

INT. DAY

john strong

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The year 1990:

A time when a few bucks could still buy gas. Microwaves were novelties and books were relevant.

CLOSE - SIDEWALK

A family sedan PULLS up. The backdoor OPENS two small sneakers SWING out land on the pavement.

CLOSE

The two feet stumble past the camera.

ANGLE ON

A YOUNG BOY carrying books. Overhead in bold white letters, "PUBLIC LIBRARY" is embossed on dated bricks.

The boy walks to the book return chute. TUGS at the handle with both hands. The drawer lowers.

He puts a book inside and CLOSES it. He OPENS the drawer checks, no book. He repeats, puts the last book inside--

BOOK POV

Daylight turns to darkness as the book lands with a THUD. The chute SLAMS shut overhead. Total darkness.

The screen JERKS forward. The vague outlines of books in a box are now visible. They are being carried by--

ANGLE ON

CHARLOTTE the library assistant. A middle-aged woman with an exceptional large ass.

CLOSE

Books sitting atop an elevated wrap around desk. This is the front desk. The focal point of the library. All can be seen and is heard from here.

CLOSE

A rubber stamper on an inepad. Charlotte grabs the stamper and PRESSES down.

She STAMPS a vanilla timecard. And tosses the book on a cart, grabs another.

Pockets of hushed life are scattered throughout the library:

## CONTINUED

-To the left a SUPER HAPPY ADULT reads aloud to TODDLERS.

-Far left TEENS nod their heads at "Listening Station."

-An epic fail of a PARENT snores on the couch. This snoring gives way to the sound of. Cart wheels rolling off screen.

CLOSE - CART WHEELS

And then Charlotte's wide ass. Filling both the aisle and frame as she plows about pushing a cart.

Her two sizes too small bloomers disappear further into her abyss with each step. She TUGS at them, moves on.

Charlotte puts a book on the shelf.

CLOSE - BOOK

It reads, "**Story**." A small hand GRABS the book. PULL BACK and reveal WILL standing on a step stool. Though only eleven Will acts thirty plus. He has a thirst for knowledge and these books are his Sprite.

Will admires the book as he hops off the stool.

WORK STATION

Will man's his workstation. A table right off the front desk and towards the back of the library.

While the other tables are all manned by two or three man crews. Will works alone.

He SNAPS open his brand new **Mead Trapper Keeper**. The Bengal tiger on front is totally awesome and cool.

Will flips to a fresh sheet. And checks...yup **number 2 lead pencil** pumped to desired length.

He opens the book, peels back the first page. He is just about to get his learn on when he hears raised voices off-screen.

FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

JUNE THE LIBRARIAN is standing atop her perch. June is in her seventies, aged but not old. She wears her hair done up in a whip sorta like the cartoon character **Pepe Le Pew**.

Right now June is engaged in deep conversation with young Rusty and his underling.

RUSTY is the **Spike Gremlin** of the elementary school. He has a bad reputation that he earned being bad.

His underling SIDE KICK is the yes man of all yes men. Kissing Rusty's ass is where he shines.

June and Rusty interrupt one another throughout:

JUNE

I'm all too aware what the rules state. We run the same reading program every summer. And every summer you scoundrels try and pull the same nonsense. Why on Earth...

SIDE KICK

(appalled)

Scoundrels! Well I'd never.

RUSTY

(reads:)

"Must present initialed form detailing said read material."

(points to)

Initialed form..."Present initialed form detailing said read material to the librarian."

(points to)

Librarian.

JUNE

I simply refuse to stand here and listen to this hogwash. Clearly you have not...

RUSTY

(reads:)

"Upon completion of the set upon unit of books."

(five fingers)

Five books.

(reads:)

"A Pizza Hut coupon shall be issued."

(eyes up)

I have five forms current and initialed...

JUNE

By a parent?

RUSTY

(on cue)

Initialed.

JUNE

You read five books between yesterday at closing and...

(eyes watch)

8:45 this a.m?

RUSTY

(eyes paper, and back)

Completed and initialed.

JUNE

So, if I were to entertain this fantastical notion of yours. Ventured to ask what these books were about? If dare I sought information about one. Not two, three, nor four. But one. Seeing as you did read five. Could you recollect the wonderfully splendid journey that you were carted off into? In a land far beyond that of your fragile, futile young mind.

SIDE KICK

(background)

Wait a minute. I don't know futile but I can pick up on context clues. Futile sound like dumb. It is futile for you to be calling little kids futile.

