

"The Monitor"

17-DE02-W10

Logline: W

Logline: An awkward fifth grader dreams of being the class monitor
in order to get revenge on his bully.

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

SUPER: Naperville Elementary School

Suburban neighborhood. Manicured lawn. School bell RINGS.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASS ROOM 100 - DAY

Multiplication problems are written on the chalkboard behind MRS. WILSON, 50's, a stern fifth grade math teacher. Her reading glasses rest on the tip of her nose. She stands in front of the class with a piece of chalk in her hand.

MRS. WILSON
Thank you Wilbert. Okay, number
three. What is five...

The diverse students stare towards the front of the class like uninterested mummies.

MRS. WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Times five, plus ten...

MRS. WILSON'S POV: directly behind SAM MCHENRY, a mischievous oversized 13 year-old with red curly hair and freckles... anxious hands waves as a boy's voice says...

BOY'S VOICE
Ooooo, I know it!

MRS. WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Minus five?

BOY'S VOICE
Com'on Mrs. Wilson, please...I know
the answer!

MRS. WILSON
Anyone else besides Wilbert?

SAM
(mumbles)
Loser.

MRS. WILSON
Wilbert please stand and share your
answer.

The boy's voice belongs to: WILBERT WOODBUCKLER, 10, scrawny and smart with large nerdy eye-glasses.

WILBERT

Five times five equals twenty-five.
Plus ten is thirty-five. Minus five
equals thirty.

MRS. WILSON

Very good Wilbert.

Sam turns around and frowns at Wilbert.

SAM

(whispers)
Nerd.

Wilbert straightens his smile and sits quickly.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Mrs. Wilson, please come to the
office. Thank you.

THE CLASS

Oooooowwww...

MRS. WILSON

That's enough. Let's hastily select
a class monitor. Who would like the
job?

Sam hands shoot straight up. Wilbert timidly raises his hand
halfway.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)

Wilbert, is your hand raised?

Sam quickly turns around. Wilbert drops his hand.

WILBERT

No ma'am.

MRS. WILSON

Very well. All in favor of Sam for
class monitor, please lift your
hand.

All the students raise their hands except for Wilbert.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)

Sam, come on up. You're class
monitor, again.

Sam macho walks to the front of the class. Mrs. Wilson gives
him the chalk.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)
Remember class, Sam will write your name on the chalkboard if you talk and/or are disruptive, and you will sit in detention after school.

Wilbert raises his hand.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)
Yes Wilbert?

WILBERT
I have to go to the rest-room.

MRS. WILSON
You'll have to hold it until I get back.

WILBERT
Please Mrs. Wilson, I can't hold it!

MRS. WILSON
Wilbert Woodbuckler, you can go when I return.

Mrs. Wilson exits the classroom.

Sam smiles insidiously. Wilbert frowns and folds his arms.

SAM
Did you just talk nerd-boy?!

WILBERT
I didn't say anything.

SAM
Are you calling me a liar?

THE CLASS
(instigates)
Oooowwww....

SAM
That's it. You're getting detention.

Sam writes Wilbert's name on the chalkboard.

WILBERT
What? That's not fair!

SAM
Life is not fair nerd-boy!

Wilbert hastily stands.

WILBERT

(irately)

One day, I'm gonna be the class
monitor, and you're gonna beg me
for mercy you...you...fat head!

Sam breaks the chalk in half and throws it on the floor.

SAM

What did you just say?

Wilbert sits back down, but misses his seat and falls to the floor. In slow motion, Sam smirks, cracks his knuckles and walks towards Wilbert pushing the desk out of the way until he stands over Wilbert. The class softly pound their fist on the desk...

THE CLASS

(chants)

Wedgie...wedgie...wedgie!

WILBERT

No, no, no!!

Wilbert crawls away, but not fast enough. Sam is right behind him. The class LAUGHS.

WILBERT (CONT'D)

Leave me alone!

THE CLASS

(continues)

Wedgie...wedgie...wedgie!

SAM

This is gonna hurt you, more than
it hurts me.

Sam reaches into the back of Wilbert's pants. Wilbert freezes on all four, his eyes widens and he...

OVER BLACK.

SCREAMS.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Wilbert walks home alone with his underwear still wedged.

