

Drillbit Taylor

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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 asshair! 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. You look like the oldest guy here. \*

A RANDOM KID yells out: \*

RANDOM KID (O.S.)  
That's because he's 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 (CONT'D)  
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  
Emmit.

\*

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 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 locking 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 near the feet of TWO MEN who are pounding a sign into the ground at the edge of the woods. The sign reads, "Future Home of Home Depot." Their car idles just a few feet away.

Crouching in the nearby bushes, WE SEE a DISHEVELED MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS -- 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. We reveal his face -- it's the same guy we saw in the opening sequence in the desert.

Next to him is DON, a homeless guy in a dirty, cheap, 80's-style track suit, sporting a fanny-pack and a walkman clipped to his waistband.

## MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS

Do you believe this shit? These woods are our current home, not the "future home" of some damn Depot. I consider this a hostile action that requires an immediate response.

## DON

They want to take our property? We'll take their property.

Don takes a final swig from a flask of whisky.

## MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS

(raising his hand)

We go on my signal.

He waits a beat, then snaps his hand down, giving the signal. He and the Don run out of the bushes towards the Home Depot Guys' car. From the other side, TWO MORE HOMELESS GUYS emerge from the woods and run to the car. All four jump into the car as the Home Depot guys turn to see them.

## HOME DEPOT GUY #1

Hey! What the hell?!

\*

They rush toward their car as the Man In Combat Boots puts the car in drive and steps on the gas. The rear wheels spin, mud flying. Suddenly the car gains traction and lurches forward as the Home Depot Guys dive out of the way. The car SMASHES through the Home Depot sign.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS  
 (looking back at the Home  
 Depot Guys on the ground)  
 Ha ha! Let's take this to Spider's  
 Chop Shop and split it four way--

The car SMASHES into a tree, coming to a dead stop. The  
 airbags deploy.

MAN IN COMBAT BOOTS (CONT'D)  
 Abort! Abort!

They all jump out of the car and scramble off into the woods.

EXT. BUS STOP - EVENING

The bus SCREECHES to a stop. Wade and Ryan slowly slish  
 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.

The 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 khaki's 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 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.

EMMITT

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!

Everybody within earshot LAUGHS hysterically.

WADE  
Don't listen to him, Emmmit.  
(looks)  
Emmit?

Emmit 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 your lips keep movin'.  
You're my new bizzitches. That's just the way I am. \*  
\*

RYAN  
Well Eminem called. He wants his persona back.

Then, the Big Scary Kid SHOVES Wade hard, SLAMMING him against a table. Food flies everywhere.

WADE (CONT'D)  
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 Emmet can't believe it.

RYAN

(pointing at Emmet)

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.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER (cont'd)  
 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 Emmitt come out of Doppler's office.

RYAN  
 (to Emmitt)  
 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 Emmitt 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 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 'Coup  
d'evil.'

FILKINS (CONT'D)  
 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

Not only are you a fag, you're a  
smartass know-it-all fag.

Filkins has had it. He SLAMS the car door into Ryan, knocking him to the ground. Wade and Emmitt help him up as Filkins' buddies get out to beat them. Emmitt takes off running. Wade and Ryan follow Emmitt'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.

EMMIT

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 ass-pirates may have got 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?

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. Emmit picks up a comic book.

EMMIT

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 Emmitt 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 Emmitt's frappucino into his espresso. Emmitt 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...  
 uh... food, beverages, smokes.

\*

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. 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. 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.

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)  
 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 bounds over to the counter, where a SHOPKEEPER sits.

DRILLBIT  
 Pack of Chesterfields, sixer of  
 Pabst and the rest 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 lighting a cigarette. He  
 offers them out to the kids, who are shocked. They shake  
 their heads. Drillbit hands the beer to Emmitt. \*

DRILLBIT  
 Hold this for a sec,  
 'kay, chief?

Emmitt is paranoid that someone will see him holding the beer.  
 He tries positioning his arms to cover it. 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 \*

An upper-middle class home. \*

Drillbit takes a silver platter off a high shelf.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D) \*

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 it's 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 (CONT'D)  
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. They're both drinking  
 from giant beer cans wrapped in paper bags.

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. 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 from their beers.

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. They are all smoking cigarette butts.

DRILLBIT

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

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)  
 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 lights a cigarette butt.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)  
 I'm tellin' ya, Don. As long as I  
 can delay this ass kickin' they're  
 so scared of, I can keep milking  
 them for their money. 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 takes a drag.

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. He can barely walk straight. A  
smoldering cigarette butt lands on the ground. WE HEAR A  
CHUGGING SOUND, then he drops an empty can of Rockstar Energy \*  
Drink. CAMERA PANS UP to Drillbit's hungover, bleary-eyed  
face. He takes a deep breath to clear the cobwebs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Wade, Ryan and Emmit 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 Emmit catch up. \*

WADE (CONT'D)

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

EMMIT

Black Ops in da hizzouse!

Emmit 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.

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)

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 sees a small, elaborate fort with a sleeping area as well as a makeshift kitchen and living room. The craftsmanship is surprisingly good.

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. 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 Emmitt 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.  
(MORE)

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

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 calls us fags a lot 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 Emmit. 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 looks down at the cash in his hand.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

...cheap little punks.

He goes over to his little living area, which we see is pretty well put together for a homeless person's forest residence. After a beat, Drillbit spots another HOMELESS GUY walking through the woods carrying a ton of stuff.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Hey! Turtle! What's happening!

TURTLE

Not much, D.B. Just movin' my stuff out. They're putting us up!

DRILLBIT

What are you talking about?

TURTLE

You didn't hear? Some social service people came through. Us veterans get a free place to stay.

DRILLBIT

Free? What do you have to do?

TURTLE

You already did it, man. You  
fought for your country.  
(holds up dog tags)  
These babies are as good as house  
keys. You got yours, right?

\*

Drillbit fishes his dog tags out from under his shirt.

\*

TURTLE

Well, what are you waitin' for?  
They're clearing this chunk of  
woods to start construction on the  
Home Depot.

DRILLBIT

They're kicking us out of our  
homes! I can't believe we didn't  
scare those sons-a-bitches off.

TURTLE

Nah, it's better this way. A real  
bed, running water, toilet paper.  
Come on.

DRILLBIT

But I like it here! It's nice and  
private. I don't wanna leave!

TURTLE

Well, then you'll be living in the  
parking lot of a "Home Depot."

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

Little bastards. This is what I  
hate about these suburban yuppie  
families -- they're loaded, but  
they act like they don't have any  
money. 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

You know that could work. I'm done  
being nice. I have access to their  
homes. I already grabbed a few  
things. But just small stuff. I  
tell ya, we organize a covert and  
well trained team, get that big  
truck that Crazy Sue and Spider  
stole from the post office, we  
could get a couple hundred grand  
worth of merchandise off 'em. I  
mean, there ain't never anyone  
there in the day, ever.

\*

BUM #2

A couple hundred grand?!? With  
that, we'll 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'll  
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.

\*

EXT. SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

Ryan, Wade and Emmet 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 kyeseoyo.

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. \*

EMMITT

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 Emmet 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)

(MORE)

WADE (cont'd)

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!

\*

EMMIT

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, ya dumb little shit! You're going to get it worse than ever now, all of you!

The guys run off, Ryan clutching his face.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT DAY

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.

WADE

How did he do that with just one punch?

EMMIT

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

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.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)  
 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.
- Ryan walks in with a man's suit on a hanger. Drillbit hesitates, then takes it. Wade hands him a neck tie.

## 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. 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.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL DOPPLER (cont'd)  
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.

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 half-smoked cigarette, quickly lights it and takes a big drag.

As Filkins reaches for Ryan, Wade spots Drillbit inhaling his cigarette. He can't believe he's not helping.

Just then, Drillbit jumps up and blows a huge cloud of cigarette smoke into a fire sensor. The FIRE ALARM goes off.

DRILLBIT  
 (screaming)  
 Fire!!!! Everybody out!

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.

DRILLBIT  
 Drillbit, 1. Dumb kid, 0.

MUSIC UP: MISSION IMPOSSIBLE THEME.

- Wade, Ryan and Emmitt in Geometry class. Filkins sits directly behind Emmitt who looks like terrified. At the front of the classroom, Drillbit stands with a Geometry text in one hand as he finishes drawing a complicated shape on the chalkboard.

DRILLBIT  
 And there it is. Hey, it kinda looks like a robot tossin' back a forty.

Drillbit notices Filkins, who has amassed a large wad of gum. He's reaching out to mash it in Emmitt's hair when-

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)  
 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 walks down the hallway, when suddenly a buzzing comes from his pocket. He ducks behind a vending machine and pulls out a walkie talkie.

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

WADE  
 Read you, copy, roger.

DRILLBIT  
 Filkins is heading east down the first floor hallway, so watch your ass.

(MORE)

DRILLBIT (cont'd)

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 and a mix tape: first song, Fall Out Boys' "Sugar We're Going Down."

- We see Drillbit 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.

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

Wade is walking down 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.

WADE

(looking at skeleton)  
Awesome room! Who knew?

BROOKE

You're not a quarter Asian, are you?

Wade knows he's busted.

WADE

No. Not even an eighth.

(beat)

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. Don't you think?

WADE

Okay, maybe it was weird. Maybe I'm just a weird guy. But I wanted to get to know you and I didn't know how to go about doing it. I'm not some big, strong confident jock with all sorts of smooth pick-up lines. So I'm a weird freshman. I'm new at this.

BROOKE

What, did you think I was stupid and I wouldn't figure it out? Or were you just 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. I just wanted to have you be part of my high school experience, and...

(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. She leans in and gives him a kiss. She catches herself and breaks the kiss.

BROOKE

(fake alarm)

We're in the First Aid room -- I was supposed to wipe your lips with rubbing alcohol first. Now I've got your germs. Oh no.

She smiles. He finally figures out that she's joking.

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.  
 (then, amazed)  
 We just kissed.

BROOKE  
 Yeah, I've been wanting to do that.

WADE  
 I already want to do that again.

Just as they're about to kiss, kids start filing in for class.

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

Brooke walks away. Wade stands there with a huge, goofy grin on his face.

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 reading a Spider-Man comic. Around him, many trees have been cleared and there is a large hole in 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 shit? Look at what they did to my strategic outpost. How strategic is it gonna be if there's a goddam 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

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, Emmitt!

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

DRILLBIT  
(barely audible)  
Boys!!! Boys!!!

They keep walking.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)  
Boys! Guys! Come on! Wade, Ryan, Emmitt, 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.

DRILLBIT

If I get caught I'm going away for a long time.

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)

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 beef jerky and three cigarettes 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 asshole!

RYAN

Yeah, well you're the idiot who pushed to hire Drillbit, you pussy!

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.

(MORE)

WADE (cont'd)  
 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 a cigarette butt, then valiantly stands, lights the butt, and takes one heroic haul as he looks to the photo again.

DRILLBIT (CONT'D)  
I won't let you boys down. Ain't  
the Drillbit way.

He takes another haul and 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.

EMMITT

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

EEEEEEEEEEEECK!!!

JIM

What in the name of-

RYAN

(quietly and quickly to Wade and Emmitt)

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)

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?!

EMMITT

I'm Emmitt.

He smiles.

\*

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

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

EMMITT'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 Emmit 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. 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. I can't even imagine. It's a miracle nothing happened. And, you'll be happy to know I've give the local authorities surveillance footage of this "Drillbit" and alerted them as to his AWOL status. 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.

(MORE)

WADE'S MOM (cont'd)  
 (looks at Wade)  
 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!

- Emmitt'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. Defend me.  
Don't just stand there.

WADE

I don't know what to do.

BROOKE

Remember the first day of school?  
You stood up for Emmet and you  
didn't even know him. What  
happened to that Wade?

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, Emmet 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.

EMMIT

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  
 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!  
 (MORE)

EMMIT (cont'd)  
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 turn 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. 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! Fags!

(announcing, excitedly)

Everyone, these are the fags! They actually came!

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 you fa-

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!!!

Emmitt 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 cigarette butt 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? This is too gay to be true. 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!!!!  
(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.

EMMIT  
Thank you, but no thank you.  
(whispering to Wade and Ryan)  
(MORE)

EMMIT (cont'd)  
 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 kisses him on the cheek.

ANGLE ON: Ryan and Emmit, 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's writing a letter.

DRILLBIT (V.O.)  
 Dear Wade, Ryan and little Emmit.  
 How are you boys doing?  
 (MORE)

DRILLBIT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 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 Emmitt 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.