

ACADEMY BEATDOWN

First Year / Pilot: "The New Kid"

Written by

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INT. BLOOD RED CLASSROOM - DAY

The sun beams through the windows, illuminating an eerie scarlet color around the classroom.

A fifteen year old boy with black hair, standing in silence with his head down.

-- THUMP! THUMP! --

The boy's eyes are shaken, gazed upon the battered boys laying on the floor.

The sound of a pounding heartbeat like a drum in a steady tempo.

BRONTE MICHI
(Inner thoughts)
What happened...?

The boy brings his shaken eyes down to his equally shaken hands, examining the piercing red on his knuckles.

-- THUMP! THUMP! --

BRONTE MICHI (cont'd)
(inner thoughts)
What did I do...?

ALARMING MALE (O.S.)
BRONTE MICHI!!!

The boy snaps his eyes up to the teacher standing in the doorway.

TEACHER
WHAT DID YOU DO!?

-- THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! --

The tempo on Bronte's heart picks up its tempo, pounding as a slow drum roll.

"Bronte" stares at him with his words fumbling on his quivering lips.

TEACHER (cont'd)
ANSWER ME, MICHI! WHAT DID YOU DO!?

BLACK SCREEN

BRONTE MICHI
 (inner thoughts)
 What...did I do...?

INT. LOBBY

The inside of this building is like taking a drift into the 80s with its vintage decor.

Among the uniform sea of midnight blues - there's Bronte, passing by. Standing out in his red hoodie.

BRONTE MICHI
 (inner thoughts)
 No matter how new the school is, some things never change about them...

Bronte keeps his eyes to the ground and ignores everyone.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE

MAE, Bronte's mother approaches an upbeat receptionist, swinging her head and dancing with a smile on her face.

MAE MICHI
 Excuse me?

MAKI
 (cheerful)
 HELLO! WHAT CAN I HELP YOU
 WIIIIIIITH?
 (realizing)
 Mae Michi? Is that really you!?

Mae holds her head down.

MAE MICHI
 ...Hello Maki...

Maki reaches over the counter, squeezing Mae tightly in her arms.

MAKI
 IT'S BEEN SO LONG!! I MISS BEING YOUR
 ROOMMATE WHEN WE ATTENDED SCHOOL!

Mae appears like a child being forced to hug their sibling.

MAKI (cont'd)
 YOU HAVE A SON?! HE'S SO CUTE!!

Maki takes a hold of his cheeks, pinching tightly and stretching his face.

MAKI (cont'd)
(to Bronte)
So what brings a cutie like you to
our office?

MAE MICHU
To speak with Goro...about
admission...

Maki looks at Mae with a sparkle in her eye.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

The headmaster, a man appears to be in his thirties but really, closer to fifty-five in age named GORO gazes down at rows of written words on a document titled "*BRONTE MICHU*."

Fixated on the paperwork, specifically on the words "*Category IV: Office Intervention*".

GORO
(inner thoughts)
Like mother, like son.

-- Tap. Tap. --

GORO (cont'd)
Come in.

MAKI
Headmaster! The Michis are here!

Goro brings his head up. Goro motions his attention over to Bronte, observing Bronte's flimsy posture.

GORO
(inner thoughts)
There's no way someone with this much
red on their record is him.

Goro stands from his seat.

GORO (cont'd)
It's been some years, Mae...been
well, I hope?

MAE MICHU
Yeah. I've been fine, thank you.

GORO
And this must be the young man you
told me about. Bronte, right?

Bronte nods his head slowly.

The three all take a seat. Bronte notices his paperwork on
the desk, swallowing in nervousness.

GORO (cont'd)
Our mission is to prepare you for the
world outside of these walls and
shape you into an acceptable figure
in our society. First things first,
you will be assigned to Maxine's room
to work out your...little problem,
young man...hopefully, we'll get some
good results but one screw-up, there
will not be any warning...understand?

Bronte nods his head.

GORO (cont'd)
You are to be in class on time and
report to your dorm room at the end
of the day...and for good measure...
NO...FIGHTING...what-so-ever.

Bronte leans his head forward, trying to hide his eyes.

Goro takes a walkie from the desk.

GORO (cont'd)
(to the walkie)
I need a campus monitor to the
office, please for escort.

A young man, no older than seventeen years old, dressed in a
blue suit barges in not a minute too late.

GORO (cont'd)
Perfect timing.

BRONTE MICHI
(inner thoughts)
He's fast.

GORO
Show him to his room.

Mae turns to her son, fixing his clothes up before resting
her hands on his cheeks.

Bronte gazes into her tender eyes.

MAE MICHI

Stay out of trouble, my son...and
please...graduate. I won't be able to
pull you out of trouble this time if
you're expelled again...so please,
starting today...no more...

Bronte nods his head.

BRONTE MICHI

No more...from this day forward.

She plants a kiss on his forehead and smiles.

MAE MICHI

Love you...now go on.

Mae watches as he leaves in silence.

INT. OUTSIDE OF THE OFFICE / HEADING INTO THE LOBBY

Bronte stares down at the things in his box.

BRONTE MICHI

(inner thoughts)

No more going forward...no more...

-- WHAM! --

Bronte's box is smacked right out of his hands. Spilling
over notebooks and manga all over the floor.

Bronte locks eyes with a boy with blonde hair, wearing a
letterman jacket. This is HANGER.

HANGER

FIELD GOAL!

The boy kicks the whole box over the railing.

The of group of boys in letterman jackets with Hanger,
laughs in Bronte's face as they are passing.

MONITOR

HEY! STOP RIGHT THERE, HANGER!

The boys bolt it in the opposite direction as the Monitor
chases after them

MONITOR (cont'd)

(To earpiece)

IN PURSUIT OF BULLYING! ASSISTANCE IS
NEEDED!

Bronte takes a deep breath...staring over the railing. His things scattered all over the floor below.

He takes a deep breath.

BRONTE MICHI
(inner thoughts)
New school...same problems...

INT. LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Bronte stuffs his things back into the box in silence, focusing on his items and ignoring the lingering eyes spectating him.

BRONTE MICHI
(inner thoughts)
It's fine...nothing to get mad
about...it's...nothing...

CHEERFUL VOICE (O.S.)
Would you like a hand?

Bronte turns back to a boy staring at him with a cheerful smile. This is GARY. He has shaggy brown hair and brown eyes.

Bronte looks away and nods his head.

Gary gets down on his knees, neatly stacking the papers and books together and stacking them neatly into the box.

GARY
Don't let them boys get to you, okay?
They are brainless apes who only
speaks with anyone who likes to play
with balls.

Bronte tries to hide his chuckle.

Gary throws his hand at Bronte and holds it there.

GARY (cont'd)
Gary Olsen. First year.

BRONTE MICHI
Michi. Bronte...first.

Bronte and Gary shake hands.

GARY
Whoa! You're awfully strong! Do you
work out?

Bronte grabs the box as he stands to his feet.

BRONTE MICHI
Thank you Gary.

GARY
No problem. If you need anything
else, I am glad to help out.

Bronte squints his eyes at him.

BRONTE MICHI
Why...?

GARY
Because this school is tough on your
own...and unlike the rest of these
toons here, I am not afraid of
talking to the new kid.

Bronte examines the smile on Gary's face.

BRONTE MICHI
Where's the boy's dorm?

GARY
That's easy! Follow me!

Gary runs out of the building.

BRONTE MICHI
Hey! Wait up!

Bronte chases after him.

EXT. BOYS' DORM

Bronte's eyes nearly fly out of the sockets upon seeing the
towering size blue building before him.

BRONTE MICHI
(inner thoughts)
It's huge.

GARY
Here we are! The peaceful middle
ground where students regardless of
your crew, come together! Come, I'll
show you around inside.

INT. BOYS' DORM

Groups of huddled boys inside glares at Bronte the moment they locked eyes with him.

Bronte's face turns white.

GARY

Don't be afraid! They're not as intimidating as a Boar...and besides, they're just sizing you up.

BRONTE MICHI

(shaken)

Why...is that a good thing?

GARY

Well, you don't look threatening so they probably won't bother you.

Bronte swallows.

GARY (cont'd)

So what room are you in?

BRONTE MICHI

Uh, one-one-three?

