

**AMERICAN DRAGON**  
 "STUDENT BODY BY JAKE"  
 (777A-221)

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS in the courtyard form a wide circle around--  
 JAKE, who pumps his skateboard in the air.

JAKE  
 (to crowd)  
 Y'all want a spoonful of Jake jam?

STUDENTS  
 <whoops and whistles>

Jake tugs his chinstrap tight. He surveys the crowd; SPUD and TRIXIE wave. Beside them, a dead-gorgeous girl with raven hair: DANIKA. She winks at Jake.

Jake winks back. He hops on his board and pushes off, hurtling towards--

A metal lunch table.

Just as he reaches it, he stomps the tail and OLLIES clean over, landing with a--

<KA-CHANK> on the reverse side.

STUDENTS (CONT'D)  
 <wild cheers>

The <APPLAUSE> dies, replaced by a single crowd member's <LOUD, DELIBERATE CLAPPING>. Jake finds the source:

NIGEL THRALL, a British seventh-grader dressed like Billie Joe Armstrong: red tie, black shirt, prickly hair.

NIGEL  
 Brilliant. I'd score you a perfect  
 10...out of 20.

The crowd <OOHS>. Trixie sizes up the new kid.

TRIXIE  
 And you are...?

NIGEL  
Unimpressed.

Jake kicks up his board and offers it to Nigel.

JAKE  
You gonna show me somethin'?

All eyes VOLLEY BACK to Nigel. He grabs the board.

Nigel motions to a pair of JOCKS, who lift up an additional lunch table and set it on top of the first.

He points to Danika's schoolbooks.

NIGEL  
With the lady's permission.

She hands over her books and sack lunch. Nigel places them on the table, setting the brown bag gently on top.

Nigel walks Jake's board to a staircase, OLLIES onto the handrail, 50-50 GRINDING all the way down--

Pops to the asphalt, racing faster, faster--

LEAPS over the tower of tables. At the apex, he SPINS 360, GASHING THE SACK with the nose of the board, then lands.

STUDENTS  
<thunderous cheers>

Jake's arms stay folded.

JAKE  
You squashed her lunch.

NIGEL  
Did I?

Nigel chucks the bag to Danika.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
I think you'll find the salad tossed...

She pulls out a container of well-tossed salad.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
...the juice lightly shaken...

Juice bottle with a head of froth.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
 ...and the personal pizza cut in  
 fourths.

She lifts up a pizza: still intact. Jake smirks.

JAKE  
 Ha, nice tr--

CLOSE ON PIZZA -- It falls into four equal slices.

CROWD  
 <Amazing/You see that?>

Nigel bows to his adoring crowd.

NIGEL  
 Nigel Thrall. British exchange  
 student. I'll be here all year.

Jake glances at Spud and Trixie. All three roll their eyes.

SMASH TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A history teacher, MS. TELEVASA, addresses a roomful of  
 STUDENTS, including Jake.

MS. TELEVASA  
 Who said, "Give me liberty or give  
 me death?" Jake?

JAKE  
 (jolting)  
 Whassat? Uh...I wanna say George  
 Jefferson? No? Someone famouser?

Several desks away, Nigel raises his hand.

NIGEL  
 It was Patrick Henry, ma'am.  
 (pointedly)  
 I thought every American knew that.

Jake seethes.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Jake slides his food tray along the rails, Spud and Trixie  
 just behind him. Spud eyes his plate.

SPUD

Take yesterday's hot wings, add  
rice and water, and voilà, today's  
"Spicy Chicken Gumbo." Our  
lunchlady's a true artiste.

JAKE

Yup, I-- YAAH!

Without warning, Jake's tugged violently backwards--

Landing in a trashcan -- THUNK! -- his legs splayed out on  
either side of his head. Nearby STUDENTS <LAUGH>.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What the--?

Jake lifts his shirt and twists -- a fish hook has snagged  
the waistband of his underpants. His eyes follow the line...

...to a fishing rod in Nigel's hand. Nigel waves.

NIGEL

Back in Yorkshire, we call that a  
"Flying Grundy."

As Jake struggles to free himself, Nigel approaches and  
clasps his hand. Pulls him close.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

My bad.

JAKE

Alright, you been doggin' me all  
day, Thrall! What's your problem?

NIGEL

This morning, I was just the new  
kid. Now I'm the bloke who took  
down Jake Long. In junior high,  
cool is currency, and thanks to  
you...I'm the Bank of England.

He releases Jake's hand; Jake slumps back into the trash.

PULL WIDE on the cafeteria. On-stage, Principal Rotwood  
steps up to a microphone.

ROTWOOD

Achtung, children! We will now be  
accepting nominations for student  
body president.

Trixie and Spud pull Jake from the trash can. He rocks to his feet just in time to see Nigel climb the stairs to the microphone.

NIGEL

My name is Nigel Thrall. I'm quite new, but I'd be honored to represent our class. That is, if you'll have me.