INT. WOODBUCKLER'S HOUSE - WILBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wilbert sits on the edge of his bed with his arms folded.

KNOCK AT DOOR.

WILBERT
(sadly)
It's open.

Wilbert's MOTHER, 40's, soft spoken and endearing, enters carrying a cup of milk and a small plate of cookies.

MOTHER
Hi honey, I hope this makes you
feel better.

WILBERT
Just put it on the table please. I
would like to be alone.

MOTHER
Oh sweetheart...

His mother puts the cookies and milk on his night-stand, and sits next to him.

WILBERT
Mom, can you sign me up for karate
class?

MOTHER
Fighting is not the answer. Maybe
you should pray about it, or try
smothering them him with kindness.

WILBERT
I am nice to him! I've given him my
lunch every day...well, no, he
actually takes it.

MOTHER
Tomorrow, we'll meet with your
principal...

WILBERT
(interrupts)
No! It'll make things worse. I'll
just try praying, and maybe you can
put an extra Twinkie in my lunch
bag.

MOTHER
Sure kiddo. Get some rest, and just
believe that tomorrow will be
better. But if things become too
overwhelming, I will talk to his
parents.

His mother kisses his forehead and exits.

WILBERT

(to self)

Pray. I don't wanna pray for Sam
McHenry. I wanna learn how to break
Sam's nose.

Wilbert does a few messy uncoordinated karate moves. He falls
on the floor.

WILBERT (CONT'D)

Who am I kidding. I can't fight.

Wilbert gets in the bed.

WILBERT (CONT'D)

If I was class monitor, things
would be different. I would be
popular and in charge, and Sam
would worship me...and..and...I'd
steal his lunches.

Wilbert's eyes brighten. He grabs his iPad off the night-
stand. He Googles: "HOW TO DEFEAT YOUR BULLY AND BE POPULAR."

His eyes read each line faster than the speed of lightening.
Red light shines on him. He grins tightly rubs his hands
together in prayer mode, he looks towards heaven and emits an
EVIL CHUCKLE.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASS ROOM 100 - NEXT DAY

Mrs. Wilson takes attendance.

MRS. WILSON

Rachel?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Here.

MRS. WILSON

Sam?

SAM

Yo.

MRS. WILSON

And Wilbert?

The classroom door opens. Wilbert enters. He walks with swag.
His baseball cap cocked to the side. Eye-glasses are gone.
His white polo collared shirt is popped and halfway tucked
into his sagging khaki's.

WILBERT

"Will" is in the building.

MRS. WILSON

Young man, please remove your hat,
tuck in your shirt and pull up your
pants.

The class CHUCKLES.

WILBERT

No prob. It's all good Mrs. W.

He removes his baseball cap and bows to Mrs. Wilson, then
struts to his seat.

FEMALE STUDENT

(googly eyes)
Hi Will.

WILBERT

Wassup kiddo.

SAM

(mumbles)
Kiddo? Who does he think he is?

Sam makes a fist. Wilbert winks at a few other female
students, and bumps fist with the male student next to him.

WILBERT

(cool)
Wassup dawg.

SAM

(mumbles)
As soon as that bell rings, I'm
going to shove him into a locker.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Mrs. Wilson, you have a delivery at
the front office.

MRS. WILSON

Okay class, settle down. I need a
class monitor, who will it be?

Both Wilbert and Sam raise their hands. Mrs. Wilson smiles at
Wilbert.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)

(excited)
All in favor of Wilbert, please
raise your hand.

The entire class raise their hands except for Sam. He GRUNTS and pounds his fist on the desk.

WILBERT
That's wassup!

INSERT: ROCKY BALBOA THEME SONG.

Wilbert's newfound fan club grab at his clothes as he walks to the front of the class.

Mrs. Wilson gives Wilbert the chalk. A spot light shines on Wilbert as he lifts the chalk in the air like a boxing champion.

SAM
(shouts)
You're dead nerd-boy!

BROKEN RECORD. Wilbert mean mugs Sam.

WILBERT
Did you just talk?

Wilbert writes Sam's name on the chalkboard in big letters.

SAM
If you don't erase my name, I swear!

WILBERT
Still talking...

Wilbert adds more checks by Sam's name.

WILBERT (CONT'D)
Check, check, check!

SAM
(grunts)
When we get outside, I'm gonna beat you to your knees!

WILBERT
Listen Sam, if you want your name erased, get on your knees and beg me!

THE CLASS
(chants)
Beg, beg, beg!

SAM

Everybody shut-up! Woodbuckler I'm gonna knock your teeth out!

WILBERT

Well, unfortunately you'll be in detention for the next six weeks, so I'll be keeping my teeth. And, speaking of pass... Do you think you'll pass fifth grade this year?

THE CLASS

(instigates)

Ooooooooo....

WILBERT

I mean, by now, one would think that you'd be smarter than a fifth grader.

The class continues to LAUGH at Wilbert's joke.

SAM

Keep talking nerd-boy.

WILBERT

As long as I got this chalk, it's "Will" to you.

SAM

That's my chalk!

WILBERT

It's my chalk now. I run this class now fat boy!

SAM

(offensive)

I'm not fat, my mom said I'm just big boned.

WILBERT

Man, your shirt is so tight that I can see your heart beating. Boom.

Embarrassed, Sam covers his heart with his hands. Continuous LAUGHTER from the class. Sam nostrils flare. Wilbert turns his back and does the "duggy" with the chalk in his hand.

THE CLASS

Go Will! Go Will! Go Will!

WILBERT (CONT'D)

Extra credit for everybody!

SAM (O.S.)
Enough is enough.

THE CLASS
(fades)
Gooo...Will...ill.

Wilbert continues to dance as he turns around with his eyes closed...

WILBERT
Go Will, go Will...

He opens his eyes.

WILBERT (CONT'D)
Why y'all stop?

Sam punches him in the face. Wilbert falls to the floor.

THE CLASS
(chants)
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Sam wrestles and beats up Wilbert. Wilbert SCREAMS like a little girl...

INT. WOODBUCKLER'S HOUSE - WILBERT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wilbert pops out of bed SCREAMING and feels his face for bruises.

Relieved, it was all just a dream, he scuttles to the floor and prays like a baptist preacher...

WILBERT
Vengeance is the Lord's! You have
all the power God. I am weak and
needy! Hallelujah!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASS ROOM 100 - DAY

Mrs. Wilson takes attendance.

MRS. WILSON
Sam?

SAM
Here.

MRS. WILSON
And Wilbert?

The normal Wilbert is on time and in his seat.

WILBERT

Here.

Mrs. Wilson grabs a stack of papers off her desk and passes them out.

MRS. WILSON

All right, I've graded your quizzes...

Mrs. Wilson gives Wilbert his quiz, he got an A.

WILBERT

Yes!

She gives Sam his quiz, he got a red F. He drops his head. Mrs. Wilson bends down near Sam, but Wilbert overhears.

MRS. WILSON

If you don't pick-up your grades, I'm afraid you might repeat fifth grade, again.

Sam mopes. Mrs. Wilson walks to the front of the class.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go over number one. Sam, what's the right answer?

SAM

Ummm...

Wilbert sees other students snickering at Sam behind his back. Sam CLEARS HIS THROAT.

WILBERT

(whispers)

Say ten.

SAM

Uh, ohhh, I see now that I should've wrote ten.

MRS. WILSON

Next time, write the correct answer on the quiz. Next question...

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Mrs. Wilson, your copies are ready.

MRS. WILSON
Right on time. Okay, time to pick
the class monitor?

Sam raises his hand.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)
Anyone else?

Mrs. Wilson looks around.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)
No one? Okay, all in favor of Sam?

The class raise their hands. Sam happily walks to the front of the class. Mrs. Wilson gives him the chalk and exits.

Wilbert and Sam make intense eye contact like a cowboy showdown. Wilbert looks more fearful than confident. Sam slowly walks towards Wilbert. Wilbert shivers in his seat. Sam stops in front of him and looks down at Wilbert.

WILBERT'S POV: Sam looks like a giant. Wilbert swallows his throat. Sam gives Wilbert the chalk...

SAM
Here take it. What you did was
pretty cool...you know, giving me
the answer. You can be class
monitor this time. And from now on,
I promise to only steal your lunch
on turkey Thursdays, but only if
you help me pass the fifth grade.

WILBERT
Deal!

Wilbert holds up the chalk, faces the class with the biggest grin on his face, but the class looks at him like uninterested mummies.

FADE OUT:

The End.

