

“Eleven”

Rough Model at end of document

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM – DAY

Close-up shot of a notebook, a gnawed pencil, a small hand carefully writes:

“#9 - Change her name and Make her accept it!”

At his desk, TREVOR, 10 years old, a smug and overly confident skinny boy, stops writing, shoves the notebook into his front pants pocket.

Reaches for his lunch box, produces a sandwich, chews. Sandwich half gone, he slicks his hair, squints at MARGIE, 10 years old, cheerful, chatting with girlfriends, nearby.

Trevor throws a knowing wink at BOB, 10 years old, his friend and trustee, always beside him.

TREVOR

Yeah man, “Make her”, with a capital M.

Sandwich in hands, Trevor sprouts behind Margie. Taps on her shoulder.

TREVOR

Hey, Margo, wanna finish it? It's good.

Margie and the girls get quiet and gawk curiously. It's two bites of the sandwich left.

Margie chins up. Sarcastically--

MARGIE

It's very thoughtful of you but I'll pass.

Trevor crams the rest of the sandwich into his mouth.

TREVOR

It's for fall, Margo.

MARGIE

What?

Trevor swallows nervously.

TREVOR

I said "It's your call, Margo".

He retreats. Back in his seat, Trevor whispers to Bob.

TREVOR

Now she's Margo forever. She can't say "don't call me that" cuz I already did and she said nothing. The trick is to puzzle her first and then call her by another name.

BOB

Wow! Margo is so much cooler than Margie. ...What else you've got?

Trevor gives Bob an expert look, winks. Retrieves the notebook. Jots down: "#10 - Flowers! Be original."

BOB

You have flowers?

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND – DAY

Trevor and Bob walk towards flower pots. Past Margie and her entourage, who buzz lively.

TREVOR

...I don't have flowers. But...

Trevor smells the pot flowers, back turned to Bob. Trevor turns around.

BOB

How can you be original with flowers?

TREVOR

There's one movie... and there's like a huge Indian guy in it who... Just watch me.

Trevor squints at Margie. She notices, signals to the girls. All prep up. Trevor strides towards her.

TREVOR

Margie, there's something I always wanted to give you...

Trevor reaches inside his pants. Rummages.

The girls around Margie
EEWW and YUCK.

Trevor pulls out a flower. Presents to Margie with bow. Thrusts the flower into her numb hand. Clicks a hundred and eighty degrees around. Soldier cool. Trevor joins Bob, who cringes in awe.

TREVOR
Original enough for you?

BOB
Very.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA – DAY

Trevor reaches for the notebook. It's not in the pocket. He glances at Bob.

TREVOR
Hmm... Have you seen my notebook?
Remind me to write down number eleven, "Famished, she'll cave in".

BOB Huh? That sounds smart... What is it?

Several tables away, Margie, tray in hands, joins her girlfriends at lunch. Trevor weaves through the tables.

Few good steps and he is next to Margie. In fast motion, grabs the main course from Margie's tray and crams into his mouth. Chews fast, washing it down with her milk.

Margie rises, lips seriously thinned.

MARGIE
Okay, Trevor. I'll be waiting for
you in the classroom. Let's talk.

Trevor walks back to his table, frowning. Uneasy. Eyes closed, he breathes, in and out, in and out - some kind of yoga technique. Bob is respectfully silent - the moment is grand.

Trevor mans up. Strides out, determined.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Trevor shuffles in. Stops. He isn't his usual self. Silent he fidgets. Margie is at his desk. She flashes his notebook at him.

MARGIE
Missing this one? You've reached
your eleventh, haven't you?

She tosses the notebook flies right at him. He catches it, puzzled.
She scribbles in her notebook. A pink, girly one. He gawks at her. Flips through his
notebook - no missing pages.

MARGIE (still writing)
What would you put for the eleventh? Snatch her lunch from under her nose and...?

TREVOR
(mumbling, looking down)
Famished, she'll cave in...cave in and say yes...when...

Lifts eyes at her.

TREVOR
What are you writing there? You keep notes too?

MARGIE
Wanna look? Here you go...
He plumps down next to her. She flips the pages to:
"#9 - If he ever tries to call you a different name, disregard!"

Trevor continues reading outloud from the pink notebook.

TREVOR
He'll forget all about the new name
the next day, I promise you that. P.S. Margo is gone, we are back to Margie again.

Trevor blushes, busted. Continues reading.

TREVOR
Number ten. Remember to bring an
extra sandwich to school every day.

Margie reaches for her backpack. Produces a sandwich. Shoves into her mouth.
Sandwich half gone she offers it to Trevor.

MARGIE
Wanna finish it?

Trevor blinks, Margie titters.

MARGIE

Okay, I didn't bring an extra sandwich today, I asked Liz to share hers.
But tomorrow...

Trevor glances at the cover of Margie's notebook. "TERRIBLY IMPORTANT RULES FOR GIRLS"

Trevor fumbles with his notebook. Margie points at its cover. "11 MUST DO'S BEFORE YOU ASK HER OUT"

MARGIE
Why eleven?

TREVOR
Eleven for now. One thousand and one when I grow up. Eleven, two zeroes away from one zero zero one.

MARGIE
Oh I get it. Cool. I'll expand mine too...when I grow up. Wait, I need to write something...

TREVOR
Nah, you better stop at eleven.
It's a lucky number for us, writers.

Then Trevor remembers; takes a deep breath—

TREVOR
..Margie... I meant to ask you...
Will you go to the movies with me?

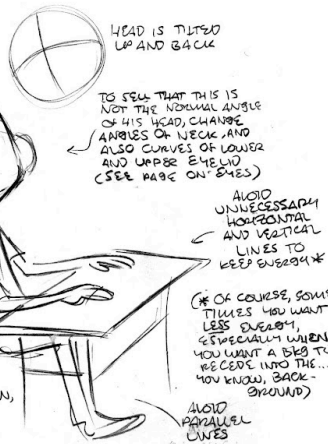
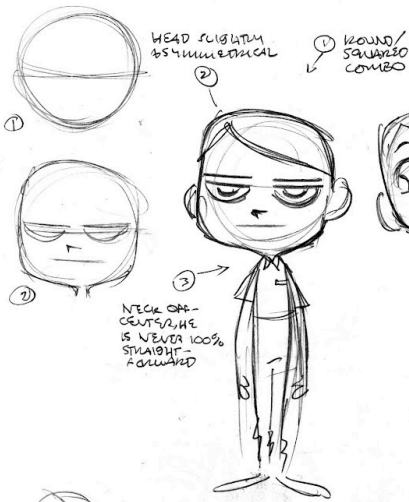
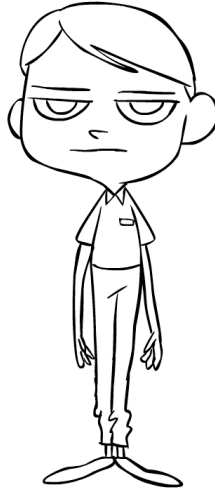
MARGIE
But I don't have the eleventh just yet.

She flips to the front cover. Inserts "11" in the title. It reads now:
"11 TERRIBLY IMPORTANT RULES FOR GIRLS".

Back to rule number ten page. Margie goes on to number eleven. Trevor bends over to get a better look at:

"#11 - Say yes, say yes, say yes! Otherwise why would you let him go all the way up to the 11th?!"

FADE OUT.



THE EYES ARE NOT FOCUSED ON ANYTHING OR ANYONE, JUST WANDERING STAREING.

PUPILS, ESPECIALLY SMALL PUPILS, IN THE DEAD CENTER OF THE EYE SHOW UNCONTAINABLE EMOTION.

IN THIS CASE, WITH THE SMILE AND LEAN-IN, THE EYES SUGGEST A PANATICAL GLEE - PERHAPS STAN HAS THOUGHT UP THE MOST BRILIANT (OR MOST INSANE) SCHEME EVER!