

A TEENAGE MIND.

It's a short comedic story about a boy, who dreams about a different life. He hates his school, his parents are horrible and he starts hating himself. He's an ordinary teenager with unordinary dreams. He's ready to take every chance. It's about believing yourself. All he needs is time and a little effort.

If I wont win ill ... ill ... ill cry.

A TEENAGE MIND

FADE IN:

EXT. MARIO HIGHSCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

It's

a huge classroom full of tables, chairs, biology-type pictures and wallpapers. The students look bored and tired and mad. The teacher is talking about the new subject and everyone pretends to listen.

MR.FISCHER

(loudly, so that
everyone can hear)

I hope you know, that this test is
really important to all of you!
It's not a joke. Your grades are
horrible. Why the hell did you
come to highschool, if you don't
want to learn?

WE MOVE ON to our main character, Nicolas Richy, who is sleeping on his desk, careless. His eyes are red, like he hasn't slept for months.

N.R (V.O)

My name is Nicolas Richy and i
hate school. I know i'm not
special, but i don't hate school,
because i hate learning and
biology, but because i can't quite
fit in to this atmosphere. I
really feel like i should be
somewhere else. Well, okay, i
really hate learning and biology,
but that's not the point. I would
like to run away from all of this
and become a rockstar or a
moviestar, or... or maybe even a
pornstar.

Mr.Fischer drops a HUGE book on Nicolas's table and Nicolas immediatly straightens up.

MR.FISCHER

(angry)

Did you hear me, mister Richy?

N.R

(unconvincingly)

Y... Yes... y...yes i did hear you, mister Fischer.

MR.FISCHER

Good. Really good. I hope you did, because you want to finish school, don't you?

Nicolas nods and Fischer smiles, triumphantly.

N.R (V.O)

Why in the hell do i need biology for? It's not like I'm gonna be a scientist, or a bee-keeping-man, or a ... a biology teacher. I wanna be a comedian, or a writer, or someone else, who makes a lot of many, but doesn't work too much. So mister Fischer is totaly wrong! I refuse to be ordinary.

EXT. RICHY HOUSE - HALL - DAY

It's a really tidy hall with a lot of shoes on the floor, some clothes on the hanger and a small mirror. There's also a small table with some unopened letters, next to the mirror.

The doors open and Nicolas walks in. He looks really tired. He always looks tired, when he comes home from school.

Nicolas puts his jacket on the hanger and takes of his boots.

N.R (V.O)

I do hate going to school, but i rather spend my time with my teachers, than hang out with my parents. I never take my friends home, for two reasons: number one- I don't have friends - and number two - my parents are humiliating.

Suddenly, Nicolas's dad comes in to the hall from the livingroom, with beer in his hands. He's wearing nothing, but red boxer-shorts and pink slippers. He's chubby, with hair on his chest, and a tattoo on his arms.

DAD
Hey, son.

Nicolas spots him and immediatly turns red.

N.R
Oh my God, dad! Where are your clothes? Why are you naked?

DAD
(scratching his head)

We and mom are going to the church.

N.R
In boxer-shorts and slippers?

DAD
I can't find my suit.

Nicolas walks away, not saying anything, not even looking at his fathers direction.

N.R (V.O)
Now do you understand me? My parents are horrible. I wonder, how many teenagers think, that they have the worst parents in the world?

EXT. NICOLAS'S ROOM - CONTINUING - DAY

It's an ordinary teenage-boys room with celebrity posters on the wall, a book-shelf, a computer and a big waterbed. Nicolas rushes in to the room so fast, that he forgets to shut the door.

N.R (V.O)
My dad is horrible. I can't believe this man has raised me, because we have absolutely nothing in common. At least my mum isn't THAT bad. I mean, she's a little more ... inteligent. At least, she

doesn't walk around the house,
wearing only pants and a bra.

Nicolas's mom walks in to the room, wearing white pants and a black bra.

MOM

Hey, honey. Have you seen my
pants?

Nicolas looks at her in shock. He turns away his head and starts looking out of the window.

N.R

(yealing)

Mom. Get out of here. Why are you
half naked? Why are you doing this
to me?

MOM

Oh, relax.

N.R (V.O)

I can't believe this! My parents
are officialy the worst parents
ever! It's a good thing, that I
don't have friends!

MOM

You'll have to stay home, while me
and your dad go to church and try
to make some business-friends, so
that your dad could finally find a
job. You don't mind staying alone,
honey?

N.R

(reliefed)

NO. Not at all.

EXT. RICHY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY

The living room is also really tidy, with bunch of magazines on the table, a big TV and huge couch. Mom and Dad are all dressed up, and Nicolas is sitting on the couch. A little, cute puppy is sleeping on the floor.

Mom gets on her knees and starts stroking the little dog.
The dog is so excited.

MOM

(in a strange baby
voice)

You're a good dog. What a good dog
you are! Yes you are, yes you are.

Nicolas rolls his eyes.

N.R(V.O)

My DOG'S name is Pepper and I
truly believe, that my mom loves
my dog more than she loves me. She
never strokes me, and she never
calls me a good boy. I mean, LOOK
at her! She's treating her like
her own son. I'm surprised she's
not breastfeeding him.

Finally, Mom and Dad get on their feet and start moving
towards the exit.

DAD

Have a nice day, son. We'll be
home soon.

N.R

Okay.

Mom and dad walk away.
As soon as they're gone, Nicolas walks upstairs.

EXT. NICOLAS'S ROOM - CONTINUING - DAY

Nicolas walks in to the room and closes the door behind him.
He walks towards the computer.

N.R (V.O)

I haven't told anyone this before,
but I've written a script recently
and I've sent it to a contest for
young script-writers. If I'll win,

my whole life could change and,
maybe, i will become fames and
Steven Spielberg will say, that i
am the best scriptwriter, he has
ever seen! I have to win, because
I'm sick of my school, I'm sick of
my parents and I'm sick of myself.
I need my big breakout!

Nicolas pushes some butons on the keybord and starts
screaming with excitement.

N.R
(screaming)
Oh my God. Oh my Goooooooooooood! I
won! I won! This is it!

Nicolas sits back on his chair, but he can not sit still,
because the computer screen says: "Congratulations, Nicolas
Richy! You've won the young scriptwriters competition and
you're flying to Hollywood".

N.R (V.O)
I can't believe this! I won! I am
going to Hollywood! I knew it!
This is my big chance to become
who i really wanna be. All i
needed was a little time and
effort. If you just believe in
you're self and if you really want
something, than you're gonna get
it! I can't believe this is
happening to me! I just can't
believe this.

FADE OUT.