

# **The Snacker**

by

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INT. BOARD ROOM

FADE IN:

Typewriters and soft jazz music are heard as we enter on a dimly lit board room. Several ASSOCIATES in suit jackets sit around a long table, making conversation. At the head of the table, the most prominent figure, MR. CONNOR, turns on an overhead projector with a remote.

On the overhead appears a tattered, faded picture of a shadowy figure eating a candy bar, walking in the hallway. The associates look up at Mr. Connor, who clears his throat.

MR. CONNOR  
Snacking, ladies and gentlemen. The pandemic that has affected over fifty percent of Walpole High students in the past year.

An associate sitting in the closest chair to the screen, MR. WHITTENHALL, makes a questionable face at Mr. Connor.

MR. WHITTENHALL  
We've already made snacking against the law, Ed.

Mr. Connor clicks the remote again, this time revealing a blurry photo of a Snicker's bar being exchanged between two passing students.

MR. CONNOR  
And that's not enough. People are still doing it behind our backs, making deals, and soiling the good name of this school.

A second associate, MR. HAHN, conceals a laugh.

MR. HAHN  
Then what do you suppose we do?

Mr. Connor takes a deep breath.

MR. CONNOR  
I propose we unleash McCarthy.

Every solitary noise in the room falls silent, and the associates' jaws open.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)  
It's the only way.

MR. WHITTENHALL  
That's a last resort.

The associates pound on the table, in an uproar, MR. BALKUS among them.

MR. BALKUS

You realize involving McCarthy is an act of war? The students will retaliate.

MR. CONNOR

No they won't. McCarthy can put an end to snacking in this school. I've seen it happen before. We just need to give him a chance.

The associates settle down.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

And if we do, I can assure you gentlemen that snack time will be over.

FADE TO:

CHAPTER 1 - JASON

INT. MS. LERNER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. LERNER stands at the front of classroom, lecturing a class of students who furiously take notes, about trigonometry.

MS. LERNER

...so therefore, the sine of x is one half.

FLORENCE, an obvious teacher's pet sitting front and center in the classroom, quickly raises her hand with a question while re-adjusting her glasses.

FLORENCE

Ms. Lerner, could you explain that problem on the board? I don't understand how you arrived at that answer.

MS. LERNER

Oh, of course Florence! Thank you for asking!

Ms. Lerner turns her back to the classes and begins to write out the problem on the board. GUNTHER, a lazy, somewhat sloppy student rolls his eyes at Florence.

GUNTHER

(under his breath)  
Suck-up.

Florence scowls at Gunther in disgust. Florence sees something out of the corner of her eye and turns to see JASON, a smooth student sitting quietly behind Gunther, who takes advantage of the moment to skillfully produce a snack out of thin air and gobble it down quickly and noiselessly.

Florence gasps and yells out loud.

FLORENCE

Ms. Lerner! Jason is snacking!

Ms. Lerner whips around to see what Florence is talking about, but Jason is sitting up attentively taking notes, with no sign of having eaten anything.

MS. LERNER  
 Florence! You know better than to shout out in the middle of class without raising your hand! And besides, Jason isn't doing anything wrong.

Florence tries to sputter out a response, but is at a loss for words. Ms. Lerner returns to the board. Florence again turns to Jason and casts him an embarrassed glare. Jason just shrugs his shoulders as if he has no idea what is going on. Gunther's stomach growls and, attempting to mimic Jason, reaches into his backpack to grab a snack. Unfortunately, Gunther makes an excessive amount of noise in the process and Ms. Lerner whips around to catch him in the act of snacking.

MS. LERNER (CONT'D)  
 Gunther! Just what do you think you're doing with a snack in my classroom?

GUNTHER  
 Uh...no...?

MS. LERNER  
 There is no snacking in this classroom, Gunther! You don't honestly think you're above the rules...

Ms. Lerner leans in close to Gunther's quivering face.

MS. LERNER (CONT'D)  
 ...do you?

GUNTHER  
 Um...

MS. LERNER  
 The correct answer is 'no'.

GUNTHER  
 Uh, yeah. I mean, uh, no.

MS. LERNER  
 That's what I thought. I'll be seeing you after school.

Ms. Lerner turns around and writes up an hour for Gunther. Jason shakes his head, disappointed with Gunther's failure. The BELL rings and the class rises at once, leaving Ms. Lerner in her angry rage.

MS. LERNER (CONT'D)  
 And I better not catch any of you snacking tomorrow!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jason walks away from Lerner and scoffs smugly.

## MONTAGE - JASON'S DAILY ROUTINE

-- Jason prepares his backpack for the day ahead; he contemplates squeezing another textbook in but decides on fitting another snack in instead.

-- Jason opens his locker, specially rigged with a secret compartment for hiding snacks, and pulls out a handful of goodies for the day.

-- Jason walks down the hallway and greets a passing friend. Jason extends his hand for a handshake; secretly, a Snickers bar is hidden up his sleeve. As Jason and friend shake hands, the friend pulls out the Snickers bar and casually walks away.

-- In class, a teacher turns his back to the class and Jason flips an M&M into his mouth.

-- Finally, we return to Jason leaving Ms. Lerner's classroom.

END MONTAGE

INT. CLASSROOM

Inside the dimly-lit classroom, desks have been arranged into a circle to resemble a poker table. Jason, Gunther, and three other students are seated around the table. Gunther pulls out a mint and tosses it into the middle of the table. Jason offers a high class candy bar.

JASON

Rookie mistake today, Gunth. As a close and personal friend of mine I'd expect a little more discretion.

GUNTHER

But Lerner's an absolute sniper Jace! It's impossible to get anything past her, she sees everything.

JASON

She didn't catch me, did she Gunther?

Jason reveals his cards to the group, notably, a pair aces. of The rest of the group groans.

GUNTHER

Who do you think you are, Jason? Some sort of legend, like The Snacker?

Jason leans forward to collect his winnings, a smirk on his face.

JASON

You know better to believe those old stories, Gunther. The Snacker is a myth. Some unstoppable Snacker obsessed with Dunkeroos? Come on. He's not real. I'm the best you got.

GUNTHER

Nah, man, The Snacker was the real deal. He could smuggle snacks past Lerner, Sturges, Waisgerber, you name it. And he never got caught.

JASON  
As I said, Gunther, old wife's tale. And if he never got caught, then where is he now?

Gunther is at a loss for words, and tosses another mint into the center of the table.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Trust me, Gunther, if you wanna learn something about snacking, I'm the man you ask. I even smuggled snacks past Cashman last month.

GUNTHER  
Cashman?! Nobody gets a snack past Cashman.

JASON  
Nobody 'cept me, Gunther.

Jason once again flips over his cards, an obvious winning hand. He collects the pile of candy in the center of the table, laughing to himself.

FADE INTO:

## CHAPTER 2 - THE ANNOUNCEMENT

### INT. FIRST PERIOD - THE NEXT MORNING

The TEACHER is asleep at his desk as Gunther is slouching in his seat. Florence, who is sitting in front of him, turns around to start disparaging him.

FLORENCE  
So how was detention? Have you learned your lesson?

GUNTHER  
Shut up, Florence.

FLORENCE  
You know how many calories are in a candy bar, Gunther? Just enough to clog up your arteries and stop your heart. Scientific research shows that kids who snack have a significantly lower life expectancy.

From off screen, we can hear a bag of potato chips being opened.

JASON (O.S.)  
You wanna live forever, Florence?

Florence turns around to see Jason shoveling the potato chips into his mouth. She sneers at him as he takes his seat next to a suddenly cheerful Gunther.

FLORENCE  
 Potato chips average 350 calories per serving.

JASON  
 Shut it, Florence. We can't all be as rigid as you.

GUNTHER  
 (under his breath)  
 Nobody wants to be.

Florence gives Gunther her usual glare.

FLORENCE  
 I'll just pretend I didn't hear that. Florence turns back to Jason.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
 And you! You should know better than to condone snacking. Do you have no soul or something?

JASON  
 Hey now, Florence. Snacking is my thing. If I want to pass on my wisdom to others, then so be it! Now stay out of my business, woman!

Jason is interrupted by the morning announcements, which start on the TV.

ON TV:

INT. NEWSROOM

In an over the top, dramatic style, a newsreel begins to play on the TV, the camera positioned in an extreme closeup of the Anchorwoman, MERIDETH BARRY, who has a dead serious expression on her face.

MEREDITH  
 This just in, Mr. Connor declares a war on snacking. We'll send you straight to the press release.

INT. BOARD ROOM

CUT TO:

Mr. Connor stands over a podium decorated by dozens of microphones, flash bulbs going off every second.

MR. CONNOR  
 From this day forward, I will be instituting a zero tolerance policy on snacking of all kinds. Illegal activity at this school has gone on far too long, and I will make it my personal duty to end snacking once and for all.

Mr. Connor steps away from the podium, several REPORTERS mobbing him as he steps away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

Mr. Connor holds a sledgehammer, standing majestically over a large barrel. After several seconds of flash bulbs going off, he slams the sledgehammer into the barrel, releasing a flood of m&ms all over the floor.

INT. NEWSROOM

CUT TO:

Meredith once again stares mercilessly into the camera.

MEREDITH

Early reports indicate that snack specialist Rich McCarthy may be involved in the new war on snacking.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. FIRST PERIOD - THE NEXT MORNING

The whole class is astir with confusion and worry. All, that is, except for Jason, who shrugs off the announcement and tosses a potato chip into the air. However, as the snack reaches the height of its toss, Florence reaches out and snaps it out of the air.

FLORENCE

Are you out of your mind? You heard the announcements, there will be severe punishments for all students caught snacking!

Jason dismisses her comment with a scoff.

GUNTHER

Is it true about McCarthy being brought in?

JASON

No, Gunther. They'd never bring in McCarthy.

FLORENCE

Well, if you must know...

FLASHBACK - FLORENCE SNOOPING AROUND

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE

A wooden crate is seen being opened with a crowbar by a terrified, shaking SECURITY GUARD, the contents still a mystery. In the background stands MR. CONNOR, who wipes his brow with a tissue.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

Yesterday afternoon, a strange shipment was received very late at night.

The security guard finally gets the crate's side to budge, sending it crashing to the ground. After the dust clears, a man is



seen waiting inside. All we see of this man are his army boots and industrial grade-A pants.

The security guard gulps, and backs away in fear. From out of the cage steps RICH MCCARTHY. He fumes with anger.

FLORENCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It was McCarthy.

JASON (V.O.)  
And how exactly did you find this out?

FLORENCE (V.O.)  
I have my ways...

McCarthy looks around the room, coming to a halt when he looks at the window to see Florence's face pressed up against it. Florence scampers off.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

GUNTHER  
McCarthy? The McCarthy? Whoa Jason, you might want to rethink this whole snacking thing. I mean, that guy's intense.

JASON  
Yeah Gunth, you might want to keep on the down low. I'm not gonna let this stop me.

Florence jumps out of her seat in righteous indignation, causing everyone in the class to turn to look at her.

FLORENCE  
Are you for real? It's kids like you who I can't stand. I just. Can't. Stand you! You'll see! I won't be feeling bad for you when you learn your lesson!

Jason and teacher wakes up, shushes Florence, and falls back asleep.

Gunther blankly stare at Florence. The homeroom The BELL rings and everyone leaves.

CHAPTER 3 - CRACK DOWN

FADE INTO:

INT. CAFETERIA

Jason and Gunther sit across from each other, Gunther eating school lunch, and Jason carelessly eating cookies out of a bag.

GUNTHER  
Hey Jace, I think we should cancel that poker game today.

JASON  
Why would we do that?

GUNTHER  
I'm...scared.

Jason chuckles to himself, looking up just in time to see Mr. Connor leading away several FRESHMEN with chocolate stains all over their faces. He looks back at Gunther.

JASON

Don't even worry about it, Gunther. Just because Mr. Connor is playing his little "war on snacking" game doesn't mean we have to live a pointless life like Florence.

Jason turns to leave out the cafeteria doors, while finishing off his bag of cookies. With no trash can in sight, Jason hastily stuffs the bag into his backpack, with cookie crumbs spilling onto the floor. After Jason leaves, we focus on the cookie crumbs. A large foot slams down upon them, though all we can see of this man is his army boot and industrial grade-A pants.

INT. HALLWAY

Jason walks to his locker, from which he pulls out a handful of snacks to help him make it through the morning.

MONTAGE - THE SCHOOL CRACKS DOWN ON SNACKING

-- MR. BRACCINI oversees a group of students hanging up a giant banner that reads "If You Snack, We'll Attack."

-- Jason tries handing off snacks to a passing student.

JASON

'Sup.

Jason reaches out his hand, a candy bar concealed up his sleeve.

STUDENT

Oh, uh...hey.

The student quickly shuffles past, ignoring Jason's snack. Jason sighs, opens the candy bar, and takes a large bite out of it with a sigh.

-- In math class, Ms. Lerner stands on a stool in the front of the classroom, installing a surveillance camera in the corner of the room. While Ms. Lerner's back is turned, Jason sneaks a few more snacks. Florence scoffs at Jason as usual.

-- In the lobby, a table is set up for students to register to become "Snack Monitors"; Jason sees this and looks on in dismay.

END MONTAGE

INT. CLASSROOM

The usual gamblers are back in poker playing formation. Jason looks surprisingly tense.

After a presumably eventful poker game, Jason reveals his cards. A terrible hand.

JASON

This is not my lucky day.

Gunther smiles, revealing his cards.

GUNTHER  
That means I win!

Gunther collects his earnings, gleaming with pride. Jason reaches into his pocket to get more snacks, but finds that he has nothing left.

JASON  
I'm out of snacks, guys. I'll be right back.

Jason gets up, looking depressed as Gunther gleams with happiness.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jason exits the door, giving a nod to the BOUNCER outside. He walks along down the hall, but stops to tie his shoe. The camera moves down to his level, but focuses on the foreground, where we see a man in army boots walk down the hallway.

Back in front of the poker classroom, a shadow closes in on the bouncer, who looks up in terror.

It's McCarthy.

MCCARTHY  
Step aside, son.

The Bouncer reaches for his walkie-talkie, but is no match for the agility of McCarthy, who rams his broom directly into the Bouncer, sending him to the ground.

INT. CLASSROOM

The poker game continues, but is broken up by the door crashing open. McCarthy stands in the doorway, his broom extended. The poker players stare in terror.

MCCARHTY  
It's all over, boys.

From behind McCarthy, Florence steps into the room, wearing a SNACK MONITOR sash. Gunther is shocked.

GUNTHER  
Florence. How could you?

FLORENCE  
It's the right thing to do, Gunther.  
You wouldn't want this school's name to  
be tarnished by stupid kids eating  
snacks, would you?

Gunther looks about ready to cry, and McCarthy steps forward, towards the group of poker players.

The camera pans outside of the room, where Jason watches the whole scene from around the corner.

FADE INTO:

## CHAPTER 4 - THE SNACKER

INT. CASHMAN'S CLASSROOM - 24 HOURS LATER

MR. CASHMAN stands at his podium, a large book held in front of his face. He appears to be falling asleep as he listens to a ENGLISH STUDENT talk about a book.

ENGLISH STUDENT

Well I thought the rain symbolized re-birth in this scene, because--

The BELL rings, and Cashman looks up suddenly, closing the book.

CASHMAN

Lunchtime! Everybody out.

The class, Jason included, stands up from their seats, and walks out the door in unison. Cashman stops Jason at the door.

CASHMAN (cont'd)

Jason! Just where do you think you're going?

Jason freezes in fear.

JASON

Uh...lunch?

CASHMAN

I don't think so. We need to talk. Now close that door now, we don't need anyone hearing this.

Jason nervously closes the door and walks over to the desk.

CASHMAN

Are you familiar with Mr. McCarthy's investigation?

Jason shakes his head, smiling.

JASON

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

CASHMAN

So you have no idea that McCarthy's hunting snackers.

JASON

I don't know what you're talk--

Cashman slams his hand down on the desk. The sound makes Jason jump.

CASHMAN (CONT'D)  
You know exactly what I'm talking  
about, Jason. And you know exactly who  
McCarthy was brought in for.

Jason stares silently back at Cashman, surprised at this out-  
burst.

CASHMAN  
He wasn't just brought in for a snack-  
ing epidemic. He was brought in to put  
down a snack specialist.

Cashman stares intensely at Jason, who is beginning to feel un-  
comfortable.

CASHMAN  
They've only brought McCarthy in once  
before, and let's just say he found his  
target.

JASON  
Mr. Cashman, if I did know what you're  
talking about, I can assure you I have  
it all under control.

Cashman takes off his glasses, rubbing his eyes as if he is re-  
membering a painful event from his past. He then hands Jason the  
book that is in his hands. Jason accepts it with confusion.

CASHMAN  
Open the book, Jason.

Jason opens the book, and his mouth drops open. The pages of the  
book have been carved out to fit a dunkeroo package in the in-  
side, resembling the rock hammer from Shawshank Redemption.

JASON  
Cashman...it was you...

CASHMAN  
The last time they brought in McCarthy,  
they brought him in for me. When I was  
The Snacker.

A look of understanding comes over Jason's eyes, and he closes  
the book.

JASON  
You were the legendary underground  
leader of the snack trade at Walpole  
High? I thought that was a myth?

CASHMAN  
Do you know why I stopped snacking?

FLASHBACK - WHS CIRCA 1999

INT. MRS. SULLIVAN'S CLASSROOM

JULIE, a freshmen honors English student is hunched over Romeo and Juliet, pulling her hair in frustration

JULIE  
I just don't get it! What does Romeo mean? What does Shakespeare mean? Why couldn't they have written this in English?

Just in time to save Julie from utter ruin, a poised, confident student walks in. This is CONNOR CASHMAN...as a freshman.

FRESHMAN CASHMAN  
Don't sweat it, C-Money's got all the answers.

Freshman Cashman pops a pretzel into his mouth, then struts over to the frazzled girl and takes a seat next to her. Immediately, he starts pointing at the book and spouting off analysis.

FRESHMAN CASHMAN (CONT'D)  
The dagger symbolizes this! And this represents that! And Romeo and Juliet's love is a microcosm of this!

GIRL #1  
(swooning)  
Oh, you're so smart. I never would have figured any of this out without your help!

FRESHMAN CASHMAN  
No big deal. Romeo and Juliet is kids' stuff. I could analyze it in my sleep!

Freshman Cashman takes out his bag of pretzels and continues to snack on them, walking happily out the door.

MONTAGE - CASHMAN IS THE SNACKER

-- Freshman Cashman sits in Ms. Lerner's class, piece of cake. She turns around, and he swiftly eating a hides it under his desk.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
In my freshman year, I started snacking. Small stuff, nothing big. But I was training myself, so that one day, I could be the best. The legendary Snacker.

-- Freshman Cashman stands at the front of the room, right next to a lecturing TEACHER, shoveling Cheetos in his mouth.

CASHMAN (V.O.)

Eventually, I could snack anytime, anywhere I pleased. I never got caught.

-- A year later, SOPHOMORE CASHMAN runs around on the track, maneuvering around other runners that are out of breath. He pops some skittles in his mouth and zooms past.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
And with each passing year, I got better and better at snacking.

-- Sophomore Cashman finishes eating a bag of potato chips in the cafeteria, tossing the bag on the ground. Parallel to what we saw earlier, a man in army boots crushes the bag after Cashman walks away.

CASHMAN (CONT'D)  
But by the end of sophomore year, I hungered for more.

-- Sophomore Cashman stands in front of a bulletin board decorated with faded, old photographs of what appears to be a secret snack chamber.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
I had achieved so much as a snacker, but I had yet to find McCarthy's secret stash. Legends told of the uncountable snacks McCarthy had accumulated over the years. And it was my goal for the next two years to find them.

-- JUNIOR CASHMAN stands on a rooftop with binoculars, overlooking McCarthy walking cautiously along below him.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
But what I found was that that McCarthy was the most secretive and intense man on the face of the planet.

-- Junior Cashman is shown walking slowly down the hallway with a measuring tape.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
I had to measure the school, wall by wall, to find any possible space for the legendary stash. And in my Junior year...

-- Junior Cashman emerges from the darkness with a flashlight, his eyes glimmering with anticipation.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
I found it.

Junior Cashman rises to his feet, debris covering him. He walks cautiously over to an elaborate door, feeling it.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
The only thing I was missing was the key.

The keyhole is shown, a massive void in the center of the door.

-- SENIOR CASHMAN has his ear to a wall, listening.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
I tried to find that key for well over  
a year, with no luck.

We are now in the room Cashman is listening in on. It is a conversation between Mr. Connor and McCarthy.

MR. CONNOR  
Hey, maybe I should hold onto the key  
for a while.

McCarthy hints at a smile, but remains straight faced.

MCCARTHY  
I'm sorry Mr. Connor, but that key is a  
part of my soul. It belongs with me.

Senior Cashman lifts his head from listening, looking confused beyond belief.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
But the months began to pass with no  
luck, and I wasn't accustomed to wait-  
ing.

-- Senior Cashman is seen crouching down in front of the secret stash door, looking rather demented.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
I couldn't wait to get those snacks for  
a second longer. I made the mistake of  
letting my guard down.

A light floods the room, and a creaking is heard. Senior Cashman turns around, covering his eyes from the intense light. All he sees is the silhouette of McCarthy. We see McCarthy's mop held out like a battering ram, then quickly thrust into the camera to a . . .

BLACK SCREEN.

-- McCarthy walks up to a wanted poster hanging on a bulletin board. It reads: WANTED: THE SNACKER and shows a shadowy figure walking down the hall eating a candy bar. McCarthy proceeds to rip the wanted poster off the wall and walk away.

CASHMAN (V.O.)  
And before I knew it, the days of the  
snacker were over, all because I got  
too cocky...

END MONTAGE BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Cashman is now standing by the window, trying to hide his tears from Jason.

JASON  
Uh, interesting story Cashman, but just  
because you weren't sneaky enough to



get past McCarthy doesn't mean I won't be.

CASHMAN  
Hey, listen Jason. I'm trying to HELP you. When McCarthy caught me, he confiscated all my snacks. I mean, ALL of them. He took my pretzels, he took my Cheetos...even my Dunkeroos.

Cashman snuffles and puts a fist to his face to wipe a tear from his eye.

JASON  
So...you never got them back?

CASHMAN  
That's the thing--McCarthy has them that secret stash, but I never found the key!

Jason's eyes light up and he leans in closer. Cashman notices Jason's piqued interest.

CASHMAN  
Listen, Jason, if you're thinking of finding that key, don't even bother. It's located deep in the very soul of McCarthy. It'll drive you crazy trying to find it, and you don't want to turn out like me.

JASON  
Uh...you seem pretty normal to me, Mr. Cashman.

Cashman raises an eyebrow and leans in close to Jason.

CASHMAN  
Normal, eh? Would a normal person have to run ten miles a day to fill the emptiness inside of them?

JASON  
Uh...wouldn't that just make you hungrier?

Cashman stops and considers Jason's words.

JASON  
Well anyway, I'll take your word for it. Now that you've infringed on my snacking schedule, I have to hurry off to lunch. See ya.

Jason rushes out, leaving behind the visibly worried Cashman, who paces around the room.

FADE INTO:

CHAPTER 5 - CRISIS (working title)

INT. IN HOUSE ROOM

Chained to a wall, Gunther sits in his In House cell eating government canned meat, in agony. Suddenly, the door busts open to reveal Jason.

JASON  
Gunther!

GUNTHER  
Jason? What are you doing here?

Gunther looks around, worried. Jason enters the room.

JASON  
I'm gonna bust you out of here, Gunther.

Jason starts working on the lock chaining Gunther to the wall. Gunther shakes his head.

GUNTHER  
Don't, Jason. They got this place-bugged. There's no way.

JASON  
What's gotten into you, Gunther?

GUNTHER  
It's over for me, and if you had any sense in you, you'd quit too, while you're still free.

Jason stops picking at the lock, frustrated. From behind him, we hear Florence shouting.

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
Oooh! I always dreamed of catching you, Jason.

Jason's head whips around to face Florence, who walks toward him with a cruel smile on her face.

FLORENCE  
Mr. McCarthy is going to be so pleased when I tell him I've caught the most wanted snacker in the school engaging in illegal activity.

JASON  
Florence, come on, I was just--

FLORENCE  
Enough, Jason. We're going downstairs.

INT. MR. CONNOR'S OFFICE

Jason sits in a chair, looking depressed. Across the room sits Mr. Connor, and next to him stands McCarthy and Florence, who look pleased.

MR. CONNOR  
So, Jason, I hear you haven't been taking my war on snacking seriously.

Jason remains silent.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Well I think we need to change that.  
Mr. McCarthy, how many hours do you  
suspect Jason will need to think about  
what he's done?

McCarthy smiles, just about the most evil smile a person is capable of.

MCCARTHY  
Based on the snack contraband I found  
in his locker, thirty ought to do it.  
He can help me on snack cleaning duty.

Jason's eyes go wide, and Mr. Connor laughs.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTER SCHOOL

Jason runs up to his locker and notices that both padlocks have been broken off. Frantically, Jason pulls open his locker, knocks down the fake wall in the back of his locker...

His snacks are gone. Jason falls to his knees and yells in agony.

INT. MESSED UP ROOM

Jason and McCarthy stand before a room littered with snacks, the desks overturned, gum everywhere. McCarthy is wearing a Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses. He holds up a toothbrush in Jason's direction.

MCCARTHY  
Get cleaning, son.

Jason takes the toothbrush, walking slowly over to an overturned desk and scrubbing the mold like substance on the side. Meanwhile, McCarthy takes his boots off, puts them neatly side by side, and puts his feet up on the desk.

Opera begins to play in the background, Jason scrubbing along, McCarthy basking in his glory.

MCCARTHY  
You fergit the cleaning products, boy?

McCarthy tosses a bottle of windex up on the desk his feet are on. Jason sighs, standing up.

Jason carelessly walks over, but trips over McCarthy's boots, falling down right next to them. McCarthy looks up, horrified.

MCCARTHY  
You watch out for them boots. They're  
worth five of your lives, boy.

Jason starts to stand up, but has a look of revelation in his eyes. He looks down at the boots, then back at McCarthy.

MCCARTHY  
Watchu lookin' at, boy?

Jason smiles, standing up,

JASON  
Nothing.

INT. HALLWAY

The bell rings, and the class leaves Mr. Cashman's room. After a few seconds, Cashman leaves, but is immediately pulled aside by Jason, who looks tense.

JASON  
Cashman!

CASHMAN  
Whoa, what's going on?

JASON  
Cashman, I got it. I got the key.

CASHMAN  
Yeah, yeah, very funny Jason.

JASON  
I'm serious. I was cleaning up with  
McCarthy when it suddenly dawned on me.

CASHMAN  
Jason, the key is in McCarthy's soul.

Jason unzips his backpack, taking out a single boot, and facing the sole toward Cashman's eyes.

JASON  
I know.

Cashman takes off his glasses, unable to believe what he sees. Encased in the sole of McCarthy's boot is a KEY.

FADE TO:

CHAPTER 6 - MCCARTHY'S STASH

INT. DARK CLASSROOM

Cashman unfurls a map of the school on a desk, and Jason looks on.

CASHMAN  
Last time I went searching for McCarthy's stash, I only managed to find the location. It's in a hollowed out space in the lower gym.

JASON  
Alright, but we don't have much time. McCarthy's going to notice his boot's been taken when he wakes up.

CASHMAN  
Well then it's now or never. Let's get our snacks back!

JASON  
Even if we die trying!

CASHMAN  
YEEEEAAAHHH--well, uh, no.

Jason and Cashman exit the room, pumped up.

INT. MESSED UP ROOM

The clock ticks in the messed up room, and the camera slowly pans down to McCarthy's eyes. Several ticks later, both eyes open in a flash. He looks down at his boots.

There is only one.

His eyes twitch, and he rises up, grabbing for a large broom leaning against the desk.

INT. LOWER GYM HOLLOW

Cashman crawls in through the darkness with a flashlight, and Jason follows behind. He hands off the flashlight to Jason, who takes it. Cashman then walks over to the door, wiping the dust off of it, giddy as a schoolboy.

CASHMAN  
I've waited my whole life to open this door, Jason. My whole life.

JASON  
We'll we're about to see if it was worth the wait.

Jason takes the key out of his pocket, handing it to Cashman. Cashman places it in the keyhole, turning it.

INT. BASEMENT

Slowly and ominously, McCarthy walks along with his broom, methodically tapping it against his other hand, as if he is ready to pummel somebody with it.

INT. MCCARTHY'S STASH

Jason and Cashman push the door open, and look around in a daze. The contents are revealed, showing what appears to be a hunter's room, but decorated with mantelpieces of snicker's bars, bags of potato chips hanging on the walls like caribou heads, and a row of dunkeroos hanging on a meat hook. Cashman is in a trance.

CASHMAN  
My dunkeroos...How many years we've been apart!

Cashman reaches for the dunkeroos, ripping them off the meat hook. Meanwhile, Jason has found a pile of his own snacks, diving into them.

Jason leans back in his pile of snacks, looking happier than ever.

JASON

We did it Cashman. We beat McCarthy.  
And we got our snacks.

Cashman laughs, but stops when he looks down at a coffee table in the center of the room. His pupils dilate.

JASON (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, Cashman?

CASHMAN  
SHHHHHH!!!

Cashman puts his finger to his mouth, listening. He then frantically points at a cup of tea sitting on top of the coffee table. Jason rises to look at it.

It's vibrating, quite similarly to the water in Jurassic Park as the Tyrannosaurus approaches.

JASON  
My god. McCarthy! Let's go, Cashman--

Jason turns to see that the door has creaked open, and Cashman is nowhere to be seen. We hear Cashman's footsteps as he runs off. Jason starts breathing heavily.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Cashman?!

Suddenly, the door swings open and light pours into the room. Jason jumps up, cradling his snacks in his arms as McCarthy approaches him, broom in hand.

JASON (CONT'D)  
I found them! I won!

MCCARTHY  
Good job. Too bad no one will ever know.

Jason has no chance to reply: McCarthy raises his broom, pulls it back, and intensely rams it into Jason.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK