

Tell Me More...

written by

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INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

MRS. WENDELL, the high school guidance counselor, sits across from ANGELA, a high school junior. Mrs. Wendell is energetic and chipper, but seems incredibly stressed and disinterested as she reviews Angela's transcript.

MRS. WENDELL

Angela, you have a 3.8 GPA, captain of the girl's soccer team at Kennedy High. Yeah, you're fine. Get out.

ANGELA

Well, Mrs. Wendell, I thought you might be able to give me some advice on college applications.

MRS. WENDELL

Why?

ANGELA

Um, you're the guidance counselor? I thought maybe I could get some guidance?

Mrs. Wendell dramatically gestures for Angela to leave.

MRS. WENDELL

Oh, great. Here we go.

ANGELA

I was thinking about maybe a sports scholarship?

MRS. WENDELL

Are your parents together?

ANGELA

Yeah.

MRS. WENDELL

They make good money?

ANGELA

They do alright.

MRS. WENDELL

You're not getting a dime. Beat it, kid.

ANGELA

But, Mrs. Wendell-

Mrs. Wendell busts out a spray bottle and uses it against Angela. A direct stream hits Angela square in the face.

MRS. WENDELL  
I said scram!

Angela exits in a hurry as Mrs. Wendell adjusts the nozzle to a spray and chases her student out of the room. She looks out the doorway to find her next appointment.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)  
Derrick, you're up!

DERRICK, 17, white, seemingly dumb and aloof, enters the room.

Mrs. Wendell types on the computer and brings up his file, then looks over his transcript and other relevant documents. As she reads, she gets progressively more delighted but keeps her excitement as inconspicuous as possible.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)  
Alright. 1.7 GPA, no extra  
curriculars, several suspensions,  
all for fighting, zero wins, four  
draws, hm! No losses, that's kind  
of a win, in its own way.

DERRICK  
Really?

MRS. WENDELL  
No. Wow. Not much of a thinker, are  
we Derrick?

DERRICK  
Hell no! My record speaks for  
itself - I'm a fighter, not a  
winner. I mean - a thinker. Damn  
it.

MRS. WENDELL  
You got plans for after graduation?

DERRICK  
Petty crime.

MRS. WENDELL  
Right, right, right.

DERRICK  
(aggressive)  
What do you care?

MRS. WENDELL

Simmer down, White Tyson. Now what happens if you go to jail?

DERRICK

Free meals, free rent, free healthcare, I'll be living my best life. Gotta fight off the, uh, plundering of privates.

MRS. WENDELL

Well, even if you had a winning record, it's still jail so maybe that's not the best plan. I'm spitballing here. What if you, uh... I don't know, started a business?

DERRICK

I love it. I'll going into the family business, get an internship with my dad.

MRS. WENDELL

What's the family business?

DERRICK

Scams.

MRS. WENDELL

Hm, I think I have just the thing for you.

Mrs. Wendell pulls a container of protein powder labeled "POWER POWDER".

DERRICK

Power powder? Is this cocaine? In bulk? This is vaguely inappropriate branding, I don't know if you noticed but -

MRS. WENDELL

Absolutely not. This is a groundbreaking product in protein supplements. The secret ingredient... is steroids...

DERRICK

Steroids?! Tell me more.

MRS. WENDELL

Well, if you're going to commit scams, you might need a bit more meat on those bones. It's a lot harder knocking out grown adults than your typical high schooler.

Derrick shudders.

DERRICK

I haven't had much luck with high schoolers.

MRS. WENDELL

Ew, gross. Don't talk like that.

DERRICK

I'm seventeen.

MRS. WENDELL

I didn't ask. Look, just take one scoop daily and in a month you'll gain ten pounds. You'll be ready for whatever scams you cook up with your dad.

DERRICK

You're giving me the hard sell, Mrs. Wendell. I gotta respect that.

Derrick empties his pockets to buy the product.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I got a fifty, a loose baggy of almost defrosted dino-nuggies, and a half empty pack of damp cigarettes.

MRS. WENDELL

Twenty bucks? Tell me, do you want to be your own boss? Do you want passive income streams? How about setting your own hours?

Mrs. Wendell opens up a cabinet revealing several cases of Power Powder Protein containers.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)

How about you buy in bulk? This stuff practically sells itself. Smart thing to do is get other people in on the Power Powder business, get them selling for you.

DERRICK

Yo, I know what this is. Isn't this a, uh, what do you call it, a pyramid scheme or something?

Mrs. Wendell sprays Derrick with the bottle.

MRS. WENDELL

Don't you ever say those words in here again. You hear me?

DERRICK

Sorry, Mrs. Wendell. I didn't know you were crazy, that's my bad.

MRS. WENDELL

Thank you. It's not a, "pyramid scheme", it's multilevel marketing. I sell to you, you sell to other people, they sell to customers, we all profit.

DERRICK

So am I a customer or part of the pyramid-

Mrs. Wendell pulls out the spray bottle.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Sorry, multilevel marketing... system. You know what? No, I come from a family of scammers and this is definitely a scam.

Derrick opens the protein powder and smells it.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Smells like scam.

MRS. WENDELL

Yeah, well, what do you know Mr. 1.7 GPA? Here, let me explain this.

Mrs. Wendell pulls down a projector screen and turns on a presentation about the Power Powder business model. It's clearly a pyramid scheme.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)

In fact...

She pokes her head out the door and yells at students who are waiting for their appointments.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)

Kids, if there's anyone here with a GPA below 1.5, why don't you come inside?!

(enunciating Spanish poorly, emphatically)

If there any Latinas with GPAs below an uno punto cinco, vente por mi oficina ahora. Gracias.

Mrs. Wendell claps her hands as several more students, all late teens, named GINA, MIKEY, and LUCIA step into her office as Mrs. Wendell stands by the projector screen.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)

Kids, what if I told you that you could be your own bosses, set your own hours, and make passive income? All you have to do is put down \$300 to buy a small pallet of Powder Power. Now, quick show of hands, whose parents would give you \$300, no questions asked?

MIKEY, one of the students, notices the container of Powder Power sitting on her desk.

MIKEY

Power Powder? What is this, Mrs. Wendell?

GINA

Is this cocaine?

LUCIA

In bulk?

MRS. WENDELL

It's a groundbreaking protein supplement. It's got caffeine, organic testosterone, and powdered wolf testicles in a single product. One scoop daily, and you'll gain twenty pounds in a month.

DERRICK

Earlier you said it was ten pounds.

MRS. WENDELL

Ten, twenty, what's the difference?

LUCIA

Ten pounds?

MRS. WENDELL

(pithy, fake enthusiasm)

Wow! So smart.

(bubbly)

Anyways, this stuff sells itself, kinda, but you need people to move the product. If you all buy a case and sell them one by one, you make good money.

GINA

Mrs. Wendell, I don't really see myself as a saleswoman.

MRS. WENDELL

Gina, I have something just for you.

Mrs. Wendell reaches into her purse, pulls out makeup, and presents it to Gina.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)

Mas-Scare-Uh. Putting the "scare" in "mascara". It's the only mascara who's packaging doubles as a self-defense weapon. Observe.

Mrs. Wendell uses the Mas-Scare-uh to puncture a metal cabinet. She opens the cabinet to reveal dozens of cases of this new product.

GINA

Mrs. Wendell, that is so dangerous!  
Tell me more...

Mrs. Wendell celebrates manically.

MRS. WENDELL

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

LUCIA

Mrs. Wendell, are you feeling ok?

MRS. WENDELL

I'm fine, Lucia! I'm just AMPED UP on all this Power Powder I put in my coffee this morning. It comes in two flavors: Electric Blood and Toffee Nut. But enough about the Power Powder.

Mrs. Wendell opens another cabinet, revealing more boxes full of Mas-Scaruhs.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)  
Let's talk numbers!

Derrick sprays Mrs. Wendell with the bottle.

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)  
Ah! Ach, agh!

GINA  
(with ludicrous melodrama)  
Derrick, you can't just spray her!  
We were about to talk numbers!

DERRICK  
She sprayed me first.

MRS. WENDELL  
I did, yeah. Yeah, I did do that.  
Oh boy. But for those rainy days  
where you find your makeup running  
prematurely, you can always turn  
to-

Mrs. Wendell opens up a third cabinet, revealing several  
cases of-

MRS. WENDELL (CONT'D)  
Swipers! The one-wipe makeup  
remover that takes off all your  
product in a single swipe.

LUCIA  
A single swipe?! Tell me more...

END.