

PLEASE LET ME GET WHAT I WANT SAMPLE

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INT. COACH'S OFFICE - MORNING PERIOD

LO (15, short black hair, Mien) walks into the office, holding his bleeding nose. He sits on a cold, plastic blue chair with a sharp crack on the edge. MR. WILLIAMS (nearly dust, mustache, carries the requisite whistle around his neck) enters with an ice pack and tosses it at Lo.

MR. WILLIAMS

Wow, that ball really did a number on your nose. Alright, Lo, take this. How's your folks? You still helpin' out at the farm?

Lo barely catches the ice pack before it hit him on the nose.

LO

They're fine.

MR. WILLIAMS

You have to tell em that the strawberries were very tasty, especially in jello shots. You probably don't know what that is.

LO

I know what a jello shot is, Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS

No you don't, whattaraya thirteen? Don't tell me what a jello shot is.

LO

What? I'm fifteen.

MR. WILLIAMS

Oh, sweet Jesus, how's it only the second week of the semester. I need a chiropractor. Hey, hey, kid. Could ya close the door please? Go on, do as I say.

Lo kicks the door and watches it close slowly. Mr. Williams plops down onto his creaky chair, an old brown thing, and opens a drawer. The old man sets a glass bottle on his desk.

MR. WILLIAMS

(pouring)

Now this, my friend, is universal healthcare at work.

The door swings open. It's Max (15, red hair, freckles). Mr. Williams nearly spills his drink but catches himself. The old man shoves his healthcare back into the drawer and wipes his lips.

MAX

(excited)

Dude, that was crazy. Did it hurt?
I saw the blood fly out of your
mouth.

LO

Yeah. It's just my nose. Is my lip
bleeding?

MAX

I don't know. Let me see.

Lo holds his bottom lip and opens his mouth.

LO

(holding his mouth open)

Can you see anything?

MR. WILLIAMS

Okay, okay. Could you boys go on
and shoot some hoops. Go on, shoot.

MAX

Oh yeah, grandpa, could Lo be on
the sophomore basketball team?

MR. WILLIAMS

(tired)

What? You want to be on the team,
Lo?

Lo attempts to hit Max in the crotch. Max skillfully defends himself from the age-old tradition.

LO

(embarrassed)

I'm not that good. It's okay.

MAX

Nuh-uh. He's as good as me,
grandpa.

MR. WILLIAMS

I mean, we'll take anyone, we
stink. Come to tryouts this Friday,
kid, and I'll get ya a spot.

Time stops and the riff from The Beatle's "I Want You (She's So Heavy)" plays as AMELIA (15, new, dark brown hair, kinda scary) walks into the room. Lo forgets to breathe and can't keep his eyes off her. She hands a piece of paper to Mr. Williams.

AMELIA

I was told to give this to you. Mr. Williams?

Mr. Williams takes a second to read the paper. He hands it back to Amelia.

MR. WILLIAMS

Looks like your folks forgot a signature. Make sure your parents sign the back, okay? This is for P.E. clothes and the lock. Got that, young lady?

The bell rings.

AMELIA

Sure.

MR. WILLIAMS

Alright, Lo, get out of here and all of you have a good rest of your day. Shoo, go, go.

Max and Lo leave the office as Mr. Williams kicks them out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL BLACK TOP - LATER

Lo and Max walk out of the gym and through the cafeteria. A number of students hustle to their next class, walking in cliques or trying to avoid bullies.

LO

Hey Max, do you know the new girl?

MAX

I heard she's from like Ohio or something.

LO

Ohio, really?

MAX

Yeah. I heard she got kicked out of her old school for fighting a teacher.

LO
(laughing)
You're lying.

Lo and Max disappear into the sea of students rushing to their next class, a collage of colorful backpacks.

CUT TO:

INT. ART ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Lo sits next to Amelia in Art Class while other students file into their seats, sweaty from lunch. The teacher, MRS. DUNDEE (short black hair, nose ring, flowy pants, 30s) walks by and disappears into the supply closet.

AMELIA
She reminds me of a teacher I had before, old, cranky, smelled like beef.

LO
Maybe, um, she really liked beef jerky?

AMELIA
That's gross. I'm vegan.

LO
That's cool. Yeah, cows are so bad, right?

AMELIA
Exactly, the greenhouse gases are destroying our planet, that's why I choose not to eat meat. Plus, why would anyone want to kill an innocent animal?

Mrs. Dundee returns to the front of the class.

MRS. DUNDEE
Okay, everyone, settle down. Please continue working on your portraits of each other. I'll be right back.

LO
What, uh, school did you go to before moving here?

AMELIA
Modesto high.

Amelia checks her phone.

LO
You're really good at drawing.

AMELIA
Thanks.

LO
Sorry this doesn't look like you.

Lo holds up his drawing of Amelia so far. Amelia glances at the drawing.

AMELIA
(flashing a smile)
It's okay.

