The It Kid

by
Steve Curley and John Philp

Third Draft, 9/20/2005

Creme and Silk Productions
177 Greene Avenue, #2
Brooklyn, NY 11238
Ph: 917 873 9241

Copyright © 2004

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREETS - DAY (MORNING)

The city's heart is already racing. A shuffling OLD LADY smeared in makeup carries her CAT into a deli. A FEMALE COP gossips into her CELLPHONE. CABBIES honk their HORNS with absent-minded vitriol. A PACK of METROSEXUALS tries to ignore a YOUNG MOTHER who's screaming at her KIDS. A SCHIZOPHRENIC HOMELESS MAN hits himself over the head with a RUBBER MALLET.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - CONTINUOUS

The HOMELESS MAN moseys past an immaculately manicured TOWNHOUSE. This is the School for Progressive Education.

INT. SCHOOL FOR PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

SAMANTHA BAIN

Ten years, eleven months and four days old. She wears a stylish black Prada suit. It's as uncomfortable as all hell. The story of SAM'S life.

Sitting next to SAM is LAURA, her mother, 40s, in $300 casual Khakis, a striped Hermes T-shirt and $400 Calvin Klein flats. She holds together nicely, but it's work.

Next to LAURA is SAM'S father ED, his Club Monaco clothes and artfully tousled hair cloaking a mid-life crisis. ED reads a book; Peter J. Simplot's 'A Year Can Change Your Life'.

SAM eyes wander over the eccentric, overly expressive artwork that decorates the walls; frolicking unicorns, 'digital collages', War in Iraq watercolors.

It's very quiet. SAM fidgets.

LAURA
Honey, relax.

SAM
I am relaxed. It's this suit.

INT. SCHOOL - GARLAND'S OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

School principal DAVID GARLAND, part educator, part talk show host, mulls over SAM'S school records.

GARLAND
Well Samantha, your academic track record and ERB tests are first class, your recommendations speak for themselves and this list of charity work is just... exemplary.

SAM
Thank you.

GARLAND
We're still translating your writing sample from Latin, but I expect we'll be very pleased with that as well.

SAM
I hope so.

LAURA
Sam would eventually like to study medicine. Right, darling?

SAM
Maybe.

LAURA
Or law.

SAM
Yes, It'd like to redress the critical shortage of lawyers out there.

LAURA
Sam! She's not usually this feisty, Mister Garland.

GARLAND
Well, a sense of humor never hurt anyone. Not here at Progressive.

He closes SAM'S folder. All joking aside.

GARLAND
Samantha, I think it'll be obvious to everyone on the board that you'd be a wonderful asset to the school. But I have to be honest. The competition is *intense.* And I advise even those candidates with the *best* academic qualifications not to get their hopes up.

ED
Hang on. What about Timmy Wells?

GARLAND
Oh you know Timmy? Our star pupil!

ED
Yeh, I'm his agent. But he's not much in the brains department.

GARLAND
Oh. Well, but, you see, with Timmy, it's-- His *agent*, you said?

ED and LAURA exchange glances. A way in?

ED
That's right.

GARLAND
Like a talent agent?

ED grins. SAM stares down at the desk.

FADE TO:

EXT. WEST 91ST STREET - DAY (MORNING)

A block jammed with RENOVATED BROWNSTONES and TOWNHOUSES. In one window SAM'S SILHOUETTED FIGURE gets dressed.

INT. BAIN'S TOWNHOUSE - SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM'S room boasts none of the accessories deemed essential to modern pre-teen life; no posters, no Ipods, no computer. Just a mile-high stack of musty old BOOKS.

SAM wears a plain black skirt and nameless white blouse, an outfit remarkable only for it's modesty. Inside SAM'S closet hang seven more combinations just like it.

INT. BAIN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the BAIN home feels like a ritzy hotel room abandoned by the cleaning lady. Brass and marble, original Tiffany frames, all buried under mountains of CRAP. PLASTIC SHEETS and BUILDING MATERIALS indicate ceaseless renovation.

It's an extra busy morning. DOMESTICS wash, wipe and polish. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS lug MATERIALS to and fro. Amongst the CHAOS ED manages to concentrate on his book.

LAURA
I wish this family could get up earlier. That should be a new rule.

ED
Oh goody, more rules.

LAURA
Ten minutes late, wherever we go. It's her first day, for God's sake.

SAM comes down the stairs. LAURA examines her outfit.

LAURA
Oh. No Prada suit?

SAM
You said that was just for the interview!

LAURA
Don't you want to wear something a little less... prim?

SAM marches back up the stairs.

SAM
O.K.

LAURA
New Rule. Sam must at least make an *effort* to fit in.

ED
(pulling nose from book)
Hey, when do I get to make some rules?

LAURA snorts. Like that'll ever happen.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - LATER

A Ford Excursion grinds to a stop in front of school. The BAINS spill out. SAM is now dressed in a stylish and conspicuously expensive Prada skirt, T-shirt and flats.

LAURA
There's no need to be nervous, honey. You look terrific.

EXT. SCHOOL - YARD - CONTINUOUS

A gaggle of perfect TWEENS swaddled in Ralph Lauren, Dior and Versace. Standing out even amongst this stiff competition is TIMMY WELLS, child star and pint-sized pitchman. He wears his own clothing label, WellsWear™, from head to toe.

TIMMY's talking with JOANIE CHIENG, GRACE GORDON and COURTNEY SCHWARTZ, the sixth grade's STYLE COUNCIL. These girls drip privilege. Standing outside the circle is Eminem wannabe MARCUS HAFT, TIMMY's best bud from the neighborhood.

The kids obviously all know each other. (Summer camp, local athletics, etc.) They appraise SAM imperiously.

SAM waves self-consciously at TIMMY. This catches MARCUS' eye, but not TIMMY'S. (If he's supposed to remember SAM he doesn't.) Instead he sidles over to ED, who huffs. (TIMMY may be his best client, but talk about hard work.)

ED
Hiya, champ.

TIMMY
Hey. Dja hear back from Miramax?

ED
Not yet champ. The big stuff takes time.

LAURA
Let's get going, Ed. Leave Sam with her new friends. Good luck honey. Love you.

SAM
(mortified, muffled)
OK. You-too.

The BAINS wave goodbye.

An awkward SILENCE.

SAM
You really don't remember me? From hanging out at Dad's office?

TIMMY
Um...

JOANIE
Hello? Do we not exist?

SAM
Oh, sorry. Hi, I'm Sam.

JOANIE
What was it? Sally? I don't remember.

The GIRLS split, SNICKERING to one another.

SAM
I think I upset your groupies.

TIMMY
It's OK, it happens. My last few campaigns have been really visible.

SAM
You don't have to tell me.

TIMMY
But commercials, sitcoms, they're all so limited. I've come of age. I want a chance to stretch. Hey, yell your Dad he really needs to get me a feature.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

In walks drill sergeant CHRISTINE KRANZ, sporting Dickies, Vans and a mullet. She surveys a well-appointed room full of chatting students and empty desks.

CHRISTINE
Good morning everyone. I'm Christine Kranz. You can call me Christine. I'll be your new Home Room Teacher. First things first. Let's pair up into Study Buddies.

Most kids, having seen this coming, quickly team up. CHRISTINE moves about the room pairing everyone else up.

CHRISTINE
Samantha, isn't it? Why don't you sit over here next to Omar?

SAM sits down next to OMAR FAYED. He's serious, subdued.

SAM
Hey.

OMAR
Hey.

As the room slowly settles...

CHRISTINE
Now, as a way of introducing ourselves, I'd asked everyone to bring in something that's particular to you to show. Did any of you remember to bring something?

Hands shoot up.

CHRISTINE
Good. Who'd like to go first?

TIMMY
Ohh, me!

CHRISTINE
Alright, Timmy.

TIMMY
I need to use the VCR.

TIMMY cues up his tape.

TIMMY
This is a spot I worked on last year.

The COMMERCIAL begins. Husband and wife SUPERMODELS and their son TIMMY enjoy the beach in their crisp white undies. Superbly evocative. Improperly erotic.

TIMMY
The guy was creepy. But the Mom was hot!

SAM looks over from her SCRAPBOOK to OMAR'S 'personal item'; a book called 'Destined: The Serial Killer Encyclopedia'.

FADE TO:

INT. FRITO-LAY CONVENTION CENTER - AUDITORIUM - DAY

ED flicks through a BROCHURE. He never thought he'd find himself at one of these things. He looks around at all the other LOSERS sitting and waiting.

Then, over the stirring strains of 'Fanfare for the Common Man' an ANNOUNCER intones...

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentlemen... Please welcome... America's leading Success Strategist... Peter J. Simplot...!

SIMPLOT, a chiselled, handsome, smartly dressed SALESMAN, runs on stage and PUNCHES the air. EVERYONE around ED instantly leaps to their feet.

PETER J. SIMPLOT
Are you ready to turn your Drudgery into Dreams?!

The CROWD EXPLODES. ED quickly stands up to join them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRITO-LAY CONVENTION CENTER - AUDITORIUM - LATER

The doors swing open and glazed CONVERTS spill out into midtown. Amongst them is ED, utterly transformed.

INT. BAIN'S TOWNHOUSE - ED'S HOME OFFICE - LATER

A satellite office of *Tyke Kast*, ED'S child talent agency. The walls are festooned with PHOTOS of TIMMY in the best campaigns money can buy; slurping Sudsy Soda, woofing Monkey Nuts cereal, hocking LeBron James Nikes. A FAMILY SNAPSHOT on ED'S desk seems miniscule in contrast.

ED belts away at his computer, his brain aflame. Every now and then he glances up at TIMMY for inspiration...

INT. SAL ANTHONY'S GYROTONICS STUDIO - SAME TIME

WOMEN struggle with the Gyrotonic machines. In the lobby LAURA has trapped a YOUNG WOMAN.

LAURA
...which makes Pilates one of the few workouts that will strengthen without adding bulk.

YOUNG WOMAN
OK, great.

LAURA
Say goodbye to therapy and adios to doctors. In fact studies now show--

YOUNG WOMAN
Maybe I could just take your card?

LAURA
Oh, I don't work here! I'm just a student. But Miguel! Oh! Easily the best instructor in the city.

YOUNG WOMAN
(get me outta here)
Well I'll think about it. Thanks.

The WOMAN escapes. LAURA turns to her friend MARGOT, who's ensnared in a Gyrotonics machine.

LAURA
Anyway, you were saying?

MARGOT
Ryan. I was saying he's made the regionals in field hockey.

LAURA
That's right. How great.

MARGOT
And Tilden has his first violin concerto next week. God, it seems like only last week that Consuela was knee deep in his diapers. So how is Sam doing? I heard Progressive accommodates all kinds of children.

LAURA
Oh, you just wouldn't believe the change.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

SAM is slumped down miserably in the bleachers, waiting to bat in some crap after school softball competition her mother volunteered her for. OMAR torments a WORM.

OMAR
Did you know worms are hermaphrodites?

SAM
Duh. How else would you be capable of asexual reproduction?

OMAR
(flirting)
Doesn't sound like any fun.

TIMMY is on home plate, wearing a WellsWear™ pinstripes number. He looks over to his father CHUCK for counsel.

CHUCK WELLS, Hockey Dad. Not yet housebroken. Criticize his kid and he'll punch your lungs out. He throws TIMMY some convoluted hand signals. TIMMY nods

CHUCK
Alright! Time to gut these Losers!

The PITCHER releases. CRACK! The CROWD ERUPTS as TIMMY sends it outta the park!

CHUCK
Yes!

ED (O.C.)
Atta boy Timster!

CHUCK turns. ED has appeared from nowhere.

CHUCK
Ed, hey. What are you doing here?

ED
You didn't know? My daughter Sam goes to Progressive now.

ED points as SAM takes her turn at bat. Her teammates GROAN as she steadies herself.

CHUCK
Oh yeh. The guys mentioned her.

ED
Anywho good thing you're here. I wanna get your input on a great idea I got. 'It Kid'.

CHUCK
What kid?

ED
'It Kid'. A reality show. We follow Timmy on his way to the top. But really it's a parable about young people chasing their dreams.

The PITCHER sends a missile SAM'S way. She swings. WHOOP!

CHUCK
(off Sam's strike)
Shit!

UMPIRE
Strrrrrriiiiikkee One.

CHUCK
A reality show? Didn't we kinda miss that train?

ED
There's always room for quality. But it does hafta be handled right. That's why I wanna produce it.

CHUCK
You're a TV producer now? Look, Ed, no offense, but we did the rap album, we cracked China, he has the clothing line. It's time we hit with a feature.

SAM glances over at ED for support. But he's oblivious.

It's a CURVEBALL! SAM swings. WHOOP! Another miss.

UMPIRE
Strrrrrikkkkeeee two.

CHUCK
Strike two! Come on!

ED
Chuck, buddy, I can do this.

CHUCK
I dunno. Tim's a hot commodity. Johnny Freeman at CAA calls me every day. He reps Dakota Fanning.

ED
So? *I* gave Timmy his break. I got him the best acne doctor in the city. I saved him from all that learn-your-craft crap.

CHUCK
But that's not his dream. He wants to be a Methodist actor. In movies. Simple.

ED
OK, I'll get right on it. But it's tough finding quality scripts. *This* can happen right now. I've talked to the networks, we've run the numbers, and--

CHUCK
Alright! Do whatever you want, OK?

ED
Great!

CHUCK
Just not right now. Because if your daughter strikes out again we're fucked.

ED
Oh. OK.

ED turns his attention to SAM. Now *all* eyes are on her.

The PITCHER releases his howitzer. She SWINGS--

UMPIRE
Strrrrrriiiikkee Three!

And Game Over! The OPPOSING TEAM and their PARENTS rush onto the field in a paroxysm of joy, TRAMPLING SAM.