

Drillbit Taylor

by

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FADE IN:

WE SEE a pair of COMBAT BOOTS running across the desert sand. We slowly move up the body, which wears a United States Army uniform. We land on the MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS' FACE. He is in his late twenties, handsome, in good shape, and extremely determined. The man dives through the air, performing an impressive tumble. He comes to a stop behind a CEMENT BUNKER.

TITLE CARD UP: 1991

The man fixes his gaze onto a BLACK CARGO PLANE that is taxiing down a runway. He smiles.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS
(to himself)
You got one shot at this, soldier.

Suddenly, the man hears FOOTSTEPS approaching. He ducks behind the bunker just in time to avoid being seen by passing TROOPS. As the man peeks back up, he sees the plane accelerating for takeoff.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS
Not without me!

HEROIC MUSIC KICKS IN as the man bolts after the plane with amazing speed. He hurdles over oil barrels, almost falls, but regains his stride and races to within a few feet of the giant spinning wheels of the aircraft.

Just as the plane is about to pull out of reach, the man LEAPS through the air, catching the landing gear right above the wheel. A second later, the plane lifts off the ground and the man pulls himself into the wheel-well, the landing gear closing up behind him. He takes one last peek at the desert below.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS
Hoo-rah.

We ZOOM IN on the name-patch sewn to the chest of his uniform. It reads: TAYLOR.

TITLE UP - DRILLBIT TAYLOR

GRAPHIC UP - PRESENT DAY

INT. WADE'S ROOM/INT. RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

WADE, fourteen years old, six-foot-two and crazy skinny, wearing a retainer, is pacing around in his typical semi nerdy teen bedroom. There are lots of posters for video games, and skateboarders. He picks up a cell phone and dials.

On the other end is his best friend RYAN, who is five-foot-one, chunky and asleep. His cell phone rings with a G-Unit song which is totally inappropriate. He answers the phone but is barely awake.

WADE

So what do you think?

RYAN

(groggy)

About what?

WADE

About tomorrow.

RYAN

It's the first day of high school.

WADE

It's kind of scary.

RYAN

We can handle it.

WADE

I want to get a girlfriend. Do you think that's possible?

RYAN

Anything's possible. We just have to be in it to win it. If we act like we should be popular then we will be popular. No hiding by our lockers and eating lunch where no one can see us.

WADE

I am looking pretty good. No zits lately. I finally had my growth spurt.

RYAN

Well, you shot up too fast, you're too thin now, you look like a stretched-out Nicole Richie.

WADE

Don't say that. You're short and chunky.

RYAN

Yeah, but when I get my growth spurt I will be at my appropriate weight. I won't look like Lindsay Lohan after a bad break up.

WADE

That's true. Ok, I'll see you tomorrow. Big day.

(long breath)

Big big day. I am ready though. I feel like I'm ready. Don't you? Hey, what are you gonna wear?

There is no answer. We hear Ryan snoring, then show it.

WADE

Ryan. Ryan? Did you fall asleep? That is so uncool!

(beat)

Wake up Ryan! I wasn't done! Hel-looo! Do not do this to me! I never do that to you!!

Wade starts making a long annoying siren type noise, then digital dance music-type sounds to pierce Ryan's ear drum.

WADE

(suddenly calm)

Fine. I will see you tomorrow. Sleep well, buddy. Grow some armpit hair. That's right. You have no armpit hair. It's embarrassing.

INT. WADE'S ROOM - MORNING

Wade is sleeping. His MOM sits on the bed next to him and gently strokes his hair.

WADE'S MOM

Come on sleepy head. Time to get up.

Wade slowly opens his eyes.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Ryan is sleeping. His MOM walks in, and violently pulls the covers off him, revealing him sleeping in the nude. He immediately puts the covers back on.

RYAN

Mom!

RYAN'S MOM

Since when did you start sleeping
in the nude?

RYAN

I'm in high school now. Remember.

INT. WADE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Wade, still in a bathrobe, is eating with his three year old sister, NELLIE. His mom serves them bacon and eggs. The phone rings.

WADE'S MOM

(looking annoyed)

It's your dad, calling to wish you
luck.

Wade grabs the phone.

WADE

Thanks dad. Yeah, I'm ready. OK.
OK.

He hands the phone back to his mother.

WADE'S MOM

What did he say?

WADE

He told me to have fun.

WADE'S MOM

Wow. Great parenting. I don't
know how we're surviving without
him.

(beat)

Sorry.

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Ryan sits at the breakfast table with his stepbrothers, CHUCK, who is eight, and NICK, who is ten. They are both amazingly handsome, athletic looking kids.

This house is much nicer than Wade's. They are clearly a way upper middle class family. His mom is more well coiffed than Wade's. As she cooks, his stepfather, JIM, enters. He is forty five, but built like a college football player. His energy is confident, and driven, just like Chuck and Nick. Ryan seems like he came from another planet from them.

JIM

So, are you gonna join a team this year, Ryan?

RYAN

(sarcastically)

I don't think I'm big enough. My biological dad is on the small side.

JIM

Yeah, I've met him. He looks like Paul Giamatti. But look, size doesn't matter. You just need a big heart. What about my boys?

NICK

I start pee wee football today.

CHUCK

I'm thinking about lacrosse and soccer this fall. I wish there was time for basketball!

JIM

That's what the weekends are for.

He slaps him on the arm, then kisses Chuck and Nick and heads out.

INT. BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Wade stands at his closet, trying to pick a shirt. He holds up a striped shirt -- unsure. Then he holds up a plaid shirt -- he doesn't like it. He's getting frustrated.

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST - SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

Wade stands at the corner wearing a short-sleeved Swingers-style shirt with a smiling red devil throwing dice. In his hands are pens and pencils, a brand new backpack and a class schedule. He sees RYAN approaching. As Ryan gets closer, a look of dread crosses Wade's face. He and Ryan are wearing the same shirt.

RYAN

You gotta be shittin' me. When I asked what you were going to wear, you didn't say you were going to wear that shirt.

WADE

(defensive)

I didn't know.

RYAN

We are never allowed to buy the same shirt again. From now on, whoever sees it first gets to buy it.

WADE

We both saw it at the same time.

RYAN

Then we need a tiebreaker. I spent all summer thinking how cool I was going to be in high school. But now we look like dorks. Go change. Hurry.

WADE

You go change. I was here first.

RYAN

Your house is closer.

Wade takes off sprinting for home. Ryan glances down the street, then back at Wade.

RYAN

Wade! Bus!

WADE

Crap!

Wade races back to the bus stop. The bus pulls to a HIGH-PITCHED SCREECHING stop. The door opens and the BUS DRIVER takes a look at his new passengers.

BUS DRIVER
(to the kids on the bus)
Heyyy! Watch out everybody. Looks
like we got two members of the
Satan-Worshipping Gambler Gang.

Wade and Ryan board the bus.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - A LITTLE LATER

The bus SCREECHES to a stop in front of the school and the
kids file off. Wade and Ryan take a look around -- hundreds
of kids everywhere.

RYAN
This is it. We're in the big show
now.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wade and Ryan make their way through the masses. There's an
excited energy in the air.

WADE
You see all those hot girls?

RYAN
Yes I do.

WADE
Time to lay some groundwork.

CUTE GIRLS walk past and smile.

WADE (CONT'D)
Hey ladies.

GIRL
Nice matching shirts!

The Girls burst out GIGGLING. Ryan pulls Wade aside.

RYAN
You need to turn your shirt inside
out.

WADE
Why me?

RYAN

Because I'm the one coming up with solutions.

WADE

No way. It'll look stupid. Let's just deal with it and get through the day.

RYAN

You total asshole! Fine. We just can't spend that much time together. Let's just split up and go find our lockers.

They cross paths but continue awkwardly in the same direction until they reach the end of the long hallway. Wade finds his locker at the very last spot. Ryan's is just across the hall.

RYAN

Well this sucks.

WADE

At least it'll be easy to find each other.

Wade pulls out his lock and throws his bag in. He's about to lock it, when he gets a tap on the shoulder. He turns to see a cute ASIAN GIRL.

ASIAN GIRL

Hey, is this your locker?

WADE

Uh...yeah.

ASIAN GIRL

Well, then you might want to take your combination off the lock.

She rips the sticker off the back of his lock, smiles, and leaves. Wade stares at her as she goes.

RYAN

Nice, man! You're already macking a-

KID (O.S.)

Leave me alone! Let go!

They look to see a BIG SCARY KID, who looks like the worst version of a Fred Durst/Eminem wannabe, dragging a SCRAWNY LITTLE DORK by his shirt collar down the hall.

The Big Scary Kid is followed by two equally big and SCARY FRIENDS who watch and CRACK UP.

SCRAWNY LITTLE DORK
Owww! I'm getting collar burn on
my neck!

The Big Scary Kid drags the Scrawny Little Dork to the locker that's right next to Wade's. Wade steps over to Ryan.

WADE
This is bad.

RYAN
No, this is good. At least we know
we're not the biggest dorks in the
school.

The Big Scary Kid holds the Little Dork's collar with one hand while he opens the locker with his other hand.

WADE
Maybe we should say something. I
mean, come on, that kid is about to
crap his pants.

RYAN
It's survival of the fittest. This
is how evolution works. Over
hundreds of years this is a good
thing.

The Big Scary Kid shoves the Little Dork into the locker. He tries to shut the door, but the Little Dork sticks his head out.

SCRAWNY LITTLE DORK
Help me, someone! Call the
Principal!

Just as the Big Scary Kid is closing the locker, Wade grabs the door and stops him. A crowd of kids gather.

WADE
Come on. He's had enough. He's
just a little kid. I mean, shoving
a kid in a locker? How mature is
that? Especially you. What are you,
a senior?

A RANDOM KID yells out:

RANDOM KID (O.S.)

He would be if he hadn't failed ten times!

Everyone bursts out LAUGHING. The Big Scary Kid looks to see who yelled that, but can't tell who it was. He turns back to Wade with fire in his eyes.

BIG SCARY KID

Yo Yao Ming, you need to learn to keep your big mouth shut.

Wade glances over at Ryan. Ryan gestures for Wade to stop. The Big Scary Kid and his buddies look at Ryan, who quickly diverts his eyes, trying not to be noticed.

BIG SCARY KID (CONT'D)

Check it out, yo! Matching shirt fags!

RYAN

We're not gay, although we don't have a problem with gay people.

WADE

(indicating shirts)

So, we shop at the same store. Half this school shops at The Gap.

BIG SCARY KID

Whatever, Will & Grace.

(to his buddies)

These bitches want to wear the same shirt, let's really make them wear the same shirt. Yee-aah Boyee!

The Big Scary Kid grabs Wade while his buddies grab Ryan and hold his arms behind his back. The Big Scary Kid shoves Wade's head under Ryan's shirt until both their heads are sticking out of the same neck opening.

BIG SCARY KID (CONT'D)

There. Siamese queers!

Wade and Ryan see that the crowd of kids are all LAUGHING -- except one -- the cute Asian girl, who watches sympathetically.

The SCHOOL BELL RINGS. The Big Scary Guy and his buddies walk off, LAUGHING. All the other kids slowly disperse. Wade tries squirming out from Ryan's shirt.

RYAN

Careful! You're going to pop the buttons!

As Wade gets free, a couple of the buttons pop off, leaving Ryan showing a lot of chest.

WADE

Great. We've been here ten minutes and we're already the biggest dorks in school.

RYAN

We're not the biggest dorks in school. What about that other kid?

They look over to see the Scrawny Little Dork timidly re-emerging from the locker.

SCRAWNY LITTLE DORK

Thank you guys so much. I have no idea why he decided to pick on me. And why pick on you guys? Those shirts are so cool.

(to Wade)

Hey, I wear braces, too. How do you like wearing a retainer? Seriously, I can't thank you enough. We should hang out. I'm Emmitt.

WADE

Hey, I'm Wade.

Ryan walks off, his shirt unbuttoned halfway down his chest.

WADE (CONT'D)

That's Ryan.

Wade rushes to catch up to Ryan. Emmitt follows.

EMMIT

Hey, what class do you guys have next?

RYAN

(aside, to Wade)

We need to ditch this guy.

WADE

Don't worry, he won't hang around much longer.

EMMIT
(trying to get in on their
discussion)
Hey, what are you guys talking
about? No secrets.

A couple of STONERS walk by and check out Ryan's open shirt.

STONER #1
Hey, nice cleavage, Pamela
Anderson!

Ryan grabs his shirt and holds it closed.

RYAN
(aside, to Wade)
He's gonna think he can hang around
us all the time and as a result, we
will be even less cool, if that's
possible. Tell him to get lost.

WADE
We can't tell him to get lost,
because that won't make us any
better than that bully.

EMMIT
Well, I'm off to U.S. History.

WADE
Hey, that's what Ryan has. Maybe
you guys can walk together.

Ryan is in hell as he reluctantly walks to class with Emmitt.

INT. U.S. HISTORY CLASS

PAN ACROSS classroom of FRESHMEN, listening to the TEACHER.
Emmitt seems absolutely riveted. Just behind him, Ryan has
the teacher's stapler and is stapling his shirt closed where
the buttons used to be.

INT. ART CLASS

PAN ACROSS classroom of FRESHMEN, sketching with markers on
paper. In the back of the class, Wade is using a Sharpie
marker to meticulously blacken the devil and dice on his
shirt.

INT. HALLWAY - BETWEEN CLASSES

Kids hustling everywhere. Wade spots Ryan.

WADE
(gesturing to his shirt)
Problem solved.

The devil and dice are now completely black.

RYAN
(impressed)
Sharpie? I can smell it. " "

WADE
(proud)
Yeah, I got a little buzz doing it.

RYAN
Check out my handiwork.

Ryan shows off the staple-job holding his shirt together.
They smile and head down the hall. Things are looking up.

INT. GYMNASIUM - BOYS LOCKER ROOM

Kids are changing for gym class. As Wade removes his shirt WE SEE that on his chest and stomach the Sharpie marker has bled through, creating a perfect replica of the devil and dice images on his skin.

RYAN
(pointing)
Holy shit, dude.

Wade looks down and is horrified. He quickly tries to cover up, but it's too late. Other kids nearby have seen it.

KID #1
What the hell is that? Some sort
of crappy homemade magic marker
tattoo?

All the kids start LAUGHING. Just then the Big Scary Kid and his buddies walk by.

BIG SCARY KID
What's all the ruckus, ladies?
(then, seeing Wade & Ryan)
Hey! Will and Grace!
(MORE)

BIG SCARY KID (cont'd)
Let me guess, you liked your
lover's shirt so much you had it
tattooed on your chest.

Wade tries covering the 'tattoo' with his arms, but the Big Scary Kid pulls his arms away so everyone can admire it.

BIG SCARY KID (CONT'D)
Check out this punk's scary tattoo.

His buddies and the other kids LAUGH. Ryan steps in.

RYAN
Leave him alone.

BIG SCARY KID
Why? Are you getting jealous? Do
you want to make out with him? Or
maybe you're undressing because you
want to take a shower together?

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM SHOWER - A MOMENT LATER

Wade and Ryan are shoved into the showers by the Big Scary Kid and his buddies as other kids look on. They turn the cold water on full blast and then throw Wade and Ryan's clothes at them, soaking them.

BIG SCARY KID
Maybe a cold shower will cool their
gay little boners. Ha ha.
(to Wade and Ryan)
And don't even think of stepping
out of the shower for the next hour
or we'll come back and shove your
heads in the toilet.

BUDDY #1
The same toilet.

BUDDY #2
Yeah. Heh heh.

The Big Scary Kid and his buddies walk off, feeling good about themselves. A beat later, Emmitt walks in the shower, naked, and turns on the shower next to them.

EMMIT
Hey guys. Man, I really need to
take a shower. I was sweating a
lot in class. How come you guys
have your clothes on?
(noticing Wade's torso)
(MORE)

EMMIT (cont'd)

Whoa. Cool tattoo! Can you draw
one of those on me?

Emmit steps closer for a better look. Wade and Ryan tense
up.

RYAN

Come any closer and I'll kill you.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - AFTERNOON

Wade and Ryan sit near the back of the bus, shell-shocked,
their clothes completely drenched. The other kids look at
them and SNICKER.

WADE

Well, at least we made it through
the first day alive.

RYAN

You're always looking on the bright
side.

WADE

To be honest, part of me wants to
cry. But I'm going to try not to.

RYAN

What clothes are you going to wear
tomorrow?

WADE

Something basic. Like jeans and a
red shirt.

RYAN

Good. I'll wear a green shirt.

WADE

As far as I'm concerned, our high
school career starts tomorrow. It
can only get better.

Wade reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a big wet
ball of paper.

WADE (CONT'D)

At least I don't have to do my
homework.

He throws it out the bus window.

EXT. STREET NEAR WOODS - CONTINUOUS

As the school bus drives by, the wad of paper rolls to a stop on the edge of the woods.

CAMERA PANS into the woods, to a cluster of bushes that camouflage a small, elaborate fort with a makeshift kitchen, living room and sleeping area. The craftsmanship is surprisingly good. Inside, WE SEE a DISHEVELED MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS sound asleep -- he's in his 30s, wearing a dirty military jacket and camouflage pants with a rolled-up copy of Soldier Of Fortune in his back pocket.

Just then, the DEAFENING SOUND of a BULLDOZER and CRASHING TREES jolts him awake. He rolls over and peers out of his fort, irritated by the sound. WE REVEAL HIS FACE -- it's the same guy we saw in the opening sequence in the desert.

HIS P.O.V.

WE SEE MEN WEARING HARD HATS, various pieces of construction equipment as well as a bulldozer mowing down a large swath of trees.

BACK ON THE MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS

He pats the dirt and leaves off his clothes and checks his hair and teeth in a pocket-sized mirror hanging from a tree.

ANGLE ON THE CONSTRUCTION

As a FOREMAN IN A HARD HAT supervises the tree clearing, the Man In Combat Boots walks up. A look of anger on his face quickly changes to false friendliness.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS

Hey. What are we building here today?

FOREMAN IN HARD HAT

It's a new Home Depot.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS

Oh, good. Our community sure could use one of those.

FOREMAN IN HARD HAT

Yeah. It'll be nice.

The Man In Combat Boots smiles, nods and walks off as the Foreman turns his attention back to the job.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS
(grumbling to himself)
'It'll be nice.' Oh yeah, just
what this forest needs.

As the Man In Combat Boots walks past the Foreman's truck, he spots a sandwich and frosted cupcake on the bumper. He grabs them both and heads back into the woods.

EXT. BUS STOP - EVENING

The bus SCREECHES to a stop. Wade and Ryan slowly slosh their way up to the front and step off the bus in the same place it picked them up.

WADE
Are you gonna tell your parents
what happened?

RYAN
I hadn't even thought about it.

They look at each other for a beat.

INT. WADE'S HOME - EVENING

Wade is sitting with his MOTHER, a big smile on his face.

WADE
...I mean, it was great. Met a lot
of kids. Got our feet wet.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RYAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Ryan sits at the table with his family. His stepfather, Jim, and his stepbrothers talk, loudly LAUGHING together, as he talks to his Mom, who is only half paying attention.

RYAN
Not only was everyone at school
super nice and helpful-

ON WADE:

WADE

But they really made us feel welcome.

ON RYAN:

RYAN

To tell you the truth. I'm just excited. So...damn excited about this whole thing. So you don't-

ON WADE:

WADE

-Have to worry about me at all.

Wade stares off for a beat, a look of dread creeping into his eyes.

WADE (CONT'D)

I can't wait to go back tomorrow.

EXT. BUS STOP - THE NEXT MORNING

Wade waits for the bus in his very simple ensemble of jeans and a white T-shirt. Ryan shows up wearing khakis and a green shirt.

RYAN

Assfart! You said you were gonna wear a red shirt!

WADE

What's the difference? You said you were wearing a green one, it doesn't matter.

RYAN

Well, what if I just decided to change my mind without telling you?! Then we could both be standing here wearing the same thing again!

(noticing)

Why aren't you wearing your retainer?

WADE

Uh...you know...uh...I only need to wear it at night now.

The bus pulls up in front of the boys and the doors open.

BUS DRIVER

Hey! What's the matter? Satan lose his gaming licence? Ha!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The two boys enter the school. After a few tentative steps, they realize nobody is paying any attention to them. They look just like everybody else. For a moment, perfect anonymity.

WADE

Yes. A fresh start.

Then-

EMMIT (O.S.)

Hey buddies!!!

The boys turn to see Emmitt, now wearing the same DEVIL AND DICE SHIRT the boys were wearing on the previous day.

RYAN

Jesus Christ.

EMMIT

Guys, what happened? How come you aren't wearing them? Okay, we need to pick a day right now that we'll all do it, do you think it's more a of a Friday thing, or do we do it on Monday, because you know, usually everybody hates Mondays-

WADE

Look, Emmitt, I mean, we can totally hang out, but we probably shouldn't do that.

EMMIT

Why not?

RYAN

Why don't we just all make out with each other at the next school assembly?

EMMIT

(disgusted)

What in the world does that mean?!

WADE

He means it might draw unnecessary attention.

EMMIT

What kind? Hey, where's your retainer?

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

The guys cross through the cafeteria, where we see dozens of tables set up promoting the school's various clubs and activities. Wade sees the Asian Girl at a table for the ASIAN HERITAGE CLUB.

WADE

There she is.

RYAN

Make the move.

WADE

What move? I have no move.

RYAN

I thought we were gonna go for it this year. He who hesitates masturbates.

EMMIT

Uch! Don't talk like that.

Wade takes a breath and walks over to her table.

WADE

Hi. Wade. We met yesterday.

ASIAN GIRL

Yeah. Brooke. You stood up for that little kid.

WADE

Well, we tried to.

BROOKE

I hate guys like that.

WADE
No argument here.

Wade runs out of things to say. He panics.

WADE
I'd love to join your club. What is it?

BROOKE
It's the Asian Heritage.

WADE
Oh. I'm Asian.

BROOKE
Really? You don't even look a little Asian.

WADE
On my mom's side. My grandma. So a quarter. But I'm very proud of the small Asian heritage I have.

BROOKE
Cool. Then you should totally take a pamphlet. We've got a meeting soon.
(handing him a pamphlet)
You should come.

WADE
I will. Definitely.

BROOKE
Sayonara.

WADE
Oh yeah. You, too. Sayonara.

Wade puts his hands together and does a quick Asian-style bow, then walks back over to Ryan and Emmitt.

EMMIT
How did it go?

WADE
Good. Awesome! Great eye contact.

RYAN
My man! That's what I'm talking about! Big pimpin'.

Suddenly, a look of horror sweeps across the boys' faces. They see the Big Scary Kid coming into the cafeteria with his boys. He spots the guys.

BIG SCARY KID

Hey look! Siegfried and Roy had a baby!

Everyone within earshot LAUGHS hysterically.

WADE

Don't listen to him, Emmitt.

(looks)

Emmitt?

Emmitt is in fact no longer beside the boys. He is bounding out of the room like a frightened rabbit. Ryan looks like he wants to follow.

BIG SCARY KID

Where are your shirts? Or are you wearing matching underwear today?

WADE

Don't worry, Ryan. It's just words.

(to the Big Scary Kid)

Why do you always have to pick on us?

BIG SCARY KID

Because you keep poppin' off at the mouth with things you shouldn't have said.

RYAN

Dude, you need to relax.

The Big Scary Kid sticks his face in close to Ryan's.

BIG SCARY KID

You don't want to mess wit me. You ain't got the balls to beef.

RYAN

Interesting...

(pretends to hold a phone
to his ear)

Hello?

(to the Big Scary Kid)

It's Eminem. He says he wants his persona back.

Wade can't contain a LAUGH. The Big Scary Kid SHOVES him hard, SLAMMING him against a table. Food flies everywhere.

WADE

Ow!!!

One of the other guys grabs Ryan's face and pushes it back, sending him into a wall. The guys walk away LAUGHING and the cafeteria resumes bustling as though nothing has happened. Like a mugging on a busy urban street. We see Brooke looking at them, sympathetically. She walks over.

BROOKE

Are you okay? Do you want me to call the nurse?

WADE

No, it didn't hurt at all. Guys like that are sad actually.

BROOKE

Okay, well, see you at the meeting.

She walks away. He instantly grabs his arm in pain.

WADE

Dammit! Right in front of the girl. I went from stud to a guy who needs to see the nurse in a millisecond.

Emmit reappears next to the boys.

EMMIT

Are you guys okay?

RYAN

No thanks to you! It must be easy to run without any balls to weigh you down.

EMMIT

I take a defensive approach to life! So sue me!

WADE

You guys! Stop arguing. What he just did to us has to be against school rules. And did you see how many witnesses we had?

Wade spots a KID he recognizes.

WADE

Gary! Hey! You saw that, right?

GARY

Hey man, new school. You're on your own.

WADE

I say we go report this to the Principal right now. Nip it in the bud.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Emmit, Wade and Ryan sit before the uninterested PRINCIPAL.

WADE

He put both of our heads into the head hole of one of our shirts and called us Siamese queers.

The Principal holds back a laugh.

RYAN

That's not funny.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

I know, it's just rare that kids say things that surprise me. I've never heard that one.

WADE

Well, what are we supposed to do?

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

This may sound strange to you boys, but have you ever thought about what it is that you're doing to make these people bully you?

Wade and Emmit can't believe it.

RYAN

(pointing at Emmit)

Yeah! Him! Look at him!

WADE

Principal Doppler, you can't mean that. No one tries to get bullied.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

Yes, but certain people get bullied, and certain people don't. That's all I'm saying.

The kids are baffled.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER (CONT'D)

All I ask of you boys is to explore the question, "why me?".

WADE

So, there's nothing you can do for us?

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

I can bring him in to speak with him but that tends to make things worse. And unless I catch him in the act, there isn't much I can do. Now if I catch him committing a crime against you I can call the cops. But usually when I finally do catch them it's because a child has been severely injured.

RYAN

You're not helping.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

I feel for you. I know it is scary. Just know, I am here, and when you need something you should not hesitate to come by, even though there is nothing I can do right now, unless you want me to call his parents. But I am told the boy, his name is Terry Filkins, is an emancipated minor, so there are no parents to talk to.

RYAN

What does that mean?

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

It mean he's legally separated from his parents. He's responsible for himself. His parents don't even live in the country. They're Canadian.

EMMIT
(dramatically)
He is above the law.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER
That's a little dramatic, but yes.
I can't exactly bring them in to
talk about my concerns. But if you
need me, you know where to find me.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wade, Ryan and Emmit come out of Doppler's office.

RYAN
(to Emmit)
Why on earth did we listen to you?
Did you hear what he said?! We
might have already made things
worse.

EMMIT
I've heard stories of Filkins.
Jason Bragg's older brother said
one time he cut a guy's arm off
with a samurai sword.

This frightens Wade and Ryan.

RYAN
He has a samurai sword?

EMMIT
Yeah. Jason Bragg's older brother
said he threw it at the guy.

WADE
Oh great. For all we know he could
be some full-blown psycho. We've
really got to make sure we play it
smart.

EXT. LOCAL SHOPS - AFTERNOON

Wade, Ryan and Emmit step out of a comic book shop and head
down the sidewalk.

RYAN
I can't believe he stopped me from
going into the adults only section.
I've spent a lot of money there.

Just then Filkins & his buddies drive up in his car and cruise along at the same speed our guys are walking. It's very uncomfortable and menacing.

WADE
(with dread)
Oh shit.

RYAN
Don't look in their eyes. I'm talking to you, Emmitt.

EMMIT
Got it.

Filkins has one of those plain cars that has been hilariously souped-up and customized. It has pinstripes and a tribal design on the hood. Across the side panel it says 'Coupe d'evil.'

FILKINS
Heyyyy, bitches. We're going to have a lot of fun this year, huh? I always like having new friends like you guys.

His buddies LAUGH.

FILKINS (CONT'D)
Where are you going? Be happy to give you a ride.

Wade finally looks at Filkins.

WADE
No, thanks.

Ryan looks at Filkins' car.

RYAN
(whispering to Wade)
Dude, they totally spelled it all wrong.

FILKINS
What was that, Grace?

RYAN
I...I just said your car, you spelled "coupe de ville" wrong.

FILKINS

No I didn't! It's supposed to be that way. Coupe de evil. It's French, but with, like, a twist, idiot.

BUDDY #1

(surprised)

Coupe de evil? I always thought it was coupe devil.

FILKINS

Shit-for-brains, it's coupe -- car, de -- of, evil -- evil.

BUDDY #1

Ohhh.

RYAN

I was talking about the word 'coup.' The way you've spelled it, you don't pronounce the 'p.' It means like a military overthrow. It's supposed to have an 'e.'

FILKINS

You think you're really smart. I think you're really dead.

Filkins SLAMS the car door into Ryan, knocking him to the ground. Wade and Emmet help him up as Filkins' buddies get out to beat them. Emmet takes off running. Wade and Ryan follow Emmet's lead.

Filkins REVS his car and steps on the gas, chasing them. They sprint around the corner and into a residential neighborhood. Filkins' car bumps over the curb, right on their heels.

EMMET

Why did you have to say that stuff?! He's crazy. He's going to kill us!

They all run across a lawn as Filkins whizzes by and takes out a mailbox.

RYAN

Let's cut through to my house!

WADE

We can't! He'll know where we live!

EMMIT
I don't wanna die!

They bolt across the lawn, between houses, as Filkins races his car around the block.

Our guys cut through and are about to cross a street when Filkins' car SCREECHES to a halt in front of them. They turn and bolt in the other direction.

WADE
Should we split up?

RYAN
Yeah, let's split up!

They all turn and run through a yard together.

WADE
We didn't split up!

RYAN
This seemed like the best way!

EMMIT
I never agreed to split up!

They narrowly miss getting hit by a GARDENER on a riding lawn mower. As they get to the next road, Filkins' car swerves around the corner, wheels smoking, Filkins and his buddies LAUGHING MANIACALLY.

Wade looks for an escape. Down the block he sees a garage door that's beginning to close. He looks back to see Filkins closing in on them.

WADE
(pointing at the garage)
That way!!!

The garage door is halfway shut as the boys frantically scramble towards it. The boys near the garage, which is almost closed, as Filkins is just feet behind. With inches to spare, the boys dive for it, sliding into the garage just as the door shuts behind them. Filkins SLAMS HIS BRAKES and SCREECHES to halt, lightly tapping the garage with his bumper.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The boys can't believe how close they came to dying.

FILKINS (O.S.)
(muffled through the
garage door)
You butt-sniffers may have gotten
away today, but I'll get you
tomorrow, and the next day, and
every day after that!

He PEELS OFF.

The guys sit on the ground, gasping for breath, when an OLD
MAN enters the garage through a door.

OLD MAN
Who the hell are you?!

Wade and Ryan look at each other, unsure what to say.

EMMIT
We're freshmen.

INT. MALL - DAY

Emmit, Wade and Ryan are walking around the mall, eating
pizza.

WADE
This is a nightmare. A wide awake
nightmare.

EMMIT
This mall is huge. I could shop
here every week and still not get
bored.

RYAN
(to Wade)
I don't understand why we are
hanging out with him on the
weekend. Or do we feel like we
need to use him as bait so we can
attract some weekend bullies at the
mall?

WADE
Give him a break. This isn't his
fault. It's Filkins.

RYAN

I can't take it anymore. We need to use this weekend to come up with a strategy or something for next week. Disguises, so he doesn't recognize us. I don't care -- something. I just feel like if we don't stop it now, it'll never end. We'll be losers our entire lives.

They stop at a magazine rack and start flipping through them. Emmet picks up a comic book.

EMMET

I wish Batman was real. The Dark Knight would help us.

Ryan picks up a Martial Arts magazine.

RYAN

(joking)

We should just buy this and learn how to Jiu Jitsu his ass.

Wade picks up Soldier of Fortune magazine and starts flipping through it. There's pictures of guns, Navy Seal-type guys holding knives, surveillance equipment. Ryan notices.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Wade's got the right idea. We should buy some crazy spy shit and like, electrocute him with a tazer or something.

WADE

Yeah. That'd be sweet. I wonder how much they cost.

Wade flips to the back of the magazine and finds a classified section filled with people hiring themselves out to be personal bodyguards. Wade's eyes widen as he scans the ads.

CLOSE-UP SHOTS of key words in the ads: "Personal Protection," "Military Experience," "Weapons Expert," "No Questions Asked," "No Threat Too Big," "Immediate Results," "Affordable," "Stop Living In Fear," "Call Now...Before It's Too Late."

WADE (CONT'D)

Holy...

EMMIT

We're not ordering a tazer. You have to be eighteen! I'm not lying about my age.

RYAN

Fine, I'll do it. What year would I be born in if I was eighteen?

WADE

This is way better than a tazer. Check it out!

He holds up the ads.

WADE (CONT'D)

These are ads for bodyguards. We could hire one to protect us. Or, we'll hire one long enough to scare the crap out of Filkins so he knows not to mess with us.

EMMIT

Too bad it's impossible. Fourteen-year-olds don't hire bodyguards.

RYAN

That's not true. Bow-Wow has a bodyguard. He has like ten of them.

WADE

Exactly. They want people to hire them. Listen.

(reading)

"Operation Enduring Freedom veteran...Black Ops...personal protection...affordable rates."

EMMIT

How much you wanna bet "affordable" is more than we have.

WADE

We don't need him for long. Just long enough to turn our reputations around.

RYAN

I like this idea. And he could teach us how to fight. And maybe more.

EMMIT

By "maybe more," do you mean kill?

RYAN

Maybe.

WADE

Stop kidding around, guys. Are you out or in? Our entire high school careers are riding on this.

EMMIT

Fine. But can we stop at Marshall's before we leave? I need some new slacks.

EXT. STARBUCKS - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

Wade, Ryan and Emmitt are all seated at a table, drinking venti decaf caramel frappuccinos with whipped cream. Ryan reads from a notebook.

RYAN

Okay, we got five for sure and one guy who still hasn't confirmed. That's already a strike against him for being unprofessional.

He makes a note. Suddenly Wade notices something.

WADE

Hey, check it out. Maybe this is our first guy.

We see a giant, MUSCULAR GUY in tight clothes enter and look around.

EMMIT

Whoa. I hope so.

RYAN

Holy crap. Even his eyes look muscular.

The Guy looks over at them. They jump, startled. He approaches.

MUSCULAR GUY

(intense)

Those look like decaf caramel
frappuccinos.

EMMIT

You want a sip?

MUSCULAR GUY

No. That stuff'll kill you. Then
again, so will I. Ha ha ha hah!

The kids awkwardly force themselves to LAUGH along with him
as he takes a seat.

MUSCULAR GUY

Stop laughing. Let's talk
business. I'm a trained Green
Beret, I spent six years as a
police officer on gang detail, I
have black belts in four forms of
martial arts. I will do absolutely
anything and everything necessary
to ensure your personal safety.
And I even offer you a money-back
guarantee.

Wade looks at the other guys, very impressed.

WADE

Uh, wow. That's all extremely
impressive. So, speaking of money,
how much are we talking about?

MUSCULAR GUY

Well, since there's three of you,
thirty-nine hundred dollars a week.
And I prefer cash. But we shouldn't
really talk money. I'll talk about
that with your parents, once I meet
them.

RYAN

Our parents are not involved.

WADE

Is that price negotiable?

RYAN

What if you protected two of us
really well and just kinda sorta
kept an eye on the other one?

INT. STARBUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The boys now sit across from a REALLY FAT GUY in a vest who is drinking a mint chip ice blended with whipped cream overflowing from the top.

REALLY FAT GUY

Well...

(takes a big sip)

I have an encyclopedic knowledge of guns.

(takes another sip)

And I have thirty years practical experience with firearms.

WADE

What kind of practical experience?

REALLY FAT GUY

I shoot them, mostly. You wanna see a couple of my favorites?

He opens his vest revealing two handguns strapped inside.

WADE

Holy shit.

Emmit ducks under the table.

RYAN

(whispering to Wade)

I say we hire this guy.

WADE

Are you kidding me?

The Fat Guy takes another drink, dripping some whipped cream on his vest.

REALLY FAT GUY

Whoopsy-daisy.

As he grabs a napkin and wipes himself, he accidentally dislodges a gun from his vest. It falls to the floor with a CLANG, landing in front of Emmit who is still under the table.

EMMIT

Aagghh!

The Fat Guy bends over to pick it up and puts it back in his vest.

REALLY FAT GUY

I don't know what it is with me lately, but I've had the biggest case of butterfingers.

RYAN

How much?

REALLY FAT GUY

Five hundred a week. Plus food.

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

The guys look worn out from a long day of bad interviews.

WADE

Well, if it wasn't for those caramel frappuccinos this would be just about the shittiest Saturday morning I've spent in awhile.

RYAN

We've got one more on the list. And who knows if he's even going to show. I left a message with his answering service.

EMMIT

What's his name?

RYAN

(looks at notebook)
Drillbit Taylor.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND STARBUCKS

We see a pair of DIRTY COMBAT BOOTS step out of the woods and onto the sidewalk. We see a smoldering cigarette butt land on one of the boots. He tries to kick it off. It lands in some dry grass and starts a small fire. The boots quickly stamp it out.

Outside the Starbucks we see a HOMELESS MAN with a cup of money. The Man in Combat Boots walks up and reaches inside the cup with his dirty hand covered by a fingerless glove, jingling the change. His hand comes back out with a few dollar bills.

HOMELESS MAN

Thanks for your generosity, brother.

The Man in Combat Boots enters the Starbucks.

INT. STARBUCKS

WE FOLLOW the Man in Combat Boots as he walks past the counter. A BARRISTA sets down a freshly brewed cup.

BARRISTA

Susan! Your double espresso is up!

Without breaking stride, the Man in Combat Boots grabs the double espresso and continues on towards our guys.

In the background, WE SEE SUSAN at the counter looking for her coffee.

SUSAN

I thought you said my coffee was done.

The Man in Combat Boots walks up to the table and stops. CAMERA PANS UP his camouflage pants, dirty military jacket and the name patch sewn on his chest. It reads: TAYLOR.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS

I'm Drillbit Taylor.

He takes a seat. The kids look frightened.

RYAN

So...why don't you tell us about yourself.

Drillbit Taylor uses his dirty finger to scoop some whipped cream off Emmet's frappuccino into his espresso. Emmet looks disgusted.

DRILLBIT

I'm a trained Black Ops Operative for the Army. Decorated marksman and improvised weapons expert. I know all life-saving forms of First Aid. And I can execute a flawless Red Badger Trapping Maneuver and am expertly trained in the Black Mantis fighting style. You know what that is?

The guys all shake their heads 'no.'

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I'll teach you when you're ready.

They look impressed.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I've also guarded three Vice-Presidents and Sylvester Stallone. He's not as tough as he looks. So who do you need protection from?

RYAN

Well, this should be very easy for you. It's just a high school bully.

DRILLBIT

Uhhh...

(gets a twinge in his eye)

Easy? Nothing's easy. Is it easy to make one child see the humanity in another? Is it easy to not only contain a bully, but make him see the error of his ways and make penance? No my friends, this is a dangerous but also a delicate situation.

EMMIT

How much do you charge?

DRILLBIT

(rubbing his face,
thinking hard)

Hmmm, let's see... there's three of you, uh, one of me... I got expenses, uh... communications... uhhh... food, beverages, miscellaneous...

He looks at his fingers, does some air-math. The guys react, thinking he'll be out of their range.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I'm thinking like...two-hundred and thirty-six...or so. A week.

He looks at them for a reaction. They show their best poker faces.

WADE

You know, we might be able to work up to that, but right now we only have eighty three dollars between us.

(MORE)

WADE (cont'd)

I mean, we have some money in savings accounts and we get allowances.

Drillbit notices their watches, cell phones, Emmitt's iPod.

DRILLBIT

Give me the eighty-three now and we'll work something out. To me it is not about the money, it is about the cause -- and yours is a worthy one.

They open their wallets and pool their money onto the table. Drillbit scoops it up.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

You boys just got yourself a professional bodyguard. Hoo-rah.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The boys walk down the sidewalk with Drillbit, who is devouring a Starbucks pastry.

WADE

So, uh, why do they call you 'Drillbit'?

DRILLBIT

Who's 'they'? People talking about me? Who?

WADE

No! No. I just thought it was a cool name.

DRILLBIT

Thanks. I think it's cool, too. I got it 'cause when I was overseas--

RYAN

Where overseas?

DRILLBIT

Is this an interrogation? Keep your noise-hole shut. If you're talkin' you ain't learnin'. Now where was I? Oh yeah, overseas.

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)

Anyhoo, it was the winter of Oh-Two, I was pinned down behind enemy lines with Bravo Company and things didn't look good...well, to make a long story short with a happy ending, I killed two guys with a drillbit.

(shrugs sheepishly)

The name stuck.

RYAN

Holy moly.

DRILLBIT

Holy moly indeed. So let's get back to the operation at hand. Basically, school is the Danger Zone, the Hostile Amphitheater, and you want me to provide cover as you negotiate the minefield.

WADE

Yeah.

RYAN

Totally.

DRILLBIT

Here's the mission plan. Using my experience at covert and stealthy ops, I'll infiltrate the school and watch over you like I was the Lord Almighty himself. And just like the Good Lord, I'll use mystifying tactics so I won't be seen at all. At times, it may seem like I'm not even there, but believe me...

They arrive at a 7-11 parking lot. Drillbit eyes it.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I'll be there, especially when you don't see me. Wait here.

Drillbit hurries inside the 7-11.

INT. 7-11 - CONTINUOUS

Drillbit grabs a variety of VitaminWater bottles.

DRILLBIT

Let's see...Focus, Energy,
Endurance, definitely need some
Defense.

He turns to the candy and quickly scoops up the classics --
Pixy Sticks, Laffy Taffy, Giant Chewy SweetTarts, Lik-M-Aid
Fun Dip -- then bounds over to the counter, where a
SHOPKEEPER sits.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

And use the balance on those five
dollar scratchers.

(glances out at the kids)
I'm feeling lucky as a shithouse
donkey.

SHOPKEEPER

I've never heard that expression.

DRILLBIT

That's because I just made it up,
Ace. Keep the change.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Drillbit comes out of the 7-11 gnawing on the Laffy Taffy. He
offers a bite to the kids, who shake their heads. Drillbit
hands the bag to Emmit.

DRILLBIT

Hold this for a sec, 'kay, chief?

Drillbit scratches away at the first scratch and win. He
looks at it.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

(furious)
Son of a bitch!!! Goddammit!!! Come
on!

He scratches the next one.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I need a match, I need a match...
Shit! Stupid bastard!

The next one.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

Come on, at least give me a free
ticket!

He tears up the used scratchers furiously, throws the remains towards the store and screams at the Shopkeeper through the glass.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

You're selling bum tickets! I oughtta call the gaming commission on your ass!

RYAN

Are you having a flashback?

DRILLBIT

No, I'm fine. Look, let's get back to the mission. Let's focus on that. Okay? Can we get some focus here?

Drillbit looks at the scratchers on the ground and pats down his empty pockets. He's got nothing.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need some supplies.

RYAN

What kind of supplies? Like ammo?

DRILLBIT

No, just normal things you'd find laying around the house. If used properly, almost anything can be turned into an instrument of mayhem and destruction.

EMMIT

Even a puppy?

DRILLBIT

Especially a puppy.

WADE

We can go to my house and get a few things. My mom's at work.

DRILLBIT

Let's deploy, boys.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - LATER

Drillbit wanders into Wade's kitchen, followed by the boys. He eyes anything and everything.

DRILLBIT

The first thing I'm gonna need is a bowl of that Cap'n Crunch.

EMMIT

I'll make it for you!

Emmit goes to work pouring the cereal.

DRILLBIT

Wow. It's warm in here.

WADE

You want me to turn down the heat?

DRILLBIT

No. I kinda like it. It reminds me of a home.

WADE

It is a home.

Drillbit takes a silver platter off a high shelf.

DRILLBIT

Definitely gonna need this.

WADE

What for? That's my mom's. She'll rip my head off if I take that.

DRILLBIT

At ease, Casper. It's for protective services and will only be used as a last resort. Observe its momentary blinding reflective capabilities.

He tilts it, reflecting the ceiling lights into their eyes. They wince.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

Bang! You're defenseless. This is 1927 silver alloy. One of the strongest alloys ever constructed. Can even stop an armor-piercing bullet at point blank.

WADE

You don't really think it could come to that?

DRILLBIT

You tell me.

RYAN

Filkins is a whack job. He almost ran us over with his car.

EMMIT

He once killed a kid with a Samurai sword!

WADE

Threw it at him. Cut off his arm.

EMMIT

Just ask Jason Bragg's older brother!

DRILLBIT

Projectile weaponry. I don't think we should be taking any chances.

WADE

Fine. Take it.

Emmit pours milk into the cereal and hands it to Drillbit.

EMMIT

Here you go, sir!

Drillbit digs in, hungrily crunching his cereal.

DRILLBIT

Do you guys have like, a bag, or a sack I could carry stuff in?

MUSIC UP: THE A-TEAM THEME

QUICK CUTS AS DRILLBIT GOES THROUGH WADE'S HOUSE:

- In Wade's house, he takes a fancy video camera.

DRILLBIT

This will be perfect for surveillance. Nice, image stabilization.

WADE

You think you might need binoculars?

DRILLBIT

Absolutely.

- Drillbit goes into the bathroom with his booty sack in tow.

DRILLBIT

Just give me a second.

After he closes the door, he FLUSHES the toilet and goes through every drawer, filling his pockets with small trinkets like earrings and hair clips with fake jewels on them.

- Near the stereo, Drillbit wears a pair of expensive headphones.

DRILLBIT

I'm gonna need these to interface
with the recording equipment.

The three boys present him with a walkie talkie, Wade holding the other one.

WADE

Here. Keep this with you. It'll be
how we stay in contact.

EMMIT

If you need more cereal, just let
me know.

DRILLBIT

I think I have everything I need.
Gotta go recon, boys. Lay low,
thrive and survive. Remember, just
because you don't see me doesn't
mean I'm not there.

He flashes a sequence of military hand signals and heads out the door. They awkwardly attempt to copy his signals.

EMMIT

That guy is the real deal.

Wade and Ryan nod in agreement.

INT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

Drillbit and the PAWN SHOP OWNER scream at each other, a big pile of Wade's "supplies" on the counter between them.

DRILLBIT

Come on! Two hundred and twenty-
five dollars?! At least give me
three hundred!

PAWN SHOP OWNER

Two twenty-five and I won't ask
where it came from!

DRILLBIT

There's some good shit here! That
camera has image stabilization!
That platter is silver! You don't
know a deal when it's jumping up
and down in front of you, screaming
in your fat face!

Suddenly, a BEEP and a FAINT VOICE can be heard emerging from
the pile of merchandise.

VOICE

Drillbit...come in...Drillbit.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

What the hell you got in there?

Drillbit sifts through the pile, retrieving the walkie
talkie.

DRILLBIT

(to Shop Owner)

One minute. Shut your hole.

(into walkie talkie)

DB-one-four-niner-eight. Come in.

WADE

(through walkie talkie)

Hey, Drillbit, we just wanted you
to know that Ryan was holding out
on some birthday money, so we'll
have another forty bucks for you on
Monday.

DRILLBIT

Ten-four. Good to know. Expert
security isn't free.

Drillbit clicks off the walkie talkie and turns to the Pawn
Shop Owner.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

Okay, two twenty-five. But I'd
better keep the walkie.

INT. WADE'S BASEMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Ryan and Wade play a violent video game against each other.

WADE

Do you really think this will be the end of it?

RYAN

Totally. It better be, the money we're spending. This guy seems to seriously know his shit. Filkins starts to talk smack, BAM! Drillbit emerges from the shadows makes it all look like some horrible accident. I mean, do you know what these Black Ops guys are capable of?

WADE

No. Do you?

RYAN

No, but that's exactly why you hire them. No one knows.

INT. BORDERS - NEXT DAY

Drillbit is playing chess with DON, a homeless guy in a dirty, cheap, 80's-style track suit, sporting a fanny-pack and a walkman clipped to his waistband. Don drinks from a brown bag. Drillbit drinks VitaminWater.

DRILLBIT

I mostly credit my military training. It has allowed me, clearly, to develop intricately layered schemes.

DON

So, like, how rich are these kids?

DRILLBIT

I tell ya, it looks like a lot. I was with them twenty minutes and they gave me eighty-three bucks cash and two-hundred twenty-five worth of stuff. Just handed it to me!

DON

Hey...uh...could I get some?

DRILLBIT

No! Because, Don, you are a weak man, and, as I have said, I will not support any of your bad habits.

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)

But I will buy you the occasional sandwich.

DON

I don't want a damn sandwich! I want money! Why can't you trust me?

They both take a drink.

A BORDERS EMPLOYEE walks over.

EMPLOYEE

Um...excuse me, gentlemen, but, if you don't buy anything, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

DRILLBIT

We're playin' chess!

EMPLOYEE

No you're not, look.

He points at the board. The pieces are arranged in a completely nonsensical way.

DRILLBIT

It's British rules! Of course you wouldn't understand.

EXT. BORDERS - SOON AFTER

Drillbit is now outside Borders with Don and three other homeless looking guys. He opens a pack of Big League Chewing Gum and offers it to the others.

DRILLBIT

I tell you boys, soon enough I'll be livin' the high life in Canada, where a dime's worth a quarter. And a thousand bucks is ten thousand bucks.

BUM #1

Man, I gotta get me to Canada.

DRILLBIT

Yes, you do. Canada: they got that new Nunavut Territory, you go far enough up North, the government pays you to take the land! Free health care, nice parks, friendlier people.

DON
Who gives a shit?

DRILLBIT
Beer's twice as strong.

Don is taken aback.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)
Hoo-rah.

Drillbit packs a wad of gum in his cheek.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)
I'm tellin' ya, Don. As long as I
can delay this ass kickin' they're
so scared of, I can make some
decent money off these kids. In a
few weeks, I'm gonna have enough to
haul my ass up to Canada. Get a
nice British Columbian girl, which
sounds like a pretty sexy combo.

He blows and pops a bubble.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Wade, Ryan and Emmitt stand outside the main entrance watching
the kids and faculty arrive.

WADE
Today is the official start of our
high school career.

RYAN
Last week is history. Nothing good
came out of last week.

EMMIT
What about us? We became friends.

Ryan doesn't answer.

RYAN
Where the hell is he?

EMMIT
Maybe he's in disguise or lurking
in the shadows like a ninja.

RYAN

I wish you'd stop lurking like a
nimrod. What if he doesn't show?
We're sitting ducks out here.

WADE

Just give him a minute. He's a
busy guy.

EXT. WOODS NEAR HIGH SCHOOL

We see a pair of DIRTY COMBAT BOOTS stagger out of the woods
and onto the sidewalk. An empty Pixy Sticks straw lands on
the ground. WE HEAR A CHUGGING SOUND, then he drops an empty
can of Red Bull. CAMERA PANS UP to Drillbit's bleary-eyed
face. He takes a deep breath to clear the cobwebs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Wade, Ryan and Emmitt are growing impatient. Ryan checks his
watch.

WADE

There he is!

Upon seeing them, Drillbit straightens up and walks with a
purpose. Wade runs over as Ryan and Emmitt catch up.

WADE (CONT'D)

Yes! I knew you wouldn't let us
down.

EMMIT

Black Ops in da hizzouse!

Emmitt puts out a fist for Drillbit to bump. Drillbit just
stares at it.

WADE

Here's the forty bucks we promised,
plus an extra seventeen.

Wade hands Drillbit a wad of cash.

EMMIT

My Bar Mitzvah money is in there;
and I sold my Magic The Gathering
cards.

RYAN

Now let's get in there and pound
Filkins' stupid face in!

Drillbit looks at the school.

DRILLBIT

Ya know, boys...heading into battle
unprepared is the worst mistake a
soldier can make. We've got to
delay the confrontation as long as
possible. Could take a week. Maybe
even three.

Drillbit looks at the money in his hand.

WADE

So what does that mean? What's the
plan?

DRILLBIT

Take the day off. First lesson:
bullies need victims. If you're
not there, he'll just have to pick
on someone else. It's called 'The
Avoidance Technique.' Hopefully,
by the time you go back he'll have
forgotten you and moved on to
weaker prey.

RYAN

I don't know if it gets any weaker
than Emmitt.

EMMIT

Shut up, Ryan.
(to Drillbit)
I can't skip school!

DRILLBIT

Sure you can. Mono, meningitis,
Hepatitis C. My...um...intelligence
training has made me an expert
forger. Listen, you're paying for
my professional advice. Either
follow my directives, or you're
throwing your money away.

RYAN

We're not paying you so we can sit
at home all day. You need to teach
us stuff, or we are just throwing
our money away.

Drillbit looks to the kids, thinking hard.

EXT. WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

Drillbit has the boys lined up in military fashion.

DRILLBIT

(clearly making it up)

'Invectus...Lexus...Asparagus...
Abacus.'

WADE

What does that mean?

DRILLBIT

Umm... well... I'm really not
supposed to tell anyone.

WADE

You just told us. 'Invectus Lexus
Asparagus Abacus.' If I have to,
I'll ask the Latin teacher at
school.

DRILLBIT

No, no, that's not necessary. I'll
tell you. Jeez. It means...'I
will give my life for you, my
brother. And stop all those who
bring you harm.'

RYAN

See? That's what I'm saying. We
need you stop those who will bring
us harm. By bringing them more
harm. Can you teach us the Black
Mantis Fighting Style, like you
promised?

DRILLBIT

Uhh, yeah. Sure. I guess. Good
memory. It's dangerous. These are
top secret Black Op fight...

(searching for a word)

...moves.

Drillbit, with his legs apart and bent, his hands in a ready
position.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

When they trained us, we had to punch a hole in a dead log, then flip off the log, performing a double back-kick, then spin around for a spinning knee to the throat. Finish it up with a double-heel smash.

EMMIT

But...what if I can't punch a hole in a log? Wouldn't that hurt a lot?

DRILLBIT

Pain does not hurt unless you let it. I don't connect the physical pain with the pain impulse in my brain. If anything, I redirect it to the pleasure impulse, and I enjoy it. Observe - the Black Mantis.

Drillbit takes a deep breath then delivers a punch to a dead log. His knuckles hit with a THUD and the log doesn't budge. He clutches his hand in pain, looks at the kids who have confused expressions, then tries to recover by attempting to flip off the log but landing flat on his back.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

(in obvious pain)

I'm used to doing it with real people. The scale with you little guys around. It throws me all off.

He gets up.

DRILLBIT

So there you have it! Some insight into the mind of the warrior poet.

Wade spots Drillbit's tree fort.

WADE

Whoa. What's that?

The other boys see it.

DRILLBIT

It's a strategic outpost. I have these all over the city. It's hard for me to settle down, you see.

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)

They trained me to be a self-sufficient killing machine, but they didn't teach me how to turn it off. They said they'd make me an army of one. That's what they got. A one-man army.

RYAN

Looks like you got a pile of car stereos over there.

DRILLBIT

Yeah. Of course. Buy 'em from the dumps. Use the parts to make transistors. It's none of your business. Focus. It's time to toughen you up.

MUSIC UP: FIXIN TO DIE RAG by COUNTRY JOE

MONTAGE:

- Drillbit getting ready to wrestle with the kids.

DRILLBIT

Observe my flawless technique.

One by one the kids attack Drillbit, and without a hint of real technique, Drillbit overpowers them with his man strength.

- The three boys walk through a dirt path in the woods. Suddenly, Drillbit pops out from the bushes covered head to toe in leaves and twigs. He looks like Swamp-Thing.

EMMIT

AAAHHHH!!!!!!

Wade and Ryan jump as Emmet bolts, tripping over a plant and running face-first into a tree.

DRILLBIT

Camouflage Technique!

- Drillbit hands Wade a bat-sized log.

DRILLBIT

When I say go, take a swing at my head.

WADE

What? Seriously?

DRILLBIT

Hit me!

Wade swings the log and Drillbit catches it with bare hand, not even flinching.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I feel no pain.

WADE

Really? You didn't feel that?

DRILLBIT

I - feel - no - pain.

He lets go of the log, and as he turns, we see him trembling to stifle his agony.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Drillbit and the boys are sitting cross-legged in meditative poses. The boys have their eyes closed. They sit in silence.

RYAN

Can we-

DRILLBIT

Shh! You gotta hold it, boys.
Just...hold it. If you shut your
mind off to the...external...uh...
forces of evil, you then can truly
align your souls and overcome any
foe. So shut your stinkin' traps.

They sit in silence. Drillbit pulls a flask out from his back pocket and takes a swig.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

Okay. And we're done. That
concludes the Meditation Technique.
I've taught you small gentlemen
everything I know, and as you
return to the field of battle
tomorrow, know this one last thing.
There is one way to defeat your
enemy that only the strongest of
people can accomplish. Something so
difficult, most men tremble at its
mere thought.

WADE

How?

DRILLBIT

Love him.

RYAN

What?

DRILLBIT

Love him.

RYAN

If you think he wants to beat us up now, wait till we try to love him.

DRILLBIT

The strongest of warriors loves his enemy as much as he loves his friend. Find your commonality. Use that like a bridge over troubled waters.

EMMIT

Isn't that Simon and Garfunkel?

DRILLBIT

I never said it wasn't.

(beat)

Now, as one week ends, another begins. How 'bout we settle up.

WADE

Uh...well, we don't really have all of it yet.

DRILLBIT

Why the hell not?

WADE

Because we just couldn't swing it. I mean, we'll have it soon.

RYAN

I'm not getting a PSP so I can afford to pay you, man. I want you to appreciate that. Do you have any idea how badly I wanted one of those things?

Emmit hands Drillbit thirty dollars.

EMMIT

I got this from selling my crystal unicorn collection.

DRILLBIT

You collect a lot of weird shit Emmitt. Fine. Well, you better get the rest. And as far as tomorrow goes, do what I've taught you. I'll be there, watching like a hawk. A ghost hawk. An invisible, silent, deadly, ghost hawk. Godspeed.

The kids walk away through the woods. Drillbit goes over to his little living area, which we see is pretty well put together for a homeless person's forest residence. He looks down at the cash in his hand.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

...Cheap little punks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Drillbit and his fellow bums are sitting on a bench in front of a beautiful fountain outside a magnificent business district office tower. Drillbit removes a bottle of SmartWater from a paper bag.

DRILLBIT

Little bastards. I thought these kids were loaded. All I hear is crap about how fourteen-year-olds rule the marketplace. These brats can't come up with a couple hundred bucks a week.

DON

If anything, you should just stop this nickle-and-dime shit and just rob those suckers blind.

Drillbit's mind starts racing. He takes a swig of SmartWater.

DRILLBIT

You know that could work...

(chugs the entire bottle
of SmartWater)

I already grabbed a few things. But just small stuff. I tell ya, there ain't never anyone there in the day, ever.

BUM #2

That's what I'm talking about.
With one big score, we could own
one of these buildings.

The Bum points a nice skyscraper, then starts accosting a
BUSINESSMAN.

BUM #2 (CONT'D)
(in the Businessman's
face)

Then you sons of bitches will be
asking us for change!!!

DRILLBIT

I don't know about that, but I'd be
in Canada in no time. People leave
their doors open. You can just walk
in and fix yourself a snack in
somebody's kitchen and they don't
mind. I read that. I'm thinking of
getting braces. I could get them
for nothing when I get there.
That's how it works up north.

Drillbit goes for another swig of SmartWater, but it's empty.

EXT. SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

Ryan, Wade and Emmit walk across the big lawn towards the
front doors of the school. Wade notices Brooke walking up to
them from across the lawn.

WADE

Here she comes. Oh no. Just be cool
for a second, guys. Please be cool.

Brooke arrives.

BROOKE

Hey, Wade! Where were you? You
missed the first Asian Heritage
Club meeting.

RYAN

The what?

WADE

The Asian Heritage Club. You know,
because of my Granny Lin. The
Korean one.

RYAN

Ohhhh...yeah...that's right.

EMMIT

Wow! I didn't know that.

WADE

Yeah, well. It's true. Part of my heritage.

BROOKE

I thought you were part Japanese, since you said "sayonara" to me.

WADE

Oh. I just said that because you said it. You know, to respect your culture. Anyways, I'll be at the next one. I promise.

BROOKE

Well, I can't wait to see you there. Annyeonghi kyeseyo.

WADE

What?

BROOKE

I said "goodbye" in Korean. Didn't I pronounce it right?

WADE

No, no. Yeah. I mean, you just surprised me. You pronounced it great. Just like my Granny.

She smiles and walks off. Wade can't believe how well the interaction went. Neither can Ryan and Emmitt.

RYAN

That was crazy. She totally wants you.

WADE

I know! I mean, she actually seemed happy to see me.

RYAN

It might just be her kinship with her fellow Asians.

WADE

I can't believe I told her that.

EMMIT

You're not Asian? Oh man. That's a big lie.

WADE

It's not that bad. I mean, I might be. Somewhere down the line. My grandma's Russian. That borders Asia. And as I see it, on the Chick-O-Meter, that's Wade, 1. Ryan, 0.

RYAN

What?! That's bull. I'm biding my time. Surveying the land. You went after the first girl that even looked at you!

WADE

At a least a girl looked at me!

RYAN

You're nine and a half feet tall! How could she not look at you. I'll get a girl. I'm going through an "America's Next Top Model" elimination process. One of these days, I'll let a girl know she's the lucky winner of my wiener.

WADE

"Wiener?" That's why you're never gonna get a girlfriend.

As they walk towards the school they see Filkins and his group of homies in a circle FREE-STYLE RAPPING with one another.

EMMIT

Oh dear. Should we hide behind a tree? Camouflage Technique?

Wade looks at Filkins' crew free-styling.

WADE

You know, maybe we shouldn't. I mean, this is what Drillbit was talking about, commonalities. Loving your enemy, right, guys?

RYAN

What? We should go give him a hug or a reach-around?

WADE

No, man! You love rap. Filkins and his friends do, too. They're free-styling, so, I mean, maybe I'm crazy, but what if you guys, like, bonded on that or something?

EMMIT

Yeah, Ryan. That's how you build a bridge.

WADE

Or maybe he'll just respect you, like in 8 Mile. Maybe everyone will. Maybe you'll become the coolest kid in school.

Ryan thinks about it. He bobs his head a bit, clearly practicing rapping in his head.

RYAN

Alright...I'll do it.

WADE

Really? You're going to do it?

RYAN

Yeah.

Ryan walks over to Filkins and his friends. One guy is BEATBOXING.

FILKINS

(rapping)

I kill bitch ass mcs who try to
test me/Better watch out or you'll
suck my test-i-clees!

HOMIE #1

Nice!

FILKINS

(rapping)

Don't believe me? I'll kill you!/
Deceive me? I'll fill you!/With
lead you'll be dead from that
bullet in the head, go to bed!

Ryan steps into the group.

RYAN

I eat so many burgers call me
Jughead, see?/So bad I pop a cap in
Mr. Weatherbee!

Filkins and his gang are shocked. In the background, Wade and
Emmit nervously observe.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Josie and the Pussycats, Betty and
Veronica/They got their mouths on
me, like I'm a harmonica!

HOMIE #1

Nice!

Filkins sees that his homies like Ryan's rap and is angered.
A small crowd has formed around them, including Brooke.
Filkins jumps back in.

FILKINS

Oh ma god look, there's a punk-ass
rappin!/He say one more word I'm
gonna give him a bitch slappin!

The entire crowd LAUGHS.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

I'm so surprised you're movin', ass
is so damn fat/ You lucky I don't
hit you wif my baseball bat.

The crowd loves it. Ryan looks embarrassed and glances back
at Wade, then sets his eyes back on Filkins, determined as
hell.

RYAN

I'm lookin' in the face of a dumb-
schmuck-putz/ You say I'm fat? Only
things fat are my nuts.

BY-STANDER

Whoa!

BY-STANDER

Sweet!

RYAN

Can't hurt my head with a bat, I'm
the Incredible Hulk!/ I'm like
Costco, serving ass-kickings in
bulk!

The crowd CHEERS for Ryan, motivating him to take it further.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You don't like my words, Mr. King of the School? Well guess what, then you can suck on my two family jewels!

Ryan grasps his nut sack.

RYAN (CONT'D)

BI-ATCH!!!

The entire crowd goes ballistic, even Filkins' homies. Filkins is furious. Ryan soaks it up. People high-five him, in complete awe of what they have just witnessed. Wade leans over to Brooke.

WADE

I told him to do that.

BROOKE

You told him to say, "Pop a cap in Mr. Weatherbee?"

Ryan pulls his way out of the group and heads towards Wade and Emmitt. He grabs them and keeps walking.

RYAN

What have I just done?

WADE

Nothing. That was amazing! You were finding commonality.

(beat)

I mean, I don't know if you needed to call him a bi-atch, but--

RYAN

I know! I got caught up in the moment. Keep walking, man. Keep walking!.

EMMITT

Wow. Sure was a lot of people watching. And I think most of them were cheering for you.

RYAN

Really? Okay. That could be good, then. Maybe Drillbit was right.

WADE

I'm sure he was. And I'm sure he's watching over us as we speak, and if anything went wrong, he'd jump in and kick Filkins' head off.

Ryan smiles as they round the corner. Suddenly-

BAM! Filkins punches Ryan straight in the face! He's got his buddies with him.

FILKINS

Now who's laughing, mighty mouth!
You're going to get it worse than
ever now, all of you!

The guys run off, Ryan clutching his face.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Ryan, Wade, and Emmitt are walking away from school in silence. Ryan has a black eye, a split lip and a trickle of blood coming out of his nose.

EMMIT

How did he do that with just one punch?

WADE

It's like his fist is the size of your whole face.

EMMIT

I guess it's true -- rap really does cause violence.

Suddenly, Drillbit emerges from a bush.

DRILLBIT

Hey there, pooper troopers! Sorry I didn't get back to your walkie-talkie call sooner, had to meet some compatriots. I trust you boys enough to tell you they were government people, 'cause-
(noticing Ryan's eye)
Holy shit! What happened to your face?

RYAN

I got punched by Filkins. Where were you, man?

Drillbit looks genuinely concerned.

DRILLBIT

Oh crap. Sorry kid. Let me see that.

(takes a look)

Ah, that'll heal fine enough. Now what happened?

EMMIT

Ryan tried to find common ground with Filkins, just like you said, so they started rapping together, and-

RYAN

And the bottom line is your advice backfired, Drillbit, and now we're more screwed than ever.

DRILLBIT

Now, now, Randy-

RYAN

It's Ryan! And if this is the best you got, then it's not good enough. You're fired.

DRILLBIT

Whoa! Slow down, Mr. Trump. That was just Phase I: test his mettle. Turns out he's got a lot of mettle. Now we go to Phase II: direct action.

WADE

Alright, so then what're you going to do?

RYAN

Yeah! 'Cause you better do something instead of leaving it all up to us. Look at me!

DRILLBIT

Alright, fair enough. Tomorrow, I'm goin' in.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Ryan is sitting down watching TV. His stepfather, Jim, comes in drinking a beer and notices his black eye.

JIM

Holy cow. Where'd the shiner come from, Ry?

RYAN

Oh, well, man. You should'a seen it. We were playing football, and the biggest guy in the grade, this guy...Filkins, is coming at me at like, a hundred miles an hour, and everyone's just clearing out of the way. But I just leapt straight at him, and his knee clipped my eye, but I took him down hard.

JIM

Nice! Tackle around the knees! That's what I always told you.

They sit for another moment.

RYAN

Hey, Jim? I know this kid...and he's really getting harassed and pushed around by this other kid. It's really puttin' him through hell.

JIM

I know exactly what you're talking about. When I was in school, there was this guy and, I don't know what it was, but he just really got under my skin. I wouldn't say I bullied him, but...I pushed him around a little. And I honestly think if I saw him today, he'd thank me for it. I prepared him for the real world.

RYAN

Thanks. I'll tell him that.

EXT. WADE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Wade's Mom gets into her car.

WADE'S MOM

See you at dinner, honey!

WADE

Bye Mom, love you.

His Mom drives off. Drillbit, Emmitt, and Ryan emerge from behind a parked car.

RYAN

"I love you mommy!"

EMMIT

Black Ops in da hizzouse!

DRILLBIT

Alright, troops. Phase II is a go.
Let's hit up the school.

RYAN

You can't go in there like that.
You look like Wolverine or
something. We need to clean you up.

DRILLBIT

What? This soldier doesn't need to
"clean up."

WADE

If you want to keep getting paid,
we need you to be there, at school.
If you clean up, you could totally
blend in with the teachers. It's
the Camouflage Technique.

Drillbit knows he can't argue, and is very unhappy about it.

INT. WADES' HOUSE - BATHROOM

The boys watch Drillbit having a very difficult time hacking away his beard with the a pink Lady Schick razor.

DRILLBIT

Dammit! "Strong enough for a man
yet made for a woman" my ass! This
couldn't shave the hair off Emmitt's
marble sack.

EMMIT

Not that it's any of your business,
but it doesn't really have hair.

DRILLBIT

Exactly.

He finally finishes up and looks at himself in the mirror. He looks pretty good.

DRILLBIT

Now if you'll all excuse me so I can kick the crap out myself for looking like the biggest dork-assed loser in the world.

WADE

Don't say that. I think you look great. You should keep going. Maybe give your hair a trim.

DRILLBIT

Hey! No way, man! I shouldn't even have done this! Look at my face! My head looks tiny! I look like a baby seal. I'm not happy about this one bit! It's not like my beard'll just grow back.

WADE

Yes it will.

DRILLBIT

Won't be the same.

Drillbit storms out. The guys sit for a beat.

EMMIT

(looking in the sink)

Isn't it weird how face hair is curly?

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

MAKEOVER MONTAGE

- Drillbit takes off his socks. They stand up by themselves.
- In the shower, Drillbit shampoos his hair, then shampoos his socks.
- At the sink, he blow dries his hair, then blow dries his socks and underwear.
- Drillbit sits on the toilet, wearing Wade's Mom's bathrobe and a towel around his shoulders, as Emmitt cuts his hair.
- Emmitt styles Drillbit's hair into a side-part. Drillbit looks in the mirror disapprovingly then messes it up.

- Wade opens a closet door, revealing a rack of men's clothes. He holds up a suit for Drillbit. Ryan pulls out a dress shirt. Drillbit hesitates, then takes them both. Emmitt fans out a selection of neckties. Drillbit grabs them all.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Drillbit, looking like a million bucks in a suit, trimmed, clean hair, and generally cleaned up in every way, stands in front of a mirror with the boys at his side.

DRILLBIT

(smiling)

Wow. I'd hump myself right now if you boys weren't here to watch.

(to Wade)

Are you sure your Dad won't miss the suit?

WADE

I'm sure. He's never coming back for his shit.

DRILLBIT

This cleaning up thing really showed excellent strategic thinking. I forgot how nice this was. That's the magic of a child's mind: so beautiful in its simplicity. My complex intellect couldn't scale itself down to allow me to conjure such a simple concept. Now, cadets, you're dismissed. Got to open the hatch and drop some depth charges, if you know what I mean.

The kids salute and leave the room. Drillbit looks at himself in the mirror. He's not used to seeing himself this way.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

The three boys walk towards the school with Drillbit who is clearly nervous. A few teachers walk by, but don't pay any attention to him.

DRILLBIT

Now, remember, I can't just walk in and start kicking ass. I'm here to protect you. I'm a fly on the wall. A deadly, venomous fly.

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)

And nobody knows who I am. The key is to avoid confrontation.

Wade hands Drillbit a piece of paper.

WADE

These are our schedules. We have the first class together, so just meet us near the Life Skills room so you can walk us to our lockers.

EMMIT

Life Skills always makes me uncomfortable. They made me put a condom on a banana. When does that happen in life?

DRILLBIT

They teach you to bag the salami in school these days? Holy shit, I was born too early.

RYAN

I stole four condoms last class, just in case. They don't expire for two more years.

They open the doors to the school just as Principal Doppler is coming out. All the guys freeze as Doppler looks at them, expecting to be busted.

DRILLBIT

Uh...

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

Welcome! You must be the new sub. You're covering Geometry and Phys Ed today. Teacher's lounge is on the third floor. Someone there will give you your assignment.

SFX: BELL RINGING

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - LATER

Drillbit sits alone, looking uncomfortable and antsy. He gets up and makes his way over to the coffee machine. He grabs a mug and fills it with coffee and ton of sugar.

As he drinks, he begins going through some of the shelves and cupboards, pocketing the odd item: a pack of pens, some blank CD's, coffee filters.

Suddenly, the door swings open, causing Drillbit to leap away from the cupboard, spilling some coffee on himself. He turns to see that a PRETTY TEACHER has just entered the lounge.

PRETTY TEACHER

Hey! How's it going?

DRILLBIT

Good. Saw a spider in that cupboard. Scared the hell out of me.

PRETTY TEACHER

Don't worry. I'll protect you.

The Teacher smiles at Drillbit. He can't believe his luck.

INT. LIFE SKILLS CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Wade, Ryan and Emmitt sit beside each other completely grossed out as they watch a video in class. The LIFE SKILLS TEACHER stands beside the TV.

LIFE SKILLS TEACHER

As you can see, the baby's head has just come out of the vagina. Now, it doesn't look like a normal baby yet, no, that's because the skull plates are compressed and it's covered in bodily fluids.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Drillbit is now fully flirting with the Pretty Teacher.

DRILLBIT

Yeah, you know, after getting my masters I just thought, "You know what'd be great? If I could give just a small amount of this massive bank of knowledge back in some way, that would be truly fulfilling."

The Teacher LAUGHS. The BELL RINGS. Kids can be heard filling the hall.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

Uh, I really like talking to you, but I gotta go.

PRETTY TEACHER

(touches his hand)

Don't worry. The next class doesn't start for five minutes. What did you say your name was again?

DRILLBIT

Uh...Dr. Illbit.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The three guys huddle near the door of the Life Skills room watching as the hallway fills up.

RYAN

Where the hell is he?! This is bullshit! We're sitting ducks out here. I might as well kick the shit out of myself!

WADE

He'll be here, if he's not here already.

EMMIT

So...you're telling me that my entire body fit through a...vagina?

RYAN

Get over it, man. It's the only one you're ever gonna get near anyway.

WADE

Hey, it's Brooke!

ANGLE ON: Brooke, and a few of her Asian Heritage Club friends walking down the hall towards our guys. SUDDENLY, we see Filkins and one of his other buddies appear behind Brooke and her friends.

WADE

Oh shit-ass! There he is!

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Drillbit is still trying to pry himself away from the Pretty Teacher.

DRILLBIT

Okay. I promise I will e-mail you.
I'll do it. I really have to get
going.

PRETTY TEACHER

Not before you give me your number.

DRILLBIT

Man. Okay. Uh...Why don't you give
me your number. I'm switching
between Sprint and Verizon and I'm
a little up in the air right now.

PRETTY TEACHER

Okay.

She starts writing.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wade, Ryan and Emmitt are still watching in fear as down the
hall, Filkins starts shoving around some of the kids that are
standing around Brooke.

EMMIT

Oh, thank gosh! He's picking on
other people.

RYAN

Are you kidding?! Those little
dweebs are just the appetizer.

WADE

Oh no. He's trying to pants the
guy with the tits!

Then, Filkins sees our three guys down the hall.

WADE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Filkins starts heading over.

INT. ANOTHER SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Drillbit is running through the halls as fast as he can,
weaving his way through the kids. He can't help but bump into
a few of them.

DRILLBIT
(fumbling with the
schedule)
Life Skills! Where is the goddamn
Life Skills room?!!!

Nobody answers.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)
Will one of you little pinkos tell
me where the Life Skills room
is?!?!?

Drillbit frantically runs off down the hall.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The boys stand huddled together as Filkins closes in on them.

RYAN
Oh crap. Oh sweet crap.

EMMIT
I love you guys. Goodbye.

SUDDENLY, Drillbit appears around a corner behind Filkins, and sees him heading towards our boys. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a bunch of candy wrappers and a pack of strike-anywhere matches.

As Filkins reaches for Ryan, Wade spots Drillbit holding a flaming match to the candy wrapper, trying to get it to light. Wade can't believe he's not helping.

Just then, a NERDY KID comes up behind Drillbit struggling to carry a huge popsicle stick diorama of a Lord Of The Rings-style castle.

NERDY KID
Excuse me, Mordor Castle diorama
coming through!

Drillbit spins around, holding the still-lit match, instantly igniting the diorama.

DRILLBIT
It's on fire!

Drillbit wrestles the diorama from the kid and holds it up to a fire sensor. The FIRE ALARM goes off.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Fire!!!! Everybody out!

The sprinkler system goes off. Melee breaks out in the crowded halls.

WADE

(to Ryan and Emmitt)

Run! Run for your life!

As students run in every direction, the boys get away from Filkins, sprinting off down the hall. Drillbit nods, proud. He lowers the now smoldering diorama and hands it back to the Nerdy Kid. The whole thing is charred but its structure is intact.

DRILLBIT

(sheepish)

Hey, I can vouch to your teacher
that you did a nice job.

NERDY KID

(looking it over)

It actually looks kinda cool.

The Nerdy Kid smiles.

MUSIC UP: MISSION IMPOSSIBLE THEME.

- Next Morning. Wade, Ryan and Emmitt arrive at school. Suddenly a BUZZING comes from Wade's pocket. They duck behind a vending machine and Wade pulls out a walkie talkie.

DRILLBIT (O.S.)

Wade, it's Drillbit, come in,
repeat-

WADE

Read you, copy, roger.

WE CUT TO: Drillbit, in another part of the school, wearing the same suit with a different necktie. He watches Filkins and his buddies walk down the hall.

