

TURF LUCK

Written by

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INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The door of the principal's office is ajar. A hand belonging to PRINCIPAL HANSON has a firm grip on the door handle. Through the space in the door, he speaks in a gruff tone:

PRINCIPAL HANSON (O.S.)
I'll be back in five minutes. You
boys better sort this out by then.

The door slams shut. CALVIN (18, lanky) sits across from JESSIE (18, big & buff) in front of the principal's desk. Calvin sports a black eye and bandaid over his nose while Jessie has a busted lip and cut eyebrow. They both wear matching dirty football jerseys.

Each of them has a copy of a pamphlet in hand titled OVERCOMING CONFLICT FOR TEEN BOYS. Calvin flips to the first page and reads.

CALVIN
Describe your feelings in the
present moment. Be open and honest
with your partner, but refrain from
foul, offensive language.
(beat)
I...am...not thrilled to be here.

Jessie keeps his eyes on the pamphlet.

JESSIE
I, too, am not thrilled to be here.

Jessie's finger trails down the page.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Step two, go into detail about why
you feel that certain way.

Calvin shifts in his seat.

CALVIN
I do not like being in the same
room as the guy who's had it out
for me since we were fourteen.

Jessie glances at Calvin over the pamphlet.

JESSIE
Really? Why don't you spell it out
for me?

CALVIN
I would, but I think you still
write your letters backwards.

Jessie looks at Calvin with a malicious, plastic smile. His
jaw is clenched.

JESSIE
Real funny.

CALVIN
Thank you. I know it's great
laughing at me while you're warming
the bench.

Jessie sits straighter.

JESSIE
You know, if I remember correctly,
you were the one who's always been
a sore loser --

CALVIN
Me? Sore loser? You're still bitter
I got picked as football captain
freshman year over the big, buff
football star.

Jessie opens his mouth to speak, but Calvin cuts him off.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
By the way, you weren't even buff.
That was all baby fat.

JESSIE
You bitch!

Jessie throws the pamphlet to the ground. He jumps from his
seat and lunges at Calvin. Instinctively, Calvin also jumps
up. Jessie grabs the collar of Calvin's jersey with a tight
fist.

There's less than an inch of space between their faces. Both
have their nostrils flared, chests heaving, fuming in rage.

A heavy fist pounds on the door, rattling the weak hinges.
Like two meerkats, Calvin and Jessie whip their heads toward
it.

PRINCIPAL HANSON (V.O.)
Boys... Do I need to come in early?

No!

CALVIN

No!

JESSIE

Silence falls. Jessie slowly lets go of Calvin's jersey. Calvin and Jessie sink back into their respective chairs. They both reach for the discarded pamphlets on the ground then hesitantly flip to the previous page.

Calvin glances at the clock. It ticks loud and fast, as if counting down. He whips his head back to Jessie.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

I have an idea.

Jessie keeps his nose buried in the pamphlet, not meeting Calvin's eyes.

JESSIE

Spit it out already.

LATER.

The door to Principal Hanson's office opens with a soft creak.

PRINCIPAL HANSON (O.S.)

I better not see -- Oh.

In the center of the room, Calvin and Jessie are stuck in a tight embrace, rubbing and patting each other's backs. Silence fills the room for some moments, broken by the occasional snuffle.

PRINCIPAL HANSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Isn't this lovely?

Jessie pushes his face closer to Calvin's. In his ear, through gritted teeth:

JESSIE

I'm gonna kill you.

CALVIN

Don't wet the bed while you dream about it.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.