

THE HICCUPSONS

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. MERRY BELLOWS MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

MAYA (V.O.)

So, you would think that fire trucks and police cars on the first day of middle school would be horrible.

The half circle drive way in front of a large brick school is full of fire trucks, ambulances, and police cars. Kids are in groups throughout the school yard. They look exhausted and sick.

Police officers talk to a group of teachers. PRINCIPAL NEWTON, 36, stands up straight with her hands on her hips. Her hair is tied back in a tight bun and has thick black plastic glasses that cover the top of her face.

She points to MAYA, 6, a young curly haired girl and her FAMILY. They look over at her with displeasure.

MAYA (V.O.)

Not for my family. Nope, this is actually one of our better days.

Maya's MOM, 35, a calm woman with bouncy brown hair, stares back in a protective gaze. She holds Maya closely in front of her. Maya looks up at the students and teacher with guilt.

Principal Newton and OFFICER SILVITORE, 41, a well-rounded concerned officer, walk up to them. They give Maya a condescending stare down. Maya looks down and shrinks her head into her shoulders.

MAYA (V.O.)

Okay, it's not as bad as it seems. Just, let me take you back to this morning.

INT. MAYA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The pink and purple color scheme glimmers with the morning sunlight that shines through the white curtains. A scream startles her somber and Kate jolts up in bed.

A CRASH bursts from the hallway behind her cracked door. Maya rolls her eyes and plops back on her white sheets.

MOM

Maya, time to get up. It's your big day.

Maya looks at the door through the corner of her eyes. Mom peaks through the crack.

Something brown and sticky covers her dirty blonde hair, but she looks unaffected by it. Maya covers her hands over her face and groans.

MAYA (V.O.)

Okay, so reminding us, 'it's a big day', in our family, is like reminding a leprechaun that all his beautiful colors still only make brown. Good luck, not in our vocabulary and heavens no, never say break a leg.

Maya peaks out her door.

INT. THE HICCUPSONS' UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MOLLY, 10, a know-it-all, straight dirty blonde hair girl in her plaid PJ pants and MEGAN, 9, the once baby of the family who never stopped acting like it, race down the hallway towards her.

Maya sprawls herself back up against the wall. Megan and Molly wedge themselves in the doorway of the bathroom.

MAYA (V.O.)

I don't know what the reason is behind all this, but we, the Hiccups, what's a nice way? Oh, my Auntie says, 'accident drone,' though I don't know what a toy plane has to do with anything.

INT. THE HICCUPSONS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maya walks into the kitchen, DAD, 38, a smiley, optimistic man with small wrinkles and speckles of grey hair to complement his age, and Mom prepare our lunches over a pigsty counter-top.

Spilt milk drips onto the floor, the syrup jar hangs upside down on the fan blades above their heads, and bread slices on tops of all the lunch bags and cereal boxes.

Dad slices the fruit by the sink. MIKE, 15, a too cool for school kid and MATT, 12, a goofy trouble maker rushes into the kitchen.

Mike slips on the milk and Matt jumps over him. He smiles proudly at his accident avoidance and walks around the counter away from the hazards.

Dad looks back as he cuts the apple. It rockets away from the dull blade into Matt's eye. He stumbles backward and falls butt first onto Molly's doll house.

MOM

Freeze!

The whole first floor freezes.

MOM (CONT'D)

Matt, pick all those toys up and place them on the couch. Mike.

She tosses Mike a paper towel roll.

MOM (CONT'D)

Clean up the milk and go hurry up and change. Maya, honey.

She hands her a lunch bag.

MOM (CONT'D)

Go wait in the car before something happens to you too.

Maya smiles and snatches up the bag. Dad turns on the sink water and an ear piercing scream rips through the house.

Mom, Mike, and Dad glance at each other worried, then sprint up the stairs.

INT. THE HICCUPSONS' UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mom reaches the top first and looks down at Molly covered head to toe with white powder. Megan stands in the doorway in a towel.

MEGAN

I'm sorry mom. The water got ice cold and I didn't know she was in there.

DAD

But how-

Mom puts her hand up.

MOM
We don't have time. Meg, get
dressed. Molls.

Mom smirks, and then bites her lip, and forces a sincere face. Molly looks up at her on the verge of tears.

MOM (CONT'D)
Hun, just come with me.

Molly walks into her arms, but Mom steps out of dodge and holds her shoulders with her fingertips. She guides Molly into the bedroom.

INT. CAR - MERRY BELLOWS MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Dad pulls the car to the front of the school. Mom smiles at Matt, Molly, Megan, and Maya proudly.

MOM
Okay, kids, you know the drill.

MOLLY, MATT, AND MEGAN
Stay out of the way.

DAD
And?

MEGAN
Look after Maya.

He gives them a thumbs up. Mom gets out of the car.

EXT. MERRY BELLOWS MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Mom slides the doors open and the kids pile out. Maya exits last and looks up at the giant building in fear.

INT. MERRY BELLOWS MIDDLE SCHOOL FIRST PERIOD CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. KALIA, 29, a young bubbly teacher fresh out of the academy, walks to the center of the classroom. She smiles down at her students.

MRS. KALIA
This is exciting isn't it? A new
year. A new school. Is everyone
excited!

The children nod in a nervously. The door opens slowly. MRS. SMITHEN, 51, a cold, strict woman, walks in she pushes Maya in front of her.

MRS. SMITHEN

I found this little one. I think she belongs to you.

MRS. KALIA

Thank you.

(to Maya)

My name is Mrs. Kalia. What's your name?

MAYA

Maya Hiccupson.

MRS. SMITHEN

Oh no. Not another one.

(to Mrs. Kalia)

Good luck.

Maya's chin sinks to her chest. Mrs. Kalia looks back at Mrs. Smithen and gives her a, how dare you, glare.

MRS. KALIA

Maya, sweetie, take a seat anywhere.

Maya gulps and looks onto her classmates. They avoid eye contact as she walks slowly over to an empty seat. The desks around her screech against the tile floor as they slide away, like they avoid a case of the cooties.

She looks around at them with tears in her eyes. A pencil appears under her face. She looks up in shock.

BUCKIE, 6, a four eyed, comb over, little boy looks over at her. Maya looks up at him confused as he waves it in front of her eyes.

MAYA

You mean your not afraid of me?

BUCKIE

Afraid? Why would I be afraid of you? You're a girl.

MOM (O.S.)

Rules, Maya. Don't involve any innocent kids in our bad luck trajectory.

Maya takes the pen.