

IT'S CHARLES NOT CHARLIE

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY. The teacher stands in front of the fifth grade class.

TEACHER

Charlie. You're up.

The class rustles in their seats and turns to Charles who is hunched at the back of the room. He's doing all he can to make himself small and unnoticed.

TEACHER

Charlie...c'mon, it's your turn. Did you do the assignment?

Charles nods as he slides out of his chair and with trembling fingers grips a carefully folded piece of paper. He pads his way towards the front of the class. As he passes Keith, a born and bred bully with a massive forehead and sluggish grin, the big kid reaches out and gives Charles a typical jockey slap on the rump, which makes him jump and spill over onto Susie Malone's desk. The girls all titter with red faces and covered mouths. Charles growls as he pulls himself back up and scrambles to find his folded paper. It is stuck under Tom Schmitt's mud caked shoe.

TEACHER

Hurry up Charlie we don't have all day.

CHARLES

My name is Charles...not Charlie

With one arm, he plies Tom off of his seat and with the other he unpeels his paper, a large shoe print stamped over the carefully printed words. With a red face he pads to the front of the classroom. He turns to face his fellow six graders staring back at him with cold eyes. With a trembling voice he begins.

CHARLES

My speech today is on the war of 1812...

He stops short as a shadow passes over the window and something large comes down with a hammering thud outside the school. Then another thud, and another, as all around there are large saucer shaped vessels dropping from the sky.

CHARLES

Crud...

KIDS

(Panicked Walla)

TEACHER (from under his desk)

Everybody stay calm...

The room erupts in chaos as the saucers unfold and bristling little men descend in formation. All were panicked except for Charles. He was no longer trembling. His nervousness gone, Charles carefully folds and tucks his speech papers into his pocket.

CHARLES

Please excuse me Mr. Wellington. I have to go talk with my brothers.

With a zip and a smash, he kicks out the class room's window and charges towards the small army of little bald men. There was a long moment of silence broken by Keith,

KEITH

And that's why I hate the new kid.