

EXCHANGE STUDENTS

by

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B50

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FADE IN:

"TEACHERS AND STUDENTS: WORKING TOGETHER."

A MALL PATRON stuffs a DOLLAR BILL into a PINK PLASTIC PIGGY-BANK for SUNNYSLOPE HIGH SCHOOL.

INT. MALL - DAY

The back-to-school rush.

BUBBLE GUM POP SONG playing. HAPPY TEENAGERS wring out the last few days of summer.

INT. BROOKSTONE - DAY

Two baked 14-year-old JEAN-JACKETED STONERS in MASSAGE CHAIRS. Ignoring a QUEUE of impatient customers.

Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzz. Dilated eyes roll back in their heads.

PIMPLED STONER

ThiSsSsSs fEeEeEeEls goOoOoOoOod.

RANDY THE STONER

Bro, shut up!

(adjusts himself)

I was *almost* there.

INT. PACSUN CLOTHING - DAY

Browsing the racks, an OVER-TANNED, STEREOTYPICALLY BLONDE, HEATHER (17).

HEATHER

God my elbows are fat.

Straightened arm. Wiggling the fleshy bit of skin.

Friend NINA (18) is a smoking-hot Latino cheerleader. God-given beauty. Most popular girl in school.

NINA

(slips on HUGE SUNGLASSES)

Cute, right? Think Ted will like?

Heather tugs at her elbow skin. Really worried.

HEATHER

It's not snapping back. Can I Botox this?

INT. SEARS PORTRAIT STUDIO - DAY

MOM

Okay! Everyone in frame together.

One big happy family. Matching knit SWEATERS. MOM, DAD, TWIN GIRLS, and...

JUSTIN. 15. Emo. Flat black hair swooped over mascara. Studded brow.

SEARS PHOTOGRAPHER

C'mon. One smile won't kill you.

JUSTIN THE EMO KID

If only.

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET - DAY

Hot WOMEN. LACY OUTFITS. TEDDIES.

A small boy stands alone in the hubbub, transfixed. BEAVER (13) is the nerd other nerds pick on. OVERSIZED FRONT TEETH explain the nickname.

SALESWOMAN (O.S.)

You waiting for someone?

BEAVER

(unblinking)

No.

SALESWOMAN (O.S.)

Then can I help you?

BEAVER

I'm browsing.

INT. MALL HOBBY SHOP - DAY

RAILROAD TRACKS wind around AISLES of PAINT and BALSA WOOD. MODEL AIRPLANES hang from the ceiling.

CUSTOMER

And I'll need to make five balsa shuriken.

Behind the COUNTER, BARRY SITOWKSI (13). CHUBBY.
 AWKWARD. Car dealership HAT. Mustard-stained PANTS.
 Patches of downy MUSTACHE. Huge for his age.

BARRY
 (reviews PURCHASES)
 Kimono. Purple nail polish. Let me
 guess. Going to the con as Grand Samurai
 Arashai?

CUSTOMER
 You know your anime. Order your tickets
 yet?

BARRY
 (rings up order)
 Months ago. I'll die if I miss the Misao
 Yunoki panel.

CUSTOMER
 No doubt. Well seeya there.

Transaction complete, the customer exits...

MR. TURNER
 Help me with this, Barry.

The boy assists his elderly boss with a case of SPRAY
 CANS.

MR. TURNER (CONT'D)
 There's some Coral red acrylic here. How
 many you need?

BARRY
 How many do I need? Or how many can I
 afford?

Mr. Turner hands him three.

MR. TURNER
 We'll miss ya, champ. And Barry-- don't
 forget to have fun in high school.

The kid's face tells us that will never happen.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

DEVON
 (texting)
 Freddy Mason passed out on the keg. BAM.
 Un-friended his ass.

Three SENIORS in LETTERMAN JACKETS. DEVON (17) is a short, muscle-head Korean kid. GEORGE, a tall ginger.

TED

It's not "un-friend", it's de-friend.

TED (18), an overly-confident football-star leader. Broad shouldered. Cleft chin. Crystal blue eyes.

Deliberately elbows Barry and his bag of hobby supplies. Knocking him into a MANNEQUIN.

DEVON

Okay. I "de-friended" Fred.

As the jocks head off, Barry untangles himself. What was that?!

TED

Freddy's MY friend. How do I explain your de-friend?

DEVON

Don't defend Fred, Ted. Let Fred fend for his own friends.

GEORGE

Then un-friend Fred, Devon.

TED

DE-friend.

GEORGE

He did de-friend Fred.

