

INT. CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A scrawny blonde boy, known as the PARDONER, walks through the halls, slinking past a hoard of muscular jocks that saunter past him. The leader of the clique, a tall, brawny jock known as the HOST, pushes the Pardoner into the lockers while the rest of the jocks snicker.

PARDONER (VOICEOVER)

Yep, that's me.

The frame freezes on the Host.

V.O.

No, wait, not that one.

The frame pans to the Pardoner, who is frozen mid-shove.

PARDONER (V.O.)

Yep, that's me right there.

PARDONER (V.O.)

Yeah, you're probably wondering, "Who am I?" and "What the hell is going on here?" Well, hold on, 'cause I was just about to get there.

Wide shot of a grandiose high school, built like a magnificent white cathedral.

PARDONER (V.O.)

This is Canterbury Prep Academy. Yes, it's just as awful as it sounds.

Students dressed in preppy red blazers and striped ties bustle through the halls, anxiously shoving past each other.

CUT back to the frame of the Pardoner, frozen mid-fall after being shoved by the Host.

PARDONER (V.O.)

Which brings me back to, well, me.

The frame unfreezes and the Pardoner crashes into the lockers with a loud clang. The jocks laugh as they walk past.

PARDONER

Hey, screw you!

PARDONER

We all go by some kinda nickname here

at Canterbury. They call me the Pardoner, because... well, it's a long story, and I've got better ones to tell.

The Pardoner gets up and smooths out his blazer. He runs his fingers through his stringy blonde hair carefully and delicately, scoffing derisively.

PARDONER

What an ass.

The Pardoner picks up his backpack and continues walking down the hallway in an almost skipping-like fashion, humming to himself.

PARDONER (V.O.)

You probably guessed it by now, but I'm not the most popular around here. People have some... *things* to say about me.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY.

The Host and the KNIGHT, a fellow jock and the Host's friend, stretch in the football field.

KNIGHT

I heard he got his balls cut off in a freak accident.

HOST

I heard he was born without 'em.

KNIGHT

I heard he was dating the Summoner.

HOST

That explains all the love duets.

CUT to the Pardoner and his best friend, the SUMMONER, sitting on the bleachers, singing and harmonizing with each other. The Pardoner sings the high harmonies, waving his fingers through the air like an orchestra conductor.

INT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY.

The Pardoner walks through the halls, scrolling on his phone when he walks past a group of CHEERLEADERS, who begin whispering among themselves as he walks by.

CHEERLEADER #1

Ew, his hair is, like, so stringy and thin. He should get a hair transplant or something.

CHEERLEADER #2

Can he even grow a beard? He literally looks 12.

Blood rushes to the Pardoner's face and he goes bright red, quickly rushing down the hall to escape the cheerleader's verbal attacks.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY.

PARDONER (V.O.)

But there's a lot more to me than meets the eye. I'm smarter than most people think.

The Pardoner walks down the church stairs next to an old woman, PRISCILLA, clutching her frail hand in his.

PARDONER

Oh, Ms. Priscilla, I'm so sorry to hear about your sick dog. Hey, you know what? I think I have something that might help.

The Pardoner releases Priscilla's hand and fishes through the pockets of his skinny jeans, pulling out a long, glistening cross necklace. Priscilla's eyes go wide.

PARDONER

This necklace was owned by Pope Francis himself. It has holy healing powers if you pray with it every night. It worked for my dear Nana. It's priceless, really... but for you, Ms. Priscilla? I'll let you have it for just \$25, since you're oh-so kind to me.

Priscilla nods eagerly and holds up \$25 in cash. The Pardoner snatches the cash and drops the necklace into Priscilla's hands, his lips curling into a devious grin.

PARDONER (V.O.)

It's easy, really. These old suckers will believe anything you tell them if you sell it right. Oh, don't feel bad

for Priscilla. It's not like she'll remember it, anyway - so I'll do it all again next Sunday.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY.

With a backpack and a small suitcase in tow, the Pardoner boards the school bus that's parked in front of his home. Once inside, he plops himself down into a seat near the front of the bus.

Within moments, the Host takes a seat across from the Pardoner, his jock posse in tow. The Pardoner rolls his eyes, a soft scoff escaping his lips.

CUT to the Host, who winks at a girl walking by.

PARDONER (V.O.)

Remember him? That's Harry Bailly, but we call him the Host, 'cause he throws a huge rager every month while his parents vacation in the Bahamas.

The MONK, a meek, docile boy, walks past the Host towards the back of the bus. The Host shoves him in the back as he walks by and the Monk lurches forward, dropping his books on the ground. The Host and his friends burst out into a hearty laughter.

PARDONER (V.O.)

Sure, he's an ass, but you gotta admit... he's pretty hot.

The Summoner stalks up to the Pardoner, slumping down in the empty space next to him.

SUMMONER

You ready for this weekend?

The Pardoner rolls his eyes and looks back to the group of jocks, who are yelling and high fiving each other.

PARDONER

Yes, because a weekend at Bible camp with these jerks sounds like a *lovely* time.

SUMMONER

It won't be *that* bad. We do it every year.

PARDONER

Yeah, and it's hell every year.

Suddenly, Host sits up on his knees in his seat, towering high above everyone else. He calls out in a deep, resounding voice:

HOST

Alright, everyone, listen up!

The chatter in the bus dies down as all eyes fall to the Host.

HOST

It's a two-hour bus ride to the campsite, so why don't we make this fun, huh? Let's make a game out of it.

A low murmur fills the bus as everyone considers the Host's suggestion.

HOST

Let's tell each other some stories. Everyone will go once. Tell us some kinda tale, y'know?

HOST

There are two rules: the story has to be funny, and it has to teach us a lesson. Otherwise, what's the point, y'know? It can be about anything you want.

The Pardoner rolls his eyes.

PARDONER

(to the Summoner)

Telling fairytales for two hours? No thanks.

The chatter on the bus continues and everyone begins to return to what they were doing.

HOST

Hey, hey - listen, I'll tell you what. Let's make this interesting. Whoever has the best story will get some kinda prize, alright?

The Host has everyone's attention now. There's a collective nod from the rest of the bus riders.

The Host gives the Pardoner a playful shove on the shoulder.

HOST

Hey, Pardoner, let's hear what you  
have to say.

PARDONER

Hmph, alright.

The Pardoner stands and clears his throat dramatically,  
preparing to deliver his story to the rest of the bus riders.

PARDONER

My story is a tale of death and greed.

A low chorus of "oohs" resound throughout the bus.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - DAY.

Frat boys bustle around in their house, but the focus is on  
three of them in particular - NICK, CHRIS, and TYLER.

PARDONER (V.O.)

Once, in the house of Delta Chi, there  
lived three frat boys by the name of  
Nick, Chris, and Tyler.

PARDONER (V.O.)

They spent all their time working  
out...

CUT to a shot of Nick, Chris, and Tyler at the gym. Chris  
spots Nick as he deadlifts, while Tyler works on the lat  
pulldown bar in the background.

PARDONER (V.O.)

Partying...

CUT to shot of the frat boys partying in the frat house, red  
solo cups in hand. Tyler takes a big swig of the wine bag and  
yells inaudibly over the music.

PARDONER (V.O.)

And gambling.

CUT to shot of the boys sitting around a TV while a football  
game plays on the screen. A touchdown is made, and half the  
room explodes in cheer, while the other half groans in  
annoyance. Chris and Tyler each hand Nick cash.

PARDONER (V.O.)

But one day, they learned of a terrible tragedy: one of their brothers, Zack, died in a terrible accident.

CUT to shot of ZACK standing on the third-story roof of the frat house, looking down into the pool below. Zack calls out to a fellow brother sitting by the pool:

ZACK

Hey, dude! You think I can make this jump into the pool?

INT. CHURCH - DAY.

CUT to Nick, Chris, and Tyler somberly sitting in a pew at Zack's funeral, adorned in black suits. A SPEAKER gives a eulogy in the background.

SPEAKER

...we'll miss you dearly, Zack. Death has taken you from us far too soon.

Nick's eyes widen, as if a lightbulb went off in his head.

PARDONER (V.O.)

At that moment, the boys knew what they had to do.

Nick leans over to Tyler and Chris.

NICK

Dudes, I know how we can avenge Zack. Let's find Death... and kick his ass.

Tyler and Chris nod in eager agreement.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY.

PARDONER (V.O.)

The boys searched high and low for Death...

The boys roam through the city in search of Death. Chris checks a dumpster in an alleyway, while Tyler peers inside a car parked on the street. Nick shields his eyes and looks up into the sky.

PARDONER (V.O.)

But couldn't find him anywhere.

EXT. PARK - DAY.

PARDONER (V.O.)

After a long day of searching, the boys arrived at the park, where they stumbled across a mysterious old man.

The boys approach an OLD MAN seated on a park bench.

TYLER

Hey, old man! We're looking for Death. You seen him?

OLD MAN

For centuries I've waited to leave this mortal shell, but alas, I cannot die...

TYLER

Yeah, yeah, whatever -

OLD MAN

I knocked on my mother's grave, but she refused to let me in, condemning me to wither away on this earth...

TYLER

You hear me, old man? I said we're lookin' for Death!

The old man rolls his eyes, throwing up his hands in resignation.

OLD MAN

Look by that tree over there.

The boys excitedly rush to the tree at the other end of the park, eager to find Death. Nick cracks his knuckles in anticipation.

PARDONER (V.O.)

But they didn't find Death under the tree. Instead, they found...

The boys approach the tree, but find no sign of Death.

CHRIS

Where is he?!

Nick rushes ahead of the other two, where he finds 8 cases of White Claw sitting under the tree.



NICK

Dude, come here! You have to see this!

Chris and Tyler rush up to the tree, their eyes widening at the sight.

TYLER

Whoa...

CHRIS

Come on, we have to take it!

NICK

Wait, we can't! Not yet, at least. It's broad daylight. Someone's gonna catch us with it. Let's wait until nighttime, then we'll carry them all back to the house.

TYLER

Good idea.

CHRIS

But what are we gonna do until then? We don't have any food!

NICK

Hm, you're right.

Nick turns to Tyler, putting a hand on his shoulder.

NICK

Chris and I will stay here and watch the Claws. Tyler, you run back to town and get us some food, alright?

TYLER

Got it.

With that, Tyler sets off, while Nick and Chris remain in the park to watch the stash.

PARDONER (V.O.)

That's when Tyler began to think... He discovered that, if he managed to get rid of Nick and Chris, he'd have all the Claw to himself. And so, he set off to get rid of them.

Tyler goes to a local burger joint and buys burgers and milkshakes for himself and the rest of the guys. After

leaving, he conspicuously ducks into an alley, where he pours poison into two of the shakes.

PARDONER (V.O.)

But little did he know that Nick and Chris had the same idea.

CHRIS

Dude, listen - if we get rid of Tyler, then we get all this to ourselves!

Nick rubs his chin thoughtfully.

NICK

You're right. We gotta take him out.

PARDONER (V.O.)

And so, the boys conspired against each other.

Tyler eventually returns to the park with the bags of burgers and milkshakes, but upon his return, Nick and Chris attack him, taking him out.

After they finish the deed, Nick wipes the sweat off of his brow.

NICK

Whew, we did it. Now we got all this to ourselves.

Nick looks back to the stash of White Claws and nods contently. He and Chris high five. With that, the two remaining men sit down to enjoy their meal and the fruits of their labor - and pick up the two poisoned milkshakes.

Chris raises his cup and toasts to Nick, tapping his cup against Nick's. The two enjoy their milkshakes, oblivious to their contents. Within moments, however, Nick starts to cough, beating his chest with his fist.

CHRIS

Hey, dude, you alright?

Nick picks up his milkshake and inspects it, barely able to speak in between coughing fits.

NICK

What's *in* this thing?

Within seconds, Chris begins to feel the poison's effects as

well. Nick collapses and Chris follows suit within a moment. The three lie there, surrounding the untouched cases of White Claw.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY.

PARDONER

And so they all died, seduced by greed.

HOST

So what, that's it? They just all die? Lame.

The Knight shrugs nonchalantly.

KNIGHT

I kinda liked it.

The Pardoner scoffs indignantly, standing tall with his hands on his hips.

PARDONER

Oh, you didn't like it? Well, you can kiss my ass, Harry.

The Pardoner quickly spins and faces his behind to the Host, giving himself a swift smack. The bus erupts into laughter.

The Host isn't nearly as amused. Fuming, he stands up, squaring up to the Pardoner.

HOST

Say that to me again, and I'll cut your balls off and make you wear them around your neck, like those necklaces you sell to those old ladies at church. How's that sound?

The Pardoner gulps fearfully and scurries back to his seat, pouting behind the Summoner.

The Host turns around, grinning cheerfully as if nothing had happened.

HOST

Alright - who's next?