

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Enter to a classic high school hallway with a massive National Mathlete Champions banner hung, florescent poster publicizing upcoming math events. Here we see a vain, cocky boy, with feathered hair, wearing a pressed collared shirt, neat sweater vest, freshly ironed khakis and newly polished dockers. His locker surround by his posse, this is BRAD MICHAELSON. A group of cheerleaders sporting uniforms with the pie symbol walk by.

CHEERLEADER 1  
(nervously)  
Awesome meet Brad, you were great!

Brad responds with his patented winning smile and a wink. Cheerleaders giggle as a group of athletes look on in envy. Brad struts down the hall to class, receiving enthusiastic high fives, as he goes.

INT. HOMEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Typical homeroom, Brad casually takes a seat in the front center of the room. Three kids sit next to him. One with dark, wavy hair; wearing a tight black tee with open white dress shirt over it. This is KENT KENMORE. The other is a kid with short hair and collared shirt buttoned all the way. This is PJ PATTERSON, lovable goofball.

All three are Brad's closest friends and Mathlete elites. All the girls quickly battle for the next closest seats to Brad-who seems oblivious to this.

The morning announcements come on over the classroom t.v. with the usual news of the lunch menu and upcoming events.

ON TV

ANCHOR  
And ladies and gents here we have footage of a phenomenal win from our lovable Math Captain, Mr. Brad Michaelson!

INT. AUDITORIUM - YESTERDAY (STILL ON TV)

Brad is at the white board, confidently writing out a complicated math equation. He begins singing the Gilligan's Island theme song very loudly, irritating the opponent. Brad emerges with a smile, pausing to relish in the cheers, then races to the buzzer. The crowd goes wild and the ref checks his answer.

MATH REFEREE  
COOOOREEECCCT! Mr. Michaelson takes it yet again!

The away team bursts into tears.

OPPONENT 1  
WHY!? OH SWEET EINSTEIN WHY!

The school's fans rush the stage cheering on Brad.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Back to the original classroom, Brad stands up bowing to the applause of his classmates and MRS. MILNE.

INSERT TV

GERMAN STUDENT  
 (starting in German accent then ghetto)  
 Gutentag! We are all very excited today for the arrival of the Prussian exchange students. They have come a long way so let's show them a bee bopping good time ladies and gents. Aight lata hatas.

HOMEROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRAD  
 Damn Prussians, why don't they just go back to Bolivia where they belong.

The class looks a little quizzical at first, knowing Prussians are from Prussia but enthusiastically agree. A recap of yesterday's math meet comes on.

BELL RINGS

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brad struts down crowded hall math book and calculator in hand, stares in disbelief at people blocking his way to class. Kent, Seamus and PJ realize the obstruction.

KENT  
 Clear the way! Brad Michaelson is going to math class!

PJ  
 Yeah people! Mosey on out!

The halls immediately clear, students shoving on an other trying to help Brad.

We see the group strutting down the hall with a distinct air of superiority as the other students look on in admiration.

INT. MATH CLASSROOM

Brad sits front row center and begins meticulously arranging his materials, the rest of the class looks on secretly copying his arrangement.

RANDOM GIRL tries to take seat behind Brad. He whips around in utter confusion.

BRAD  
 Sorry sugar legs, keep movin'.

The girl turns beet red and scurries off. Brad and cronies all laugh. MRS. MILNE walks in beaming at Brad giving him a wink.

MRS. MILNE  
 Alright class, let's start with a warm up.

The whole class begins to open notebooks and take out calculators working hard on the problem.

Brad takes his time to read it and casually raises his hand way before anyone else is even relatively close to the solution. MRS. MILNE smiles approvingly.

PJ  
Come on Braddie, it's a marathon not a sprint man!

MRS. MILNE walks over to Brad's desk.

MRS. MILNE  
Amazing performance yesterday  
Mr. Michaelson Phenomenal really.

Brad stands up.

