

Sagaba

By

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INT. LOCKER BACKGROUND-MORNING

A random student takes books out of his LOCKER. He fumbles with them in his hand then sticks them under his armpit.

The student looks to his right to see a depressed and exhausted looking student thinking to himself.

This other student is ERNEST. A sophomore in High school. Although, his appearance would fool them in to thinking he might be a senior.

Ernest is shorted haired, unlike his body length. White, but with a mix of a mysterious race. He isn't overweight, nor is he necessarily fit either. He seems generally healthy.

The random student closes his locker then walks to his left, leaving Ernest to himself. As if he really cares.

Ernest, continuously, stares blankly at the brick wall in front of him.

ERNEST (V.O.)

I'm completely screwed. But am I supposed to care. It's not like any of this is fair. Studying for a test Mrs. Chits' history class is useless. she doesn't even teach half of what's probably going to be on the test. I mean, how does she expect anyone to really pass this test.

Break.

The first bell rings.

Ernest stands up. The camera stays in place, just showing his knees. He walks out.

INT. MRS. CHITS CLASSROOM-MORNING

Ernest is now in his assigned seat for his first period class.

ERNEST (V.O.)

It's not like it's even my fault I didn't study, either. My book got stolen by...

Pause.

Ernest ponders for a second and looks to his right. Kinda up.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST (V.O.)
...what's his name?

He recollects.

ERNEST (V.O.)
that's right. Malcolm.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY-AFTERNOON

Seemingly, we jump to the past, watching Ernest file through books in the LIBRARY.

Under his ARMPIT, Ernest holds two TEXTBOOKS. One thick on top and one skinny on bottom.

Ernest fingers through books on a SHELF. The books all seem to be relatively the same size and color.

Until, Ernest stops his finger at one book. It's shorter than the rest of the books and has a different color.

Ernest gives a curious face to seeing this.

Ernest places his books on a table behind him.

He pulls the different colored book out off the shelf.

The book is Purple. There is no name on the front cover, even on its back and side.

Ernest holds it in his hands, looking at it intrigued.

He turns around turns around to grab his Textbooks, then finds that the thick one has vanished.

Ernest, shocked and worried, looks around the library.

He looks by the exit to see his textbook in someone's HANDS.

He looks up to see MALCOLM is holding it.

Malcolm is a bigger person. A junior. He has large muscles, (or at least larger than Ernest's). He is also white, but with a tan. He gives off a douche bag appearance. Making a first glance at him almost disappointing.

Malcolm exits the library calmly.

Quickly, Ernest grabs his only text book and runs after Malcolm.

INT. HALLWAY 1-AFTERNOON

With power, Ernest pushes the door and enters the HALLWAY.

He looks left to right, trying to find Malcolm. But with no such luck.

He exhales a long sigh, then shakes his head in anger. His face crumbles up, giving him many wrinkles.

ERNEST (V.O.)
Should I really be so surprised?

He looks at his hand, finding that he took the Purple book with him.

INT. MRS. CHITS CLASSROOM-MORNING

INSERT: TEST BUBBLE PAPER

CLOSE UP OF ERNEST'S NAME ON THE PAPER

CLOSE UP OF LOGO "ABC TESTING CO."

ERNEST (V.O.)
ABC Testing Co. Otherwise known as
the devil's "gift" to the students.

The "Gift" part should be exemplified very clearly when said.

Ernest takes out a pencil from, seemingly, nowhere and begins to take the test.

ERNEST (V.O.)
Our school, Vagevur High, has had
countless testing issues over the
years now. The state provides a
school in their district to have
79% of their students pass any
given AP test. Last year, our
school had an average of 52% that
passed.

Ernest puts his pencil down on his table, takes out the Purple book out of his backpack, and opens to the front page.

The first page of the book, in bold, black, wavy letter, reads SAGABA.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST (V.O.)

Vagevur High was at risk of losing state funding. School counsel decided that the best idea was to start educating students in a different way than before. So they hired ABC Learning to help. ABC learning is a program that provides a new way of teaching, and even their own tests. Unlike before, Teachers are given specific teachings to present to their students. The company covers classes like Science, Math, History, Literature, and a few non-core classes.

