

INT. HIGHSCHOOL LIBRARY - NIGHT

A MAN lays hunched over on a table. Arms stretched and tied.

His eyes dance from side to side and settles cross eyed.

His tongue extends to a forceps.

TERRANCE DAVIS, late 30's, whose casual stride and puffy chest demands attention, enters with a burrito in hand.

TERRANCE

Good morning sleepy head. I got
here as fast as I could.

The Man closes his eyes and pleads with Terrance.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Remember when those fucks from this
very school told everyone they
fucked your baby girl?

The Man pleads louder.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

What'd I tell you to do?

The Man's head rolls on his chin, tongue pulls on the forceps.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

There's only one way to truly shut
someone up.

GEORGE; 30's, enters suited and booted.

LENNY; 30's, baseball jersey, jeans, and bat in hand.

The man's struggle intensifies, forceps rattles, George grabs it.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

If I don't do something everyones
gonna think they can fuck me like
your slut daughter.

Tears pour down The Man's face.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Hit him.

The Man struggles with everything he's got.

Terrance sprays The Man's tongue with cleaning spray left by the janitor.

George places an LSD tab on his tongue.

The Man calms, eyes roll back in his head.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
Swing away.

Lenny slams his bat into the top of The Man's head.

The Man's head bounces off the table, blood splatters on George.

George looks at Lenny with the Man's tongue in his hand.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
Damn it feels good to be home.