

THE CORRUPT ONE
"THE FIRST TRIUMVIRATE"
BY PETER STEVENS
(original series)

MAY 2012

EXT. ST. LAURENT CAMPUS. 1PM.

St. Laurent University campus and its pleasant buildings adorned with ivy. It's a mild day in late September.

First year students in bright colours and fashionable scarves laugh and flirt.

We follow a figure clad in a dark hoodie, riding his single gear bicycle through campus, whipping through packs of young students.

This is ROHINTON PATEL, 22, a slim, vegan anarchist/activist with an unkempt beard who doesn't believe in compromise. He slides into a stop, feeling like the last sane mind on a campus gone mad.

He stares at a wall of campaign posters. OUR TIME IS NOW is written on top of a headshot of THOMAS KWON that extends to the top of his naked shoulders.

A student slaps stickers on each one: 91% YOUR STUDENT PRESIDENT!

PATEL spits out sunflower seeds. Students behind him are disgusted.

INT. CLASSROOM 240B. 1PM.

An old classroom with two blackboards. Fifteen students are chatting and sitting in writing chairs.

Enter "BOOK" MERRIMAN, 21, in his dark rimmed glasses and a stylish trench coat. He's come a long way with his social skills but still tends to be abrupt, getting to business as he enters.

BOOK

(these words are lost to the class' chatter)

This is poli-sci 4121 tutorial four.

BOOK

Today a familiar case study. Rome 59BC. Government?

MALE STUDENT

Technically a republic but real power lies in an alliance of three individuals.

FEMALE STUDENT

The first triumvirate.

BOOK (VO)
Who were they?

As we hear about Roman politics we parallel it with our characters in a triple splitscreen.

FEMALE STUDENT (VO)
Julius Caesar,

THOMAS KWON, back to audience, receiving a call.

FEMALE STUDENT (VO)
Pompeius Magnus,

CONSTANCE HARTWICK checking a text.

FEMALE STUDENT (VO)
and Marcus Crassus.

CARSON POOLE is distraught, making a call.

MALE STUDENT (VO)
They rule Rome because they've got wealth, loyal troops and political positions to force through what they want.

BOOK (VO)
Examples.

FEMALE STUDENT (VO)
They push Caesar's land reform through when the Senate rejected it.

POOLE, KWON, and HARTWICK toast wine glasses.

MALE STUDENT (VO)
Crassus was given Syria.

HARTWICK hands POOLE a USB key.

FEMALE STUDENT (VO)
Caesar was made proconsul to raise an army and loot Gaul.

Slick, stylized election campaign posters of KWON's face are bring printed.

MALE STUDENT (VO)
They all backed Clodius against Cicero-

Council meeting room. POOLE, KWON, and HARTWICK are in a shouting match with three older students.

BOOK (VO)
What happened in the end?

MALE STUDENT
Crassus was killed during his
military campaign in Partha-

CARSON POOLE fades from the split screen, leaving KWON and
HARTWICK.

FEMALE STUDENT (VO)
-leaving Rome to Caesar and Pompey.
A few years later they go to war.

CUT BACK TO:
Room 240B.

MALE STUDENT
I don't get it. Why didn't they
continue to rule together?

BOOK
Would anyone like to respond to Mr.
Corvins?

CUT TO:
Splitscreen. HARTWICK and KWON.

FEMALE STUDENT (VO)
Once you're down to two, you're so
close to having it all for yourself.

CUT BACK:
In the classroom.

MALE STUDENT
Ooh, a final showdown with Rome on
the line? I don't trust a good
story.

FEMALE STUDENT
I'm talking about human nature-

MALE STUDENT
Historians should use facts-

BOOK
We will look at macro factors about
the personalities and conflicts
encouraged by the system.

MALE STUDENT feels as if he's won.

BOOK (CONT'D)

But also... it is a good story. And that's just the beginning.

TITLE SEQUENCE FOR THE CORRUPT ONE.

We cruise through Facebook in a dynamic manner, flying into profiles and through photos of the key characters, showing their styles change over four years at University. Occasionally, the pictures come alive to show that the participants are faking it: hugs devolve into shoves, kisses into scorn, and smiles into glares. A few images from the upcoming episode can also be seen, particularly the final frame which shows which characters will be showcased. In this final frame KWON and HARTWICK, the perfect couple, are kissing, as PATEL, BOOK, and METAXAS look on.

EXT. IN FRONT OF OLD HALL. 3:30PM.

A local news reports from outside of the campus' largest building. A large banner declares: #1 in Canada. \$158, 000 raised!

REPORTER

The feeling on campus is electric. St. Laurent University isn't even in the top five Canadian Universities for student population but they are number one when it comes to heart.

JUMPCUTS of interviews

-three students with their faces painted in the school colours.

INTELLIGENT STUDENT

There's a feeling that we're all in this together.

-students laughing

-posters of KWON's campaign still up

REPORTER (VO)

THOMAS KWON was elected student president with an unprecedented 91% of the popular vote.

SERIOUS STUDENT

I voted for KWON.

FRIENDLY STUDENT

I voted for him. Everyone did.

FRIENDLY STUDENT 2

He does a lot here. There's always a lot of good stuff to do.