Closing the Purple book, Ernest looks up to see a POSTER of ABC Learning Co. The poster reads after the logo, "Helping students build knowledge, like learning the ABC's again".

ERNEST (V.O.)

The Company's ideology is that the best way to teach kids is to deliver really hard information. This will force the students to want to study for their tests, as not to fail. In other words, this makes the lives of students a living hell. And the Teachers are starting to act like emotionless robots teaching what's scheduled to them.

The bell rings again. Ernest looks up and starts to put his stuff into his BACKPACK.

As all the students leave the room, the teacher stands by the door to collect everyone's Test bubble paper.

INT. HALLWAY 2-MORNING

Ernest enters the hall causally.

Behind him, a figure pounds his hands down on Ernest's shoulders.

He jumps in shock and turns around to find who could have played such an stupid prank.

Low and behold, it's MARTIN.

(CONTINUED)

Martin looks the opposite of intimidating. He looks like someone who is highly intelligent, but wouldn't have any power. With his slender and small body, it wouldn't be unusual for him to be bullied. But at the same time, people would feel too bad to bully him.

Although, Martin's mind is that of a Stanford football player. He is brave and thinks selfishly, but one would have to consider how smart he is to understand how he got into Stanford.

Ernest looks at him with a mix of disappointment and curious happiness.

MARTIN

So, Ernest. How do you think you did?

ERNEST

Well, judging from the fact that history isn't my favorite class.

MARTIN

You hate that class and you're failing it.

ERNEST

I would say that I did as good as I always do.

MARTIN

(Cringe face)

That bad, yeah?

ERNEST

Pretty much.

They keep walking.

ERNEST (V.O.)

Martin. Probably the guy I know the most at this school. I wouldn't say that I like him, but I definitely know that he's someone I can trust. I hope. Martin is another face in the halls, like me. But, I can never tell what's underneath that head of his.

Ernest looks over his shoulder, looking around the halls.

As he's looking, he gets a glimpse of Malcolm.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST
(Turning the opposite
direction)
Hey. I'll catch you later.

MARTIN
Meet me at my place after school.
I've got something to show you.

ERNEST
Yeah, sure.

MARTIN
You got it?

ERNEST
Meet you at your place after
school, I got it.

Looking around, Ernest walks away from Martin, looking for Malcolm.

While walking towards Malcolm's direction, Ernest accidentally bumps into a larger, muscular kid.

STRONG KID
What the fuck man.

ERNEST
(Still heading towards
Malcolm)
Sorry, sorry.

Ernest tries to leave but is stopped by the strong kid.

STRONG KID
Wait, you think that you can just
leave without an apology

ERNEST
Look, I'm in a rush.

Ernest tries to leave again. The strong kid grabs his shoulder.

STRONG KID
I'm talking to you, Faggot.

With all the weight of his body, Ernest swings around and socks the Strong kid in the face.

The kid flies back a little and stutters around.

People pause they're talking and stare, speechless.

(CONTINUED)

The kid looks up at Ernest. Instead of coming back at him with a punch, the kid just stares at Ernest as surprised as everyone else.

Ernest dangles his backpack in his hand, then brings it back up to his shoulder.

He shrugs.

ERNEST
Do you really even know me?

He exits.

No one talks.

It feels sad. Even though a guy like Ernest stood up to a guy like that, it felt like it won't matter. Will people even care?

(2020 by SOL begins)

END SCENE

MONTAGE OF SCHOOL AND CITY.

-CLOUDS START TO ROLE IN.

-TRICKLES OF RAIN BEGIN TO FALL EXPONENTIALLY

-STREET CLEAR OUT AS PEOPLE LOOK TO FIND SHELTER FROM THE RAIN

This is the text of words that will appear over the music and footage:

-"...Here we are again"

-"Where were we last?"

-"Well, it doesn't seem to matter now."

-"Sadly, I think I've forgotten my point."

-"What was I trying to say?"

-"Ah, That's right."

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE-LINNER

Ernest stares at Martin's house, while he is getting poured on.

Outside is cloudy and dark, but not in a bad way. It feels like normal Seattle. The clouds give the surface of the earth a grey illumination. Blocking the bold Sun in it's entirety.

