

SAVED BY THE BELL

(S04E24.5)

"THE CONTEST"

Written by

Dashiell Driscoll

dashielldriscoll@gmail.com
818-919-6417

INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - CLASSROOM - MORNING

Radical guitar solo.

ZACK MORRIS struts in grinning. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath to savor the moment.

ZACK MORRIS
(to camera)
Can't believe I'm saying this, but
I'm excited to be at school!

A.C. SLATER slides through the doorway behind him.

A.C. SLATER
That makes two of us, Preppy!

They high-five. Slater dances to his seat next to SCREECH, TORI SCOTT, and LISA TURTLE while Zack heads to the CHALKBOARD covered by a MAP.

ZACK MORRIS
(to camera)
Because today's lesson is ...

Zack tugs the map. It snaps up to reveal "Sex Education" in huge letters. Zack squeals with delight and sits next to The Gang.

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)
Time to finally learn what happens
after making out!

A.C. SLATER
See you on the other side.

Screech leans in uncomfortably close to Lisa.

SCREECH
You won't be able to resist me
after today, my love! I'll be a
man!

LISA TURTLE
Puh-lease, Screech. More like man-
naise.

Tori turns around at Lisa from the front row and gives her some classic Tori "...What??" face and hands.

LISA TURTLE (CONT'D)

(Flustered)

Because you'll still be a pasty mess and I don't want you anywhere near my lunch.

Tori nods and offers a thumbs up. She'll allow it. MR. TUTTLE waddles in.

MR. TUTTLE

Greetings, class! This week we will cover mature material. And I trust you to all be grown.

ZACK MORRIS

I think a part of me is growin' already!

The class erupts in tepid laughter.

SCREECH

Nice one, Zack! I don't get it.

Zack slaps Screech in the back of the head.

MR. TUTTLE

Thanks for getting things started Mr. Morris! Today's lesson is all about beating your best friend.

Mr. Tuttle writes on the board.

MR. TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Say it with me: Ma-stur-bation!

SCREECH

Gesundheit!

Zack brings his hands to a "T" and freezes time.

ZACK MORRIS

Time out. What. The heck. Is masturbation?

INT. THE MAX - AFTERNOON

The Gang sits at their usual table eating CHEESEBURGERS and MILKSHAKES reading their "My Changing Body" TEXTBOOKS.

A.C. SLATER

You really believe this stuff? I think Tuttle is pulling our legs.

ZACK MORRIS
He's definitely talking about
pulling something.

LISA TURTLE
Hah. Yeah.

TORI SCOTT
At least you guys have it easy!
It's basically driving stick! He
made it sound like us gals have to
solve a Rubik's cube!

SCREECH
I can solve one in thirty three
seconds flat! Call me if you *need a*
hand, Lisa!

Screech bumps his eyebrows and wiggles his digits. Lisa
throws her cup of water in his face.

A.C. SLATER
I bet it doesn't feel as good as
winning a wrestling championship.

TORI SCOTT
I bet it doesn't feel as good as
fixing a '66 Chevy.

SCREECH
I bet it doesn't feel as good as a
dry face!

Lisa nervously takes a big sip of her milkshake. Zack gets a
great idea.

ZACK MORRIS
(to camera)
I bet it doesn't feel as good as
taking these chumps' money!

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)
(to the gang)
If you're all so sure it's not that
great, what do you say to a
friendly wager?

A.C. SLATER
I'm listening.

Lisa's milkshake slurping intensifies.

ZACK MORRIS
 Everyone puts down twenty bucks.
 Last person to try ...

Zack opens up the textbook and reads from a page.

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)
 Mah-star-bay-shee-un wins it all!

A.C. SLATER
 You're on, Preppy! This will be a
 piece of cake.

SCREECH
 Count me in! I've never won a sport
 before. Could be my only chance!

Lisa furiously tries to pull anything through her straw from
 an empty milkshake glass.

TORI SCOTT
 Go up against you dorks? This is
 free cash. My only real competition
 is Lisa. I'm in!

Lisa slams her glass down.

LISA TURTLE
 I'm out!

ZACK, SLATER, TORI, AND SCREECH
 (in unison)
 Whoa!!!

They look on at the friend they thought they knew in shock
 and disbelief.

LISA TURTLE
 Don't look at me like that! You're
 the weird ones! We're almost in
 college! How did you not ... ya
 know ... *know*?!

Zack motions to his textbook.

ZACK MORRIS
 I don't read my homework on time. I
 definitely don't skip ahead!

A.C. SLATER
 How many times have you done it,
 'Lis?

LISA TURTLE

I don't know. Just once? At night.
And in the morning. Every day for
the last four years.

The Gang jumps up from the booth and raises their hands in disbelief.

ZACK, SLATER, TORI, AND SCREECH

(in unison)

WHOOAAAAA!!!!!!!!

They slowly sit back down. Screech is hot and bothered.

LISA TURTLE

My mom's a doctor. Guess I just got
my lessons on the human body early.

ZACK MORRIS

Well? Is it ... good?

The Gang leans in and waits for her answer with bated breath.

LISA TURTLE

No ...

The Gang breathes a sigh of relief.

A.C. SLATER

See! Told y--

LISA TURTLE

It's not *good*. It's *amazing*! It's
the best! You're going to *love* it.
Whoever wins your silly bet will
really be the loser for waiting so
long.

Screech's face is beet red. Smoke is coming out of his collar.

TORI SCOTT

Wow, you like it that much?

LISA TURTLE

Girl, let's just say my daddy's
American Express is my *second*
favorite thing to swipe with my
hands.

Screech gets up from the table and makes a b-line for the bathroom.

ZACK MORRIS
This sounds like a challenge!

A.C. SLATER
Still seems easy to me.

TORI SCOTT
Hey, but we're on the honor system.
Looking at you, Morris.

ZACK MORRIS
Even I have limits for what I'll
lie about. The contest begins now!

Screech walks back from the bathroom calm and relaxed. He slaps a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL on the table.

SCREECH
I'm out!

The Gang can't believe it.

A.C. SLATER
What happened!?

SCREECH
Lisa got me all riled up! I regret
nothing!

Screech grabs his textbook.

SCREECH (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me, I'm going home
to do some extra credit!

Screech runs out of there. MAX THE MAGICAL WAITER storms out of the bathroom.

MAX THE MAGICAL WAITER
You kids are animals! You disgust
me. I should've listened to my dad
and stayed in college. Could've had
a real job! Oh well. Cleanup on
Aisle One!

He pulls a colorful scarf out of his pocket that keeps going and going and going as he woefully returns to the bathroom to clean up Screech's cumpslosion.

INT. ZACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zack paces back and forth talking into his giant CELL PHONE.

ZACK MORRIS
How much for one of your prettiest
exotic dancers to do a private show
on my buddy's lawn?

INT. SLATER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slater does pushups to get his mind off things.

A.C. SLATER
Fifty seven, fifty eight ...

INT. TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tori sits at her desk and anxiously reads her "My Changing
Body" textbook.

INT. ZACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ZACK MORRIS
What?! That's outrageous! How much
for three of your ugliest dancers?

Dial tone.

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?

ZACK'S MOM
(off screen)
Zack! Mail call!

INT. SLATER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slater is still at it and covered in sweat.

A.C. SLATER
Ninety eight, ninety nine ... One
hundred!

He collapses on the floor breathing heavily. Then lifts his
butt up and thrusts back down against the floor. He smiles.

INT. TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tori bites her lip and twirls her pencil at a million miles
per hour. She's a wreck reading this textbook.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa is sound asleep with a smile on her face.

INT. ZACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zack flips through ENVELOPES and a MAGAZINE.

ZACK MORRIS

Let's see. Cell phone bill? Junk.
Court appointment for DUI? Garbage.
What do we have here ...

He grabs the magazine from the pile and lets everything else hit the floor.

INT. SLATER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slater humps the floor again. And again. Two more times in succession. He smiles then opens his eyes in horror and jumps to his feet.

A.C. SLATER

I need a shower. A very cold
shower.

INT. SCREECH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Screech happily snores. His floor is an ocean of discarded tissues.

INT. ZACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zack holds the magazine. He's got another great idea.

ZACK MORRIS

This could be useful. The ...

INT. TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see the inside of Tori's textbook. She's been looking at a magazine between the pages. It's the ...

ZACK MORRIS

(voice over)
Kathy. Ireland. Sports Illustrated
Swimsuit Edition.

Tori slams her book shut.

Radical guitar solo.

INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING

Radical guitar solo.

Zack runs up to Screech. Screech, dressed in a suit with today's NEWSPAPER under his arm, has replaced his backpack with a BRIEFCASE. Zack hasn't showered and his shirt is half-tucked in. He's seen better days.

ZACK MORRIS

I've got Slater right where I want him, Screech.

SCREECH

You should get yourself to a bath, instead!

Zack goes to smack Screech, but his human punching bag dodges the attack sending Zack to the floor. Zack gets up and dusts himself off like nothing happened.

ZACK MORRIS

Here's the plan. I'm in possession of ...

Zack opens up his backpack. It glows like the sun.

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)

... The Kathy Ireland Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition! We're going to make a mess on Slater's clothes in science class. Then, when he's changing, we plant the--

Screech puts his hands on Zack's shoulder.

SCREECH

We? Zack, my dear boy. This sounds like a *you* job. Take it from me, some of the best jobs you do by yourself!

Screech pats Zack on the back and walks away.

ZACK MORRIS

(to camera)

Guess I have to do everything myself around here.

Zack stomps away as a jittery Tori approaches her locker. A disheveled Slater's right behind her.

A.C. SLATER
So, Tori? You break yet?

TORI SCOTT
Break? Me? What?! No. I'm straight!
I mean, I'm good. You?

A.C. SLATER
Had a close call with a little
hardwood floor, but I'm still in.

TORI SCOTT
Can you do me a favor? This is
going to sound crazy.

Tori pulls the magazine out of her backpack.

A.C. SLATER
Whoa, mama! Is that the ...

TORI SCOTT
Kathy Ireland Sports Illustrated
Swimsuit Edition? You know it.

Tori hands it to Slater.

TORI SCOTT (CONT'D)
I can't bring myself to do it. So I
need you to get rid of--

A.C. SLATER
I get it! You want me to plant this
on Zack to get him out of the
contest.

TORI SCOTT
Uhhhh yeah! That's exactly what I
was going to say. Can you do it?

A.C. SLATER
No problemo. But once it's down to
the two of us, the truce is off.

The shake on it and head their separate ways.

INT. SCIENCE CLASS - LATER

Slater, Zack, Screech, and a class of students wait for the
teacher with dissection FROGS in front of them.

ZACK MORRIS
Hey, Slater. Anything I should
know?

A.C. SLATER
 Plenty, Preppy. Like the fact that
 I'm still the M.C. of my Hammer.

ZACK MORRIS
 As am I. But something tells me
 you'll be ready "to quit" soon.

Zack does M.C. Hammer's "2 Legit 2 Quit" finger dance poorly.
 He's pleased with himself. MRS. SIMPSON walks into the class.

MRS. SIMPSON
 Good morning!

Mrs. Simpson turns to write on the board.

STUDENTS
 (in unison)
 Good morning!

Mrs. Simpson turns back around. She can't hear a thing.

MRS. SIMPSON
 Such silent students! Do our
 departed amphibian friends make you
 nervous?

Zack pulls a FIRECRACKER and a LIGHTER out of his BACKPACK.

ZACK MORRIS
 (to camera)
 Slater's gonna be extra nervous
 when his friend explodes all over
 his clothes. And that old kook will
 never hear it! I just need a
 distraction.

MRS. SIMPSON
 Who wants to come up and
 demonstrate for the class?

ZACK MORRIS
 I know Slater would!

MRS. SIMPSON
 Yes, Zack! Dissection *is* for the
 greater good. Thank you for
 volunteering!

Zack reluctantly heads to the front. Slater leans forward to
 gloat in Zack's face, but in doing so rubs his crotch against
 the lab desk. The genie is out of the bottle.

MRS. SIMPSON (CONT'D)
 You'll want to start with a small
 incision. Zack would you please?

Zack makes a slice as Slater blissfully sneaks another desk thrust. Then another. Then a hard hump that sends him tumbling down on top of his frog. SPLAT! Frog guts cover his chest.

MRS. SIMPSON (CONT'D)
 Mr. Slater! I said a small
 incision! Doesn't anybody listen?
 Please go wash yourself off!

An embarrassed Slater leaves class with his backpack.

ZACK MORRIS
 (to camera)
 Looks like gravity did the work for
 me!

Zack scans the room.

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Now, what else can I blow up?

INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa and Tori get ready for gym.

LISA TURTLE
 How you holding up? Still in
 control?

TORI SCOTT
 Like Tom Cruise in a cockpit. Lisa,
 do you ever feel ... different?

LISA TURTLE
 I don't know if you noticed,
 sweetheart. But I'm one of the only
 students at Bayside whose blood
 type isn't cream cheese.

TORI SCOTT
 No. That's not what I meant. People
 can see that you're, uh, different.
 With me, it's ... on the inside.

LISA TURTLE

Oh, my god! Are you Jewish?! I knew
it, please don't take offense to
that cream cheese thing!

INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Slater, covered in frog guts, approaches Zack's locker and
takes the magazine out of his backpack.

A.C. SLATER

We'll see how long you last when
you've got this, Preppy. But first
... better take one look.

Slater cracks the magazine open to behold the glowing glory.

A.C. SLATER (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, Kathy.

INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TORI SCOTT

I'm not Jewish, 'Lis! I'm ...

LISA TURTLE

Keep talking, but I gotta change.
Track starts in two minutes.

Lisa takes off her shirt. Tori stares at her slack-jawed.

LISA TURTLE (CONT'D)

Are you sure about the Jewish
thing? Because you're certainly
enjoying the free show.

TORI SCOTT

I gotta go!

Tori runs out of there.

INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Slater, entranced by the magazine, makes little humping
gestures against the lockers. Tori comes out of the girls
locker room behind him and startles Slater.

A.C. SLATER

Tori! It's not what it looks like!
I was reading an article! I didn't
even get to the centerfold yet!

Slater turns the magazine around and drops the centerfold so Tori can feast her eyes on Kathy's Irelands. The glowing pages blind her.

TORI SCOTT

Ahhhh!!!!

Tori spins around, stops herself from going back to Lisa, and bursts into the boys locker room.

A.C. SLATER

Jeez. Tough crowd. Kathy, it's been fun. But I think you should see someone else.

Slater closes the magazine and slides it through the slits in Zack's locker as PRINCIPAL BELDING approaches.

PRINCIPAL BELDING

Hey! Hey! Hey! What is going on here?

A.C. SLATER

Nothing, sir! I had an accident with a frog in science class. I was just going to hit the showers!

PRINCIPAL BELDING

And clog the drain? No way. I'll hose you down in the parking lot. It'll be fun! Like how we used to get clean in 'Nam.

A.C. SLATER

Thanks, Mr. B.

PRINCIPAL BELDING

You students need to work on your hygiene, I sent Screech home sick. He was carrying around a briefcase of used tissues!

Belding drags Slater to the parking lot. Zack comes around the corner and knocks on the boys locker room.

ZACK MORRIS

Hey, Slater! How's that mess coming along?

Tori does her best Slater impression from behind the closed door.

TORI SCOTT
(deep voice)
It's, uh, good! Uh, Preppy!

Zack buys it.

ZACK MORRIS
Here's something to help you pass
the time while your shirt dries.
Enjoy!

Zack pulls the magazine out of his backpack and slides it under the door then walks away feeling like the man. He did it again, another killer plan.

The boys locker room slams open and Tori sprints out of school, clutching the magazine.

INT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MRS. SCOTT walks down the hallway of her lovely suburban home to Tori's bedroom that has a large "TORI PARKING ONLY" metal sign on the door.

MRS. SCOTT
Tori, honey! Time for dinn--

MRS. SCOTT opens the door.

INT. TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tori sits is on the floor, wearing nothing but her signature leather jacket, surrounded by pages of Kathy Ireland she ripped out of the magazine. She's positively going to town on herself. It sounds like someone's trying to jackhammer through a thousand pounds of wet macaroni.

MRS. SCOTT
Tori!!!!!!!

Radical guitar solo.

INT. THE MAX - DAY

Radical guitar solo.

Zack walks in with the misplaced confidence of a man who clearly hasn't slept or showered in days.

ZACK MORRIS

(to camera)

With that magazine in Slater's hands, it was only a matter of time before something else was, too. Now it's just me and Tori.

Zack approaches Slater, who also looks like shit, at their usual booth.

A.C. SLATER

Oh, hey Zack! Didn't see you come in. Been doing a lot of that lately? *Come-in?*

ZACK MORRIS

I don't what you're talking about. Perhaps we can continue this chat over lunch?

Zack snaps his finger at Max The Magical Waiter.

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)

Max, I'm feeling fancy. I'll have a double burger. And your largest malted milkshake.

A.C. SLATER

Max, make mine a *triple* burger. Money is no issue today!

ZACK MORRIS

On second thought, make mine a triple as well. And fries to share with my friends. Slater can have some, too.

A.C. SLATER

I don't want your measly fries, Zack. I'll have a plate of my own. And bring out a bottle of your finest ketchup from the cellar.

MAX THE MAGICAL WAITER

Geez! Must be nice to let those dollars fly!

Max The Magical Waiter shakes his sleeve. A DEAD DOVE with a DOLLAR BILL in its mouth falls out. Max shrieks in terror.

MAX THE MAGICAL WAITER (CONT'D)

Chrysanthemum! I knew I should've made your air hole bigger! What have I done?!

Max The Magical Waiter clutches his fallen angel and sulks away sobbing uncontrollably.

ZACK MORRIS

Don't think it's wise throwing money around like that, Slater.

A.C. SLATER

It's not my money, Preppy! Time for you to pay up. I know you're out.

ZACK MORRIS

Me?! You're the one who is out! I've still got my hands off my Nintendo!

A.C. SLATER

Fat chance! Not after I put the Kathy Ireland Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition in your locker.

ZACK MORRIS

That thing with books inside?

Zack shudders.

ZACK MORRIS (CONT'D)

Graduation is in two weeks, I don't go in there anymore unless it's an emergency. Besides, I know you're out after I gave you the Kathy Ireland Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition when you were in the boys locker room!

A.C. SLATER

I wasn't in the boys locker room. Belding wanted to play All Along The Watch Shower. But I know who was in there. Tori!

ZACK MORRIS

I don't know what her angle is, but I'm going to find out. Come on!

Zack and Slater march out of there.

INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - HALLWAY - LATER

Zack and Slater are on the hunt for Tori.

ZACK MORRIS

Tori! Where are you!

A.C. SLATER
 We don't know what your game is!
 But we know you're up to something!

Lisa walks down the steps crying.

LISA TURTLE
 Tori's not here.

Lisa's tears overwhelm her. She takes a seat. Zack and Slater rush to be by her side.

ZACK MORRIS
 What's wrong, 'Lis? Are you OK? And more importantly, do you know where Tori is? We need to talk to her. See, it's about the contest. She--

LISA TURTLE
 Zack! Can you stop for two seconds for once in your life?

Lisa cries on Zack's shoulder.

ZACK MORRIS
 I'm sorry, Lisa.

A.C. SLATER
 What's going on?

Lisa composes herself as much as she can.

LISA TURTLE
 Last night, Tori's mom caught her. She walked in on her masturbating.

Zack and Slater rub Lisa's shoulders while sharing a quiet high five behind her back.

LISA TURTLE (CONT'D)
 She was masturbating to a woman. I think it was a magazine? I don't know. It doesn't matter. Her parents are super religious and they freaked out! Tori explained she likes girls. She came out as gay and they lost it. They told her to pack her things right now because they're sending her to some kind of conversion church. It's horrible! They're monsters!

Lisa breaks down again. The thin grasp she had on herself is lost. She shakes through her tears.

ZACK MORRIS

That's awful, Lisa. Did you find out which church and where it is?

A.C. SLATER

Yeah, we need to collect her twenty dollars.

LISA TURTLE

She's not at the church! While her parents thought she was packing her bags, she snuck out and hopped on her motorcycle. She drove to the beach and ... and ...

Lisa breaks down again.

ZACK MORRIS

And we can go to the beach to get her twenty dollars?

LISA TURTLE

And she rode off a cliff! She's dead! Tori's fucking dead! They found her body pinned under her bike on the roof of the Malibu Sands dining room! She fucking killed herself. Tori fucking killed herself.

Lisa is hysterical. Zack and Slater freeze.

A.C. SLATER

Did she leave a note?

LISA TURTLE

It was in her leather jacket. It said, "I wasn't sure before, but after these past few days I know I am attracted to women. It's who I am. And if my parents won't accept me, I don't want to be here anymore."

ZACK MORRIS

I wonder what could have made her so certain.

LISA TURTLE

It was me! She saw me changing! It was me, I know it! Oh god! I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do.

ZACK MORRIS

Lisa, I was the one who gave her the magazine. This is my fault.

A.C. SLATER

She tried getting rid of that magazine and I shoved it in her face! I'm to blame.

LISA TURTLE

Maybe we all had a hand in Tori's suicide.

They share a moment of silence. Zack jumps to his feet. He's got a great idea.

ZACK MORRIS

What's done is done. Tori's not coming back. All we can do now is make a promise to never speak a word of this to anyone. Don't say anything about Tori. Don't say anything about the contest. Don't say anything about the Kathy Ireland Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition. We take it to our graves.

LISA TURTLE

Zack! You can't be serious.

A.C. SLATER

He's right, Lisa. It's the only way. We're out of Bayside in two weeks! Then we can start over.

ZACK MORRIS

And we live every day in Tori's memory. A silent memory. Deal?

A.C. SLATER

Deal.

Lisa sighs. She wipes her tears.

LISA TURTLE

Deal.

They put their hands in a circle.

ZACK, SLATER, AND LISA
(hopeless, in unison)
Go Bayside.

A.C. SLATER
Hey, what about Screech?

ZACK MORRIS
Don't you worry about him. I'll
take care of Screech.

JESSIE SPANO and KELLY KAPOWSKI come in the hallway, each carrying TWO LARGE DUFFELBAGS. They set the bags down to greet their pals.

KELLY KAPOWSKI
Hey, guys! We're back from the two-
week volleyball tournament in
Sacramento! What do you mean you'll
take care of Screech?

JESSIE SPANO
Yeah, what'd we miss? Tell us
everything!

ZACK MORRIS
Screech, uh, has a cold!

A.C. SLATER
Yeah! He's extremely sick at home.

LISA TURTLE
And we're going to, uh, bring him
soup! And tissues.

ZACK MORRIS
Lots of tissues.

JESSIE SPANO
That's everything we missed?

A.C. SLATER
Pretty much!

KELLY KAPOWSKI
Wow, sounds like some crazy times.

JESSIE SPANO
Hopefully you party animals saved
some energy for this weekend!

KELLY KAPOWSKI
It's one of our last weekends of
high school! All bets are off.

Zack gets a great idea.

ZACK MORRIS
All bets are off ...

A.C. SLATER
All bets are off!

Zack rushes over to his locker and furiously spins the combination.

ZACK MORRIS
I've gotta go home! And study!

Zack fumbles the Kathy Ireland Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition out of his locker.

A.C. SLATER
Me too!

Slater grabs the magazine and rips half of it out of Zack's hands. The two scurry off with their loose pages.

Freeze frame.

Radical guitar solo.

END.