

CHOICES

Written by

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Doors to school open. Students enter.

ARTHUR, 18, thick glasses, slicked back brown hair, opens his locker.

BROCK, 18, in a varsity football jacket that says, Captain, SLAMS Arthur's locker shut.

BROCK
Your locker is in my way, little
boy!

Arthur gulps.

ARTHUR
How can my locker be in your way?
It's been here all year.

Brock smiles.

BROCK
Excuse me? Did I tell you that you
could talk to the best-looking guy
in the entire school?

Brock flexes his muscles.

ARTHUR
No sir, you didn't. Sorry for the
inconvenience.

BROCK
Keep it up and you'll be sorry.
Speaking of an inconvenience,
you're an inconvenience to the
entire world!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. SHEPPARD, 42, sits reading her notes. As she begins to speak the bell RINGS.

MS. SHEPPARD
I know everybody will be pumped up
for the big game this Friday but
I'm afraid I've got some bad news.

STUDENTS look confused as she looks straight at Brock.

MS. SHEPPARD (CONT'D)
Brock, you won't be playing unless
you pass the final on Friday with
an A.

Brock, dumbfounded.

BROCK
Ms. Sheppard, I have to play in the
game! We haven't beat those guys in
three years!

MS. SHEPPARD
Then I suggest you spend more time
studying this week.

As Arthur looks like he's about to explode with laughter, Ms.
Sheppard turns her attention to him.

MS. SHEPPARD (CONT'D)
This is no laughing matter Arthur!
As a matter of fact, I would
appreciate it, if you would tutor
Brock.

Both Arthur and Brock jaws drop.

ARTHUR
I need to think it over. I'll let
you know by the end of the day. I
have plenty of studying to do
myself.

Bell RINGS.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Arthur eats his lunch on the football field. Brock sits down
next to him.

BROCK
Okay, as mean as I've been to you
there's no way you're going to help
me is there?

Arthur sips his tea.

ARTHUR
That would be correct. You're on
your own, superstar.

Brock, dejected, gets up and walks away.

JENNY, 18, long red hair, green shirt and short black skirt, walks up to Brock.

JENNY

So Brock, do you want to go to the library after practice tonight? I know we're not in the same English class but I could sure use your help.

Brock starts to stutter. Arthur watches.

ARTHUR

Sorry to but in Jenny, but Brock and myself are going to study for the final.

Jenny STOMPS away.

BROCK

So you're going to help me?

Arthur nods.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You know what? I had you all wrong. Don't get me wrong I still wouldn't be caught dead in the hallways with you, but you're okay!

ARTHUR, ROLLS EYES

If that's what you call an apology I accept it. Let's get started when you get home.

INT. CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

The class waits with anxiety. Ms. Sheppard holds Brock's test.

MS. SHEPPARD

Brock, with Arthur's help I thought you would pass. Apparently football doesn't mean much to you after all.

Brock looks embarrassed.

BROCK

I'm sorry everybody! I tried my best but the truth is--

Arthur jumps up. All eyes are on him.

ARTHUR

The truth is that I taught him the wrong material on purpose!

Ms. Sheppard's eyes widen.

MS. SHEPPARD

Arthur, I'm very disappointed in you! You'll be spending Friday in detention after school with myself. As for you Brock, I'll permit you to play in the game providing you take a make up test next Monday.

Students cheer and clap.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The bell RINGS. Arthur sits on the bleachers. Brock sits next to him.

BROCK

Why did you take the fall for me?

ARTHUR

I didn't want us to lose to those Titan jerks.

Brock puts sandwich down.

BROCK

I guess I owe you then, Arthur.

Arthur grins.

ARTHUR

Correction, Brock, you owe me twice!

Brock looks confused.

BROCK

Twice?

ARTHUR

For one, I agreed to tutor you. It's not my fault your dumber than a rock! Which brings me to two. Now I have detention. So yeah, you owe me twice, superstar!

BROCK

That's not fair what happened to
being the bigger person?

Arthur grins.

ARTHUR

Now that I think about it, you owe
me a third time, I saved you from
utter embarrassment from Jenny. Oh
to answer your question-- because I
can!