Lo focuses on his drawing, fighting back a smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET SIDEWALK - AFTERSCHOOL

Lo walks home with Max. Students around them are also walking home, or wait to be picked up.

LO
Dude, I think I kind of like the new girl.

MAX
Really? Are you going to ask her out?

LO
I don't know how to ask a girl out.

MAX
Just go up to her and ask her if she wants to hang out.

LO
What? How do I do that?

MAX
Okay, first, be cool. Like, don't talk too much. But you have to talk to her or else Dino's going to talk to her and she'll probably move away.

LO

Dino's not going to do that.

MAX

(urging)

Yeah he will. Remember Mary from last year? Dino crawled up to her on all fours and made those clicking raptor sounds like in Jurassic Park.

LO

Yeah. That was weird. So what should I, like say?

MAX

You have to be cool.

LO

How do I be cool?

MAX

You'll probably be on the basketball team soon, that's pretty cool.

Max walks out of frame as Lo stops and thinks.

LO

Wait, you really think I'll make the team? Are you guys that bad?

Lo hurries and runs out of frame to catch up to Max.

CUT TO:

INT. ART ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The class settles in and there's a substitute teacher, MR. RENTER (thick black glasses, long brown hair, loose fitting shirt, smells like coffee).

MR. RENTER

Hi everyone. You're teacher, Mrs. Dundee is out for this afternoon, obviously. I'll be your sub. Today, you all just, do whatever it is you need to do. I'll be here. And if you need to use the bathroom, just, go. You're not children.

Mr. Renter enters the supply closet and closes the door. Two kids in the back whip out their Nintendo Switch and other students swap seats.

AMELIA

I switched out of gym.

LO

Really?

AMELIA

My counselor said I could take it next year instead. I replaced gym class with a creative writing class.

LO

(excited)

I almost took that class.

AMELIA

Why didn't you?

LO

I don't think my parents want me to focus on that kind of stuff. I don't know.

AMELIA

We could have been in the same class. Oh well.

LO

Maybe next year? Like, um, another class, we could take another class together?

AMELIA

That would be cool.

AMELIA

We got our first assignment last week but since I just switched to it, I have to catch up. Basically, I have to write like a character biography or something. One page.

Amelia pulls out a bag of baby carrots and offers it to Lo.

AMELIA

Do you want some?

LO

Uh, um, sure.

AMELIA

Is there something on the carrot?

LO

Oh, no, I thought there was but it's cool. Um, did you start already? Your character bio for the class?

Lo takes a carrot and bites.

AMELIA

I did, but it's kind of, I don't know. It's weird, you're going to think it's bad. But it's about, well, have you ever played Dungeons and Dragons? There's a race of bird people called the Arakocra, they're super fun. I wrote about an Arakocra character. Sorry I'm a nerd.

LO

Me too!

The entire class turns to stare at Lo. Mr. Renter peeks his head out from the storage closet. His hair is messier now than when he entered.

MR. RENTER

Order in the court. Don't make me leave a bad note for your teacher.

Mr. Renter points two fingers at the class. A beat passes and the class goes back to normal.

AMELIA

(hushed voice)

Have you played D&D before?

LO

I've never played.

AMELIA

Do you want to sometime?

Lo nods his head yes.

AMELIA

I can show you the starter book, we can make you a character? Sorry I'm getting way too excited about this.

LO

It's okay. Making a character sounds fun.

AMELIA

I can bring the book tomorrow.

LO

Okay, sounds good. Actually, I just remembered I have tryouts tomorrow.

AMELIA

Tryouts for what?

LO

Basketball, sorry, I totally forgot yeah, sorry, but I still want to see the book and hangout and stuff. If that's cool?

AMELIA

What about after your tryout?

LO

Yeah, okay, if you don't mind? It probably won't take long.

AMELIA

Cool, cool, cool.

LO

Okay, cool, cool.

Lo continues sketching his portrait of Amelia. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. LO'S ROOM - SAME DAY

Lo throws his bag down by his desk as he enters. The chair swivels to face Lo. LIU (black hair, square jaw, 21, Lo's big brother) is sitting in the chair and grins.

LIU

So, what's her name?

LO

What are you talking about?

LIU

I heard you mumbling in your sleep, second born. You need advice? She from school?

LO

Her name's Amelia. We're just friends.

Lo sits on the foot of his bed. Liu rolls himself closer to his little brother.

LIU

Dude, it's okay to have a crush on someone.

LO

We're just friends.

LIU

You dream about all your friends?

LO

I wasn't dreaming about anyone.

LIU

It's okay little bro. You probably won't ask me for advice, that's okay. But I'll give some anyways, free of charge. Just this once though. Tell her how you feel, that's important. If you fuck up then you fuck up, but if you like her a lot, you always gotta tell her how you feel.

Lo covers his face with his hands and falls back on his bed.

LO

(through his hands)

We're just friends.