

CHEAT SHEET

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A desperate high-school senior blackmails her annoying, freshman step-sister, the head of an underground cheat sheet ring, in order to get the answers to her final exam and graduate.

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A school bell RINGS out. A sea of students stand up and flood out of the room.

EMILY SILBER (18, unmotivated, but sweet deep down) slowly packs up her bag. Her teacher, MR. SMITH (30s, hip) walks over to her.

MR. SMITH

Emily, hang back a sec, will you?

Emily looks up.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)

I think you know what this is about.

He plops her most recent exam down on the desk in front of her. We see a big, fat "F" written in red at the top. Dread washes over her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Emily mopes down the hallway, scrolling on her phone. A text pops up from her Step-Dad, reading: "Remember to pick Sally up from Knitting Club!". She lets out a big groan, turning back in the direction she just came from.

She approaches a classroom door with a sign on it for a "Knitting Club" meeting. Just as she's about to enter, a WAIL echoes out from the nearby storage closet.

EMILY

What the...

Curious, she walks closer. All of a sudden, she hears a familiar voice. One of SALLY SILBER (14, whip-smart, a little evil), her step-sister.

SALLY (O.C.)

That's rule #1! Never talk about the Cheat Sheet Ring! Why do I have puny little middle schoolers coming up to me asking for our services?! We're trying to work our way up, not down.

The door suddenly SWINGS open. Emily jumps back, hiding herself around the corner.

She peeks out just enough to see Sally PUSHING another kid out of the storage closet and SLAMMING the door shut.

EVAN (13, meek) trembles, all alone in the big hallway. Evan looks up and catches Emily staring and quickly wipes the snot off of his face. He puts up his best tough guy persona.

EMILY
What's going on in there?

EVAN
Why would I tell you?

Emily thinks for a moment.

EMILY
Because I'm a senior.

Evan cowers in her greatness. Tears well in his eyes. His meek self is back in full swing.

EVAN
What do you wanna know?

INT. THE SILBER'S HOUSE - JACK AND JILL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Emily slams her test down on the bathroom counter. The "F" glows in the horrid lighting.

EMILY
You're gonna help me.

Sally freezes for a moment and looks up, toothbrush still in mouth.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I know all about your storage closet secrets.

She plasters on the fakest smile you've ever seen.

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

EMILY
Cut the shit. I spoke to Evan.

SALLY
That rat! UGH. Some people just can't handle the pressure.

EMILY
What's it gonna take, huh?

SALLY
Really? A bribe? You're funny.

EMILY
Well, let's see if it's so funny
when everyone finds out that you're
cheating your way through High
School.

Sally's eyes widen. Emily means business.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Especially if Principal Pierce
finds out...

Emily turns and starts to slowly walk out of the bathroom.
Giving Sally one last chance to change her mind.

SALLY
FINE! Good luck convincing the rest
of them, though.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

KNOCK...KNOCK KNOCK...KNOCK.

DARLA (15 and half, brace-faced, a tough nut to crack) opens
the door quickly. She sits on a stool at the front of the
closet, acting as some kind of bouncer. A chubby homework-
eating RAT (NUGGET) sits atop her lap. She strokes it.

She nods her head towards Emily.

DARLA
Who's this bitch?

SALLY
She's with me. I'll explain inside.

Sally ushers Emily into the closet past Darla. It's pitch
black inside. The door shuts behind them.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STORAGE CLOSET/BASEMENT - DAY

Suddenly, the Cromwell Twins, KATE and NATE (14, silent but
violent), flick on a flashlight that illuminates them from
beneath. Emily jumps and lets out a little yelp. She quickly
composes herself.

KATE
Welcome, noob. Gimme your hand
stat.

Emily hesitantly takes Kate's hand. Nate reaches out and grabs her other one. They push past some storage boxes, revealing a staircase leading to the school's basement.

As she gets led deeper into their lair, she looks around, seeing these freshmen in a brand new light.

In one corner, a kid is giving tattoos with dry erase markers. In the other, a group of kids play Uno and smoke Smarties in a circle. Gangster style. Another group of kids robotically fill out Scantrons.

SALLY

Everyone, LISTEN UP! This is my step-sister, Emily. She needs us.

NATE

Why would we help some rando?