Rusty PEERS over the tall desk. Yes, he is a big kid.

June LEANS forward shields the books. No more context clues.

RUSTY

(horrible French accent)

The form is completed **Pepe**. And initialed. Give me coupons. I'm 'bout to do something real nasty to a meat lovers personal pan. I'm not gone just eat it. I shall freak'ith it!

CLOSE - SIDEKICK

He's playing **Twister** with his own body. Left hand, right butt cheek. Right hand behind left ear. He tugs at his shirt, squirms passionately.

It Looks like he is making out with someone else but no, just him.

SIDE KICK

(moans)

Mmmm! Muah! Muah! It's so, meaty!!!

Rusty NODS. Score one Side Kick. June zero.

A YOUNG BOY across the room sees this and makes love to himself too. He really gets into it.

JUNE

(re: kid)

You stop that! Stop it right now!

June has had enough. She is just about to kick them both out when--

CHARLOTTE

(whispers in her ear)

That's Mary Anne's oldest boy. I usually just give them to him.

June's hardened expression melds from Disgusts to pity.

CLOSE - RUSTY

He recognizes that look of "pity" and turns away.

Beat.

CLOSE

Five **Pizza Hut Coupons** in June's hands. She extends the coupons to Rusty, clears her throat.

Rusty is super happy to get the coupons but plays it cool. He tugs at them nonchalantly once, twice. Nothing.

June does not relinquish them.

JUNE

(their eyes dead locked)

There will be no more coupons issued unless you do the reading. None. Nada. Zilch. Your siblings will have to redeem their own coupons in the future. Better yet I'm going to have to speak with a parent in order to validate your participation.

CHARLOTTE

(chimes in)

Ha, let me know how that turns out.

JUNE

(dismisses Charlotte with her eyes)

After all fair is fair.

Side Kick raises a power fist and mouths the words,  
**"Fair is Fair."** This, a reference to the 80's movie  
**The Legend of Billie Jean.**

Rusty nods and pumps his chest with his free hand.

SIDE KICK (O.S.)

**"Putter Jacks!" "Mommy" and SLAP!**

JUNE

This is after all about the reading. The other kids are doing just that. They are doing the reading.

June wands her hand across the room.

CLOSE - WILL

He's been watching this entire time. June sees him and she smiles.

BACK ON JUNE - FRONT DESK

JUNE (CONT'D)

And believe it or not there are those who have already completed the summer reading requirements.

SIDE KICK

By actually doing the reading. Yeah, yeah...we get it.

CLOSE - RUSTY

He wrestles the coupons away while June's distracted.

RUSTY

(eyes Will)

You mean Old Wrap Around read 25 books already?? No way! You told me picture books don't count. He must'uv read **Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, Where The Wild Things Are.** Stuff like that! Nobody going to the 6th grade can read 25 books in a month, unless they was featured on **"Reading Rainbow"**.

SIDE KICK

(SINGS)

"DUH, DAH, DUNT. And you don't have to take my word for it."

RUSTY

(acknowledges him)

Exactly! Wrap Around trying to go twice  
as high!

SIDE KICK

(SINGS...echos)

READING RAINBOW. READING RAINBOW. READING  
RAINBOW...

JUNE

What's this Wrap Around business? Are you  
referring to young Wilbert over there?  
(points to Will)

CLOSE ON - WILL

No longer sitting tall. He's now slumped down in his  
seat. He knows this won't end well.

BACK TO FRONT DESK

RUSTY

(hysterical)

Dude's name is Wilbert in real life?  
Wilbert is on his birth certificate with  
the picture of the little hands and feet?

SIDE KICK

(dances the hula-hoop)

Wilbert Wrap Alllll the way 'round!

JUNE

(agitated)

You will not. Shall not, tease nor taught  
others while here in this library! No,no.  
Not here! You two have what you came  
for. The world outside awaits your  
deviance elsewhere.

SIDE KICK

(raises hand)

Okay. Ma'am. I lost my reading form.  
Can I get another one and you pretend you  
think I read mine too?

JUNE

(ignores him)

Good day gentlemen.

CLOSE - RUSTY

His eyes are now laser fixated on Will. Rusty walks  
deeper into the library towards Will's turned back.

RUSTY

Nah. It's hot out there. Think I'll go chill with my man Wrap Around. Soak up some more of this dew. Maybe he can give me some of them speed reading lessons.

SIDE KICK

Dude must read like the **Micro Machine Man** on the commercial.

