

Acute Angle

By

Cody Clemmons

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

A modest middle school with KIDS prancing about and PARENTS sending them on their way.

TOBY MILLER, a 12-year-old boy who's very nervous of his first day in a new district, is getting his backpack tightened by MS. MILLER, Toby's 35 year-old over protective mother.

MS. MILLER

Okay, Toby. I think I've packed all the essentials: paper, crayons, pencils, pens...

Toby rolls his head back as Ms. Miller continues her list.

MS. MILLER

...hand cream, inhaler, rounded scissors, all of your vitamins in smoothie form, a cellphone in case you get stolen, zip-tie handcuffs for citizen arrest, and an introductory book on karate, once again for if and when you get kidnapped.

TOBY

I get it, Mom.

MS. MILLER

Okay, kiddo. Go gettem.

Toby starts to walk off, but Ms. Miller pulls him back in and kisses him on the mouth.

TOBY

Ew. Gross, Mom.

Ms. Miller smiles and waves bye to Toby.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - MORNING

A full room of TWENTY KIDS, is rustling about. UNINTELLIGIBLE voices and RUSTLING is amongst their ranks.

Toby front and center is looking around the room at the other kids. Suddenly, someone KICKS Toby's desk from behind.

(CONTINUED)

Toby turns to match eyes with MAY, a 13 year-old girl who takes an instant liking to Toby and doesn't know when to stop talking.

MAY

Hi, I'm May. I'm thirteen. I waited a year to go to school. My mom and dad said it would be great to keep me in the house longer, and I have an early birthday so...

Toby's face drops. He turns back forward. KICK.

MAY

Hey, don't be rude. I wasn't done talking. Who are you? Are you new? I haven't ever seen you before.

Toby looks to the ceiling.

TOBY

Yeah. I'm Toby.

MAY

(warmly)

Toby.

INT. FANTASY SCHOOLROOM - MORNING

The lights are much dimmer. The door to the classroom BUSTS open. MS. PHELPS, a remarkably beautiful, 24, fresh out of college school teacher, struts through the door with her hair blowing in artificial wind.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - MORNING

Toby's face is blank, with his jaw hanging open.

Ms. Phelps is at the front of the room looking much more conservative with her hair in a bun.

MS. PHELPS

Hi, class. I'll be your teacher this year. I'm Ms. Phelps.

CLASS

(as a whole)

Hi, Ms. Phelps!

(CONTINUED)

TOBY
(lagging behind, warmly)
Ms. Phelps.

Ms. Phelps removes a dry-erase marker from her desk. She draws a forty-five degree angle on the dry-erase board.

MS. PHELPS
All right, class. Who can tell me
what type of angle this is?

Toby raises his hand with excitement. Ms. Phelps points at Toby. His face lights up a bright red.

MS. PHELPS
Yes, you.

TOBY
(stumbling on his words)
A-acute angel.

Ms. Phelps covers her mouth and the class LAUGHS.

MS. PHELPS
Angle. But close enough. What's
your name, hun?

TOBY
T-T-

MAY
(interrupting)
Toby. His name is Toby.

May shoots Toby a death gaze.

MS. PHELPS
Thank you, Toby. And?

Ms. Phelps points at May.

MAY
(Sternly)
May.

MS. PHELPS
Thank you, May. Okay, class. Open
up the books under your desk to
page 200.

The class take books out from under their desks and OPEN them.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

The class CLOSES their books.

MS. PHELPS

Okay, class. Who can tell me what a quad-ra-lateral is?

The class avoids eye contact with her.

MS. PHELPS

Toby, how about you?

Toby has a quick jitter. He freezes. His eyes widen. Lifeless and afraid simultaneously.

CLOSE ON: Toby's sweating forehead.

CLOSE ON: Toby's desk.

Toby crosses his legs and shakes his head.

MS. PHELPS

Oh, okay, someone else?

MAY

A four-sided shape with two sets of congruent *angles* and sides.

MS. PHELPS

Wow. That's right. Very well put May.

May strikes her chin upward.

MAY

Mhm.

MS. PHELPS

I have some worksheets to build your knowledge on this chapter.

The kids GROAN. Ms. Phelps pulls worksheets off of her desk and hands them out to each student.

As Ms. Phelps drops one on Toby's desk a note follows.

Toby unfolds the note.

CLOSE ON: Toby's eyes reading through the note.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (V.O.)

From the desk of Natasha Phelps. I like you Toby. Do you like me? Write your answer and leave in your desk for recess.

Toby's eyes get wide and a smile grows on his face. His head nods as he writes YES.

Toby tries to put the note in his desk, but May snatches it from his hands.

MAY

HA! I knew it! So we're boyfriend and girlfriend now.

Toby's face drops. He slowly turns back to look at May and he forces a smile.

MAY

We're going to hold hands all recess, and everyone else is going to be jealous that I'm with the new guy.

TOBY

(muttered)

Mhm.

Toby turns back around and sinks into his desk.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

The bell RINGS.

MS. PHELPS

Okay, kids. That's recess. Go have fun!

Toby sneaks through the horde of children escaping the classroom. He hides in a cabinet in the back of the classroom.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

May is looking around Clint Eastwood style trying to find Toby.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

Ms. Phelps is at her desk grading the worksheets.

ACHOO! Toby sneezes from inside the cabinet.

Ms. Phelps's head props up and she glances around the class. She gets up from her desk. She searches the cabinet finding Toby.

MS. PHELPS

Toby?! What are you doing in here?
It's recess. Go have fun.

TOBY

I don't want to.

Toby climbs out of the cabinet. Ms. Phelps puts her hand on Toby's shoulder and kneels down to Toby's eye level.

MS. PHELPS

But why not, Toby?

TOBY

I don't want to hold hands with
May.

Ms. Phelps face is painted confused.

MS. PHELPS

Well, you don't have to hold her
hand. Why would you think that you
need to?

TOBY

(disheartened)
She told me.

MS. PHELPS

Well, you can hold hands with
anyone you want. You don't have to
hold anyone's hand you don't want
to.

TOBY

(hopeful)
Really?

(CONTINUED)

MS. PHELPS
(affirming)
Really.

Ms. Phelps pats Toby's head. Toby leans in and kisses Ms. Phelps on the mouth. Ms. Phelps GASPS and pushes back.

MS. PHELPS
(yelling)
Principal's office! Now!

Ms. Phelps points to the door of the classroom. Toby's head falls forward as he frowns.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL STAR, a 44-year-old recently divorced middle school principal, is crying at his large mahogany desk holding a small picture frame.

PRINCIPAL STAR
(sloppy crying)
Sha-Sharla, why?

He strokes the frame. There's a KNOCK at the door.

Principal Star THROWS the frame into his desk drawer, wipes his face off with his sleeve, and COUGHS.

PRINCIPAL STAR
Mh-hm. Come in.

Toby CREEKS the door open. Principal Star points to a seat across from his desk SNIFFLING. Toby sits.

PRINCIPAL STAR
What seems to be the problem?
Causing trouble on the first day?

Toby looks at the floor.

TOBY
I kissed Ms. Phelps because she told me I could not hold hands with my girlfriend if I didn't want to.

Principal Star's jaw drops. He does a double take trying to mouth words.

PRINCIPAL STAR
Wow, son. That is a heap of trouble. I get it, women probl-

(CONTINUED)

(Beat)
-ems.

Principal Star starts CRYING.

PRINCIPAL STAR
(heavy sobbing)
Sharla, why?

Toby looks at Principal Star confused.

TOBY
No, I'm Toby.

Principal Star leans forward on his desk.

PRINCIPAL STAR
(Repressed sobbing)
Well, let me tell you, Tovy. All
women eventually leave you to date
a rockstar in the hills.

TOBY
Toby.

PRINCIPAL STAR
THEY TAKE HALF, AND NEVER LOOK BACK. SO YOU SHOULDN'T
EITHER. YOU'RE NOT IN TROUBLE. BUT I'M SENDING YOU HOME FOR
THE DAY.

Toby scratches his head.

TOBY
O-Okay.

PRINCIPAL STAR
Get out of here, kid.

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Toby is outside the school doors.

Ms. Miller walks up to the school, panicked.

MS. MILLER
Oh my, Toby what happened?

Toby takes a beat to think.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY
 (disheartened)
 I don't really want to talk about
 it.

The school doors BUST open. May STOMPS to Toby and delivers
a quick SLAP.

 MAY
 (yelling)
 I heard about what happened with
 Ms. Phelps. We are so over!

May STOMPS back into the school.

 MS. MILLER
 (Annoyed)
 Oh, this again? Come on, Toby.
 We're changing districts.

Ms. Miller pats Toby on the head.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The school is lifeless, except for a single light.

 PRINCIPAL STAR (O.S.)
 (Scream crying)
 SHARLA! Sharla, why?!

FADE TO BLACK.