

Flamer Pilot: ep 1 Ignition

written by

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Original Serial

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Pilot Draft

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Made in Highland

FADE IN:

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

FREEZE FRAME

STUDENTS caught rushing between classes: JAYSON FLICK (15) and KEISHA KING (15), central, frozen in unmistakable 'distracted boyfriend meme' poses. Their focus is O.S.
A scene stalker might notice Jayson wears an Arianator T-shirt.

JAYSON(V.O.)

Heyyyyy, folks. That's me, Jayson, on the left - that's Jayson with a Y of course, cuz so gay. Just a wishful twunk, living to make me happen at Clayton High, seriously in the mud that I've yet to flex this basic school into anointing me C-suite, elite pop, Gucci, you get it, even as a sophomore. And this, this right here, is the moment that my boi-boss fantasy began to go right up in flames, on point that, and my world, well everyone's world really, began ping-ponging toward Drew Barrytown. Even with my BFF on the right, Keisha King, odds-on-fave Prom Them, doing everything she can to jump in front of the Fury. She's like that, a warrior for the little people - too often, me.

(Whispers)

See, she's not beefin' with me.

(normal)

Actually... the hosing of my life popped off a bit earlier. So let's flip this and reverse it. You'll see. Hold on!

REWIND ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS: The high school's objects of lust and hate: AIDEN RAMOS, NIKO SOMA, and DREW NGUYEN (All 17,18), moonwalk back up the hallway after an interaction with Jayson and Keisha, who retreat backwards o.s. END REWIND.

ACTION

This BOY-TRIO mean-girl struts down the hallway. NIKO eyes a kid, ALISTAIR ANDERS (16), who no one but a bully would notice: a wall flower, high functioning neuro-divergent teen.

Niko uncoils a hand to pop the kid, cobra fast, timed with a--

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NIKO
- Booyah!

Clearly, it's two things Alistair hates: touch and loud noise. He jolts against the wall, slides down, and freaks out:

ALISTAIR
Stop that!
(stuttering)
Two, three, five, seven, eleven,
THIRTEEN...

A wounded-animal teen draws Aiden Ramos like a greedy shark; as well as the attention of oncoming Jayson and Keisha.

AIDEN
(feigning care; to Alistair)
Aww. It's ok. You're a sensitive
one, right? Can I help?

In shock, a hundred emotionless questions cross Alistair's face, trying to vet Aiden's tone, emotions, intention.

AIDEN
Here.

Aiden reaches slowly, calmly, reassuringly to the teen, then lightening fast messes up Alistair's perfectly coiffed hair.

ALISTAIR
MY HAIR! HAIR! HAIR! HAIR!
Nooo...!

But it's like a NO! And a LAMB'S-SQUEAL remix. As Jayson and Keisha arrive, Alistair scrambles to get the hell away.

JAYSON
Oh, look: jocks picking on lower
classers. How orig. Aiden Ramos,
you make cavemen seem absolutely
Mensa.

AIDEN
Men-what?

JAYSON/KEISHA
Exactly!

Aiden shoves Alistair on past Jayson and Keisha, and the Aiden-led click turn their tyrannical mojo on our duo.

AIDEN
You can suck a dick right on outta
here, fagboi.

JAYSON

Oh, hunty. Again, what original moron. Wait... maybe that's too high, I mean moron is like

(off Keisha)

What? An IQ of seventy-five?

Students' OOOOs sound off. ALISTAIR edges through them, slithering past their cooties.

KEISHA

Yeah Jayson, I think he's maxin' right out at idiot-caveman.

JAYSON

(judgy contemplation)

Absolute brill Keisha, IQ twenty-five... max.

Aiden lunges. Oddly, his posse holds him back as Keisha steps in front of Jayson. She smiles and coils into a martial arts form. OH! A real fighter hungry for a challenge.

DREW

(to Aiden, his bros)

Not worth the flex, bruhs!

Remember, we got playoffs!

KEISHA

Yeah, A, you don't want this smoke. But if you wanna catch me outside after practice, I'm in. Call it, QB-1? Bring the crew. Or you only pep a rep on the weak?

Something very real seems to click in that idiot-brain of Aiden's. He LAUGHS and roughhouses Drew and Niko to move on.

AIDEN

Yeah, whatev, psycho-dickgirl.

(She's not) Jayson keeps Keisha from Bruce-Leeing a fellow student down-town.

MIKEY

(to Keisha; leaving)

So angry, sistah. Where yo Eagle loyalty homie. Nice.

He joins the boys. Should've left well enough alone--

JAYSON(v.o.)

Oh sky-daddy, he swung an ABW trope and a blaccent. It's on!

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--Keisha tosses Jayson off, gazelles up to the retreating goons, and in one karate-kid motion lands a kick on Mikey's back. A tap really, just hard enough to send him stumbling.

Jayson runs to back up Keisha, so to speak.

NIKO
Always a cranky bitch!

But Aiden strong-arms his dudes farther along the hallway.

Keisha, pissed but satisfied, glares them down as she turns to go. But Jayson get's that look. You know it: lascivious trouble. He lets out a long WHISTLE of appreciation--

FREEZE FRAME

And at 'Distracted Boyfriend meme' we are.

JAYSON(V.O.)
I know. I know. Nothing to blubber to my therapist about here. Really your standard high school assholery, but I'm not one to keep it movin', obvi. That's just not me: Jayson Flick with a Y, slayer of joy-sucking subhumans like Aiden Ramos, who is a jock with dunky jock cakes, so...

ACTION

--the whistle Peters out. As Jayson taunts, he talks with his hands: think cowboy twink.

JAYSON
Oh yeah, Aiden! I do love seeing you walk away! Truth. Those are real nice CRIBS you got there, you should bring 'em to visit some time! You hear, zaddy!
(Jayson gyrates his hips)

AIDEN freezes, turns. All of CLAYTON HIGH'S gawking now!

JAYSON
Yeah, I'm talking about your sweet
(pumps hips ea. break)
Cowboy. Riding. Buns.
(lip smirk)
I mean, it's hard FACTCHECKED that the biggest bullies are the biggest closet cases, you know -
(MORE)

JAYSON (CONT'D)
 (Mimics a footlong with
 hands)
 - Huge. With *all* the *secret*
 tendencies.

Jayson sweeps his eyes over the jocks, shrugs.

JAYSON
 All that no-homo bro, bro. In an
 all boy gang. I mean, odds are,
 right?

The gang ROARS and gives chase. Students fall away like bowling
 pins in the wake of prey and predators. Jayson and Keisha fly--

JAYSON(V.O.)
 Burn. That's right, my big, fat
 mouth ignited catastrophe. It's
 just that I'm a hard no on student
 abuse for a scum pump-up.

TITLE CARD: FLAMER

KEISHA
 Seriously. CRIBS??!! You're
 ruthless-crazy!

Our duo zooms by Alistair in the b.g; O.S., a teacher HOLLERS.
 Off of their pursuers, ALASTAIR has finally found a real
 emotion for his face: HATRED.

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

WAITING ROOM

Jayson sits on a small couch which has one window-- too high to
 see out of, too small to escape.

He stares at the DOOR to the principal's inner sanctum,
 straining to hear. Principal Byron's muffled, but calm
 lecturing VOICE emanates from inside, laying into someone.

Without breaking concentration, Jayson searches his clothes for
 something before rolling his eyes in exasperation and acting
 like: duh, no cell phone.

Suddenly, a voice from inside clarifies, Mr. Byron:

PRINCIPAL BYRON(o.s.)
 ...I know what happened last
 summer, Mister Ramos. I get it...

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Jayson perks up, listens hard but words return to monotonous droning. He leans his head back, soon his eyes drift close.

DREAM

There's a BANG from the other side of Principal Byron's door.

JAYSON
What the -

He jumps on the couch, but crouches to the ready.

BANG! And a SPLINTER! Someone's CHOPPING to get out!

Jayson bolts to the EXIT door: it's locked! From the outside!

JAYSON
(disbelief)
Kill me now!

The DOOR: CHOP. CHOP! It's an axe! CHOP!

An eye peeks through a growing hole.

AIDEN(O.S.)
(other side)
No problem, throat-slut!

Jayson scrambles back to the couch. CHOP! But rather than fright, Jayson takes an offensive stance. There's a head tilt.

JAYSON
Come at me, half-off QB!

At this, a guttural GROWL precedes the CHOP, CHOP, CHOPS, which create an almost upper body sized hole in the principal's door. Aiden Ramos shoves the axe through, waving it about, followed by his arms, followed by jimmying his upper body.

Doh! He hangs there awkwardly, looking enraged:

AIDEN
(comically vicious)
Here's Aiden de la Torre Pacheco
Johnson-Ramos!

Poised, Jayson strolls over, easily dodging ineffective swings of the axe. He grabs the handle and yanks the weapon free to Aiden's HORROR, who struggles stuck.

JAYSON
Well, here's me, putz!

And Jayson bonks him over the head with the flat end.

OVER: A door opening BANG!

END DREAM

JAYSON

The sound startles him awake. Back to reality: PRINCIPAL BYRON (50s) steps through, motions for entry grandly.

PRINCIPAL BYRON
Good to see you're taking this seriously, mister Flick.

JAYSON
Yeah. Yeah. What am I even doing here, principal Byron. With that, that *wretch*.
(off himself; drama queen)
A total victim here?!

Principal Byron looks him into submission.

BYRON'S INNER OFFICE

Aiden awaits looking angry, combustible.

PRINCIPAL BYRON
(to Jayson)
Take a seat.

Entering, Jayson examines the empty chair, set in a parent interview pair next to Aiden, and GAGS. He jerkily DRAGS the empty chair as far around Byron's desk as he can.

PRINCIPAL BYRON
That's enough! SIT! I'm not in the mood to deal with more Jayson Flick antics today. Quit it.

JAYSON
Mine?!!

Aiden guffaws!

PRINCIPAL BYRON
That's it!

Byron SLAMS hands to his desk and leans in:

PRINCIPAL BYRON
You will apologize to each other right now and get back to class.

JAYSON
Will not! -

AIDEN
 (teasing)
 - Oh. I'm sorry Jayson.

PRINCIPAL BYRON
 (off Jayson)
 You sure? Verbal teasing can be painful too. You never know what someone's going through, do you, mister Flick?

Jayson jumps up, when speaking his hands paint a drama-full story to follow.

JAYSON
 You're kidding me right? Clayton High has a bullying policy. I know, I've read it.
 (off Aiden)
 He and his senior goons are terrorizing everybody! Coeds, GSM, special needs, you name it. You're *supposed* to protect us. Required actually. So that's your play? Really? To come for *me* for protecting the meek and flaying dolts with wit? I just can't -

PRINCIPAL BYRON
 Mister -

Jayson mockingly mimics an adulting face back at the principal. Aiden doubles over, trying to be quiet, but convulsing with hysterical disbelief over Jayson walking into the line of fire.

JAYSON
 Mister. Mister -
 (off Principal)
 No you hold up! Listen! This is the twenty-first century! I know it's a lot to ask, but do you read?
 (off Aiden; points)
 THAT lump of swoleness over there, no that THING is causing years of PTSD for your students; him and his gang are seriously thwacking peoples' psyches up; he's ruining futures; he might, for Ariana's sake, cause some poor Bambi to *Thirteen Reasons* themselves!

At that, Jayson rests his case --almost-- arms akimbo:

JAYSON

That will not be me. No one
darkens this glam. I mean just
look at me. So not my destiny.

(dusts off the peons)

I'm gonna rule this school soon,
pretty much.

(off their looks)

With fashion and empathy of
course.

PRINCIPAL BYRON

You just about finished, mister
Flick?

JAYSON

Actually, no mister Flick is not!

He heads for the door.

JAYSON

If something heinous like that
happens to some kid, P. Byron, by
the Goddess -

He picture frames his face with his hands.

JAYSON

- I'm sure this face will be
all over the media, apps your kids
have never even heard of, reading
you for filth. The library will be
open! On you and C.H.S!

Exit Jayson, SLAMMING the door.

Principal Byron strums fingers and stares at the closed door.

AIDEN

You go, drama queen!

PRINCIPAL BYRON

Funny, mister Ramos. You want
detention with Soma for infinity -

AIDEN

- what the, no way! I'm QB-1!

PRINCIPAL BYRON

A full week of lunch detention.

And that's seven full days.

(lifts eyebrow)

Want more? No? I didn't think so.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL BYRON (CONT'D)

I suppose you boys want to go to the playoffs, yes? So don't try me. Now out of my sight. And for the love of God, please leave the children alone, will you. One would think... you *could* muster a little empathy.

As Aiden gets up to go, MS. BROWN (30s-40s) opens the inner door. Aiden bolts past her.

AIDEN

Yeah for sure, P.!

MS. BROWN

Couldn't help but overhear... P.

PRINCIPAL BYRON

Don't call me that, Ms. Brown. Ever.

She shrugs; gives him a LOOK she wants him to see.

MS. BROWN

Be careful with that one.

He waves her off.

PRINCIPAL BYRON

Thankfully Ramos loves football.

Beat.

MS. BROWN

Both. Those two are slingers at eighteen paces.

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Aiden races after Jayson. Raging, he just about catches him-- but like an air-greased pig Jayson amazingly contort-wiggles through grasping hands, leaving Aiden to swipe at nothing.

AIDEN

No one messes with football!

JAYSON

(laughing)

Isn't tackling guys your thing, gympostor?

FREEZE FRAME

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A smiling Jayson likely getting away; Aiden pissed behind.

JAYSON(V.O.)
Yeah, I'm a total Frontrunner.
Like fast. Sometimes I think no
one can catch me. For real, I just
think *faster* and *viola*.
(says vi-ola)

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