

SUMMER SIDE 1:

DEWEY

~~What's your name?~~

FREDDIE

~~Freddie Ham-~~

DEWEY

~~Get up here, Freddie Mercury. You got any money?~~

FREDDIE

~~I have ten dollars.~~

DEWEY

~~Great. Now I want you to go out and get me a meatball sub with marinara sauce and extra cheese and a large soda. Diet. I'm wathing the fig.~~

SUMMER

~~Mr Schneebly, we can't leave the school.~~

DEWEY

~~Ever?~~

SUMMER

~~Not until final bell.~~

~~Dewey picks the Granola bar out of the bin and eats it.~~

~~He beckons them, as he speaks between mouthfuls. There is a sense of Fagin and his gang.~~

START-----

DEWEY

OK. Here's the deal. I've got a hang-over. Who knows what that is?

SUMMER

Does it mean you're drunk?

DEWEY

No. It means I was drunk yesterday.

SUMMER

It means you're an alcoholic.

DEWEY

What's your name?

SUMMER

Summer Hathaway. Do you have any questions about our schedule? Mrs Dunham starts with vocabulary followed by a word quiz, then she divides us into reading groups -

DEWEY

Don't you see that Mrs Dum-Bum is not your teacher today? I am. And I say it's time for recess.

Summer mutters audibly.

SUMMER

My parents don't spend fifty thousand dollars a year for recess.

DEWEY

Fifty thousand dollars?

SUMMER

Mr Schneebly, come with me. This poster tracks our achievements. We get gold stars for how we do in class.

Dewey strolls over to the chart.

DEWEY

What kind of sick school is this? This is a tool of the man.

SUMMER

The who?

DEWEY

Not The Who, The Man! The man is everywhere! Don't you know who the Man is? Ms Mullins is the Man. The man is responsible for global warming, tuxedos, Jar Jar Binks and the Kardashians.

SUMMER

So what are we supposed to do about it?

DEWEY

You're supposed to fight him! With Rock'n'Roll and spirit and everything you've got to give!

SUMMER

That's all very well, but how can we
be graded or get any gold stars today,
if we just have recess?

Dewey yanks the poster down and
tears it to shreds.

DEWEY

Now, listen! As long as I'm here,
there'll be no grades and no gold
stars and absolutely no achievements!
We're gonna have recess all the
freakin' time. Geddit? I said *recess!*
Go!

SUMMER

We'll see what Ms Mullins has to say
about this.

DEWEY

No, we won't. Not if you want to live
to see tomorrow. *Now go!*

-----**END**

~~The children run for it.~~

~~6A. MT. ROCK UNDERSCORE~~

SUMMER SIDE 2:

~~DEWEY (CONT'D)~~

~~Let me put it like this: If we don't make the cut, we don't play in The Battle. If we miss The Battle, our project is shot. You won't get into Harvard and we'll all be failures. But no pressure.~~

~~Summer~~

~~You heard him. Let's get set up.~~

~~An official is standing on stage, looking at his watch.~~

~~DeWEY~~

~~I'm trying to find Jeff Sanderson.~~

~~Jeff~~

~~I am he.~~

~~The kids are amping up.~~

~~DeWEY~~

~~They said you're in charge here?~~

~~Jeff~~

~~I was in charge.~~

~~DeWEY~~

~~What do you mean?~~

START-----

JEFF

The auditions have finished. We only had a couple to see this morning. That one was the last and now the bill is filled. I have to go. Better luck next year.

He catches sight of the children.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Who are they?

DEWEY

My band.

JEFF

Kids? Is this some kind of gimmick?

DEWEY

No, they're not a gimmick. I know they're kids but they're awesome. Just listen.

JEFF

I'm sorry. I don't have time. I have to go. Better luck next year.

Dewey is stumped by this, so is the band -then Summer steps in.

SUMMER

There won't be a next year.

JEFF

What?

SUMMER

There won't be a next year for us, any of us, *will there, Mr Schneebly?*

She looks sternly at Dewey and whispers.

DEWEY

She's right, Jeff. I can call you Jeff, right? Of course I understand you need to have rules, and if it wasn't for the fact that the Battle of the Bands has been keeping these kids alive, I -

JEFF

What do you mean?

DEWEY

You see, the kids have a condition -

JEFF

What condition?

DEWEY

Er...

SUMMER

A rare blood disorder. Stikkitu Demanus.

JEFF

That's terrible.

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