Students respond with <WARM APPLAUSE>. Just in front of Jake, Danika turns to her GIRLFRIEND:

DANIKA

I love how he talks. He's just like Winston Churchill.  
(makes a face)  
'Cept not fat and gross.

Jake stares hard at Nigel. Something snaps.

JAKE

This chump is mine.

He charges to the stage. Grabs the mic.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm Jake Long...and I'm runnin' for president!

Across the stage, Jake's eyes meet Nigel's. Nigel points at Jake, then at the floor. Jake shakes his head, defiant.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Naw, punk, you're goin' down.

Nigel repeats the gesture: You. Down.

Trixie joins Jake on-stage, bearing bad news.

TRIXIE

Jaakey? He's saying, "Look down."

Jake looks down.

His legs are covered in trash: three-bean chili, potato wedges, assorted candy wrappers, and the coup de grâce: a cupcake squished to his pants like a codpiece.

Jake shuts his eyes. As the room erupts in <LAUGHTER>, we:

SMASH TO:

OPENING TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - DAY

Jake enters with an armful of magical relics. FU DOG wheels in a stack of journals on a handtruck.

Behind them a TV set provides <LOW WALLA>.

JAKE

I'm tellin' you, Fu, I don't have time to clean out the shop. I gotta meet Trixie and Spud to plan my campaign.

(beat)

'Sides, since when does Gramps care how this place looks?

FU DOG

Since Boomgarden's opened across the street.

Fu parts the front curtain. On the opposite side of the street, a blinky, can't-look-away sign shouts: "BOOMGARDEN'S ELECTRONICS."

FU DOG (CONT'D)

Gramps says if we wanna stay in business, the shop needs a facelift.

Jake holds up a jar.

JAKE

Alright.

(reading label)

"Chupacabra bile"?

Fu whiffs it.

FU DOG

Yecch. This stuff expired during the Shang dynasty. Lose it.

Jake drops it in the trash. He picks up a bronze helmet with a red plume. Fu grins knowingly.

FU DOG (CONT'D)

That's a keeper. The Galea Vera, or "Helmet of Truth."

JAKE

Wow. What's it do?

FU DOG  
Well, aside from protectin' your  
noggin in contact sports...

Fu flips open a journal. The page PROJECTS A 3-D HOLOGRAM OF THE HELMET.

FU DOG (CONT'D)  
...the helmet's got telepathic  
powers. Lets you hear people's  
truest thoughts.

THE HOLOGRAM WIDENS OUT TO REVEAL a massive OGRE with a short sword in each hand.

FU DOG (CONT'D)  
Used to belonged to an ogre named  
Maximinus. Gladiator in Ancient  
Rome. Ol' Maxie used it to  
anticipate his opponents' moves,  
makin' him unbeatable.

CLOSE ON OGRE -- His eyes burn red.

FU DOG (CONT'D)  
Pretty soon he was pickin' fights  
outside the arena. Sacked about  
half the Roman Empire till the  
Dragon Council stole his helmet.  
We've had it ever since.

Jake picks up the helmet.

JAKE  
So...this thing reads minds?

Jake slips it on his head.

FU DOG  
Kid, I wouldn't--

Just then, Spud and Trixie push through the entrance with "JAKE FOR PRESIDENT" signs.

TRIXIE  
'Sup, fellas? Nice helmet.

Jake looks up. As the helmet twists in Trixie's direction--

WE HEAR HER THOUGHTS (her normal voice with SHIMMERY REVERB):

TRIXIE'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
 Typical Jake. We're out  
 campaignin' our butts off, he's  
 playin' dress-up with the dog.

JAKE  
 (excited)  
 Yo, I heard that!

TRIXIE  
 Heard what?

JAKE  
 Everything you didn't say!  
 (beat)  
 Lemme try Spud.

Jake aims the helmet at Spud. Spud stares blankly. After a  
 beat, we hear:

A <TOILET FLUSH>.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 Wow. That explains a lot.

Just behind Spud, Grandpa shuffles out of the bathroom with a  
 folded newspaper. Jake takes off the helmet and hides it.

GRANDPA  
 (reading campaign signs)  
 "JAKE FOR PRESIDENT"?

TRIXIE  
 That's right. Jake's gonna be the  
 next president of Fillmore.

SPUD  
 All he's gotta do is win a little  
 popularity contest...against the  
 most popular kid in school.  
 (beat)  
 Whoa. Kinda sounds like a  
 longshot.

GRANDPA  
 Such competition is unwise, young  
 dragon. He who thinks only of  
 defeating his enemy, defeats  
 himself.

JAKE  
 Oh, yeah? What about your enemy?



Jake gestures to the TV.

CLOSE ON SCREEN -- CHICK BOOMGARDEN, a man with a terrible comb-over, is flanked by his WIFE and mouth-breathing SON.

CHICK  
 (rapid-fire)  
 Hiya, friends, Chick Boomgarden for  
 Boomgarden's Electronics. Are you  
 tired of waiting on repairs?

QUICK CUT: An ACTOR in a Fu Manchu mustache behind a counter, clearly impersonating Lao Shi. A sign behind him reads: "SLO SHI'S."

ACTOR  
 Your TV will be ready in two days.  
 (aside, into camera)  
 More like "two years."

FREEZE on the actor's goofy grin.

CUT TO CHICK -- who looks up from the frozen image on a TV set, disapprovingly.

CHICK  
 As you can see from this  
 dramatization, other Chinatown  
 shops keep you waiting forever. At  
 Boomgarden's, we fix your gadgets  
while you wait.

THE CAMERA WHIPS PAST acres of amusements.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
 That's right! Enjoy fresh bass  
 from our fish market, indoor lawn  
 bowling and soft-serve yogurt for  
 the kids.

BACK TO THE BOOMGARDENS.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
 By the time you're finished, we're  
 finished. So come to  
 Boomgarden's...

FAMILY  
 (in unison)  
 WE FIX IT FAST!

The Boomgardens wave vigorously.

Grandpa glowers at the set.

GRANDPA  
<A slew of Chinese epithets>

He KUNG-FU KICKS the knob on the TV. It ZAPS off.

SPUD  
What'd your gramps say?

JAKE  
Something about pickin' his teeth  
with the bones...of Boomgarden's  
ancestors? Unless I heard wrong--

FU DOG  
(nods)  
Nah. You got it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - DAY

Jake, Spud and Trixie man a booth under a giant banner: "GO LONG FOR ACTION."

Down the hall, Nigel's booth OVERFLOWS WITH STUDENTS queuing up for merchandise -- buttons, T-shirts and hats imprinted with the slogan "NIGEL NOW."

Jake watches his rival.

JAKE  
How can I compete with all that?

TRIXIE  
Forget about him, Jakey. People don't want flash-and-dash, they want ideas.

JAKE  
Ideas?

TRIXIE  
Yeah. Take my textbook here.  
(plunks it on the table)  
This bad larry weighs more than I do. It's the 21st century, yo -- can't we put this stuff online or somethin'? Save a few trees, a few spines.

She points to passing STUDENTS. They're loaded up like pack mules, hunching under the weight of giant backpacks.

TRIXIE(CONT'D)

See? Ideas.

SPUD

Ooh, ooh, I got one! I say we change our school fight song.

He slings a guitar over his shoulder.

SPUD (CONT'D)

I always feel funny singin' "Hail the Conquering Spartans" after our goalie just scored on himself. It's time for a little honesty.

He <STRUMS> the guitar.

SPUD (CONT'D)

(singing)

Fillmore's team is noble  
A valiant brotherhood  
But let's just get it out there  
We don't play sports so good

Spud looks up, anxious--

But Jake's clearly distracted. He eyes the growing crowd at Nigel's booth.

JAKE

What's his secret?

TRIXIE

Secret?

JAKE

He's got the whole school eating out of his hand. I wanna know how he does it...and we're gonna find out.

Trixie and Spud look uneasy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Fillmore by moonlight. A tall fence surrounds the campus, padlocked shut.

Dragon Jake flies to the roof of the school with Trixie and Spud in tow. They touch down on the roof; Spud and Trixie hop off.

Jake MORPHS back to HUMAN FORM.

TRIXIE

Why we always gotta break into school at night?

SPUD

She's right, bro. With all the monitors monitoring and janitors...janitoring, Fillmore's kinda dicey after dark.

Jake pops open a stairwell door.

JAKE

I just wanna know: What's Nigel got that I haven't got?

One after the other, they descend into...

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

...where they round the corner into a dark hallway.

TRIXIE

Jakey, for the last time, this guy's not better than you.

In the distance, a sliver of light beams from a classroom. On the door: "NIGEL THRALL CAMPAIGN HQ." They reach the door and stop.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

If anything, he is you, only with better grammar.

Jake's listening.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

But why sweat the dude? You're the American Dragon -- you got magical powers! That's somethin' Nigel Thrall will never have.

Jake hesitates. He pokes a DRAGON CLAW in the lock and slides it around. CLICK.

He turns the knob and pushes into:

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake, Trixie and Spud stand in the doorway, stunned:

--Rows of Nigel buttons FLOAT MAGICALLY THROUGH THE AIR.

--An assembly line of foam trucker hats whirl around the room; magic thread stitches "NIGEL NOW" on each.

--A silk-screen machine works full-blast, cranking out shirt after shirt with Nigel's face.

It's a fantasia of free-flying promotional products, and at the center of it all--

A CLOAKED FIGURE waves his hands like Keith Lockhart at the Boston Pops.

Trixie double-takes.

TRIXIE

J-Jake, what--?

JAKE

I don't know. Stay back.

(beat)

Dragon up!

Jake TURNS DRAGON in a FLASH of FX. The figure turns suddenly, noticing the intruder.

Then, like a plug was yanked--

All the objects rain down from the sky, <CRASHING> to the floor.

The man FIRES A MAGICAL BOLT from his fingertips, narrowly missing Dragon Jake.

Jake flies straight at the man and BODY-CHECKS him:

CLOAKED FIGURE

<oof!>

The man aims both hands at Jake, striking him with a BOLT. Jake launches through the room as if shot from a cannon--

SLAMMING into a wall.

JAKE

<grunt>

On impact, he POPS back to HUMAN FORM.

Jake scrambles to his feet-- Too late. The wizard's on him. They wrestle, each determined to get the upper hand.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
<struggling>

CLOAKED FIGURE  
<struggling>

Jake grabs the man's hood and slings it off, revealing--

Nigel, <BREATHING> hard.

He stares at Jake, his face registering true shock. Jake stares back. Their grip on each other slackens.

Trixie and Spud poke their heads in the room.

Nigel eyes them, startled--

Then quickly regains his composure. Smiles graciously.

NIGEL  
Evenin', all.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

RE-ESTABLISH - Jake and Nigel circle each other slowly.

JAKE  
(breathless)  
You're...a wizard. So you been  
using magic to steal the election!

NIGEL  
I prefer "warlock," and unless it's  
just the dry climate, you had a  
nasty case of scales a minute ago.  
(beat)  
As for stealing the election, I've  
done no such thing. I only use  
magic to speed things up a bit.

Trixie looks at Jake pointedly.

TRIXIE  
Sounds like someone I know.

JAKE  
(ignoring her)  
So, what are you doing here?

NIGEL  
Are you kidding? You've got  
mermaids in the East River, singing  
cats on Broadway. New York's a  
magical town. The perfect place to  
complete my training.

JAKE  
(amused)  
Training? So...you're just an  
apprentice?

Trixie pipes up.

TRIXIE  
Also sounds like someone I know.

JAKE  
Trix? Not helping.

NIGEL  
(defensive)  
The training is a formality.  
(MORE)

NIGEL (CONT'D)

At the risk of sounding  
immodest...my powers are  
staggering.

Jake steps closer to Nigel.

JAKE

Yo, I don't know what passes for  
magic on your side of the pond, but  
over here, you gotta do more than  
float a few buttons to impress.

Nigel and Jake are toe to toe.

NIGEL

Careful, Long. That sounds like a  
challenge.

JAKE

Maybe it is.

NIGEL

(mulling this)

Hmm. A no-spells-barred election?

Jake nods.

JAKE

May the best magic win.

WIPE TO:

CAMPAIGN MONTAGE - VARIOUS

--Jake and Nigel pose for a picture, standing side by side  
behind a table. Nigel looks smug -- he's a head taller than  
Jake.

Just as the PHOTOGRAPHER fingers the button, Jake sprouts  
DRAGON FEET (under the table), boosting him higher.

SNAP!

THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER SPINS INTO FRAME - Jake towers over  
Nigel, who makes a hapless face.

--CLOSE ON: A giant poster with "JAKE" written in block  
letters beside his picture.

Nigel walks past. With the flick of a finger, the word  
changes to "JOKE."



--Nigel stands at his booth, fielding questions from STUDENTS. At his feet, Jake inches along the ground unseen.

NIGEL

Actually, I welcome the pressure of public office. I quite enjoy the hot seat.

JAKE

(sotto, to himself)  
You got it.

Jake MORPHS INTO A DRAGON above the neck, then BREATHES FIRE on the metal folding chair. The chair glows RED, then WHITE.

Nigel sits...

NIGEL

YAAARRRR! AH! AH! AH! HOT  
BOTTOM! HOT BOTTOM!

...and leaps out of the chair, clutching his rear.

--Nigel cups his hands to his mouth and hisses an incantation into his fists:

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Hearsay, there-say, everywhere-say.  
(then)  
"Jake Long doesn't bathe."

He opens his hands, REVEALING A SWIRLING CLOUD. He blows it out into the atmosphere.

WIDE ON SCHOOL -- The cloud descends like a fog over the campus.

TWO STUDENTS study a flyer with Jake's picture.

STUDENT 1

I'm voting for Long.

The CLOUD envelopes them, along with a FAINT DISEMBODIED VOICE.

VOICE (V.O.)

"Jake Long...doesn't...bathe."

STUDENT 1

Then again, I heard he--

STUDENT 2

Doesn't bathe? Yeah, I heard that.

A CHEERLEADER passes. She points to the flyer.

CHEERLEADER  
See that green junk in his hair?  
(whispers confidentially)  
Fungus.

STUDENTS  
(in unison)  
Eewwww!

WIPE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - BALCONY - DAY

Spud presents a spreadsheet to Jake. Trixie looks on.

SPUD  
'Kay, out of a hundred students  
sampled, 34 think you'd make a  
strong leader, 12 think you're a  
joke, and a whopping 78 think  
you're soft on hygiene.  
(beat)  
Bottom line: If the election were  
held today...it'd be Nigel by five.

Trixie stomps her foot.

TRIXIE  
I told y'all -- stop Nigel-fixatin'  
and start legislatin'! Just take a  
stand on something you care about.

JAKE  
It's not about that, Trix. It's  
about beating Nigel. To do that, I  
gotta figure out what the voters  
care about.

Jake leans over the balcony railing, gesturing at a courtyard  
full of STUDENTS.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
If I could only find out what's  
really going on in their minds...

A smile crosses his face.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - DAY

The shop has changed dramatically. It's covered in tropical knick-knacks: coconut trees, tiki torches, plastic parrots.

Grandpa wears a Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned to the navel. Fu points a camera at him.

GRANDPA  
 (stilted)  
 Come to Lao Shi's Repairadise.  
 I'll work on your radio while you  
 work on your tan...

He gestures woodenly to a long row of tanning beds.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
 ...in one of our luxury 24-lamp  
 tanning beds.  
 (beat)  
 And remember, if I can't beat  
 Boomgarden's advertised price...

He produces a tall glass with a huge pineapple wedge.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
 ...your first piña colada is free.

FU DOG  
 Cut! Sheesh, can you loosen up the  
 shoulders a bit? You're outfit's  
 sayin' "Relax," and your body's  
 sayin' "I can't!"

As they continue, WE DRIFT into...

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where Jake, Spud and Trixie rummage through a trunk.

Jake removes the Helmet of Truth. He puts it on.

JAKE  
 So...whaddya think?

TRIXIE'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
 I think this thing's bad news.

Jake turns to Spud, who stares off into space.

SPUD'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
No matter where you go, if you try  
to hide or anything...the moon will  
always find you.

Trixie scoffs.

TRIXIE  
C'mon, Jake. You don't think  
anyone's gonna notice you've got a  
2,000-year-old hunk of metal on  
your head? How do you hide that?

TIGHT ON JAKE -- He adjusts the helmet.

JAKE  
I don't.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON -- Helmeted Jake.

WE BACK OUT TO REVEAL -- Jake in a full Spartan outfit:  
breastplate, tunic, spear. Just above him, a banner reads:  
"JAKE LONG HAS SPARTAN SPIRIT."

Jake addresses a CROWD OF STUDENTS.

JAKE  
As you can see, no one's got more  
Spartan spirit than Jake Long.  
That's why I'm running for  
president -- 'cause I dig you,  
Fillmore Middle School, and I wanna  
hear what's on your mind!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - DAY

Jake sits across the table from a SURLY STUDENT.

JAKE  
No one cares more about this school  
than I do.

SURLY STUDENT'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
Whatever. I'm just a vote to you.

JAKE

'Cause to me, you're more than just  
a vote.

SURLY STUDENT'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)

So what can you do for me?

JAKE

Bet you're wondering what I can do  
for you.

SURLY STUDENT

(startled)

Uh...yeah.

JAKE

Tell me...

(leaning in)

...what do you want more than  
anything?

SURLY STUDENT

I-I guess I'd say...a quality  
education.

SURLY STUDENT'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)

Her phone number.

Jake turns to find Trixie bustling around behind him. He  
turns back, smiling.

JAKE

I think my campaign manager can  
explain my platform...over  
smoothies at the mall.

Jake jots Trixie's number on a slip of paper; hands it over.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Give her a call, say, 5th period-  
ish?

SURLY STUDENT

I-I...

SURLY STUDENT'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)

I'm definitely voting for this guy.

Jake smiles. Mission accomplished.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Jake stands in the middle of the near-empty quad. He closes his eyes and soaks up thoughts with the helmet.

PUNCH IN ON -- a SQUATTY GIRL sitting on a bench, nose in a book.

SQUATTY GIRL'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
(despairing)  
I hate Trigonometry.

A BOY crosses the frame, heading to--

The cafeteria, where the menu board outside reads: "TODAY: LASAGNA ROLLUPS."

BOY'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
Ugh! Lasagna rollups again? I'm gonna honk.

THROUGH A CLASSROOM WINDOW -- a GIRL yawns. COACH SACKERSON, a teacher with short-shorts and a whistle, paces at the head of the class.

GIRL'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
Puh-lease. What does Coach Sackerson know about "Wuthering Heights"?

BACK ON JAKE -- His eyes snap open.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - DAY

Jake stands on a soapbox, delivering a high-energy stump speech to a CROWD.

JAKE  
Elect Jake Long, and I'll ban Trigonometry...

Cut to a <CHEERING> CROWD, including Squatty Girl.

GIRL  
Woo-hoo!

BACK ON JAKE:

JAKE  
 ...outlaw lasagna rollups...

FIND BOY IN CROWD:

BOY  
 Yeah!

Jake points to Coach Sackerson.

JAKE  
 ...and make sure the only thing  
 THIS man teaches is zone defense!

ON CROWD -- Girl jumps up and down.

GIRL  
 <squeals of joy>

ON COACH SACKERSON -- clearly relieved.

COACH  
 Alright!

The crowd goes nuts.

CROWD  
 (chanting)  
 Jake! Jake! Jake!

Students surge forward, lifting Jake in the air. As he surfs the sea of hands, the helmet slips from his head and hits the ground.

Jake looks up to see--

A hand grab it. Nigel's. He squints at the helmet, turns it over.

JAKE  
 Hey, hey! Put me down!

The crowd sets Jake on his feet beside Nigel.

NIGEL  
 Interesting little artifact, Long.  
 Costume rental?

Jake swipes it.

JAKE  
 I'll take that.

NIGEL

It seems you're the man of the hour. What's your secret?

JAKE

Let's just say my "listening tour" really paid off.

NIGEL

Well, enjoy your popularity while it lasts... 'cause it won't.

JAKE

Oh, yeah, and why--?

A STUDENT crosses in front of Nigel. When he passes--  
Nigel's vanished. Jake looks around.

WIDE on the crowd. Jake searches in vain for his rival.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Jake, Trixie and Spud walk through Chinatown as the sun sets.

JAKE

I'm tellin' you, Nigel's sweatin' me. Only two days till E-Day, big speeches tomorrow. I got this thing in the bizzag.

Trixie's face falls.

TRIXIE

Uh, Jake...is your gramps still redecorating?

JAKE

Huh--?

Jake follows her gaze to Grandpa's shop--

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The front door has been smashed to splinters, both windows broken.



SPUD  
I'm kinda likin' the new decor.  
Shabby chic.

A dangling shard of glass <SHATTERS> on the ground.

TRIXIE  
Real shabby.

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

Fu briefs Jake as Grandpa scoops broken glass with a dustpan.

FU DOG  
Gramps and I were gone a half-hour,  
tops. When we came back, the place  
looked like a twister hit it.

Grandpa rises.

GRANDPA  
Chick Boomgarden will pay for this.

His face hardens.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
He couldn't put me out of business,  
so he's trying to intimidate me.  
(then)  
<stream of Chinese epithets,  
sprinkled with "Chick">

Grandpa storms to the door. Jake restrains him.

JAKE  
Whoa, G, wait. I don't think  
Boomgarden did this.

Grandpa looks at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
But I might know who did.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY

The auditorium is filled to capacity with STUDENTS. Rows of  
chairs surround the stage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

In the wings, Nigel waits in a black suit and bowtie. He takes <DEEP BREATHS>.

Suddenly Jake appears.

JAKE

Well. I knew you were bold, but I didn't know how bold.

NIGEL

If you're referring to the tuxedo, I was told this was formal attire. I don't try to outclass you, Long, you just make it so easy.

JAKE

I'm referring to my grandpa's shop.

Jake steps closer. Stops inches from his face.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(disgusted)  
How could you?

NIGEL

What are you on about? I had no idea you had a grandfather, much less one with a "shop."

Jake's hands FLARE into massive DRAGON CLAWS. He grabs Nigel by the lapels.

JAKE

Don't lie to me! You followed me to Gramps' place, then ransacked it to find the helmet!

Nigel blinks back at him.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Rotwood takes the stage. He leans into the microphone.

ROTWOOD

And now, without further delay, here are your candidates for student body president:

(gesturing to the wings)  
Nigel Thrall! And...

(MORE)

ROTWOOD(CONT'D)  
 (far less enthusiasm)  
 Jake Long.

The curtain doesn't move.

Rotwood taps the mic. It <SQUEALS>.

ROTWOOD (CONT'D)  
 Is this on? Yes?  
 (beat)  
 Ladies und gentlemen, your  
 candidates!

Nothing. Rotwood swallows hard.

ANGLE ON CROWD -- In the first row, Trixie and Spud look  
 panicked.

TRIXIE  
 Something's wrong.  
 (looks around anxiously)  
 'Kay. We gotta stall.

SPUD  
 Right. I'll streak across the  
 stage. 'Member when you asked why  
 I wear breakaway pants?

TRIXIE  
 Spud? Just back me up.

Trixie pushes past Rotwood to the mic, Spud behind her.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)  
 (to crowd)  
 Hey-hey, Fillmore, how y'all doin'?

CROWD  
 <confused walla>

TRIXIE  
 So...let's talk issues. Stuff that  
 affects us all. Can we start with  
 these cinder blocks they call  
 "textbooks"? For real, do we need  
 1,000 pages on Marine Biology?

Spud leans in.

SPUD  
 Right. I mean, what's so different  
 about Marines? Same basic anatomy,  
 just tighter abs from all the push-  
 ups.

A wave of <LAUGHTER> moves across the room.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulls the helmet from his backpack and waves it at Nigel.

JAKE  
Is this what you were lookin' for?

Jake puts it on.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Well, take a good look. The Helmet of Truth's gonna expose you once and for all.

Jake holds him square by the shoulders, searches his eyes.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Now. Did you trash Gramps' shop?

Nigel doesn't blink.

NIGEL'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
I honestly...did not.

Jake is stunned. He removes the helmet slowly.

JAKE  
B-But if you didn't, who--?

Suddenly -- a <CRASH>.

Jake and Nigel jump. They race down the hall and push through the exit to the courtyard...

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

...where a pair of MASSIVE LEGS fills the frame, stomping a wooden ballot box. WE TILT UP past a tunic and breastplate, ending on a bald giant with a severe underbite.

It's MAXIMINUS, the pop-eyed ogre from Fu's journal.

MAXIMINUS  
<blood-chilling roar>

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

EXT. SCHOOL - RE-ESTABLISH

Jake and Nigel look up in horror, the gladiator towering over them.

JAKE  
Maximinus!

The ogre points to the helmet in Jake's hand. He wails like a petulant baby.

MAXIMINUS  
MINE!

NIGEL  
I think the ogre likes your helmet.

JAKE  
Get inside. I'll take care of him.  
(dramatically)  
Dragon up!

Jake TRANSFORMS: Wings. Claws. Scales.

He flies directly at Maximinus...

...who WHAPS him away. Jake lands at Nigel's feet.

NIGEL  
And dragon down.  
(chuckling)  
Nice try, Long. Now it's my turn.  
Find a pen and paper -- no shame in  
taking notes.

Nigel <SNAPS> his fingers. With a FLASH OF FIRE, his tux is replaced by a cloak.

He thrusts a hand at the ogre.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
Higher, flyer, Saint Anthony's  
fire!

The ogre lifts off the ground, just enough to glimpse the asphalt under his huge sandals.

CLOSE ON NIGEL -- He's sweating. His hand shakes.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
Higher...high--

Nigel goes limp. The ogre drops a few inches to earth.

THUD!

MAXIMINUS  
<laughs>

Jake, too, is amused.

JAKE  
Yo, I'm takin' notes. Is "wipeout"  
one word or two?

Suddenly, the ogre grabs each of them. He hurls them in opposite directions:

Nigel crashes through a "NIGEL NOW" sign--

Jake through his: "GO LONG FOR ACTION." As he hits--

JAKE (CONT'D)  
<impact grunt>

He POPS BACK TO HUMAN FORM. He takes out his cell and punches it.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(into cell)  
Yo, Gramps? We got problems.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Trixie sounds off to a captive audience.

TRIXIE  
And whassup with our school dances?

The crowd <HOWLS>.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)  
Due respect to Principal Rotwood,  
he should not be pickin' the music.  
I don't know about y'all, but it's  
hard to get my freak on to "Roll  
Out the Barrel."

CROWD  
<cheering>

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP/EXT. SCHOOL - INTERCUT

Grandpa fumes into the phone.

GRANDPA  
Do you know what you've done?  
Maximus has a strong psychic  
connection with that helmet. You  
woke him up, alerting him to its  
location.

ON JAKE -- dodging projectiles as he talks.

JAKE  
Ohhh-kay, now it's makin' sense. I  
tried out the helmet at your shop,  
so he came there first. He musta  
trashed the place looking for it.

Jake holds the phone away from his ear, preemptively. Sure  
enough:

GRANDPA (V.O.)  
What?!

Jake continues:

JAKE  
When I used it here at school,  
Maxie showed up to snatch it.

BACK TO SHOP

Fu's got the phone.

FU DOG  
Look, kid, me and Gramps'll never  
get there in time. If you wanna  
live past puberty, you gotta join  
forces with that warlock and double-  
team the big fella.

Grandpa tugs the phone back.

GRANDPA  
And whatever you do...

BACK TO JAKE

Maximinus seizes Jake. The helmet slips from Jake's grasp...and the ogre catches it.

GRANDPA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...don't let Maximinus get that  
 helmet.

Maximinus dons the helmet. Shuts his eyes. We can actually HEAR HIS CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANDING, a rush of <INDISTINCT VOICES>. He looks around, anxious as a child with a toy.

He sees Jake.

JAKE'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
 Can he hear me?

Maximinus smiles wide.

JAKE'S THOUGHTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Aw, man, he can hear me. I gotta  
 knock that helmet off. What can I  
 use?

Jake casts his eyes around. Spots a tree branch.

JAKE'S THOUGHTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Maybe this--

Maximinus STOMPS the branch in two before Jake can reach it.

The ogre smiles. He hears another voice:

NIGEL'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
 If I can just bind his arms...

Maximinus twists around, finding Nigel with a stretch of yellow tape ("NO CAMPAIGNING BEYOND THIS POINT").

He plucks it from his hands.

Maximinus closes one fist around Nigel's throat, the other around Jake's. He wraps the tape around them--

Then carries the mummified pair under one arm as he scales the cafeteria wall.

NIGEL  
 (breathless)  
 Why's he...still fighting? He's  
 got his helmet.



JAKE  
 (breathless)  
 Gladiators are funny that way.  
 They fight...to the death.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Spud sits on a stool in the center of the stage, picking his guitar. The crowd sways to the <MUSIC> of Spud's new fight song.

SPUD  
 (singing into mic)  
 We know you're gonna beat us  
 We think that's pretty clear  
 But please don't run the score up  
 Our families are here

Spud motions to the audience.

SPUD (CONT'D)  
 Everybody!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - DAY

Jake and Nigel are lashed back-to-back on the rooftop. Maximinus looms over them, sharpening two swords.

NIGEL  
 (whispers to Jake)  
 Let's think, Long. How can we--?

JAKE  
 Why whisper? Trust me, Ugly's  
 pickin' up everything we think.

Suddenly, an idea rushes to Jake's head.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 Wait. That's it.

SNAP ZOOM TO -- Jake's face.

JAKE'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
 The fire alarm.

Maximinus stops sharpening. He follows Jake's eyes to a nearby wall--

And on it, a RED PULL-DOWN FIRE ALARM.

Jake cranes his head toward Nigel.

JAKE  
Nigel...the alarm. Can you move  
it?

Nigel finds it.

NIGEL  
I-I think so.

Maximinus leans in close, highly amused. He speaks to them in <RASPY, BROKEN ENGLISH>:

MAXIMINUS  
Go ahead. Alert school.

NIGEL  
(concentrating)  
Alarm, becharm, by unseen arm.

MAXIMINUS  
Students won't save you.

NIGEL  
Alarm, becharm, by unseen arm!

CLOSE ON THE ALARM -- The handle thrusts down with a--

CLINK! Followed by a piercing, campus-wide--

WHOOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP!

Jake grins up at Maximinus.

JAKE  
Get ready for a sonic boom of teen  
angst!

TILT DOWN THE BUILDING -- The cafeteria doors swing open. A SEA OF STUDENTS flows into the courtyard.

BACK TO THE ROOF -- Maximinus is slammed with the INNER MONOLOGUES OF THREE HUNDRED WHINY TEENAGERS:

STUDENTS' THOUGHTS (V.O.)  
 ...fire drills are lame/...am I  
 wearing too much body  
 spray?/...mini-pretzels, that's 40  
 grams of carbs/...I'm over  
 him/...random shuffle's so  
 predictable/...I hate my hips.

Maximinus clutches his head, cross-eyed.

MAXIMINUS  
 Uuuhhh! Stoooppp! Stoooppp!

He rips off the helmet. It <CLANGS> to the ground. The ogre  
 bounds off the roof, lands with a--

THUD (on the student-less side)...and runs away.

MAXIMINUS (CONT'D)  
 <shrieking>

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

STUDENTS fill up the dining hall.

STUDENTS  
 <excited chatter>

Jake and Nigel are seated on-stage. Jake nudges Nigel.

JAKE  
 Yo, I just wanna say...I think I  
 got a bit carried away with our  
 competition.  
 (beat)  
 If you win...I'll support you.

NIGEL  
 Likewise, mate. Likewise.

They exchange a smile. Suddenly, Nigel's expression sours.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
 Hang on. You're not bucking for a  
 job as my vice president, are you,  
 Long? Because that's just sad--

JAKE  
 What?! In your dreams. I'm in it  
 to win it.

NIGEL

Fine.

JAKE

Fine!

At the microphone, a STUDENT hands ROTWOOD an index card.

ROTWOOD

(into microphone)

Aha. The election results have been tallied, and...

(startled)

Der Bingle! For the first time in Fillmore history, it appears we have...a tie.

Nigel and Jake trade surprised looks.

ROTWOOD (CONT'D)

Beginning this month, your class co-presidents will be...

Nigel straightens his cuffs. Jake wets his eyebrows.

ROTWOOD (CONT'D)

...Trixie Carter and Arthur Spudinski, two write-in candidates!

ON TRIXIE AND SPUD -- shocked.

TRIXIE/SPUD

What?/Whoa!

ON NIGEL AND JAKE -- stunned.

The student body <APPLAUDS> as Trixie and Spud take the stage.

GRANDPA (V.O.)

Trixie and Spud? But how...?

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

Jake braces a stepladder while Grandpa hangs his old sign outside the shop: "TV."

JAKE

(shrugs)

I guess they won 'cause they had real ideas. All Nigel and I ever did was tear each other down.

GRANDPA

Ah, yes. I too have learned that  
grudges are a waste of time.

He hops to the pavement. They sit on the curb.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(sighs)

That's right, dragon. I've finally  
given up my childish feud with  
Boomgarden's Electronics.

CUT TO WIDE -- Behind them, a MASSIVE BILLBOARD sports a  
picture of Chick Boomgarden, his wife and son.

"Someone" has blacked out their teeth, added Van Dyke goatees  
and wavy stink lines.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Starting tomorrow.

We PUSH OUT SLOWLY as grandfather and grandson sit in the  
fading sun.

END SHOW