DRILLBIT

(into walkie)

Filkins is heading east down the first floor hallway, so watch your ass. And FYI, I overheard a pack of girls yappin', this Brooke chick you got a stiffy for loves Fall Out Boy and slurpees. Over.

- In the school library, Wade gives Brooke a slurpee while he burns her a mix cd: first song, Fall Out Boys' "Sugar We're Going Down."

- We see Drillbit, wearing a gaudy necktie, pouring two cups of coffee in the teachers' lounge. Other teachers glance at him and smile as if he's one of them. Drillbit takes a seat on the couch next to the Pretty Teacher who was flirting with him and hands her a cup. He looks really happy.

- Wade, Ryan and Emmitt in Geometry Class. Filkins sits directly behind Emmitt who looks terrified. At the front of the classroom, Drillbit, wearing a short-sleeve dress shirt with a bowtie, stands with a Geometry text in one hand as he finishes drawing a complicated shape on the chalkboard. He turns to notice Filkins, who has amassed a large wad of gum. He's reaching out to mash it in Emmitt's hair when-

DRILLBIT

Mr. Filkins. Perhaps you can draw the next parallaxogram.

(looks at an open file on the teacher's desk)

Or maybe you'd like to repeat Geometry One for the fifth time.

Filkins begrudgingly gets up and goes to the front of the class.

- Wade, Ryan and Emmitt in Gym Class, hitting a badminton shuttlecock back and forth over the net. Filkins and his buddies, also in gym clothes, approach. The shuttlecock lands at Filkins' feet. He picks it up.

FILKINS

Your shuttlecock touched me.

His buddies LAUGH. Filkins makes a move to grab them just as a tennis ball flies in and nails him on the head. As he turns, he and his buddies are pelted by a barrage of balls flying from a tennis ball machine, forcing them to retreat. Wade, Ryan and Emmitt look to see Drillbit salute them then disappear behind the bleachers.

END MONTAGE

INT. SCHOOL - ASIAN HERITAGE CLUB MEETING - SOON AFTER

Wade sits beside Brooke. He's the only white person amongst a room full of ASIAN STUDENTS. Everyone listens to the SPEAKER.

ASIAN SPEAKER

...As my grandfather said, it was the classic story of older Chinese immigrants struggling to find their identity in the new country while the younger generation wants to immerse themselves in the modern culture of their new home.

Wade raises his hand.

ASIAN SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Yes?

WADE

Do you think it's true that a kid here at school once killed another kid with a Samurai sword?

ASIAN SPEAKER

(confused)

I, uh, I don't know anything about that. But, uh, thank you all for coming. Last year was a bit of a let down, and we're hoping to up membership and really reach out to all the Asians in our school.

People halfheartedly CLAP. Wade looks at Brooke, smiling.

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

The Asian Heritage Club meeting is breaking up. As Wade steps into the hall, Brooke comes up from behind him and pulls him through a door.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are charts of the human body, a skeleton and a Resuscitation Anne doll. They're all alone in the First Aid Classroom.

BROOKE

You're not a quarter Asian, are you?

Wade knows he's busted.

WADE

No. Not even an eighth.

(beat)

(MORE)

WADE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I just really wanted an excuse to talk to you. I know, it was a stupid lie. And I totally understand if you don't like me for it.

BROOKE

Well...it's a little weird.

WADE

Okay, maybe it was weird. But I wanted to get to know you and I didn't know how to go about doing it. So I'm a weird freshman. I'm new at this.

BROOKE

Did you think I was stupid? Were you mocking our club?

WADE

No! No. God no. That's the last thing I think. And I would never want to mock who you are or the whole Asian experience...

(flustered)

Aww crap. Nevermind. I just liked you, but now everything's a disaster and I can't--

BROOKE

Shut up.

WADE

What?

BROOKE

Shut. Up.

Brooke smiles -- she's charmed by his awkwardness.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I'm flattered that you were interested enough to do something so stupid.

WADE

(blushes)

Uh...really? Uhhh...

He's out of things to say.

WADE

So you and me...we're cool?

BROOKE

I'm not letting you off the hook.
You still have to show up for the
meetings. As you heard, we're low
on members this year.

WADE

Okay. I can do that.

She smiles. They've both run out of things to say. There's
an awkward moment. They look as if they might kiss, but then
kids start filing in for class.

BROOKE

I guess we'd better get to our next
classes.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Wade, who couldn't be happier, finishes brushing his teeth
and goes into his room. His Mom comes to the door.

WADE'S MOM

Wade, have you seen that silver
platter that was in the kitchen?

WADE

Oh...yeah. Uh...I'm taking Home Ec.
We needed to bring in our own
serving trays. For appetizers.

WADE'S MOM

How is everything at school? It
seems like I've been so busy that I
have no idea what's going on with
you.

WADE

Yeah, well, you've got a lot on
your mind, but I can honestly say
things are going great.

WADE'S MOM

(smiles)

That's what I like to hear.

His Mom leaves and shuts the door.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Drillbit is in his little fort eating a candy necklace and reading a Spider-Man comic. Around him, many trees have been cleared and there is a large hole in the ground with construction equipment nearby. Wade emerges from the trees and sees Drillbit.

WADE

Hey, I thought I might find you here.

DRILLBIT

Hey Wade. Can you believe this crap? Look at what they did to my strategic outpost. How strategic is it gonna be if there's a damn Home Depot sittin' on top of it.

WADE

Well, good thing you have other ones all over the city.

DRILLBIT

Yeah...good thing.

WADE

Hey. Uh...my mom just asked about the silver platter. I came up with the best lie. She totally doesn't suspect a thing. Little does she know we might be using it to stop bullets.

DRILLBIT

(guilty)

Uh...yeah. Good cover.

WADE

I just wanted to thank you again for the last few weeks. I mean, since my dad left... just thanks.

Drillbit smiles.

DRILLBIT

Don't worry about it.

WADE

Also, we made this for you.

Wade hands Drillbit a framed photo of them all together. The phrase "Invectus Lexus Asparagus Abacus" has been photo-shopped onto the picture. Drillbit stares at it, more emotional than we've seen him.

WADE (CONT'D)

Just because...you know. I realize you're a hardened Black Ops guy. You don't feel pain, so, I don't know if you'd understand, but before we met you, we thought our lives were gonna suck forever. After this week, it seems like everything might be okay. " "

DRILLBIT

(touched)

Thanks, Wade.

(beat)

Or course, you're right, I can't understand, because of how hardened I am, but, yeah...

(looks at the picture again)

Thanks.

EXT. BORDERS - DAY

Drillbit and his homeless buddies loiter.

DON

What do you mean, the plan's off?!

DRILLBIT

I mean, I'm still taking their money, I just don't think we need to take their belongings is all. It seems like overkill.

DON

You and I both know you can't overkill something. The deader, the better.

DRILLBIT

Well, too bad. You're just gonna have to rob someone else.

DON

You're an undependable liar who lets everyone down!

DRILLBIT

No, you see, I'm trying not to be that.

DON

You're not making any sense. I'm gonna steal some newspapers.

Don walks away in disgust.

EXT. SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

Ryan's mother and his stepfather, Jim, drop Ryan and Wade off in front of the school.

JIM

Ry, after work me and Mom are going to your brothers' hockey game. And then we're going to take them out for ice cream. So, we probably won't be back until late.

(beat)

Alright boys, have a good day.

RYAN

Cool, Dad. Have fun.

Ryan and Wade walk towards the school. It's a sunny morning, they are both happy and confident.

EMMIT (O.S.)

Hey, buds!

Emmit runs up to Wade and Ryan. Wade pulls out his walkie talkie.

WADE

Delta-four-niner, come in, this is Yu-Gi-Oh-Oh-seven, we're on the highway to the danger zone, repeat, on the highway, over.

ANGLE ON: Drillbit

Drillbit is peeking down on the boys from the second floor teachers lounge.

DRILLBIT

Yu-Gi-Oh-Oh-seven, this is Delta-four-niner. You're clear to cross.

ANGLE ON: WADE, RYAN, AND EMMIT.

They walk across the massive front lawn, when suddenly the walkie talkie crackles to life.

DRILLBIT (O.S.)
(over walkie talkie)
Yu-Gi-Oh-Oh-seven! Beware! We have
a bogie! Repeat! Northbound! Two
O'clock sharp, red back pack! Over.

The boys look and see Filkins quickly approaching from across the lawn.

RYAN
Oh crap.

EMMIT
(to Wade)
Should we run? We could run!

WADE
(into walkie talkie)
Delta-four-niner, should we run,
over?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Drillbit desperately maneuvers through the swarm of children wandering the schools hallways.

DRILLBIT
(into walkie talkie)
Negative! I am on route to
intercept!

EXT. SCHOOL - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Wade, Ryan, and Emmitt try to nonchalantly walk away from Filkins, but he starts running towards them.

FILKINS
Come 'ere you little shits!

Ryan points to the SCHOOL MASCOT, a kid in a gopher costume.

RYAN
Why don't you pick on the kid
dressed as a giant gopher?

EMMIT

No way! Do you realize what that
would do to school spirit?

Suddenly, Drillbit bursts out of the main entrance and keeps
Filkins at a distance.

DRILLBIT

Alright, Mr. Filkins, get to class,
and boys, please come with-

FILKINS

Hey! Get out of my face! I'm sick
of you giving me a hard time, man!

The morning rush of kids entering the school stops and
watches the altercation. Drillbit steps up close to Filkins,
nose to nose.

DRILLBIT

I want to make one thing clear,
bub. You and these kids...well...
there is no you and these kids. You
get me?

(beat)

Well, if you don't, I got a lot
more painful way of teaching you.

Filkins looks around at all the people watching. They look at
him like he's a dork, everyone amused by his reprimanding.

FILKINS

Screw this.

SLAM! Filkins punches Drillbit in the face! Drillbit almost
falls over, wobbling back and forth as he tries to focus on
Filkins. The crowd of students GASPS, completely shocked.

DRILLBIT

You punched me! ARG!!! Why?!?

SLAM! Filkins punches Drillbit in the face and drops him. He
throws his hands up in the air in victory, really making a
meal out of it. His two buddies CLAP.

FILKINS

That's why, bitch!

Drillbit crawls away for a few feet, then gets up and runs
off.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

Yeah, keep runnin'!

Filkins stares at the boys with a look of blood lust.

EMMIT

Run!!! Run!!!

The boys run as fast as they can.

EXT. STREET - SOON AFTER

The boys are walking.

RYAN

Seriously though, what the hell was that?

WADE

I...I don't know.

RYAN

I mean, we've given him hundreds of dollars! I've not been playing PSP for weeks now, and for what? So Filkins can beat us up just as easily as he did Drillbit?

EMMIT

Maybe we need to try to love our enemy again.

RYAN

Shut up, Emmmit!

Behind the boys we see Drillbit jogging towards them, gasping and wheezing as he comes.

DRILLBIT

(barely audible)

Boys!!! Boys!!!

They keep walking.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

Boys! Guys! Come on! Wade, Ryan, Emmmit, let me explain.

RYAN

Explain what, man? That you're a pussy? That you've got no balls?

WADE

Why didn't you defend yourself? And us!

DRILLBIT

He sucker-punched me. If you just gimme a sec-

WADE

Fine. What?

DRILLBIT

Look, there were too many kids around. I couldn't just beat the hell out of him, could I now? The Principal would have come, cops maybe, and they woulda found out I wasn't a real teacher. What good am I to you guys in jail? " "

(beat)

Look, I took the hit for you guys. You're all fine. I'm like one of those guys, uh, jumpin' in front of the President and such. Truth be told, I'm kind of shocked. I thought you'd be thanking me. Maybe even gimme a bonus or something. I mean, look at this shiner. I took this for you.

Drillbit points at his black eye. The boys themselves seems surprised at how believable Drillbit's story is.

EMMIT

Wow. How could we...

Ryan and Wade feel bad, too.

WADE

Oh man, sorry.

RYAN

I'm sorry, it just seemed-

DRILLBIT

Hey, we're bigger men than this, past is in the past. Let's move on.

They arrive at Ryan's house.

RYAN

Well, you want to come in and have some Cap'n Crunch?

At that moment, Drillbit sees a worn down old Mail Delivery truck parked in front of Ryan's.

DRILLBIT

Oh no! Wait! No!

Ryan opens the door and everyone is shocked to see two of Drillbit's homeless "friends" and Don stealing the few remaining items of worth they hadn't already cleared out.

RYAN

What the shit?

DRILLBIT

(to Don)

You bastard!

(to the other homeless
guys)

You bastards!

DON

Drillbit? Shit!

HOMELESS GUY #1

Hit the kids on the head!

WADE

(to Drillbit)

How do they know you?

DRILLBIT

I don't know these people!

DON

Just back off, Drillbit. We're almost done. You were right about this place.

DRILLBIT

Put down the DVD player!

RYAN

What the hell is going on?!

HOMELESS GUY #2

Screw this, I'm out!

Homeless Guy #2 runs straight into the kitchen and out the already-open back door. Everyone watches as he climbs over the fence and disappears into the alley.

EMMIT

Should I call the cops?!

Homeless Guy #1 bowls through Emmitt and Wade, knocking them to the ground.

DRILLBIT

No! Not like this! Not like this!

Don punches Drillbit in the face. Don and Homeless Guy #1 run out of the house and drive off in the mail delivery truck.

RYAN

Get out! Get out you asshole!

Drillbit quickly spins in a circle, looking for the threat.

DRILLBIT

What? There's another one? Where?
I'll kill 'im!!!

RYAN

No, you, asshole! Get out of my damn house now! Look what you've done! I'm so screwed it's crazy.
AAAAAHHHHH!!!

DRILLBIT

I didn't do anything!

WADE

You know those guys!

EMMIT

Ryan, I think one of them peed in your kitchen.

WADE

What the hell is going on?! You're a bodyguard who got beat up by a high school kid and a bum!

RYAN

How did you know those guys?! My dad's going to kill me! Shit! I'm screwed.

EMMIT

Should I call the police?

DRILLBIT

No! Wait! Don't do that!

WADE

Tell us the truth. Please!

DRILLBIT

Fine. Jesus. Okay...I maybe...
wasn't necessarily... everything
that I told you I was.

WADE

You lied?!

RYAN

So you have no military training at
all?!

DRILLBIT

That's not true! I was trained by
the United States Army! I was
trained to be a Black Ops.

WADE

Then why could a teenager beat you
up so easily?

DRILLBIT

Because I don't like violence!
Okay?! Look, my dad was a five-star
General, he forced me to join up. I
loved the parts with the ropes and
the traps, but I was terrified of
confrontation. The day my company
arrived in the Middle East, I
climbed into the wheel-well of a
cargo plane and came back to the
U.S. I went AWOL! It was the
hardest thing I ever did in my
entire life.

WADE

Going AWOL?

DRILLBIT

No. Flying twenty hours in the
wheel-well of a cargo plane.

The kids all stare at him, shocked.

EMMIT

What about protecting Vice-
Presidents and Sylvester Stallone?

DRILLBIT

Never worked for them. I guess I
got caught up in the moment of
trying to impress you.

WADE

So everything you've told us is a lie?

DRILLBIT

No, the Black Mantis Fighting Style is real. I learned it in boot camp. I guess I'm still just too afraid to use it.

RYAN

Try too lame to use it. So that's why you're always hiding in the woods, because you're AWOL and you're running from the government!

EMMIT

Is your name really even Drillbit?

RYAN

Of course it's not, stupid.

DRILLBIT

My name is Bob Taylor. Not even short for Robert. Just Bob. I didn't kill anyone with a drillbit. I got that nickname in high school. I was always in Wood Shop, and one time I accidentally punctured my pinky with a drillbit.

(looking at his pinky)

There's still a nasty scar around here. See?! That's real!

Indeed, he has a bad scar on his pinky.

EMMIT

So, you're a coward, a liar, and a U.S. Army deserter?

WADE

And a thief. You took our money! You were just using us to take our money!

RYAN

And you took all the shit in my house!!

DRILLBIT

Well I'd like to think I provided some service, but yeah, okay.

(starts crying)

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)

Hell, I'm a mess! I'm a wasted life! This is the first time I've felt useful in my adult life, and I just messed this up, too! I can't protect three little kids! I'm a survivalist who can barely survive! This is my reality: I have no marketable skills whatsoever. A gourmet meal for me is an entrée of Pop Rocks with Lik-M-Aid for dessert. Reality is waking up with a three-pound spider on your face. Think about it! I'm a fugitive! A criminal against my country! I live in the woods, man! I'm nothing!

RYAN

You're a bum.

DRILLBIT

(crying)

I prefer misunderstood veteran!
But, yes! I am indeed a bum!

RYAN

How did you know those guys?

DRILLBIT

They're other..."bums", I guess. I maybe mentioned that...you know... you guys had stuff.

RYAN

You son of a bitch.

DRILLBIT

I'll get you your stuff back. I swear!

RYAN

Yeah right! Why would we believe you?!! If we ever see you again, you'll spend the rest of your life in prison!

WADE

(tearing up)

Why???

Drillbit knows he's done. He looks at them and heads out. The boys are on their own again, completely disillusioned.

RYAN

(to Wade)

We would've never gotten in this mess if you hadn't worn the same shirt as me.

WADE

Bullcrap. If Filkins didn't pick on us for that, he would've found something else, you cocky little midget!

RYAN

Yeah, well you're the idiot who pushed to hire Drillbit, you stupid stick figure!

WADE

That's a lie! We all did! You called to set up the interviews. And once we did hire him you were the one who was all, 'Teach us how to kick his ass!' You couldn't kick Emmitt's ass!

RYAN

Oh yeah? I'll kick your ass.

Ryan shoves Wade. Wade shoves him right back. They break into an all-out fight. Emmitt SCREAMS as he tries to stay out of harm's way.

Ryan shoves Wade, knocking him over and causing him to break one of his dad's trophies, practically the only valuable left in the house.

Emmitt steps between them and shoves Wade back. Ryan tries to go at Wade again, and Emmitt slaps him.

EMMITT

STOP!!! Don't you see what's happening? The bullies have won!

Ryan and Emmitt stare each other down, and Ryan backs off. They all take a seat and catch their breath.

WADE

We hired someone to protect us. We paid a stupid bum to beat up a stupid high school bully. We are the biggest idiots in the world, we got ourselves beaten, robbed, and...and...

RYAN
(depressed)
Yeah.

EXT. FOREST - LATER THAT DAY

We see the skeletal framework for a huge Home Depot. An emotionally upset Drillbit is in his sleeping bag, which now lies amongst construction equipment and scaffolding.

DRILLBIT
Stupid kids. Messin' with my head.
Suddenly, his walkie talkie starts crackling.

WADE (O.S.)
(through the walkie
talkie)
Drillbit?

Hearing Wade say his name makes him more depressed.

EMMIT (O.S.)
(through the walkie)
Bob? It's us, the guys. Pick up,
please.

Drillbit looks away from the walkie talkie.

RYAN (O.S.)
(through the walkie)
Well, anyway, we just called to say
go to hell and we hope we never see
you again. Stay away from us, or
we'll call the cops.

WADE
We're kids and you screwed us! We
trusted you, ya bum! But we'll get
our shit back somehow, and in the
meantime, go F yourself.
(beat)
Over.
(beat)
Oh yeah, and I'd like my walkie
talkie back. Over.

Drillbit looks over to the picture of him and the boys.

DRILLBIT
I'm sorry, soldiers. I...

Drillbit's face takes on a look of profound determination. He bends over and picks up an empty VitaminWater, then valiantly stands, drinks the last few drops and looks to the photo again.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

I won't let you boys down. Ain't the Drillbit way.

He storms off into the night.

EXT. BORDERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Drillbit watches from behind a mail box as Don is thrown out of the Borders.

DRILLBIT

(to himself)

The chicken's come home to roost, Donny-boy.

DON

(yelling at Borders employee)

Hey! I said I'd buy somethin', dammit! Biscotti is somethin'!

As Don begins to talk down the street, Drillbit stealthily follows.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - PARKING LOT - SOON AFTER

Drillbit watches as Don walks down an empty road surrounded by giant warehouses. Ahead, under an overpass, Drillbit notices the old mail delivery truck.

INT. MAIL DELIVERY TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Don opens the front door of the truck to find Drillbit, completely out of breath but trying to look casual, sitting in the driver's seat.

DRILLBIT

(panting)

Sorry...chump...this haul is getting returned to sender.

He kicks it into drive and guns it. Don latches onto the door as the truck picks up speed.

DON

No! You son-of-a-bitch bastard!

Drillbit slams on the brakes, sending Don flying forwards.

DRILLBIT

Eat it, jerk. No one dupes the D-bit. Hoo-rah!

He speeds off as Don gets up and hopelessly tries to give chase. Drillbit smiles and turns on the radio as he victoriously drives away.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER

Ryan, Wade, and Emmitt walk down the street, miserable.

RYAN

I'm dead. I'm so unbelievably dead. Maybe I should just run away from home. You always wonder why someone would. Now we know it's 'cause people do stuff like this.

WADE

Man, we'll be there with you if you want.

RYAN

Totally, man. Right now the only thing that's making me feel better is knowing you guys are probably going to get in as much trouble as me.

EMMIT

What? Why?

RYAN

My parents are going to call yours and-

WADE

We're all dead.

The walk on in silence.

They arrive back at Ryan's house and stare at it from the outside.

EMMIT

Maybe we can clean it up a bit or something.

WADE

Yeah...or pretend we have no idea
what happened and that someone
broke in, straight up.

RYAN

That doesn't get the stuff back.

WADE

Yeah...I know.

They walk into the house and-

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Almost everything that was stolen is back! The stuff is
scuffed up, slightly dirty, and in all the wrong places.

RYAN

What?

(beat)

What?!

EMMIT

It's a miracle!

Wade quickly scans the area.

WADE

How did this happen? This is so
totally Twilight Zone.

EMMIT

No, no. Think about it. It must
have been Drillbit.

RYAN

Are you joking me?

Suddenly, the back door opens and in walks Ryan's PARENTS!!!

RYAN'S MOM

EEEEEEEEEEEEEECK!!!

JIM

What in the name of-

RYAN

(quietly and quickly to
Wade and Emmitt)

They're going to come down on us
like an atomic bomb, we should just
tell the truth.

JIM

Ryan! What happened? Are you alright?

RYAN

Well...okay. Jim, first day of school this little twerp to my left was getting picked on by some bullies so Wade and me stepped in, then the bullies started picking on us. We talked to the Principal but he was no help, so we hired an army veteran to protect us-

RYAN'S MOM

Ryan, are you being serious?

RYAN

Yeah...but he turned out to be a lying bum and he stole all our stuff, then we considered running away from home, came back, and for some weird reason all our stuff is back, almost. That's every last bit of truth I swear to God.

RYAN'S MOM

(looks to Wade)

I'm calling your parents right now.

(looks to Emmitt)

And yours! Who are you?!

EMMIT

I'm Emmitt.

He smiles.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Wade, Emmitt, Ryan and all of their parents are gathered.

EMMIT'S MOM

"Drillbit?"

WADE'S MOM

Like, for a drill?

EMMIT'S DAD

Why would a guy have a name like that?

EMMIT

His real name is Bob.

RYAN'S MOM

I saw something about this on
20/20, these traveling con artists.

EMMIT'S MOM

And I read an article on veterans.
A lot of them are drugged out of
their minds. Oh god, who knows what
he could have done? I mean, he's a
veteran, he's probably killed
people before.

JIM

(to the boys)
Did he ever touch you?

WADE

No!

WADE'S MOM

Well...he's probably in the next
town by now. As long as he doesn't
come back, there doesn't seem to be
anything we can do.

The boys give each other looks, each one hoping the other
ones will speak up.

WADE

No! No! No! You guys don't
understand, Drillbit was only
around because of our real problem -
- Filkins! This kid is literally
going to murder us!

WADE'S MOM

Wade, it'll be okay. We'll just go
and have a meeting with your
Principal.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE- THE NEXT DAY

Ryan, Wade, and Emmitt are in the Principal's office along
with their parents...and a smirking Filkins.

FILKINS

Well, I mean, I saw it as hazing.
To, ya know, make 'em feel like
they belong.

(MORE)

FILKINS (cont'd)

Like, a fun initiation.

(to the parents)

I mean, didn't you guys have that when you were kids?

Both of the Dads nod.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

Yeah, so, I thought they'd have fun with it like I did when I was a freshman, but if they don't like it, I'll stop. It's kind of weird that this is what I get for trying to make them feel like part of the group, but, I mean, I'm sorry, guys.

JIM

Hey, I'll never forget my first few days, got tied to the flagpole, egged a few times, but in the end it was all shits and giggles. And hell, nothing beats the first day of 12th grade, when it's finally your turn. You'll see, Ryan. It's a hoot!

EMMIT'S MOM

Emmit, boys, you really shouldn't have panicked like that.

(points at Filkins)

He isn't dangerous compared to a homeless, penniless, ex-soldier.

FILKINS

Yeah. That guy could have really hurt me.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

A guy like that is a real threat to the safety of our kids. Not to mention the trouble I would have been in having a fugitive on school property. It's a miracle nothing happened. And, you'll be happy to know I've give the local authorities surveillance footage of this "Drillbit." They said they'd be looking everywhere for him.

The boys are in disbelief. Ryan can't take it anymore.

RYAN

Are you guys buying this? He was going to kill us!

EMMIT

Yeah! He has a samurai sword and everything!

WADE

It's true, Mom. Seriously.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

(to Filkins)

Is any of this true?

FILKINS

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, all of it. I'm really a Samurai warrior who was going to kill them.

(beat)

I'm just a high school kid. Trying to get an education.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

This is a fairly clear cut misunderstanding. I hope that I speak for everyone in saying that this issue seems resolved?

WADE

No, no it doesn't. I mean, how does this change anything?

RYAN

Yeah, like, is he going to leave us alone?

FILKINS

Sure. I will. I promise. No more hazing.

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER

Perfect.

The parents shake the Principal's hand as Filkins smiles at the frightened boys.

WADE'S MOM

Thank you for your time, Mr. Doppler.

(looks at Wade)

(MORE)

WADE'S MOM (cont'd)

Now I have to get back to work or
my boss is going to kill me.

Wade feels terrible.

MUSIC UP: NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT by OTIS
REDDING.

- Wade sadly watches as his mother quickly walks down the
hall, giving him one last disappointed look before she
hurries out the door.

- Ryan is at home, his two stepbrothers are throwing clothes
at him and taunting him.

NICK

Hey, Ryan! I just threw a sock at
your head. Call the secret service!

CHUCK

I'm making a spitball! Get down,
Mr. President!!! Call your
bodyguards!!

The two kids LAUGH hysterically as Ryan hurls a pillow at
them, pissed.

NICK

Dad! Ryan's spazzing out! He's
throwing pillows at us!

- Emmit's alone in his room, crying.

END MONTAGE

INT. HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

In the school hallway, Wade sees Filkins staring at him with
a look of death. Then, Wade spots Brooke approaching with
smile. He tries to act normal as she walks over.

BROOKE

Hey! Wade!

Suddenly, a small chocolate milk carton comes flying at Wade,
bounces off his shoulder, and splashes all over Brooke, who
is shocked. They both turn to see Filkins LAUGHING
hysterically.

FILKINS

Got milk?!

Brooke looks to Wade, expecting him to do something.

BROOKE

Wade?

Wade looks to Filkins.

FILKINS

What, bitch?

Filkins walks off, leaving Wade alone with Brooke.

BROOKE

Nothing?

WADE

I'm sorry...

BROOKE

Say something. Anything.

Wade puts his head down, and walks away, leaving Brooke, humiliated.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - A FEW DAYS LATER

We see a shot of the school at lunch. Hundreds of kids mill around the front lawn, sitting happily in groups, playing hacky sack, football, and just joking around with their friends. We move up a nearby hill of trees. In a little hidden clearing that overlooks the school, we find Wade, Emmitt and Ryan, miserably eating their lunches in isolation.

They look out at the hundreds of other kids enjoying themselves.

RYAN

Look at 'em. Bastards don't know how lucky they are.

EMMITT

I really didn't picture the rest of my high school life being like this. I kinda pictured the Wonder Years or something. With a voice saying what's happening, and I pictured bad stuff happening, but I mean, I also pictured lots of good stuff. Maybe I should just be home schooled. This is just so...scary.

WADE

Yeah, it is. But wasting what should be the best years of our lives, that's a lot scarier than getting punched, or kicked, or beat up. We haven't gotten anything we wanted this year! I haven't gotten a girlfriend, you haven't gotten popular.

RYAN

There's nothing we can do.

WADE

Well...I'm sick of running. Look at Drillbit. He's been running, and it turned him into a stinky lying bum. We have to face our problems.

RYAN

But, Filkins is gonna kill us.

WADE

Yep. He might.

EMMIT

Okayyy...Wade's gone cuckoo. I want nothing to do with this! Getting beat to death is way scarier.

WADE

Well next time that son-of-a-bitch tries to push me around, I'm not just going to stand there.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Wade and Ryan are walking to class. Nearby, Brooke is at her locker.

FILKINS (O.S.)

Hey buddy! I found your book!

Suddenly Filkins comes up behind Wade with a large, open textbook and SLAMS it shut on his head.

WADE

OW!

The boys, and Brooke, all turn around to see Filkins.

FILKINS

(loudly)

HEY! EVERYONE! THESE THREE LITTLE
BITCHES HIRED A HOMELESS GUY TO
PROTECT THEM, AND HE ENDED UP
ROBBING THEM BLIND! HOW RETARDED IS
THAT?

Everyone LAUGHS. Wade looks at Brooke. He gathers his
courage, steps forwards and stares down Filkins.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

Ha! What is this? EVERYONE! Look!
The twerp's actin' tough!
(to Wade)
What're you gonna do? You aren't
going to do anything because you
don't have the balls.

Filkins SLAPS Wade. Brooke and everyone else can't believe
it. We see that a substantial crowd has formed.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

See? Look at that. Sackless.

Everyone LAUGHS. Wade looks at Brooke, who looks disappointed
in him. Filkins turns around and starts to walk away, when-

WADE

I'll kick your ass right now, you
stupid degenerate! You know why?
Half because everyone's sick of
your garbage, and half because of
what you said to Brooke.

Everyone is extremely shocked, especially Ryan and Emmitt.
Brooke has a glimmer of hope in her eye for Wade.

EMMIT

(shocked)

What? No!

RYAN

(whispering to Wade)

Whoa, you're actually doing it, man.

FILKINS

You think I'm dumb? You're trying
to trick me into getting myself in
trouble.

WADE

Fine! Then I'll beat your face in
somewhere else, anywhere, you name
it, I'm game.

Ryan gathers his courage.

RYAN

Uh...we're game!

FILKINS

Good. I'll be sitting at home.

(to the crowd)

I'M GOING TO KICK THEIR ASSES

TONIGHT! AT MY HOUSE! 3459

SPAULDING! EVERYONE SHOULD COME

WATCH! IT'LL BE HILARIOUS!

Wade stares down Filkins. It doesn't scare him.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

As soon as you trespass on my
property I can do anything I want.

I'm gonna pound you so hard.

WADE

You're nothing but a pathetic wimp,
and everyone's gonna know by the
end of tonight. See you then.

Filkins LAUGHS heartily as he walks off. Everyone starts
gossiping over what has just occurred.

RYAN

That was awesome, man!

WADE

Holy shit, I almost crapped myself.

EMMIT

You guys have lost it! Count me
out! I'm smaller than you two. I
haven't had my spurt yet! Or a
weight spurt! Or any kind of spurt!
Avoidance Technique -- all the way
for me.

WADE

Emmit, what don't you get? This
isn't going to stop unless we stop
it.

EMMIT

But, if, by some crazy miracle we did kick his ass, he'd just kick our asses tomorrow!

WADE

You're wrong! We've always been wrong! We just have to show him he can't push us around. If one of us breaks his nose, then he'll stop picking on us and move onto some kids who won't break his nose.

Two RANDOM DUDES walk up.

RANDOM DUDE

Yo, man! Mad respect!

WADE

See, Emmit? People are already showing us more respect.

EMMIT

That guy was probably on marijuana.
(to Ryan and Wade)
I'm going to miss you, friends.

Emmit walks off. He throws back a final look of sorrow.

MUSIC UP: "DIRTY DEEDS DONE DIRT CHEAP" By AC/DC.

- Wade is now in his bedroom doing push-ups.
- Ryan and Wade eating energy bars while watching "Fight Club."
- Ryan and Wade are playing "Street Fighter."
- Wade and Ryan wear kiddie-style inflatable boxing gloves and go at one another.
- Wade and Ryan take turns punching each other in the shoulder, pretending to like the pain. Ryan punches Wade too hard and hurts him.

RYAN

Block out the pain! Remember what that douchebag Drillbit taught us! Mind over pain!

- Wade and Ryan pound two Red Bulls each.

- Wade and Ryan each write notes to their parents. Wade leaves his on his bed.

EXT. FILKINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Wade and Ryan warily walk up the block approaching Filkins' house.

WADE

3459 Spaulding. That should be right up here.

MUSIC can be heard getting louder and louder as they approach. They are surprised to see that a full blown party has broken out. Several kids are smoking on the front lawn, and others walk are arriving with beer in tow. A group of older kids walk past the boys.

WADE (CONT'D)

Hey, do you know what's going on?

OLDER DUDE

Yeah. Some stupid freshman challenged Filkins to a fight, so he like, threw a party.

WADE

Well, that doesn't make this less scary.

RYAN

Screw it. Makes it more of a blaze of glory. Who wants to get their ass kicked with nobody around? This way, we'll live on in legend. You remember the plan?

WADE

Yep. Don't forget to block the pain.

Ryan takes a deep breath. Wade does too.

WADE (CONT'D)

It's go time.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - WADE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wade's bedroom window opens and in climbs Drillbit.

DRILLBIT

Look, Wade, don't shoot me or
nothin'! I just wanna tell you
that I-

He sees there is no one in the room. He notices a piece of
paper on Wade's bed, picks it up and reads it.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

(reading)

Dear Mom, if you are reading this I
may very well be...dead? I cannot
stand the bullying of Terry Filkins
and, along with my best friend
Ryan, have gone to kick his ass.
Our bodies will most likely be at
his house. You were a good Mom, and
I love you very much. And I'm sorry
that I gave Drillbit your silver
tray. Thanks for everything. Your
son, Wade.

(beat)

Not on my watch.

INT. FILKINS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The party is raging. At least a hundred kids drink and dance
and shout over the LOUD LIMP BIZKIT MUSIC blasting on the
stereo. Wade and Ryan enter through the front door.

RYAN

Wow. This actually looks like a
pretty cool party.

Nobody looks at them at all, and the people who do have no
idea who they are. They spot Filkins in the kitchen, handing
out beers. Wade and Ryan take off their jackets, revealing
the devil and dice shirts they wore the first day of school.
They start towards the kitchen, then Ryan stops.

RYAN (CONT'D)

In case we don't make it, I don't
want to have any regrets.

He grabs a nearby HOT GIRL and kisses her. She SLAPS him in
the face hard.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(rubbing his cheek)

And I've already gotten the first
hit out of the way.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

The Chick-O-Meter now reads 1-1,
and the night's still young. Let's
get some.

They cross through the kitchen, to Filkins, who is holding
two beers. Filkins sees the guys and a huge smile comes
across his face.

FILKINS

Hey! Will and Grace!

(announcing, excitedly)

Everyone, these are the chicks who
want to tickle me! They actually
came! Ha ha--

Suddenly, Wade kicks Filkins square in the nuts. Everyone in
the party GASPS as Filkins doubles over.

A split-second later, Ryan punches him in the face. Beer
flies everywhere. The fight is on. Kids SCREAM, some
scrambling to get out of the way while others rush to get a
good view.

Filkins grabs a full beer can and chucks it at Ryan, nailing
him in the gut. Ryan staggers back as Filkins charges at
Wade, picking him up and tackling him into the living room.
Filkins starts choking Wade. Just then, Ryan comes leaping in
with a TV tray and smashes Filkins in the head, knocking him
off of Wade.

Ryan helps Wade to his feet as Filkins grabs a six-foot tall
floor lamp and wildly swings it at the guys. Half of the room
has to duck to avoid getting hit. Filkins hurls the lamp
across the room -- it helicopters towards Wade and Ryan. Ryan
has to dive to avoid being hit.

Wade and Ryan put up their fists, ready for more.

WADE

Dude...are you blocking the pain?

RYAN

I thought I was for a second, but
I'm totally not.

WADE

Me neither. This really hurts.

Just then, Filkins' buddies emerge from the crowd. Wade and
Ryan get scared looks on their faces as they slowly begin to
back out of the house.

Filkins and his two buddies start to close in on Wade and Ryan, ready to tear them to bits. Wade and Ryan prepare for the worst as the entire spectacle moves onto the front lawn.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

A growing group of kids has gathered to watch, including Brooke. Filkins' two buddies surround Wade and Ryan. Filkins steps forward.

FILKINS

I'm gonna smash your face--

EMMIT (O.S.)

ENOUGH!

Everyone turns to see Emmitt bounding into the mayhem, and in SLOW MOTION we see him dramatically leap forward and land one phenomenal punch square on Filkins' nose! SLAM!!!

FILKINS

ARG!!!

Emmit stumbles back and is grabbed by Filkins' buddies, who punch him in the gut several times. Emmitt crumples to the ground.

Wade and Ryan yell as they charge in, only to be immediately overpowered by the older, tougher bullies. Ryan is thrown to the ground and Wade is put in a full-nelson. Filkins walks up to Wade and punches him in the gut. He winds up to punch Wade again, when a lit strike-anywhere match flies in from nowhere and hits Filkins in the chest.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

Aggh!

He stumbles back, patting out the embers.

FILKINS (CONT'D)

Who the hell did that?!

DRILLBIT (O.S.)

Private Drillbit Taylor, reporting for duty, you little rat-dicked son-of-a-no-titted-prostitute.

Everyone turns to see Drillbit emerge from the crowd. Wade and Ryan can't believe it.

WADE

He came back.

RYAN

So what? He can't do anything.

FILKINS

What's this? The homeless bodyguard
bum? Am I being punk'd or
something? What are you going to
do? Throw your stinky homeless bum
rags at me?

DRILLBIT

Not quite, junior. I'm gonna
unleash a little something called
the Black Mantis Fighting Style.

Filkins LAUGHS. Drillbit punches him in the gut. Filkins
doubles over, so Drillbit steps on his back and pushes him to
the ground.

WADE

Whoa.

RYAN

I can't believe it.

Even Drillbit is shocked at how effective he is being. He
turns to face Filkins' friends, who were coming up behind
him. He kicks one of them in the shin, and then flips the
other onto his back.

Behind him, Filkins has recovered enough to wind up a punch.
Drillbit spins, taking out Filkins' legs.

Filkins and his cronies lie in the dust as Drillbit stands
over them, the entire party silenced in shock.

Everybody looks at Drillbit in awe.

WADE

Holy crap!!!

RYAN

Drillbit! You actually can do that
stuff!

DRILLBIT

I told you! I just needed to shake
off the rust.

We hear POLICE SIRENS approaching in the distance.

WADE

Is that the cops?

DRILLBIT

Yeah. I called 'em. Figured if I didn't get here in time, they would.

ANGLE ON: Filkins, stirring on the ground. He begins crawling towards his house.

BACK ON DRILLBIT AND THE KIDS.

WADE

Thanks for coming back.

DRILLBIT

No problem. You kids taught me that I wasn't a wasted life, and that I could actually help people if-

(sees cop lights up the block)

Crap on a shit sandwich! I gotta go!

Drillbit runs off into the bushes, leaving Wade and Ryan to deflate on the lawn. A beat later, the COPS pull up in front and start rounding up party-goers.

FILKINS (O.S.)

Hey fags!

The guys turn to see a bruised and battered Filkins is approaching, now wielding the legendary Samurai sword.

IN SLOW-MOTION WE SEE:

- Filkins running towards the guys, sword held high.
- The boys standing, looks of horror sweep over them.
- A cop car SCREECHING to a halt in front of the house.
- Brooke, SCREAMING as she watches.
- The sword swinging through the air, wielded by a SCREAMING Filkins.
- Then -- Drillbit, flying through the air, leaping right in front of Wade and Ryan. He grabs the blade with his bare hand, stopping the sword.

BACK TO NORMAL.

Nobody can believe it. Drillbit stares Filkins dead in the eye.

WADE

He feels no pain.

PLINK! Drillbit's pinky finger falls to the ground.

DRILLBIT

AAAHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!! MY FINGER!!!!!!!!

Suddenly, a group of five POLICE OFFICERS tackle Filkins, brutally shoving their knees in his back as they hand-cuff him.

POLICE OFFICER #1

He's got a Samurai sword! L!!

(then, to Filkins)

You're under arrest for assault with a deadly weapon...

(to the Officers)

SOMEBODY GET THE SAMURAI SWORD!!!

Drillbit writhes as Wade and Ryan run to his side.

RYAN

Holy shit! That was crazy!

Wade looks and sees a group of cops heading over.

WADE

You're probably gonna get arrested now.

DRILLBIT

You know, I never really had that band of brothers thing they talk about until now. I couldn't go AWOL on you, too. Invectus Esophagus... Anus...uh...

(thinking)

...whatever I said. You know what I mean. I can't run from my problems anymore; that's what got me in trouble in the first place. Time to face the music.

Drillbit spots his finger on the ground.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

He picks it up and pushes it back against his nub.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

The human body has incredible regenerative abilities if conditioned properly. Some Navy Seals have been known to grow back entire limbs-

POLICE OFFICER #2

(to Drillbit)

Come on, buddy! Let's get you to the hospital.

Two cops grab Drillbit and lead him to a cop cruiser.

POLICE OFFICER #3

What's your name, soldier?

DRILLBIT

(sighs)

Bob Taylor.

The two cops look at each other, recognizing the name.

EXT. FILKINS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The kids are all dispersing and the cops are preparing to leave. Wade, Ryan, and Emmitt, who has just woken up, are getting congratulated by random peers.

RANDOM GUY

Yo, I knew you guys would take him.

RANDOM GUY 2

Yeah! You want a beer?

RYAN

(smiling)

Wow, um...maybe later. When the cops leave.

EMMITT

Thank you, but no thank you.

(whispering to Wade and Ryan)

My Uncle is a sloppy drunk. No liquor will ever pass these lips.

Some other guys walk up and slap them five, when Wade sees Brooke.

WADE

Yo, I'll be back.

He walks over to her.

BROOKE

Hey.

WADE

I...uh, don't want you to think I'm the kind of guy that tries to impress girls with violence. In fact, I think it should only be used as a last resort, but that was kind of for you.

(beat)

And you should be at least a little impressed.

BROOKE

I am.

She leans in and gives him a kiss on the lips. After a moment they break. Wade stands there with a huge, goofy grin on his face.

WADE

(amazed)

We just kissed.

BROOKE

Yeah, I've been wanting to do that.

WADE

I already want to do that again.

They kiss again.

ANGLE ON: Ryan and Emmitt, watching.

EMMIT

Whoa!

RYAN

What the hell am I doing here with you while he's out there getting tail?

(yells to Wade)

Just so you know, you can't count the same girl twice! It's still a tie!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Drillbit sits in a jail cell wearing an orange jumpsuit. He puts a piece of jawbreaker candy in his mouth as he writes a letter.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)

Dear Wade, Ryan and little Emmit.
Thanks for sending the Everlasting
Gobstoppers. They really do last a
long time. I was glad to read in
your last correspondence that
Filkins was deported back up north
for breaking so many underage
drinking laws and cutting my finger
off.

WE SEE the following images as we hear Drillbit in VOICE
OVER:

INT. CANADIAN CUSTOMS & IMMIGRATION OFFICE

Filkins is being handed over by American Authorities to his
disappointed PARENTS.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)

I hope the Canadian people don't
suffer from having him back there.
They always sounded so nice and
peaceful.

His Mom hugs him, his Dad slaps him upside the head.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Wade, Ryan and Emmit hang out in the hallway. A group of
homie rapper kids walk by and slap Ryan five. Some girls wave
to him. He clearly has become more popular.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)

Now maybe high school can be what
you want it to be...

Brooke approaches and Wade hugs her. He smiles -- he's
wearing his retainer again.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)
...instead of sucking rat nads. As
for me, I've had a lot of time to
assess my situation and my
direction in life.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - WOODSHOP - DAY

Drillbit is drilling holes in boards while several other
INMATES are sawing wood.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)
Luckily, the prison has a
surprisingly nice woodshop.

Suddenly the drill slips, puncturing one of his fingers. He
can't bear to look. Then, upon closer inspection, it didn't
hit his finger after all. It stuck right where his old
scarred pinky used to be before it got cut off.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)
Given my skill level and their work
release program, they say I should
be able to land a job, which
excites me a great deal.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Drillbit sits on his cot completing his letter. The photo of
Wade, Ryan, Emmitt and Drillbit hanging on the wall. Below it
reads the famous old military phrase, "INVECTUS LEXUS
ASPARAGUS ABACUS."

DRILLBIT (V.O.)
On top of that, all I can say is I
miss you guys and will see you when
I get out.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Wade, Ryan and Emmitt ride their bikes towards a large HOME
DEPOT.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)
Which, thanks to the currently
lenient nature of the United States
Army Deserting Laws, is in two days
from now, officially satisfying my
three week sentence. Your brother,
Drillbit.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

The boys walk through the aisles until they spot Drillbit, wearing an orange Home Depot apron, helping a CUSTOMER with some wood.

DRILLBIT

(to Customer)

Now if this is gonna be exposed to a lot of rain, it's gonna warp. I suggest you go with oak. Trust me, I know a lot about the woods.

The Customer takes the wood and walks away. Drillbit spots the kids and walks over, smiling.

WADE

When is your break?

DRILLBIT

Soon. Wanna hit Starbucks?

EMMIT

I haven't had a Chai in days.

DRILLBIT

(holds up a paycheck)

Got my first paycheck yesterday, so it's on me, gents. But no fancy frapped-up ones. I don't make much, and I had to go buy this back.

Drillbit reaches behind a counter and pulls the silver tray out of a backpack.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

1927 silver alloy. Expensive-as-a-mother. Meet you boys at the 'bucks in ten.

He hands it to Wade, who has a huge smile. A Customer heads towards Drillbit. It's the Pretty Teacher who was always flirting with him. Drillbit smiles.

PRETTY TEACHER

(smiling)

Hey...I like a man in uniform.

Drillbit looks at his orange apron.

DRILLBIT

Yeah? You like it?

PRETTY TEACHER

I do. Any chance you could help me? I'm trying to build a deck on the back of my house.

DRILLBIT

Well, ma'am, you just got yourself the right man for the job. Hoo-rah.

THE END.