

SUN COUNTY

written by

Kimberlea Kressal

Corinne Hayoun
MANAGE-MENT
310-208-4411
ch@manage-ment.com

TEASER

INT. SUN COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT, SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A series of tight, fast shots: well-manicured hands being fingerprinted, a buzzing fluorescent light, a photo screen being pulled down, a camera lens, a woman's eyes blinking. The images repeat and speed-up until CAMERA FLASH!

INT. SUN COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT, RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

The same well-manicured hands hold a Sun County School District photo ID. ELENA MARTINEZ (mid-30s Cuban-American) turns it over in her hands. She notices black ink remains on her fingers, she tries to wipe it off. Faintly we hear...

RASHIDA (O.C.)
Principal Martinez. Principal
Martinez. The Superintendent will
see you now.

The voice slowly comes to full volume. Elena looks up, nods.

INT. SUN COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT, SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE -
DAY

Opulent Florida decor fills the office. ART MILLS (50s) short, sweaty, with visible hair plugs sits behind an oversized mahogany desk. He's on the phone.

ART
God dammit, tell Geri she's gotta
meet me in the middle on some of
this crap.

A knock, his Assistant RASHIDA opens the door for Elena, Art waves her in. He is getting more angered at the caller.

ART (CONT'D)
Now hold the fuck on, nobody,
nobody benefits from those kinds of
--- No, you listen to me! I've got
260,000 students, not to mention
their parents, most of whom are
registered mother-fucking voters,
(the ones that aren't illegals
anyway) ALL of whom I'm supposed to
serve, which I can't do with her
gripping my --- Yea, you do that.

He hangs the phone up hard, smiles, and walks around the desk

ART (CONT'D)

Elena!

She extends her hand.

ELENA

Superintendent Mills.

He pushes off the handshake and hugs her.

ART

Are you kidding me, call me Art.
How long has it been, 5,6 years?

ELENA

8 I think.

ART

8 years!

He holds her shoulders and smiles for an awkward length of time, his smile drops then...

ART (CONT'D)

Now, what happened over there in
Pinellas County...

Art walks back around the desk to his chair and relaxes into it. He stares at Elena. SHE TENSES UP. Art leans forward.

ART (CONT'D)

Was outstanding, pardon my french,
out-fucking-standing leadership.
From a D grade to an A in two
years, that takes vision!

ELENA

Thank you, Sir.

He's back on his feet, around the desk, opening a roll of breath mints, offering her one, watering a plant, checking his watch; never breaking the rhythm of his speech.

ART

You see what needs to be done and
you do it. You're not afraid to get
a little dirt under your nails.
That's the kind of industriousness
we need in Sun County. Fortitude
and cojones, big fucking cojones!

Rashida enters carrying a wrapped gift. She hands Art his suit jacket. He puts it on and picks up a folder.

ART (CONT'D)

I got your request to bring with
you this Anita uh ---

ELENA

Anita Roberts. She's been
invaluable to me as an AP.

ART

Loyalty. I like that.

(beat)

Now most folks in my position would
stick you in another shit school to
see if lightning can strike twice,
but I'm not gonna do that.

ELENA

You're not?

He starts walking, Rashida signals Elena to walk with him.

ART

McAuliffe, it's our premier school.

INT. SUN COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT, HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Elena catches up as Art walks briskly. Elena stumbles.

ELENA

McAuliffe?

ART

The pride and joy of Sun County.
1600 of the most talented,
motivated students in South
Florida. Highest test scores,
lowest incidents of violence. We
get something like 3,000
applications---

RASHIDA

3,700.

ART

3,700 applications for 400 spots.

ELENA

That's impressive.

ART

That's a fuck ton of pissed off
parents each year is what it is.

Art pauses in front of two heavy wooden doors, looks at her.

ART (CONT'D)
I've known you a long time. 15
years?

ELENA
12.

ART
12 years, and you know what I
thought the first time I met you? I
thought this cheerleader is gonna
get ass raped by the system, but
you didn't. You know how you don't
get fucked by the system Elena?

He's not asking for an answer, he's asking for an oath.

ELENA
You fuck it first, Sir.

He smiles, takes the gift from Rashida and hands it to her.

ART
Welcome to Sun County Principal
Martinez.

He opens the heavy doors to a loud and packed room. A gavel
is heard banging.

INT. SUN COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT, SCHOOL BOARD CHAMBERS -
CONTINUOUS

Elena enters the room, stands in the back. Gavel bangs again.

CHAIRMAN HURST (O.C.)
Ladies and gentlemen, please stand
for the Pledge of Allegiance.

She unwraps the gift: Sun Tzu's "THE ART OF WAR." She looks
back up at Art, hand over his heart, as the room recites...

ALL
I pledge allegiance...

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER