

INT. JUNIOR HIGH - POOL DECK

The 100-meter freestyle race. The last race of the day.

COMMENTATOR

It all comes down to this. The final event of the day and the most important. Bonahstein and Schmeckel for middle school national supremacy and possible history in the making. Jace looks rather sleek today. Schlomo isn't looking that hot. Other than the abundance of body hair, I would say he is looking a little pale.

Schlomo's skin is milky white. And he has a frown on his face.

Samuel stands and rubs his head in worry.

SAMUEL

Something is wrong.

Samuel heads toward Schlomo.

The TEAM huddles up. Schleppe puts his arm around Schlomo. Schlomo gives him a look of disgust, grimaces in pain.

COACH

You losers haven't listened to a word I have said all year, so get out there and win this Championship. Schlomo and Jace, we need you to finish one and two. I don't care about you setting records or beating each other. I have seen you grab assing, trying to outdo each other all year long. For once act like teammates.

The BAND cues up, the middle school dance and cheer TEAMS CHEER and the CROWD GOES CRAZY as the swimmers step up to the platforms.

Holly Button, busy writing notes for the middle school newsletter, stops, slowly pushes her glasses up to the bridge of her nose and rushes over to Schlomo before he gets on the platform. She leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

HOLLY

Good luck Schlomo, maybe we can share a chocolate milk sometime

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Schlomo, blushes and puts his hand over his emerging boner.

SCHLOMO

Would love to share a Cock with
you, Umm, pour my cock, I mean yeah
chocolate milk.

Holly rushes away with a smile, blushing also.

As they step onto the platforms, Jace looks over to Schlomo with a shit eating grin.

JACE

After I spank you in the 100, I'm
going stick it in your girlfriend.

SCHLOMO

You gonna use that pussy you call a
penis?

JACE

Fuck you, Schlomo.

As the OFFICIAL gets the swimmers lined up, Schlomo feels a bomb drop from his throat to his intestines. He starts clenching his sphincter tightly.

Jace looks towards his Dad who clenches one fist and pounds it into the other while he grits his teeth. Jace nods in approval.

The START GUN GOES OFF, but Schlomo's anal distress causes him to dive in last.

COMMENTATOR

And we are off. Jace is out to a
commanding lead. Schlomo is making
up some ground, but doesn't look
like he had the best of starts.

As they make turn one, Schlomo crunches his body and stalls. A large water bubble lodges out of the pool. He shrugs and keeps fighting through the pain, but it slows him down a bit.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

Wow, Schlomo is not even close.
This could be a huge upset.

As they hit the final lap, Schlomo looks up and realizes how far behind he is. He increases his stroke rate and splashing increases. As they make the turn, Schlomo has amazingly caught up to Jace.

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COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

I can't believe my eyes. What a comeback. That Schlomo is a serious talent.

As they are a few strokes from the wall, Schlomo abruptly picks his head up and clenches his face shutting his eyes and gritting his teeth. He lets out a huge grunt and drops a liquid tar shit that looks like an oil spill gushing throughout the pool. The smell and sheer amount of shit pouring into other lanes causes a chain reaction of GAGGING AND PUKING.

Jace touches the wall, looks up to official clock stopped at 59 seconds. Victorious with a record-setting time beating record by 1 second. He is totally unscathed by the shit storm from Schlomo's ass.

Schlomo can't stop shitting. He just treads water and shits himself over and over again.

SCHLOMO

I want to stop, but it... I can't.

Swimmers scramble out of the pool covered in shit. PARENTS and SPECTATORS run to help the racers, but the smell makes them start puking in disgust.

Holly races to the pool to see how she can help Schlomo, but she is grabbed by Jace. He plants a huge smooch on her.

Schlomo sees this and starts crying. He swims to the other side of the pool.

Holly pushes Jace away and punches him and knees him in the balls. She fixes her glasses and storms off.

JACE

Are you serious? You are going to deny the junior high national record holder? Big mistake, sweet tits.

Holly continues in the direction of Schlomo. She passes by the commentator table.

COMMENTATOR

I am, for once, at a loss for words. They are going to have to use a jackhammer to get those shit stains out of that pool. I have never seen anything like that.

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COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

Schlomo has flushed his chance at a record and his future down the toilet. Literally.

Schlomo continues to grunt in pain in the pool. As he comes out of his shitting haze, he sees his father standing over the edge of the pool with a gaze of disgust.

SAMUEL

I hope you are happy, son. You have disgraced the Bonahstein name with your dietary and lack of hygienic habits. You are no son of mine.

Samuel walks away as Schlomo's mother approaches.

HELGA

Honey, just get cleaned up and come home and Mommy will make you some hot pockets.

Samuel looks back at Helga sternly.

SAMUEL

Helga, let's go.

Holly passes Samuel and Helga.

HOLLY

Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Bonahstein.

Samuel nods.

HELGA

So good to see you, Holly. Come by for some waffles whenever your parents say it is ok.

Holly walks to the edge of the pool.

HOLLY

Schlomo, are you ok?

She reaches out her hand to help him out of the pool of feces.

SCHLOMO

Get away from me. I saw you sucking face with Jace. What are you here to do, rub that in, too? I hate this school, this sport and now... you.

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He splashes a huge stream of shit water on her.

Holly walks away crying.

Schlomo slams both his hands in the water and goes under and SCREAMS. As he comes up from the water, we see Schleppa's silhouette.

SCHLEPPA

Don't see what the big deal is.
This would be a luxury pool back in
Pakistan.

Schleppa does a cannonball in and swims around backstroke-spraying water out of his mouth like a fountain.

The JANITOR comes in, face covered with a gas mask, putting up hazard tape around the pool.

Schlomo and Schleppa leave through the back exit to the

JUNIOR HIGH - BIKE RACK

Schlomo has his head down with shit running down his legs as he hops on his BMX.

Schleppa, with shit all over him, has a huge grin as they bike home.

INT. SCHLOMO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Schlomo, pillow and covers over his head, is tossing, turning, and moaning in bed asleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. JUNIOR HIGH - POOL DECK

- Schlomo shitting.
- Holly crying walking away.
- Samuel standing over Schlomo.

SAMUEL

You are no son of mine.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH

- Schlomo wears a baseball cap trying to hide as much of his face as possible.
- PEOPLE at lockers whispering, pointing and giggling.

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