

SWIPE

Written by

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Based On: Every Teenager Everywhere

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EXT. SWIMMING POOL, UNDERWATER - DAY

Shimmering blue water. Still. Perfect. Peaceful.

LIBBY (V.O.)
This is it.

SPLASH! LIBBY, 16, cannonballs into the water. She's got curly hair and goggles, and she's holding her smart phone.

LIBBY (V.O.)
The selfie to end all selfies.

Libby makes a goofy face and snaps a photo.

LIBBY (V.O.)
Hashtag Sunday-Funday. Hashtag poolie. Hashtag slay all day.

Libby's eyes bug out and she swims towards the surface.

LIBBY (V.O.)
Hashtag need oxygen!

Libby bursts out of the water and checks her photos.

LIBBY (V.O.)
Perfect!

GRANNY, 70s, sunbathes nearby. She gives Libby a thumbs up.

INT. LIBBY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Libby lounges on her bed, swiping through her phone.

LIBBY
Only ten likes? Seriously? I was underwater, people!

Suddenly SHAYDEN and AIDEN, Libby's twin 10-year-old brothers, burst in like Tasmanian devils.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Hey! Knock, please!

AIDEN
If you don't lock, we don't knock!

SHAYDEN
What are you doing in here anyway?

AIDEN

Quietly obsessing over likes and followers on Snapstagram?

SHAYDEN

Poor soul. Never happy with how many online sheep are in her flock.

AIDEN

She fails to realize that the only followers who matter are those who love her unconditionally.

LIBBY

Stop talking about her like she's not here. Me! I! What do you guys even want?

AIDEN

Granny says Mom and Dad called.

LIBBY

Yeah. I saw on Snapsta. They just got to Dusseldorf and they've already been to eleven museums. K bye!

Libby pushes them out and flops onto her bed. Her phone DINGS. She checks it and swipes. SWIPE. SWIPE. SWIPE. SWIPE.

INSERT TITLE: SWIPE

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - THE NEXT MORNING

NINA, 16, leather jacket, is crouched beside a fluffy yellow cat, MUSTARD. Nina MEOWS. Mustard MEOWS back. Nina LAUGHS.

LIBBY (O.S.)

Mustard telling jokes again?

Libby approaches wearing a jean jacket and a backpack.

NINA

This was more of a wry but poignant observation on human nature.

LIBBY

Hold him up so I can take a cattie.

Mustard MEOWS.

NINA

He says he's tired of being used as
a pawn for your Snapstagram posts.

Libby and Nina walk away. Mustard YOWLS off screen.

LIBBY

What'd he say that time?

NINA

You don't wanna know.

EXT. GREENVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

ZYLAR, 16, stands at a sign-up table for the GREENVIEW GOOSE CHASE. She's in a blazer and khakis, with a perfect ponytail and an arrogant glint in her eye.

ZYLAR

Goose Chase sign-ups here! This is
the biggest event of the year
people, time to start getting
anxious about it!

RICK RUVO, 16, approaches. Braces. Lime green polo shirt.

ZYLAR (CONT'D)

Rick Ruvo! Sign up for the Goose
Chase?

RICK RUVO

I don't wanna get chased by geese.
I have acute ornithophobia.

(Zylar recoils)

It's a fear of birds. It's not
contagious.

ZYLAR

Ricky. There are no real birds.

(Rick looks confused)

Remember that *To-ti-mon Go* craze
from a couple years ago? This is
basically like that.

Nina and Libby approach and listen.

ZYLAR (CONT'D)

Every participant has a "wild
goose" programmed into their
phones. They have to do crazy stuff
to unlock the goose's location.

(MORE)

ZYLAR (CONT'D)

Like crawl through mud or like,
climb a giant tree and go "WAKA
WAKA WOOWOOOO!"

RICK RUVO

Waka waka woo?

ZYLAR

Exactly. The first person to find
the goose and post a screenshot to
Snapsta wins. Oh! And the trophy is
gonna be presented by none other
than MegXYZ. The biggest
Snapstagrammer in the history of
the Internet.

Libby and Nina exchange an excited look about MegXYZ.

RICK RUVO

...I should know who that is?

ZYLAR

Ugh. Just go to class. Shoo! Shoo!

Rick Ruvo walks away. Libby cautiously approaches Zylar.

LIBBY

Excuse me, uh... Did you say MegXYZ
is gonna be at the Goose Chase?

ZYLAR

Yup! Oh but you weren't gonna sign
up, were you?

LIBBY

I do kinda wanna meet Meg.

ZYLAR

Aw. So sad. You'd have to like win
to meet Meg. And even then, what
would you guys talk about? Meg has
ten million, six hundred thousand,
and forty-three followers. You have
maybe... a hundred?

LIBBY

...ninety-two.

ZYLAR

Yeah. That's so not one hundred.

LIBBY

I guess you're right.

Libby turns to go. Nina catches her.

NINA

Libby, hold up! Who cares how many followers you have? Libz! You've gotta do this. MegXYZ is your hero. You wore black for an entire month after the death of her dog.

LIBBY

Aw. Puddles.
(to Zylar)
Um, are there still any open spots?

ZYLAR

Technically. I guess.

Libby looks from Nina to Zylar. Back to Nina.

LIBBY

Alright. I'll do it.

Libby signs up. Then she and Nina hi-five and bounce away.

ZYLAR

Whatever. I don't need friends. I can hi-five myself.

Zylar hi-fives herself. She shakes her hands out. That stung.

INT. CLASS - LATER

STUDENTS look on as MR. HERMAN (40s) writes on the board.

MR. HERMAN

And that is why Pythagoras is my homeboy.

Mr. Herman spots Libby using her phone under her desk.

MR. HERMAN (CONT'D)

Libby? Any questions?

Libby's distracted. She doesn't look up from her phone.

CLOSE ON LIBBY'S PHONE: A photo of the effervescent MEGXYZ, 20s, publicizing her upcoming Goose Chase appearance.

MR. HERMAN (CONT'D)

Libby!
(Libby looks up)
Principal's office. Now.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Libby trudges towards the Principal's Office. She hears ARGUING from inside and looks through the crack in the door.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PRINCIPAL BUD (40s, balding) argues with PRINCIPAL RAJ (30s, great head of hair). Raj has one foot up on Bud's desk.

PRINCIPAL BUD
 You think just 'cuz your school has
 smarter students, and a nicer gym,
 and more money than my school,
 you're better than me?

Principal Raj BELCHES and nods: "Yup."

PRINCIPAL BUD (CONT'D)
 Maybe you're right! But that
 doesn't mean you can show up here
 just to laugh at me.

PRINCIPAL RAJ
 I'm not laughing at you, I'm
 laughing because of you.

PRINCIPAL BUD
 Can you please take your foot off
 my desk?

Principal Raj takes one foot off and puts his other foot on.

PRINCIPAL RAJ
 You have to admit it's kinda funny.
 My school has over five thousand
 followers on Snapstagram. Your sad
 little Geese have six. Including
 your mom.

PRINCIPAL BUD
 So what!? I could get more
 followers than you if I wanted.
 Easy. Easy... queasy.

PRINCIPAL RAJ
 Wanna bet?

PRINCIPAL BUD
 Maybe I do, yeah.

Libby pokes her head in but she doesn't say anything.

PRINCIPAL BUD (CONT'D)
 I bet you that Greenview will get
 more followers than you by...
 by.... the Goose Chase next month.

PRINCIPAL RAJ
 Every school in the state's gonna
 be at that chase.

PRINCIPAL BUD
 That's why it's the perfect place
 to embarrass you.

Principal Raj narrows his eyes, taking this seriously.

PRINCIPAL RAJ
 Winner gets "Most Popular
 Principal" bragging rights?

PRINCIPAL BUD
 And a t-shirt to commemorate the
 occasion. Or a long-sleeved shirt,
 depending on personal preference.

PRINCIPAL RAJ
 Deal.

They shake hands. Raj exits and Principal Bud immediately
 bursts into a SOB. Libby enters with a soft KNOCK.

LIBBY
 Principal Bud? Are you OK?

PRINCIPAL BUD
 Miss Smith! Hi.

Bud wipes his tears. Assumes military posture.

PRINCIPAL BUD (CONT'D)
 Of course I'm OK. I'm the
 principal. Principals don't weep!
 Why are you here?

LIBBY
 ...I was on my phone during class.

PRINCIPAL BUD
 Again? That's three strikes!

LIBBY
 I know. But can I maybe go with a
 warning?

PRINCIPAL BUD

Warning? What am I, a stern but understanding highway patrolman? No! You've got detention, gosling! Every day 'til the end of the year.

LIBBY

Principal Bud! That's not fair.

PRINCIPAL BUD

You wanna talk about fair? You just lost extracurriculars. Including the Goose Chase.

LIBBY

Come on! I just signed up for that thing! MegXYZ is gonna be there!

PRINCIPAL BUD

Sorry. As my angry mechanic dad used to say while working on brakes: "Them's the brakes."

Libby SIGHS.

LIBBY

OK. See you after school I guess.

Libby turns to go. Principal Bud gets an idea.

PRINCIPAL BUD

Actually... hold on a second.
(she turns back)
What were you doing on your phone?
That got you in trouble?

LIBBY

...Snapstagram.

PRINCIPAL BUD

Hmm.

Principal Bud paces, saying HMMM more and more loudly. Libby looks confused. Finally, Bud snaps out of it:

PRINCIPAL BUD (CONT'D)

New deal! You're going to run the school Snapstagram account. Get more followers than Principal Raj, that's five thousand at least, and you're off the hook. Fail? More detention than all the detentions in the history of high schools.

LIBBY
 ...five thousand followers?

PRINCIPAL BUD
 You're sixteen. That should be
 easy, right?

LIBBY
 Easy queasy.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

A gymnastics competition in full swing. GYMNASTS swing from the high bar, run, jump, etc. Libby and Nina enter.

LIBBY
 I have no idea how I'm gonna get
 that many followers.

NINA
 Buy 'em from Russia. That's how my
 aunt won that HBTV Dream Home.

LIBBY
 Yeah but now she's in jail.

NINA
 Why don't you just start by taking
 your usual amazing photos then? The
 followers will... follow.

THWAP! A Gymnast sticks a perfect landing nearby. Nina holds up a judge's card: 5 out of 10. The Gymnast looks confused as she hurries over to the real judge's table.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Libby looks out over the competition, planning her shots.
- Libby snaps an awesome photo from under the balance beam.
- Libby snaps a photo of a RIBBON DANCER. She gets tangled in the ribbon and they both fall down.
- Nina holds up another fake judge's card: 0.
- A Gymnast does an incredible routine on the pommel horse.
- REVEAL: Libby is under the pommel horse with her phone.
- ANOTHER GYMNAST sticks a landing off the high bars.
- Nina holds up the symbol for PI.
- Libby unknowingly does an amazing floor routine, trying to get the perfect angle for a photo.
- Nina holds up her final card: I <3 PIZZA. Libby LAUGHS.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT - LATER

Nina looks at her phone as she and Libby exit.

NINA

That was sha-mazing. What's next?
chorus concert tomorrow?

LIBBY

I guess. But I have no clue how to
make that concert Snapsta-worthy.

NINA

(re: phone)

Whoa! Libz. Your first photo
already has fifteen likes.

LIBBY

Seriously!?

Libby takes out her own phone to look. Then... THUD! She falls flat on her face.

REVEAL: Zylar sits nearby holding a skeleton from bio class.

ZYLAR

Ooops. Did you trip over my
outstretched anatomically correct
model of a foot? Tough luck.

Zylar strides away, emanating snobbery from every pore. Libby spots something devastating nearby...

LIBBY

My phone!

Libby's phone is shattered nearby. She rushes over to it, kneels down and immediately starts acting like an ER doctor.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

CLEAR!

Libby pumps the home button but nothing happens.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Don't go into the light. You hear
me!? CLEAR!

NINA

Libz!

LIBBY

I'm not giving up on her, Nina!

Libby presses the home button again. Listens for a "breath."

NINA

Libz! Get a hold of yourself!

Libby gives the phone few more pumps. Then she collapses, devastated. Nina touches Libby's shoulder.

NINA (CONT'D)

Only the good die young.