BRAD  
Yeah thanks. Anyway, I sense that one of my curls is out of place so I'm going to the bathroom. Feel free to explain to these children how to do that problem.

MRS. MILNE  
Yes, sir.

Brad leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brad is walking down the hall and walks by mysterious boy clad in a Prussian trench coat and dark eye patch covering his left eye. This is FREZE (pronounced freeze). Brad accidentally bumps into him.

BRAD  
Watch where you're going, man.

Freze just gives him a dirty look and keeps walking.

INT. BATHROOM

Brad is fixing his hair in the mirror.

BRAD  
Oh yeah...

INT. CLASSROOM

Slow pounding knock at the door.

MRS. MILNE  
Oh right! I almost forgot!

MRS. MILNE walks over to answer it.

MRS. MILNE  
Welcome! Class, we have a new student all the way from Prussia!

Freze enters and hands MRS. MILNE a slip of paper.

MRS. MILNE

This is Freze Gauga... Googa...

FREZE  
GUAGALASH!

We hear a BOOM of thunder. Class looks around to see source, but sees a perfectly sunny day.

FREZE  
FREZE GUAGALASH!

Freze creeps over, limping on his left leg to the seat behind Brad removing his trench coat revealing his awkwardly gaudy interpretation of the newest American styles.

INT. BATHROOM

Brad is still fixing his hair, and is now humming the theme to Gilligan's Island to himself in the mirror.

INT. CLASSROOM

MRS. MILNE  
While we wait for Brad, let's do some warm-ups.

She writes a problem on the board and Freze immediately raises his hand.

MRS. MILNE  
Freze...

FREZE  
The quantity of  $12a$  squared plus  $13e$  to the negative 3rd square root  $12.4789$  divided by the sin of  $117$ .

The class anxiously stares at Mrs. Milne awaiting her response.

MRS. MILNE  
That's... correct. Let's try another one...

She writes a new problem on the board and this time Freze does not even raise his hand.

FREZE  
 $5.987$  cotangent  $37.4$ .

MRS. MILNE  
Correct. Very impressive!

FREZE  
Thank you very much. I always like warm ups before the coach gets here. May I ask when the math coach is arriving?

MRS. MILNE  
Oh, well I'm the coach.

FREZE  
Really? Oh sorry, in Prussia, only men  
are allowed to do math...but they're not  
as beautiful and talented as you.

MRS. MILNE  
(giggling)  
Oh Freze!

FREZE  
I speak the truth.

MRS. MILNE  
You must of had rigorous training!

FREZE  
My coach was a perfectionist.

SMASH CUT - FLASHBACK

Freze is sitting in the only desk in a dark classroom back in Prussia.  
The MRS. MILNE, MR. BALKUS, has a comb mustache and is dressed in an old  
Cold War Russian uniform. He is two inches away from Freze, screaming at  
the top of his lungs.

BALKUS  
Amerikanskaja firma Tranceptor Technology  
pristupila k proizvodstvu computrov 'Per-  
sonalny Sputnik!

He grabs Freze's notebook and throws it at the black board.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HALLWAY

Brad is approaching the classroom. He hears a lot of commotion from the  
room.

BRAD  
(to himself)  
Sounds like things are falling apart  
without me.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad enters the room. Everyone has gathered around Freze. They fire math  
questions at him and he answers them all with no problem.

STUDENT  
Unbelievable!

STUDENT 2  
Looks like we have a new math star!

BRAD  
What is going on!?

The class sees Brad and they scatter back to their seats.

PJ  
Dude, wait until you see Freze do math!

BRAD  
Who the hell is Freze?

Freze stands up.

FREZE  
I am Freze! Freze Gougalash!

BOOM of thunder. Brad looks around in confusion.

FREZE  
Who are you?

BRAD  
(offended)  
Who am I?! I'm Brad Michaelson, the  
captain of the math team!

