

The screen is black with the date and time. A clock ticking is heard.

A boy, JAMES, is thinking to himself.

JAMES
(in his head)
I need to get at least an 80 on this
test to make honor roll. I need it.
This one grade is the deciding factor.

FADE IN:

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM - DAY

James is sitting in a full classroom and is looking attentively, tensely at St. Martin. He is well dressed in khakis and a polo. He has neatly combed and gelled hair. A shot of the organized, in depth notes next to 3 perfectly sharpened pencils.

ST. MARTIN
I have all of your tests from yesterday, but I'll get to that in a minute.

James shakes his head impatiently. A boy, MATT, leans over towards James' desk. St. Martin's voice drains out.

MATT
Hey, you alright?

JAMES
No. I'm so stressed out. I don't think I'm going to be making honor roll.

MATT
Are you kidding me? You're one of the smartest in the class.

JAMES
That's not true. I'm not like you, Mr. Math. It has been my downfall lately. I just get mixed up with those geometric area formulas, especially those triangles - and, of course, the last two questions were triangles. This one grade makes or breaks my chance of getting honors.

MATT
You shouldn't be worried. One term off of honor roll won't be the end of the world, man.

JAMES
Oh, yes it will be. I need to get into a good school, and those schools only accept honors students. If I don't get

into a good school, then my life will be in ruins forever.

MATT

Dude, calm down. You're already involved in so many extra-circulars, volunteer work, NHS so-

JAMES

And that's not enough.

MATT

Oh shut up. You're even the anchor for the news! So what if you don't understand how to use Heron's formula to get the area of a triangle? When are you even going to use them in real life?

James is annoyed as if he has heard it all before.

JAMES

I know, I know.

St. Martin's voice comes to the forefront.

ST. MARTIN

OK. Time for those tests.

James sits up to attention. St. Martin picks up a stack of papers with excessive red markings. He looks at the students with a disappointed face, shaking his head.

ST. MARTIN CONT'D

Overall, they weren't very good.

St. Martin proceeds down the aisles handing the tests out, face down. As students receive their tests they pull them up and look at their grades. Some students shrug at their not-so-impressive grade but accept them and move on.

MATT

95, not too shabby.

James turns over his test and is confronted with a 74. His eyes widen in disapproval, and he tries to conceal his embarrassing grade with his arms and books. St. Martin finishes distributing the tests and walks to the front of the class.

ST. MARTIN

Just a reminder, the term is ending in a week and grades close this Friday. So those of you who have questions about your grade or need to turn in make up work come and see me. ASAP.

James frantically goes through his test looking over all his mistakes. He glances back and forth between his test and St. Martin in utter disbelief. St. Martin turns back to his desk.

JAMES

Mr. St. Martin! Mr. St. Martin! Can I talk to you about my test?

ST. MARTIN

James, please, after class.

James puts his head on his desk in disgust. Screen cuts to black as his head hits the desk, the time of the end of class is seen and a ticking noise is heard.

The bell rings and James already has his backpack on. He runs up to St. Martin's desk while everyone else calmly leaves.

JAMES

Mr. St. Martin, do you have time to talk about my test grade with me?

ST. MARTIN

Yeah I can spare a few minutes. Let me look it up.

St. Martin scans through his grade book muttering James' name.

ST. MARTIN

James, James, James, here we are. James, a 74 isn't that bad.

JAMES

Yes it is! You don't understand this grade will keep me from making honor roll.

ST. MARTIN

I can't change the grade, James. I'm sorry, but it wouldn't be fair. Maybe next term...Listen, I have to go to a meeting, we'll talk later.

St. Martin begins to walk towards the door to leave.

JAMES

No. I have gotten honor roll every term since sixth grade. I will do anything to keep it that way!

James' desperate plead catches St. Martin's attention.

ST. MARTIN

You'll do anything?

JAMES

ANYTHING.

St. Martin walks back into his room, extremely interested at James' pleading.

ST. MARTIN
Come after school. We will discuss your extra credit. 2:15...Hey, you need a pass to your next class?

JAMES
Yea, I guess so, I'm going to Balkus' U.S. History...

St. Martin's nice grin turns to a scornful face, as if Balkus is an enemy. St. Martin hesitates to give him a pass.

ST. MARTIN
Oh. Um, I think you can make it. Better get running...Remember, 2:15 sharp!

JAMES
I won't be late! Thank you!

As James leaves, we see St. Martin behind him, grinning with a sinister look.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

James runs out the class smiling and relieved.

Screen cuts to black again, the clock reads 2:15.

INT. MR. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM - DAY

St. Martin is sitting at his desk correcting papers. James hurries in.

ST. MARTIN
Oh, James. You made it.

JAMES
Of course. I'm serious about needing this grade.

ST. MARTIN
I can tell.

JAMES
I mean, I get the area of squares and all, but the triangles without the height and all, I just don't get it. Do you have any extra worksheets or problems from the book I could do?

ST. MARTIN

Forget about traingles, James. I have a slightly different definition of "extra credit".

JAMES

What do you mean?

James is perturbed, and he just stares at St. Martin.

ST. MARTIN

You see, I have this.

Mr. St. Martin takes a three-digit Masterlock out from his desk and turns his back to James and the audience. A quick montage of shots shows him fiddling with the lock, each shot cuts short to make it mysterious. He puts in the code and turns back around. He looks up at James and smiles.

ST. MARTIN CONT'D.

Throughout the day I come up with ideas for extra credit that play off of moral standards rather than intellectual ones. I need a way to remember them, so this is what I use. Let's have a listen.

St. Martin holds up the recorder, smiles calmly, and presses play. His voice is heard:

ST. MARTIN

Szymanski seems to have organized the gymnasium to a point where I can not find the basketballs for practice. He left a note saying "Just trying to help out!" That bastard. Payback: Trash his room.

St. Martin is still holding the unfaltering, calm smile while James looks revolted.

JAMES

What are these? What does that have to do with math?

ST. MARTIN

Listen, James. Math is life. Without math life is chaos. It's just random with no meaning. If you're on board, you'll not only help yourself receive honor roll, but you will also help yourself in life.

James looks reluctant.

JAMES

Fine.

ST. MARTIN

Perfect. You are sworn to secrecy. Hear me?

JAMES

Yes.

ST. MARTIN

That's what I like to hear. Now, I've already covered the task we've just listened to. Let's hear the next one.

St. Martin raises the recorder once again and presses play. His angry voice is heard:

ST. MARTIN

First victim of the day: Balkus. He asked to borrow my pen and never gave it back. Possible payback? He is very fond of his Man-Uggs. Get the Tuesday pair, those are his favorites.

The recording stops abruptly.

ST. MARTIN CONT'D.

Size 10.

JAMES

Yes sir. I'll buy them today.

ST. MARTIN

Buy? No. James you don't understand. His shoes. I want *his* shoes.

JAMES

I don't get it. You want me to steal his shoes?

ST. MARTIN

Have you ever heard of chaos theory?

JAMES

No.

ST. MARTIN

Me either. But I think that it's that chaos exists. Because it exists, I have to be the one to secretly cause it, so that there is always something to solve. Plus, if I don't cause it someone else might. It's a dog-eat-dog world, James.

JAMES

I thought you said that without math there is chaos?

ST. MARTIN

Exactly.

Mr. St. Martin hands James a picture of the shoes.

ST. MARTIN CONT'D.
Size 10.

Cut to black screen with time, 11:30.

INT. HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

James walks out of a classroom. Everyone else has their lunches and happily heads towards the Cafeteria. James, sweating and looking nervous, diverges from the crowd and hurriedly makes his way upstairs towards Balkus' room. While on his way through the history hallway, James passes Szymanski entering his classroom. By James' passing glance, the room is clearly in disarray. Szymanski falls to his knees and screams, but James just keeps walking.

INT. BALKUS' CLASSROOM - DAY

James nervously glances around the room and is greeted by emptiness. He looks about the room, and upon finding nothing, he walks toward the closet.

INT. TEACHER LUNCHROOM - DAY

St. Martin walks into the teacher's room and goes to a seat at a table full of other teachers. Across from Bakale.

INT. BALKUS' CLASSROOM - DAY

James reaches for the closet door handle.

INT. TEACHER LUNCHROOM - DAY

St. Martin starts eating his lunch quietly. All the teachers are paying attention to Bakale, laughing at his jokes.

