

Clan High Skirmish

by

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EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY

We fly over a typically nostalgic view of the Scottish Highlands. Blue sky, green and purple glens with glistening lochs. Idyllic. Small villages and modern roads come into view and it becomes clear we are in the present day. Following one road to a small row of houses we stop outside the front door as it opens.

SHAUN, 16 and skinny bursts out the door ready to start his first day of senior year in High School, but instead of the typical school uniform of today Shaun is wearing a very rustic version of a highland costume- Weathered kilt, long socks and a targe (shield) set upon his back.

SHAUN  
 BYE MUM! BYE DAD! I'm off tae  
 school! AH'll See yi later!

INT. HOUSE - DAY

FATHER McNAB sits on his couch reading the morning paper, his work shirt slightly unbuttoned and smiles as MOTHER McNAB chases after her son wearing her night robe and curlers in her hair.

MOTHER McNAB  
 (shouting)  
 You wait a wee minute boy! Where  
 d'yi think yir off tae like THAT!?!  
 GET BACK HERE THE NOW!

FATHER McNAB  
 There he goes again... wee raskle.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Shaun gets to the end of his drive as his mother gets to the door. Rumbled, he's not going anywhere just yet!

MOTHER McNAB  
 Shaun William George McNab Jr Stop  
 right there! What do you think  
 you're doing?

SHAUN  
 Ah mam! Ah'm gonnie be late!

MOTHER MCNAB

You can't go to school like that!

Father McNab now joins mother at the doorway, his work-shirt is disheveled and only partially tucked in ...to HIS similarly weather kilt. Mother reaches to the side and brings out a half-lang sword with a wry smile on her face. They give him a cuddle and a tussle of the hair as he trundles back to collect this seemingly essential piece of school equipment before scampering off again.

MOTHER MCNAB

Yi know the principle will have yir heed if yi forget yir sword again  
Shaun!

FATHER MCNAB

It's your first day of senior year son, don't want to be starting off on the wrong foot do you?

SHAUN

No dad! sorry mum! Cheers again!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shaun joins the street and runs off as other similarly dressed school kids rush in their march to school. Small children drag massive swords like cumbersome weights. And Girls paint their faces with war paint instead of make up while on the school bus.

EXT. ROAD TO SCHOOL - DAY

Shaun is joined by GRAHAM BUCHANAN a hulking big lad of the same age who calls back to his PARENTS and waves his sword aloft somewhat dismissively.

PARENTS

Clarior Hinc Honus! Graham? Clar-

GRAHAM

Clarior Hinc Honus Mum! Clarior  
Hinc Honus Dad!

Patting each other on the back to two boys welcome one another, ready for another year of school.

SHAUN  
Awright Buchanan?

GRAHAM  
Aye McNab awright?

SHAUN  
(Laughing)  
Aye Buchanan... awright.

EXT. SCHOOL GATE - DAY

Just ahead as the boys reach the school, a car drops off ROMESH wearing full Sri-Lankan battle armour including an ornate helmet. He looks imposing facing the two boys down... until he removes the helmet and waves enthusiastically. He turns back to his dad and offers a response to his fathers question which leads his father to drive of with an approving smile.

ROMESH'S FATHER  
(In Tamil)  
What will you remember to do always  
my son?

ROMESH  
(In Tamil)  
Ugh.. Bathe in the blood of a  
thousand enemies and dance to the  
wails of their mothers dad!

ROMESH'S FATHER  
That's my boy! Be good and learn  
lots!

Romesh joins his friends who admire his new helmet. He is smaller than the boys and at least a year or two younger.

SHAUN  
Hey Romesh how was your summer?

ROMESH  
Yeah good, I finally took my rite  
of ascension so I'm officially the  
family warrior.

GRAHAM  
That's so cool, is that why you got  
this new helmet? Its pretty sick!

ROMESH  
Yeah it's been in our family for

generations, they say each  
 generation must rest this helmet  
 upon to entrails of at least 10 new  
 vanquished enemies every year...  
 sooo I'm a bit behind already.

The boys nod with a sense of understanding at Romesh's situation. A shared problem it seems. Ahead of the boys at the School gate a boy is stopped and asked to open his jacket revealing a hidden knife under his armpit. The Teacher looks at him disapprovingly before reminding him the Sgian Dubh's should be in the sock while on school grounds. This prompts Graham and Shaun to do the same before meeting the icy glare of the teacher as they head inside.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY

The boys Walk down the school corridor to reach their lockers, which are larger than the usual and they hang their swords up in an ornate display before closing them again. Around them certain characters circulate who continue to pop up around the school including a group of HEAVY METAL KIDS who wear chains and black kilts as a fashion choice, TIMOTHY a well groomed noble born knightly type character, and BRADLEY gets chased down the corridor by a disapproving teacher for wearing his kilt too short, he swaggers away with sass and style.

GRAHAM

So tell us what happened this  
 summer Shaun! The rumors are all  
 over the place! Did it happen or  
 didn't it?

SHAUN

(coily)  
 ...Aye! It happened!

ROMESH

Really!? With Hilda? You dog you!

The boys giggle together and pat Shaun on the back at his apparent victory as they get into class. Waving goodbye to Romesh.

SHAUN

I've not seen her in weeks though,

her parents took her on a pillaging holiday and only got back yesterday.

GRAHAM

ARMSTRONG will be after your head now you realize that don't you?

ROMESH

Thats right! Armstrong always said Hilda was his girl! Ohoho man!! Well I'll catch you guys later, we're starting our group project on felling multiple opponents and I've got some video footage for extra credit.

BEGIN MONTAGE.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOMS - DAY

Graham and Shaun sit together as they pull out their class workbooks titled with humorously macabre titles similar to those being written on the blackboards.

Romesh Stands in front of a projector screen giving narration to his rite-of-passage. We cannot see the screen but a garbled scream and wet noises can be heard as his eyes widen, the faces of the kids watching do likewise and the lighting turns red suggesting MUCH gore on screen. The teacher looks on approvingly.

In the primary school classes we see children practicing with wooden swords basic dismemberment techniques and a teacher introduces a new exchange student who is dressed head to toe in samurai armor.

Various other humorous cut scenes.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. SCHOOL FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

Graham and Shaun practice techniques using their swords as groups of students practice battle formations somewhat reminiscent of football plays. They turn to see HILDA enters the school pitch, a powerful viking girl with elaborately braided hair and a pelt over her shoulder. She looks over at Shaun and gives a shy smile and a wave.

Graham seizes the opportunity to knock his friend to the ground and points his blade at his throat. Before nodding in approval to help him up.

Among a pack of Jock-type boys ARMSTRONG notices the exchange between Hilda and Shaun. He becomes enraged and knocks his practice partner into the air with a terrible fury. Marching to Shaun with a singular focus.

ARMSTRONG

(Shouting angrily)

SHAUN! Yir skin will be worn as a housecoat when I get a hold of you!

SHAUN & GRAHAM

(simultaneously)

Oh... crap.

Armstrong picks up Shaun high into the air and buries his fist into Shaun's stomach. Flying back he skids on the grass before looking up with anger.

Unsatisfied, Armstrong moves in for another blow but just as Graham steps forward to defend his friend, a massive claymore swipes through the air between them planting itself into the grass.

MCBANE (O.S)

BOYS! ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

The hulking frame of MR MCBANE comes into view. A warrior in every sense of the word. Skin littered in Scars and tattoos, a braided beard and an assortment of war memorabilia adorn his body. McBane yanks his sword from the ground before breaking up the fight.

MCBANE

You know the rule boys! Blood-feuds...

BOYS

(In unison)

Blood-feuds are for holidays and school displays.

MCBANE

That's right. Don't EVER waste a good blood-feud that could otherwise go to your end of term credit! Now git yirsel's tae!!



BOYS

Yes. Mr McBane. Sorry Mr McBane.

Armstrong Squares up to Shaun just before walking away.  
Shaun shows little weakness.

ARMSTRONG

Ah'm no waiting fir credit yi wee  
prat. Yir heed'll be on a plaque by  
the end of the day.

SHAUN

You know Armstrong, your all talk  
and no fight. Thats why Hilda said  
about you too.

Graham manages to separate the two just before another  
fight begins.

GRAHAM

Awright awright you two we'll find  
a wee room so you can get close  
later on just move along before  
McBane takes your kneecaps. Don't  
want to end up like wee McGuvan do  
yi?

PLATFORM

Young MCGUVAN is in stalks and whimpers as students and  
teachers casually toss rotten fruit his way. The act seems  
more of a requirement rather than an actual act of  
malevolence.

TEACHER

Silly boy McGuvan

MCGUVAN

Sorry Ms McNairn.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCH HALL - DAY

Romesh joins Graham and Shaun in the line for lunch, above  
them reads a school motto "MAY WE ALL DRINK FROM THE CUP OF  
FRIENDSHIP- THE BLOOD OF OUR COMMON ENEMY.

Romesh enthusiastically recalls the events of the last few hours in his class, while picking fruit and shuffling along the line.

ROMESH

So MRS Irvine in history of battlefield tactics class had to send Barry to the doctors today after she launched an arrow straight into his butt! He had to wait a full 5 minutes until she stopped laughing before he was allowed out to stem the bleeding! I'm LOVING this new year already!

A racist bully casually hurls an insult romesh's way which he rebuffs just as casually

RACIST BULLY

Go on make us a curry Indian boy

ROMESH

I'm Sri Lankan, not Indian you ogre.

They take a seat at a table and watch the other kids go about their business. Graham suddenly scowls at the sight of another student MCLAREN, a heavy set boy of similar age. Graham doesn't take his eyes off McLaren the entire way through his sandwich.

GRAHAM

There he is the wee prick.

SHAUN

Who? McLaren? Why what's he done?

GRAHAM

At the fair in Strathyre he and his pals smacked my wee cousin across the dish... wae a kipper! Knocked him into the loch, the wee guy cannie swim! We were lucky to get him oot! Aye... I'm gunnin' for that one.

Just at that Hilda slams her tray onto the table and sits next to Shaun. Gone is her shyness and replaced instead with confidence and warmth.

HILDA

Hi Shaun.

SHAUN

Hilda hey.

HILDA

I saw what happened today between you and Armstrong.

SHAUN

Oh...you did?

HILDA

Yeah, I was very proud to see you willing to stand up to Armstrong like that. Up until then I didn't really know how you felt... about... us.

Hilda places her hand on Shaun's while twiddling with one of her braids. The boys all acknowledge the gesture silently.

The gesture is also noticed by Armstrong as he looks over from the food line. Unable to control his anger he throws down his tray and marches over once again to Shaun but this time he is accompanied by his friends, including Armstrong's sister Jennie McLaren and the Racist Bully.

SHAUN

Just move on Armstrong. No one needs this right now.

ARMSTRONG

Take your mits off my girl McNab!

Hilda presses down on Shaun's hand.

HILDA

His hand isn't on mine Armstrong. My hand is on his.

JENNIE

Aye yi viking trollop putting yir mits on anything that moves!

Hilda immediately stands up and squares off with Jennie, and the boys all get up from their seats, Graham casually knocks the table away from between them.

A stand off now ensues in the middle of the lunch room, each member of the group staring down against their chosen adversary. There is no question what is about to occur and the entire school is ready for it.

The first one to break the stand off is Hilda with a shrill cry she lunges forward. Taking the rest of them slightly off guard they follow suit. The ensuing fight is suitably epic. Each displaying a skill in combat that is uncharacteristic for such a setting. There is a clear demonstration of martial ability here with no one getting the edge over the other. Room is afforded to each combatant to demonstrate their ability without cutting away too quickly. At the center of it all Armstrong and Shaun duke it out Armstrong slams chairs and lunch trays against Shaun who replies with swift footwork and well planned blows.

ARMSTRONG

I'm gonnie wear your teeth as a necklace punk!

SHAUN

Sounds like a bit of a sissy plan to me Armstrong.

Enraged Armstrong lunges forward.

Graham and McLaren circle one another waiting for their opening.

GRAHAM

Yi shoudnae huv hit my wee cousin McLaren.

MCLAREN

The wee tosser wanted a fishy so we gave him one!

At that Graham lunges forward with a wild hay-maker, McLaren responds with a block and a body shot to the ribs, the boxing match between the two continues until Graham is knocked backwards into the path of Romesh but we follow the flow of action instead to Hilda and Jennie who are savagely scrapping with one another. Blows land heavy and violently. Already they are both bleeding The fight between the two resembles an MMA fight, not at all graceful or catty.

Meanwhile Romesh is being circled by the Bully, who's occasionally poking him and pushing him. Romesh does not respond to the physical taunts but seems more effected by the racists platitudes coming from the bully until the last comment.

BULLY

Can you even understand a word I'm saying Brown boy? Do. I. Need. To. Speak. Clearer? This is pointless, maybe I'll just go and smack your dad around instead

ROMESH

(sighing)

Aaand we're done.

At that Romesh suddenly unleashes a flurry of blows landing every one on the bully who staggers back in shock barely able to recover. The crowd gathers and cheers the combatants along funneling them into the hallway where the lockers are.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Armstrong Slams Shaun against the lockers and lobs a kick into his ribs, Hilda seeing this spins a back-fist into Armstrong's face before returning to her battle with Jennie allowing Shaun enough time to recover. Graham and McLaren continue to box in the restricted space of the hall but then McLaren misses a shot and plants his fist into the face of one of the Heavy Metal kids. They respond with a mosh pit style pile on.

HEAVY METAL LEADER

Get 'im boys! MOSHING TIME!

MCLAREN

Wait! Oh SH- aargh!

Graham briefly laughs at McLaren's fate until the swell of spectators knocks him to the side and the brawl brings in new combatants. Bradley knocks into Timothy who takes a swipe back at him, and other students begin to pile on one another. The original fighters take a brief pause to see what's happening around them before continuing on. Shaun leaps up to land a crushing kick flinging Armstrong back into the lockers breaking the door open. Armstrong looks behind him to see the display of weaponry inside the locker. Shaun acknowledges the same awareness and leaps to his locker. He manages to get his targe out just in time to stop a blow from a sword landing, pushing back with a kick he pulls out his sword and the two circle one another. The others see this and likewise rush to their lockers. Now all of them are fully armed.

The pace of the fight changes with the clanging of steel

and the whistling of blades cutting the air.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Children in a primary aged classroom sit in a meditative posture following the lead of the young Samurai exchange student. They commotion outside distracts the Samurai child as well as the teacher but both ignore it.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - RAINY DAY.

Facing emergency exit doors we can hear the rowdy crowd getting closer before Armstrong and Shaun suddenly burst through the door slamming into the floor as they grapple one another and the rest follow. Shaun Staggeres to the football pitch as Armstrong takes swipe after swipe. Graham and McLaren are also now armed with massive claymores while Hilda is wearing full Viking armor and sporting twin axes against Jennie's double daggers. With more room to maneuver the fighters square off against one another without restriction.

INT. SHOOOL HALL - DAY

Meanwhile in the hallway a few stragglers make their way to the action. Romesh's Bully is bloodied but is lurking around looking for Romesh. jeering

BULLY

Come on brown boy where are you?  
Come out come out! Co-

His words stick in his throat as the sight of Romesh coming round the corner is in view. Adorned in his full armour and fearsome Helmet Romesh seems otherworldly while weilding twin swords. The bully lets out a yelp of fear.

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

The rain is lashing down now, the fighters are drenched in rain, blood and mud. Swords clang and fighters grunt, Graham finally gets a hold of McLaren who attempts an escape but Graham swipes his feet. A crushing kick to the face finishes him off.

Hilda and Jennie circle one another taking the odd swipe Jennie manages to knock Hilda back and pushes in for the finishing blow but Hilda responds with a riposte, redirecting her and repositioning herself to be behind

Jennie who is now off balance, a simple push forward and she face-plants the muddy pitch.

In the middle of the mud and mire, an exhausted Shaun and Armstrong land blow after blow. The wind picks up and they become unsteady on their feet.

ARMSTRONG  
(tired)  
She was mine!

SHAUN  
Hilda is her own person Armstrong!  
She belongs to no one!

Hilda hears this and smiles. Meanwhile the two boys are on their knees their swings are weak and feeble. Armstrong collapses and Shaun towers over him his held sword aloft.

ARMSTRONG  
Do it! DO IT!

Suddenly there is a cracking noise as splinters fly from Shaun's targe. Mr McBane stands with a smoking pistol. Next to him, Principle Stuart. Behind them a line of young Scots Guards with "hall monitor" written on their sashes.

MCBANE  
Shows over folks.

STUART  
My office... All of you.

INT. PRINCIPLES OFFICE - DAY

The main fighters in the brawl all sit across from Mr Stuart. Bloodied and bandaged. The sit separated from one another and their parents standing behind them. Romesh growls at the bully who is frightened to even look his way. Thousands of tiny cuts little his exposed skin.

Stuart faces them and sits in uncomfortable silence for a moment. Before beginning to speak.

STUART  
In all my days as principle of this

School never have I encountered  
such an incident as transpired  
today. Such a display of violence,  
rage and fury does not go  
unnoticed. So mark my words... this  
WILL be going on your permanent  
record.

The expressions of the children and adults shift to that of  
surprise and happiness.

STUART

I shouldn't, goodness knows I  
shouldn't! We have told you before  
such things should be kept to  
displays and holidays But I'll be  
damned if that wasn't one of the  
best fights I've EVER seen in my  
life WELL DONE! Each one of you!  
Parents you should be very proud.

FATHER MCNAB

Oh we are Mr Stuart. We sure are.

Shauns dad squeezes Shaun's shoulder with pride and the  
group look to each other with smiles of victory. Hilda  
looks to Shaun they smile at one another and hold hands.

Armstrong sees this and after a brief pause smiles at them  
and gives them a nod. At this the couple give each other a  
hug. The sight of which causes the parents to look on in  
horror. Then up to one another. Their smiles turn sharply  
to a grimace. Ready for another brawl.

CUT TO:

TITLE: CLAN HIGH SKIRMISH