STUDENT  
What if we have co-captains? We'd be ab-  
solutely unstoppable with you two leading  
us!

BRAD  
CO-CAPTAINS?! Have you all gone insane?  
There's only room for one captain on the  
team, and that's me!

FREZE  
In Mother Prussia, we would settle this  
with, how do you say it? . . . Oh yes...a  
math off!

STUDENTS  
Yeah, a math-off!

BRAD  
But this isn't fair! He shouldn't be al-  
lowed to nominate himself. This is Amer-  
ica- you can't just say anything you  
want!

FREZE  
What's the matter? Afraid?

This hits a nerve with Brad.

BRAD  
(through gritted teeth)  
Someone get my pencil.

CUT TO

All the lights in the class are off. Brad and Freze are sitting in  
desks facing each other, with a buzzer in between them. Mrs. Milne  
is standing over them.

Milne rolls in the Math-Off Whiteboard, an exquisite specimen that everybody stares at in awe. She then reaches for the Math-Off designated Markers, which she removes from a plush chest labeled 'Pandora's Box'. She scribbles something on the board.

MILNE  
You know the rules. Begin.

Freze scribbles and hits the buzzer almost instantaneously. The class gasps as Milne checks Freze's answer.

MILNE  
Correct. First point goes to Freze.

BRAD  
(to himself)  
Don't worry Brad, it was just a fluke.

Mrs. Milne writes the second question on the board.

Freze answers in a few seconds and hits the buzzer again.

MILNE  
Correct! Freze is the winner and our new captain!

The class cheers and starts to chant, "Freze!"

BRAD  
NO NO NO NO and NO! It can't be true. This makes no sense, it's as if you're saying A squared plus B squared does NOT equal C squared! Buddha's Chopsticks! This is preposterous!

FREZE  
Well my American classmate, A squared plus B squared DOES equal C squared. So why don't you just sit down.

In rage, Brad seizes Freze's shoulders and starts shaking him and ranting inaudibly.

BRAD  
I INVENTED Pythagarous, Goolash!

FREZE  
That's captain Goulash to you.

Thunder BOOMS after Freze says Goulash.

FREZE  
And for my first order as captain, you, Brad, are off the team.

BRAD  
OFF THE TEAM?! You can't do that! This is MY team! Mrs. Milne, you can't let this happen.

MRS. MILNE

I'm afraid there's nothing I can do.

FREZE

I think it's time for you to go.

Brad, mouth ajar, glances around the room backing up to the door and gives off a girlish squeak and struggles to open the door, glancing back over his shoulder finally opening the door, squeaks and trots off.

INT. BOYS' BATHROOM

Brad standing at sink in front of mirror in disbelief.

PJ and Kent walk in

KENT

What happened in there man?

Brad can't even look at himself in the mirror. Shakes his head.

KENT

It's alright man relax. Stuff happens.  
It's just a fluke.

BRAD

Mathletes are not supposed to have flukes  
Kent! Math is a precise science there is  
always one answer, same in every lan-  
guage. It is pure perfection. And I just  
let it down...

PJ

B-Radical don't be so sad! It probably  
was just something you ate.

KENT

You did have Wheaties this morning in-  
stead of your usual Rice Krispies.

Brad raises his head finally with some glimpse of hope.  
Nodding his head.

KENT

Breakfast of champions my behind.

Brad slaps Kent on the back, gaining back his confidence. The  
three friends cheer and pump fists.

EXT. AIR PORT

A plane lands at an airport. The door opens and BALKUS appears. He  
offers a maniacal laugh as he heads down the stairs with his suit-  
case, snow swirling all around him.

INT. HALLWAY - FOLLOWING DAY

Brad enters hallway decorated with Prussian Flags praising  
Freze, the whole student body sporting eye patches and  
dressed in shirts saying Freze Forever! Brad slowly glances  
around at this Freze paraphernalia in shock and hurries over  
to his locker, where PJ and Kent are waiting.



BRAD  
What in the hay is going on here?

KENT  
No idea man, looks like Freze is pretty hot around here.

Looks around for laughs smiling uncontrollably, Brad just glares at him.

KENT  
Get it? Cause his name is Freze, like really cold, but I said hot? Like not cold?

Brad and Shamus continue to stare at him in silence.

BRAD  
Yes Kent, I get the irony here. Very clever. Anyway, I don't know what's going on guys. He's gotta be cheating or something. It's like Britney Spears in Austin Powers, he's a Femme-bot.

KENT  
Chill out man. He beat you. Maybe they just teach math different in Prussia or something...

BRAD  
Are you joshing me Kent? You can't be for real! I can't believe you're defending the enemy, we've been bffls since first grade. Sandbox buddies man. That's low.

Kent avoids eye contact and shrugs his shoulders.

KENT  
Jeeze Brad tone it down, you're still good he's just better. Be a team player. There's no I in team, Brad.

BRAD  
NO I in team!? No I in team!? This is about math not spelling Kent!

PJ walks by in full out Freze paraphernalia. The other two boys stare.

PJ  
(chanting)  
ICE ICE BABY! FREZE! ICE ICE BABY! FREZE!  
ICE ICE... ahh how's that last part go...

PJ exits.

BRAD  
(screaming)  
It's BABY PJ you moron! BABY! The song has three words. And not one of them is FREZE!

Brad slams locker and storms off.

INT. ENGLISH HALLWAY

Brad is heading to his English class. Just as he gets there, Balkus leaves the room as snow swirls behind. Brad looks at him suspiciously.

INT. CASHMAN'S CLASSROOM

Brad is sitting at his desk as MR. CASHMAN hands back tests. Brad gets his and sees that he got a zero.

BRAD

Is this a joke?

CASHMAN

Afraid not. You can't answer every question with math equations and expect to get a good grade.

BRAD

But I could before!

CASHMAN

Well things have changed, haven't they?

BRAD

So what am I supposed to do?

CASHMAN

Looks like you're going to have to actually do other subjects besides math.

BRAD

The inferiors?! Freze is behind this, isn't he?

CASHMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

Cashman turns his back to the class.

CASHMAN

(singing softly)

Ice Ice Baby, Freze.

INT. HALLWAY

Brad walks through the hall with every student he passes singing the "Ice Ice baby Freze" theme song. Growing more angry each student.

He arrives at his locker and meets Kent and PJ

BRAD

I'm telling you, Freze is up to something! He's pure evil.

PJ and Kent look over at Freze who is carrying a book for a freshman who is on crutches.

KENT

Brad, I know you're upset you lost but you have to let it go.

BRAD

It's not about that! Why can't anyone else see it?

PJ

Sorry Brad...

They leave Brad and he walks off angrily in the opposite direction.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONT

Brad timidly walks up to the teachers' lounge, trying to act nonchalant. He knocks on the door and STURGES opens the door. He is holding a clipboard and is wearing a blue-tooth head set as hip-techno lounge music is in the background.

Freze can be seen sitting in the room finishing up some sort of joke in his native tongue, which both WAISGERBER and STRICK erupt with hearty laughter at.

Brad starts to head in but Sturges stops him.

STURGES

Whoa, hold on there. Name?

BRAD

Don't you know who I am? I'm Brad Michaelson!

STURGES

Let's see...Michaelson...

Sturges looks at his clipboard which has a list of names on it.

INSERT LIST:

We see John Griffin, Steve Oullette, Jay Neubauer, "~~Brad Michaelson~~" has been crossed out and replaced with "Freze".

BACK TO SCENE

STURGES

Sorry. I don't see it.

BRAD

But that's impossible! There has to be some kind of mistake.

STURGES

(immensely snobbishly)

I'm sorry, sir, we don't make mistakes here.

Waisgerber and Strick laugh at another one of Freze's jokes.

STURGES

You have to go. Please don't waste my time again.

He closes the door and Brad storms off to the cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA

Brad is sitting at a table with a bunch of random rejects. Empty chocolate milk carton are all around him as he chugs another one and slams it down.

REJECT

Um, I think you've had enough chocolate milk.

BRAD

I can drink as much chocolate milk as I damn-well please! Someone go get me another one.

REJECT

Wouldn't you like a strawberry milk instead?

BRAD

Strawberry milk?! What am I, on the track team? Mathletes drink chocolate milk!

A large crowd starts to form a few tables over. Brad heads over to what all the commotion is about.

BRAD  
What's going on?

FAN  
Freze is signing math books!

Freze is sitting behind velvet ropes signing math books. O'MALLEY is guarding the front of the line.

O'MALLEY  
Everyone just calm down, you'll all get a chance to meet Freze.

FAN  
Can you believe it's really him?

Brad can't take anymore and pushes his way out of the crowd. He grabs his chocolate milk and leaves the cafeteria.

INT. HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Brad carefully enters the math hallway and looks around for Freze. He doesn't see him so walks by Mrs. Milne's room. He hears someone crying and heads in.

INT. MRS. MILNE'S ROOM

Brad, still looking a wreck, sits next to Mrs. Milne who has her head on her desk

BRAD  
Mrs. Milne, what's wrong?

MRS. MILNE  
Freze! That's what's wrong!

BRAD  
What did he do now?

MRS. MILNE  
(struggling to find words)  
He...he fired me from the math coach!

BRAD  
WHAT?! But who's gonna be the coach?

SMASH CUT

The math team is sitting in their seats, terrified as Balkus yells at them in Prussian.

BACK TO SCENE

BRAD  
Dear God...We have to stop him!

MRS. MILNE

No one can defeat him. It's hopeless. Who knows what Freze will--

Suddenly, ST. MARTIN enters the room.

ST. MARTIN  
That doesn't sound like the Mrs. Milne I know!

BRAD  
Mr. St. Martin...what are you doing here?

ST. MARTIN  
I could smell weakness from my room...AND IT'S ALL COMING FROM YOU TWO!

Milne and Brad immediately shoot up from upon hearing St. Martin's screaming.

ST. MARTIN  
Now listen up! Do you two remember when you used to be gods of the school? Brad, do you remember when your teammates would carry you into math class, and when girls would enviously throw their calculators onstage to you? And Mrs Milne, do you still look upon your twenty-five National Math League Championship trophies and wonder, 'what did I do to deserve this?'

MRS. MILNE  
Well...Yes, I do.

ST. MARTIN  
WELL I WANT YOU BOTH TO FORGET ABOUT ALL OF THAT! Because someone stronger, smarter, more foreign, and more charming has stripped all that away from you! Both of you honestly look willing to accept defeat...from a Prussian. FROM A PRUSSIAN! I know I don't want my hallway being run by some damn European...do you?

BRAD  
Of course not! But there's nothing we can do! He solves problems without even looking at them, he runs the most powerful club in the school, he's practically got every students hypnotized with that awful song...

MILNE  
It's too damn catchy!

ST. MARTIN  
What do you mean there's nothing you can do!? Are you gonna let some mediocre variation on an early 90s one-hit-wonder keep you from taking back what is yours? Right now Brad, you're all math and no game. You're just a math star, more one-sided than a Cartesian polygon. In order

to defeat this intrepid foe, you need to connect your mind *and* your body, merge your math skills with your power. You need to become a **mathlete**.

BRAD

So...are you saying I need to like, lift weights? I've never touched a weight in my life, how can you suddenly expect me to stoop down to football player level? Pah.

ST. MARTIN

Brad, let me tell you about the greatest mathlete of all time. This mathlete would calculate speed formulas in order to tackle a wide receiver in mid-jump. This mathlete developed the trigonometric constraints of an opposing wrestlers legs and arms and defeated him every time. This mathlete could determine the slope of the seams of a curveball before cranking one out of the park. Do you know, Brad, who this mathlete was?

BRAD

You? Or maybe Kendrick Perkins? He looks like he'd be good at--

ST. MARTIN

(pointing at Mrs.  
Milne)

No, it was her!

Brad looks over at Mrs. Milne in awe.

BRAD

Is this true?

MRS. MILNE

Well, yeah...but that was a long time ago...

SMASH CUT

MONTAGE -- GREATEST MATHLETE - FLASHBACK

-- A teenage Mrs. Milne is in a wrestling uniform, and she flips a kid over.

-- She is dressed in Rambo-style clothing as she fire arrows rapid-fire at a target and hits the bulls eye each time.

-- She finishes a long equation that takes up the whole board. The teacher, a young MR. CADY (who sports an afro) is crying tears of joy.

-- She is in a karate uniform as she breaks boards with her hands and then her head.

-- She spikes a volleyball at some kid's face.

-- Mr. Cady is at the board writing an equation. Mrs. Milne gets up and takes the marker out of his hand and takes over the teaching.

-- She is in a football uniform and levels the ball carrier. She then proceeds to dance and taunt him.

END MONTAGE

BRAD  
You did all that? Will you train me?

MRS. MILNE  
You're not ready.

BRAD  
But I am ready! I know I can defeat him. I just need your help!

MRS. MILNE  
Ok, but once we begin, there's no going back.

BRAD  
I understand.

MONTAGE - TRAINING OF BRAD AND FREZE

-- Mrs. Milne is writing equations on the board while Brad tries to solve them on a piece of paper.

-- Freze is typing on a graphing calculator while Balkus yells at him.

-- Brad is running up Porker Hill.

-- Freze is running on a treadmill with wires attached to him.

-- Brad is doing pushups while looking at a math book.

-- Freze is doing equations while a team of scientists evaluate him.

-- Brad finishes a long equation on the board.

END MONTAGE

MRS. MILNE  
That's all I can do. The rest is up to you now.

BRAD  
What if I can't defeat him?

MRS. MILNE  
You can. Just remember to BE the mathlete.

St. Martin suddenly pops into the room.

ST. MARTIN



REMEMBER.

BRAD  
I will. And thank you.

Brad heads out of the classroom.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

Students are walking up the front steps at the beginning of the day. A banner labeled "NATIONAL MATH OFF 2010" is hanging on the front of the building.

INT. HALLWAY

Brad is walking down the hall when he bumps into his old math team.

BRAD  
What are you guys doing here? Shouldn't you be at the math competition?

KENT  
Oh Freze kicked us all off the team.

PJ  
Yeah, he said we were no good at math.

BRAD  
And you just let him do that?!

KENT  
Well he had a pretty good point.

PJ  
It was pretty convincing actually.

BRAD  
Someone has to stand up to him! He's taking over the school.

KENT  
There's nothing we can do. No one can defeat him.

BRAD  
We'll see about that.

St. Martin suddenly appears behind Brad.

ST. MARTIN  
REMEMBER.

He then disappears.

BRAD

Let's go.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The auditorium is packed with crazed math team superfans. Freze busts out of the entrance door and proceeds to move down the aisle in synchronization with the cheer leader's and audience's chanting of "Ice, ice baby, Freze!" over and over again. His uniform and the fans' clothes are now black and red instead of their original blue and orange.

The opposing team is already waiting on stage, looking at each other indecisively. Nervous, and whispering to each other and gesturing towards Freze.

The chanting and synchronized movements down the auditorium continue.

Freze arrives on stage. Freze walks up face to face with the other team captain, who is scared but trying to look tough.

Freze smiles.

REF.

Aaaaand... MATH-OFF!

The referee's hand comes down in a chopping motion.

MONTAGE -- FREZE AND TEAM DOMINATE THE MEET.

-- Freze races against another opponent and solves the problem first. He then proceeds to punk the kid out, barking and beating his own chest at him as the kid falls over and twitches in fear.

--Freze and his opponent are writing fiercely and both finish at the same time. They both run for their buzzers, side by side.

Freze suddenly looks over at his opponent and produces a blood curdling scream, startling the life out of the opponent and hurting his ear.

--Points stack up one after the other for team Freze. He gracefully finishes a problem, twirling his marker and capping it. He then struts over to the buzzer and presses it as he winks and blows a subtle kiss to the crowd.

--Freze and his opponent face off but while his opponent works vigorously, Freze just stares at him all the while solving the problem without looking at his own board.

--Freze hisses at him and then solves the problem. The kid runs back to his team captain shaking.

END MONTAGE

SCARED KID

(Sweating and fearful)

He's not human! HE'S NOT HUMAN!

Freze is standing over his buzzer.

REFEREE  
 (Excited anticipation)  
 This point will win the game!

Everyone in the audience is quivering with anticipation.

FREZE  
 This - is - over.

Freze slams down the buzzer and the crowd goes wild. He just smirks. Everyone in the audience stands up and cheers.

The PRESIDENT of the National Mathematics Competition, a man wearing a blue suit with lacquered hair, runs over to shake Freze's hand and bring him over to the podium.

PRESIDENT  
 (Beaming with math pride  
 and holding trophy)  
 It is clear that the title of Most Valuable Mathlete needs no deliberation from the judges. The title of MVM goes to...  
 Freze Gaugalash!

The audience goes wild yet again as Freze accepts the award.

The crowd silences and sits as Freze begins his speech.

FREZE  
 (Smiling with the trophy)  
 First off, I must say that this is a very proud moment for me! I have always dreamed of coming to the United States... and displaying my Prussian Superiority.

Questioning murmurs come from the crowd.

Freze's smile turns into a snicker.

FREZE  
 Now you all see how futile a challenge is against me. Against me and my Metric System.

INT. HALLWAY

Brad and the math team are walking intensely to auditorium.

INT. AUDITORIUM

FREZE  
 You won nothing! Yes, don't you see? Your puny American system of measurements is worthless! And as the National MVM, my first order is to convert all schools to the beautiful and powerful Metric system! After that, the U.S. Government will have no choice but to convert the entire country to the way of Metric!

The auditorium bursts into a clamor. Students and teachers alike are screaming in horror.

People are tearing off their Freze Paraphernalia in disgust.

Balkus clapping and nodding to himself with a smug grin.

FREZE  
 (Laughing insanely)  
 And there is nothing to be done! No one  
 can stop me!

The president slams down his gavel.

PRESIDENT  
 Order! Order! Unless there is anyone  
 here to challenge Freze, that is the  
 rule.

Suddenly the door busts open and the math team enters.

Freze stops laughing.

The team steps out of the way to reveal Brad.

BRAD  
 (Furious beyond measure-  
 ment)  
 ENOUGH!!!!!!

Everyone looks over to see who is is.

Everyone gasps, including Freze.

As Brad walks, people part like the Red Sea for him.

TEACHER  
 What is he doing?

ST. MARTIN  
 He's remembering.

STAGE

BRAD  
 (Walking menacingly  
 towards Freze)  
 You humiliated me! Ripped away my  
 friends! Took me out of the picture!  
 Stole the team! And desecrated the name  
 of Mathlete Captain and the name of MVM!  
 But worst of all... you messed with the  
 wrong country's unit system!

FREZE  
 What makes you think that you could EVER,  
 EVER possibly defeat me?

Freze howls with laughter. Brad's nostrils flare.

AUDIENCE

The auditorium door swings open in the dead silence of the  
 onlookers.

Mrs. Milne is standing in the doorway.

Brad looks at Milne and then at Freze.

STAGE

BRAD  
(triumphantly)  
Because it takes true strength to be a  
mathlete.

Mrs. Milne nods her head slowly in absolute agreement.

FREZE  
HAH PAHLEEZE! Lets get this ridiculous  
show over with.

The Ref. Approaches the two and they both take their positions. As he delivers his mandatory speech to the boys, he looks hopefully at Brad.

REF  
Alright boys, I want a good, clean match.  
No Archimedes slaps, no Newton stomping,  
and definitely no Pythagorean punches. Ya  
got me?!

They both nod.

FREZE  
(Whispering to Brad)  
How does it feel to know you will fail  
your entire country.

BRAD  
(Whispering back with a  
smile)  
How does it feel to know your country  
doesn't really exist.

Freze shudders in anger at this shot to his Prussian pride.

REF.  
Alright, here it is, for all the Apple-  
jacks. (says first math problem)

Brad and Freze both start writing furiously.

BRAD  
(Whispering to himself)  
He's so fast.

Freze hits the buzzer, hands the ref the answer.

Brad can't believe it.

REF.  
Correct! The first point goes to Freze!

The audience groans and Brad walks away for a second to regain his composure.

Suddenly, Mrs. Milne, now sporting a wide brim straw hat, stands up and a spotlight from nowhere shines on her. She makes eye contact with Brad for a few seconds. She nods. Brad nods back.

TEACHER  
Oh no! Is he quitting?

ST. MARTIN  
Mathletes don't quit. Remember that.

TEACHER  
Where do you keep coming from?

St. Martin just stares at him.

STAGE

REF.  
Ok, second question (second question)

Once again, Brad and Freze start working on the problem with intense focus. This time, Brad hits the buzzer first and hands him the answer.

REF.  
Correct! Brad wins the second point!

The audience erupts in cheers.

REF.  
Ok we're all tied up. Whoever wins this next point wins the match and determines the future of our unit system. And here's the question (says third question)

Brad and Freze begin to solve the problem.

Freze is a rock of concentration, furiously computing on his paper. He steals a glance at Brad, who is remarkably calm and focused as he fluidly computes the answer on paper. Freze begins to panic, sensing Brad is getting closer.

PJ  
(Whispering to Kent)  
This is intense.

Brad finishes! He puts down his pencil and goes to hit the buzzer...

BUT Freze slaps the buzzer away at the last second, while still working on his own paper.

The crowd gasps in horror.

The ref goes to blow his whistle when Balkus comes out of the shadows and knocks him out with a math book.

After a beat of hesitation, Brad dives out of his seat to his buzzer, but Freze, now finished with his solution, grabs Brad's feathered hair.

Kent's mouth drops wide open.

KENT  
Oh no. Freze shouldn't a done that. You  
never, EVER mess with Michaelson's hair.

Freze takes out a ruler and goes after Brad. Brad flips him over with a text-book wrestling move.

AUDIENCE

Mrs. Milne pumps her fist.

MRS. MILNE  
Yes!

STAGE

Brad goes for the buzzer, but a protractor beans him off the head, temporarily stunning him.

Freze takes out a bunch of protractors and starts whipping them at Brad. But Brad is now turned to Freze, and with the most unnerving dexterity performs a series of "wax-on/wax-off" moves, deflects them all.

FREZE  
(sensing it's over)  
NOOOOO!

Brad, with his hand over the buzzer, locks eyes at Freze.

He slams his hand down on the buzzer.

REF.  
(Lifting Brad's arm)  
WINNER... Brad Michaelson!!!

The crowd erupts with cheers and hoorahs.

BALKUS  
This is an outrage! SPUTNIK!!!

Blakus is furious and starts to run at the stage but Mrs. Milne elbows him and knocks him out.

Freze tries to slip away but gets pelted with the eye patches everyone was wearing. PJ, Kent, and students run up to Brad and carry him on their shoulders while the school sings "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW".

Brad is carried past Mrs. Milne and St. Martin. They look at Brad and give awesome thumbs up.

FADE OUT.