Side Kick attempts to fast talk like the **Micro Machine 80's pitchman**. Unintelligible gibberish spews out of his mouth as he follows his leader.

TRACK the boys as they descend upon Will.

JUNE (O.S.)

Remember what I said teasing and taunting will not be tolerated. Not here. I have my eyes on you two!

SIDE KICK

(retorts)

And we got our eyes on that skunk on your head. What you feed it personal pans?

WORK STATION - CONTINUOUS

Rusty stands with his crotch directly to the left of Will's line of vision. Will knows he's there but remains focused on his book.

RUSTY (O.S.)

What ya reading Wrap Around?

SIDE KICK

(dances)

Wrap Alllll the way 'round.

RUSTY

(stops him)

Random bullying is funny. You just did that like what three seconds ago? I'm deducting ten cool points.

SIDE KICK

(stops mid swivel)

Ten? Dang, you only took five when I sharted!

CLOSE - RUSTY

He inches even closer. Will has no more private space left for him to invade.

The zipper on Rusty's fly is unzipped and almost touching Will's face.

Frustrated Will turns left--

WILL'S POV

He is staring right into Rusty's crotch.

CLOSE - RUSTY'S FLY

Out POP's Rusty's index finger. He flicks Will's nose.

Will quickly turns back but the damage is already done.

RUSTY

You see that S.K.? Wrap Around totally just went for my crotch. He's cock starved for my peter. Dove right in there like he was bobbing for apples.

SIDE KICK

Be gentle now. We're gonna need more bob and less teeth next time.

Rusty hi-fives Side Kick. That was a pretty good come back. He totally just redeemed himself.

CLOSE - WILL

Deflated he stares blankly at his notebook.

Rusty sits in the chair across from Will. He tilts his head sideways mockingly.

RUSTY

Oh, I see. You just gone go full blown Eric on me? You can't talk, can't hear? Full on retard huh? Bet if a pretty little girl slipped and fell on a field trip you'd catch her? Huh Eric? You'd hold her hand and fly around like Dumbo with those big ass ears at the circus.

SIDE KICK

Man! When dude dunked that ball. I peed on myself a little bit. Got too excited! That movie made me want to be the slow troubled dude with problems at home.

RUSTY

(re: Side Kick)

You are the slow troubled dude with problems at home.

## SIDE KICK

I'm saying though! He straight wolfed out on 'um! Dunked the ball like it was nothing. Flew to the crib and was just floating like a boss. I ain't never seen nothing like that before.

Rusty and Side Kick are in agreement -- the moment Side Kick just recollected was indeed epic.

CLOSE - WILL

Will speaks as if giving a dissertation in American cinema. He's sure of himself, he knows his stuff.

But he's not quite confident enough to make eye contact.

WILL

(eyes down)

"Wolfed out." He just referenced the original **Teen Wolf film**. The Michael J. Fox vehicle that piggy backed on the success of **Michael Jackson's 1983 Thriller music video**. Jackson was a huge fan of the film **An American Werewolf In London**. Directed by John Landis in 1981. That's where the idea was conceived for the now iconic video. Scotty even wore a letterman's jacket like Jackson did in the video. And the transformation sequences are identical.

(re: Rusty)

And you called me Eric. Eric was a character in **The Boy Who Could Fly** which came out in...1986 I think? The film was both written and directed by Nick Castle. Eric's "problems" mirrored those of his new neighbors. He was without his parents, lived with an alcoholic uncle. They had lost their father. And their mother had lost herself. Eric was the static character in the film. The people around him changed. He did not. And once they found out he was special he had to leave. Eric wasn't slow. He was just operating at a different speed. And they, the rest of them were never gonna catch up.

(eyes up)

Ever.

Eyes back down.

Will stares at the book in front of him. He braces for the aftermath of this rant that's sure to follow.

Rusty and Side Kick gaze at one another for a beat.

CLOSE - SIDE KICK

Side kick reacts by jettisoning into a full on theatrical reenactment of the **Thriller Video**.

He does both the male and female dialogue exchanges and the accompanying actions. He's pretty darn good too.

SIDE KICK

"Honestly we're out of gas." "So what are we gonna do now? I'm sorry I didn't believe you." "Can I ask you something?" "What?" "You know I like you don't you?" "Yes." "And I hope you like me, the way I like you." "Yes." "I was wondering if, you would be my girl." "Oh, Michael...it's beautiful." "Now it's official...I have something I wanna tell ya." "Yes Michael?"

