

The Treasurer

by

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FADE IN:

ELECTION VIDEO

A boy stands before the stage curtains. He wears a suitcoat, collared shirt, tie, and khakis. His name is MAX HAMILTON.

MAX

A wise Treasurer once said, "Here the people govern; here they act by their immediate representatives."

Max stands before the large "W" backdrop in the TV Studio.

MAX (CONT'D)

This upcoming Tuesday, at Walpole High School, we will be holding a vote for Student Council. And I, Max Hamilton, would like to be elected as your Class Treasurer. I would like to be your immediate representative.

Max stands in the center of the library, reading a Calculus textbook.

MAX (CONT'D)

Not only am I a proficient math student--having taken accelerated courses in Geometry, Algebra, and Pre-Calculus

Max is surrounded by several globes and various international flags.

MAX (CONT'D)

I have also taken a broad selection of international finance and business courses, because of which I am confident I will be a successful Treasurer.

Max walks down the English Hallway.

MAX (CONT'D)

More importantly, I want to be the voice that speaks on your behalf, Walpole High, to bring about meaningful events and fundraisers to benefit, you, the people.

Max stands with the highschool in the background.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm not running for the glory. I'm not in this for the politics. I'm in this game for the people.

Max is seated with one leg cross over the other in a chair beside a window. He stands and places a hand on a podium nearby.

MAX (CONT'D)

So this upcoming Tuesday, vote for me, Max Hamilton, to become your Student Council Class Treasurer.

INT. HOMEROOM - DAY

The news cuts out after Max's speech. He sits in the front row, glancing around the room for reactions. Students around him look extremely bored and indifferent to him. In the back row, a book-ish looking girl with the name MARGARET SCHWARTZMAN written along the spine of her books, smiles and gazes at Max.

He turns to the front of the room, glowing.

TITLE CARD: THE TREASURER

INT. ENGLISH HALLWAY - CONT.

The bell rings as Max files into the hallway. On the walls various posters hang for different Student Council candidates. Margaret tags along behind him.

MARGARET

Hey, Max.

MAX

Hello...Meg.

MARGARET

Margaret. I'm in your IR Class.

MAX

I knew that.

Max stops to open his locker, she stands beside, smiling at him in admiration.

MARGARET

Anyways, I just wanted to say I really liked your campaign speech. I loved the part about not playing the game.

As she speaks, Max glances over to see two extremely tall students, these as KINGSBURY'S CRONIES.

MAX
(distracted)
Glad to hear your support. I hope
I can look forward to your vote
tomorrow.

Max begins to walk over to the two students.

MARGARET
I always vote for you.

The cronies nod to him.

CRONY #1
Great video today, Hamilton.

CRONY #2
Very impressive.

MAX
Can I help you two?

CRONY #1
Got a note from the Big Guy.

Crony #2 holds up a note, which Max reaches out and snatches.

CRONY #2
He wants a meeting.

The note is a telegram. He opens it hastily examining the contents. A voice reads along with the text.

KINGSBURY (V.O.)
We should talk. Meet me at 246
Seventh Avenue at 15:00 hours.
Please be punctual. Yours truly,
Arnold Esquire Kingsbury.

Max closes the telegram and tucks it into his pocket.

MAX
Tell him I'll be there.

CRONY #1
Don't be late.

Max heads down the hall.

EXT. KINGSBURY ESTATE - SAME DAY

The Kingsbury house is huge and elegant. Max walks across the expansive front lawn. He climbs the front steps and presses the small doorbell. When the door opens, a BUTLER stares out at him.

INT. KINGSBURY'S OFFICE - CONT.

Max is lead into the office. He looks around awkwardly. He takes a seat in a small armchair across from an antique desk. Standing gazing out the window is a short younger looking student. This is ARNOLD ESQUIRE KINGSBURY.

KINGSBURY

Glad you got my telegram,
Hamilton. Sorry for the last
minute.

MAX

What do you want, Kingsbury?

KINGSBURY

Great election video, by the way.
Tea?

Kingsbury snaps for his butler.

MAX

Cut to the chase, Kingsbury, I've
got a campaign to run.

Kingsbury takes a seat across from Max, picking up a tea-cup and saucer. The butler approaches refilling his cup with hot water.

KINGSBURY

I think we both know it's a tough
race. I mean, we all can't be
Treasurer, and Stedmen's already
got a lead being the incumbent.
Let's make this easy. There's no
way either of us can take down
Stedmen alone. I'd like to cut a
deal.

Kingbury reaches into the top drawer of his desk and tosses an envelope to Max.

KINGSBURY (CONT'D)

That's three hundred dollars if
you drop out.

Max stares incredulously.

KINGSBURY (CONT'D)

You have the votes I need,
Hamilton, especially after the
video today. What I'm asking for
is a quiet resignation and a quick
endorsement.

MAX

Drop out? I've been working my
whole life for this.

KINGSBURY

And all your life you've been
losing to some popular kid who
doesn't know the Magna Carta from
a Hot Dog Stand. We both know
we're the guys who should be
running this school, and god
know's why we're not popular. We
just have to compound our
resources.

EXT. KINGSBURY ESTATE - CONT.

Max is storming out of the house. Kingsbury follows.

MAX

The answer's no, Kingsbury.

KINGSBURY

Don't do this, Hamilton, you'll be
screwing over the both of us. I'll
give you one more chance.

Max stops and turns toward Kingsbury.

MAX

I have more dignity than that. I'm
not going to be bought by your
fancy rich-kid allowance.

KINGSBURY

You'll regret this.

Max turns away furiously, kicking over a garden knome as he
walks.

INT. CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY

The cafeteria has been converted into an all out voting
center, complete with voting booths and several campaign
stations.

In the background, Presidential candidate CAMERON BANES is seen standing over swarms of students, throwing t-shirts as they cheer his name.

An underclassman, JAMES ALEXANDER, approaches students with a clipboard for polling. Margaret looks through the line of candidates for Max. She takes photographs as she walks.

Max stands before a hand-made poster of himself handing out pamphlets to passing students. Many of them ignore him. One student takes a pamphlet only to crumple it up and toss it onto the floor. It lands at Margaret's feet as she passes. She picks up the pamphlet and unfurls it.

Max suddenly sees James Alexander. He lunges towards the underclassman.

MAX

How are we looking?

JAMES ALEXANDER

You had a strong lead first lunch,
but Stedmen's doing pretty well
all the same.

MAX

And Kingsbury?

JAMES ALEXANDER

Kingsbury's hardly even a
contender.

Max takes out his wallet and hands a dollar bill to James Alexander, who holds it to the light to check legitimacy.

MAX

I haven't even seen Stedmen today.
How could he still be winning?

JAMES ALEXANDER

He is the incumbent.

Max suddenly grows slightly insecure. He lowers his voice.

MAX

Do you think I have a shot?

The underclassman shrugs, reviewing his data.

INT. MATH CLASS - SAME DAY

Max is seated in the front row of his Calculus class looking visably nervous. He presses a handkerchief to his forehead and drums his fingers on his closed textbook.

The teacher stands at the board deriving formulas without acknowledging the class. Max checks his watch, looking to the speaker.

There is a loud ring that accompanies an announcement. Max leans onto his desk to listen.

MR. HAHN

Good Afternoon, Walpole High. I
have the results for today's
Student Council Elections. Elected
Class President, Cameron Baner.

The class cheers and claps a little. Max's eyes focus on the speaker.

MR. HAHN (CONT'D)

For Class Vice President, Anna
Foer. For Class Secretary, Melissa
Cartwright.

MELISSA is seated a few rows behind Max. She jumps from her seat in excitement. The people around her clap and congratulate her. Max grips the side of his desk.

MR. HAHN (CONT'D)

For Class Treasurer...

Max squeezes his eyes shut.

MAX

(whispering to himself)
Please. Please. Please.

The announcement crackles and the room goes silent.

MR. HAHN

...Stedmen.

The announcement crackles again like thunder.

INT. LIBRARY - SAME DAY

Max stares out emptily into the library. He sits in the same position he had been during Math class.

Margaret rounds the corner with a handful of books in her arms. She sees Max and sits diagonally to him very quietly. She eyes him nervously, trying to muster the courage to say something to him. Instead she opens one of her books.

Max drops his head into his arms, groaning softly.

MARGARET
Are you okay, Max?

MAX
I can't believe I lost.

Margaret looks around the library. She moves over to the seat across from him, reaching out to touch his hand.

MARGARET
Last summer, I tried out for a summer orchestra at the Greek Orpheum. I was so certain I was going to get in that I didn't even practice. But I ended up completely bombing the audition. They didn't even call me back.

Max lifts his head.

MAX
What does that have to do with anything?

MARGARET
After that happened, I remember thinking: maybe this isn't how things are meant to be. Max, you can still do all of those things you said you would. Besides, Student Council doesn't even do very much. You don't need them.

As Margaret speaks, a student enters with a brightly colored note, which he hands to the librarian MS. JORDAN.

MAX
I just wanted to do something. This was my last chance to actually do something worth anything in this school. I've been dreaming about this since I was seven years old. And I lost. What's the point anymore?

Ms. Jordan approaches the students, reading the note.

MS. JORDAN
Max Hamilton?

Max raises his hand with a sigh of annoyance.

MS. JORDAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Hahn would like to see you.

INT. MR. HAHN'S OFFICE

Stedmen's file is spread of Mr. Hahn's immaculate desk. In the folder, a picture of Stedmen is paperclipped to several documents with the word "TRANSFERRED" stamped across in red ink.

MR. HAHN

We're trying to get this under control, and I'm sure you've heard all about this, but it seems that Stedmen transferred to Norwood a few weeks ago, and, I guess, nobody took the time to change the ballot. So I guess my question is, would you like to be Treasurer in his place?

MAX

You mean, I'm Treasurer now?

MR. HAHN

It's not a lot of work. All you need to do is go to the meetings, et cetera. I'd really appreciate it.

MAX

Do I need to get sworn in?

MR. HAHN

Uh, yeah, sure. I guess.

Mr. Hahn searches around his desk for some sort of book to use for the oath of office. He finds a copy of "How to Play Chess for Dummies." When he turns to Max, Max excitedly places his hand on the book.

MR. HAHN (CONT'D)

Do you swear to...treasure for Student Council to the best of your ability and...counsel students?

MAX

I do. I swear to...

MR. HAHN

Great. So now that's all set, would you like a pass for your next class?

MAX

No need, Mr. Hahn. It was nice talking to you this afternoon, let
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
me know if you need anything at
all.

The two shake hands.

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

The Student Council Meeting is underway. At the front of the room Cameron Banes sits in an office chair with his feet on a nearby table. Max sits in the front row taking diligent notes. Vice President Anna Foer talks about the Winter Formal.

ANNA
I'd like to congratulate everyone
on their re-elections, and I'd
like to welcome Max as our new
Treasurer.

STU-CO MEMBER
What about Stedmen?

Max stands up, pulling a few folded sheets of paper out of his pocket

MAX
If you don't mind, I actually
prepared something to say...

ANNA
Oh, Max, we don't do that, take a
seat please. So let's get started
planning our big event this
semester... the Winter Formal.

Max raises his hand.

Yes, Max?

MAX
I was wondering if you were taking
suggestions. I've been
brainstorming a couple idea...

ANNA
Oh, Max, the Treasurer isn't
involved in any of the planning.

MAX
What do you mean? I'm the
Treasurer...

CAMERON

Don't worry about that stuff.
That's all Anna's thing.

MAX

But what am I supposed to do?

CAMERON

Just... I don't know... do what
Stedmen did. Hands down Best
Treasurer we've ever had.

Cameron gestures to a seat in the back of the room, which
has been decorated with flowers and a plaque that reads
"Treasurer Stedmen: 2006-2009"

MAX

Well, what did he do?

ANNA

We can talk about this later. For
themes I was thinking we could try
something a little fun, maybe Fire
and Ice?

Max raises his hand.

MAX

As I said, I have a few ideas.
Like, I was thinking: Tropical.

ANNA

Max. What did I just tell you?
You're Treasurer.

The room snickers. Max glances around.

MAX

I don't understand.

ANNA

You. Do. Nothing. Okay? You are
the most useless member of Student
Council, so can we please just get
through this meeting without you
derailing us?

