

MESSIAH  
(excerpt)

By

Anthony Wood

copyright 2015

[tony@smokingmonkey.net](mailto:tony@smokingmonkey.net)

EXT. SUMIYAN MOUNTAINS-DAWN

The sun begins its early morning climb on Sumiya, a small, ancient village nestled in the foothills of the Himalayas. It rises up the eastern mountains, past flowing waterfalls and rugged, steep terrain.

EXT. SUMIYAN COUNTRYSIDE-DAWN

Sumiya peasants, small, frail looking Asian people with sinewy muscles and calm faces work in the foggy rice paddys that are stacked on the side of the hills. Some plowing up the marshy soil with oxen.

Our view swings up the mountainside till we see a monstrous, ornate Palace sitting atop the highest peak. Pagoda-like spires shoot up into the sky from the numerous turrets and buttresses that make up the Holy Palace of the Ban-Taa.

EXT. THE HOLY PALACE-DAWN

An old, frail Asian monk with a white flowing beard carries an ornate wooden box up a seemingly endless flight of stairs leading to the Holy Palace. His exotic, full length robe permits him only to shuffle as he makes his way toward the huge oak doors in front of him.

Just as it appears the bearded man is about to crash head first into the solid wood doors that guard the fortress walls, they swing open wide; the eerie creaking of the hinges echoes throughout the Palace.

INT. THE HOLY PALACE-DAWN

The small man continues his shuffling down a long, candle lit corridor as the doors close behind him with a thunderous boom. The granite pillars lining the hall rise at least a hundred feet above his head.

His eyes are locked in a trance, his determined stride never broken as he turns and enters a foyer: the multiple outstretched arms of a marble goddess statue greet him warmly. Her face is serene, with a slight smile. Her head is crowned with a lavish gold and bejeweled crown. Her eyes glow a deep orange. A low chant can be heard from the distance as the bearded man enters one last candle lit corridor.

He grips the ornate box tightly, his eyes fixed on two enormous oak doors straight ahead. Again, without missing a

beat, the hinges creek, the doors open, and the man shuffles into an elaborate Council Room. The chanting immediately comes to a halt. More candles line the walls, rich, extravagant paintings are mounted in hand carved frames. And, of course, standing twenty feet from the floor, on the far side of the room, is a scaled down version of the marble statue from the foyer.

The frail, little man shuffles to a long wooden table and sets down the ornate box. The high priests are all present and accounted for, each sitting patiently in their ceremonial robes. There is a stillness in the room as the frail man shuffles to his place at the table, and sits. All are silent, none dare raise an eyebrow. The priests bow their heads in unison as a loud gong chimes throughout the room.

From under the outstretched arms of the statue, a door opens and a powerfully majestic figure emerges and makes her way to the head of the table. MOTHER SUNG-RAH bows her head, and the meeting is now officially in full swing.

The frail, bearded shuffler, an elder statesman named PAI, rises and proceeds to the head of the table. Mother Sung-Rah raises a hand and beckons Pai to bend over. She whispers in his ear.

\*(THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS ALL SPOKEN IN SUMIYAN WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.)

PAI  
 (Whispers to her.)  
 Yes, it is here. I brought it  
 myself.

PAI turns to the priests.

PAI (CONT'D)  
 Gentlemen, I do not have to remind  
 you of our situation here in  
 Sumiya. We know the poverty and the  
 suffering and diseases. And we know  
 of the waiting... the waiting for  
 what has been promised.

The priests begin to mumble, anxious to hear what is to come next. Pai raises a hand to silence the excited elders.

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR-DAWN

Two very young, clean shaven Asian men stand outside the Council Room doors, their ears pressed to the oak trying to hear every word.

INT. COUNCIL ROOM-DAWN

PAI

Mother Sung-Rah has spent the last three days and three nights in the chamber of cells.

There is a gasp in the room from several priests. MOA LEE, at the far end of the table, speaks out.

MOA LEE

If Mother Sung-Rah was ill, why wasn't the council informed?

PAI

She was not ill. She was called to consult with the Olan Ling.

There are more mumbles.

PAI(CONT'D)

We all know of the prophecies. We have studied the scriptures for our lifetimes. We all know of-the coming...

MOA LEE

Are you telling us, Pai, that the coming of the holy one is...

Pai nods his head. The priests mumble. PING YON speaks up.

PING YON

There are the tests...

PAI

The tests will be given in a thorough and convincing fashion. And the truth spread throughout the land. But let there be no doubts. Mother Sung-Rah has seen the future. Our lifetimes of waiting will soon end.

The priests mumble.

MOA LEE

This is not something to rush into.  
This takes great thought and  
debate.

PING YON

The tests must be handled in a  
proper way. Without prejudice!

PAI

Everything will be taken care of.

MOA

This all takes time!

The priests begin to mumble, they are anxious, yet afraid of the entire situation. As it reaches a fevered pitch, it is immediately halted by the rising figure of Mother Sung-Rah.

She pauses as she towers over the men. She holds out her hands toward the ornate box. It is handed down, high priest to high priest, ending in the hands of Mother Sung-Rah. She carefully removes the lid of the box, and pulls a tattered, ancient scroll from the inside. With a quick flick of the wrists, the scroll unravels the length of the table. The priests study it with hypnotic eyes.

MOTHER SUNG-RAH

It was written, not by man, but for  
man. In the stars, in our sun, in  
our earth. In the years, and the  
months, and the days...

The scroll is adorned with an enormous amount of calculations, illustrations, hieroglyphics, and symbols; an ancient code deciphered over generations.

MOTHER SUNG-RAH (CONT'D)

...a deliverer was promised. And  
so, for generations, we waited.

She looks up past her outstretched arms.

MOTHER SUNG-RAH (CONT'D)

Our waiting is finally at an end.  
The stars and the heavens are in  
perfect alignment. We shall be  
delivered. We were blind, and we  
shall see...

At the very end of the scroll is an ink sketch of a man. His arm is raised in the air, holding a scepter with lightning erupting from the end. He wears a colorful robe, similar to those worn by the monks. His hair flows down his long neck, his gaze turned upward to the heavens.

MOTHER SUNG-RAH (CONT'D)  
 ...The Ali-Hoot is among us!

CUT TO:

INT. A CLASSROOM AT BERNARD LANGLEY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE-DAY

ANDY KELLAWAY, an off-the-wall English teacher in his early thirties, stands holding a pointer with his arm raised above his head. He is tall and sort of scruffy looking with a two day growth of beard. He is in the exact same pose as the figure in the scroll revealed in the Council Room. In his other hand he holds a small book and a pointer. He is dressed in a long robe and a curly wig. He shouts loudly:

ANDY  
*O most pernicious woman! Oh  
 villain, villain smiling, damned  
 villain! My tables-meet it is I set  
 it down. That one may smile and  
 smile, and be a villain. At least I  
 am sure it may be so in Denmark.  
 So, uncle there you are. Now to my  
 word: It is 'Adieu, adieu, remember  
 me.' I have sworn't.*

There is dead silence in the room as the students sitting in the lecture hall are all in a boredom induced stupor. All, of course, except DEBBIE, the one student who is actually into Shakespeare. She is mousy and wears her hair in a tight bun. She has enough metal braces in her mouth to set off airport security. Andy looks around the room, a tad disturbed.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Right. Now, do you see what I'm driving at here? Hamlet is starting to think that maybe he's got an oar out of the water, he's flippin', he's wacked out. And why does he think this?

Debbie's hand shoots up. There is no response from the rest of the students.

DEBBIE  
 (Hoping to be called on.)  
 Oh...oh...oh, oh...oh.

ANDY  
 Exactly. Because not only has he been seeing a ghost wandering around the back yard the past few nights, a ghost which just so happens to be his murdered father, but this same spook has just informed him that Hamlet's uncle capped his ass so he could play slap and tickle with his mother and rule the country at the same time. And, remember, Hamlet was not exactly the life of the party to start with, so this little tidbit of news has got him thinking about jumping off the guard tower. Are we all clear on that now?

There is no response.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Wonderful. Now, who can tell me the significance of Hamlet's father appearing in the form of a ghost?

Again, there is no response, except Debbie.

DEBBIE  
 Oh!...Oh, oh...Oh!

She is stretching her hand to Andy, hoping he calls on her.

ANDY  
 Anyone? Why would Ol' Billy Shakespeare write in Hamlet's father as a ghost?

Debbie is desperate to answer.

DEBBIE  
 Oh!...Oh, Oh, oh!

ANDY  
 Anyone but Debbie.

She slumps, defeated.

There is a loud snoring sound coming from STUART BLOZNIAK, a greasy, overweight student wearing a Harley-Davidson

T-shirt, with his head down on the desk. Andy makes his way over to the chalkboard and pick up an eraser. He scraps as much chalk dust from the tray as he can and piles it on to the erasure. He spins quickly and throws the eraser at Stuart, hitting him squarely in the head. Stuart wakes up with a start. A cloud of white dust encircles his head.

ANDY (CONT'D)

He shoots he scores! In the hole baby!

The class chuckles. Andy wipes the dust from his hands.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Mr. Blozniak, can you tell us?

STUART

Wha...?

ANDY

What's the significance of Hamlet's father appearing as a ghost?

Debbie shoots up her hand again.

DEBBIE

Oh!

Andy holds up his hand, quelling her.

STUART

Ah...I think I lost my notes on that.

ANDY

You lost your notes? That's amazing, Stuart. When did you learn to write?

The class laughs.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Seems like just yesterday you were picking fleas out of your fur and flinging your dung against the cave walls.

The class laughs harder.

STUART

(Under his breath.)  
Faggot...

The bell rings. The students hustle their way out of the classroom.

ANDY  
Okay, remember, Hamlet summary  
tomorrow.

Debbie approaches Andy. She through her braces in that annoying, teenage girl, low self esteem up-speak where everything's a question.

DEBBIE  
Uhm, Mr. Kellaway?

ANDY  
Yes, Debbie.

DEBBIE  
Uhm, my Mother? Taught us Hamlet?  
When I was just five years old?

ANDY  
Great...

DEBBIE  
And we acted it out? With my  
sisters? In the living room? And I  
played Ophelia.

ANDY  
(leading her out.)  
Super.

Stuart bumps into Andy from behind.

STUART  
(Still under his breath.)  
Faggot...

DEBBIE  
I still have the, uhm, the video  
tape? Uhm, I could bring it in? If  
it would help?

He pushes her gently out the door.

ANDY  
Fascinating. You do that.

She perks up and skips off. The room is empty. Andy takes off his wig and robes, and sets them on a table.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 (To himself.)  
 Faggot...

He smiles, shuts off the lights, heads out the room, and closes the door behind him. In the hallway, he meets HAL SCHRIMPF, a nebbish looking Industrial Arts teacher with an over-starched white shirt, black tie and shielded safety glasses.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Hal, what's up?

HAL  
 Andy, I just stopped by to tell you that I can't pick you up tomorrow.

ANDY  
 Oh. Car trouble?

HAL  
 No, not exactly...you see, the thing is...I don't think I can pick you up anymore.

ANDY  
 Why not? I can kick in for more gas.

HAL  
 No, it's not that. It's just ...well, Andy, the truth is...people are starting to talk.

ANDY  
 Talk?

HAL  
 Yeah, I mean, I pick you up every morning, and the two of us drive into work together in my station wagon, and well, how does it look?

ANDY  
 Like we're carpooling.

HAL  
 I know that. But-Andy, I just heard in the faculty lounge that there's a rumor going around among the students. They're saying that you and I are...you know.

ANDY  
(realizing.)  
Oh...are we?

HAL  
Of course not!!

ANDY  
Then what are you getting worked up  
in a lather about?

HAL  
I'm not!!

Heads turn as Hal shouts. He realizes and tones it down.

HAL (CONT'D)  
I'm not. I'm normally a very open  
minded person. To each his own, you  
know? But, Andy, I could be head of  
the Metal Shop next year. I'm third  
in line to the Dean of the whole  
Industrial Arts Department for  
crying out loud! Now the last thing  
a guy in my position needs is  
a...reputation!

ANDY  
I see.

HAL  
I hope this isn't a problem.

ANDY  
No, no, I can always take the bus.

HAL  
It's not a personal thing, you  
understand.

ANDY  
Look, Hal, forget it. I understand  
perfectly. Metal work and soldering  
carry a lot of responsibility.

HAL  
Boy, I'll say.

ANDY  
Don't worry about it.

HAL  
 (Shaking ANDY'S hand.)  
 Geeze, I'm so glad you feel that  
 way.

A large group of students walk by. As they do, Andy grabs Hal and kisses Hal firmly on the mouth. The students stare. The kiss lingers. Andy slowly withdraws.

ANDY  
 (Mock tearfully.)  
 You will always be The Arc Welder  
 of my heart.

Andy saunters away, leaving Hal in a state of shock. The students start to giggle. Hal turns to them, beet red with embarrassment.

HAL  
 (To the students.)  
 Where are you supposed to be?!!

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD LANGLEY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

Andy meets up with DARLA LANGTREE in the hall. She is a beautiful, voluptuous blond Phy Ed teacher with the libido of a floor lamp.

ANDY  
 Hello, Darla.

DARLA  
 No.

ANDY  
 No, what?

DARLA  
 No, I won't have lunch with you.  
 No, I won't have dinner with you.  
 No, I won't go to a movie with you.  
 No, I won't rub exotic oils on your  
 disgusting little body.

ANDY  
 Brunch?

DARLA  
 Drop dead!

She hurries away. Andy stares longingly after her. He is approached from behind by BUNNY DUNDAHEY, a squat, plump, wisecracking secretary.

BUNNY

Forget it, Kellaway. Those taught, Swedish thighs would probably cut a mouse-man like you in half.

ANDY

Yeah, but she'd have to wrap 'em around me to do it.

BUNNY

Men are pigs. Oh, Caveny wants to see you in his office.

ANDY

Ah, shit! That's the fourth time this week! He always gives me that lame school spirit rah-rah speech. I'm starting to hear it in my sleep.

BUNNY

Maybe if you wouldn't screw up so much--

ANDY

Oh nice. That's what I call support.

She gooses Andy as she walks away.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oooh, madam please!!!

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN CAVENY'S OFFICE-MOMENTS LATER

Andy enters the reception area of the office of DEAN WILLARD CAVENY. At the receptionist's desk sits MAUDE HEMPSTADT, an ancient, withered woman with a cigarette dangling from her near toothless mouth.

ANDY

Hello, Maude. You do know about the whole non-smoking in public--

MAUDE

Stick yer head up yer ass, dill  
weed!

ANDY

Got it.

Andy enters the office. Standing by the window with a Tootsie Pop in his mouth is Willard Caveny, head Dean of Bernard Langley Tech. He looks like a refugee from a 1950's TV show, with short greasy hair, pencil thin moustache, golf sweater, baggy trousers, bow tie, and patent leather shoes.

Sitting on a 1950's style pink couch are the parents of Stuart Blozniak, DUTCH and SYLVIA BLOZNIAK. He is a fat, gruff man in a tight fitting suit. She is mousy and withdrawn, and wears cat's eye glasses. They each hold Tootsie Pops.

ANDY

You wanted to see me, Willard?

WILLARD

Kellaway, you made it. Nifty.

Willard opens a candy jar on his desk.

WILLARD (CONT'D)

Care for a Tootsie Pop? Just got  
them in fresh.

ANDY

No, thanks, trying to quit.

Willard closes the jar and turns to the couple on the sofa.

WILLARD

Kellaway, I don't believe you've  
met Mr. and Mrs. Blozniak. You have  
their son Stuart in your Intro to  
Shakespeare class.

ANDY

(warily.)  
Uh...yeah.

WILLARD

This is Sylvia.

SYLVIA

How do you do?

ANDY

Hello.

WILLARD

And this is Fitch.

DUTCH

Dutch, Dutch!

WILLARD

Right, yes, I'm sorry, Dutch...like the chocolate.

ANDY

Hello.

WILLARD

Mr. and Mrs. Blozniak are here to discuss Stuart's status in your class.

ANDY

Uh-huh?

WILLARD

Well, before we begin would anyone care for anything? Bon-Bons? Nugats? Boston Baked Beans?

They all shake their heads.

WILLARD (CONT'D)

No? Are you sure? Raisinettes? I think I have some Mallow Cups in the freezer.

ANDY

Willard, let's close the candy counter and get on with this, ok?

WILLARD

Oh, all righty.

Willard sits, sucking on a Tootsie Pop.

WILLARD (CONT'D)

Now, it seems that Mr. and Mrs. Blozniak are more than a little concerned about Stuart's grade for the last quarter. But I'm sure it's nothing that we can't clear up.

ANDY

Uh-huh.

SYLVIA

You see, our Stuart does so above average in all of his other classes. Well, when he brought home his grades the other day we were quite surprised. The grade you gave him was unusually low.

DUTCH

It was an 'F'. That's not unusually low, that's rock bottom!

SYLVIA

And then we came to find out that his previous quarterly grade was also quite low.

DUTCH

It was an 'F', too!

SYLVIA

So, you can imagine our concern, realizing that his final semester grade would average out somewhere in the area of...

DUTCH

An 'F'! An 'F'! A big, fat 'F'!!!

ANDY

I'm afraid so.

SYLVIA

Well, you see, I think what our main concern here is--

DUTCH

(Cutting her off.)

--Wait a minute, just shut your face for a second. Now, look, Kellaway, I'm going to get right to the point. I'm a business man. I'm in bricks. All kinds of bricks. I make walls, sidewalks, you name it. I pull in six figures a year, I've got a private boat and a condo in Florida. I make good money because I hire the best people. Now I want my boy Stu to work for me. But I can't hire him unless he's in the

(MORE)

DUTCH

union. And he ain't getting in the union without a degree. And he ain't getting a degree if you give him an F! Which means he'll end up laying his pimply ass on the couch and eating Twinkies until he's sixty. Well, I ain't gonna let it happen! I'm paying this fly-by-night school good money so my boy can learn about grout and mortar and trowels, not about some faggoty-ass British twerps who ran around in tights five hundred years ago! Now he can't be a good union brick layer with an 'F' on his final grades, and I want to know what you're going to do about it?

Andy thinks for a moment. Looks over at Willard. Willard shrugs. Dutch smiles.

ANDY

Nothing.

Sylvia crunches her Tootsie Pop in shock.

WILLARD

Now, I think we need to define "nothing" here.

ANDY

Look, Dutch, I'm just trying to teach your kid that there's more to life than bricklaying. Sure, I could let him slide. Give him a 'C'. What's the big deal, right? But I can't do it. Your son is, by far, the laziest, most unmotivated, moronic turd that I've ever had the displeasure of teaching. And he deserves every failing grade he gets.

WILLARD

(Trying to help out.)  
Would anyone like any Turkish Taffy?

DUTCH

Now you listen to me, wise-ass! You're not getting away with this. I've heard about you. About how you

(MORE)

DUTCH  
 rile up the kids, dressing up in  
 all kinds of fag wigs and pinko  
 costumes! You think you're a real  
 sweetheart, don't you?

ANDY  
 (Smiling.)  
 Well, I...

DUTCH  
 Well, you'll be sipping Dr. Pepper  
 out of your ass when I'm through  
 with you. My friends and I have a  
 lot of dough tied up in this  
 shit-bag excuse of a school. Let's  
 just see what happens when we pull  
 our little investment out. You'll  
 have to turn this place into a  
 warehouse, and you'll be teaching  
 your faggoty-ass English class to  
 the cockroaches!!

Dutch points his Tootsie Pop right in Andy's face.

ANDY  
 Don't point that thing at me unless  
 you're willing to use it.

WILLARD  
 Now, look, Satch...

DUTCH  
 Dutch, God damn it, Dutch! DUTCH!!

WILLARD  
 Dutch! Yes, of course! There's  
 really no reason to take drastic  
 measures here. We're perfectly  
 willing to make certain...  
 adjustments to help young Stuart  
 graduate from our fine institution.

ANDY  
 Willard, don't suck up to this ape!  
 He's not Don Corleone, for Christ's  
 sake, he's a brick layer!

DUTCH  
 You just make sure those  
 adjustments don't add up to any  
 'F's on Stu's finals grades.

WILLARD

I'm sure Stuart's status will improve come graduation time.

DUTCH

It had better, or I'll be back here with a crew and we'll have every window in this shit hole bricked up.

WILLARD

I'm positive it won't come to that.

ANDY

(Turning in disgust.)  
I don't believe this.

WILLARD

Tell you what, why don't you and your charming wife have a look-see at our new velvet paintings in the waiting room. I have to tie up some loose ends here, and I'll be with you shortly.

SYLVIA

Oh, my, that sounds lovely.

They leave the office, Willard shuts the door and turns to Andy.

WILLARD

I know what you're going to say.

ANDY

You sold out.

WILLARD

I knew you were going to say that. Now don't get upset.

Andy slumps into a chair, defeated.

ANDY

What the hell am I doing here? I'm an English Lit teacher in a technical trade school! I shouldn't blame kids like Stuart. They don't give a damn about Chaucer or Shakespeare. They want to know how to build gun racks, and overhaul Buicks. I perform a useless function here. I'm wasting my time.

WILLARD

Kellaway, in 1962, Bernard Langley came to this town with seventeen dollars in his pocket, and the unceasing desire to repair kitchen appliances. By 1964, he had established a small school above his store to teach young men the rewards of learning a skilled trade. And look at the results: as of last year, good old BLT was the fifteenth largest technical school in the Midwest! And if he can do it, you can too! Pull yourself up by your bootstraps, and win the big one for Bernard.

ANDY

That's the most depressing piece of horse shit I've ever heard.

A pause.

WILLARD

Slo-Poke?

He offer Andy some candy.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS-LATE AFTERNOON

A dirty city bus comes to a screeching halt, and Andy makes an exit from it. He clutches his many books and walks home.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT OUTSIDE ANDY'S APARTMENT-SUNSET

Andy, dressed in sweat pants and a T-shirt, dribbles around the homemade court. It is littered with tires and broken bottles. Andy shoots a few shots, stops and takes a breath, feeling the pressures of the day building up. He grips the ball firmly and throws it hard against the backboard. It wobbles, then slowly crashes to the pavement, breaking the support pole in half.

INT. ANDY'S CLASSROOM AT BLT-THE NEXT DAY

Andy is acting out the closing scene from Hamlet. He wears a long, Victorian robe and a blond wig. He kneels over a skeleton that is also wearing a robe and wig. The students are as bored as ever, except Debbie, who is engrossed in the performance and crying, slightly.

ANDY

*Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage, For he was likely, had he been put on, To have proved most royal; and for his passage, the soldier's music and the rite of war Speak loudly for him."*

Andy cradles the skeleton in his arms.

ANDY (CONT'D)

*Take up the bodies. Becomes the field, but amiss. Go, bid the Such here soldier's a sight as this shows much shoot!"*

The end. Debbie begins clapping as the tears run down her face. The bell rings and the students rush out the door. Debbie stops by the door, looks longingly at Andy, then runs out sobbing. The room empties and the door slams. Andy sets the skeleton on a chair, removes his jacket and wig, and sits on the edge of his desk. He pulls out a small, bound copy of Hamlet.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(reading.)

*...for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause.*

He puts the small book in his shirt pocket, and reaches for a sandwich from his *Land of the Lost* lunch box. He takes a bite and a blob of ketchup drips between the slices of bread and on to his shirt.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Great...

As he wipes his shirt with one hand, the innards of the sandwich he holds in the other hand fall to the floor.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, perfect...just,perfect...

He picks up the food, stuffs it in the lunch box and begins to erase the blackboard. After a moment, he stops. He turns around quickly to find himself face-to-face with Pai, the little, old Asian monk, dressed in his gaudy robes and a pointed hat. He smiles at Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(Shocked.)  
Ah!! Jesus...hello...

Pai smiles and says nothing.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Uh...if you're looking for the  
Psychotherapy Department, it's on  
the fifth floor.

Again, Pai says nothing.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you what, why don't I go  
get Mr. Security Guard, and he can  
take you back to whatever  
knick-knack shelf you fell off of,  
okay?

Before Andy can take a step, Pai pulls a revolver from his robe and shoots Andy squarely in the chest. It sends him flying backwards against the chair, knocking the skeleton over on top of him as he crumples to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE RACING DOWN THE STREET-DAY

There is a blur of red lights and sirens as Andy is rushed to the hospital. He lays in the ambulance with an oxygen mask on his face. His eyes are straining to focus as the interior of the ambulance blurs around him.

An EMT, a young, black woman, bends over Andy and speaks in slow, blurred tones.

EMT  
Just...lie...still...you're...gonna...make  
it.

Andy passes out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL-MOMENTS LATER

There is another blurring of images above Andy's head. As they come into focus, we see that it is not the EMT, but Pai with two young Asian men, all smiling and nodding.

Andy awakes from his dream with a start.

ANDY

Wha!!

Above Andy's head, in the place of the three Asian men, is a NURSE and a DOCTOR smiling. The Nurse jumps back a bit as Andy wakes up.

DOCTOR

Hey-hey, sleepy head! Rise and shine!

ANDY

(Sitting up slowly.)  
Wha...What's going on?

NURSE

I'll get his chart, Doctor.

DOCTOR

You gave us quite a scare there, Buddy-Boy. We didn't think you'd make it.

Andy slowly examines himself.

ANDY

Am I...okay?

DOCTOR

Just fine and dandy, thanks to old modern medicine and TLC.

The Nurse returns with a clipboard. The Doctor looks at it.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, Mr ...uh...Kellaway, we'd like you to run your baby blues over this and give us the old John Hancock on the bottom line when you're finished. It's just a matter of regulations.

ANDY

What is it?

He reads the form.

ANDY  
A release form?

DOCTOR  
Righty-o. We would like to keep you here longer, but, to tell you the truth, there's not much wrong with you. Plus, you know, your insurance is...

The Doctor tilts his hand in the "so-so" gesture.

ANDY  
But...I was shot. A little Asian man shot me.

DOCTOR  
I'm sorry?

ANDY  
I was erasing the board and a little...monk shot me...in the chest.

DOCTOR  
(Starting to laugh.)  
A little monk?

ANDY  
Yes. He was wearing a long, red robe, and a funny hat with bells on it.

DOCTOR  
A hat with bells ...ha,ha...that's really very good.

ANDY  
He pulled out a revolver and let me have it. It knocked me over!

DOCTOR  
(Laughing harder.)  
Oh, golly...this is too much!

Andy goes to the closet.

ANDY  
No...wait a second ...I'll prove it to you.

DOCTOR

Oh, jeepers, don't! Please! I can't breathe. Oh, this is too much, really.

Andy pulls his shirt from the closet.

ANDY

Look! Look at this!!!

The Doctor clutches his side from the pain of laughter. He sits on the corner of the bed trying to catch his breath.

ANDY (CONT'D)

If I wasn't shot in the chest, then what's this...?

He examines the shirt more closely.

ANDY

(stunned.)

There's no bullet hole...

DOCTOR

Oh...no bullet hole!...Ah-ha!

The Doctor quiets his laughter.

DOCTOR

Okay, so...please sign the release form as soon as possible, or I'll be forced to call security.

He heads out the door chuckling.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

No bullet hole...oh man.

(Calling.)

Hey, Don! You gotta hear this!

Andy stares at the shirt, confused as to what is happening to him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALLWAYS OF BLT-LATER THAT DAY

Andy, in somewhat of a daze after all the excitement, returns to school. He is goosed from behind, of course it is Bunny.

BUNNY

Need a private nurse? I'm available  
mornings, afternoons, evenings,  
late night...

ANDY

Bunny! God, I'm so glad I...come  
here!

Andy pulls Bunny aside.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What happened to me? Why did I go  
to the hospital?

BUNNY

You mean you don't know?

ANDY

Weren't you the one that called the  
ambulance?

BUNNY

No, some guy did.

ANDY

Guy? What guy?

BUNNY

Some...guy.

ANDY

About yay high, white beard, wore a  
cheap bedspread?

BUNNY

Yeah, yeah, right. And he had TV  
antennae in his head and kept  
asking me to tune him in.

ANDY

Bunny! This little Asian guy in  
big-ass robe shot me! Right in my  
classroom!

She pats his cheek and begins to walk away.

BUNNYANDY

Don't worry, Andy, I like my men a  
little crazy.

Andy turns to walk down the hall and runs right into  
Willard.

WILLARD

Kellaway, nifty. Glad you're here.  
Someone told me they took you away  
in an ambulance.

ANDY

Yeah, well, I...

WILLARD

And they had the sirens going, and  
the red lights flashing.

ANDY

Yeah--

WILLARD

--Cool. Well, we're pulling for you  
here. The school stands behind its  
people. One for all, and all that  
kind of stuff. Never say die.  
Unless of course you're dying...

ANDY

(Trying to sneak away.)  
No, I'm not...

WILLARD

(Following him.)  
Oh, good. I thought I'd have to  
find myself a new English teacher.  
Say, what was it anyway?

Andy avoids the shooting issue, trying not to sound crazy.

ANDY

Oh, you know, a little of this, a  
little of that...

WILLARD

Come on now, you can tell old  
Caveny. I won't blab it around the  
whole school.

ANDY

I really shouldn't...

WILLARD

Oh, come on...or is it...  
(He leans in and whispers.) .  
...private?

Andy whispers back.

ANDY  
Right...*private*.

WILLARD  
(Still whispering.)  
Oh, boy. Well, I certainly know how that story goes. Yes, sir. Us men have to stick together on things like that. Boy oh boy. Well, my lips are sealed. Lock them up and throw away the key.

He actually goes through the motions of locking his lips.

ANDY  
(Still in a whisper.)  
Thanks, Willard, I've got to go.

WILLARD  
(Also still in a whisper.)  
Sure, sure. This is our little secret. I won't tell a soul.

ANDY  
Right.

Willard gives the "thumbs up". Andy returns it and hurries off. Willard stops him by shouting over the crowded hallway. The students turn and look.

WILLARD  
Oh, say, Kellaway, my cousin Leonard has one of those little metal cups that fits over your...

He places his hands over his groin.

WILLARD (CONT'D)  
It might be good protection if you'd like to borrow it.

Andy ducks into a bathroom as Willard is left in the hallway holding his crotch. Once inside the bathroom, Andy goes to the sink. Washing his hands next to Andy is Hal.

ANDY  
Hi, Hal.

Hal turns to see Andy and immediately jumps away from the sink. He backs into a stall door, quickly recovers, and back peddles toward the exit. He stops, realizes his hands are still wet, dries them on his pants, and darts out.

Andy begins to run water in the sink and to wash his face. With one final splash he accidentally gets the front of his shirt wet. He rubs frantically, then slowly stops. He pulls open his jacket, moves his tie to one side, then to the other. No ketchup stain. Slowly his head rises, a confused and perplexed look on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARBAGE DUMPSTERS OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL-MOMENTS LATER

Andy digs through the dumpsters, standing knee deep in trash. PIPE SMOKING BOB, an old janitor, stands watching, smoking on his pipe.

PIPE SMOKING BOB

(In a thick, New England accent.)

Had one gal lose her false teeth once. Found them wrapped around a corn beefed sandwich. She must have took one bite, and plopped them in the garbage.

ANDY

(Frustrated.)

There's gotta be more dumpsters, Pipe Smoking Bob!

PIPE SMOKING BOB

You've gone through them all. We're only allotted so many, you know.

ANDY

Damn!

PIPE SMOKING BOB

And FYI...I don't just smoke pipes, you know. Sometimes I enjoy a good cigar.

ANDY

Corona?

PIPE SMOKING BOB

Panatela.

Andy mulls this over.

ANDY

Hmmm, "Panatela Bob"...I don't know.

Andy goes back to searching

PIPE SMOKING BOB

One guy lost a pair of underwear once. I didn't ask any questions about it. God knows I had a ton of them. He found them, too. Real tiny purple things. Had little panda bear all over 'em.

Andy lifts a box and stops. A white shirt lies among the garbage. There is a ketchup stain on the front. Andy picks up the shirt, and puts his finger into the breast pocket, it angles out toward him through a small bullet hole. He looks at Pipe Smoking Bob, who only shrugs.

CUT TO: