

No December (Episode 2)

From Bako To Alrosa
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EXT. HIGHLAND HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

BAKERSFIELD, CA 1988

School is about to begin.

Buses are lined up in front of the school. Students hurry off, and head into the building. Others hang out near the buses.

Teachers yell at the students to move along, but they don't listen.

Parents drop their children off behind the buses, or anywhere they could pull over.

Although rushed, most parents are loving toward their children during the goodbye.

Except for one...

JONATHAN (17) slams the car door behind him. Eyes hidden behind black eyeliner, slightly smudged by tears.

A woman's voice yells out from the car.

WOMAN (ANNOYED)

You're crying, now? Greg's going to see you like this. I don't want the school calling us saying you got beat up again-

JONATHAN

Alright! Fuck!

WOMAN

Nice mouth. I'm gonna tell your father how nasty you were to me!

JONATHAN

What else is new?

WOMAN

I hope Greg kicks your ass. You look like a queer today anyway.

She speeds off, nearly hitting Jonathan with the side view mirror.

He hangs his head down low, choking back tears.

He sighs as he looks toward the school, awaiting another miserable day.

A blurry out of place man and woman watch in the distance.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The bell rings and dozens of students scatter off to their classes.

Jonathan takes his time, head hanging low, gripping onto the shoulder straps of his backpack.

For a moment, he's alone. Until...

GREG (O.S.)
Hey, faggot!

This stops him in his tracks. He shuts his eyes, and sighs in frustration.

JONATHAN (UNDER HIS BREATH)
Shit...

He attempts to ignore him, and continues walking.

GREG (O.S.)
Oh! You're going to pretend you
don't hear me?

We still don't see Greg, but can hear his footsteps.

Three blurry figures appear behind Jonathan, power walking after him.

He picks up his pace.

FRIEND 1
Get him!

Their footsteps speed up.

Jonathan begins to sprint down the hall, but isn't quick enough.

Three jock looking douchebags in Letterman jackets, grab Jonathan and slam him into the lockers.

All three of them are stereotypical '80s football player jocks.

It's as if they were pulled off an assembly line for the purpose of being in a Nike commercial.

GREG (17) is the bigger of the three.

He grabs Jonathan by the throat and holds him against the locker.

GREG
Is that eyeliner?

His two friends move closer to check.

They laugh and mock him.

FRIEND 1
You really are a fag, huh?

Jonathan doesn't respond.

He grits his teeth, huffing and puffing angrily.

FRIEND 2 (SARCASM)
Uh oh! Watch out, Greg! I think
he's getting mad.

GREG (SNEERING)
Oh yeah, huh? Look at this.

He takes his hand off Jonathan's throat and steps back.

GREG (CONT'D)
Take your best shot.

Greg puts his arms behind his back, and lifts his chin up.

Jonathan hesitates. Tempted, but unsure what to do.

GREG (CONT'D)
Oh come on! (Taps chin) Right on
the button.

Nothing.

Greg slaps Jonathan across the face, HARD.

He winces, but doesn't cry out.

GREG (CONT'D)
Come on! Hit me, you fucking pussy!

SMACK!!!

He hits Jonathan again.

His huffing and puffing intensifies, but still doesn't hit back.

FRIEND 2 (LAUGHING)
He's gonna cry!

GREG
That's why I'm slapping him like
the bitch that he is!

SMACK!!!

This time, Jonathan punches Greg in the face with all of his
might.

All it did was make Greg smile wider.

GREG (LICKS THE BLOOD ON HIS
LIP) (CONT'D)
You made me bleed? Nice!

Greg punches Jonathan back, knocking him to the ground.

The three of them begin to kick him while he's down. He cries
out for them to stop, but they don't.

TEACHER (O.C.)
Hey! Cut that out!

A middle-aged male teacher stands at the end of the hallway.
He power walks toward the students.

Greg and his goons laugh and run away, leaving Jonathan on
the ground bruised, bloodied, and in tears.

The teacher kneels down beside him.

TEACHER (COLDLY) (CONT'D)
Get washed up and go to class.

Jonathan looks at him, shocked.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Hurry up! Do you want a detention?

JONATHAN
But...I-

TEACHER
Get up!

Jonathan struggles to stand on his feet.

He winces in pain, holding his ribs.

A black eye begins to form, and his lip is already puffy from
the beating.

The teacher scoffs at him and shakes his head.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
You realize you do this to
yourself, right? You come to school
looking like this and you expect
people to actually be nice to you?
This is your own fault.

Jonathan gets his things together, and heads toward the
bathroom.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
You have 5 minutes to get cleaned
up!

