

Dirty Discing 2: Ultimate

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

A teacher sits at his desk in an empty classroom. He is typing on the computer and seems bored. This is CONNOLLY. Three students enter the room and Connolly looks up from his work.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER

Hi, Mr. Connolly, we wanted to ask you something.

CONNOLLY

Yeah, what's up?

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER #2

We're in the frisbee club, and we heard you used to play. Apparently you even won a state championship back in the day.

Connolly looks back down at his computer like he has grown uninterested.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER

We need someone to lead the club, and we definitely need a coach. Would you be up for it?

CONNOLLY

I can't help you guys, sorry. I used to play, but I haven't picked up a disc in years. It's been way too long.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER #2

Alright, we understand. If you ever change your mind, we'd appreciate your help.

CONNOLLY

Sounds good.

The students leave the room visibly disappointed. Once they leave, Connolly closes his laptop slowly and briefly zones out thinking about his time on the frisbee club.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE HALLWAY - DAY

3 teachers sit at a round table, all eating lunch. No one else is in the room. Connolly is not eating lunch, he is sitting on his phone. He looks slightly on-edge and nervous, even on his lunch break. A flyer is on the table, but it is upside down. One teacher notices the flyer and picks it up. This is MR. YURGOLD

MR. YURGOLD

(mockingly)

Huh, didn't know the frisbee club was still around.

The final teacher at the table laughs as he is passed the flyer by Yurgold. This is MR. STURGIS.

MR. STURGIS

That can't be real. I couldn't name one kid in that club.

Both teachers laugh and Connolly begins to look flustered.

CONNOLLY

(nervous and rushed)

Ha! I know, right! Totally lame. Can't stand frisbee, not a fan.

YURGOLD

I'd rather join the creative writing club than the frisbee club, and that's saying something.

Connolly clenches his fist under the table as the other teachers laugh hysterically. He stands up quickly and exits the room without saying anything to the other teachers.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Connolly walks out to his car very fast, like a student late to class trying not to run. He can be heard muttering something under his breath like a crazy person, but no words can be made out. He enters his car and slams the door.

EXT. CONNOLLY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Connolly bursts through the front door of his house without saying a word. He runs straight upstairs, stomping up every step. Connolly enters a large room and his eyes fixate on the closet. He walks up to the closet and takes a deep breath in. He slowly begins to open the closet, and an evil grin crosses his face.

CONNOLLY

I never thought I'd have to do this again.

The camera angle switches, revealing the inside of the closet. There are multiple trophies from frisbee championships, several different colored frisbees, and one flannel hung in the center of the closet. This is the only article of clothing in the closet. The flannel seems ominous as the large closet only has one article of clothing. Connolly grabs the flannel and picks a frisbee out carefully. He grabs a white frisbee before closing the closet.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

It's been too long.

Connolly puts on the flannel and pretends to do a couple different frisbee throws. He looks like a crazy person practicing throws alone in his room.

EXT. SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Yurgold stand in a classroom talking. Connolly walks inside, obviously hiding something behind his back. He wears the flannel from earlier and a sweatband on his head. He also has on shorts and knee pads like he came from a basketball game. He looks goofy, like he's trying to dress as a villain.

CONNOLLY

What's up guys? How's the trivia club doing?

MR. YURGOLD

It's been good. Better than the frisbee club, am I right?

Both the teachers burst out laughing, Connolly does not join in. Instead, he reveals the frisbee from behind his back.

MR. STURGIS

Haha, never gets ol-

The screen cuts to black and a thud can be heard like a frisbee hitting a wall. The camera cuts to Connolly standing over the two teachers.

CONNOLLY

Nobody mocks the frisbee club and gets away with it.

He starts to drag Yurgold out of the room very slowly, he grunts and takes multiple short breaks as he is clearly struggling.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

You're a lot heavier than you look!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Connolly stands in the center of the football field. Several students stand near him, these are frisbee club members. Connolly still has the flannel on and a rolled up map in his hand. Two large trash bags lay behind Connolly, clearly shaped like bodies.

CONNOLLY

Alright thank you all for coming out to the frisbee club meeting. We've got huge plans for the future of the club.

Connolly begins to unroll the map in his hand, revealing a map of the United States with multiple spots circled on the map.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER

Is that a map? What's going on, we just want to play frisbee.

CONNOLLY

(yelling)

This isn't about frisbee anymore, we're past that! This is about power, this is about world domination! You know what, go run a lap just because you said that.

The student who spoke up sighs loudly and starts jogging towards the track.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER #2

Hey, what's with those trash
bags.

Connolly looks flustered as he turns around and realizes the obvious shape of the bags.

CONNOLLY

(nervously)

Oh, oh yeah. Those are our new
frisbee supplies.

The student nods his head and looks impressed.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER #2

Nice, didn't know we had the
funding for that.

CONNOLLY

Alright back to the meeting. So,
first order of business. We have
to go-

A person walking their dog stops to observe the meeting from a few feet away on the field.

DOG WALKER

Hey, what's this meeting all
about?

CONNOLLY

Frisbee club. Keep walking.

DOG WALKER

Frisbee club?! Seriously?

The dog walker bursts out laughing and keeps moving. Connolly quickly turns and throws the frisbee at him, hitting him in the back. He falls down flat and stops moving as the dog runs away. The frisbee club member who Connolly yelled at is back from his run around the track.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER

(out of breath)

Whoa, is he gonna be OK?

CONNOLLY

Oh yeah, for sure. How about
this, we're gonna postpone the
meeting for now, you guys can
head home.

FRISBEE CLUB MEMBER

(under his breath)

About time.

The students begin to walk away, all turning their back on Connolly. As the students leave, Connolly pulls out another trash bag and walks over to the Dog Walker who is still on the ground.

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Connolly sits at his desk, leaning back in his chair. The map from earlier is posted across the whiteboard. He holds a rag in one hand and is polishing a frisbee as the morning news is heard playing.

TV STUDENT

(through the TV)

Breaking news, multiple teachers have gone missing including Mr. Yurgold, Mr. Sturgis, and several more. Also, several suspiciously shaped trash bags have been found around Walpole. Luckily, these bags are just regular trash, so they will not be investigated.

A shot on the TV is shown with a trash bag from earlier labeled with a sticky note saying "regular trash" on it. The camera cuts to Connolly who smiles at the shot of the trash bags.

EXT. SCHOOL FRONT STAIRS

School ended a few hours ago and Connolly stands outside on the steps, wearing what he wore when he confronted Yurgold. He is waiting for someone with a frisbee behind his back. A man who looks tired and unaware exits the school and begins to walk down the stairs. He has his bag and coat on, he is going home for the night. This is MR. IMBUSCH.

CONNOLLY

Hey, Mr. Imbusch.

MR. IMBUSCH

Oh hello, Mr. Connolly.

CONNOLLY

Hey, I've been meaning to talk to you about this. Remember when you told me that the frisbee club didn't have enough members. You said we would have to cancel the club due to a lack of interest.

MR. IMBUSCH

(mockingly)

I do, but that was years ago, Connolly. Students just didn't seem too interested in joining the frisbee club.

CONNOLLY

Oh, fair enough.

Connolly lets Mr. Imbusch walk down a few stairs and he stays above him. He then reveals the frisbee from behind his back and winds up to throw at him. The scene cuts to black and the sound from earlier can be heard.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Connolly lounges in the principal's chair with his feet on the desk. The desk is cluttered with trophies and frisbees are scattered on the ground. The map from earlier is hung on the wall with more locations marked. Connolly polishes a frisbee like he did earlier.

FADE OUT.