

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Tyler (younger, 18) sits at a school desk. The rest of the classroom is empty except for one large, muscular TEACHER who is standing over top of him.

In a very passionate and animated way, the teacher moves around the classroom, yelling toward Tyler about the importance of working hard, staying determined, etc.

He even knocks stuff to the ground in exclamation. Tyler tries not to laugh.

TEACHER

Young man have you ever done drugs?

TYLER

Uh, no?

TEACHER

Good! When I was your age I used to take enough tranquilizers to send a god damn gorilla to the shadow realm. And look at me now...

(flex his muscles)

I'm more stocked than a condom dispenser at a convent. You ever thought about taking crystal meth??

TYLER

Uh, no?

TEACHER

Hell of a fuckin drug. But it'll make your teeth look like the outside of a banana peel.

Tyler shakes the cobwebs out of his head. He looks high as a kite.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

So many people take, take, and take because they don't know what it is that they want. And so if I can do one thing for you when you leave this room, I don't want nothing but for you to know what you want! What do you want! Tell me.

TYLER

Uh, no?

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]