

Pudding it Disco

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - (1985)

A thirteen year old boy, WALTER, stands in his living room staring at a blank t.v. screen. The frames of his black plastic glasses swallow his face. His build is that of a string bean in khaki.

He scans the living room nervously to make sure no one is home. He points his foot and runs it against the shag carpeting, as he clicks the t.v. on. He takes a deep breath, and follows the motions of the dance instructor on the t.v. Walter moves like a blind new born calf, as a drop of sweat slides down his face.

WALTER

(self-assuring)

You are Lord of the Dance Wally old pal! And you are going to ask Sally Mavens to the dance tomorrow. Do you know why?! Because real men aren't afraid of dances or girls...

Walter's sister ANNA walks into the living room and stands right behind Walter. If looks could kill; her face said serial killer.

ANNA

Wally, turn the t.v. down in here! I'm trying to talk to Jenny on the phone in my room. She just broke up with Todd and I need to act supportive.

Startled to see that Anna is home, Walter jumps out of his trans and stumbles quickly to turn off the t.v. His face is bright red.

ANNA

Ew, were you watching Mom's dance-aerobics video?

WALTER

(voice cracking)

Uh...no. I mean, I just like to watch them to make fun of how dumb they are ha. So dumb...

ANNA

I'm the only normal person in this house, seriously.

Anna walks back towards her bedroom.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter is sitting on his bed in his Star Wars pajamas, staring at the digital clock on the nightstand. The clock reads 9 p.m. He sighs, turns off the lamp next to his bed and lies down.

A moment later, he shoots out of bed and turns his light back on.

WALTER

What am I going to say to her?!  
Sally, I know you only sit by me to  
cheat off my math tests, but I  
think you're great!

(beat)

No, not that. But with the  
adrenaline going I'm sure the right  
words will come to me. Yeah, I got  
to get some sleep.

Walter turns his light back off and lies down. He begins tossing and turning in his bed trying to get comfortable, but he can't. He continues to toss and turn throughout the night, staring at his taunting clock as the red numbers change.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - 7 A.M.

Walter is sitting up in his bed; his eyes heavy. His ALARM CLOCK BEEPS as he smacks his hand over it to turn it off. He walks over to his dresser to put on his school uniform.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

SALLY, is surrounded by her neon clothed posse gossiping, as she plays with her hair scrunchie. Walter is standing across the hall from her by himself, his back pressed up against the lockers. Just as he is about to step away from the lockers a bully, NED, shoves his pudding cup down Walter's shirt.

NED

You have just been snack packed by  
Ned, King of Lunchroom B!

Sally and all the girls look over at Walter, his white polo oozing chocolate pudding from the armpit. They begin to giggle and then retreat back to their gossip.

(CONTINUED)

Walter's eyes lite up with anger, as he glares over at Ned opening his locker. His body begins trembling, as he takes a deep breath. He throws his backpack to the floor. No one notices. He begins to strut over to Ned and his crew, with a new found swagger.

WALTER

Hey Ned, you forgot to give me a spoon!

Walter flings off his polo and the pudding filled shirt sacks Ned right in the face. Pudding splatters all over the lockers.

NED

Oh! Someone is feeling lucky today huh, Wally? Tell me how lucky you feel when my fist breaks your glasses in half!

WALTER

Ned, tell me how you feel when I kick your butt!

NED

(laughing)  
Is everyone hearing this?!

WALTER

Kick your butt...with dance!

Walter begins breaking out his poorly coordinated disco dance moves in the middle of the hallway. He is completely in the zone, not noticing that one by one people are fleeing from the hallway. The BELL RINGS, breaking him of his trans as he looks in front of him to see that no one is there.

WALTER

Great...

Suddenly, he hears clapping coming from behind him. He turns around to see it is Sally.

SALLY

Not bad, Walter.

WALTER

Oh, I, you...thanks?

SALLY

Ned, he's so gross, right?

WALTER

Oh ya, so gross! Sally do you...I  
mean would you want to like...

Walter sighs.

Nevermind, you wouldn't.

Walter starts to walk away, and then stops in his tracks and  
turns around. He takes a deep breath in and pushes his  
shoulders back.

WALTER

Sally Mavens, do you want to go to  
the dance with me?!

Sally walks right up to Walter and begins to smirk.

SALLY

(slyly)

If I say yes, you need to do me a  
favor.

WALTER

Oh of course, I will do your math  
homework for the rest of the  
semester...the year!

SALLY

No Walter.

WALTER

(depressed)

No?

SALLY

If I go with you to the dance...  
you have to wear a shirt.

Sally giggles to herself as she walks away. Walter watches  
her in disbelief. He lays down on the pudding smeared floor  
and stares up at the ugly cork ceiling. He smiles.

WALTER

Today Walter, you become a man.

FADE OUT.