INT. BALKUS' CLASSROOM - DAY

James stares at Balkus' coordinated shoe rack slightly disturbed.

INT. TEACHER LUNCHROOM - DAY

St. Martin continues to mind his own business at the lunch table. Bakale remains to be the center of attention.

BAKALE
Oh, hello, Dave.

St. Martin gives Bakale a head nod.

BAKALE
(Sarcastically)
So Dave, I was just thinking about how much I love those snazzy gym clothes of

yours. They're really in style with what the kids are wearing.

Bakale directs his attention to the other teachers and lowers his voice a little.

BAKALE CONT'D.
Middle-age crisis much?

The table erupts with laughter. St. Martin fake laughs along with them, but as everyone's attention is turned otherwise, St. Martin's face completely drops with a death-stare at Bakale. Everyone turns attention back to him, and he quickly turns back to a carefree smile.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - DAY

James goes down the line of Uggs mouthing out numbers, shaking his head, then starting over again a few times getting more and more frustrated. He eventually picks out the ones that St. Martin requested. James smiles, and, shoes in hand, turns around to leave. Balkus is standing a foot in front of him.

BALKUS
What do you think you're doing in here?

JAMES
I j-just, I needed to-

BALKUS
Are those my Uggs? Were you going to steal my Man-Uggs, James?

JAMES
What these? No. Absolutely not. See? Not even there anymore.

James drops the shoes and puts his hands up.

BALKUS
You know, James, I've known a lot of kids like you throughout my whole life.

Balkus grows in anger.

BALKUS CONT'D.
(yelling)
Yes, kids like you! Arrogant, selfish low-lives who think they can just take whatever they want without earning it! Like my Man-Uggs!

Balkus reaches down and grabs one of the Uggs.

BALKUS
(yelling)
Do you see how delicately crafted this Man-Ugg is?! Every stitch holds a new

emotion. It is beautiful. But, no, of course you don't appreciate anything like that. Down to the office! Now! Don't think you'll get away with attempted theft.

JAMES

But—

BALKUS

(even louder)

Now!

James is in shock, and he leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

JAMES

I have to go see St. Martin. He has to know what to do about this.

James starts to run, making his way down to the cafeteria.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

St. Martin opens the door to the teacher's room, and is looking behind him. He points and laughs lightheartedly.

ST. MARTIN

Of course, of course. All in good fun. I'll see you after school.

St. Martin closes the door and suddenly looks livid. He pulls out a tape recorder and begins to speak into it.

ST. MARTIN

Bakale. Maybe burn his house down? No, not good enough.

St. Martin puts the recorder back into his pocket. James runs around the corner and bumps into St. Martin.

ST. MARTIN

Hey! Watch where you're go—Oh! James!

James looks up at him, still in shock.

ST. MARTIN CONT'D.

What's wrong? Did something happen with the task?

JAMES

I got c-caught.

ST. MARTIN

You got caught? I should've figured this would happen. Did you study him?

Do you know what time he leaves? What time he comes back? Did you do the calculations?

JAMES

What calculations? I was just stealing Man-Uggs.

ST. MARTIN

You still don't get it, James. It's more than just stealing size 10 Man-Uggs. Well, you did the right thing of coming to me first. I'll sort it out for you and tell Mr. Connor that you'll serve the hours with me. Problem solved.

JAMES

I'm so sorry, sir. Thank you so much for getting me out of it.

ST. MARTIN

Now for a lighter task, I need a 20 ounce chillzone.

JAMES

Right now?

ST. MARTIN

Yes, now. I take my chillzone ice cold, diet pepsi, filled to the brim. Go grab a handful of quarters out of that donation jar in the cafeteria.

James interrupts.

JAMES

Woah, woah, woah. Mr. St. Martin I can't do that!

ST. MARTIN

James, what did I say? Relax. I though you said you'd do ANYTHING.

JAMES

Yeah, but..

ST. MARTIN

Do you want that grade?

JAMES

Chillzone? Large?

ST. MARTIN

20 ounces, James.

Okay Mr. St. Martin. I won't let you down.

ST. MARTIN
You have a car, right?

JAMES
No, sir. I don't.

The door to the teacher's room opens, and Bakale walks out. St. Martin, as if James had just said something hysterical, throws his head back and laughs, stepping back with it. He bumps into Bakale.

BAKALE
Watch where you're going, you buffoon!

St. Martin wipes his eyes from the laughter.

ST. MARTIN
Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Bakale. It won't happen again.

Bakale huffs and walks away. St. Martin becomes completely serious once again.

ST. MARTIN
Here are his keys.

St. Martin holds out Bakale's keys he somehow just stole.

JAMES
But— How did you just—

St. Martin looks at the keys.

ST. MARTIN
(cutting off James)
Typical Bakale drives a Prius. A Prius should have a 12-volt battery. When you come back to the school I need you to take the 12-volt battery out of his car. Make sure that it is 12-volt.

James looks incredulously at him. Mr. St. Martin hands the keys to James.

JAMES
And put it where?

ST. MARTIN
I don't know, throw it in the woods or something.

St. Martin takes a long drag of his chillzone and then walks away. James looks down at the keys in his hands.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

James exits the school and goes onto the back end of the parking lot to find Bakale's car. He approaches a car that has a massive Caesar sticker.

James puts the keys into the car door and nervously looks around to see if someone is watching. He slowly opens the door, which squeaks as he opens it, and sits down in the seat.

INT. BAKALE'S CAR - DAY

James takes a gander around the car and sees a motley of different things (cat vest, chariot, a picture of Bakale, his cat, and his mother, a bumper sticker that says "I AM GRAMMATICUS", and a stuffed animal cat chillin' in the passenger seat).

JAMES

Should I even be doing this? Yeah, of course this is totally fine. I mean, technically, I'm just moving his car from one place to another and back...then taking out the battery. Yeah, this is Ok.

James turns around in the seat and pulls out of the parking spot.

INT. CAR THROUGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

A shot is shown of James pulling forward.

INT. CAR THROUGH CUMBIE'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Cut to James pulling into a spot at Cumbies.

EXT. CUMBIE'S PARKING LOT - DAY

There is a continuous shot of James pulling forward into a spot. He hurriedly gets out of the car, and goes inside of Cumbies.

EXT. CUMBIE'S PARKING LOT - LATER

James hurries out of Cumbies, and stumbles as he gets into the car. James backs out of the parking lot.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

James pulls into Bakale's parking space. He grabs St. Martin's chillzone and gets out of the car. He looks around to make sure nobody is watching and opens the hood of the car. He sees a large 12-V written on the battery. He carefully takes the battery out, looks around, shrugs his shoulders, and casually throws it into the woods next to the car. James closes the hood and hurries back into the school.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

James is hurriedly walking down the hallway with his head down and chillzone in hand. All of a sudden he bumps into Matt.

MATT

Sorry. Oh! James. Hey, dude.

James keeps at the same pace.

JAMES

Hey.

MATT

Wait up.

James stops, and Matt walks towards him.

MATT CONT'D.

Where have you been lately? I haven't seen you around at all. And what are you doing with that chillzone?

JAMES

I've just been really busy with school work, and this? Oh, I just found it randomly in the locker room downstairs. I don't know.

Matt eyes him a little suspiciously.

MATT

Alright, sweet. I'll catch you later.

JAMES

See ya.

James continues walking at the same rushed pace.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM - DAY

James enters and interrupts St. Martin's class. He looks over at James, and then turns back to his class.

ST. MARTIN

Hold on guys. I'll be back in in a minute.

St. Martin and James leave the classroom. James hands Mr. St. Martin his chillzone, and St. Martin takes a sip.

ST. MARTIN

Not too shabby, James, but the ratio of ice to diet pepsi is a little off.

JAMES

Sorry, sir.

St. Martin takes a pass out of his pocket and writes on it. He hands it to James.

ST. MARTIN

Here's your pass.

James turns and walks away. Close up of St. Martin slurping loudly on his chillzone.

EXT. BAKALE'S CAR - DAY

The slurping noise continues but softer along with the background music. Bakale rushes to his car. He gets in, throws his bag down, and closes the door. He turns the keys in the ignition, but the car fails to start. He continues to try but the car does not start.

BAKALE

No! I'm going to be late for pilates!

Bakale throws a tantrum in his car slamming on the steering wheel, causing the horn to go off. The slurping overcomes the music. Close up of Mr. St. Martin slurping on his chillzone.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Mr. St. Martin opens the door to the library and walks towards the copy machine. He passes MS. JORDAN and smiles.

