

HALL OF DREAMS

Election season can be hard,
especially for a class of 8th graders.

17-DE07-W41

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL ROOM DAY [DREAM SEQUENCE]

JOEY, a young boy wearing lots of bright colors, sits at his desk staring out a window. His TEACHER, a young exhausted woman, is lecturing in the background.

TEACHER

I want to call Joey to the front of the class.

Joey gets up and nervously walks toward the front and stands next to the teacher. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

He's done a great job as hall monitor, lets all give him a big hand.

The students start clapping, then suddenly the sound of one particularly loud clap becomes...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ROOM DAY

FRED, another young boy, slams his hands together making his empty lunch bag pop loudly over Joey's head. Joey sits bolt upright at his desk where he was sleeping. Fred runs back to his desk where he receives high fives from a group of boys.

On the other side of the classroom sits a group of girls.

Fred looks at MACKI, a young girl wearing a "girls don't dress for boys" T-shirt and a hair bow, then throws a paper airplane. The airplane hits Macki on the head and bounces off. She looks at it and sees the words "I like," and "Macki".

She unfolds the plane and finds a picture of a little girl with a speech bubble saying, "I like dumb stuff" with an arrow pointed to the girl identifying her as Macki. Macki turns to look at the boys who are all giggling and looking elsewhere.

MACKI

Do you girls know what I like about the boys in our class.

The boys freeze, and try not to look like they are listening. Especially Fred.

MACKI (CONT'D)

Nothing.

The boys start throwing wadded up paper balls and the girls start to hide behind their books, and Joey just stares on and yawns. The teacher suddenly bursts through the door. The boys sit suddenly and the girls smile sweetly, and Joey yawns.

TEACHER

Next topic. Civil disobedience...

The teacher ends her lecture and taps the chalk board.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

All of you remember that Mrs. Locke is out on maternity leave.

There is a low murmur of confusion that runs around the room.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

She's going to have a baby.

The boys say eewwww loudly while the girls say awww loudly, and Joey yawns.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

While she's gone, the remaining teachers are splitting her course load, so while I'm helping Mrs. Locke's class I'm going to need some help here.

The room settles

TEACHER (CONT'D)

I'll need a hall monitor and assistant to watch the class when I'm gone.

Fred's eyes get big.

INT. CLASSROOM DAY [FRED'S DREAM]

Fred sits on a giant throne before the door leaving the classroom. He has a golden scepter, a fine purple cloak and a burger king crown. Joey, wearing rags, comes up to the foot of the throne.

JOEY

Please, sir, begging your pardon, could I use the hall now? I've been waiting for so long...

Fred, checks his nails, stretches and starts checking his phone.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Uhm... sir?

FRED
Be quiet peasant!

JOEY
Sorry sir... can I use the hall?

FRED
I'm so sorry, Joe was it? I've never liked you so... no.

Joey walks back dejected to a circle of equally ragged children huddled around a burning trash can in the corner, while sipping from juice boxes inside paper bags.

FRED (CONT'D)
It's hard to be king.

A fist appears from off screen and Fred bumps it with his fist. Macki comes and sits on the arm of his throne.

FRED (CONT'D)
Not so close, you still have cooties.

END DREAM

Fred jumps out of his chair.

FRED (CONT'D)
I'll do it!

Macki's eyes get big.

INT. CLASSROOM DAY [MACKI'S DREAM]

Fred is standing in the doorway cackling manically.

FRED
(evil laughter)
Yes, now I will propagate male dominated power structures; whatever that means!

Macki walks up to the door.

MACKI
Please may I use the rest room.

Fred smiles smugly.

FRED

No

END DREAM

MACKI

(whispers)

We'll never be able to use the
toilet again.

Macki jumps up from her seat.

MACKI (CONT'D)

Don't worry I'll take care of it
for you Ms. Anderson

TEACHER

Thank you both for volunteering but
I'd like the class to choose. We
have been learning about democracy.
I will nominate a student I feel
would do well.

Joey's head is wandering dangerously close to his desk

TEACHER (CONT'D)

I'd like to nominate... Joey for
hall monitor.

Joey's head comes up and his eyes get big, then he yawns.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND DAY

Two shoes are sticking out of a trash can as all of the boys
and girls are circled around it.

JOEY

(inside trash can)

Hey, the teacher said!

FRED

That doesn't mean we have to vote
for you, dummy.

JOEY

(inside trash can)

But my dream!

FRED

Your trash dream is just where it
belongs.

MACKI
Yeah and your mom doesn't love
you!...
(to Fred)
Was that too far?

Fred shrugs.

MACKI (CONT'D)
And you throw like a girl!

Fred holds up his hand

FRED
Don't be mean.

Fred spreads his arms like Maximus from Gladiator and spins slowly, taking in the other children.

FRED (CONT'D)
Would anyone else like to meet my
friend the trash can?

The crowd shuffles.

FRED (CONT'D)
So I guess that makes me the hall
monitor right?

MACKI
Does not! I'm running.

The girls clap. The boys boo. Joey tries to get out of the trash can.

FRED
Come on, I can't beat up a girl.

MACKI
Your insulting and antiquated
gender morality has no bearing on
my position.

The group sort of shuffles and looks at one another.

MACKI (CONT'D)
My sister says that a lot, it means
I do what I want... and he's a
sissy.

The group nods in understanding then the girls all react with oh's and ah's to Macki's insult.

Fred hangs his head and nods.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Now, who knocked over the trash can? Joey, Fredrick says you did it. What do you have to say for yourself?

Joey looks over at Fred who doesn't look up.

JOEY

Yes, ma'am. I knocked over the trash.

Fred looks up shocked, the teacher looks surprised as well.

TEACHER

Fred, you're excused and Joey you will have detention for the rest of the week.

Fred gets up and exits looking back at Joey before he leaves the room.

JOEY

Can I still be hall monitor?

TEACHER

The saying goes, "sometimes the prison prepares you for the palace" So... I suppose so.

JOEY

Oh good. I mean, I'm not really "liked" by anyone, and maybe I would be if I won... and I had a dream about it, I think... just wanted to make sure.

TEACHER

Some dreams can take a while to find you. Would you mind taking care of a few things for me, since you have the time?

INT. CLASSROOM DAY

Macki walks around the class room shaking hands, laughing at jokes, making promises and negotiating, she hands candy out of a bag. Joey is in the back of class, cleaning up the wrappers, taking care of the chalk board and emptying the waste paper basket.

Fred makes his way around the class room, shaking hands threatening people, knocking over the girls books, high-fiving the boys. In the back ground, Joey is sitting by the door with a small box marked "hall passes" handing them out and putting them back.

INT. SCHOOL ROOM DAY

The class is sitting down and the three candidates are lined up at the front of the class.

TEACHER

At momentous events like these usually words of wisdom are offered but I don't get paid enough for that. Each candidate will be asked why they want the job and the other candidates will have a rebuttal, so lets start with a quick poll. Who plans to vote for Macki?

The girls raise their hands.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

For Fred?

The boys raise their hands.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

(to self)

Sheep.

(to class)

Fred, you're first.

FRED

It's Frederick, and Miss Anderson; was it? Great question, the whole thing boils down to who wants it more. You could say my will, my desire, if you will, gives me the power necessary to claim this coveted position. I want, therefore I should have.

The boys start clapping.

TEACHER

Rebuttals?

MACKI

Typical chauvinistic hypermasculine rhetoric.

The girls start clapping.

TEACHER
Your sister says that?

MACKI
All the time.

TEACHER
Thought so. Other rebuttals?

JOEY
Have you ever helped a teacher
before?

FRED
I don't understand the question.

The boys haltingly clap then stop in a confused way.

TEACHER
Next candidate, Macki.

MACKI
I seek the position to oppose the
spread of patriarchy and the
dominance of the male gaze on
society.

Everyone looks confused.

TEACHER
(to self)
So nice your sister could join us.
(to class)
Rebuttals?

FRED
What does that mean?

MACKI
Uh.. It means...

Fred waves his arms to stir up the boys, the boys boo. Macki starts to freeze up and looks like she might start crying.

JOEY
We already know what it means. It
means she does what she wants and
we're all sissies.

Everyone chuckles a little bit and Macki takes the distraction to collect herself.

TEACHER

So last we have Joey.

JOEY

Ummm...well...I don't remember. I must have slept through that part of my dream.

INT. SCHOOL ROOM - DAY LATER

All of the students are on the edges of their seats, shifting with nervous excitement. On the white board it says 'election day' in large letters. There is a booth setup at the front of the class with a red curtain.

TEACHER

Today we exercise our power to choose whom we give power. As we stand on the precipice of this event, please give thought to what that means.

The teacher nods and waves her hand. Students burst out of their chairs and start trying to shove past each other to be the next one to vote.

Macki stands in the booth she looks down at her ballot which is just a pink sticky note and she starts to write her name but stops.

INSERT - THE CLASSROOM

Macki standing in front of class as Joey covers for her.

BACK TO SCENE

She writes Joey's name on her sheet and drops it in the box.

Fred is the last person to enter the booth. The moment he does, his face explodes into a feral grin. He reaches into his pocket and produces about a dozen pre-signed slips with his name on them. He chuckles to himself as he starts to put them in his box. In his excitement he knocks over Joey's box, and two slips of paper fall out. He sees Fred's box and stops.

INSERT - CLASS ROOM

Fred sees Joey in detention, he sees Joey handing out hall passes and cleaning up the classroom.

BACK TO SCENE

Fred wavers. He looks at the slips in his hands then back to the boxes; then back to the slips. He looks at Joey's box and feverishly starts crossing out his name and writing joey before dropping them in Joey's box.

Fred steps from the booth with a huge sigh and takes a seat at his desk. The teacher goes over to the booth and collects the votes. She gets to Joey's box and her brow furrows. She looks at Fred over the rims of her glasses. Fred just grins and she shrugs.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
(TO SELF)
Corruption is a part of government,
after all.

Teacher smiles at Fred.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Winning by two votes, is Joey. Come
up to the front.

Joey gets up from his seat a little dazed, as Fred and Macki start clapping, confused the other children start clapping too. Fred slaps Joey on the back as he goes by. He reaches the front and in the midst of clapping and Fred and Macki cheering the teacher whispers to him.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
You were not chosen in spite of who
you are, but because of who you
are. Welcome to the palace.

The class claps, Fred cheers, Macki cheers, and Joey yawns.

FADE TO BLACK.

