

FADE IN:

High school isn't much different than a medieval kingdom. There are those with and those without. A noble class and a surfdome class. Some kingdoms are ruled by benevolent leaders and some by cruel dictators but in this midwestern high school, the king is PARMAN aka GOOP. Stylish, kind and always trying to improve himself. Not as much grades as his social standing. The right clothes, the right friends, the most likes on snapchat. Parm is sitting at his throne in the cafeteria holding a phone for a selfie. Several friends gathered for a group shot

PARM

Closer...Perfect!

Parm takes the picture. Everyone cheers as if on cue. He shows everyone the picture.

BOY 1

Send me that picture I want to post it

PARM

I'll post it and tag you.

Parm has the golden touch. As he explains why he needs to post the picture and tag his friends they agree and laugh as if on cue.

BELL RINGS

PARM

Geez already.

Bailey stands and approaches his side

PARM

My perfect queen.

Parm and Bailey make their way down the hall.

VO

Meet Parman Patel aka "Goop" The pillar of High School success stories. A boy that built a perfect man with his obsession for perfection. His social media profile has more likes and shares.

His clothes are flawless and set the trends that everyone else follows. Perfect girlfriend, perfect life by everyone's standards.

But today a new friend is about to offer him that chance for a different perfection. A chance to become something amazing, a path that will take him straight through the Northern Zone.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT - MATH CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

BELL RINGS

The class leaves and Mr Nelson calls Parman to discuss a test. He and a couple friends move to Mr. Nelson's desk.

MR NELSON (looking at the two friends)  
Alone please

The two other boys look at Parman and he ushers them outside the class with his hands.

PARMAN  
Sorry about that Mr Nelson.

MR NELSON  
...This won't take long. Mr Patel it's about your test.

PARMEN  
Yea I nailed that one right!

MR NELSON  
Yes you did and you didn't even try. This stuff is way below you Parman. I want you to move to AP Physics. You're ready and I have no idea how far you could go with this. It could be your calling. You should seriously consider this. What do you think?

PARMAN  
That's amazing (somewhat insincere) ...But I'm so busy right now I don't see that

happening. I mean, I appreciate the vote of confidence. Look (trying to let him down softly) here's a new "Goop" shirt. Fresh off the presses. Thank you Mr N...(moves to the door) Got to go and thank you again for thinking about me.

Parmens leaves as he finishing his sentence

MR NELSON

shame.

INT - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

A NEW KID is down the hall, leaning on the wall on his phone. When Parman entered the hall he put his phone up and stared at Parman kind of shyly as if he was next in line to talk to the king. Parman notices the kid but the other two are oblivious to his presence. Parman looks over to FRIEND ONE as he speaks

FRIEND ONE

What did the geek want?

PARMEN

Hey (taking offense to the term) He's alright. He wanted me to join AP Physics. Says' I have a gift!

FRIEND 2

Yea you got a gift alright. But it aint Math!

FRIEND ONE AND TWO

They both laugh a little too loud at the same time.

PARMAN

(a little distracted at the new kid down the Hall) Funny. (Pulls out some shirts) You two go sell these shirts. New batch and don't forget to get names and numbers for the back orders. Just like last time.

FRIEND ONE AND TWO

Got it, Yup

They leave and Parmen is left in the Hallway alone staring at the New Kid. So he walked toward the stranger and spoke.

PARMAN

Can I help you?

NEW KID

His mouth opened but words did not exit

He keeps staring. Parmen starts casually walking toward him.

PARMAN

I haven't seen you here before have I.

NEW KID

Uhhh

PARMAN

Is that all you can say?

NEW KID

Uhhh no

PARMEN (not used to this kind of game)

Nice talk. See ya

Parmen walks passed him

NEW KID

They say you are the perfect guy..

Parmen stops in his tracks.

PARMAN

What did you say?

NEW KID

The perfect guy. Perfection is so hard to attain. I mean if you don't even know the right questions. (to himself, "no you idiot) Sorry I'm fanboying a bit. Like what is perfect or more precisely what is **my** perfect or your perfect. How do you even start? Blows your mind, right? (he knows he blew it)