ST. MARTIN

Good afternoon, Ms. Jordan.

Ms. Jordan smiles at him and waves, but her face drops when her eyes fall on the chillzone.

MS. JORDAN

I'm sorry, Dave, but I'm going to have to ask you to throw that out.

ST. MARTIN

I'm only here to make copies, though. The one in the math wing is broken, so I'm really just passing through.

MS. JORDAN

I really am sorry, Dave. But rules are rules, and we have to set an example for the kids. Everyone has to follow school policy.

St. Martin chuckles and smiles at her.

ST. MARTIN

No worries. I completely understand. Here you go.

Ms. Jordan takes the drink and it is seen in slow motion falling into the bin.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY - DAYDREAM

Mr. St. Martin's face suddenly becomes filled with rage, and he being to throw papers everywhere and kick miscellaneous objects. While yelling, he grabs a student's backpack off of the student's back and chucks it across the room. He takes books off the shelves and sprints through the detectors.

ST. MARTIN
 You like that alarm sound, Ms. Jordan?
 HUH?! Are your precious books being
 stolen by some crazy person?!

BACK TO REALITY

Mr. St. Martin is still smiling at Ms. Jordan.

ST. MARTIN
 Won't happen again. I'll see you
 around.

Ms. Jordan smiles and waves. St. Martin turns around to walk towards the copier, and his face drops from a smile to a death glare. Once at the copier, he checks if anyone else is around and pulls out the recorder.

ST. MARTIN
 Ms. Jordan. She heartlessly committed
 the worst crime of throwing away a full
 chillzone. Revenge of possible job ex-
 termination.

Cuts to black screen with time and ticking noise, 30 minutes later.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S CLASSROOM-DAY

James enters into St. Martin's room and approaches his desk. Mr. St. Martin is looking down at papers and, at first, does not acknowledge him.

JAMES
 Ok. It's done. I changed all of the
 passwords to the librarian's computers
 to triangle like you asked.

ST. MARTIN
 Perfect. Thank you for all of the great
 work you've been doing. Are you ready
 for your last task before you get all
 of your extra credit?

JAMES
 Yeah, definitely. What do you have in
 mind?

ST. MARTIN

OK, it's pretty simple, straight-forward. I just need you to murder Mr. Connor.

JAMES
Excuse me?!

St. Martin laughs.

ST. MARTIN
No, I'm just playing with you. I would never ask you to do something like that. If we can't take away his life then we should take away the next best thing: Mr. Connor's Corner.

James looks incredulously at St. Martin.

JAMES
Why would you ever want me to do that?

ST. MARTIN
I just had a little incident with him a while ago. I wanted a weekly basketball segment, and he turned it down so he could bask in his own fame. And anyways you are head anchor, so it works out perfectly.

JAMES
How would I reek havoc?

ST. MARTIN
You need to play this.

Mr. St. Martin takes a rock from the side of his desk, twists it, and opens it to reveal a key. He takes the key, opens the padlock on his desk, and pulls out the tape recorder from the drawer.

ST. MARTIN CONT'D.
Just hold it underneath the table and every time Connor tries to talk, play it.

JAMES
But Mr. St. Martin...won't I lose my anchor position?

ST. MARTIN
As I said, James, as long as I'm on your side you're all set. So you'll do it?

St. Martin casually taps his fingers on the grade book sitting on his desk. James sighs.

JAMES

When do you want this done?

St. Martin sits back down, rubs his head, and takes a sip of his Chillzone as to portray he is thinking.

ST. MARTIN
Let's say tomorrow morning.

St. Martin writes a pass to excuse James out of class.

JAMES
Fine, but this is the last thing I'm going to do for you.

ST. MARTIN
I knew you would follow through for me! You'll be sure to get the extra credit after this. Here's the recorder.

St. Martin hands him the recorder, and James presses play. A long "Moo" drags out. St. Martin bursts into laughter.

ST. MARTIN
Farm animals! I love it!

JAMES
Are you serious?

St. Martin suddenly holds a completely straight face.

ST. MARTIN
I've never been more serious in my life.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Black screen shows 7:15 a.m. Fade in. The bell rings and every student turns his or her attention to the television. The news music plays and James is sitting alone at the news table looking nervous.

JAMES
Good morning, Walpole High. Today is a day three so we will be starting with period four.

James flips through different papers reading off each piece of news.

JAMES CONT'D.
There will be a bake drive next Monday in the lobby to benefit St. Judes hospital. The photography club will be moving their usual Wednesday meeting to Tuesday. There will be a lacrosse meeting in room A246 right after school. And that's all for me Walpole High, now

over to Mr. Connor with Mr. Connor's corner.

Connor shines a profuse smile. He is wearing a smiley-face t-shirt with many pins attached to it. In front of him sits a massive dictionary.

CONNOR
Hello, students. Today I'd like to talk about the definition of friendship.

James holds the tape player underneath the desk and slowly pushes the button.

CONNOR CONT'D.
According to the dict-

The tape player lets out a long, loud "Moo". Connor looks around, completely confused but a little amused. The sound stops. Connor clears his throat.

CONNOR CONT'D.
Anyway, as I wa-

A loud rooster sound cuts him off. Connor looks at James who seems unaffected. Cut to a shot of a classroom watching the news and laughing.

CONNOR CONT'D.
Wha-

A loud goat sound cuts him off. Connor looks furious.

CONNOR CONT'D.
I-

An even louder horse noise cuts him off. Connor slams his hands down on the table and screams. The news cuts off the screen in the classrooms. The student behind camera shouts that they are off the air. He is disgusted at Mr. Connor for butchering the news.

CAMERA MAN
C'mon Mr. Connor. That was unacceptable.

Camera cuts to James and Mr. Connor still sitting at the news desk.

JAMES
Sir, are you ok?

CONNOR
Am I ok? Are you serious? This was supposed the most important segment yet. Walpole High is going to turn into ab-

solite chaos without the definition of
friendship!

Connor storms out of the room, slamming the door to the studio
behind him.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM

St. Martin is grading papers at his desk when James walks in.

JAMES
How'd I do?

ST. MARTIN
You did alright. He was still able to
get a few words in, but he did seem
pretty mad.

JAMES
Thanks, sir.

ST. MARTIN
I'm going to need that tape recorder
back now.

JAMES
Oh, yes, of course.

James reaches into his pocket, and he hands the recorder over to
St. Martin.

ST. MARTIN
I can't remember anything without this
thing.

St. Martin takes the recorder and switches out the tape with his
own. There is an awkward pause as James looks at him expect-
tantly.

ST. MARTIN CONT'D.
That's all. You can go to class now.

JAMES
But what about the extra credit? Grades
close tomorrow.

ST. MARTIN
Oh you won't be getting it just yet. I
knew I was forgetting something else
you must do. If I had my tape recorder
I would have remem-

JAMES
Are you kidding me bu-

St. Martin's eyes darken from the disrespectful interruption.

ST. MARTIN

I am the teacher. I will be the one to decide when the time is right. Now leave.

JAMES

No. I'm not leaving. I deserve the extra credit, and if you're not giving it to me now then I'm done with you and all of your tasks.

Mr. St. Martin stands up and takes a step closer to James. The height difference between them is evident, and St. Martin seems to hover over him.

ST. MARTIN

If you are no longer willing to cooperate, then I will be forced to turn you in to the administration.

James is bewildered.

JAMES

For what?!

ST. MARTIN

Oh, I don't know. Maybe for taking out Mr. Bakale's car battery, never mind stealing the car itself in the first place.

JAMES

No! You can't do that!

ST. MARTIN

Oh, I can't? It's my word against yours, and you have no proof.

JAMES

This isn't fair. You're lying, you're cheating, you're breaking the law!

ST. MARTIN

What law?

James is angrier than ever yet is speechless. St. Martin is amused, and he begins to laugh. James storms out of the room.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

James quietly opens the door to his classroom as to avoid attention from the TEACHER.

TEACHER

James! Where have you been?

JAMES

I was just with Mr. St. Martin, I'm sorry.

TEACHER

Don't let it happen again. Take out your textbook and begin questions 1-31 on page 455.

James nods and takes his seat as all of the other students shoot him looks. Matt is sitting in the seat next to him. James looks depressed.

Matt taps him on the shoulder.

MATT

(whispering)
Hey, you ok?

Matt looks at him as if contemplating a decision.

JAMES

No. Hey, can you meet me after school today? I need to talk to you about something.

MATT

Yeah. Sure.

The teacher's lesson drones on as James sinks lower in his chair.

Screen cuts to black with time reading 2:45.

INT. TOWN LIBRARY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

James and Matt sit at a conference table with a whiteboard behind them.

MATT

What?! You did all of those things? Why?

JAMES

I needed to. You know how much honor roll means to me. He said it was extra credit.

MATT

Well you need to go to Imbusch tomorrow and tell him whats going on.

JAMES

Tell him what? Do you actually think he's going to believe a crazy student? My word against Mr. St. Martin's?

MATT

Is there any proof? Does he have anything written down?

James has a look of recognition.

JAMES
The tape recorder.

MATT
What?

JAMES
He has this tape recorder that he uses to remember all of the people he has to take revenge on.

MATT
We have to get that tape recorder!

James deflates.

JAMES
We can't. He locks it up with a padlock. There's a three number combination.

MATT
And you're sure you don't know it? You haven't seen anything?

JAMES
No, it could have been any three numbers.

MATT
Alright, then let's just hope that when you tell Mr. Imbusch that all of this extra credit had nothing to do with math, he'll just believe you. I mean, the extra credit didn't have anything to do with math, right?

JAMES
No, it had nothing to do with math! I had to steal Balkus' size 10 Man-Uggs, buy a 20 ounce chillzone, take Bakale's 12-volt battery—

MATT
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. What are those numbers again?

JAMES
What numbers?

MATT
What size Man-Uggs? What was the voltage?

Matt gets up and picks up a marker for the whiteboard.

JAMES
Ahhh...Size 12 Man-Uggs, 40-volt battery, 20 ounce chillzone...

MATT
Any others?

JAMES
7 flannels.

Matt writes all of that down and takes a step back from the board, still confused.

JAMES CONT'D.
I still don't get it.

MATT
There's got to be more to this.

JAMES
There were farm animals?

MATT
Wait a minute, you said you changed the password to the library computers. What did you change it to?

JAMES
Triangle.

MATT
That's it! He had you change the password to traingle! This is all one big area question, the problem you always get wrong on the tests. Those numbers are the lengths of the sides!

JAMES' MATHEMATICAL FLASHBACK

We see a flashback of St. Martin saying the following:

--Forget about triangles.

--Without math life is chaos.

--You still don't get it, James.

--It's more than just stealing size 10 Man-Uggs.

--Math is life.

--Did you do the calculations?

BACK TO SCENE

Matt goes up to the board and puts X's in random places, somehow making a function.

MATT CONT'D.

And you know what, this one is a little hard, but I think I know how to solve it.

Matt heads to the board to solve the problem, but James stops him.

JAMES

No. Let me do this. This is my problem; I need to solve it.

Cue up inspirational music as James works his way through the function and solves it, resulting in a 3 digit number answer.

MATT

That's it. That's the combo. Now let's go get the recorder.

JAMES

Hold on. First we need to figure out when he will leave the room and when he will get back. We need to do the calculations.

Cut to black screen reading 9:59 a.m.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF ST. MARTIN'S ROOM - DAY

James and Matt pop their heads out from the staircase across from St. Martin's room and look around the corner.

JAMES

Ok. Mr. St. Martin should be leaving at 10:00 to make 25 copies of tomorrows quiz. He will be back at exactly 10:03. If he comes back early, I want you to give me a signal.

MATT

What signal?

JAMES

A farm animal.

James looks at his watch as it changes from 9:59 to 10:00. St. Martin walks out of the room.

JAMES CONT'D.

Here I go.

James darts into the room. He frantically runs over to the desk and grabs the padlock. He puts in the 3 digit code. At first it doesn't immediately open. On the second pull it opens.

We hear poorly made sheep noises in the background.

James speeds up, quickly opening the desk and takes the recorder. Just as quickly he puts everything back into its proper position and locks the lock.

James runs out of the room, just as St. Martin turns to enter.

ST. MARTIN
(slowly)
What were you doing, James?

James jumps.

JAMES
(quickly)
Uh- I just wanted to come and see you.
Yeah. I feel bad for storming out earlier, and I want to apologize.

ST. MARTIN
(intimidatingly)
Oh. So you weren't just rummaging through my desk? Looking through my belongings?

JAMES
No, sir. Never.

St. Martin continues to look accusingly and threateningly at James, but then his face loosens into a smile. He laughs.

ST. MARTIN
Ok, good. I was worried there for a second. Someone could get into trouble. I'll see you after school.

JAMES
Thanks. See you then.

James hurriedly walks out of the room.

Mr. St. Martin watches him go then turns back to his desk. He looks curiously at the lock on the drawer.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

James walks into the door and MRS. CUNNANE look at him.

JAMES
I need to see Mr. Imbusch now!

MRS. CUNNANE
(reluctantly)
He's in his office.

James runs towards the room.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

James enters. He defiantly sits down and Mr. Imbusch looks over at him with a concerned expression.

IMBUSCH
Is everything ok, James?

JAMES
No, I have something to show you. For the past week Mr. St. Martin has been manipulating me to get revenge on other teachers for him.

IMBUSCH
I highly doubt that a man like Mr. St. Martin would do something like that. He's one of our best teachers.

ST. MARTIN
Did I hear my name?

St. Martin opens the slightly ajar door, and he looks innocently confused.

JAMES
What are you doing here?

ST. MARTIN
Oh, hello. I seemed to have misplaced something very important.

St. Martin gives the death stare to James.

IMBUSCH
(oblivious to tension)
And to answer your question, yes you did hear your name. James here thinks that you use students to seek revenge on other staff.

St. Martin raises his eyebrows in disbelief.

IMBUSCH CONT'D.
I know. And, of course, I told him that this is a completely absurd accusation.

JAMES
Do you see? This is the problem. Everyone in this school thinks he is some stand up guy. But now I have proof he's the opposite of one. Just listen.

James takes out the tape player and points to St. Martin. St. Martin looks panicked.

JAMES

This man keeps a verbal record of teachers who he seeks vengeance on. Ready?

Imbusch just raises his eyebrows and nods.

ST. MARTIN

Mr. Imbusch this is crazy. Don't waste your time with this silliness.

Imbusch furrows his eyebrows with suspicion.

IMBUSCH

James, you need to make an appointment. I really don't have time for this silly recording.

ST. MARTIN

Exactly. Besides, I assure you Mr. Imbusch, there is nothing on that tape.

JAMES

Nothing on that tape? Nothing on that tape, huh? Well, take a listen to this.

James hold the recorder up high and presses the button...

...ANIMAL NOISES from the Mr. Connor's Corner scene blares.

JAMES

Wait a minute this is—

Imbusch furrows his brows with a sense of angry recognition. Mr. St. Martin is amused and shakes his head.

IMBUSCH

Are those the animal noises that ruined Mr. Connor's Corner?

James is stunned, and he shakes his head no.

Cut to Mr. Connor in his office, panicking and shaking in his room as the animal noises are heard.

CONNOR

The animals!

Cut back Imbusch's office.

IMBUSCH

James, this is a very serious matter. Maybe you and I do have to have a talk right now...Sorry for the mix-up Dave, you can go if you please. I'll handle James.

St. Martin exits with the same sinister grin on his face.

JAMES

But you have to believe me! He switched the tape!

IMBUSCH

James, the evidence only leads me to believe that you are the culprit of all of this. Mr. St. Martin is a very nice man who means no harm. As for your punishment...

Screen cuts to the same black scree with the clock ticking.

INT. HALLWAY MAIN OFFICE - DAY

St. Martin walks away with a smirk on his face, shaking his head. James' pleads can still be heard in the distance.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

James exits the main office with his head down. St. Martin appears from around the corner.

ST. MARTIN

How'd it go in there?

JAMES

What do you care? I'm done doing all of those tasks for you.

ST. MARTIN

Let me ask you, James, how did you figure out the combination to the lock?

JAMES

I did the calculations. I used Heron's formula to get the area of the triangle.

ST. MARTIN

Congratulations. You've earned your extra credit. Enjoy the honor roll.

St. Martin takes a long drag of his chillzone and walks away.

JAMES

Mr. St. Martin? What about the farm animals? What did that have to do with anything?

St. Martin slowly turns around and smiles.

ST. MARTIN

I just love farm animals.

ROLL CREDITS.

Extra Credit

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