

Get Prince "All Hail the Alpha Male"

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EXT. ST. CLARENS CAMPUS - MAIN HALL DOORS - DAY

St. Clarens is a breath-taking college/finishing school for the children of the megarich.

LAURA and DIBBS read a large poster for the Student Awards Ceremony. A glamour shot of two supermodel students in a hot air balloon. "Above the Rest"

LAURA, our hero.

DIBBS, a techie wearing Google Glass. And Google Lips.

LAURA
Student awards?

DIBBS
Ugh. It's disgusting. They pin medals on the school's best ass kissing, sell-out, mind slaves.

LAURA
Should we attend?

DIBBS
Ugh. No. Are you listening to me? It's a celebration of ass-sucking sycophants. I'm not diving into that cesspool of saliva, dripping from the butts of tyrants.

LAURA
(reading poster)
You were nominated for the "Science and Tech Award"?

DIBBS
What?

LAURA
Can you still win if you don't go?

DIBBS
We'll go. To make fun of it. I might as well see if I win. They're actually a lot more legitimate now. (beat) I'm not nominated am I?

LAURA shakes her head "no". Pause.

LAURA
I guess there's an ass-kissing, sell-out, mind slave in us all.

DIBBS
I hate you.

LAURA
I'm kidding. You're nominated.
Look.

DIBBS
For real?

LAURA
No.

DIBBS
Stop toying with-

LAURA
Yes, you are-

DIBBS
What?

LAURA
Just read it yourself-

DIBBS
Fine, I'm reading, where does it
say-

LAURA
It doesn't-

DIBBS
You piece of sh-

LAURA
Right there!

Opening credits.

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

Popular boys' table. Cocky TOM shows his phone to his leering gang.

Across the way, LAURA stares. What are those boys scheming?

DIBBS type type type on laptop.

DIBBS
I've calculated our popularity-

LAURA absent-mindedly bites her breakfast sandwich.

LAURA

Ugh! Hot-

She sips her drink to cool down-

LAURA (CONT'D)

Ugh! Hotter!

Food and coffee fall from her mouth.

DIBBS

You look like you were raised by
wolves who really weren't there for
you.

LAURA

(as unflattering as
possible)

Hehnn?

DIBBS

This data-

LAURA

DIBBS, something is going on.

More lewd laughing from TOM and his gang.

DIBBS

That's pics for tix.

LAURA

???

DIBBS

Forget it. My algorithm ranks every
student at St. Clarens.

A spreadsheet of endless numbers.

LAURA

Wow... does this represent all the
time you spent indoors?

DIBBS

Let me switch to a visualization
for simpler minds. Popularity is
all about ranking, LAURA.

The screen shows hundreds of floating student profile pics.

DIBBS (CONT'D)

This is basically what I see when I look at the numbers. (pause) This is basically what I see-

LAURA

(picks up on cue to be impressed)
Mind blown.

DIBBS

I've collected every data point. (types) "LAURA spills coffee". See? Your popularity dropped.

LAURA

Why?

LAURA speaks with her mouth full, spilling more coffee. DIBBS types it in.

DIBBS

You're getting further from the apex of the "coolzone" so-

LAURA

"Coolzone"?

DIBBS

That's where we all want to be.

LAURA

"Coolzone"?

DIBBS

What? (typing it in:) "DIBBS said coolzone". (beat) You're right, that dropped me a lot.

Across the cafeteria:

POPULAR BOYS

Oh! Daaaaaamn!

LAURA

What is going on?

DIBBS

Once the awards are over TOM holds his legendary after party. It's a tradition. Last year, he got KID DIAMOND to show up.

CUT to house party. Slow motion as partying students turn their heads and shout in joy.

Brief shot of KID DIAMOND. His face is encrusted with many diamonds.

LAURA
Who's KID DIAMOND?

DIBBS
The rapper for rich people?

LAURA
Never heard of her.

DIBBS
He only performs for millionaires.
It's all very exclusive.

LAURA
Is the Prince going to be there?

DIBBS
Yes.

BRITNEY, the competition, is talking to TOM. She flashes a sinister smile at LAURA.

LAURA
I need to get into that party.

LAURA walks away.

DIBBS
Impossible. You're not popular enough. You're almost as low in the coolzone rankings as... me!?!

DIBBS is at the very bottom of the graph.

DIBBS (CONT'D)
What? What about my friends?

All of DIBBS' friends are at the very bottom of the graph.

DIBBS (CONT'D)
No. No. Nooooooooooooo!

Everyone in cafeteria goes silent. All stare at DIBBS.

DIBBS (CONT'D)
Sorry. I was so focused I forgot where I was... that ever happen to anyone? Technology.

DIBBS looks back at his screen and it happens again.

DIBBS (CONT'D)
NooooooooooooSorry. I'll go.

LAURA walks across the cafeteria to confront TOM. He sits on the tabletop, his throne.

LAURA
How do I get in to this party?

TOM
What party?

SIDEKICK 1
I think she means your exclusive after party. (pause) Oh! You were playing it cool. Oh, that was so cool and I ruined it. I knew it. I was torn. I was thinking you were playing it cool but I then I thought what if he forgot about his own party and I'm doing nothing to help my friend? But as I was intervening something didn't feel right. I actually have that feeling right now because I'm thinking: am I overexplaining again? (pause) Part of me knows I am but another part of me is saying, maybe this is helping my friends understand-

TOM
You're out.

SIDEKICK 1 sits on the floor. SIDEKICK 2 sits up on the seat below TOM.

LAURA reaches for TOM's phone. He pulls it away.

TOM (CONT'D)
Fiesty one, aren't you?

SIDEKICK 2, gives an uncool, high, squeaky laugh. TOM stares.

SIDEKICK 2 sits on floor. SIDEKICK 3 moves into the position.

TOM (CONT'D)
You want an invite you need to upload a "special" photo of yourself.

SIDEKICK 3
 (bully snicker)
 "Special" photo.

TOM and SIDEKICK 3 share a low five. SIDEKICK 1 and 2 are jealous.

LAURA
 No problem. I've got hundreds of
 "special" photos.

LAURA swipes through selfies of herself doing very strange, funny faces.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Heh heh. I call this one Piggy
 Mayor because it has a quiet
 dignity-

TOM
 It needs to be nude.

LAURA
 Nude Piggy Mayor!?!

TOM
 No! First of all: no face. Upload
 to this site. It has to be
 anonymous. Bare ass gets you a half
 hour. Tits a full hour. Full
 frontal-

LAURA
 How long for just Piggy Mayor?

Pause. Boys stare at her. LAURA swipes to another photo.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 How about "Scrunchmeister Maximum"?

LAURA does Scrunchmeister face.

Boys stare at her. Unimpressed.

Back to LAURA holding Scrunchmeister face.

Finally, SIDEKICK 3 can't hold his laugh. He sits on the floor.

SIDEKICK 3
 It was funny...

INT. BOYS WASHROOM

DIBBS looking at himself hard in the mirror.

DIBBS
Mirror, mirror on the stall/
am I lower in the "coolzone"
then them all?

DIBBS' REFLECTION IN MIRROR
Ugh, "coolzone"?

DIBBS upset. Another STUDENT enters washroom. DIBBS flees.

SHIFTY STUDENT
Mirror, mirror, I've got that chem
test right now.

Pause.

SHIFTY STUDENT'S REFLECTION
(annoyed)
B, A, D, D-

SHIFTY STUDENT
Thank you.

SHIFTY STUDENT'S REFLECTION
I'm not doing this for you.

INT. HALLWAYS

DIBBS reeling.

Conversations end as DIBBS nears. DIBBS tries for high fives but people pull away. One student avoids DIBBS by stepping inside of a locker and shutting the door.

DIBBS scrambles into computer lab.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

The light is off.

DIBBS
This can't be...

DIBBS turns the light on. HISSSSSSS!!!

MR. LINDELL
Shut the light.

Light off. A classroom of nerds lit by the glow of their computer screens. Teacher MR. LINDELL is the head nerd.

MR. LINDELL (CONT'D)
 DIBBS? You're in the computer lab
 now. Among friends.

DIBBS
 We have a problem. I think we're...
 not cool.

MR. LIDELL is dressed in elaborate Tron cosplay.

MR. LIDELL
 We cool, man. We cool.

An LED light flashes on MR. LIDELL's costume. DIBBS not so sure.

EXT. CAMPUS PARK

Each episode has one of these segments where LAURA's thoughts are animated in her sketchbook.

LAURA (V.O.)
 Am I really going to put a nude
 photo of myself online?

LAURA sits on her bench, people watching and sketching.

LAURA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Look at them. Boys are like dogs.
 They're pack animals.

She draws a group of laughing guys become a pack of howling dogs.

LAURA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Equality makes them unhappy.

Unhappy boys drawn in a line.

LAURA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What they want, deep down, is to
 know where they belong: at the top
 or at the bottom.

Happy boys drawn in a hierarchy.

LAURA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Why is TOM doing this? He needs to
 feel on top.

TOM pushes other boys off mountain. A group of girls look up and worship him.

LAURA (V.O.) ^ (CONT'D)
I have two options to get what I
want. Dominate TOM.

LAURA pushes TOM off of the hill. His crown lands on her
head.

LAURA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Unlikely. Or... play my position.

LAURA, in chains, at happy TOM's feet.

LAURA looks up from sketchbook and watches students
worshipping TOM.

LAURA is taken aback because someone is actually kissing his
butt.

There's actually a line up for that. Two people in line are
excited and they are upset when someone cuts in line.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Nerds on computers. DIBBS on the whiteboard, making a battle
plan.

DIBBS
Here's the situation. We're at the
bottom of the school in popularity.

MR. LINDELL
It's where we belong.

Nerds agree.

DIBBS
Don't listen to him. This world is
ours. Megadorfs like Steve Jobs
paved the way for us.

Points to movie poster of Ashton Kutcher as Jobs on the wall.

DIBBS (CONT'D)
This is our time. This is the age
of the nerd. Apathy is done. It
used to be cool not to care. Now
it's cool to care too much about
something that doesn't matter.

HERM
I curate a blog of dogs dressed as
sea captains.

MR. LIDELL
I've worn this since 1982.

MR. LIDDELL shows a photo of him getting married in the Tron outfit.

MURK
(so confident)
I write fanfiction where I'm Harry Potter. And Gandalf asks ME for help. (beat) Oh, do I have your attention?

MR. LIDELL and other nerds on the edge of their seats.

DIBBS on office chair.

DIBBS
See? We are cool. We made it to the top and we're not going back to the b- we're not g-

The swivel chair is too dangerous to stand on. So DIBBS climbs on a table covered with old CRTs and towers.

DIBBS (CONT'D)
We're taking it b-

It all comes crashing to the ground. DIBBS hurt.

HERM
(to NERD 2)
Who's so powerful that Gandalf needs your help?

MURK
Let's just say Darth Vader has a brother. And he's a wizard.

EVERYONE (even DIBBS)
OHHHHHH!!!

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSEOLOR OFFICE

Distant OHHHHHHH can be heard.

MS. LAMBERT, 71, is a guidance counsellor who has lived a huge life. These visits always begin with a black and white photo from her albums. This time it's her in the arctic.

MS. LAMBERT

-I didn't want to kill the bear but it was me or it so... pah pah!
(mimes punching) It only takes two punches (points to her neck) when you know the spot.

LAURA

MS. LAMBERT, could a student get expelled for sending nude photos?

MS. LAMBERT

Don't do that.

LAURA

Right? I can't believe how many girls are sending them to get into this party-

MS. LAMBERT

You're getting something in return? Go for it.

LAURA

???

MS. LAMBERT

Never give it away but cash in. Your body's like printing unlimited money.

LAURA

???

SARA

LAURA, it's 2015. It's supereasy to keep your nudies secure. Watch.

MS. LAMBERT pulls up her shirt and takes a selfie. Her bare breasts are censored by pixelation.

LAURA

Whoa-

MS. LAMBERT

(navigating phone)
All you do is "upload". "Privacy settings". And... uh oh.

LAURA

MS. LAMBERT?

MS. LAMBERT
 (pressing every button on
 phone)
 Oh shoot oh shoot oh shoot... not
 again-

CUT to a living room in Iran. 5-YEAR OLD sits on BABA's knee
 at the family laptop.

BABA
 (in Persian)
 There. Your first tweet.

5-YEAR OLD
 Yaaay!

BABA
 You can click here to see what the
 world is sharing-

KID clicks. The MS. LAMBERT selfie is in their twitter feed.

BABA, gasps, shuts laptop.

5-YEAR OLD
 BABA, why?

BABA
 I don't know.

LOUD POUNDING on door.

POLICE
 (in Persian)
 Open this door! Internet police.

BABA
 Run.

POUNDING continues.

POLICE
 (in Persian)
 Maybe you won't be arrested. Who
 knows? You have to open the door to
 find out.

5-YEAR OLD climbs down from BABA's knee, walks to window-

BABA
 Don't forget your bindle.

5-YEAR OLD grabs classic hobo's bindle and climbs out.

CUT to busy city street. Constant BEEPS of notifications. All react to getting the nude.

CUT to Catholic conference at Vatican City.

CARDINAL SOUR
(in Italian)
This "social media" is the devil's work.

CARDINAL SWEET
(in Italian)
We must engage with the youth.
Hashtag Word of God.

CARDINAL SOUR
(in Italian)
You don't say "hashtag". Ugh, your holiness? Talk some sense-

POPE is on his smart phone at the meeting. Notification BEEP. POPE's eyes light up.

CARDINAL SWEET
(in Italian)
Pope?

POPE
(in Italian)
Hmm? Oh, yes-

POPE starts humming and blessing things. Skeptical cardinals.

CUT back to MS. LAMBERT's office.

MS. LAMBERT shakes her phone, gives up, puts it in a desk drawer and closes it.

MS. LAMBERT
What's the worst that can happen?

INT. COMPUTER LAB

DIBBS at the board with a visual representation of all of the gangs in the school.

DIBBS
Brace yourselves. This may seem harsh -are you crying?

HERM
The word harsh makes me cry.

DIBBS
The only way to move up in
popularity is to push someone else
down.

DIBBS illustrates this by pulling down the top gang on the
board.

DIBBS (CONT'D)
Let's climb this ladder.

INT. JOCKS' HALLWAY

Jocks roughhousing in their hallway.

DIBBS (O.S.)
This is our hallway now. Our
school.

MUSIC, Drake's "Started From the Bottom", plays.

Slow motion DIBBS and the nerds strut, carrying computers.
They go overboard immediately, shouting and pushing jocks.
The jocks bow down.

HEAD JOCK
We're so sorry.

JOCK 2
We knew this day would come.

JOCK 3
You are the true kings and queens
of the school.

Nerds are smug about it.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

DIBBS' face. Sideways. It's a close up.

DIBBS
(shouting)
That was pretty funny.

Another close up, MURK's face, sideways the other way.

MURK
(shouting back)
What?

DIBBS
 (shouting)
 I said: that was funny.

HURM's face is upside-down.

HURM
 (shouting)
 I never knew jocks had such a dry
 sense of humour.

MURK
 (shouting)
 What?

Wide shot reveals DIBBS and HURM are across a soccer field from MURK. They have all been duct taped to the crossbars of soccer nets.

DIBBS
 (shouting)
 We were discussing how much we
 enjoyed how they played that.

MURK
 (shouting)
 Oh? Yeah.

INT. ART STUDIO

HELENA is painting LAURA who is sitting with a classical nude painting in front of her. They are alone.

HELENA is sweating and shaking. So much sweat in drips in a small puddle on the floor. She eats some pills.

HELENA
 Almost...

LAURA
 Thanks for doing this, HELLS. I
 really needed a nude.

HELENA
 Mmmm, my pleasure. The female form
 is my fave subject.

LAURA
 Are you ok?

HELENA laughs. Pops more pills.

HELENA
 Voila.

HELENA turns the portrait around. It's a bizarre modern art Picasso-style nude.

LAURA

Oh. I was hoping for something with a little more... realism.

HELENA

Oh no, my belle. You caught me at a bad time for that.

Quick shot in HELENA's drug vision where everything looks like a pulsating modern art painting.

HELENA (CONT'D)

I've been doing this "art on drugs" series. I'm painting what I see.

LAURA

Thanks anyway. It's great.

Back to reality. LAURA looks at the clock.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I need that nude...

CREEPER

You can use my version.

LAURA and HELENA yell in shock. CREEPER, all hunch and creepy voice, was there the whole time.

LAURA

How long have you been there?

CREEPER

Long enough to paint my special portrait of you.

HELENA

CREEPER!

CREEPER

I'm trying to help. In my way.

CREEPER turns canvas around. It's a stick figure. Nude.

CREEPER (CONT'D)

You can have it.

LAURA

Is that... me?

CREEPER

Oh. Okay. (beat) I'll keep it. For my purposes...

HELENA

No, CREEPER, you're going to burn it.

CREEPER

What? What if "my purposes" meant for an art show I was holding? Because my voice sounds like this you think I was going use this art to do something "untoward"? (pause) I was.

LAURA and HELENA, disgusted, throw things at him, including a jar for dirty brushes.

CREEPER (CONT'D)

No jars! No jars!

LAURA

Well... I guess there's one way to get this done that I know will work...

INT. COMPUTER LAB

DIBBS at the board, replanning the nerd attack strategy. They all still have duct tape on them.

DIBBS

If we're going to climb the ladder, we need to find a group that is easier to pick on.

HERM

The chess club?

We see the meek Chess Club.

DIBBS

I like it. Cerebral. Weak little arms. All they do is lift tiny pieces.

Cut back.

HERM

Not like us. Hurgh!

HERM sets a monitor down on a desk, flexes.

MURK
The LGBT club?

We see the kind, supportive LGBT Club.

DIBBS
I like it. Sensitive,
understanding, opposed to violence.

Cut back.

HERM
Oh! I got it! The LGBT Chess Club!

DIBBS
Let's stomp'em.

INT - LGBT CHESS CLUB

DIBBS and the nerds kick the door in. MUSIC. Slow motion flip chessboards, push students, and tear down their Pride flag.

A shadow is cast over them.

Four of the biggest members of the jocks are there.

DIBBS
Are you serious?

HEAD JOCK
What? Because we play sports we
can't enjoy chess?

JOCK 2
Yeah.

JOCK 3
Yeah. This is a safe space free of
your labels.

DIBBS
Can we...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

Cut to DIBBS, HERM, and MURK duct taped to the soccer net posts again.

DIBBS
...talk about this?

HERM
Why did you only finish your
sentence now?

MURK
Yeah, that was weird, long pause.

INT. LAURA'S DORM ROOM

Dramatic music. LAURA emerges in a towel. She sits at her desk and connects her camera to her computer.

She types on her laptop.

Photo uploading...

LAURA nervous.

... it is done.

Enter her roommate, party girl RIYA, 20, an Indian model from telecommunications money.

RIYA
Hey roomie.

LAURA
Nothing!

RIYA
(confused)
What?

LAURA
(guilty)
What?

RIYA
(suspicious)
What?

LAURA
(defensive)
What?

RIYA
(apologetic)
What?

LAURA
(confused)
What?

They flow into singing, "what what what what what what what what" from Noreaga's Super Thug.

RIYA
Seriously what?

INT. COMPUTER LAB

DIBBS

I got it.

MURK

I don't want to be taped to anything any more.

DIBBS

Don't live your lives afraid to be taped to things.

HERM

Yeah, you know the kinds of things Steve Wozniak was taped to before he invented the microcomputer?

FLASHBACK to young Steve Wozniak duct taped to the mast of an empty sailboat at sea.

WOZNIAK

I'm in a real pickle. Lucky I have my mind.

Cut back to Computer Lab.

DIBBS

We need to rule this school with our skills. Crew? Log in.

The nerds spin in their chairs and type on their computers.

MURK

Let's change the school website to say Harry Potter welcomes you to Hogwarts.

DIBBS

You're a genius.

HERM

We'll be legends.

They type rapidly.

MURK

Wait. That could implicate JK.

HERM

We took a pledge.

DIBBS

I got it.

Montage of students looking at their phones and each other.

DIBBS (V.O.)
Everyone's talking about this
website of risqué photos.

MURK
We hack the website so Harry Potter
is saying welcome to-

DIBBS
Not quite.

Montage of students gossiping.

DIBBS (V.O.)
Everyone's trying to figure out who
is who.

Nerds working like mad.

DIBBS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Let's be the first to get a
positive ID on one.

MURK
Captain, I've got one.

The nerds huddle around.

DIBBS
Enhance.

MURK
Look in the reflection of the
faucet.

We see a distorted reflection of a face.

DIBBS
Enhance.

HERM
Who is it?

DIBBS
Enhance.

On the screen. The image renders... it's LAURA.

INT. HALLWAY

LAURA walks in a busy hallway.

Everyone in the hallway is making eyes at LAURA, catcalling, miming jerking off.

SODA POP KID shakes a pop bottle and opens it like he's ejaculating.

CARLYLE, a charismatic, handsome Colombian student from big drug money.

CARLYLE

Oh! It's the toppest shelf ass in St. Clarens. Girl, I had no idea what was under there.

LAURA

What's going on?

CARLYLE melts to the floor and mimes an orgasm.

LAURA (CONT'D)

CARLYLE, you know what you're doing is sexual harassment?

CARLYLE

Ha ha, is that a crime?

LAURA hands CARLYLE a sheet of paper.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

I don't see anything about-

CARLYLE flips the sheet over and there's a diagram of exactly what he was doing.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Oh, damn. Good to know.

All guys in the hallway stop their behaviour.

CARLYLE walks with LAURA. Students are now more subtle in their harassment.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Let me enlighten you. You're in a fap-tastrophe.

LAURA

???

CARLYLE

Fap. Fapping? Beating off? Jacking? Jerking? Zob'n the robin? Stroking it?

LAURA
Zob'n the robin?

CARLYLE
I'm starting that one. You're famous.

LAURA
No...

CARLYLE
You got ID'd, girl.

CARLYLE holds up the evidence on his phone.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
The nerds spotted your reflection in the faucet.

Dolly zoom on LAURA.

SODA POP KID once again uses a pop bottle to simulate ejaculating.

CARLYLE, without looking, holds out the sheet of paper.

SODA POP KID reads, stops, and drinks the exploding pop.

SODA POP KID
I didn't know that was a law.

CARLYLE holds out another sheet. SODA POP KID looks at the camera.

SODA POP KID (CONT'D)
Ignorance of the law is not a defence?

EXT. MAIN HALL - EVENING

Red carpet. Students arriving for St. Clarens student awards.

DIBBS and crew getting a lot of positive attention.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Crowd is packed.

TEACHER
Let's have another hand for best dressed Political Science student.

Applause.

LAURA arrives late. People hush around her as she takes her seat.

DIBBS sits elsewhere, avoiding LAURA.

RIYA and airhead HANS come out to present the next award.

HANS

Hans Science and Technology is essential in our wired world Riya and wireless Hans that's right Riya and the winner is Charlie DIBBS Dupuis.

RIYA rolls with it.

Applause. DIBBS walks to the stage.

CROWD

Nice detective work! You're my hero!

LAURA sinks in her chair. DIBBS looks at her from podium.

DIBBS

Thank you. I think Science and Technology...

LAURA stands.

DIBBS (CONT'D)

...can be a dangerous thing...

LAURA walks to the stage. DIBBS shuts up.

The PRINCE watches her.

LAURA at the podium. Crowd cheers and sneers.

LAURA

I guess it's too late to ask for everyone to delete that photo from the internet?

Some laughter.

TROUBLEMAKER

I can't. I've got another date with it tonight.

Crowd roars. LAURA composes herself.

LAURA

I made a mistake. It's a mistake that maybe other people in this room have made. Maybe you caved to pressure.

Nervous students in the audience.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Maybe you were lied to.

Different students glare at other shrugging students.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Maybe you got caught up in the moment.

Old MS. LAMBERT, standing along the wall with the teachers, is in the act of taking another shirt-up selfie, stops and nods solemnly.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What was the mistake I made? Posting my body online? Trusting that strangers somewhere out there wouldn't work so hard to humiliate me?

DIBBS sinks.

PRINCIPAL ZAISER

This is an unauthorized speech. Shut it down.

LAURA

What is the lesson? There's no world to be young and make mistakes any more?

She presses a button and the photo is projected behind her. The crowd goes nuts, standing, and blocking ZAISER from the stage.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Or is it... you can't trust anything. Not even your own eyes.

CLICK. LAURA presses her slide clicker. Each time it removes a Photoshop layer.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Because you never know when a picture

CLICK. The reflection of LAURA's face in the faucet is gone.

LAURA (CONT'D)
has been photoshopped.

CLICK. The back of head is gone leaving a headless nude.

GASPS from the crowd.

ZAISER
It wasn't her?

TEACHER
Then who are we looking at?

LAURA
And what you believed in was
actually layers

CLICK.

LAURA (CONT'D)
and layers

CLICK.

LAURA (CONT'D)
and layers

CLICK.

LAURA (CONT'D)
of deception.

CLICK. The Photoshop layers have been removed to reveal that we are looking at a photo of TOM.

The auditorium makes a collective "ohhhhhhhhh".

HERM
(awe)
We've been trolled.

MURK
Hard.

HERM
The hardest.

HERM AND MURK
It's... beautiful.

TOM
I jerked off... to myself?

DIBBS stands and applause. The auditorium erupts in cheers. A tear of joy falls from HERM's cheek.

The PRINCE is smiling.

LAURA walks in slow motion off stage. She is a hero. TOM is knocked down in the crowd and LAURA is hoisted up on shoulders.

INT. HALLWAY

Evil Principal ZAISER confronts LAURA.

ZAISER

Pack your bags. You're out of my school.

LAURA

Oh?

ZAISER

You slipped up.

LAURA

Did I?

ZAISER

Making an unauthorized speech at a school assembly, spreading homemade pornography across my school-

LAURA

Guess where I got that image?

ZAISER

The deep web.

LAURA

I stole it from your security cameras-

ZAISER

Oh! Stealing school property?
Triple expelled!

LAURA

(on phone)

Hello, police. Hi. I'm at St. Clarens campus. The administration put a camera in the boys locker room.

ZAISER

Are you really on the phone?

LAURA
That is illegal? How illegal? Oh,
wow.

ZAISER
What are they saying? How illegal-

LAURA
I didn't call them.

ZAISER
I knew that-

LAURA
Yet.

Pause as they stare each other down. ZAISER about to speak-

LAURA (CONT'D)
Walk away.

ZAISER turns. Really wants to say "This isn't over" but every time she starts, LAURA puts the phone to her ear and ZAISER panics and zips it.

The crowd rushes to LAURA, leaving TOM.

LAURA walks to the defeated TOM.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Hey. Nice prank. We did it.

TOM
Yes... we... did...

SIDEKICK 3
TOM was in on it? Told you. So cool. So legend.

SIDEKICK 2
So lickety-splits.

SIDEKICK 2, drops back into the mob and is consoled by SIDEKICK 1.

LAURA
Thanks for letting me be part of your plan. I'll have to pay you back some time.

TOM
Right... of course... you will.

LAURA bows to TOM and walks away.

SIDEKICK 3

TOM, that's so badass that you were playing it cool and no one knew you were behind it all.

TOM

Yeah.

TOM watches LAURA walk away.

INT. EMPTY HALLWAY

DIBBS walks up to LAURA.

DIBBS

Forgive me?

LAURA

For what?

DIBBS

I sold you out for a bit of fame.

LAURA

Oh, DIBBS, of course you did. I was counting on it.

DIBBS

Oh, right. I was a pawn in your plan. Well... I forgive you.

LAURA

I didn't apologize. You still sold me out.

DIBBS

Are we still friends?

LAURA

Yeah. I think it's great that you're so predictable. You're reliable.

DIBBS

Thanks?

LAURA

It's not personal, DIBBS. Inside, we're all monsters. Every day we step on our loved so we can grab the rotten fruits of our selfish addictions.

Pause. LAURA staring into space. Suddenly, LAURA laughs.
DIBBS laughs.

DIBBS

Okay, so are we going to this
afterp- oh lamda! Royalty five o'
clock.

LAURA

Be calm, be natural. Do whatever
you were doing.

DIBBS

(stiff)

So, LAURA, are we going to attend
after party?

LAURA

I don't think so.

The Prince walks by. LAURA doesn't look.

DIBBS

Everyone's going to be talking
about you.

LAURA

Not my style. I like to keep a low
profile.

This is the first time in the series where we see the
Prince's face and it's only the lower half. He smiles, keeps
walking.

Pause.

DIBBS

Did you plan that?

LAURA shrugs.

They walk together.

DIBBS (CONT'D)

Serious question: how-

DIBBS AND LAURA

predictable am I? (beat) Heyyyyy.
(beat) Let's not be immature.
LAURA! Now it's creepy. LAURA!

END CREDITS

INT. LGBT CHESS CLUB

DIBBS

Can we...

The jocks are unsure why DIBBS paused. They carry DIBBS' gang outside. Jump cuts of the duct taping. Jocks walk away.

DIBBS (CONT'D)

...talk about this?

INT. BAR

Folk music night. Moody, dramatic spotlight.

VOICE

I played a lot a shows for a lot of money but I gave it all up... so I could make art.

It's KID DIAMOND on stage with a guitar. Begins singing a terrible cover of Banana Pancakes.

ANGRY AUDIENCE MEMBER

Enough with the Jack Johnson.

INT. JAIL.

A group of 5-year-old Iranian children behind bars.

TOUGH 5 YEAR OLD

(in Persian)

I cheated at hopscotch.

RESIGNED 5 YEAR OLD

(in Persian)

I googled "Richard Dawkins".

SCARED 5 YEAR OLD

(in Perian)

What are you in for?

5-YEAR OLD

(in Persian)

The mistakes of others.