

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. STUDY HALL - THE NEXT DAY

Damon and Carson sit across from each other.

DAMON
So here's the new plan-

CARSON
Oh. Joy.

DAMON
We plant THESE on him.

Damon pulls out a bag of allergy tablets labelled "Molly".

CARSON
What's that?

DAMON
Oh? You can't read. I wish I knew that before we started this friendship.

CARSON
I can read, but that don't look like any molly I've ever seen.

DAMON
Yeah, well you've probably seen cheap stuff. I paid a 10th grader \$80 for this.

CARSON
\$80? We should try one just to mak-

Carson reaches for the bag. Damon recoils.

DAMON
No. They're for Gordon.

CARSON
You're gonna give him drugs? For free?

DAMON
When Gordon gets caught with these, he'll get suspended. If he gets suspended, he can't take the test. It's genius.

CARSON
Did... did your plan just make me stupider?

DAMON

Then tell me one of your ideas.

CARSON

Just take the L.

DAMON

Failure is not an option.

CARSON

At this point, it's honestly your best option.

DAMON

Can you please just distract him while I plant these?

CARSON

You're gonna make ME talk to him?

DAMON

Yes. Now go do it while I take care of the hard part. Please.

CARSON

Fine. But I want one. I'm going to Tyler's party tonight.

DAMON

Wait, you're going to the party without me?

CARSON

Yeah, I figured you'd be busy studying.

DAMON

Why would you think that? My plan is gonna work.

CARSON

Uh-huh, I'm sure it is. Now do you want me to talk to him or not?

DAMON

Fine.

Damon hands him a pill.

CARSON

You're not mad right?

DAMON

No. I'm just hurt.

Carson rolls his eyes. He shuffles away.

GORDON'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Carson goes over to Gordon. He sits down next to him.

CARSON
Uh... hi Gordon.

GORDON
Greetings.

CARSON
Yeah. Greetings. I was wondering if you could help me study for the test.

GORDON
Of course. Observe: my trusty study guide.

Gordon pulls out a paper from his backpack.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You see, I highlight all of the key points in our textbook-

Gordon takes out his textbook.

CARSON
So THAT'S what our textbook looks like.

GORDON
Gorgeous isn't it...

Gordon smiles at the textbook. He rubs the cover. Carson looks around the room. Gordon blushes.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Anyway... In order to truly understand this beauty I must do some additional research.

CARSON
Research?

GORDON
Oh just a few things.

Gordon pulls out three more textbooks.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Some collections of biographies on
the authors, academic journals
supporting their claims, and of
course, my favorite: "Textbook: The
Art of Reading".

CARSON
(sarcastic)
I like that one too.

Gordon surveys all the textbooks on his desk. He presses his
hands on their covers. He bites his lips.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Uh... Gordon.

GORDON
Oh, yes, sorry. Once I transfer the
knowledge I gain from these books
onto the study guide, I read it.
Again and again.

Gordon pauses. He squeezes some drops into his eyes.

Damon sneaks behind Gordon. He plants the bag next to
Gordon's books.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Until my eyes bleed. Really quite
fascinating.

Damon jogs back to his desk. He waves Carson back over.

CARSON
Hey, uh, would it be cool if I
borrowed your study guide?

GORDON
Hmmm. I have read it fourteen times
already... and I can recite it from
memory. Would you like to hear it
backwards?

CARSON
No thanks. I think just reading it
would be fine.

GORDON
Very well. Treat her- I mean it
with love and respect.

CARSON
Okay. Thanks.

Carson takes the paper. He tracks back to his desk.

DAMON AND CARSON'S DESKS - CONTINUOUS

Damon wrings his hands.

CARSON
Please don't make me do that again.

INT. GORDON'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon sees the bag. He takes out a pill. He reads it.

Gordon raises his hand. An exhausted and under-paid TEACHER rambles over.

GORDON
Excuse me. It appears someone left
a bag of Zyrtec on my desk.

Gordon hands the bag to Teacher. Teacher shrugs.

TEACHER
Molly, come get your Zyrtec.

DAMON AND CARSON'S DESKS - MOMENTS LATER

Damon gazes in awe.

DAMON
Nothing happened. Why didn't
anything happen?

CARSON
I don't know, but I got his study
guide.

DAMON
Aha! Now he can't study.

CARSON
Actually he already memorized it.

DAMON
So this is worthless.

CARSON
You can study from it.

DAMON
That doesn't help me.

CARSON
(sarcastic)
You're right. I mean, how would a
study guide from the smartest kid
in school help you? Silly me.

DAMON
Exactly.

CARSON
Just read it, idiot.

Carson slaps the study guide into Damon's chest. Damon looks
at it.

DAMON
What the- I can't understand this.

Carson snatches the paper back.

CARSON
Now who can't rea-

He looks at it. The guide is written with characters that
don't resemble any known language.

Damon and Carson share a look. They both shrug.