(Rusty joins in)

"I'm not like other guys." "Of course not, that's why I love you." "No I mean I'm different." "What are you talking about?"

CLOSE - WILL

Will fights the dyer temptation to join in.

He knows the words to this video. Everyone knows the words to this video. He's been mouthing them the entire time.

**CUE: EERY THRILLER MUSIC**

SIDE KICK/RUSTY

(morphs into wolf)

"Goooo Away!!!"

Rusty let's out a surprisingly high pitched scream--

CUT TO:

DAYDREAM SEQUENCE:

The lights inside the library flicker off and then back on. EVERYONE is now dressed as zombies and ghouls from the **Thriller video**.

The camera PANS the room and settles on Will. He's standing out in front wearing a red leather jacket. Yes, Will is Michael Jackson.

## ACTION PERFORMANCE:

A full on rendition of the video is now taking place inside the library.

Kids crawl out of bookshelves. June and Charlotte pop and lock like Juilliard graduates. And Will, Will is a goddamn dancing machine.

The music fades, silences just as sudden as it began.

JUNE (O.S.)

You okay honey? I heard a scream.

## END SEQUENCE:

CLOSE - JUNE

June is standing over Will.

Rusty and Side Kick look on in amazement. This kid is completely out of it.

Will has a blank expression on his face. He is in la la land.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(shakes Will)

You alright dear?

CLOSE - WILL

He looks around and realizes what just happened. Yup that was pretty damn embarrassing.

This awkward exchange is interrupted by--

SIDE KICK (O.S.)

Think he just had a stroke. My grandma sat in a chair just like that and had a stroke. One minute she was watching her Soaps. The next...green peas was tap dancing all over the floor. She fell out the chair in slow motion and that was it. Fat lady sang. It was over.

Rusty TAGS Side Kick in the arm with a closed fist once, twice, three times.

Side Kick can't control himself, he lets one RIP every time he gets hit. Three distinct FARTS are audible.

RUSTY

You lie. You lie. And all liars must die! Florida off **Good Times** died like that in **Driving Miss Daisy**. Your grandma took a dirt nap in her sleep.

Side Kick winces in pain. Tries to protect himself.

JUNE

(re: Rusty)

Stop that! Now, I suggested you leave earlier. But no you just had to press your luck. Look at him. What have you done to this poor boy?

CLOSE - WILL

He hasn't said a peep since the end of the daydream sequence. Blank stare one moment, and talking the next.

WILL

(burst out)

We were 'umm...we were going over film scenes. Yeah. We were going over film scenes. And talking about classic stuff. You know screenplays, directors, dialogue and previous Oscar winners.

SIDE KICK

(mumbles)

Got his peas back.

CLOSE - JUNE

June glares at Side Kick. Her hair rocks back and forth reiterating her angst.

Side Kick takes note. He promptly sits down beside Rusty.

WILL

(to June)

I apologize if we weren't correctly monitoring our noise level and we potentially disturbed those around us. That was not our intent at all.

Will looks up and makes eye contact for the very first time.

Until now he's made it a point to not look directly at anyone.

WILL (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I know these guys from school. Everything is fine. Honest it is.

JUNE

(off: smile)

Look at you so handsome. You should definitely smile more often.

(to other two)

Yes. This is a fun place. But it is not a place of fun! I want you all to enjoy yourselves...but within reason.

(hip)

I can get with it you know? Some days I want to just throw my hands up and take a lap around the library because I love being here so much. But I can't why?

SIDE KICK

(mumbles)

Probably have a stroke and die?

JUNE

Because that would disturb others. You both could learn a thing or two from this young man.

(pats Will)

If you had one ounce of his gumption and zeal there is no telling what could be. You keep them in line now Wil...

(off: Will's expression)

Just Will. Will is what I was going to say.

June pumps her arms like as jogger and she's off. She walks away leaving the boys to their discussion.

RUSTY

See that's what I'm talking about Wrap Around. You quick on your feet and you got that honest face. People like that.

SIDE KICK

Love that!

RUSTY

What's up with that stroke though? You auditioning for Boy Who Could Fly 2?

WILL

(no longer smiling)

My name is Will.

RUSTY

Whatever. Nicknames aren't given they're earned. And us three know you earned the name Wrap Around.

SIDE KICK

Yep. Earned allllll of it.

RUSTY

You should embrace it. Run with it. Not many guys that can pull off what you did. To this day kids still talk about it. Girls even snuck in the boys bathroom to see it. And the day that idiot janitor flushed it.

SIDE KICK

Tragic.

RUSTY

It was like somebody had died on the 5th grade hall. Odds are we'll never see anything like that again in our lifetimes.

SIDE KICK

I been looking. Not even close.

WILL

(pissed)

For the umpteenth time. I didn't do that. I would not do that! Who uses the facilities and does not flush. You are supposed to flush throughout the process. And in public settings it's mandatory. It's considered common courtesy.

SIDE KICK

You talking hell and brimstone.

RUSTY

Blasphemy. We one flush in my house. Always have and always will.

SIDE KICK

Mine too.

RUSTY

When you done, you done. No premature pinching. You get it all out.

SIDE KICK (O.S.)

BLOOP!!

RUSTY

(strains)

And then...you flush.

WILL

(packing up)

No one wants to hear the gastrological process of the person in the next stall. What happens in a bathroom is between you and God. Just like a confessional. It is essentially nobody else's business.

RUSTY

It feels so amazing when you don't know if you gone make it or not. Any little thing happens on that fast walk to the toilet...and BAM you shit yourself.

SIDE KICK

(mimics walk)

My fast walk is crazy! Got a stride and all like them Olympic dude's. I go for the gold.

RUSTY

When I gotta go real bad and I go...it feels like the Holy Ghost is in my pants.

SIDE KICK

My all time top craps have all been naked. Butt naked. Socks too. When you get naked it just feel so much better. You know like spiritual.

RUSTY

(nods, fist bump)

Holy Ghost in your pants.

Will motions to close his notebook. Rusty SLAMS his hand down in the center of it.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

They call me Rusty, 'cause I got caught stealing scrap metal from the junkyard and selling it back to them.

SIDE KICK

I thought they called you Rusty 'cause of your neck. Neck look like the Tin man on The Wiz.

(sings, points to  
Rusty's neck)

"SLIDE SOME OIL ON ME..."

Side Kick laughs at his own joke.

Rusty isn't as amused and Will simply does not get it.

WILL

(to Side Kick)

You said **The Wiz** referring to **The Wizard of Oz**, right? The 1939 theatrical film adaptation of the 1900 novel "**The Wonderful Wizard of Oz**" by L. Frank Baum?

SIDE KICK

Ummm...I said The Wiz and I meant The Wiz. Michael Jackson was the scarecrow. And Diana Ross was Dorthy. Think Marvin Gaye did the dog noises for Toto. Even the dog had soul.

Side Kick and Rusty do a "soul" shake. Basically they make up a bunch of random movements and sounds. Mimic something they've seen.

RUSTY

It was low budget like. I don't even think it was in the movies. Maybe just one. I don't know? Maybe that's why you didn't see it. They had to use trash for costumes. Michael Jackson had a Reese's Cup for a nose. A Reese's Cup? And a popcorn bucket for a hat. And worst thing was his pants. His pants was made out of plastic trash bags.

SIDE KICK

Damn I love me some Reese's Cups. Put them in the fridge and let them get cold. The outside be hard and the middle still be soft.

(mimics commercial)

Bite into them and I feel the wind on my nipples like a **Peppermint Patty**. Weeee!

Will is stunned, can't believe his ears. His trivia knowledge now tested.

He gets up, and walks away from the table without saying a word.

SIDE KICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Peas. Floor. Together again!

CLOSE - WILL

Standing at the card catalog. The card catalog is this the Google of its time. If it's not documented in here then it didn't happen.

Will pulls out the drawer marked W.

He flips, he thumbs and he finds a card that reads, **"The Wiz"**.

CLOSE

A pile of scrap paper sitting beside a cup filled with mini pencils. Will GRABS a piece of paper, jots down the identification number.

He walks to the video section of the library. And sees the **VHS** tape of The Wiz on the carousel.

The carousel SQUEAKS and SQUEALS as he turns it. He ROTATES until the video is directly in front of him.

CLOSE - COVER

Michael just as described. He has a popcorn bucket on his head. Reeses cup covering his nose. And sadly his pants are made of glad trash bags.

CUT TO:

WORK STATION - CONTINUOUS

Will stares at the VHS tape in disbelief.

SIDE KICK (CONT'D)

Welp! He's Eric again. Guess it comes and goes.

WILL

(looks up)

I have never heard of this. Ever. An adaptation of the novel consisting of a black ensemble cast?

SIDE KICK

If that means all black people. Yep. They assembled in The Wiz. They had black midgets and all. The taxi cabs wouldn't even pick them up because they was black. It was all the way black assembled.

RUSTY

(surprised)

For real, for real? You never seen The Wiz?

Will shakes his head, No.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

But you know all that other stuff?

SIDE KICK

(adds two scents)

The Wiz is a classic though.

WILL

(re: Side Kick)

***It's A Wonderful Life*** is a classic, ***To Kill A Mockingbird*** is a classic, ***The Sound of Music***...

RUSTY

(yawns)

And they all sound like some classics too.

SIDE KICK

(shaking head)

Better have some sick stuff on the posters. With names like that. Don't sound like nothing I wanna see.

WILL

(re: Side Kick)

But Michael Jackson in a trash bag dancing is?

SIDE KICK

(re: Will)

Hey, he wasn't dancing...he was easing. "EASE ON DOWN. EASE ON DOWN. EASE ON DOWN THE ROAD."

(beats on table)

BOMP DUM NUM DUMP DUMP! That's when the beat drops and they go in right there.

RUSTY

Okay, okay. I got one question that will clear up err'thing. Just one question dude.

WILL

Which is?

SIDE KICK

Do you know Michael Jackson from Mo'Town?  
Or from music videos on MTV?

WILL

Mo'town? That's an actual place or a  
thing?

SIDE KICK

(throws hands up)

See there I told you. People with legal  
cable are crazy. Bet they got the box  
and the little remote and all.

RUSTY

(disgusted)

I can't even look at 'um. First he says  
he didn't drop the greatest shit in the  
history of taking shits. Which I secretly  
wish I had done. Now this.

SIDE KICK

(SINGS)

"EVERYBODY SEARCHING FOR A HERO. PEOPLES  
NEED SOMEONE TO LOOK UP TO."

RUSTY

Where is Pepe Le Pew? She worried about  
him. He a danger to us. Might be like a  
serial killer. We know you been bullied  
'cause we the ones who did it. You kill  
little animals? Like to step in ant beds  
and watch the ants run out?

WILL

Who doesn't like to step in ant beds?

SIDE KICK

That's what a serial killer would say.  
Trying to pull us into his sick world.

Beat.

RUSTY

So you like a genius. But only with genius  
stuff? Like school and them corny ass  
facts?

SIDE KICK

Whoa! He knew Boy Who Could Fly, Teen  
Wolf, and Thriller. He didn't know Driving  
Miss Daisy but that's okay.

(MORE)

SIDE KICK (CONT'D)

Only funny part in that movie is when he say, "Them pork chops was bit stiff." And when he said "Now, Miss Daisy I'm a grown man and I knows when I gots ta make water."

(laughs)

That means pee. Gots to make water means pee.

WILL

I would never categorize myself as a "genius." Only a serious narcissist with some serious issues would do that.

SIDE KICK

(sharp)

What you get on the ITBS?

RUSTY

(intrigued)

Bet you get them good scores with the little lines in the bar.

SIDE KICK

The little chart say you did better than this many students?

(measures with hands)

Or this many?

Side Kick opens his hand a little wider.

WILL

Standardized test aren't the end all be all when it comes to gauging intelligence. Genius is imagining and re-imagining. Inventing and re-inventing. Doing something, creating something, that no one else has ever done. Seeing the world through your own personal kaleidoscope and making the pieces come together and connecting for other people to share your vision.

Rusty and Side Kick confer amongst themselves. They reach a resolve, turn to Will. They speak in unison.

RUSTY

Yep. He is definitely a genius.

SIDE KICK

Yep. He is definitely a serial killer.

RUSTY

Dang! I almost feel bad for teasing you now.

SIDE KICK

You feel bad Rusty?

RUSTY

Said almost. I'm not gone apologize or nothing. But had I talked to him before. Maybe I wouldn't have signed off on the wrap around dance.

SIDE KICK

(re: Rusty, hurt)

Earlier when you said I was the slow dude with problems at home. I died a little inside.

RUSTY

Your dad answers the door in tight beige Fruit of the Loons that use to be white. And he makes sure his fruit is always falling out the loon so people can see it. Remember that time that girl visited your brother and he sat in the room and watched them? Drinking beer and rubbing his thigh?

SIDE KICK

Yeah.

(turns to Will)

I got problems at home.

RUSTY

(stroke brilliance)

How 'bout you tell us the stuff you know. And we tell you more of the stuff we know.

SIDE KICK

Believe you me. We know some stuff.

RUSTY

Good stuff.

SIDE KICK

Great stuff!

Will doesn't take much convincing at all.

WILL

What else you got?

CUT TO: