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Detention

By Peter Jurt

I'm Taylor Fisher and I'm a bitch.
Beauty, intelligence, talent,
charisma, Hoobastank.
What? They're good.
Indie rock trends do move fast.
Today, my alarm is set
to the Drunges.
But by the time
you actually watch this...
...they'll be headlining a toilet
in Toledo with mops.
Hey, bitch, that's not cool.
Eat cock!
Hello, Taylor.
It's Don. Don Waters, again.
We made out behind the Pizza Pitt.
You tasted the deep dish.
Not deep enough.
Get out of the bathroom.
You're ruining my life, you
fucking Ecstasy
- I'm peeing.
- Taylor, hi, Singe Gupta.
I very much liked our calculus date
at Pizza Pitt.
Loser. Your parabolic graph was bent
and I only got a B.
French toast?
Mom, I'm on a no-bread diet.
- Since when?
- Since now!
Oh, I hate you! I hope you die!
Taylor, what we did at Pizza Pitt...
Word of advice,
there's always new toothpaste.
Don't swallow. Spit.

Cinderhella II:

this week at the Galaxy Pines Mall.
If you're anyone who's anyone
in Grizzly Lake, you'll go see it.
Moscow Hyatt is my idol.
This brings me to something I call:
Taylor Fisher's Guide

to Not Being a Total Reject.
One, go see Cinderhella II
on Friday night, loser.
Taylor, honey, I'm leaving.
Hurry or we'll be late.
Mom, I'm doing something important!
You're a monster!
I'll be in the car.
Fuck a duck!
Let me montage this
to speed things up.
What now?
Love Pizza Pitt.
Who are you?
Your biggest fan.
Rad.
Bitch, going to kill you.
-Okay.
-Okay....
Stalkers are so 2011.
Get out of my room, you paedophile!
Where is she?
The girl gets away with everything.
Life sucks.
Nice. That's just awesome.
I try to remember
I'm only the second-biggest loser...
...to walk Grizzly Lake High.
First place goes to the drunk slut who
screwed the dead mascot in 1992.
But the '90s are history. So am I.
Oh, my God, I love this song.
Shit!
No. "Oh no, no."
Shit.
This is the fifth sighting of
mysterious objects over Grizzly Lake.
Authorities speculate an elaborate
hoax perpetuated by high-school...
Dad, I forgot the bus leaves early
on Wednesdays. Can you drive me?
Sure, hon.
Nope, still drunk.
Yo, Heather Mills.

You're robbing me?
I didn't even know Iceland had crime.
Stop generalising. I stole this shirt.
- And the leather shoes?
- Vegetarian?
"Vegetarianism is the taproot
of humanitarianism." Tolstoy.
Give me your iPod, salad eater.
- It's a fucking shuffle.
- I make 6.55 an hour.
Yeah. Thanks, anyway.
I'm too old for this shit.
It's not my fault majoring
in Inuit Literature and Hipster Rock...
...doesn't replenish your trust fund.
- I listen to Aerosmith.
- Hey, Clapton.
- Hey, Clapton.
- Hey.
- Go left.
Where is Clapton Davis?
Other way.
Who gave Riley the permission
to have the hots for Clapton?
Did falling off the ugly tree
knock a dream into her head?
Why doom a win like Clapton Davis
to a life of missionary sex?
Nice save, Truman.
Think you can hook me up
with Alexis at prom?
Yeah, no problem!
This bear's been deceased
since the Nixon Administration...
...yet exerts
an extraordinary magnetic field.
Toshiba, you're either the smartest kid
in school or the weirdest.
Mimi, wait. Wait, Mimi. No.
I know it looks like
such a light-hearted...
...feel-good comedy
being an expecting teenage mom.
Let me tell you something. I've been

principal at this school for five years.
Let me tell both of you something.
Pregnant teenagers
are never funny. Ever.
I'm not pregnant.
Cut the carbs.
Attention, Grizzly Lake High.
- Hey, Kayla.
- Hey, Vicky.
Skank ho.
Your vote for prom king and queen
is now due.
Winners win a Pizza Pitt coupon.
Go Grizzly.
Tomorrow, the Grizzly Lake Bears will
play the Town Creek Beavers at pub.
Hey, Clapton.
lone, did you tell Billy about us?
Clapton, the small guy always beats
the invincible killing machine.
You're my Pat Morita.
Isn't he dead?
Duck.
Verge.
Get a life, punk.
This is ugly.
Three o'clock. Parking lot.
Winner wins lone. Loser wins...
-Ione?
- Shut up!
Just make sure your dumb ass
is there, dumb-ass!
Really, Clapton? If you're gonna get
your limbs ripped off...
...find a more worthy charity
than lone.
Lone likes Sting.
Clapton Davis,
you are more concept than reality.
I just mean that it looks like
Clapton's gonna ask out lone...
...which makes about as much sense
as that stupid movie Torque.
So, what do you think

about you and me?

Have you even thought about prom?

Hey, Sander. I saw your dad's dick
on Chat roulette last night.

Yes, Sander, I'm a girl.

Forget about genocide,
poverty and political corruption.

What could possibly be on
my girl mind other than prom?

Totally right, lone.

- Sting is the Bruno Mars of 1992.

- You're so funny.

- Why do you think I'd go with him?

- No reason.

Have you ever noticed that
we have compatible facial features?

Riley, don't delay the inevitable.

You know in three days,
we're gonna be prom dates...

...and the sex and shame
will be fleeting.

Look, get off my nuts, all right?

Hey, Riley, I don't wanna hear
about your testicles.

The assignment is simple.

You're a smart girl.

Use what you've learned this semester
about quantum physics...

...and build me a time machine
so I can get out of here.