Gary turns to him with a horrified stare.

GARY

(Spooked)

Am I going deaf or did you say what I thought you said?

BRONTE MICHI

(nervous)

Is...one-one-three...bad?

GARY

(ominous)

It's so bad...Do you have any idea who that room belongs to?

Bronte's bottom lip shivers as he shakes his head back and forth.

GARY (cont'd)

IT BELONGS TO ME TOO!

Bronte's face tightens; glaring at Gary with one twitching eye.

BRONTE MICHI
Do you always do that?

GARY
Drama and anticipation always pay
off.

OUTSIDE OF ROOM 113 / BOYS' DORM

Unlike the other doors they passed on the way here, counting
down indivisible numbers.

ROOM 113 has graffiti scribbled all over the door in
Japanese characters.

GARY
Allow me to welcome you to our humble
abode.

Gary injects his key into the door.

GARY (cont'd)
You got a key?

BRONTE MICHI
Can't say I do.

GARY
Not to worry, if you want, you can
have mine for now.

BRONTE MICHI
That's not necessary.

GARY
I assist. I am normally out late
anyways.

Gary pushes open the door.

INT. LIVING SPACE / ROOM 113

Gary turns on the lights. Revealing a clean, spacious two
bed dorm that has more in common with a small apartment.

GARY
Here we are! The room down the left
is yours unless you want the couch,
makes me no never mind. Also, there's
food in the fridge and cabinets. My
parents bring a bunch of items every
other week, help yourself.

Bronte can't seem to find the words to describe his gratitude.

BRONTE MICHI
Thank you...well, again.

GARY
You don't need to tell me. Your face tells me you are and that's more than enough for me.

An alarming noise catches their attention.

MAKI (V.O.)
Gary Olsen! Report to the headmaster's office! Olsen To the Headmaster's office!

Gary spins his eyeballs.

GARY
I guess duty calls. Make yourself at home...might as well get comfortable for the school year, right?

Gary swaggers out, leaving the dorm key on the counter. Bronte watches him leave, trying to hide his laughter.

BRONTE MICHI
(flattered)
You're a strange one, Gary.

INT. BRONTE'S DORM ROOM

Bronte examines the room and the dust revealed in the sunlight; He sets the box down on the floor and takes off his backpack.

He unloads the papers and notebooks from his box, setting them neatly into the desk drawers.

He makes his bed with his own bedsheets and blankets.

INT. BRONTE'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Bronte sits still on his bed, gazing down at his shaken knuckles.

BRONTE MICHI
No fighting...no more...fighting...

-- THUMP, THUMP --

The image of the boys in the letterman jackets flashes before Bronte's eyes. Laughing in mockery, pointing their fingers at Bronte.

-- THUMP, THUMP --

Bronte growls as he grinds his teeth together.

-- THUMP!! THUMP!! --

Bronte is startled by the unexpected noise. Breathing heavily.

-- KNOCK! KNOCK! --

INT. LIVING SPACE / ROOM 113

Bronte opens the door to a monitor with a set of clothes covered in plastic.

MONITOR

Michi. here is your uniform, if you are to attend the North Academy, you need to look like you're apart of it. You are free to wear whatever you like, as long as it's appropriate in the dorm...outside of it, you are to wear this uniform.

Bronte nods to them.

BRONTE MICHİ

Okay...thank you.

MONITOR

Enjoy your time at the Academy...oh one more thing...there will be absolutely *no fighting in the dorms*.

Bronte stands there in silence, the last line of the monitor's comment swirling around in his head.

Bronte swallows as he brings his head up to the Monitor.

BRONTE MICHİ

(forced smile)

I wouldn't dream of it.

INT. BRONTE'S DORM ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

Gary swaggers into the bedroom, gazing around the room with an impressed grin.

GARY
I remember the guy that used to stay
here. He had an impressive set-up but
nothing like this.

Bronte removes his red hoodie and hangs it up in the closet.

As he goes to lift his shirt, he pauses.

BRONTE MICHI
Are you gonna watch me change?

GARY
We change together in the locker
room. What's the difference?

Bronte glares into Gary's eyes.

Gary slides out the door awkwardly.

Bronte shakes his head as he removes his shirt.

GARY (O.S.)
Hey! Who's your homeroom teacher?!

Bronte hangs his shirt up in the closet.

BRONTE MICHI
I have to see someone named Maxine.

Gary shoves his head back into the bedroom unannounced.

GARY
OH! I KNOW WHERE SHE IS! HEY!? HOW
ABOUT I TAKE YOU THERE?!

BRONTE MICHI
HOW ABOUT YOU GET OUT OF MY ROOM!?!

EXT. SCHOOL YARD

Bronte mumbles frustrations as he's adjusting his tie and shirt collar.

GARY
Hey New Kid?

Bronte looks over to a narrow velvet strip of gum held before him.

GARY (cont'd)
Gum is great for studies but not for
you if you're caught chewing that in
class.

Bronte takes the piece with a smile.

GARY (cont'd)
Oh great...look.

The school steps to the building are blocked by a small
group of boys in letterman jackets.

Bronte glares at the boy on the steps with spiky hair.

GARY (cont'd)
The Boars... You see the guy there
with the spiky orange hair? That's
Hanger, One of the leading captains
of the football team. Also a nasty
punk who has to promote his status to
everyone in school.

BRONTE MICHI
We already met...but what the heck
are they doing?

GARY
See for yourself.

ON THE SCHOOL STEPS

A student approaches the Boars, trembling in each step they
take.

SCARED STUDENT
E-Excuse me, Hanger.

Hanger raises a brow looking the student up and down.

SCARED STUDENT (cont'd)
M-Mind if I pass through?

Hanger gazes into the student's shaken pupils.

HANGER
Well that depends...why should we let
you through?

SCARED STUDENT
There are plenty of stairs you can
control. Why must it be these ones!?

Hanger grabs the student by his collar. Every student seizes what they are doing.

HANGER
Because The Boars are the king of
this school! If we want it, we'll
take it and no one is going to stop
us. Simple, don't you think?

The student's eyes filled with terror.

Hanger shoves the student down. Laughing as he does.

HANGER (cont'd)
SAME FOR THE REST OF YOU!

Motioning his finger at any staring eye beneath the staircase.

HANGER (cont'd)
Go ahead and forget your place if you
are feeling strong! We'll be happy to
remind you who's the strongest in the
North!

The Boars climb to the top of the stairs, gazing down at the students...no, more like looking down on them.

-- RIIIIING! --

A ringing sounds through the speakers placed on top of the lamps.

The scared student pulls himself up. Pathetic, defeated, he forces himself up the steps and passes the Boars.

HANGER (cont'd)
That's what I thought.

ON GARY & BRONTE -- SECONDS LATER

Gary looks over at Bronte.

GARY
Good riddance that's over, I guess
the school alarm really--

The words grow faint as Bronte's heartbeat increases.

BRONTE MICHI
(inner thoughts)
Kings? I should drag you down those
stairs and --

-- RIIIIING! --

The second bell rings and snaps Bronte back in check.

GARY
Come on, don't want to keep Maxine
waiting.

ON THE SCHOOL STEPS

Bronte ascends the steps, listening to the snickering
laughter from the Boars.

The snickering grows silent as the sound of Bronte's heart
ascends.

-- thump, thump...thump, thump...thump, thump --

HANGER
Hold it you two...The loser and the
New Kid...a match made in Heaven, off
to show Olsen your senpai novels?

Bronte stares downward and remains silent.

HANGER (cont'd)
Hey...New Kid? Little school tip.
Address me...when I am talking to
you.

GARY
Hey Hanger...could you cut him a
break. He doesn't want to be late to
his homeroom.

HANGER
No one asked you Gary...so for once,
shut the hell up.

-- THUMP, THUMP! THUMP, THUMP! --

The pounding of drum-like sounds beats through Bronte's
chest.

Watching Hanger flap off his chops but the words are drowned
out in the drumming noise in his ears from his heart.

BRONTE MICHI
(restraining tension)
I just want to go to class...That's
all. It's your school, do with it
what you will, but please...let us
through.

Hanger squints his eyes at Bronte.

HANGER
Did you forget where you stand?

Hanger shoves Bronte down the flight of stairs; hitting each step on the way down to the bottom.

Gary runs down the steps to Bronte.

-- RIIIIING! --

The third bell rings. Hanger and the Boars all head inside of the building.

Bronte turns his attention to them as they walk away.
Breathing sharply.

Bronte's gentle blue eyes bleed over to a crimson red with small sparks in his eyes.

BRONTE MICHI
(inner thoughts)
GET BACK HERE...

Bronte forces his fingers into a fist. Sparks flickers around his knuckles.

BRONTE MICHI (cont'd)
(inner thoughts)
I'll show you...I'LL SHOW ALL OF YOU

GARY
Hey?!

Gary grabs Bronte's upper arms; forcing him to look into his eyes.

GARY (cont'd)
I get it. Believe me, I do. Starting
a fight with them is pointless.
You'll end up being overpowered or
worse...expelled.

Bronte's eyes tremble. Bronte's breathing settles as the crimson in his eyes returns to blue.

BRONTE MICHI
Thank you Gary...I needed that
reminder.

GARY
What are friends for?

INT. MAXINE'S ROOM

Bronte stumbles into an office dosed in burgundy shades and relaxing music.

He locks eyes with a woman with dark red hair and piercing violet eyes sitting at the desk.

BRONTE MICH
M-Maxine...?

She looks up at Bronte...a smile slowly forms on her face.

MAXINE
Wow...you have your mother's eyes,
Bronte...especially when you're
angry.

Bronte holds his head down.

BRONTE MICH
You can tell?

MAXINE
I can read people...posture,
mannerisms, even eyes exposes true
feelings.

Bronte swallows.

MAXINE (cont'd)
It's okay...Anything you say in here,
isn't spoken outside of here to
anyone, not Goro...not even your
mother, if you'd like. Think of me as
your journal that responds.

Bronte takes a seat on the chair in front of her desk.

Maxine slides the weight slider on the pendulum bar and flicks it.

-- Tick. Tick. Tick --

Maxine slides over a crimson color journal and removes the cap off of her pen.

MAXINE (cont'd)
So what was it that day for you that
pulled the trigger?

Bronte's hands shake uncontrollably in his lap.

BRONTE MICHU
I don't like thinking about it...or
that side of me...

MAXINE
So Bronte...this side of you...why
don't you like thinking about it?

Bronte holds his head down as he listens to the ticking from
the metronome.

BRONTE MICHU
I was in a classroom...

-- Tick, tick...thump, THUMP!! --

INT. BLOOD RED CLASSROOM

The mocking silhouettes points and laughs at Bronte; boxing
Bronte in the middle of their mockery.

Bronte covers his ears...taking heavy breaths in-between the
sound of his heartbeat.

Bronte's veins crawling up his neck. As his heartbeat grew
louder.

Bronte brings his head up...his face tense with popping
veins around his head and his eyes burning red with
electricity like an exposed live wire.

BRONTE MICHU
After that...everything was dark...
until...

SAME SCENE / MOMENTS LATER

Bronte stands there in silence. He stares at the silhouettes
of students lying on the floor. Their mockery laughter was
nothing but quivering lips.

BRONTE MICHU
(inner thoughts)
And all I saw was them on the
floor...and myself standing over
them...

TEACHER
ANSWER ME, MICHU! WHAT DID YOU DO!?

INT. MAXINE'S ROOM - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

While Maxine writes in silence. Bronte repeatedly taps his foot on the red carpet.

The maddening sluggish ticking from the metronome breaks the dreadful silence.

MAXINE

Your story is missing something.

BRONTE MICHI

I told you all that happened.

Maxine raises a brow to him.

She sets her pen down on the notebook.

MAXINE

I know how it feels. I can see it in your eyes. I can tell how badly you want to scream or hit something...and I can tell you, right now, you're not going to last a full school year here.

Bronte's hands tremble, grasping each other.

Maxine leans her chin on her hands. Staring deep into Bronte's crimson colored eyes.

MAXINE (cont'd)

So you can hold it all in and continue to prolong the inevitable all you like, but we can only bend so far back before we eventually break...and what will you do this time when that happens?

Bronte swallows.

THE END