EMILY

I know you guys are only freshmen--

DARLA

NINTH. GRADERS.

EMILY

Whatever. Help me pass this AP Calc exam or else...I will make your lives a living hell if I'm stuck here for another year.

A hush falls over the crowd of kids. They all start whispering to each other. Finally, Nate steps forward into the beam of his flashlight. He has a haunting look on his face.

NATE

Did you say...AP Calculus?

EMILY

What's the problem?

Sally stays silent.

KATE

We've never helped seniors before...I'm still in Geometry.

EMILY

I thought you guys were geniuses!
Oh, God. I'm so screwed.

The students start to panic, Emily included, but Sally stays calm in the growing chaos of the room. She thinks hard.

SALLY
QUIET! I've got it. It's gonna be
risky, but there's no other way.

Sally turns to Darla and smirks.

SALLY (CONT'D)
It's time.

Darla deviously smiles back.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MR. SMITH'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Smith sits behind a desk, typing away on his computer. He hums happily to himself.

The phone RINGS. He picks up.

MR. SMITH
It *is* my birthday! Oh-- that's very
sweet...Aw, thank you! Okay, bye
bye.

Darla crouches right outside the door, holding Nugget.

DARLA
(whispering to Nugget)
You know what to do.

She releases the rat into the classroom. It scurries across the floor with a SQUEAK.

Poor Mr. Smith SCREAMS and scrambles out of the room. Darla hides behind the door. Once she's in the clear she signals to Kate and Nate, waiting on the other side of the hallway.

The two spy roll in unison towards the classroom. Quick and efficient.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MR. SMITH'S CLASSROOM

Nate frantically searches through drawers until...he's got it. The test answer key. A truly magical moment.

Suddenly, footsteps echo through the halls. He ducks down to hide. As soon as he's in the clear, he pops back up to snatch the page. He quickly folds it into a paper airplane and shoots it out the window.

Below, Sally perfectly catches it and flees the scene.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Emily sits at a desk, sweating bullets. She pushes up the sleeve of her shirt, double checking that the answers are still written on her arm.

Suddenly, a blank test slides in front of her. She lowers her sleeve and looks up to Mr. Smith who has a clear bite mark on his neck.

Emily musters up a half-hearted smile and begins the test.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY - LATER

Students in the class diligently take their exams. The classroom phone RINGS. Mr. Smith picks up and talks quietly into it before hanging up.

MR. SMITH

Emily? Principal Pierce wants to see you in his office.

Everyone in the class turns and stares.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL PIERCE (67, senile, selfish, workaholic) sits at his desk, hands clasped together next to a shiny trophy saying "#1 Smartest High School". It's hard to tell if he's putting on a show or if he's genuinely always this intense.

PRINCIPAL PIERCE

I've been watching you very closely.

He grabs his desktop and turns the screen towards her. She sees a live feed of the storage closet. He then double clicks and opens up a video of Emily looking at her arm for the test answers in class.

Before Emily can answer he lunges forward and grabs her wrist.

PRINCIPAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

You are a threat to the operation. I cannot have you ruin our perfect test averages with careless cheating.

Emily yanks her arm away.

EMILY

UM-- I don't think you can touch me like that.

Principal Pierce reaches for the phone on his desk.

PRINCIPAL PIERCE

I have no choice but to call Mr. Smith and have him invalidate your exam.

Emily's eyes widen.

EMILY

Wait, I don't understand--

PRINCIPAL PIERCE

--No, I'm afraid you don't understand. The more attention this ring gets, the more likely we are to get caught.

EMILY

I won't tell anyone I promise. I just need to graduate.

PRINCIPAL PIERCE

I retire in two weeks. This school will have had a spotless reputation. But it's people like you that ruin it for all of us by opening your big mouths.

Emily stands up, full of rage and ready to take him on. Just then, Sally POPS out from under his desk, grabs the heavy trophy, and whacks him over the head with it. He knocks out.

EMILY

Holy shit.

SALLY

You don't need the cheat sheet ring anymore. We're inside of you, now.

EMILY

Okay, well, maybe word that in another way.

SALLY

You know what I mean. I'll take care of this. Go kill that test.

Emily and Sally smile at each other knowingly. They fist bump. The step-sisters are finally bonded.