFFERSON** (40s).

Everything pauses as they STARE EACH OTHER DOWN.

Principal Jefferson's eyes FALL to the HELLO KITTY LUNCHBOX
 in Ephram's hand. Ephram and Greg's respective hearts fall
 with them.

JEFFERSON
 New lunchbox?

EPHRAM
 (gulps)
 I've always had this.

JEFFERSON
 Oh? Big fan?

Beat. Jefferson TAKES THE LUNCHBOX.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

You know, Fuller, you might get into the practice of bringing your own lunch instead of taking someone else's. But in the meantime, this lunch will be in my office until its rightful owner returns to claim it.

(pause; bows
sarcastically)

Gentlemen.

Jefferson walks off, HELLO KITTY LUNCHBOX in hand, on his way to his office.

Ephram and Greg watch him go.

GREG

I'm calling it. We're screwed.

EPHRAM

(thinking)

No we're not.

Ephram thinks for a moment, then, AN IDEA DAWNS.

EPHRAM

Maybe I can't get it to him before period ends, but I can still get it to him.

GREG

How?

EPHRAM

Hit me.

GREG

(pause)

What?

EPHRAM

Punch me in the face.

GREG

I'm not going to punch you, Ephram.

EPHRAM

You have to.

GREG

I don't want to.

EPHRAM
Yes, you do.
(taps cheek)
Just hit me right here.

GREG
I hate this.

EPHRAM
Then make it quick.

Ephram TURNS HIS HEAD, tapping his cheek. 'X' marks the spot.

Then, Greg SWINGS, HITTING Ephram in the EAR.

Ephram stumbles back, recovering.

GREG
I'm sorry. So sorry. Are you okay?

Then EPHRAM TURNS, and PUNCHES GREG BACK.

They fight VICIOUSLY, a respectable amount of wounds rewarded to each of them, until teachers come to break up them up and they are hauled to the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, where the LUNCHBOX will undoubtedly be kept.