FRIENDLY STUDENT

I've been to other campuses, to visit, and the difference is we've got THOMAS KWON.

BIG STUDENT

Of course I voted for him.

SMALL STUDENT

Me too. He's cute.

Off camera. SECRETARY prepping DEAN HARDEN by adjusting his suit and tie.

DEAN HARDEN

(practicing)

We're proud to be expanding campus by three buildings by 2017.

CUT TO: REPORTER with DEAN HARDEN.

REPORTER

I'm here with DEAN ROSS HARDEN. Organizers are saying they've been very lucky to work with student president THOMAS KWON.

DEAN HARDEN

He is an exceptional young man. This fundraiser shows the type of positive community that we've been building here. We're continuing to grow, by 2017-

REPORTER

Where is THOMAS right now? Will he be making an appearance at the celebration?

DEAN HARDEN

(thrown by the question)

I don't know.

CUT TO: ADMIN BUILDING HALLWAY

DEAN HARDEN striding to his office, yelling at his secretary.

DEAN HARDEN

-waste of my time-

JUMP CUT:

DEAN HARDEN

-thinks I'm here to answer questions
about that useless f-

JUMP CUT:

DEAN HARDEN

He's gone up too far. We'll have to
bring him down a notch.

DEAN HARDEN enters his office. CARSON POOLE is there, with
his parents, looking like a deer in the headlights.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

University students, sitting at desks with tiny flags,
practice for the upcoming model UN.

*It is important to note that each student delegate isn't
even remotely close in appearance to "typical" citizens of
that nation.

CONSTANCE HARTWICK, 22, is entitled, authoritative, and
never intimidated. She wears tasteful, no-nonsense business
attire.

Right now, she's about to lose it.

HARTWICK (STUDENT PALESTINIAN DELEGATE)

-let's keep it simple. We need to
condemn American military support-

STUDENT USA DELEGATE

You're talking about routine trade
agreements-

STUDENT ISRAELI DELEGATE

Once again we're allowing the real
issues to be sidelined by-

HARTWICK

(muttering to her partner)

Of course we get assigned to the
fucking Middle East-

STUDENT DENMARK DELEGATE

Perhaps what is needed here is a
mediator.

STUDENT NORWEIGAN DELEGATE

If you would like we could organize
a-

HARTWICK

(to the Secretary General)

Can you tell the Scandinavian
countries to stay out of it?

That snap hurts the sensitive Scandinavian delegates.

HARTWICK (CONT'D)
What are you looking at Sweden?

HARTWICK reads a text. She gathers her things to leave. To
her diplomatic partner,

HARTWICK (CONT'D)
If they say anything declare war.

INT. OFFICE FOR THE TRUMPET.

PATEL brakes his bike hard, unnerving some first years, and
locks up outside the student newspaper office.

Inside, PATEL flips through the layout. The fundraiser is on
the front page. To a CLUELESS STAFF MEMBER:

PATEL
Where's my article?

CLUELESS STAFF MEMBER
I'm new here.

CUT TO:
PATEL bursts through a door with 'editor' written on it,
interrupting a meeting.

PATEL
Where's my article?

TERA, 22, the highest of achievers. She's very functional.
Glasses and jeans with short hair.

She knocks on her desk.

PRICE
(acting out his rudeness)
Who is it? ROHINTON. Ok, come in.

PATEL, annoyed, knocks on the door as he talks.

PATEL
The treasurer goes down for cheating
on every exam -not news?

PRICE motions for the two younger students, including EMMA
JANSEN, to leave. They quickly enter their familiar mode of
bickering,

PRICE
We have to talk.

PATEL
The three-headed dog is dead. Now
they're going to turn on each other.

PRICE
Did you sleep last night?

PATEL
When I get HARTWICK and KWON are you
going to run that?

PRICE
(heating up)
You didn't want to be editor. There
are certain considerations (that you
always refuse to see)-

PATEL
Is the truth one of them?

CUT TO:
Outside the editor's office the staff listens to the muffled
argument.

CUT BACK:
Later in the argument.

PATEL
-is that what this is about?

PRICE
Have a seat.

PATEL
Nope.

PRICE
Is it on?

PATEL
It's always on.

PRICE
Turn it off.

PATEL
Nope.

PRICE stares at PATEL. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out
an audio recorder and turns it off.

PRICE
You're off student politics.

PATEL is in shock. The SOUND CUTS OUT.

He can see PRICE speaking and handing him a folder but cannot hear. SOUND RETURNS.

PATEL
What?

PRICE
I said you're on sports.

PATEL
(raising his voice)
After all this you're going to cave to those cowards? Fuck them.

PRICE
This was my call.

PATEL
Then fuck you. (beat) Oh my god. Is this him?

PRICE
We need someone younger to take over politics-

PATEL
No no no, you're not handing this to a bullshit first-year-

CUT TO:

EMMA JANSEN, the bullshit first-year student, stands outside the office, clutching her shiny new notebook, listening to the muffled shouting from behind the door.

CUT BACK:

Later in the argument. PRICE, fearless, is right up into PATEL's face.

PATEL
(yelling)
-you're doing it again-

PRICE
(regaining control)
You can make a scene or... head to the rink as our new sports writer.

Something is exchanged in their eye contact. He backs down and storms out. PATEL sees the frightened JANSEN.

PATEL

If you hear something interesting
put your ear to the door. Are you a
journalist?

PRICE watches PATEL trash the layout table as he exits.

PATEL (CONT'D)

or are we running an ad campaign for
THOMAS fucking KWON?

EXT. SOCCER FIELD.

Soccer practice. Shirts vs. skins.

ALEXANDER METAXAS, 21, plays shirtless with the build of a professional soccer player. He dekes between two defenders, tries a fancier move and is dispossessed. He rolls to the ground, looking for a call. When he doesn't get it he stops faking an injury and jogs after the play.

METAXAS spots HARTWICK watching him from the sidelines. He calls to the coach.

METAXAS

Sub! Sub!

CUT TO:

Inside an empty locker room.

HARTWICK and METAXAS are the only ones in the locker room. He towers over her. Still shirtless. The queen and the barbarian.

HARTWICK

It's done.

METAXAS

I'm in?

HARTWICK

(amused by the brute)

Not yet. You'll have to win the
election.

MATAXAS

What did KWON say?

HARTWICK

He wants you to win. He likes you.
He has no idea.

METAXAS

So how long now?

HARTWICK

Not long.

METAXAS

What if I can't wait?

METAXAS grabs her blazer and rips it open.

HARTWICK's legs are wrapped around METAXAS as they kiss each other desperately and their bodies slam into the lockers. HARTWICK bites METAXAS' neck. He growls and attempt to return the favour. HARTWICK pulls away, puts a hand on his face and commands,

HARTWICK

No biting for you.

INT. KWON'S OFFICE. 4PM.

KWON's phone is vibrating. He dismisses it.

THOMAS KWON, 22 is sitting at his desk, quiet and unmoved, watching CARSON POOLE fall apart.

POOLE wears a tailored suit. He's used to lording himself over others rather than crying in front of them.

POOLE

I'm going to appeal. They're not going to let me keep anything. You can do something for me TOM, I know you can.

KWON regards him for a long time.

KWON

Maybe.

POOLE

HARDEN owes you, SAMSA owes you. You could make one call and all of Grossman would be up-

KWON

CARSON. If you were sitting here and I were sitting there would you help me?

POOLE knows there is no hope for him now.

POOLE

You have to do something for me, TOM. For old times.

As POOLE goes to pieces. KWON walks over to close the blinds from gawkers. POOLE sobs so KWON checks his text messages.

POOLE (CONT'D)
 This is everything. They're not going to let me graduate. I'm out now. Like I'm out. It's bad. I can't get in anywhere. Not Toronto. Not BC. My parents. I can't.

POOLE turns to see KWON waiting at the door.

POOLE (CONT'D)
 (sniffing)
 This could have been any of us. I could bring you down, THOMAS.

KWON stares at him in response. POOLE takes the hint to leave.

KWON
 Wait.

KWON stops POOLE before he opens the door.

KWON
 Fix yourself up. Don't let them see you like this.

POOLE stiffens, makes sure he's presentable, exits.

KWON, alone, sends a text. He walks to the window, looks out over campus, a subtle smile on his face.

INT. ICE RINK. BLEACHERS.

PATEL is cold, sitting alone in the stands watching the St. Laurent University hockey practice.

Two players get in a fight. What an idiotic sport. PATEL shakes his head in disgust.

Suddenly, PRICE is sitting behind PATEL, startling him.

PRICE
 Here's what we can do

PATEL begins to turn.

PRICE (CONT'D)
 -don't look!

PATEL stiffens, looks straight ahead. PRICE moves to sit beside him.

PRICE
 (all smiles)
 I'm kidding. We're not being
 watched.

PATEL
 What's going on? Am I really off
 politics?

PRICE
 I'm trying to help.

She touches him. He pulls away.

PATEL (CONT'D)
 Are you protecting me? Or are you
 protecting him? KWON is going down.
 He's made his enemies. It's over for
 him-

PRICE
 Maybe. The rules are different now.
 This thing is getting big. Let me
 tell you what I know.

CUT TO:

Across the rink. Someone in the shadows is watching PRICE
 and PATEL talking.

INT. CLASSROOM 240B.

The tutorial has ended and students file out.

BOOK
 Remember, next week you may choose
 to write about survival in Roman
 politics or-

CLARA MARTINEZ approaches BOOK. She is 18, a gorgeous young
 woman who has never relied on her looks. Her idea of success
 is good grades. She wears a flat cap, nose ring, and always
 carries a book.

MARTINEZ
 Would it be possible to do both?

BOOK
 We're only going to grade one...

BOOK sees KWON at the door. So does the class. He's a minor
 celebrity. KWON notices the small pack of girls standing
 near him.

KWON

Hi.

SHY STUDENT
I voted for you.

KWON has a knack for making people feel like they're the only one in the room.

KWON
Thanks for believing in me. I'll work hard for you. (to BOOK) I need you.

ANOTHER SHY STUDENT
I voted for you too.

KWON smiles. She swoons a bit.

MARTINEZ
I didn't vote for you.

BOOK
And she's the brightest one in the class.

This embarrasses MARTINEZ. KWON looks at her and sees something.

KWON
Have you ever thought of student politics? Let me know if you do.

KWON hands her a card.

KWON
(to BOOK)
I hope you're not busy.

BOOK
(a slight whine)
TOM...

KWON
(parroting the whine)
BOOK... the treasurer just got expelled from the University.

KWON looks around the room.

KWON
That's our secret.

A THIRD SHY STUDENT
I voted for you too.

KWON smiles at the awkward plea for attention. Beside him, BOOK is worried.

CUT TO:

KWON and BOOK walking down the main hall. KWON is constantly smiling, bumping fists, and waving back to people. BOOK's constant worrying brings out KWON's joker.

BOOK
You gotta get out.

KWON
Resign? I just got elected.

BOOK
This is not going to end well.

KWON throws an arm around BOOK.

KWON
You really believe in me.

BOOK
They all hate you.

KWON
What are you talking about?

KWON taps a poster of his face.

KWON (CONT'D)
Ninety-one percent.

PASSERBY
I voted for you!

A high five.

BOOK
I'm talking about the pit of snakes.
Right now they're all planning to
bring you down-

KWON
It's exciting.

BOOK
You needed POOLE-

KWON
Is this the end of THOMAS KWON?

BOOK
Don't joke. You ever think someone

set him up?

KWON
(mocking)
I never thought about that-

BOOK
-they're going to get you next. You
could be expelled, you could be put
on probation-

KWON
(suddenly, down to business)
Shut up. I need you to do something.

BOOK
Do you know what happened to Julius
Caesar?

KWON
Did he win?

INT. THEATRE. DRAMA CLASS.

On stage in drama class. CAESAR is mauled by the mob of conspirators. With each stab a piece of bold red cloth rolls out, standing out in the swirl of white togas. The melee crescendos with a pause.

CAESAR
Et tu, Brute?

The wild stabbing resumes.

WIDE:

DAVID LIN, 23, a visionary student director. He sits in the audience with his designers, watching the rehearsal.

DIRECTOR
Stop. Casca? What is this? Stab!
Stab! Let's go back -why is Brutus'
toga grey?

COSTUME DESIGNER
It represents his indecision-

DIRECTOR
No! No! No metaphors!

COSTUME scrambles off to fix it.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
This is about a man getting stabbed!

All in silence as DIRECTOR checks a text.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
I have to step out.

CUT TO:
CAESAR with a long piece of red fabric stuck to his face.

CAESAR
Are we keeping the face stab?

INT. BUSINESS SCHOOL. GRAD STUDENT LOUNGE.

A group of elite business students have converted a section of the student lounge to their day trading center.

ANEKA VOLCHENKOV, 22, is a stern, mischevious business student with a mathematical mind always on the look out for capital. She's looking at several stock tickers on her screen.

Two younger, wealthier students sit at their own computers. They are paying her for a consultation.

VOLCHENKOV
You can do what you want but you will lose a lot of money.

RICH KID 1
Don't listen to her. Just do it.

RICH KID 2
I don't know.

RICH KID 1
I didn't come here to watch. I'm in.

The RICH KID's screen show they are playing online poker. The river card is flipped. RICH KID 1 is devastated. RICH KID 2 is relieved.

VOLCHENKOV
I tried to tell you.

VOLCHENKOV checks a text and leaves.

RICH KID 1
Show me how to get my money back.

EXT. OLD HALL BALCONY.

PATEL is with JANSEN, watching a group of students meet in the campus park.

PATEL

Look at them. This is what passes for politics now. Everything in secret.

JANSEN

So?

PATEL

So, this is a democracy. We have a right to witness the decision-making process.

JANSEN

It's just the student government.

PATEL

Right. Why do people join student politics?

JANSEN

Looks good on their resume.

PATEL

Look. VOLCHENKOV and BECKER are top in Grossman. ROONA's already published. That's DAVID LIN. Are you writing this down?

JANSEN

It's a lot of names.

PATEL

The sooner you memorize them the better.

JANSEN

I was hoping to work in the arts section and cover dance or fashion.

PATEL stares at her in disbelief.

JANSEN (CONT'D)

(indicating his beard)

You might look handsome if you cleaned this up.

PATEL

TERA told me that you were something special.

JANSEN

What do you mean?

PATEL

She said you exposed some teacher
at your high school. That you had a
real instinct.

JANSEN

So?

PATEL

So I figured you cared about the
truth.

JANSEN

Yeah? Well, the truth can hurt a lot
of people.

PATEL

That's what I like about it.

PATEL walks away.

JANSEN

I get it. We're looking at the
sharks. These are the most ambitious
people on campus. This is about
padding a resume.

PATEL

They're here to get a piece of
something.

JANSEN

What is it?

PATEL

I've got my theories. But POOLE
going down changed everything.

JANSEN

Who's that?

PATEL

There are three executive positions.

We spy on the people as they're talked about.

JANSEN

KWON is president.

PATEL

CON HARTWICK is vice. And the
treasurer has been expelled.

JANSEN

Less names to remember.

PATEL
They're both going to support that
jock, ALEXANDER METAXAS,

METAXAS is juggling a soccer ball while the others are
huddled in talks.

PATEL (CONT'D)
get him elected as the new
treasurer.

JANSEN
So?

PATEL
KWON and HARTWICK hate each other.

JANSEN
Aren't they dating?

PATEL rolls his eyes to himself.

PATEL
They'll both want to ally with
METAXAS and cut the other one out.

JANSEN
Well, who's side is he on? And what
are they even fighting over?

PATEL is excited by her investigative journalist spark.

PATEL
This is better.

INT. CAMPUS COFFE SHOP: THE BEAN STOP.

KWON is having coffee with MARTINEZ.

KWON
So why didn't you vote for me?

MARTINEZ
Because your campaign was too much
like branding.

KWON
What do you-

MARTINEZ
No real ideas just a shortcut to an
emotional response. 'Ooh, we're all

in this together'.

KWON laughs.

KWON
We are in it together.

MARTINEZ
That's why I can't figure you out. I mean, you did really help the fundraiser.

KWON
The power of the brand.

MARTINEZ
Why did you want to meet with me?

KWON
What are you doing this evening?

MARTINEZ
Aren't you in a relationsh-

KWON
Are you interested in running for treasurer?

METAXAS AND HARTWICK'S PLAN

METAXAS and HARTWICK, sweaty, exhausted, lying in bed.
HARTWICK snaps up to leave. She gets dressed.

METAXAS
Already?

HARTWICK
We'll have more time when this is all over.

METAXAS
Are you worried?

HARTWICK
Worried?

METAXAS
You seemed stiff.

HARTWICK glares at him. He feigns innocence.

HARTWICK
I'm not worried at all.

METAXAS

I am. I'm thinking THOMAS KWON...
tricky guy.

HARTWICK

Right.

METAXAS

Are you thinking he might retaliate?

HARTWICK

He's not going to be able to. We can
exhaust his veto and all he can do
is watch.

METAXAS

He's the president.

HARTWICK

He's a face on a poster. I'm going
to be running things.

METAXAS

We.

How cute. The beast thinks it can make decisions. HARTWICK
strokes his hair.

HARTWICK

Yes, my pet. We.

METAXAS grabs her and twists, throwing her on the bed and
begins to undress her.

PHOTO STUDIO.

A glamour photoshoot in progress.

PASCALE DUPUIS, 23, wears an even louder outfit behind the
camera as he calls out encouragement to his models.

Through his camera lens we see KWON walk on set.

DUPUIS

Oh, the new president.

KWON

PASCALE. Nice costumes. Nice lights.
Nice... this thing. Looks like some
good art.

DUPUIS

The art is not in the equipment.
It's in the people.

KWON

Is that a new camera?

They bisou (French-Canadian kiss on the cheeks greeting).

KWON (CONT'D)

I need photos for my friend. Same thing you did for the campaign.

DUPUIS

Yes, we did a lot of work for you.

KWON

I appreciated it.

DUPUIS

But now I have no studio time. You can see how busy.

Pause. The unreadable KWON says nothing.

DUPUIS (CONT'D)

For when?

KWON

I was thinking... now.

MARTINEZ enters and looks around. This is not her world. DUPUIS looks her up and down.

DUPUIS

I have no time. I can give you the name of another designer-

KWON

No. You.

DUPUIS

You love to ask the impossible.

KWON

I'm not asking.

They look at each other. KWON, pleasant and unreadable as always, DUPUIS looks worried but then laughs and claps for attention.

DUPUIS

Twenty minute break. Clear stage.

KWON nods in thanks, turns to MARTINEZ.

KWON

You can trust this guy.

DUPUIS
Take your top off.

KWON
Keep the hat.

DUPUIS
I know to keep the hat.

KWON WALKING THE HALLS

This scene cuts back between the present and when KWON started University.

KWON walks the halls, students congratulate and high five him.

YOUNG KWON, with longer hair and grungier, walks the halls intimidated. He sees a group of students making fun of him. He turns the corner and-

KWON walks with BOOK who hands him an essay.

YOUNG KWON walks with YOUNG BOOK. They round a corner and-

KWON stops at the entrance to a classroom.

YOUNG KWON enters the class.

PROFESSOR
Young man, you are late.

YOUNG KWON
I'm sorry. I couldn't find the room.

YOUNG KWON smiles at TERA PRICE but she doesn't notice. The class is laughing at him. He doesn't know why. The PROFESSOR is starrng at him. He doesn't know why.

PROFESSOR
The door. Close the door?

YOUNG KWON scrambles to close to the door.

KWON opens the door, the entire class turns their heads.

PROFESSOR
You are la-

PROFESSOR sees that it's KWON and stops. The class stifles a laugh.

KWON drops an essay on his desk, winks at a group of friends and walks out.

As he leaves he puts his hand on the door to close it but keeps walking.

The PROFESSOR watches him go.

INT. HALLWAY.

HARTWICK catches up to KWON in the hallway and kisses him, staying in an embrace as students pass.

KWON
How are you, love?

Her hands are all over him. A passerby rolls her eyes.

HARTWICK
Can you spare a minute?

CUT TO:
INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM.

HARTWICK closes the door carefully. She transforms once they're in private.

HARTWICK
What the fuck are you doing?

KWON
Playing the same game.

HARTWICK
You lied.

KWON shrugs.

HARTWICK (CONT'D)
You said if POOLE went out we'd bring ALEX in.

KWON
You trust him?

HARTWICK
You trusted POOLE?

KWON
Yeah. POOLE was selfish. That was my favourite thing about him. I could trust that.

HARTWICK
We can't fall apart like they did.
We have to be united.

She walks to him.

HARTWICK (CONT'D)
Let's work together to make ALEX
treasurer.

KWON
Ok. Let's say I go with the soccer
star. He wins the election. And then
he and I decide to cut you out.

HARTWICK
That won't happen.

KWON
You know that for sure? You're not
going to get what you want.

HARTWICK
Don't say that. I could bring you
down, THOMAS.

He stares at her.

HARTWICK (CONT'D)
Just support ALEX or there's going
to be a war. And you can't win this
one.

KWON pulls out a flyer from his binder to show HARTWICK.

It's a campaign poster very similar to KWON's only it has
the young face of MARTINEZ on it with the words: TREASURER.
2012.

KWON
There's going to be a war.

CUT TO:
INT. HALLWAY.

The door flies open as HARTWICK storms out. KWON follows.
She notices a group of students watching them. She adjusts
her clothing and kisses KWON passionately.

HARTWICK
I'll see you tonight?

KWON
Yeah.

HARTWICK
I love you.

KWON

I love you.

MONTAGE: IMAGES FROM THE ESCALATING WAR

KWON and MARTINEZ walk in the park and talk. She's falling for him.

BOOK works in the library. PATEL watches him. Someone in the shadows is watching PATEL.

HARTWICK is walking across campus. She stops in front of a daunting wall of KWON campaign posters.

JANSEN, bored, is interviewing METAXAS for the newspaper.

KWON and MARTINEZ are eating in the cafeteria together, laughing. BOOK arrives, whispers something to KWON. He excuses himself and they leave. MARTINEZ is left smiling.

INT. METAXAS' ROOM.

METAXAS walks around in his underwear. HARTWICK works on her laptop.

METAXAS

Let him support who he wants. I
still say I win 70 - 30.

That doesn't get her attention.

METAXAS (CONT'D)

Look what I had made.

He shows her a flyer. A shitty photoshop job of his face with the slogan GOOOOOOAAAAAAL for TREASURER. She's in hell.

METAXAS (CONT'D)

It's been a while since we've
celebrated our coming victory.

METAXAS grabs HARTWICK to throw on the bed. She slaps him.

HARTWICK

Not now.

INT. THE STUDENT COUNCIL ROOM.

JANSEN is waiting at the closed doors.

Inside, all the sharks are there for their meeting. Twelve of them around the table. METAXAS, MARTINEZ, and BOOK sit off to the side.

AIMS
Technically, you shouldn't be
campaigning before we approve the
nominations.

KWON
I nominate CLARA MARTINEZ to run on
the ballot.

LIN, in particular, smiles at the growing intrigue.

AIMS
Any other nominations?

METAXAS looks to HARTWICK. She stares off into space.

AIMS
CONSTANCE?

That shocks HARTWICK back.

HARTWICK
No. No one to nominate.

AIMS
We have one nomination?

METAXAS' face, realizes the betrayal. Confusion at the
table.

HARTWICK
I move that we should not hold a
re-election for treasurer.

The Council erupts in chatter.

CUT TO:
PATEL, in the library, using the same computer that BOOK was
on.

He looks to see if anyone is watching him and plugs his USB
in, opening a program to crack BOOK's password.

CUT BACK TO:
The Council Room.

KWON
What are you saying?

HARTWICK
We just had the election last week.
We should postpone it or cancel it.
We'll share the treasurer's
responsibilities as the council.

KWON

Wait, wait, wait. Students have a right to elect their officials-

HARTWICK

They had their chance. Now we have to do our best with what we've got.

METAXAS

What the hell is going on?

VOLCHENKOV

You're not a member of this council and it doesn't look like you'll ever be. So sit down or get out.

METAXAS

Don't talk to me like that you stuck up bitch.

METAXAS moves toward VOLCHENKOV in menacing fashion. BECKER and a few Council member try to intervene but are tossed aside.

CUT TO:

PATEL cracks the password. He's now going through BOOK's recent files. He stops on something that captures his attention.

PATEL

Well fuck me.

A librarian glares at him

PATEL (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's a really good website.

CUT BACK:

The shoving match in the Council Room continues.

KWON

Stop this.

METAXAS

You want some?

KWON AND HARTWICK

ALEX!

KWON

We get it. You're very strong. But these people hit back in different ways.

HARTWICK

Leave.

HARTWICK won't look at him. METAXAS storms out. JANSEN is lucky not to get slammed by the door. She watches him stomp his way out and writes something calmly in her notebook.

KWON

We do have a candidate left.

HARTWICK

No election.

ROONA

Let's put it to a vote.

KWON is disappointed. LIN stifles a laugh.

KWON

Wait. Think about this. We need a treasurer.

ROONA

We need your treasurer?

KWON

We need to be streamlined. Or every penny on the budget is going to get swamped in debate.

HARTWICK

(ignoring him)

Let's hold this vote.

KWON is clearly disappointed.

CUT TO:

PATEL on the computer. Highlighting, copying, and pasting to print a document.

CUT BACK:

Inside, the Council passes around the voting box, sliding in their slips of paper.

CUT TO:

JANSEN, bored, sits outside of the closed door to the council room.

CUT BACK:

The slips of paper are dumped out of the box and tallied.

CUT TO:

PATEL, frustrated by the University library printer. He's on his phone.

PATEL
What's going on?

JANSEN
I don't know. I'm not allowed in
until after.

PATEL
Get in there. Get in now!

More glares from the librarian.

CUT BACK:
The Council Room. The vote is over

AIMS
Eleven to one.

AIMS looks at KWON when he says 'one'.

AIMS (CONT'D)
There will be no re-election for
treasurer.

MARTINEZ is devastated.

HARTWICK
Now, we need to decide how the
treasurer's duties can be divided in
the council.

BECKER
We should appoint someone from
council.

VOLCHENKOV
We could debate every expense-

LIN
That's absurd-

BOOK
You don't need to decide.

ROONA
This is a closed council meeting.

BOOK clears his throat and stands.

BOOK
I have the student government
constitution right here.

Everyone realizes something is going on. KWON remains

neutral.

CUT TO:

PATEL dashes out of the library. He sees his bike. Both the front and back wheel have been twisted beyond repair. He looks around. He begins to run.

CUT BACK:

The Council Room.

BOOK (CONTD)

(reading)

45.2.B. in the event that the treasurer cannot fulfill his or her duties then the responsibilities are passed to the student president.

BECKER

That's a provision for emergencies.

ROONA

It's meant to be a temporary solution until an election is held-

BOOK

I'm reading our constitution.

AIMS

(realizing what they've done)
There will be no re-election...

Silence.

TRUMAN

So THOMAS is the president *and* the treasurer?

HARTWICK

(stunned)

No.

LIN starts to laugh.

LIN

Oh, that's good. That was good.

HARTWICK

No. We're going to decide as a council-

LIN

It's in the constitution-

ROONA snatches the constitution from BOOK and reads it,

frustrated.

VOLCHENKOV
You can't hold two executive
positions for the year-

ROONA
There must be a mention of a
limitation-

KWON
You're right.

The room quiets to hear KWON.

KWON (CONT'D)
It seems absurd to be the president
and the treasurer.

LIN
(smiling)
Things are pretty streamlined now.

KWON
That works to our advantage. Less
hoops to jump through. We'll still
create a budget together as we've
always done.

BECKER
I'm fine with that.

LIN
We have to be.

HARTWICK
We can't leave it at that. Don't you
see? He doesn't need any of us now.
He's got signing authority.

ROONA
You already voted.

CUT TO:
PATEL arrives. The Council room is empty. JANSEN is there.

JANSEN
You just missed them. There's not
going to be an election.

EXT. ROADSIDE. 10PM.

It's pouring rain. PATEL tries to walk his bike home but the
damage to the wheels is making it near impossible. Enraged,

he tosses it into a ditch.

He continues to walk home. A car stops at the side of the road. The passenger door is pushed open but we can't see the driver.

 KWON
Wanna lift?

PATEL looks in.

 PATEL
Thanks, I'm way down at Rivenda and
Lands so I wasn't (looking forward
to walking it.)-

Stops when he notices KWON. PATEL keeps walking.

 KWON
Are you serious? Get in the car.

PATEL keeps walking. KWON matches speed in his car.

 KWON (CONT'D)
I'm going to follow you like this
all the way home. (beat) This is
ridiculous. Why are you walking?

 PATEL
Sorry my parents didn't give me a
new car.

 KWON
This isn't my parents' car.

 PATEL
Well, I'd ride my bike but someone
trashed it.

 KWON
On campus? Where? I'll make a note
of it to tell security.

 PATEL
I see right through you.

 KWON
What do you see?

 PATEL
Who you are.

 KWON
Who am I?

PATEL
Do you have a job?

KWON
I barely have time now.

PATEL
Then how did you afford this car?

KWON
I like you, ROHINTON.

PATEL
I don't like you.

KWON
Fair enough.

He follows PATEL in silence.

KWON
Last chance for that ride-

PATEL
Let me tell you something. You're
going down this year.

KWON
What? I can't hear you over the
rain. Would you get (in the car)-

PATEL
(yelling)
Remember that every choice you make
is going to come back to haunt you.
You're. Going. Down.

KWON
(yelling back)
Thanks for the warning. I'll try to
look surprised when it happens.

KWON stops the car. Our view becomes more and more obscured
by the windshield wipers as we watch PATEL walk away,
disappearing into the darkness and rain.

INT. OUTSIDE OF THE ST. LAURENT'S GYM. 6AM.

Sunrise. KWON jogging.

KWON working out at the gym. In the locker room dressing. He
walks out of the gym.

MARTINEZ ambushes KWON, hitting him with her hardcover book.

He defends himself until she's out of breath.

CUT TO:

KWON and MARTINEZ sitting on the grass. KWON has the book.

KWON

Plutarch. Makes a good weapon. Do you know you can read these too?

MARTINEZ

I hate you.

KWON

I don't understand your problem.

MARTINEZ

You used me.

KWON

Oh?

MARTINEZ

This was all part of your game.

KWON

Was it?

MARTINEZ

You didn't think I'd make a good treasurer. You don't even know me.

They sit in silence. No one is around.

KWON

You did nothing. For a second, I made you into something. Now you're mad because you're back at nothing.

KWON gets up to leave.

MARTINEZ

I trusted you.

KWON

You should only trust yourself.

KWON walks away.

MARTINEZ

I need my book back.

KWON

You hit me with it. It's my book now.

MARTINEZ

It's the library's book. THOMAS?

EXT. OLD HALL. 8AM.

PATEL, sick, has walked to campus. He happens to glance by his favourite parking spot. There's a new bicycle there bearing a tag with his name on it.

PATEL approaches the bike. It's a brand new Cannondale. He laughs to himself.

He touches the handle, holds it to see if it's real. Then he walks away.

INT. MR. SANTOS' GRADE 6 CLASS. 11:30AM.

The classroom is adorned with keywords, assignments, and images from the politics unit. KWON and BOOK enter in the back of the room.

MR. SANTOS

I need everyone to get out their questions. Quietly.

The class shuffles as they retrieve slips of paper from their desk.

MR. SANTOS

(writing on the board)

Our guest this month is THOMAS KWON.
Thank you. He is the student
president of St. Laurent University.
Yes?

BRAINY STUDENT

What's the difference between a
president and prime minister?

MR. SANTOS

Maybe Mr. KWON can answer for us.

KWON looks at BOOK.

BOOK

There are multiple variations. One
technical distinction would be prime
ministers are selected by elected
members of parliament whereas a
President is directly elected-

KWON has walked to the front of the room and sits on the teacher's desk (to his dismay).

KWON
Next question?

TOUGH STUDENT
(reading his slip of paper)
How do you win an election?

KWON
Easy. I always keep my promises.

STUDENT
Is politics hard?

CONFUSED STUDENT
What is politics? Like... what is
it?

The class giggles. MR. SANTOS rolls his eyes in frustration.

KWON
That's a great question. What is
politics?

Pause as KWON thinks. He reaches into the teacher's desk
drawer, taking a box of pencils.

KWON
How many students are here?

BOOK
Thirty-one.

KWON
Let's play a game. Everyone up and
move your desks to the walls.

MR. SANTOS begins to protest but is drowned out by the
noise.

CUT TO:
the students are standing in a circle. The pencils are on
the floor in the middle.

KWON
When I say 'go' you're allowed to
get one pencil. If you get one I'll
give you a dollar. Go!

The students dive for the pencils. Afterward:

CONFUSED STUDENT
I got one.

BRAINY STUDENT

We all got one.

SKEPTICAL STUDENT
This is stupid.

BRAINY STUDENT
You owe me a dollar.

KWON
Everyone can take your dollar or you
can play round two.

SKEPTICAL STUDENT
What's round two?

KWON
Pencils are worth twenty dollars.

The students 'ooooo'.

MR. SANTOS
I don't know that we can use money
as a teaching tool-

KWON
(to the students)
You want to play round two?

Cheers.

CUT TO:
KWON puts three pencils on the floor.

KWON
Ready?

BRAINY STUDENT
Wait, there's only three.

CONFUSED STUDENT
Duh, they're worth twenty dollars
each.

BRAINY STUDENT
But...

- She looks around the room. Everyone is conspiring in whispers.
- A group of bigger students are teaming up.
- A friend whispers to a friend.
- Two defeated kids have summed up the situation. They're not going to try.
- CUTE STUDENT nods across the circle to another student.

CUTE STUDENT
Will you get one for me?

-A dumpy student is emboldened by her request. He stands up straight and nods.
-The BRAINY STUDENT talks to herself, formulating an attack plan.

MR. SANTOS
(nervously)
Class? It's almost lunch. Why don't we get ready?

-The room is getting louder.
-The bigger students are miming their plan, violence is involved.
-The CUTE STUDENT looks around to recruit another sucker.

KWON
Ready?

You could hear a pin drop as the students are poised to pounce.

KWON (CONT'D)
Look around.

The students' eyes dart around like animals in the wild, assessing the danger in the room.

KWON
To answer your question: this is politics.

Pause. KWON smiling as if his demonstration is over. The students relax, confused, a little disappointed.

KWON (CONT'D)
Go!

A mad battle breaks out for the pencils. The tough kids hold students down, CUTE STUDENT cheers from the sidelines, the emboldened kid fights like a tiger, the BRAINY STUDENT slides in low. KWON walks to the exit. MR. SANTOS struggles to break up the melee. BOOK helps KWON with his jacket as they exit.

BRAINY STUDENT
(shout)
Wait!

The students freeze in a tableau of hairpulling and biting. BRAINY STUDENT is holding a broken pencil. Her glasses are crooked on her face. A big student behind her holds a

pencil, his shirt collar is ripped and his face is scratched.

BRAINY STUDENT

You said you keep your promises. You owe me twenty dollars.

KWON

Did you vote for me? (beat) Then I don't owe you anything.

KWON exits. The class is left in stunned silence. CONFUSED STUDENT is smiling as the lunch bell rings.

END.