

BLOODWORTH (An Animated Sitcom/Mystery)

"Pilot" a.k.a. "Buried"

Written by

Jonathan Katz

LEAD CHARACTERS



Name: David Wheeler
Age: 12 (and a half)
Occupation: Reluctant heartthrob
Core Trait: Hides all fears and attachments in the vigorous pursuit of cool.



Name: Brendan O'Connor
Age: 12
Occupation: Kind-hearted Canadian import
Core Trait: Has the type of face you just want to spray with poison.



Name: Sasha Winters
Age: 12
Occupation: Sweetly self-centered drama star
Core Trait: Feels feelings much more strongly than you or I ever could.



Name: Tom Silver
Age: 11
Occupation: Brooding, possibly sociopathic auteur
Core Trait: Struggles to distinguish real life from made-for-TV movies.



Name: Lindsay Morgan
Age: 12
Occupation: Unlicensed super sleuth
Core Trait: Highly suspicious of both the establishment and anti-establishment.

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - EARLY MORNING

DAVID and JOE, draped over a picnic table in poses of labored nonchalance. Music leaks from their headphones.

Joe is 12, tall, and thick; a quiet rage lurks beneath the surface. David is also 12, smaller, but more handsome.

Our setting: the main entrance to BLOODWORTH, a prestigious if academically dubious private school that (curiously) more resembles a prison.

The edifice is clean and well-kept. But to the careful observer, something is amiss. Subtle cracks in the facade.

Above the entranceway, we see the pristine white veneer has chipped away, revealing a patch of rotting wood beneath.

We see a beautifully manicured pond in the foreground, but the water is brown and fly-ridden.

Bloodworth is hiding something -- we can sense it.

We sense something else now: a third figure creeping into the frame. BRENDAN (12, pale, slight) tip-toes toward the others and attempts a feeble wave.

No response. Desperate, he plays his ace -- an awkward cough-hello.

BRENDAN

AHEM-hi...

Joe and David sit up, annoyed. Headphones off.

JOE

What?

BRENDAN

No, it's just... I'm new here. I don't know anybody...

JOE

(perfunctorily)
Favorite band?

BRENDAN

I'm sorry?

DAVID
He's asking for your favorite band.
We're gonna... judge you based on
that.

BRENDAN
Oh, right, okay. You know it's--
He freezes, sensing the trap.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
... I like everything.

JOE
(fake impressed)
Everything!

DAVID
-- Just name a band, dude.

JOE
-- You like Death Metal?

BRENDAN
Uh... yeah, probably. What's it
like?

Joe turns on his speaker, and we're attacked by a dissonant
muddle of rage-filled, vaguely Satanic scream-growling.
Brendan laughs, assuming it's a joke.

BRENDAN
(chuckling)
Well that's not even really music
though, is it?

DAVID
What do you mean? --

JOE
-- I'm playing this at my wedding.

DAVID
That's "Cunt Stapler." They're one
of the hottest bands in Germany
right now.

BRENDAN
I just meant I'm more familiar with
like... traditional singers, you
know, like Billy Joel or --

On Billy Joel:

DAVID
-- Aww, jeez, man.

JOE
(simultaneous with David)
-- Ugh. There it is.

BRENDAN
No, not like... him in particular.

A hopeful beat.

JOE
(to David)
Grab his legs.

BRENDAN
(panicking)
Guys, Billy Joel sucks, okay?
That's why Christie Brinkley dumped
him after River of Dreams. It was a
sellout album --

DAVID
-- Cuz you're mentioning some
pretty specific...

JOE
-- Okay, I don't know how they did
things back at your old school
in... you know, wherever --

BRENDAN
(helpfully)
-- Canada.

On Canada:

DAVID
-- Aww, Christ, seriously?

JOE
(simultaneous with David)
-- I honestly might throw up.

Camera on Brendan, troubled.

JOE (CONT'D)
Okay, see... here in America, we
beat the living crap out of kids
who listen to Billy Joel.

BRENDAN
Do you guys want some money or...
would that help this at all?

DAVID
We're not robbing you, dude --

JOE
(casual)
-- I could go either way.

BRENDAN
(hopeful)
I've got a few bucks.

Brendan hands Joe some crumpled dollar bills. David disapproves.

DAVID
This is weak, man.

JOE
Shut up, Dave. This is middle
school. Eat or be--
(halts, realizing)
-- are these Canadian dollars?

BRENDAN
(regretful)
That's not what you wanted.

The last straw. Joe finally loses control. He begins to SCREAM-GROWL his own brand of rage-filled Death Metal noises.

DAVID
(studying the oddly
colorful bills)
This is why you're not a real
country.

BRENDAN
(watching Joe, afraid)
What's he doing?

Joe turns toward Brendan, menacingly. Growling louder.

DAVID
Don't do this, man.

BRENDAN
Oh, God. Is he...?

DAVID
(as to a disobedient dog)
Joe, no!

BRENDAN
Listen, I can learn to appreciate
the music of Cu--... of Cu--...
(sighs)
Yeah, no, I can't even say it --

Joe's fist hits Brendan's lip. Slow motion as the punch
lands, blood splatters.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

We're in a bustling hallway, trailing a slouching Brendan as he walks.

We see his face now. He's changed -- his once hopeful demeanor pinned beneath a mask of fear, resignation and minor bandaging.

At the door to Homeroom 8B, he takes a breath, steels himself, then:

Jolt... A touch on the arm. It's SASHA -- a twelve-year-old "vision" in pink lip gloss and clip-on earrings. Brendan stares down at her small hand on his arm in disbelief.

SASHA

You going in?

He's frozen, wide-eyed.

BRENDAN

... I wasn't punched in the face.

SASHA

(sweetly)

Okay.

(then)

Do you mind if I just... sneak...

She nudges him gently to the side, opens the door, and walks through, revealing:

INT. HOMEROOM 8B - DAY

A clean, modern classroom on the surface. But a sizable crack in the ceiling and the flicker of aging fluorescent lights overhead suggest there's more to the story.

Brendan slinks into the room, finds an empty seat, and tries to be invisible.

It's a block of four desks. Diagonally from Brendan is SAVITA, a petite, exotic-looking 11-year-old girl. They avoid eye contact.

MAGS, a heavysset, bohemian-styled 12-year-old girl, now slides into the seat next to Savita.

MAGS
(to Savita)
Hey, how was your break?

SAVITA
(deadpan)
Not so good. I got engaged to an
eight-year-old aristocrat in
Bangalore.

MAGS
I'm sorry to hear that, Veet.

LINDSAY, a freckled, tomboyish 12-year-old plops down into
the seat next to Brendan, completing the square.

LINDSAY
(noticing his face)
Are you... okay?

He turns away self-consciously.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
You don't have to hide it.
Joe, right? Yeah, I smell another
suspension coming.

BRENDAN
(genuine concern)
Well I don't actually want him to
get... suspended.

LINDSAY
Really? Cuz he knocked out a couple
of your baby teeth --

BRENDAN
(petulant)
-- those weren't... those were
full-sized adult teeth.

SAVITA
Wait, Joe hit you in the mouth?
That's horrible!

MAGS
Totally horrible! Super hot though
too, when you think about it.

LINDSAY
-- That's not really...

SAVITA
(with Lindsay)
-- What is wrong with you?

MAGS
I'm just saying he's so primal and
masculine. It's like Marlon Brando
in "Streetcar."

SAVITA
(faux enthusiastic)
It's exactly like that! And you
look just like Vivian Leigh!

As they bicker, Brendan strains for a better view of Sasha.

MAGS
(matter of fact)
You know you've been kind of a
bitch since the engagement.

LINDSAY
(to Brendan)
Sasha Winters... the girl you're
staring at. I'm Lindsay by the way,
in case your neck gets tired.

BRENDAN
(sheepish)
Sorry. I'm Brendan.

SAVITA
Hi, Brendan. I'm Savita.

MAGS
Magdalene Courte-Frank.

SAVITA
(aside to Brendan)
Mags.

Semi-awkward lull. Brendan searches for conversation.

BRENDAN
So... Bloodworth's kind of a...
creepy name for a school, isn't it?

LINDSAY
Yeah, fitting though.

She snorts. Mags and Savita exchange unsure glances. Brendan
stares at Lindsay blankly.

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