Max starts to say something, noticing suddenly that the
entire room is giving him a dirty look. He nods, sinking
into his seat.

INT. SCIENCE LOBBY - SAME DAY

Max exits from the English Hallway with other Student Council members. He is walking contemplatively.

Kingsbury and his cronies stand around the corner, waiting for him. Kingsbury is very bitter.

KINGSBURY

Max, I haven't seen you since the election. How's being Treasurer treating you?

MAX

I'd hate to brag, Kingsbury. We just started planning the Winter Formal, so I'm absolutely swamped with work. Treasuring. Big stuff.

KINGSBURY

Well, congratulations, on coming in second. I heard about the whole Stedmen ordeal.

MAX

When things like that happen, you just got to step up, and I was more than glad to.

KINGSBURY

Cut the crap, Hamilton. You know as well as I do that I deserve an equal share in this Treasurership.

MAX

You weren't even a threat, let alone a respectful third runner up. I owe you nothing. I won fair and square.

The two glare at each other. Kingsbury smooths his hair slightly.

KINGSBURY

No harsh feelings?

They exchange a tense handshake.

MAX

No harsh feelings at all.

Max starts to walk away.

KINGSBURY

I look forward to seeing all the great things you've been planning all these years. Really show this school, what they've been missing.

Max watches Kingsbury and his cronies head off towards the English Wing. He starts for the stairs, in a more determined fashion.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Max peers over the counter clearing his throat. The secretaries glance up at him.

MAX

Hello, I'm Treasurer Hamilton from the Student Council. I was wondering if I could see the account for budget purposes?

SECRETARY

Who are you?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONT.

A large book has been dragged out. This is the official log on all club spending activity. The secretary flips to the student council page, turning it to Max.

MAX

Thank you.

The secretary takes a seat at her desk. Max runs his finger down the column of debits. He lands on the most recent credit. His eyes light up. In lavish red print it reads "\$15,000" of Class Dues.

MAX (CONT'D)

(whispering)

\$15,000. All from Class Dues?

He adjusts his glasses in thought. He closes the book.

INT. ART WING - NEXT DAY

Max walks down dictating to his Committee, which is comprised of an extremely tall underclassman named CARL and James Alexander. Both write slavishly onto clipboards.

MAX

We want this to be big. Something students will be excited about.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
Something they'll be talking
about.

As he rounds a corner he physically bumps into Margeret whom
is walking with her friends. Her books fall to the floor.
Max brushes off his tie and new treasurer's badge.

MAX (CONT'D)
Hey! can you watch it...

His tone changes instantly when he recognizes her. She
stands after retrieving her books.

Oh, Margaret! How are you?

MARGARET
Max, gosh, I haven't seen you
since you've been made Treasurer.
Congratulations.

MAX
Thank you. You know, I was
thinking about calling you
actually. What do you have this
period?

MARGARET
Drawing and Painting, why?

MAX
Great, an elective. I am working
on a special project and could
use your help. I hear you work for
the Rebellion. Carl, get Margaret
a copy of the project outlines.

As he talks, Max pulls Margaret away from her friends. She
listens intently to everything he says.

INT. LIBRARY - NEXT DAY

James Alexander, Carl, and Margaret listen to Max as he
talks.

MAX
Make sure this is only a Seniors
Event. No Freshmen. No Sophomores.

CARL
But what about us?

MAX

I'll let you walk around before,
but I can't make exceptions. That
wouldn't be fair.

JAMES ALEXANDER

Yeah, Carl.

MARGARET

Is there any particular reason
it'll be in the middle of October?

MAX

We need a distraction from this
stressful time. College, school
work, where's the fun?--get that
verbatim. That was good.

Margaret nods, writing quickly. The bell rings and James
Alexander and Carl begin to pack up their things. Margaret
continues writing her notes. Max stares at the board, which
is elaborately decorated with maps and lists.

MAX (CONT'D)

When is this article going to make
it into the Rebellion?

MARGARET

I think I can get it done before
lay-out next Tuesday.

MAX

And a lot of people will see it?

Margaret collects her things.

MARGARET

Sure. I can try to get it on the
front page if you want.

MAX

This is the kind of stuff I've
always wanted to do. Something
special for the school, you know?

MARGARET

This is going to be really great,
Max. I can tell.

MAX

I really appreciate you helping
out, too. You're doing a heck of a
job.

The two leave the room together.

INT. OUTSIDE OF TV ROOM - NEXT DAY

A TV STUDENT with an ear-piece stands in the door, checking his watch and reading his clip-board. He sighs heavily just as Margaret rounds the corner, rushing to hand him a DVD.

He examines the DVD and nods to her, disappearing into the TV Room.

INT. HOMEROOM - CONT.

Max is seated in homeroom while the announcements play. He looks extremely anxious. When Margaret slips into the room, he looks at her expectantly. She flashes him a thumbs up. When he looks up the news is ending and his video begins to play.

SENIOR FAIR COMMERCIAL

Max stands in the English Room that Student Council holds their meetings.

MAX

Good morning, Walpole High, this is Treasurer Hamilton with a special message to all Seniors. I'm here to invite you to a special Seniors-only event during lunch block tomorrow.

A hand-made sign with the words "Fall Senior Fair".

MAX (O.C.)

We're all going through stressful times, and we deserve a chance to unwind with a little fun. Come to the Senior Fair!

A series of images flash across the screen: Mr. Bakale doing magic tricks in front of a black screen, a child petting a lion, a cotton candy machine, a chocolate fountain, a sky-writer writing a "W", fireworks, small clips from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.

MAX (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Come for a fun-filled afternoon of magic, excitement, and thrills all for free! You'll be stunned, you'll be enchanted, you'll be electrified!

There is a shot of the Football field with a "Class of 2013 Senior Fair" strung across the fence. Across the bottom of the screen "Sponsored by Student Council."

CARL (V.O.)

(quickly)

See full event details in this week's issue of the Rebellion. Free Admission to all Seniors. No underclassmen allowed.

INT. HOMEROOM - CONT.

Max looks around the room. The once indifferent class full of kids look interested. The room begins buzzing about the Senior Fair. Max and Margaret smile at each other.

EXT. SENIOR FAIR - NEXT DAY

Students swarm the Senior fair, clad in Rebel colors and having a great time. Max stares off at his creation. He sees Margaret taking pictures on the side. He approaches her.

MARGARET

This is unbelievable. Five minutes and we already have half of the Senior class out here.

MAX

I think we actually pulled this off.

MARGARET

You think? Max, this is the best school event I've ever been to. I still don't know how you did it.

MAX

This is exactly the kind of stuff I always wanted to do.

James Alexander approaches with his clipboard flipping through a schedule.

JAMES ALEXANDER

The exotic animal zoo has just finished setting up.

MAX

Great! We're all up to task. Make sure you give me five minute's notice to announce the skywriters.

JAMES ALEXANDER
Sure can do, Treasurer.

Margaret looks curiously at Max once James Alexander has walked away.

MARGARET
Max, how are you paying for this?

MAX
Don't worry about that. I crunched the numbers, we're all set.

A pack of REBEL FANS walk by.

REBEL FAN #1
That's the guy who through this.

REBEL FAN #2
Dude, this is seriously so sick. This is the best day of my life.

Students begin to swarm as they notice Max. They all start thanking him and patting him on the back. He is literally glowing.

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - CONT.

Max breaks free from his admirers and walks into the already started Student Council Meeting. Anna puts her hand on her hip and glares at him.

ANNA
Max, where the heck were you...

MAX
(arrogantly)
I was just wrapping up the Senior Fair.

ANNA
Shut the door, would you? We're in the middle of a meeting.

Max does so, waving and blowing kisses to his fans. He takes his seat in the front row, pulling out his usual notebook.

MELISSA
I called to book the DJ for the Formal and he said he could totally do December 11th as long as we get in our deposit.

Max raises his hand.

MAX

I'll take care of that, guys.

MELISSA

Make sure you get the check mailed by this Friday. I hear Norwood is having their Winter Formal the same night as ours. It's for one-thousand dollars.

ANNA

Are you sure you can handle this?

MAX

Of course. I know all about the account. Just look at the Senior Fair.

ANNA

Whatever. Just don't screw this up.

Max begins writing a note for himself as the meeting carries on. He writes in elegant cursive handwriting: "\$1000 Deposit: DJ" under the heading "Winter Formal"

INT. MAIN OFFICE - SAME DAY

Max breezes into the office.

MAX

Good afternoon, ladies. I was wondering if I could make a check withdrawel?

He slides a withdrawel slip across the counter.

One thousand dollars please.

The secretary unlocks cabinet to reveal the heavy dusty book of club accounts. She opens the book to find the Student Council section.

SECRETARY

I'm afraid I can't do that, Max.

She turns the book to Max, holding her finger above the large red numbers: -\$245.27

Max's face loses color.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Max is seated staring forward. Tears streak his face. Mr. Imbusch, Mr. Hahn, and Mr. Connor scream at him. Anna stands behind with her arms cross and a smirk on her face. Cameron is seated at Mr. Imbusch's desk checking his watch, looking bored.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - SAME DAY

Max is seated on the front steps. He sniffs, hugging his knees close to him. Margaret exits the school. She sees Max as she starts down the stairs.

MARGARET

Max, what happened to you? Where's your Treasurer's badge?

MAX

They took it away. I'm on sudden death probation. I spent...everything.

MARGARET

What are you talking about?

MAX

Student Council's broke.

MARGARET

You mean...the Fair? How much did the Fair cost?

MAX

I didn't even notice. They're going to kick me out. Jesus. I'm going to lose everything.

MARGARET

You can get the money back. You could fundraise.

MAX

I really don't want to talk about this anymore. I'll see you tomorrow.

Max stands up and leaves Margaret sitting by herself on the steps.

INT. IR CLASS - NEXT DAY

Max sits quietly in class. Kingsbury enters with his usual pack of cronies. He smirks at Max and takes the seat behind him.

KINGSBURY
The Fair was really impressive,
Max. Really impressive.
Extravagently impressive.

Silence.

KINGSBURY (CONT'D)
Come on, let me pay you some
tribute. I especially loved the
sky-writers and the elephants.

Max raises his hand.

MAX
Can I please be excused?

KINGSBURY
How much dignity is there in
running away, Hamilton?

Max heads out the door into the hallway, where he leans against some lockers and sinks to the floor.

INT. MR. HAHN'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Max stares down at his hands. Mr. Hahn watches Max, speaking first after putting his cup of coffee down over an issue of the Rebellion, which bears the headline "Student Government Spirals into Financial Crisis."

MR. HAHN
What's going on with you, Max? You
wouldn't have done this two weeks
ago.

MAX
Politics does funny things to men.

MR. HAHN
Don't get hung up on stuff like
Student Council. Max, that stuff
doesn't matter in the long run.
Nobody's going to judge you as a
person based on how well you
planned a dance or a fair.

Max shakes his head.

MAX

Mr. Hahn, you don't understand.

MR. HAHN

I'm afraid I do.

MAX

I've always wanted to be Treasurer, and now I've ruined everything. All I wanted was to do something that mattered, and now you're going to take it all away from me before I can fix this.

MR. HAHN

Max, I want you to know I'm on your side in all of this. If being Treasurer means that much to you, I won't let them take the title away.

Max takes the pink slip and folds it to place it in his front pocket.

MAX

It's already gone, Mr. Hahn. You can't get a thing like that back.

INT. ENGLISH HALLWAY - SAME DAY

Max is walking out of the school. He sees Margaret outside, leaning against the wall reading. Without acknowledging her, he walks down the ramp to his bike.

MARGARET

Max, wait up.

Max continues walking. Margaret runs to catch up to him.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What did Mr. Hahn say?

MAX

I'm really not in the mood to talk about this.

MARGARET

Are you still Treasurer?

MAX

What does that even matter at this point? There isn't even going to be a Student Council to be Treasurer of! Now, I have to go

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
home and try to figure out a way
to fix this.

MARGARET
(quietly)
Let me help you, Max.

MAX
Just leave. Me. Alone.

Max storms away from Margaret. She watches him, dropping her arms to her sides.

INT. KINGSBURY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Kingsbury sits stirring the cup of tea in his hands. He stares at Max who sits across, drinking tea as well.

MAX
I'm sure you heard about this
already. Student Council's broke,
and

KINGSBURY
(interrupting)
I heard you spent fifteen grand on
that stupid fair.

MAX
Yes. But, you see, I need to get
the money back

KINGSBURY
(interrupting)
So that's why you need me? You
need a check for fifteen grand.

MAX
(shamefully)
I hate that it's had to come to
this.

KINGSBURY
I can't do it, Max. You see, it's
bad business to just throw money
around to whomever come what may.

MAX
But see, this isn't about us
anymore. It's about the whole
school.

KINGSBURY

No it's not. You need something,
but you have nothing. What do I
get out of this if I give you the
fifteen thousand dollars? Nothing.
You have nothing, Max.

Max looks Kingsbury in the eyes. He takes a pause, thinking.

MAX

I have one thing.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. KINGSBURY ESTATE - CONT.

The two stand at the threshold of the Kingsbury Estate,
shaking hands.

KINGSBURY

It was a pleasure doing business
with you, Hamilton.

MAX

It had to be done.

Max walks over to his bike.

KINGSBURY

How about one more condition? I
want you to put me in one of your
videos.

Max nods solemnly.

MAX

Whatever you say, Treasurer.

NT. HOMEROOM - NEXT DAY

The news is playing. On the screen we see Cameron giving a
Student Council report.

CAMERON

The Winter Formal's back on,
everyone. Tickets will be sold at
lunch during the next three weeks
for forty dollars a ticket. And
let me tell you, we're going to
have one heck of a dance coming
your way.

(more sympathetically)

And over to Treasurer Hamilton for
one last announcement.

MAX'S RESIGNATION VIDEO

Max stands before the auditorium curtains, with a globe and podium beside him. He looks somberly into the camera.

MAX

Good morning, Walpole High, this is Treasurer Hamilton, giving my formal resignation. I am very grateful for my time as your Treasurer, but I believe I am not worthy to serve you, the people. In my place, Arnold Esquire Kingsbury will become your new Treasurer. I hope you have a great day Walpole High.

The shot pans over to Kingsbury, who takes his place behind the podium. He grins into the camera.

KINGSBURY

I would like to formally introduce myself, Walpole High. I am Arnold Esquire Kingsbury, your new Student Council Treasurer...

INT. HOMEROOM - CONT.

Kingsbury continues talking. Max is sitting in his normal seat watching Kingsbury on the news. He adjusts his posture, and genuinely listens. He looks dignified.

INT. WINTER FORMAL

The Winter Formal is grandly decorated in the cafeteria, which is packed with students dancing and mingling.

Cameron Banes stands on the receiving line, shaking hands with the entering Students. His eyes light up when a tall unassuming boy shakes his hand.

CAMERON

Stedmen? Dude, I've missed you so much.

Cameron embraces the ex-Treasurer.

Anna fills punch glasses, smiling and looking at all the students. A group of students look around the dance.

STUDENT #1

I liked the Fair better.

STUDENT #2

I know, that was so sick.

Max stands by himself off to the side wearing a blue tuxedo. He watches the dance, bobbing his head to the music. He freezes when he sees the flash of a camera. Margaret stands to the side of the dance, taking photographs for the Rebellion.

Max pushes off of the wall and walks over to her.

MAX

Hi, Margaret.

MARGARET

Max, I haven't seen you for ages.
How are you?

MAX

You look stunning. Did you change
your hair?

Margaret isn't wearing her glasses. She smiles tucking her hair behind her ear.

MARGARET

(nervously)

Oh, no. I don't know.

MAX

Well you look beautiful.

The two stand beside one another. They see Kingsbury wearing regal attire. Being Treasurer has clearly gone to his head. His cronies are dressed in security gear.

MARGARET

I still can't believe you
resigned. You saved the Formal.

MAX

I made a deal with Kingsbury. He
gave me fifteen thousand dollars.
He became Treasurer.

MARGARET

You were a much better Treasurer.

MAX

Do you really mean that?

She smiles nodding.

Thank you, Margaret.

MARGARET

It's true.

MAX

No, thank you for voting for me.

MARGARET

You're welcome.

MAX

Do you want to dance?

Margaret takes Max's hand and he leads her out onto the dance floor. The film ends a la Rushmore.

FADE OUT