Ernest takes a few steps forward and gets out of shot.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE- LINNER

A large booming slamming of The FRONT DOOR transitions the Exterior scene to the Interior scene.

The setting isn't too different than outside. The inside is much darker, with only a few bald lights on. The lights DON'T give the room a orange, yellow color. Instead, the room still keeps the same grey feeling as the outside.

Exiting the kitchen is Martin. He's holding two SODAs in his hands.

As he exits the kitchen, he discovers that Ernest is now here.

MARTIN
Ernest!

ERNEST
Hey, Martin.

MARTIN
Here have a soda.

Ernest didn't hear what Martin said and starts to take off his shoes.

Martin tosses the Soda just as Ernest leans over. The soda flies and hits the wall behind Ernest.

Stopping his action, Ernest looks up at Martin, who has an embarrassment face.

MARTIN
Butterfingers
(Smiles)

In response, Ernest gives a sarcastic smile back and takes off his shoes. Afterwards, he grabs the Soda with him.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN
We have a guest with us.

ERNEST
A Guest? Who might this be?
Hopefully it's not another junkie
that seems pretty nice.

MARTIN
Oh yeah. like that one guy. What
was his name again? Alex? I think
it was more of an Alexander.

ERNEST
He stole all of your stuff after he
came here that one time.

MARTIN
He seemed pretty cool.

ERNEST
some people aren't like they are on
the surface.
(Break)
So, who's this new guy.

MARTIN
A man business, you could say. I
don't know if you've met him
before. So I'll introduce you two
when we get to my room.

They walk upstairs and proceed to the entrance of Martin's
room.

Grabbing the handle, Martin stops and turns to Ernest.

MARTIN
What did you get on Mrs. Chits
Test?

ERNEST
The one today?

MARTIN
Yeah.

ERNEST
I don't know.

MARTIN
Well, the grades are in now.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST

What?

Before the conversation can continue, Martin opens the door to his BEDROOM.

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM- LINNER

The door opens like any other door does. As if there would be a difference to a door opening.

The Bedroom is seemingly normal at first glance. A closet on the far end of the room. A bed a few steps from the door. There are a few video game poster stained here and there on the walls.

But the real grabber of the room is the computer set-up.

The computer is decked out with 2 MONITORS, a Light-up KEYBOARD, MOUSE, and an army of empty/half empty SODA CANS.

Martin walks in first, then Ernest.

MARTIN

Have you met Malcolm?

On the edge of the bed is Malcolm on his small laptop.

Malcolm's mental state is similar from his appearance. He isn't one to take shit from anyone, but is a selfless person on the surface. Subtle actions he does will remind a friend that he is selfish by nature.

What is most peculiar is him hanging out with someone like Martin. Malcolm looks like someone closely represented with the Basketball team at school, not a nerd. At most, he looks shady.

Ernest recognizes Malcolm as his enemy instantly.

ERNEST

(To Malcolm)

You.

MALCOLM

(Confused)

Me.

ERNEST

You're that asshole that took my Textbook.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
Your textbook?

MARTIN
(Holding up the Textbook)
What? This one?

Looking now at Martin, Ernest's gears start to turn and he comes up with a conclusion.

ERNEST
I get it, you're both in on this.
What do you do? Steal books for
fun.

MARTIN
(To Malcolm)
You stole it? I thought you said it
was just laying around.

MALCOLM
It was. It didn't seem like it was
needed by anyone. Besides, who
needs some heavy book to lug around
school. Looking like a 1980's, John
Hughes movie nerd cliché?

ERNEST
Yeah, but you...

Pauses.

ERNEST
(pointing to both)
...both of you took it on the wrong
day. I needed that book yesterday.
You kinda fucked me on that.

MARTIN
Well, your donation was a helpful
remark that proves to us that
you're devoted to our cause.

ERNEST
What cause am I
devoted...or...devoting to?

MARTIN
Since you didn't sell out Malcolm-

ERNEST
(Interrupts)
How do you know I didn't already
sell him out?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

I know you quiet well, Ernest.
You're not the type to go tattle
tailing on people because
(Baby voice)
some big ol' bully took my school
book.

MALCOLM

(To Ernest)

Don't worry, Ernest.

Ernest looks to Malcolm, visibly upset.

MALCOLM

You can trust me.

ERNEST

No, I seriously doubt I can.

While Ernest breaths heavily, implicitly, Malcolm keeps his straight face.

Tragic that his straight face looks douchey.

Malcolm isn't the most likable, since we're following Ernest's POV.

MARTIN

(interjects)

We're working on something.

Ernest keeps looking to Malcolm. Malcolm gives him an egotistical snicker. Ernest roles his eyes and look at Martin.

ERNEST

What's this all about? Because I
don't like this "We" part.

MARTIN

You're lucky we didn't sell this
thing.

(Holds up Textbook)

Because, right when Malcolm came
back with this, our first intention
was to sell.

ERNEST

Do you do this a lot? Sell lost
Textbooks to students that need
them.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Yeah. Basically. Don't get me wrong. I'm good with selling things and all that stuff. But Martin helps with keeping track of money and making sure deals happen, you know?

MARTIN

Let me finish.

Malcolm shrugs and listens to Martin the same way Ernest is. Closely.

MARTIN

Then we got to thinking. Is there a way to get more copies of these books faster? So I decided that instead of just photocopying dozens of pages from the textbooks, why not trust in the computers?

MALCOLM

(pointing and being an idiot)
Tell him what we found. This good.

MARTIN

Hold on, I'm getting to it.

Handing Ernest the book, Martin points to the top of the TITLE PAGE.

MARTIN

What is that symbol?

The symbol Martin is pointing at is non-other than ABC Testing Company's logo.

ERNEST

What does this have to do with them?

MARTIN

This has everything to do with them. Here, look.

Martin hops into his computer chair and turns on his COMPUTER. On the monitor is ABC Testing's secure website.

MARTIN

Inside their secure website is files upon files of school material. By forcing my way through the password stage, I-

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST
(Interrupting)
Please, just explain it to me like
I'm stupid.

MALCOLM
He found a way to get the digital
file of the entire Textbook.

MARTIN
Not just that.

Pause.

MALCOLM
All of the textbooks.

ERNEST
(astonished)
How did you do something like that.

MARTIN
The files are the first layer
inside the secure basis. They're
the easiest to obtain. We've been
trying to download them, and we
have been successful.

MALCOLM
But, it's been taking forever. It's
still downloading. It's been
downloading all day.

MARTIN
The download for all these
Textbooks is a lot. But only the
textbooks should be about 60 gigs.
The downloading started last night
at about 11.

ERNEST
Maybe there's something stopping
it. Maybe an anti-hacker system.

MARTIN
No, it is downloading. Even as we
speak.

Martin, in a deft motion, turns on the second monitor.

On the SCREEN, there is a little BAR with a green line and
graph at the bottom showing the progress. The green bar is
almost three-fourths to the end.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

It should be finished tomorrow.

The Bar reads 120 gigabytes.

ERNEST

Wait, you said 60 gigs.

MARTIN

That's right.

ERNEST

Then why does it say 120 gigs.

MARTIN

Exactly. The textbooks should have just been 60. But somehow it doubled. I'm thinking I accidentally downloaded more than just the Textbooks.

MALCOLM

He's thinking it might be the normal Textbooks and the Teacher's versions as well. Which is great, because those have all the answers to the homework and stuff. That means we are going to be making a huge profit.

MARTIN

On Teacher Textbooks. It's all thanks to you and your crazy stolen Textbook.

ERNEST

Yeah, that YOU stole.

Ernest snatches the book and starts to head for the door.

ERNEST

I'm not joining your creepy black market you've planned.

MARTIN

Come on. What have you got to lose?

MALCOLM

Here, at least come back tomorrow to see how much stuff we got.

Debating in his head, Ernest stares at Malcolm's face. Malcolm gives a funny yet disturbing smile rigidly.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST

All right, I'll be here tomorrow.
Just to see you guys get this shit.
But don't expect me to get
involved.

Martin gets up from his chair, walking Ernest to his bedroom door.

MARTIN

Oh, we expect you to get more than
involved.

They stare. Ernest looks puzzled and decently upset

ERNEST

(Leaning in close to whisper)
Why would you get your business
involved with this guy?

Martin pauses. He chuckles.

MARTIN

(Also whispering)
Oh, you haven't seen it yet?

Ernest explores in his head while staring.

MARTIN

I'll see you tomorrow.

Ernest looks back at Malcolm, who now has a normal blank look. Almost like he's trying to ask for help.

Ernest leaves and closes the door behind him.

INT. ERNEST'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE- DINNER

The key turns the lock and Ernest steps through.

The home is wealthy looking. This would explain why He doesn't want to get involved in the underground black market.

The decor is bright, but still dull. The Floor is made of a Black and white checker board marble. The Walls, The Walls, The Walls, The Walls, The Walls. They repeat on and on just like that.

Ernest takes step by step into the house. A puddle of water drips from his shoes. All from the rain.

He lefts his feet up and look down at the puddle.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST

Fuck.

INT. ERNEST'S HOUSE, STAIRS- DINNER

He walks upstairs. He isn't necessarily tired, but is instead annoyed of himself. Otherwise known as un-diagnosed depression.

At the top of the stairs, next to it, is the TV room.

Ernest gets to the top and leans on the door frame.

ERNEST

Hey, Mom, Dad.

Cut to the empty TV room. No one is in the room. It's all just awkward shallow space.

Ernest is talking to no one.

ERNEST

Yeah, school was pretty cool.
Except for the fact that I most
likely failed some stupid test.
That's all because of this guy that
stole my notebook. Which turns out
was used to gain the idea of an
underground school Black Market.

Silence.

ERNEST

Tell me about it. It's crazy. I
mean, shit.

Quick silence.

ERNEST

Sorry, dad. I need to watch my
mouth. Well, I'm going to go do my
homework now.

Silence.

ERNEST

Love you, too.

He leaves.

A shallow silence sits in the shot for longer than it needs to.

INT. ERNEST'S BEDROOM- DINNER

The DOOR opens.

Ernest stares in with depressed wonder.

ERNEST (V.O.)
It's sad. Seeing my room everyday.
By now, it just feels like my room
is completely empty.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF EMPTY BEDROOM

Nothing but white tragic walls inhale the shallowness of the room.

It is Literally empty.

All but the windows and carpet are in the room.

He opens his BACKPACK and takes out the Purple book.

Ernest drops his BACKPACK by the entrance of the room.

He steps in and sits, chris-crossed, in the middle of the room.

He opens, and begins reading the book. Feeling better than any-other thing that happened that day.

A long pause.

The sound of a buzzing metal grows louder and louder.

Until, it cuts at the...

TRANSITION

INT. MRS. CHITS CLASSROOM-MORNING

In the same seat, almost as if it were yesterday, Ernest stares harshly at his flat DESK.

Suddenly, Yesterday's Test sheet flies onto his table.

ZOOM IN OF THE SCORE

The score is 22 out of 50.

Ernest sadly roles his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

He throws down his pencil next to the disappointing paper. He starts to think to himself.

Guessing the outcome of all of what has happened. What this will all shape up to be. How could Ernest have let all of this go any further? What will bring a perfect end to...

Ernest look to his left to see a CREEPY KID sitting and staring at him. Watching his every inching move.

The kid is slow, disturbing, and like a character straight out of a David Lynch film. He's scantily and grotesque.

The Creepy kid and Ernest do an unmotivated staring contest for what seems for a while. The awkwardness is held by a slow pause.

Keeping Eye contact with him, Ernest slides his hand into his backpack on the floor. He pulls out his purple book.

He arches and turns his body away from the Creepy kid, and begins reading where he left off.

Long pause.

The kid is still motionless and staring.

Ernest edges his eyes once in a while, to see if this creep is still looking at him.

What's this kid want? Is he some rapist? Does he got a fetish? Or is he retarded?

The kid takes his eyes off Ernest and onto Ernest's side of the table. He looks back up at Ernest.

With a brief and clear action, The Creepy kid snatches Ernest's pencil.

Reacting a little, Ernest turns to the kid wanting to ask more questions than before. But nothing comes out of his mouth.

Again, they stare at each other for a brief moment.

Then...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY 2-MORNING

The Hallway is almost as identical than yesterday.

Although, a large group of people are gathered on the far end of the hall. Clearly entertained by each other. It feels like their having an appropriate and loving conversation.

Ernest walks out of the Classroom just like he did yesterday.

Instead of last time, Martin grabs and pulls his shoulder.

MARTIN
Come on, let's get home.

ERNEST
What?

Ernest is resisting Martin's pulling.

He looks behind him at the joyful group of students talking.

Suddenly, Ernest can very clearly see himself in the group.

He's smiling, talking to both guys and girls. Even some of the girls are flirting with him. The guys think he's someone to look up to.

This hallucination of a moment feels ever-so happy. In the best terms, bitter-sweet. Like what is being seen could have never been more real than what is now.

But it's interrupted.

Malcolm comes on the other side of Ernest, pulling as well.

MALCOLM
Let get going, m'lady.

A push, and Ernest is pushed nearer to what will be other's impending doom.

They get farther and farther from view until they are completely blurred away.

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM- LINNER

Ernest, Martin and Malcolm are sitting in the room.

Today, the room feels more alive. Familiar to say the least. It feels like being on vacation and just getting back to your hotel room after a bad lunch. Rewarding for the wrong reasons.

(CONTINUED)

Malcolm is more leisured on the bed, laying back a little.

Martin is in his chair facing the Computer. From our point of view, we can only see the back of his head. he's scrolling through the files that downloaded yesterday.

Ernest is resting on a table opposite to Malcolm. Or, on Martin's left side.

ERNEST

Malcolm.

MALCOLM

What's up?

Pause.

ERNEST

How is it easy for you to talk to people?

MARTIN

(on the computer)

Fuck, it downloaded as a .zip.

MALCOLM

What?

ERNEST

You're so good at talking to people. Like you have no problem with starting conversations.

MALCOLM

Well, you just stated a conversation with me.

ERNEST

Yeah, but I've GOT a...problem with it.

MARTIN

(on the computer)

Alright, lets see what's in this bad boy.

ERNEST

You look so happy doing it too. like you're okay with sharing everything you're thinking of.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
I guess it just comes naturally.

Break.

ERNEST
Naturally.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY 2-MORNING

We cut back to the same shot of the large group of student happily talking.

But this time, Malcolm has replaced Ernest's place. This is probably what Ernest really saw earlier.

Now showing Malcolm, it looks like his smiles are empty. Malcolm looks at his friends with uncertainty. Like what he's doing doesn't make any sense.

All of a sudden, Malcolm looks up past the camera to who is presumably is Ernest. Now, he looks up with real happiness.

It's not a homosexual type of look, if you're wondering. It's friendly. Like Malcolm secretly respect Ernest highly.

MALCOLM (O.S.)
Well, let me ask you something.

Malcolm starts to walk through the group of people towards Ernest.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM- LINNER

We are back in the same scene as before.

MALCOLM
How can you keep to yourself so much?

ERNEST
can you repeat the question?

MALCOLM
You always look like you never a interested in others. You make yourself your best friend.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST

For all intents and purposes, I am not my own best friend. Really, I can't really tolerate myself.

MALCOLM

Everyone can't tolerate you.

ERNEST

What's that supposed to me?

MARTIN

(on his computer)

What the fuck?

MALCOLM

It means you aren't the best person to be around, but it's never too uncomfortable.

ERNEST

Wow, that's real friendly.

MARTIN

(to Ernest)

Hey, what was yesterday's date?

ERNEST

The 29th.

MARTIN

okay.

MALCOLM

Look, I'm not trying to offend you.

ERNEST

Then what was your whole point.

MALCOLM

(visibly nervous and shy-er)

Well, maybe, in a way, I kinda envy you.

ERNEST

No one should envy another "face in the hall" type of guy.

MALCOLM

At least I'm being honest.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST
Well, at least I'm not a giant
fucking idiot that always gets his
way.

MALCOLM
Watch it.

MARTIN
(to the both of them)
Hey.

ERNEST
(to Malcolm)
Or else what?

MARTIN
(to the both of them)
Hey!

ERNEST AND MALCOLM
What?!

MARTIN
You're going to want to see this.

Ernest and Malcolm pause their feud and walk over to
Martin's computer.

Ernest is to the left of Martin, and Malcolm is to the right
of Martin. Martin is still sitting.

The Monitor shows a simple .PDF file, supposedly looking
like a test sheet.

MALCOLM
A test sheet?

MARTIN
Not just any. Ernest, do you still
have your test sheet from today?

ERNEST
Yeah, let me get it.

Ernest walks over to his backpack on the opposite side of
the room. He opens it and shuffles through it.

Deep inside, the Purple book lays woefully and tender. Like
it's been in there for countless years. By the beginning
pages of the book, Ernest find the test sheet between the
pages.

He slides it out and walks back to the computer.

(CONTINUED)

Ernest hands the paper to Martin.

Martin lefts the paper to the computer screen to compare them.

MARTIN
A. D. C. A. C. B. B. E. C. C...

Pause.

MARTIN
Holy shit.

ERNEST
Did we find the answers to-

MARTIN
Quizzes, Pop quizzes, Tests.

Martin small screens the .PDF and shows the finished downloaded files. Files upon Files fill the folder.

Never-ending is the key the boys found.

Martin scrolls down the folder more and more.

MARTIN
All of them.

Pause

MARTIN
For every single class.

long pause.

The boys stare at the screen, jaws open.

A holy grail to say the least.

ERNEST
We can't be positive this is what
we really found.

MALCOLM
Are you fucking kidding me?

Malcolm snatches the paper and places it next to the monitor again.

MALCOLM
you think these things are just
some sort of...of...

(CONTINUED)

Malcolm look to Martin for help, but he is still fixated on the screen. He still answers.

MARTIN
coincidence.

MALCOLM
Coincidence!?

ERNEST
No, I'm just saying we have to be sure. That this is the real deal.

MALCOLM
Are you blind or something. It already speaks for itself!

ERNEST
I know! we just need a...

Pause.

ERNEST
A controlled experiment. To see if this is for real.

Martin finally snaps out of it and chimes in.

MARTIN
Tomorrow.

MALCOLM
What?

MARTIN
Tomorrow, we have a test in History. We all have that class.

ERNEST
All right, perfect. We need to just have the exact questions right on the test.

Malcolm pierces his eyes on Ernest with resentment.

ERNEST
To see if the answers match.

MARTIN
Ernest should be the guinea pig.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST

What?

MARTIN

Out of all of us, you are the most docile in school. It would make the most sense.

ERNEST

Fine, that's fine. Lets say I get an 82% on the paper.

Malcolm again shoots a glare at Ernest.

ERNEST

For the sake of my grade. We'll chose the exact questions I get right and wrong. If this is what it looks to be. Then we can start celebrating.

Pause.

ERNEST

Is this clear?

MARTIN

I'm on board.

Pause.

MALCOLM

I don't see why we can't just all test it.

Ernest shoots a glare at Malcolm this time.

MALCOLM

Alright, fine.

Pause.

ERNEST

If this is what we think it is, we may be in a tighter spot than we can handle.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CLASSROOM-MORNING

(Alphabet Aerobics By Blackalicious plays)

The room seems fuller than any other classroom. The stress and suspense feels like a large presence. It feels like you're about to cheat on a test.

How ironic.

Staring boldly at the test sheet in front of him, Ernest feels a heat flash rush through his body.

A constant zooming between the test, Ernest, his HAND, his PENCIL, Martin, and Malcolm.

Ernest's hand opens. His eyes break down to the edge of his lid, staring at his hand.

He begins his test.

SLOW MONTAGE OF TEST TAKING.

The test comes to an end, and Ernest turns in his test to the teacher.

All three boys leave.

INT. HALLWAY 2-MORNING

They meet up in the hallway.

ERNEST

Now what?

MARTIN

Now we wait. Grades should be in soon enough.

MONTAGE OF THE BOYS SURROUNDING A SINGLE COMPUTER IN A LUNCH ROOM. THEM IN DIFFERENT CLASSES, AND FINALLY BACK IN MARTIN'S HOUSE.

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM- LINNER

Ernest stares at his computer and refreshes his computer one last time.

The Score on the screen changes from nothing to 20/25.

Ernest's eyes widen in a way that most men could only wish to see what he sees.

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM- DINNER

Malcolm is sitting on the bed, Martin is sitting in his computer CHAIR, and Ernest is sitting on a surface to the right of Martin.

They are sitting in a triangle shape to the camera.

Malcolm is eating GUMMY BEARS out of a BAG.

MARTIN
Incredible. Absolutely incredible.

ERNEST
This can't be that easy.

MARTIN
But it is. you saw it.

ERNEST
Well, what are we supposed to do now?

MARTIN
Now?

Martin raises his eyebrows and looks unsure. He looks to Malcolm for reassurance.

Malcolm looks up from the gummy bears and looks at both of them.

MALCOLM
(showing his bag)
Gummy bear?

Ernest rolls his eyes and looks at Martin, but he just shrugs his shoulders.

Malcolm shakes his bag.

ERNEST
I don't like gummy bears.

Malcolm scoffs. He throws a red gummy bear at Ernest.

He doesn't catch it, but picks it up and eats it. he gives a "hey, that's pretty good" look.

MALCOLM
I say we start to profit.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST
Off of this?

MALCOLM
What are we supposed to do with it
now?

ERNEST
I don't know. just anything, not
this.

MARTIN
That's not a bad idea.

ERNEST
What?

MALCOLM
Think about it. We can make so much
money.

ERNEST
I don't want money.

MARTIN
No, it's that you don't need money.

ERNEST
Martin.

MALCOLM
What up?

MARTIN
(whispering to Malcolm)
He's a little rich.

ERNEST
Martin!

MARTIN
It's the truth.

ERNEST
But you don't need to...

MARTIN
Look at it this way. It's not about
having money, it's about making
money.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST
wow...that sounds fucking stupid.

MARTIN
Come on.

ERNEST
I told you, I'm not getting
involved with this.

MALCOLM
We need as much people as we can
get. Once people find out what we
have, we're going to need friends
we can trust.

Pause.

ERNEST
No. Not me.

Ernest stands up, and grabs his backpack. Suddenly, the
purple book falls out.

Pause.

Ernest stops from picking it up. Malcolm looks down at the
book, then looks up at Ernest with arrogant understanding.

Ernest picks it back up and shoves it into his backpack.

He leaves.

INT. ERNEST'S ROOM-NIGHT

Ernest lays in his BED. a shadow of light falls on his face.

A strange rhythmical and beautifully harsh music slowly
fades in. Even in it's highest point of volume, it's hard to
hear.

Ernest shuts his eyes.

INT. HALLWAY 3-MORNING

Sad lonely walls.

He never really understood them. Ernest carries his backpack
heavier on his back today.

Walking down the hallway, he can't help but notice someone
is following him. getting closer and closer.

Just when this person is close enough, Ernest turns around.

(CONTINUED)

ERNEST
Can I help you?

The person pauses and stares at him sheepishly.

PERSON 1
I...I was just wondering...Do you
have...It...for the Pre-cal. test?

ERNEST
It?

PERSON 1
You know. "IT"...

Ernest stops and stares at him for a little. Then his eyes
widen like it did for the test scores.

ERNEST
Did they tell you?

PERSON 1
I-I-I just heard it from some guys
talking...then they told me that
you were a part of something.

ERNEST
You didn't hear anything. Alright?

walking away, Ernest starts to jog down the Hall.

ERNEST
You heard nothing! Martin! Malcolm!

Yelling and running down the hall, Ernest searches for them.

INT. HALLWAY 4-MORNING

(Sagaba Remix By Blue Scholars plays)

More of the words that will appear over footage and music:

-"It feels so familiar."

-"I would love to tell you my point."

-"But by the time you figure it out..."

-"...It will be too late..."

Ernest turns a corner and gets a minor peak of Malcolm
around another corner.

Ernest sprints down.

(CONTINUED)

Turning the corner where he saw him, he sees that Malcolm and Martin just talked to someone. This someone is walking away from them.

Panting and gasping confused at them, They turn around to see Ernest.

ERNEST

What did I tell you? What did I
TELL you?

MALCOLM

Hey, look! We know what you're
thinking. But-but. Think about
this.

ERNEST

I ain't thinking about shit right
now. You are going to get me out of
this. Or so help me-

MARTIN

(Interrupts)
We have customers.

Martin shows his hands, revealing a twenty dollar bill.

Ernest pants more, then inhales and goes back to normal breathing.

He stares for a long time. Then stares into the lens for reassurance.

What now?

END OF EPISODE 1