JONATHAN
Okay! I'm going!

The teacher shakes his head and walks away.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jonathan is washing his bruised and bloody face. He looks in
the mirror and begins to touch his black eye.

JONATHAN (GRIMACES)
Ahh! Dickhead...

KEVIN (O.S.)
Excuse me. Jon?

This startles Jonathan. He jumps, spins around and holds his
chest.

KEVIN and RENEE are in the bathroom with him. Both are
wearing modern clothing.

Jonathan looks at them both, confused.

JONATHAN (TWISTING HIS HAIR)
H-Hi. Do I know you?

They both give him a friendly smile.

KEVIN (GOOFY SMILE)
No. We don't know each other, but
umm (gets nervous)... Sorry, I'm a
little starstruck right now.

Jonathan snorts and shakes his head.

JONATHAN
Starstruck?

RENEE
I'm getting a little giddy myself.

JONATHAN (SIGHS)
Okay, who are you? How do you know
me, and why are you (looks at
Renee) in here?

They both look at each other, smiling like excited children.

KEVIN (GIDDY)
I can't believe we're doing this.
I'm Kevin and this is Renee-

RENEE (INTERRUPTS)
Show him!

KEVIN
Okay! Okay! (To Jonathan) Listen, I
know how this is going to sound.
We're not here to mess with you or
do anything like that, but umm...

He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a smartphone.
Jonathan looks at it, puzzled and backs away with his hands
up.

JONATHAN (NERVOUS)
Woah, woah. What's that?

Kevin and Renee realize he's getting scared.

They both pause and look at him like a deer in headlights.

RENEE
It's okay! We're not gonna hurt
you! (Laughs) This is just a phone.

JONATHAN
THAT'S a phone?

KEVIN
Just hear me out a sec. I know you
need to get to class, but you're
going to want to see this.

Kevin starts scrolling away on his phone. Renee stands beside
him, smiling big.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I know how this is going to sound,
but we're from the future.

Jonathan laughs and shakes his head.

JONATHAN

Where's your DeLorean, McFly?

They both laugh in response.

KEVIN (WARMLY)

Seriously, though. I know people
are horrible to you. We saw what
just happened and it isn't okay.
I'm sorry you're going through
that.

For the first time, Jonathan looks up and smiles.

JONATHAN (NERVOUSLY TWISTING THE SIDES
OF HIS HAIR)

Thank you.

RENEE

You're not going to have to worry
about that too much longer. I
promise you that!

JONATHAN

Thanks, guys. I mean that. I have
to get to class-

KEVIN

Wait wait! Hang on! You're going to
want to see this. Trust me!

He pulls up a photo on his phone to show Jonathan.

The photo is the cover art of KORN'S self titled debut album.

Jonathan doesn't react much. Just slightly nods.

JONATHAN

Korn? What's that?

KEVIN

They are pioneers of a "nu metal"
sound that dominated the '90s and
early 2000s. These guys are
straight up legends. My all-time
favorite band! My heroes. The
singer, especially.

RENEE

This is the cover of their first album that came out in 1994.

JONATHAN (LAUGHS)

You're really trying to sell me on this time travel shit, huh?

Kevin and Renee look at each other and laugh.

Kevin pulls up another photo.

It's promo photos of the band when the album was created, as well as other photos from the tours that followed. All of them lined up in thumbnails.

He shows Jonathan a very blurry photo of the band rocking out in a small club. Their faces barely visible.

Jonathan squints and holds the phone close. He's more interested in the concept of a smartphone vs the photo he's looking at.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You're saying this thing is a phone?

KEVIN (LAUGHS)

Look very closely at that photo.

JONATHAN

Hold up! Is that...Reggie Arvizu?

He points to Fieldy, the bass player.

RENEE

It sure is. Look at the singer...

The singer's face is hidden behind long dreadlocks.

JONATHAN

I don't think I know him? One of the other guys looks familiar, but...

Kevin pulls up another photo. This time it's a band promo shot for the album. All five band members faces are clear.

Jonathan's eyes widen, his mouth hangs open, and skin turns bone white.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Th-that's me! What the fuck? Wh-what is this? Who are you, REALLY?

KEVIN

We're fans. I wasn't kidding when I said we are from the future. I'm going to show you something else real quick and then we're going to leave you alone.

They now have Jonathan's full attention.

RENEE

What are you going to show him next?

KEVIN (SMILES)

Woodstock.

JONATHAN

What do you mean, Woodstock?!

Kevin pulls up a video of Korn playing Blind at Woodstock, but just the intro.

The intro to the song is playing, but the shot is strictly on the massive crowd.

The shot goes back and forth between the live footage and Jonathan's shocked face.

He gasps out loud and covers his mouth when he sees himself walk on stage, 11 years into the future.

"ARE YOU READY?!?!?" Comes out of future Jonathan's mouth, and the sea of people go absolutely insane - moshing and jumping around.

The band is headbanging and thrashing to the music, with Jonathan being a straight up charismatic maniac.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit!!! You're messing with me! There's no way this is real!

RENEE

Oh it's real.

KEVIN

You're going to have a damn good career, my friend. You're my hero. Seriously, ever since I was 12 years old I've always looked up to you. Your music saved my life, and it's saved millions of others.

JONATHAN

I don't even know what to say. This is too much. You're saying I'm going to be a rockstar?

KEVIN

Oh yes. Everything you're dealing with right now is not going to matter. Those assholes that were bullying you? They're going to be envying you 6 years from now. Their kids are going to have posters of you on their walls. Mark my words!

Jonathan is ecstatic! He paces around the bathroom, laughing and smiling ear to ear.

JONATHAN

Thank you guys so much! This is incredible. I don't even know how any of this is possible. So fucking dope!

KEVIN

This technology doesn't even exist, yet. No way in hell am I messing with you.

Renee looks at her phone and quickly whispers something to Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Well, we have to get going. We have to save a guitar player from getting shot.

JONATHAN

Wait, what?

KEVIN

I just HAD to stop here and meet you, first. I had to! Here's the thing, though...

JONATHAN (NERVOUS)

Oh. Umm, a thing, huh?

KEVIN

Yes yes! Sorry! Wasn't trying to freak you out. It's just when we leave here, you're not going to remember anything I just showed you.

JONATHAN

Really? But then how will I know-

RENEE

You'll know. When you're a little older, the band will find you. Every instinct in your gut is going to tell you to go for it. Even a psychic is going to tell you to join the band. You won't miss out. I promise.

Kevin holds out his hand to shake Jonathan's.

KEVIN

Thank you so much for saving my life.

Jonathan shakes his hand.

JONATHAN (SMILING)

You just saved mine. So thank YOU.

The bathroom door swings open. Greg walks in, only noticing Jonathan. Not the other two, at first.

GREG

There you are! Now you have no teachers to-

He stopped speaking when he notices Kevin and Renee.

KEVIN

To what?

GREG

Uhhh?

KEVIN (SQUARING UP)

What's the matter? Got nothing to say, now?

GREG

Listen, you have no idea who my dad is. You better watch who you're-

WHACK!!!

Kevin punches Greg HARD in the face.

He drops like a sack of potatoes, and begins to cry.

RENEE

Who's the pussy, now?

Jonathan starts laughing.

GREG

We're outta here, bud! You're gonna be alright.

The three of them exchange smiles. Kevin and Renee leave.

Jonathan's eyes flutter, and roll in the back of his head. His face shakes as if he's about to go into a seizure, but then immediately stops.

He looks around the bathroom as if he doesn't know where he is.

He sees Greg crying on the ground, holding his bloodied nose.

JONATHAN (TO HIMSELF. CONFUSED)

Where am I?

The bell rings, followed by sounds of classroom doors opening and teenagers rushing the halls.

Jonathan quickly exits the bathroom, leaving Greg on the ground.

He smiles and heads to the hallway, blending in with the crowd. This time with his head confidently held high.

REGGIE (18) walks by Jonathan in the hallway.

Jonathan nods to him. Reggie nods back, but confused.

JONATHAN (SORRY TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)

Why did I just do that?

EXT. HIGHLAND HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Kevin and Renee are smiling from ear to ear.

KEVIN

That was awesome! I can't believe we did that!

RENEE

Did you see how happy he was? We should travel to 98 or something and surprise him!

KEVIN (LAUGHS)

He won't remember us, though.

RENEE

I know, but the deja Vu confusion
or whatever the hell it is, will be
amusing to see.

He laughs.

Their cheerful demeanor suddenly changes. They pause, and
stare at something in the distance.

KEVIN

Fuck. Is that him?

A shadow of a man stands in the middle of the road. Cars
drive through him like smoke.

No one seems to notice besides Kevin and Renee.

RENEE (NODS)

Yep.

The shadow man begins to walk toward them.

Kevin takes out his phone, nervously fumbling it.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Seriously?

KEVIN

I got it! I got it!

He holds the phone to his ear.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Alrosa Villa, December 8th 2004.

The man picks up pace. His disembodied voice calls out to
them.

SHADOW MAN

I'll be right behind you!

A bright flash lights up the screen.

Kevin, Renee and the man are gone.