

F.L.O.W

Icebreaker Series

THE PLAN

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

TEENS sit in silence. The sound of the clock fills the room. Ms. AVA (20s/30's) files through some papers on the desk, marking and flipping through them. A number of desks are empty.

Behind her on the smart board reads:

DETENTION 3pm - 4pm.

TONY (16) a distinct, studious teenage outcast shuffles through his pocket and subtly pulls out his phone. He raises it to see the text.

TONY TEXT MESSAGE READS

Hey, man. Steve here... Listen.  
Sorry. I can't have you crash here  
anymore. Did you reach out to your  
dad yet?

TONY

(whispering)

Damn.

Ms. Ava raises her head from the papers.

MS. AVA

Excuse me, Tony?

He ignores her, still reeling from the text. CANDY (16) a pretty, troubled looking girl rolls her eyes.

CANDY

Finally found GRINDR?

The other students giggle. She winks to him. He scoffs at her.

TONY

Shut up, Candy--

CANDY

Plenty of players on this team,  
Tony.

He winces and gives her the finger.

MS. AVA

The two of you- enough!

She stands from her desk, heads over to Tony, and holds out her hand.

MS. AVA  
Phone, please.

TONY  
This is important--

MS. AVA  
And so is following the rules.

She points over to a sign on the board- NO PHONES.

CANDY  
C'mon Tony. Let me look.

Candy reaches over and grabs his phone from his hands.

CANDY  
(reading)  
"But I can't go home."- Uh oh,  
someone's in trouble.

Tony grabs it back from her. Ms. Ava still holds her hand out.

MS. AVA  
I won't ask again.

CANDY  
If you need a place to crash...

Tony's face turns bright red as he grows more flustered. He stands back, face aghast.

Everyone turns to him, goggling at what he might do next. It seems as though he doesn't even know, until...

MS. AVA  
Tony?!

In a moment of crisis, Tony pulls the strap of his pants, and drops the phone in.

Ms. Ava, along with the rest of the class, drop their jaws.

A bashful smile crosses Tony's face.

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Close up on Tony's face, no sense of remorse. PRINCIPAL PLATT (40s) rubs her forehead, slow. She has been here thousands of times before. Her eyes dart upwards.

PLATT

I thought I heard you getting a text.

Tony looks down to his crotch.

TONY

No. Just snapchat.

Platt lowers her glasses, looks to Tony, slides the suspension paper to him.

Tony looks down at it... Platt keeps her hold on the paper.

PLATT

This could easily be three weeks detention. As a curtesy to your "usual" fine behavior...

Platt pulls the paper back.

KNOCK KNOCK

Platt stands from her chair, opens the door. In walks DAVID HUGHES (50s). Real easy to see where Tony gets his good looks from. David, in scrubs, comes in quickly with a panicked sense to his step.

DAVID

Where is he?

David seems confused. He looks to Platt.

DAVID

They called me, said there was a situation?

He looks back to Tony.

DAVID

No black eye? No bruised lip? Tut. Rushed from the clinic in a panic!

PLATT

David.

David looks back to Platt, offering a hand shake, though still confused.

DAVID  
Mrs. Platt.

PLATT  
Your son has broken a strict school  
rule, caused a scene in detention,  
and disrespected a teacher.

David flashes his charming smile. He sits next to Tony.

DAVID  
All in a single day?

Platt stays at the doorway, not impressed.

PLATT  
Apparently, Tony has been staying  
else where?

Her words resonate. David lowers his head, seeing his own  
fault in this.

PLATT  
He's a good kid. I suggest working  
through it sooner rather than  
later.

David sighs as he pieces it together.

DAVID  
So?

David turns his chair to Tony. Platt leaves.

DAVID  
You put the phone in your pants?

TONY  
Yeah...Not my smartest move.

They both let out the slightest of chuckles.

DAVID  
You did this to get me here?

TONY  
Not intentionally. But it kind of  
worked out I guess. After what went  
down between us, I figured we both  
needed some time to calm down--

DAVID  
Steve's again?

Tony slowly nods.

Silence again.

TONY  
What's the damage?

DAVID  
Write an apology to Ms. Ava. Maybe balloons?

TONY  
I meant with us, dad.

David thinks to himself. His wit dilutes for this serious moment.

DAVID  
No man expects this...

David looks away.

TONY  
Gay is not a bad word.

DAVID  
I know it's not. Not a total idiot...I've noticed things. Noticed things...Over the years.

Silence.

David shifts towards Tony.

DAVID  
I've no idea...No idea how to deal with this stuff.

TONY  
I'm no expert.

DAVID  
Right. Poor Ms. Ava. Maybe add a gift card...Let's talk about it at home.

TONY  
I tried!

DAVID  
Okay. I freaked out, I'm not comfortable. Just yet.

David looks warmly to Tony.

DAVID

I'm sorry. Shouldn't have reacted the way I did. Felt cornered. You deserve better. You're a great kid. Who shouldn't be ashamed.

Tony smirks. David shoots him a reassuring smile.

DAVID

All that "love is love" stuff- I guess they have a point. It might just take some time to wrap my head around it.

Gestures to leave.

TONY

How much time?

DAVID

I'm not ready to wave the rainbow flag at a parade--

TONY

How about a small flag in our yard?

David pats Tony on the back.

They go to stand, but a DING and a light from within Tony's pants catches their attention. Tony looks down.

**FADE OUT.**