- So hot.

- Sander, we have to finish this.

Then stop messing
with that bear claw.

I took it from the mascot. Strange.

Someone wired this with organic,
super-conduction Mimis----

- MagMimis-- Magnets.

- God.

Come on.

Toshiba, I mean, look at Clapton's.

It's got a clock-looking thing, okay?

I wanna pass this course.

Then do something. If I fail science,

I'm stuck with you next year...
...in the Remedial History
of the Jelly Bean.
- I love jelly beans.
- Slacker.
That's hilarious. What is it?
I don't know. It looks like a bong.
Well, Clapton...
...I'm wet.
I get it.
Listening to your loud music.
Tripping out to Fraggie Rock.
But the question is,
what does the future hold...
...for Clapton Davis?
Well, I am starting
my own music site.
It'll list new releases
and review albums...
...from bands
that nobody has heard of.
If they have, I'll dismiss them
with scathing comparisons...
...to avant-garde folk rockers.
Everything is graded on
a 100-point scale.
- No place for feedback.
- Excellent.
Readers can bitch on their Twitters.
Good taste is not a democracy.
And this pays what, 13.5 a year?
Free Costello tickets.
Do you think that I am
teaching students out of love?
I'm not.
It's your senior year
and your GPA is...
It's a disgrace.
But I'd rather not see you
back here next fall.
Give me an excuse to graduate you.
Impress me.
Get an A. Save a small country.
Something.

Anything.

Otherwise, get expelled...

...with the lowest grades
in Grizzly Lake history.

Does Home Ec count?

Get your shit together, son.

I make 40 g's a year plus dental.

You may not have a Skittle.

Thanks, Mr. Kendall.

Princess?

- Lone.

- Looks like Taylor's absent.

You'll be head cheerleader for
the Grizzly Lake Bear playoff game.

Don't do that.

You there!

- Riley.

- Sure you are, Crutches.

You'll have to be
the Grizzly Lake bear.

Mascot?

Wearing the bear suit is a privilege
enjoyed by a few. Put it on.

Time to get serious, dude.

- Is this real fur?

- That goes for you too.

- Don't you mess this up!

- I won't, Mr. Cooper.

You're as funny
as Bronson Pinchot.

Let me hear you growl!

Attack!

Typecast.

One and two! Feel it, whoo!

That's the spirit, lone.

I was wondering when Freedom
Williams would make a comeback!

- F in dodgeball too.

- You suck!

Road House?

Patrick Swayze didn't get Kelly Lynch
without ripping some throats first.

- I need to study if I'm gonna fight Billy.

- You can't be planning on fighting him.

Three o'clock, Clapton!
You're fucking dead!
Well, I guess he still likes lone.
Never underestimate the appeal
of stupid, cute things.
The girl's a moron. But you don't--?
You don't have a thing for her, do you?
Sander, Ione's an old soul trapped in
a very painfully hot cheerleader body.
She knows the "Fields of Gold" lyrics.
Every little thing she does is magic.
- Believe it.
- I believe in things I can see.
I believe in violence.
I believe in trees,
mortgages and albinos.
Wet T-shirt.
Patrick Swayze was only
an action star for three years.
Steven Seagal is a lifelong Buddhist
and a deadly master of aikido.
Wrong. Mullet beats ponytails.
Red shirt.
What if that innocent cow
was your son?
Or your daughter?
Now, scientists don't know
whether fish feel pain...
...so some vegetarians
still eat salmon and stuff.
But do you know how much pigs
or, like, veal suffer?
Is the only reason they live
just to be killed?
Meat is murder.
Nice work, Riley.
Now, for the counter-argument,
we turn to Gord.
Gord is our Canadian
exchange student...
...from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia...
...where I hear the salmon
is delicious.
Gord?

Yes, I'd like to start off by saying
that this girl's argument is ridiculous.
Vegetarians who eat fish
are hypocrites.
She thinks because fish may feel
no pain, they don't value their lives.
Absurd. And notice how she expresses
almost no sympathy for chickens.
That's because Americans
hate chickens.
For example,
KFC serves popcorn chicken...
...to assure the customers
that the chicken was blown to bits...
...yet the meatball sub at Subway
isn't called "popcorn cow."
Americans want chickens to die.
Lame! Personally,
I do feel sympathy for animals...
...which is why I choose
to only eat baby animals.
They have not lived as long
and are not leaving as much behind.
Baby clams, chicken wings,
baby seals, no big loss.
If we don't eat meat,
we lose our place in the food chain.
Eating animals gives us confidence
as humans.
Vegetarians like this girl,
who is only wearing one shoe...
...have less confidence
than everybody else.
Thank you, class. Ms. MacIntyre.
Very well researched, Gord.
And, yes, it's true.
Teenagers need self-confidence.

Clamato:

beverage at the grocery store.
Which is too bad, because I could
really go for some carbonated dolphin.
Why must you interrupt
my solitude...

...in the worst day of the worst life
in Grizzly Lake history?
- You're not the girl who fucked a bear.
- That was 20 years ago.
And she was a pervert.
I'm a mascot.
It's one rank lower
on the social ladder.
It's true.
I've been thinking about stuff.
Nudity, mostly.
You know, we don't talk much...
...but I like to believe we've been
sort of friends for a while.
Arguable, but not outlandish.
Okay, this human-conversation thing
is not working for you. Let's text.
You better not sext me.
Not interested in the rules.
Yeah, I figured.
Courtship, social ethics,
what people think.
Very true. You're right.
- Sorry, that was for Clapton.
- What the frig!
You know what?
Let's get it over with.
- Let's have sex.
- I'm only gonna say this once.
Do not become the bad guy
in the pregnancy-scare video.
Playful banter is just a sign of
a healthy, caring communi-- Hold on.
If you go sit somewhere else, we can
maybe go back to being sort of friends.
- Mind if I sit here?
- Free country.
Every day, you and I stand in
this hallway and no one notices.
We're just hollow and useless...
...and stuffed full of crap
nobody will ever see.
I know who you are.
You're me.

Well, let's go.
I mean, "Gonna Make You Sweat"?
They let her get away
with making that look cool?
And then I'm beaten by a Canadian
on the ethics of eating animals...
...which makes no sense because
Canadians are supposed to be nice.
See you, Clapton Davis.
Hope my soundtrack
comes out on vinyl.
Little dudes like you get worked.
Let's see your teeth.
For dental records.
Yeah, the next time you go
to the dentist and look at an x-ray...
...it will be a picture
of your head flying off.
- Shit. Get that molar.
- Somebody's trying to kill me!
Join the club.
Get out of my face, dude.
Leave him alone, Nolan. We get it.
Your dick is bigger, all right?
Wait, how do you know?
Clapton, you're my Ralph Macchio.
Do the crane thing.
I like you, lone,
but you're really weird.
If your face hurts my fist...
...I will punch you again harder.
- Everyone take a step back.
- Hang on! I was here first.
Listen up, folks.
Your classmate Taylor Fisher...
...was murdered in her bedroom
this morning.
- What?
- I know this comes as a shock.
We're gonna need to speak
to some of you in turn.
- I was just attacked!
- Sure you were, honey.
The violent death of 17-year-old

Taylor Fisher...
...has shaken the town
of Grizzly Lake.
Fisher, a beloved
Bears cheerleader...
...was getting ready for school
when an intruder stabbed--
Jason Lawrence said
he saw blue lights in the sky...
...and then mysteriously was
compelled to eat three cans of tuna...
...a food he typically hates.
Fuck everybody.
- You ever do any rave drugs?
- A rave? What is this, 1996?
This attacker you're describing,
Ms. Jones...
...sounds just like that horror film.
- Cinderhella.
Scream.
Cinderhella is only a movie.
It can't hurt you.
- You know that?
- I don't know. See the first one?
You're under the belief that
she attacked you? Cinderhella?
Look, I am not a retarded
Neve Campbell, okay?
Obviously, it was someone
dressed like her.
- You nuked the fridge with that one.
- I'm sorry. I don't speak fanboy.
Call if anything else comes to mind
or happens to you.
Yeppers, I'll be sure to call you
when I'm murdered.
Hey. A girl at your school is dead,
for real.
Think about that.
Iron Man. Now, that's a movie.
Iron Man was fucking PG-13.
Does this sound fucking PG-13
to you?
Worst motive ever.

What, you think I'm making this up?
Come on, Riley,
there's nobody else here.
Show me.
Whoever's trying to kill me knows
that Cinderhella is a huge cliché.
They know I know
nobody would believe me.
It's a conspiracy
to get everyone to think...
...I'm a total loser making pre-emptive,
mid-'90s pop references.
Yeah, it's all coming
to an end anyways.
- Translation?
- Our lives.
This summer everyone in
Grizzly Lake is going to college...
...to incubate their degrees,
get knocked up at a kegger...
...and come back here to populate
one of these homes...
...with tiny little versions of themselves.
These are our final days.
Turn.
What about your whole
music-criticism thing?
You'll beat the odds.
You always do, Clapton Davis.
Billy wants to eBay pieces of my face
and Verge is gonna fail me...
...unless I get an A
or save the universe.
Both equally improbable scenarios.
Duck.
You know, the whole cynic act
doesn't really fit on you.
Can't change anything.
Now is all we got. It's not cynicism.
I think now is pretty rad.
Except one girl's dead and the other's
waiting for the noose to tighten.
No.
I'm talking about now, me and you.

Look around. What don't you see?
Cinderhella?
Lone.
Get over yourself. Seriously.
My cast comes off tomorrow.
- Wanna take me dancing?
- Clapton don't dance.
Right, unless Ione's playing Oasis.
More Grizzly Lake kids
were conceived to Oasis...
...than any other Beatles cover band.
Definitely Maybe is British Rohypnol.
Eyes glazing.
I made plans to see a movie
with lone tomorrow night.
Make room for a third wheel.
Cinderhella, please. No.
Why are you crying?
This is the happiest night of your life.
You're prom queen.
It didn't mean anything, okay?
I swear. It was just sex.
Oh, no, Wendy.
It was the worst kind of sex.
Premarital.
I won't tell anyone, I swear.
Just let me go.
I'll let you go,
but only if the glass slipper fits.
It's deep inside
your lower abdomen.
- Oh, no.
- Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no.
If you take longer than two minutes,
it'll be a whole new crown of thorns.
Start digging-
Clock's ticking.
On, God!
Say cheese.
If you wanted to take pictures,
you should have stayed at home.
- Eat my shorts, jerk.
- I'll murder you, bitch.
"Eat my shorts"?

There's always some dickweed
trying to spoil people's fun.

- This film is gnarly.

- Gnarly.

It's not fair. I've been doing
Pilates all senior year.

My stomach muscles
are too tight to dig through.

Oh, Wendy,
why didn't you think about that...

...before you offered Scott
your after-school special?

Cinderhella is a moralist.

This is probably the best movie
since Volcano.

And the award for most vapid
film review of the century goes to...

- Can you try being nice?

- Clapton's with me.

- Quit being a space cadet.

- I don't like Clapton.

- I don't care.

- White people, shut it!

But you know he's my own
Michael Keaton, right?

Will you give it up
with your '90s obsession?

Speaking of which, nice plagiarism
on your debate with the Canadian.

"Meat is murder"?

Everyone knows Morrissey's
Kill Uncle was better.

- Is it?

- You're such a nimrod.

Will you stop talking?

We have rules of conduct.

Your ticket's a contract.

- Shut up, lumberjack!

- What is the contract?

There's to be no illegal photography
inside of Galaxy Cinemas.

That is not the way
a capitalist society functions.

When you take photography

inside of cinemas...
...you take money from carpenters
trying to feed their families.
Closing statement?
Silence is compliance.
Do the maths, baby. Taylor was hot.
I was watching Smurfs.
Neve Campbell was hot.
Jamie Lee Curtis?
- I just BitTorrented Avatar.
- I'd get jiggy with it.
Rephrase this for me, lone.
Your glamazon logic is too advanced.
- They look nothing like Smurfs.
- Riley. As if.
You're not banging enough
to be murdered.
- They're blue.
- Plus, you live in a bungalow.
Slasher-film heroines
live in McMansions.
They don't look alike.
Wow, that was 70 percent appalling
and 30 percent really perceptive.
- BT-dubs, Cinderhella is my stalker.
- Definition, "stalker":
Stalker, noun. Someone who is not
hot enough to be seen with you.
lone makes a compelling case.
If someone were to be
slashed and killed, I'd vote for her.
You're all that and a bag of chips,
Clapton.
It's not like Taylor Fisher
won a popularity contest.
She was murdered. You guys are
watching bimbos-get-tortured porn...
...to feed some music-video director's
coke habit.
Taylor died because she had it all.
She was the most popular girl.
Nobody hated her.
I'd hide in a sporting-goods store
if zombies attacked.

Correction:

popular girl. Everybody hated her.

- Costco.
- FYI, lone, you can't be the hero.
- No zombie memberships.
- Scream queens are virgins.

Riley does have superhero
impenetrability on her side.

Donald Waters.

He said "an anaconda"
and "ice cube."

I thought he was asking me to...
...watch a movie.

- Waters? That's gross.
- Cuts virginity out of the equation.

Cinderhella wants to kill me more.

I'm hot. Your house sucks. You lose.

Do you think Clapton would say yes
if I asked him out?

Riley, you have to do it.

You two have been
best friends forever.

- Hey, Clapton.
- Hey, Clapton.

He can ride me like that unicycle.
You!

Fartknocker!

Taylor Fisher was a paradigm
of human excellence.

Terrible shame this has to happen.

- Yeah.
- Yeah.

Problem with kids today, they don't
know how to channel aggression.

Football! That's the way.

Otherwise,
they're dreaming of girls...

...and end up in prison
on rape charges.

Yeah.

They close the school to let us grieve,
and everyone shows up at the mall.

These people make me sick.

Remember, there's a costume party
later at my place.
Ready for the big game tonight,
coach?
Always ready for football!
You're dead, Clapton.
Gotta fled.
I gotta pick up prom tickets.
But what about Taylor?
Run, blond gal, run!
Hotel for Dogs is on cable soon.
I guess the rumours
that you don't trim are true.
Taking nude photographs
with little kids is sick.
Here we go! Let's play some football!
Bust some heads!
Let's break some hands!
Break a claw!
Take it in!
Watch 32. Set. Hut!
Nolan, I'm open. What the fuck?
Let go of the god damn ball!
What the--?
What the hell do you think--?
- What are you doing?
- I'm sorry.
- Booger! Get off!
- Come on, Nolan.
- Get in the game!
- I'm trying!
- What is that?
- Get off the bear!
You saw nothing.
Nothing! Shut up!
Nolan, you all right?
What the hell do you think--?
What is that? Goddamn it!
Get out of here!
Billy, hold on a sec.
You resolve all your boy troubles
in the man's room?
Why are you gonna fight Clapton?
So junior high.

All that juicing is freaking you out.
Juicing?
Does this look like steroids to you?
Yeah, nice biceps. You're a freak!
You wanna know the story
of the real Billy Nolan?
Your eyes are bloodshot,
you vomit acid...
...and your brain is scrambled
from all the football hits.
Sure, lay it on me.
I have fly blood in my veins.
I'm a freak.
Robot dog.
Billy, I told you 100 damn times.
Get that dog out of here
when I'm watching the set.
He's blocking the game.
Why does he hate me?
All I have in the world is my TV set.
Never take this off, boy.
No one can know
that my son's a freak.
TV hand! TV hand! TV hand!
Hike!
TV hand! TV hand! TV hand!
And that's exactly
how I remember it.
You have got to cut down
on the protein shakes.
- Get lost! You don't know shit!
- If you fight Clapton, I'll tell everyone.
You think they give trophies
to larvae?
- My hand.
- Come on!
I'm trying
Billy, we really need to talk.
Is this when I'm supposed to say,
"How could you?"
Am I supposed to say,
"It's not what it looks like"?
What, are you two fucking?
Welcome to the Sandersons'.

Don't speak more loudly...
...than you would at your home. If you
have to go number one, go outside.
If it's number two, you go home.
Why'd you tell me
this was a costume party?
Because it is.
Fag.
Who are you supposed to be,
Super Mario?
Angela Chase.
She of the So-Called Life,
Claire Danes?
If it wasn't on man's curling,
I probably haven't seen it.
- We're the least cool people here.
- No, speak for yourself.
I'm dressed as
Captain Jean-Luc Picard.
Setting off some pheromones.
I thought you were an ice skater.
- Do you like fish sticks?
- Oh, my God!
In Canada, people drink
what they bring to the party.
This whole Marxist alcohol
partition thing is new to me.
I like to mooch the good stuff.
So Canada, eh?
Is it true you guys
never lock your doors?
Suck it, bitches.
Gag.
I have no witty retort to that.
Just kiss me and make sure Clapton
sees that shit.
Engage.
I am fever!
I hope you're having
as much fun as us, Clapton.
As much fun as Billy had?
If your mind is being controlled
by Wrath of Khan slugs...
...I just want you to know

that I am cool with it.
Let's dance, Sander...
...because Clapton don't dance.
Not awesome.
I think I'm gonna barf.
Your bra hooked my ring.
Don't stretch my suspenders.
These overalls are vintage 1994.
This is a limited-edition
LeVar Burton Starfleet pinkie ring.
I had to eat Whole Wheat Crackles
for a year to get one.
- Creeper. Beam off!
- Trust me.
That dude has tits.
Finally happened for me.
Clapton Davis!
Tonight will prove my theory...
...that lone won't go to prom...
...with someone
who has been murdered!
Go on, Clapton. I believe in you.
How about you use that motivational
speech to talk Billy out of it?
He's not gonna stop
until you step up.
You just have to lay down the law.
What if I lay down in pain?
Remember, Clapton,
pain don't hurt.
Red shirt. Damn.
All right, Billy.
Clapton Davis.
You are not as much of a pussy
as I thought.
- Do you wanna do this the easy way?
- What's the easy way?
Stop being so smart, all right?
You're dead either way.
Well, thank you
for explaining my op--
Thank God that's not me.
Goal!
It's go time, Clapton.

Shut up, lone!
It's no wonder I broke up with you.
Clapton Davis is a genius!
Would you go back in time to punch
Benjamin Franklin and Spike Lee too?
Get out of my face, ho!
And you lied to me. It is not normal
for people's semen to glow in the dark.
Billy, she never saw my semen,
I swear to God.
I cannot believe you just said that
in front of all these people.
Did I win?
What the--?
Why don't you take a picture, homo?
Stop messing with my buzz!
This shocking footage was recorded
by a witness earlier today.
Be warned,
the images here are disturbing.
How you feeling?
Well, my vision's diagonal...
...I can't breathe
without thinking about it...
...I can hear
other people's thoughts...
...and it looks like
you're eating meat.
Other than that, tip-top shape.
Not only do I eat meat,
but I am now a porno star.
Parties are so full of self-discovery.
Moo-licious.
Being a mascot is a proud tradition.
You represent the honour
of Grizzly Lake High.
When you take off
that bear costume...
...you should walk like your body
is still covered in fur.
The video of your mammary gland...
...was viewed 20,000 times
on the Internet.
- YouTube?

- National Zoology.

- Can I throw up?

- It's also in the news.

Billy Nolan is killed

in the same video.

Who taught you how to make

a snuff porno? Lady Gaga?

Wait. Are you guys

accusing me of something?

Your nipple was exposed

for seven whole seconds.

Is that why two of my brightest

students were killed?

For seven seconds of video?

- Did you all watch it?

- I didn't.

Why not?

I am giving everybody implicated

as being anywhere near Billy Nolan...

...on that tape Saturday detention.

- Tomorrow?

- Tomorrow.

- Tomorrow is prom.

- This is murder.

And porn.

There's a killer in Grizzly Lake...

...who is affiliated

with people at my school.

Detention is in the library.

It goes from 10 am. to 10 pm.

That's right through prom.

I thought Saturday detention

was a myth.

So was ice-skater porn.

Riley, don't ever degrade yourself.

Don't let them make you think

that you're not valuable.

- Mr. Kendall--

- Respect your body.

This is just a big misunderstanding.

A wise man once said that we're all

a bunch of big misunderstandings.

His name was Deepak Chopra.

What difference does it make now?

I'm just...
I'm just a stupid porn star.
No, Riley.
You're a beautiful girl
whose voice just needs to be heard.
I'm a porn star.
Young.
Hot.
Porn.
We just need to take a moment...
...to look into each other's eyes
and centre our chakra.
You're looking for
something deeper.
Yeah. Yeah, I am. I like older guys.
Like age 36...
...or 39 or 35 or something.
Riley.
That's right.
There's always a new way
of looking at each other.
Okay, suspects.
Tell me who the killer is,
and I'll let you go home...
...and go to your little prom.
Taylor Fisher.
I don't believe you.
We have rights.
You can't lock us up without evidence.
This isn't jail.
It's detention.
Well, we can rule out Gord.
Canadians don't kill
outside their home country.
Yeah, well,
we can count Sander out too.
Nolan was chopped up with an axe.
Ever seen Sander try to swing a bat?
I was sick that day.
You have the arms of an anaemic
spider monkey. Definitely not you.
Well, Mimi probably
isn't the killer either.
Her only death comes

from a make-up kit.

We can take Toshiba off the list.

- Why?

- Because you're you.

And it's definitely not Claptonia.

Those two couldn't be apart
long enough to coordinate a killing.

That with lone

gnawing through boyfriends...

...like an unfed piranha

makes me think you're both innocent.

Thanks?

You've gone out with, what?

Five guys these past three years?

'90s makeover aside, you're not
reflexive enough to hold a grudge.

And crippling gimpitude
saves your ass.

Having a broken leg is for losers,
you idiot.

All right, then that settles it.

It's Toby T.

- Why is it me?

- Just fess up, Toby.

So I can get out of here, and won't
have to listen to this windbag.

- Take one for the team.

- You guys barely even know me.

That's kind of the problem.

It writes psychotic killer
all over your face.

Mimi is just too obvious
with the rebellious clown make-up...

...her hippie parents hate.

- My parents aren't hippies.

- Are you all assholes?

- I'm not.

Look, guys, it's obvious

I have no ties to Billy and Taylor.

Same school, same food chain.

How could you,

strange, unknown quiet guy?

I'm not a killer, I'm just boring.

Toby, you're right.

It can't be any of us.
We're not anguished enough.
Our generation has had
no major struggles.
- What about 9111 ?
- Afghanistan?
- Iraq.
- Katrina.
Heath Ledger. What?
Too soon?
The hell do Katrina & the Waves
have to do with it?
Katrina the hurricane.
Wikipedia it, bitch.
It's spelled "encyclopaedia," slutbag.
Who's the guy in the hoodie?
My name is Elliot Fink.
I didn't see you.
Nobody really sees me.
I've had detention every day
for the last 19 years.
Nineteen years?
The hell did you do?
I... I don't remember.
Took a dump on the windshield
of Woodruff's Cadillac.
Only got a week.
You must be the baddest motherfucker
in school.
Now, Elliot Fink,
you're gonna sit here...
...and think about
what you've done.
You'll have detention every day
until I tell you you're reformed.
My school will not be a training ground
for budding pornographers.
Don't look at me, perv.
Can I get a Wi-Fi connection here?
'Nam flashback?
Did you go to this school in 1992?
Yeah, she'll be 65 next week.
It's a surgical wonder.
Apparently, a perfect body

and eyeliner aren't enough...
...to win the school dance-off.
You need, like, moves and things.
God!
I used to know how to break it down
like C+C Music Factory.
Yeah, right!
Mom, the dance-off is in two days.
All you need to do is swap minds
with my 18-year-old self.
My mind will go into your mind,
into your body...
...and win you the dance-off.
Meanwhile, your mind
will travel to 1992.
That way people won't wonder
why there's two of you...
...or us, hanging around now.
A couple of things I need to tell you
about boys in 1992.
Christian Slater, Frank Whaley...
...oh, and Richard Grieco
are all foxes.
Donnie Wahlberg is bordering sexy.
Oh, and Kevin Costner is slamming
in Prince of Thieves.
Kevin Costner is a douche.
And one other thing...
...are you insane?
It's what I always sang to you
when you were a baby.
When you wish--
Shit!
I wish my mother
would go to another planet...
...instead of being a drunken has-been
who's full of shit.
So that's how my mind ended up
in my mother's body in 1992.
And how I ended up
in my daughter lone in the present.
But that's all technical science stuff.
Wow, lone really did her research.
Next up, doing ballet...

...we have Ripley Jones.
Riley!
Whatever, dude.
You have like three minutes.
You taste like Luke Perry.
- She's a gimp.
- FML!
Every student donating a food item
to help the war victims...
...will receive a free pass
to Lethal Weapon 3.
What the heck is so retro
about Kris Kross, dumb-ass?
This week the Science Olympiad
took place in Town Creek.
I am never leaving this place.
This move is sick.
Tighten up that defence line
Said hold that line
This one is...
Oh, hey, Verge,
are you coming out tonight?
We're gonna watch Freejack
on laser disc.
Dear God, please give me the strength
to ask Sloan to prom.
We're meant to be
and she sees the future.
And give some food to those Ethiopian
kids hanging out with Sally Struthers...
...because seeing them
really bums me out...
...during Star Trek: Next Generation.
Amen.
Lose your seat?
No, I was just sitting
right over there.
I saw you in cheerleader practise
in the gym yesterday...
...and I was thinking about it again
in bed last night.
I was just gonna ask you to prom.
I can smell bologna packed
in your lunch. It makes me gag.

You look like a girl!
Sloan probably only likes guys
that look like C. Thomas Howell.
Well, that's just
racial discrimination.
If I can't be part of her future,
there will be no future.
Damn it.
Well, if I'm gonna die, at least I know
I've lived twice as long as Riley.
Just because you're a bitch
doesn't give you dog years.
Says the baby with the stuffed toys.
I think it's Taylor's.
Verge is right.
The killer's right here.
We gotta find out what happens
after the Cinderhella murders.
- Cinderhella dies.
- Yeah, after that.
What happens in

Cinderhella III:

- Movie's not out yet.
- I'll BitTorrent the work print.
Three, two-- Got it!
Damn. The review
by Sherlock Moriarty...
...compares it unfavourably
to Hellboy II...
...calling it a "craptasterpiece."
That's it.
If Mr. Pain's giving us detention
on a Saturday...
...the least we can do is download
Slashing Beauty 4 for free...
...and watch it illegally on the Internet
before it's released.
I wanna have unprotected sex.
How can they make a movie worse
than Cinderhella II?
They say the Beauty Beast
only kills virgins.
I'm saving myself for marriage.

I avoid teenage pregnancy.
Madison. We're gonna die.
If it's life or death...
- What is this, Canadian?
- Canada invented the slasher film...
...as well as the "animal plays a sport"
genre, motherfucker.
I'm a virgin.
Take me, Beauty Beast!
Your teeth are so hard!
Suck it!
Goddamn it!
Greg, you asshole.
Now we really do have to use
this time to think about our futures.
This movie is so stupid.
Let's go back to class
and fall asleep.
None of you felons...
...will ever graduate!
What is this commotion?
- We're about to get murdered.
- Someday you will be old, kids.
Do you believe that our president,
Barack Obama, murdered anyone...
...when he was in high school?
O.J. maybe. Not Obama.
- I think that's racist, sir.
- What is? It is not.
Why did you go from Obama to O.J.
Instead of to Dahmer or someone?
I, Mimi, am the principal
of this school...
...and you have not even completed
your schooling.
Besides, I voted for McCain.
In conclusion, stop fucking around.
- Are we allowed to read?
- No, Hitachi.
Toshiba.
Lone. Sorry, baby.
-"Baby"?
- Weird.
Who is that?

My name's Elliot Fink.
Nobody say a word.
Nobody sneeze.
Nobody look at anything
except your own eyeballs.
There's a killer amongst us.
You've read Brave New World.
Like Big Brother, I'm watching you.
Big Brother was in 1984.
You have no future in my opinion.
What now?
These kids should be happy to be
away from their Yu-Gi-Oh.
What the hell are you doing
out of detention?
I solved the equation.
Cool. You passed Trig. In other news,
somebody's murdering us.
None of that matters.
If these numbers are correct,
the world is ending in 10 minutes.
- The whole world?
- Yeah, all of Grizzly Lake.
- That's not the whole world.
- You been outside Grizzly Lake?
- No.
- What's the difference?
Whoa-kay.
Nobody knows who you are.
Why believe you?
In 9.4 minutes,
everyone you know...
...your friends, your parents...
...your extensions, goes bye-bye.
This destruction is man-made.
If it's man-made, we can kill it.
Score one for Captain 9021-Obvious.
How do we stop it?
That's the catch. I said it was
happening in nine minutes...
...but it's happening in nine minutes
in the year 1992.
What the hell?
Somebody must have

gone back to 1992.

In nine minutes, they're changing history by blowing everything up.

None of you will have even been born.

- The end of the world's coming?

- Yeah.

- In 1992?

- Yes!

-1992.

- We're talking time travel?

- There's no such thing.

- Technically it's a temporal wormhole...

...based on an 11-dimensional string model of the holographic universe.

It'd require a highly advanced mathematical construct...

...far beyond M-theory...

...probably alien in origin.

What?

I've been building the school bear into a time machine for science class.

So you're telling me it works? Cool.

I hate this school.

Where's Sander?

And Clapton.

He's terrified of the future.

Nobody hated Verge like Clapton.

Clapton doesn't hate anyone except Billy Nolan.

Also dead.

On, shit.

I'll drop my extreme scepticism due to the potential urgency of the situation.

- How do we use your time machine?

- You'll break it.

- I haven't been graded yet.

- You won't be graded at all...

...if you haven't been born.

Show me how it works.

No, show me.

I don't trust anyone right now.

Maybe we don't trust you.

It's personal.

I have to stop Clapton from killing us.
Someone took this claw
from my locker.
I'm sorry. But this is so cool.
How much did those cost?
A hundred dollars.
For overalls?
Did your parents sell out
to an evil corporate conglomerate?
I'm never leaving this place.
- Schwing!
- Schwing!
That's why Mom left you.
Okay, class, we talked last week
about quantum states.
Now, can anybody tell me
what describes a mixed state?
- New Mexico.
- No, Clapton.
You already received your 15 percent
for participation mark.
You don't have to give
the wrong answers any more.
But nice work on your essay
on the Heisenberg principle.
It was incorrect but it had heart.
I gave you an A.
He's a killer!
I don't know this person.
My class time will not be spent
on practical jokes.
Clapton Davis is
my brightest student.
Brightest?
He never does his homework.
We figured it out, Clapton.
All this death is just a game to you.
Why would I kill people? I chased
Sander through the time machine...
...after he got Gord, lost him.
Been stuck here for six weeks.
- But I'm on the honour roll.
- So then why does the world go away?
Wait, is that why Verge

is building a bomb?

- A bomb?

- Thought he was extra-crediting.

In Osama bin Ladinism?

I bet Sander's helping him.

Unbelievable. You let

a mass murderer feel your bosom.

Oh, my God.

We have to kill Sander.

What are we, monsters?

Let's just kidnap him.

And scene. Thank you.

Shit!

If time travel were to happen,

it would probably require...

...a huge electrical force

of around 1.21, 1.22 gigawatts.

See how crossing the nodes of your flux capacitor generates a tachyon blast?

I don't know who you are

or what you're trying--

The way this is set up,

it's gonna blow your face off.

Yeah, I'd like to see that.

You defy death and turn into

a douche bag like Spock.

Here, I made you a mix tape.

That's so awesome.

- Are you from, like, the year 2000?

- Yes, I come from the time where...

...computers and machines

have overtaken the world...

...and enslaved human bodies

as sources of infinite electrical power.

That's stupid.

The food it would take--

If you're not careful,

you'll create a chain of events...

...leading to the complete annihilation of the human race.

Now make that bomb go off.

I wanna kill everyone because

they snubbed me for prom.

- That works.

- I like how you think, Mr...?

Keanu.

Excuse me.

Where is your hall pass?

- Gosh-fucking-darn it.

- You get his legs.

- Oh, my face!

- It didn't work.

Don't be so sure.

Come on!

Riley, get back in the time machine.

We've been sent back

six minutes before doomsday.

We should have grabbed Verge.

He had enough info to know

how to make the bomb go off.

- New strategy.

- What?

I don't know.

I'm saying we need one.

I got nothing.

If we weren't all dead in two minutes,

I would masturbate so hard...

...to lone tonight.

-lone? You mean Sloan.

Girls like Sloan will learn what happens
when they pass up guys like me.

Let me see your bomb.

- That's it.

- What's what?

Verge is doing this because she broke
his heart. We force lone to go with him.

Ione's going to prom with me.

Forget it.

She'll go to prom with you in 2011
and with him in 1992.

Yeah, I still don't think

I'm okay with that.

Lone!

You'll blow this for me.

I traded places with my mom.

My name here is Sloan.

Don't I get a kiss?

No.

Damn, I knew Sting
was too good to be true.
- Your mom's a bitch.
- It was to win the contest.
- I was gonna come back but--
- Being cool is that important?
How hard is it to be cool in 1992?
Plus, my mom's body fits great,
except...
...I think I may be pregnant.
Ione's giving birth to herself?
I failed that class.
You know how cool people
always refer to guacamole as "guac"?
- I invented that.
-lone, you have to ask Verge to prom.
Waiting for the punchline.
People are getting killed. He's gonna
blow up Grizzly Lake in 56 seconds.
You can keep living in 1992
if you want...
...but the fate of everyone
you've ever known goes away...
...unless you ask Verge to prom
right now.
Screw that! I can't be forced
to go to prom with someone.
That's like date rape.
You heard of
the Dead Cheerleader Nationals?
They don't exist.
Verge, I was wondering...
What are you guys working on?
Now, lone. Eighteen seconds!
- Will you be my prom date?
- Your hair can look like Sharon Stone?
- What?
- What are you doing?
- Fine!
- Nine seconds.
- You go full tongue?
- Okay.
Cowabunga.
We can use my

Pizza Pitt coupons first.
Weren't we able to jump through
last time?
We surpassed the spatial
temporal limit of time travel.
What is that?
You just made that up.
Toshiba must have put
an on-off switch here.
Let's see.
Found it.
Come on!
That girl is going down on that bear.
- Come on!
- I knew that ass looked familiar.
- Come on, you bitch!
- Nice.
Who's her prom date?
All his parts are still working.
- Yeah, we gotta go.
- Come on.
Not so fast.
Oh, crap.
So everyone left detention
after Verge and Gord got killed?
Our band may not be the Drunges,
but I wouldn't say we got killed.
Oh, Principal Pimping,
don't listen to the haters.
You are my freakasaurus.
Since our lead vocalist is too busy
getting molested by Mrs. Verge...
I quit, I quit, I'm too wasted.
Verge! Verge! Verge!
I guess I'll sing the next song.
This one goes out to lone.
Because, lone,
you are my field of gold.
Hit it, Gord.
Toby T knows every
post-Police Sting album.
We changed the fabric
of space-time.
That or the bear fumes

have gotten me delusional.

- An A. That should do it.

- Verge!

Nineteen years ago today...

...I met the kindest man

I could ever imagine.

Who gave you the right to get

so much older than me?

Strange things happen

when you're young.

No! The punch bowl has been spiked.

You will not drink that, young lady.

Don't talk to me that way,

young lady.

All right, love-birds. I'm gonna steal

my hottie and grab some guac.

Guac.

And the world just threw up a little.

- "Love-birds"? Are we dating now?

- You got a problem with that?

Students.

I hate to interrupt but it is now time to

announce your prom king and queen.

Oh, you all know what the deal is.

Riley, Clapton...

...come on up here and dance.

- Clapton don't da--

- Shut up.

If you don't dance with me,

I will murder every last inch of you.

Well, in that case,

hold on a second.

Clapton don't dance.

So they say.

But when studying Road House...

...I got hooked on the rest

of Patrick Swayze's oeuvre.

If he can look cool dirty dancing...

Is everything really back to normal?

I guess if me getting an A and saving

the universe is considered normal.

Well, maybe normal's

not all it's cracked up to be.

We didn't change everything.

I mean, look at how tight
his jeans are.

- He's totally gay.
- Oh, you piece of shit!
You should have fucked me.
Think you can kill people
because you're a virgin?
That's the douchiest thing
I've ever heard.

Sander, I want my fish sticks.
Hey!
I stopped wearing Ed Hardy
junior year.
I'm sorry that you're all too busy
playing Sims Grizzly Lake to notice!

- Christian Audigier is the same shit.
- Really? Whatever.
- You're all Gossip Girls with Corollas!
- I take the bus.

And like wearing a movie mask
is so original.
Read a book.
It's called post-irony!
I used to think you were just some
middle-class chump with no game.
But those pity points ran out.
Oh, pity me from the wrist-slitting
herbivore over here?
"Clapton Davis doesn't love me.
Please kill me, God!"
You are pathetic!
All of your Grizzly Lake friends
are pathetic!
Except me. I'm all right.
God, why wasn't I born
some place cool, like Orlando?
God, you're a dick.
It breaks my spirit to see that bra size
wasted on someone like you.
You're about to be spanked
by the power of Swayze.
All Road House had were his fists.
In Under Siege,
Steven Seagal was a master chef.

Your fighting style is so obnoxious.
Seagal in On Deadly Ground.
Impenetrable defence.
On, God!
L 901 you
You got yourself.
Just another dead teenager
in Grizzly Lake.
I think he'll be the last.
Once upon a time,
the planet didn't burst into flames...
...everybody didn't die,
and life kept on...
...even though Sander thought that
he was the only one who mattered.
But every one of us was...
...a prince...
...a princess...
...a child...
a grown-up
...someone cool.
If you and Verge can't get home
at a reasonable hour...
...there's no Twitter for a month.
Oh, that's so unfair.
You're gonna let your daughter
ground you like that?
Yeah, good luck with that.
Sander saw no future for us
because he lived in the past.
So his experiment
was to end time itself.
But we now know
the greatest experiment...
...isn't travelling through time
or making bombs.
The only way to change the past...
...is to change the present.
So Sander was wrong. Even if
Grizzly Lake is lame, it's just a start.
A beginning, not an end.
And... And...
I can't think to this song.
We're live in Grizzly Lake

where what appears to be a UFO...
...Is descending
on a suburban commune.
I am a spokesman for the race alien
to your planet Earth.
First, we assimilated Canada and I
took the exact form of a Canadian.
I am part of a vegetable species.
You stupid humans
eat our sons and daughters...
...because you have
no self-confidence.
It's just high school.
It's not the end of the world.