

The Spill

Final draft

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FADE IN:

INT. FRENCH CLASSROOM - DAY

The frame is filled with the impressed face of a junior girl. She starts with her mouth ajar, but begins to smile after a moment. This is JESSICA.

JESSICA
I gotta give it to you, that is one nice shirt.

A VOICE (O.S)
You think so?

JESSICA
Oh yeah, I know so. Really brings out your eyes.

Jessica is talking to her best friend, NORA. Nora wears a dressy white shirt with green frills and brown buttons.

NORA
Don't tell anyone, but it's my sister's. I wore it to impress Jake.

The girls gaze across the room to JAKE. Jake's hair is a mess, he wears sweatpants and a sweatshirt with his hood up. A visible stink rises from his figure.

NORA (CONT'D)
(entranced)
Oh.. He's so dreamy, right?

JESSICA
(dripping with sarcasm)
Oh yeah, he's just perfect.

Jake picks his nose.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(terrified)
Wait, it's Your sister's? Didn't your sister freak out last time you wore her stuff?

NORA
Come on, she won't find out. I'll put it back before she's even home.

Nora exchanges a grin with Jessica, who does not share in the cheer.

MR. MCCLUSKEY storms in. He waves a sticky note in the air.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
Never in my 15 years of teaching
have I ever gotten a note from a
sub as bad as this! You guys are
like a bunch of wild animals! I
show up half an hour late today,
and what? You guys riot?

MR. MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)
They should have taken you all out
with the garbage this week.

Mr. McCluskey sniffs with a disgusted look on his face.

MR. MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)
Eughh. What's that smell.

Mr. McCluskey looks around the room for the search of the
source of the scent. Briefly stopping at Jake, but
continuing on to see a student holding a live chicken in the
back of the room.

MR. MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)
Jeremy, a chicken!? How did you
even get it in there? Oh mes jours!
Office NOW!

Mr. McCluskey turns and walks back to the front of the class.
He rambles angrily and inaudibly in another language.

MR. MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)
Oh, and another thing-

He abruptly and flamboyantly whirls around and knocks over
the coffee on Nora's desk, spilling it all over her shirt.

MR. MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Oh, this is just great! Look what
you made me do! No more coffee in
this class. Look at what you did
to my sleeve, you little agent of
Satan! Out of my sight, right now!

Nora shakily rises and moves to the door. The class snickers.
Jessica hurries after Nora as Mr. McCluskey rambles on.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica runs into the bathroom to find Nora frantically
scrubbing her shirt over the sink.

NORA

No no no no no, come on! It just won't come out!

JESSICA

Well it's not THAT bad-

NORA

Not that bad? My sister is going to rip my throat out if she knows I stained her shirt!

JESSICA

I mean, it's true, but we'll figure something out. There's gotta be some sort of, I don't know, stain remover around here?

A VOICE (O.S)

Stain remover?

The girls hear rustling in one of the bathroom stalls. The door swings open and a MYSTERIOUS GIRL exits.

MYSTERIOUS GIRL

If it's a stain remover you seek,
then you need only search for one,
Mr...O...

NORA

Wait-

Before Nora can ask for more details, the mysterious girl disappears into the stall. The girls throw open the stall door after her just to find it unoccupied.

JESSICA

What the hell just happened?

NORA

I have to find Mr. O!

JESSICA

You're serious? First, who was that? Second, there are so many Mr. O's in this school, and also, why would any of them have a magic stain remover?

NORA

Never mind who that was. I know it's Mr. O'Farrell she was talking about!

(MORE)

NORA (CONT'D)
I remember hearing about him
getting a stain out of a girl's
shirt at prom last year!

JESSICA
You heard? Are you even going to
look into it? We have a class to be
in you know.

Before she can finish her thought, the bell rings and Nora
has already left the bathroom.

INT. TV STUDIO

MR. O'FARRELL sits at the news desk with another student
anchor.

MR. O'FARRELL
Good Morning, Walpole High School,
I am Mr. O'Farrell-

OWEN
And I'm Owen Ahlfont

Nora abruptly storms into the studio.

NORA
Mr. O'Farrell! Mr. O'Farrell! I
need your help!

MR. O'FARRELL
Um...I'm kind of in the middle of
something here-

O'Farrell awkwardly looks from Nora to the camera.

NORA
I heard you have a magic stain
remover, can I borrow it?

MR. O'FARRELL
Um, we're live- a magic stain
remover?

INSERT: JAKE'S CLASSROOM

Jake's class watches the news. He stares at the screen,
confused.

BACK TO SCENE

MR. O'FARRELL (CONT'D)
Um... Let's go to Owen with more news!

O'Farrell ushers Nora away from the desk and into the classroom.

MR. O'FARRELL (CONT'D)
Keep this on the down low, but I do have exactly what you're looking for. This is my "O-Farewell!"

Mr. O'Farrell hoists a glass bottle with "O-Farewell" written on the side. After holding it up to the light, he sees that the bottle is empty.

MR. O'FARRELL (CONT'D)
Empty? That's not possible, I haven't used it since I dropped a buff chick sandwich on myself. It must've been...stolen.

NORA
Stolen? That's kinda a big jump-

MR. O'FARRELL
That wannabe Mr. O did it! That guy's bad news.

A crash in the background distracts Mr. O'Farrell.

MR. O'FARRELL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Why do I have to do everything around here! Look, do me a favor and track down that thief, Mr. O.

Mr. O'Farrell runs out, instantly forgetting that Nora was there.

NORA
Wait! Mr. O? Which one? Not again!

INT. MR. OSTASZEWSKI'S ROOM

Nora walks into the room as MR. OSTASZEWSKI wails on a Styrofoam head. The face of Mr. Okolowicz is stapled on the head.

MR. OSTASZEWSKI
You think you can take MY name and RUIN it with your STUPID math class and RIDICULOUS sport of volleyball!

Mr. Ostaszewski notices Nora and sheepishly puts the head under his desk.

OSTASZEWSKI (CONT'D)

Uh, hey, what's up?

NORA

It's Not good, I need your help.
Mr. McCluskey spilled coffee on my
shirt, and I heard that Mr.
O'Farrell gave you a magic stain
remover, so I ran up here.

OSTASZEWSKI

What? He told you that?

NORA

Well, actually he told me that you
stole it.

OSTASZEWSKI

Stole it!? That little man
O'Farrell told you that?! Of course
I didn't steal his stupid stain
remover. Gosh, I never could stand
that guy- did you know he calls
himself "Mr. O"? I mean really how
self absorbed can he be to steal MY
NAME. It kills me to have to see
his stupid face every morning on
the news.

NORA

Uh, he probably just meant the
other Mr. O. It's not a big deal
I'll-

Mr. Ostaszewski glares at Nora.

OSTASZEWSKI

Other Mr. O? I'M MR. O. NO ONE
ELSE!

NORA

Yeah...right. I'll just be on my
way.

Nora awkwardly shuffles out of the room. Mr. Ostaszewski
picks up the Styrofoam head.

OSTASZEWSKI

I'M the ONLY Mr. O!

As Nora walks off, Mr. Ostaszewski punts the head across the room with a shout.

INT. MR. OKOLOWITCZ'S ROOM

Nora rushes into Mr. Okolowicz's room, panting.

NORA

Mr. O! I need to- are you okay?

Mr. Okolowicz is sitting straight up in his chair, viciously sipping from his cup while grading papers. His hands are trembling as he smiles from ear to ear. On the wall behind Mr. Okolowicz is a bulletin board with several faces and names. Some of note are Mr. O'Farrell, Mr. Ostaszewski, Mr. O'Toole, Mr. O'Malley, Mrs. O'Malley, and Mr. O'Connor among others. Each has a few darts sticking out of their eyes, mouths, or cheeks. The whole thing is covered in red paint in half hazard strokes.

MR. OKOLOWITCZ

Okay? I'm splendid! What could I do to assist you!?

NORA

Uh...I heard you might have a magic stain remover. I spilled coffee on my shirt-

MR. OKOLOWITCZ

Magic stain remover? That's so silly, why would I have that? Stains are like battle scars. Removing them is so cowardly.

Nora glances at Mr. O's shirt, which is riddled with coffee stains.

Mr. O takes another sip of his drink. After swallowing his whole body shudders.

NORA

Um, what are you drinking?

MR. OKOLOWITCZ

Oh, just this new energy drink that I stole from O'Farrell. I ran out of coffee this morning, but you know what they say: Caffeine makes the world go around.

NORA

No one says that...

NORA (CONT'D)

Wait, what did you say that was?

MR. OKOLOWITCZ

I think I've heard him call it
"O'Farewell, to being tired"? Who
knows, it really does the trick
though. I FEEL ALIVE.

NORA

Oh my god, i think I'm going to be
sick.

MR. OKOLOWITCZ

Why? I haven't even started
teaching trigonometry yet today.

NORA

THAT'S THE STAIN REMOVER!

MR. OKOLOWITCZ

(in a playful tone)
You're crazy.

Mr. O walks over to a box in the corner of his room.

MR. OKOLOWITCZ (CONT'D)

Here.

Mr. O throws a very large "Walpole Volleyball" sweatshirt at
Nora.

MR. OKOLOWITCZ (CONT'D)

Take this for that ugly stain on
your shirt. I'm going to finish
downing this and then i'm heading
down to the TV Studio to get the
recipe for this drink.

NORA

Um...thanks?

MR. OKOLOWITCZ

(to himself)
Maybe O'Farrell isn't so bad.

Nora turns around and walks out of the class, still scarred
from what she saw.

INT. MATH WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nora runs into Jessica.

JESSICA

So, the potion...gave you a Walpole Volleyball sweatshirt.

NORA

No, Mr. O gave it to me.

JESSICA

Which Mr. O?

NORA

Okolo...Okolo...the math one. That freak DRANK the stain remover.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Really?

Nora and Jessica whip their heads to see the Mysterious Girl from the bathroom suddenly standing right behind them.

NORA

It's you! From the bathroom!

MYSTERIOUS GIRL

Yeah, I wanted you to find the O'Farewell for me. I'm a pretty sloppy person so I have to steal some from Mr. O at least once a week.

NORA

So you're not some magic ghost person?

MYSTERIOUS GIRL

Nah, I just crawled into the next stall over while you guys weren't looking.

MYSTERIOUS GIRL (CONT'D)

Anyways, I'm off to buy a tide stick. I should have done that a long time ago.

MYSTERIOUS GIRL (CONT'D)

You should probably do that too, Nora.

NORA

Wait, how do you know my name? I never told you that.

The mysterious girl turns into a classroom and disappears. Nora and Jessica chase after her just to find the room empty.

After looking around for a second, they find her under the teacher's desk.

MYSTERIOUS GIRL

Get out of here! I'm trying to be mysterious and stuff, you guys are ruining my fun.

JESSICA

She's right, we can leave her alone to do whatever this is. I want no part.

Nora and Jessica leave the room as the Mysterious girl struggles to get out from under the desk.

NORA

We should probably head back to the TV studio to tell Mr. O'Farrell about what happened to his stain remover.

INT. HEALTH HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nora and Jessica are walking past the trainer's office to get to the TV studio when Jessica picks up on a nasty smell from behind them.

JESSICA

Eugh, what's that smell.

NORA

(ecstatic)

IT'S JAKE! I'd know that stench anywhere!

Nora turns to see Jake walking down the hall. She waves him down. Jake waves back, clearly intending to walk by without stopping.

NORA (CONT'D)

Jake! How has your day been?

JAKE (CONT'D)

Pretty good, I, uh, saw you on the news. Nice hoodie by the way.

Jake walk away. Nora is in awe while Jessica smirks.

JESSICA

What a conversation.

NORA
oh yeah, he likes me for sure.

NORA (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's head i-

A VOICE (O.S)
NORA GERTRUDE WILLIAMS!

The girls freeze. Nora is wide eyed.

JESSICA
Is that?

NORA
My sister.

Nora's sister storms towards Nora, fuming with anger.

NORA'S SISTER
You! I can't believe you'd steal my
shirt, and then you go and stain
it?! And don't even try to deny it,
I heard you on the news this
morning.

NORA
I'm sorry I took your shirt, but
stained? I really don't know what
you're talking about-

Nora has fear in her eyes. Sweat visibly drips from her face.
She gulps.

Nora's sister's demeanor shifts into that of a cold hearted
predator. She leans in and closely inspects the sweatshirt
that Mr. O gave Nora.

NORA'S SISTER
So then, when did you decide to
join volleyball? Last time I
checked, you hated volleyball.
Unless, you're trying to hide
something that is.

Nora's sister takes a deep sniff.

NORA'S SISTER (CONT'D)
(in the tone of a growl)
COFFEE!

Jessica nervously slinks away into a locker.

JESSICA

I'll just leave you to it.

Red with rage and seeming to grow in size, Nora's sister
inhales and opens her mouth to-

FADE OUT: