

WORLD RECORD

by

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EXT. RAILWAY YARD, 1934 - DAY

1934 archival/grainy footage - A large beefy MAN in an wrestler's outfit is towing a huge LOCOMOTIVE behind him. He strains at the chain, feet inching forward step by step. The locomotive rolls very slowly, but steadily behind him. On the ground next to him is a bright RED TAPE stretching into the distance. A SIGN at the end states "Old World Record!" A CROWD of people cheer him on, waving flags and banners.

NARRATOR

(voiceover)

That there is Jimmy Dufrain. Towed a 200 ton locomotive over half a mile with his bare hands. He couldn't walk for a month afterwards, and he said his back was never the same. Why'd he do it? Money? A bet? No. He did it for the World Record. And he got it, too. Until 1974 when Bob Highsmith towed one a whole mile. Of course, folks say his locomotive was a lot easier to pull, but I guess that's something we might never know.

INT. SHACKELFORD JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A young boy hurries along through the hallways, dodging open locker doors and ducking under jocks slapping hands in the hallway. A trail of papers spill from his backpack. He keeps glancing at his watch, and checking out each hall clock that he passes.

INT. MR. BRUSSELS ENGLISH CLASS

RRRRIIIIIIINNNNG! The bell rips though the air. Mr. Brussels closes the door and spins on his heels like a military man.

MR. BRUSSELS

Good morning class.

No response from the students. Only blank, worried, and bored stares.

MR. BRUSSELS (CONT'D)

Am I to assume that the stellar return of my salutation means that you have all completed your papers with the depth, research, and alacrity that I have come to expect from you?

JOCK #1

(leans over to JOCK #2)

Dude, I thought this was English?

JOCK #2

No kidding, what language is that?

MR. BRUSSELS

Mr. Dorsett, Mr. Staubach. Your chitchat obviously means your papers are finished. What may I ask was the subject of your essays?

JOCK #1 & JOCK #2

Football.

MR. BRUSSELS

Ah. Thrilling. Hand them over please.

They both hand over two essays, one printed out in what looks like a size 36 point font, and the other which looks like it was flesh out with pages torn right out of Sports Illustrated.

MR. BRUSSELS (CONT'D)

Obviously I can retire and give interviews and lecture around the world once these two gems are published.

JOCK #1

(pumps his fist in the air)

Booyah!

JOCK #2

Awwwwyeah, bebbbeh!

Mr. Brussels looks on in disgust.

MR. BRUSSELS

Okay, the rest of you bohemians, kindly pass your papers forward.

Everyone reluctantly pulls out their papers and starts handing them to the person in front of them. One seat remains empty.

NARRATOR

Now, in about 15 second, you're going to officially meet Tim Lanter. You've already seen him once, but let's not nitpick over small details.

The door BANGS open and Tim stand there, out of breath, papers fluttering down around him.

MR. BRUSSELS

Ahhh, Timothy. So nice of you to curtail your extracurricular activities and join us. If you're not too busy, maybe you could also grace my palm with your paper?

TIM

Sorry, Mr. Brussel Sprou...Mr. Sprou...Mr. Brussels! The lacrosse team was having tryouts and the field is on the other side of the school and then...

MR. BRUSSELS

(interrupting him)

Yes, fascinating, really. Your paper, and your seat, Mr. Lanter.

TIM

(digging in his backpack)

Sure thing, sorry Mr. B. Here it is!

Tim thwacks his paper down into Mr. Brussels hand with a self-satisfied slap. Mr. Brussels glances down at it, and then back up at Tim.

MR. BRUSSELS

A few cards short of a deck are we? Or is this your idea of a joke?

TIM

What do you mean? It's all right there! I stayed up late finishing this one and I'm sure you'll.

Mr. Brussels is holding the paper up in front of Tim. Page 12 of 12. And a staple holding a few ripped corners.

TIM (CONT'D)

Aw, crap.

MR. BRUSSELS

Now, now Mr. Lanter. Language, please.
I believe the correct term in a situation
such as you are currently in would be
"excrement", would it not?

TIM

Yes, Mr. Brussels. Excrement.

JOCK #1

What do you think it is? French?

Jock #2 just shrugs.

MR. BRUSSELS

Take your seat Mr. Lanter. We'll discuss
this after class.

TIM

But the auditions for the school play
are...

MR. BRUSSELS

(firmly)

After. Class.

INT. LANTER HOME - NIGHT

The house is a pretty standard suburban home, but a bit messier than most. The living room acts as a main spoke, and most of the family is bustling through here at some point. On the walls are framed photos of the family through the ages...Mom and Dad in 70s wear, embarrassing photos of the kids in the bathtub, school photos, family photos with studio backdrops (ranch, picket fence, etc.) More recent photos are on the right hand side, Karen with her numerous spelling bee trophies, Scott with his sporting awards and medals.