TED

Re-friend him. I want to friend Fred's friend, Brenda.

DEVON

Fred's a dead end.

TED

Fred needs to friend me through you before I can friend Brenda *his* friend. Ya follow?

DEVON

Why would I follow Brenda?

TED

No, do you follow me?

DEVON
Of course I follow you. You're my
friend.

TED
Not anymore.

GEORGE
Whoa. Check out behind the perfume
counter!

A balding 40-YEAR-OLD MAN.

TED
That is so *magnificently* sad.

INT. PERFUME COUNTER - JUST AFTER

RICH WIDOW
I do love this fragrance.

MR. CORDDRY, the aforementioned clerk, waves a COTTON
BALL under her nostrils.

MR. CORDDRY
Luxurious. Overtones of sandalwood.
Only four vials left, so--

TED
...if you want your cooch will smell like
grapefruit, better act fast.

RICH WIDOW
Excuse me?

Mr. Corddry bristles. Not these guys.

DEVON
So you really DO use chemistry in the
real world.

MR. CORDDRY
Sorry, ma'am. My students. Gentlemen,
can you give us a moment?

TED
Just trying to help, Sylvia.

Who? Oh. The NAME TAG.

MR. CORDDRY
This is- I'm filling in for the summer.

GEORGE

The Cinnabon pays two bucks more.

DEVON

Bet my little sister will hire you. Got references?

MR. CORDDRY

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

RICH WIDOW

I can see you're busy.

Exits in a huff. Ted snatches the GREEN BOTTLE.

MR. CORDDRY

A three hundred dollar sale... gone! 15% commission- know what you just cost me?!

TED

Ask Devon. He's Asian.

DEVON

Forty-five bucks.

MR. CORDDRY

GIVE ME THAT!

Takes it back. Dousing himself. Shattering the display.

DEVON

Now it's twelve hundred.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Posters of SHINSEI-SAN, a Japanese ANIME CHARACTER.

Barry carefully sprays a FIBERGLASS ROBOT COSTUME.

DAD (O.S.)

Barry! Gotta huff it if you're gonna make the bus!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

BARRY

Okay dad. I'm out.

His DAD (45), an unshaven widower in yellow BOXERS and a moth-eaten SWEATSHIRT Goodwill wouldn't take.

DAD
Whoa-whoa. Hey.

Barry stops. Yeah?

BARRY'S DAD
(struggles)
Okay- high school. It's huge- a chance-
big chance- like a blooming flower-- new
friends. Life. Know what I'm saying?

BARRY
No.

DAD
Just- don't- don't be yourself.

BARRY
Okay. Wait- *don't* be myself?

DAD
You want invites to the cool parties,
right? Girls? Well, like a great
philosopher once said, "you never get a
second chance at a first impression."

BARRY
That's "Head & Shoulders".

DAD
Okay, two philosophers. Point is, this
is one of the few chances in life you get
to totally start over. Don't nerd out
the first day. You're a big fella. You
should be big man on campus.

Barry knows that's impossible. But he accepts a pat on
the back as Dad sends him on his way.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

BEAVER
Your dad's right. We totally gotta
reinvent ourselves.

BARRY
All I want is to not stick out. The less
people see me, the better. Know what I
mean, Beaver?

BEAVER

"Beaver"? Stop right there. From now on, I'm using my real name.

BARRY

Mortimer R. Hoodenpyle?

BEAVER

Now THAT'S a name that commands respect! The terrors of middle school are over! We're not kids any more. WE ARE MEN!

Punches the seat in front of him.

BEAVER (CONT'D)

Start using deodorant yet? Kinda stings.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The YELLOW PUBLIC SCHOOL BUS DOOR squeaks open. Wide-eyed, baby-faced FRESHMAN stream out.

A professional SIGN: "WELCOME FRESHMEN!"

Holding it: Ted, the alpha male jock, in a BLAZER. Pretending to be a teacher.

TED

Students! Morning! Over here, please!

Naive youngsters gather round. Oversized BACKPACKS.

TED (CONT'D)

Welcome to Sunnyslope High. I'm your new vice principal, Mr. Cooper.

(cups hand over ear)

I SAID, I'm Mr. Cooper!

FRESHMEN

Hello, Mr. Cooper.

TED

My colleagues, Professor Murphy. Doctor Kim.

Seniors George and Devon, also in suits, nod.

TED (CONT'D)

Shall we tour the grounds?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - JUST AFTER

TED

(brags about himself)

And here's our stadium, where your star senior quarterback, Ted Cooper, will win us our first championship. And there-- our majestic theatre, where that same outstanding, handsome, sexy Ted Cooper graces our stage with his commanding performances.

BEAVER

(to Barry)

We gotta find that Cooper guy and make him join our crew.

TED

We're always trying to better our school. I'm sure you've seen these donation pigs across the city.

Devon holds out a PLASTIC PIGGY BANK.

Donate? Now? Okay. The freshmen unvelcro their WALLETS and hand over their lunch money.

TED (CONT'D)

In four years, each of you will be a different person. Older, wiser, more experienced. But let's not forget this day. The innocent "old-you".

A freshly-painted WHITE BUILDING. Ted hands Barry a PLASTIC CUP full of PERMANENT MARKERS.

TED (CONT'D)

To mark this occasion, we have a tradition: The Freshman wall. A time capsule. Go on. Sign your name. Make a doodle. Express yourself.

Barry's hesitant. But as the other freshmen sign the wall, he goes along with it.

TED (CONT'D)

Don't forget to date it. And again, welcome all to Sunnyslope High!

TED slips away. A moment later, the imposing shadow of MR. JONES (55) looms across the wall.

TWEED JACKET. Paid to teach Spanish, but far more fluent in sarcasm.

Jones has always known he was Harvard material. Unfortunately, his degree is from North Hollywood Community College.

The grey-haired instructor takes in the spectacle: A row of vandals scribbling all over the building.

MR. JONES

What is this?

BARRY

Shinsei-san. An elite hacker by day. But he has a secret life as a--

MR. JONES

What's he doing there?!

BARRY

In this pose he's displaying his armor. But in the next panel he'll--

Yanks Barry by the collar.

Everyone scatters.

MR. JONES

Congratulations, mister...

(reads name on wall)

Sitowski. You're the inaugural member of Detention Club.

BARRY

But- but--

MR. JONES

(looks at watch)

Twelve minutes to the warning bell. That's gotta be a school record.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

MR. JONES

Get ready for another horrible year.

Re-filling his COFFEE...

COACH RIGGLE

What are you *talking* about? We got a couple six-foot linemen coming back.

Buzz-cut and towering physique. COACH RIGGLE (30) has a great head for football. And neck.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

My QB is primed to break his own records.

Mr. Corddry plays VIDEO GAMES on the crappy TV.

MR. CORDDRY

Ted Cooper? He's an arrogant wank rag.

COACH RIGGLE

...who's gonna get me a championship.

MS. BEE

Morning!

The super-cute theater teacher, MS. BEE (35), plops on the couch next to Corddry.

SANDALS. Frizzed-out PERM. A decade of not making it in Hollywood never killed her love for the stage.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

How was the summer gig everyone? Dry cleaning again, Mr. Corddry?

Corddry pauses the game. Sets down the controller. He's had a crush on her for some time.

MR. CORDDRY

Pizza delivery. Until my Kia shit the bed. Had to get a second job just to break even.

MR. JONES

There's your problem, Corddry. Always throwing good money after bad.

Unfolds a static-free cloth SLEEVE.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

Allow me to instruct you how a wise man invests. Feast your eyes!

COACH RIGGLE

A book?

MR. JONES

Very good, Riggle. Found this gem in an antique store south of the border. *The Count of Monte Cristo*. First English edition. 1846.

Corddry reaches for it. Jones slaps his hand.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

Not without reading gloves.

Dusting the spine with a fine BRUSH, he locks it in his ALLIGATOR BRIEFCASE.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

Cost me a pretty peso. But will appreciate every year.

MS. BEE

I love Hemingway.

MR. JONES

I weep for your students. Alexandre *Dumas'* classic tale of revenge. Loss. Love. Passion.

MS. BEE

I'm looking for a good drama.

Scribbles the idea on a PAD.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

Though I had enough this summer for several fall plays.

MR. CORDDRY

(hopeful)

Broke up with that Keith guy?

She drops her head in Corddry's lap.

MS. BEE

Don't even say his name.

Corddry doesn't know where to rest his arm. Awkward hover hand.

COACH RIGGLE

Who's Keith?

MS. BEE

Met him at a workshop. You know how some guys are distant- only give you attention when they want sex?

MR. CORDDRY

Oh yeah. What a loser.

MS. BEE

Keith was the opposite. I was shocked by how much time he had. Seemed like he never left my side for weeks.

MR. CORDDRY

(half-hearted)

Oh.

MS. BEE

Needless to say, with the endless attention, I fell head over heels.

COACH RIGGLE

What about when it came to, y'know, knockin' pinkies...

Mr. Corddry doesn't want to hear this part.

MS. BEE

Same thing. He'd go all night- I mean hours and hours. I was in heaven. I've never known any man with such stamina. *UNTIL*.... one morning, while he's in the hotel shower, his cell rings.

MR. JONES

Uh oh.

MS. BEE

Guess who's on the phone?

COACH RIGGLE

His wife!

MS. BEE

No.

MR. CORDDRY

His other girlfriend?

MS. BEE

Worse.

MR. JONES

Gay lover?

MS. BEE

It was... *him*.

MR. CORDDRY

Who?

MS. BEE

Him! Keith!

MR. JONES

Wait- he called himself from the shower?

Ms. Bee covers her face, embarrassed.

MS. BEE

For three months I'd been dating
identical triplets!

MR. CORDDRY

Say what?

MS. BEE

Keith and *Heath*. And *Beath*.

MR. JONES

"Beath"?

Coach busts up.

COACH RIGGLE

Three guys! How'd you not notice?!

MS. BEE

He kept leaving the room for more ice!
God. Why are men such jerks?!!

MR. CORDDRY

So you're not seeing anyone...? Now, I mean.

Warning BELL. She composes herself.

MS. BEE

Summer's over. I'm putting all my focus
into being a better teacher.

Corddry is inspired. But mostly wants to get in her pants.

MR. CORDDRY

Me too. I'm going to find one kid out there and touch him in a special way that will stay with him the rest of his life.

CUT TO:

INT. SPANISH CLASS - DAY

MR. JONES

Now I don't like any of you douchebags and baguettes, and you don't like me. So let's just try to not-- *what?*

BEAVER

I like you very much, sir. Most teachers wouldn't have given us summer reading. But me, I like to be productive. That's why I built a birdhouse. We've got these sparrows--

MR. JONES

Shut the hell up. Let's review the phrases in my workbook.

Scrawls a sentence on the blackboard.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

You will not be paid until all the yard work is finished. Who can translate this?

Sitting next to the teacher's desk, Ted raises his hand.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

Someone who's NOT the T.A.? Sitowski.

Barry has no clue.

BARRY

Ummm... aaa....

BEAVER

(helping)

Yo no...

MR. JONES

Can it, nerdo.

BARRY

Yo no... payo... until-o... biblioteca?

MR. JONES

¡Yo no le pagará hasta que finalice el trabajar del césped! Next, who can conjugate--

TED

Uh... that's wrong.

MR. JONES

Que?

TED

Trabajar del césped? That's "work of the lawn". "Gardening" is *Jardinería*. If you're in Mexico City and you talk all stiff like that, they'll think you're an ignorant gringo.

MR. JONES

Watch it, Cooper.

TED

Unless you're in Yucatan province... where they've never *heard of* gardening! Am I right or am I right?

The MEXICAN KIDS-- half the class-- chuckle knowingly.

MR. JONES

I don't know what ghetto slang you picked up from your nannies and summers in the Mexican Riviera. But I assure you -- when I go an hour south of the border, the local color understands me *just fine*.

TED

Yeah, but you're only buying a shot of tequila and one ticket to the donkey show, so...

Ted's audience giggles its support.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - DAY

COACH RIGGLE

(reading roll)

Randolph... the red nose reindeer.

RANDOLPH

Here.

COACH RIGGLE

(checkmarks name)

Robbins... Thirty one flavors.

ROBBINS

Present.

COACH RIGGLE
Saul...sbery steak.

SAUL
 Here.

COACH RIGGLE
 Hi ho *Silverman...* away.

SILVERMAN
 Here.

COACH RIGGLE
Sitowski... Sitowski. Uh.. Sit-on-it-owski.

BARRY
 Yeah.

Barry dwarfs the other scrawny freshmen.

COACH RIGGLE
 Big kid, ain't ya?

Takes a gulp from his POWER SHAKE.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)
 Bet you'll have the hairiest crotch
 tonsils in the shower.
 (looks down at his board)
Snider! The Amazing Sniderman!

JUSTIN THE EMO KID
 Yo.

Ted enters.

TED
 Coach! Recruiter's here.

COACH RIGGLE
 What's that? Oh. Okay freshmen- squat
 thrusts till your groins pop.

Blows his whistle.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)
 (claps hands)
 LET'S GO, LET'S GO!

As they exercise, Barry glares at the jock who framed him
 for vandalizing.

BARRY
That guy's such a tool.

BEAVER
Who? Coach? Or the vice principal?

CUT TO:

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - JUST AFTER

The Recruiter twists an NCAA CHAMPIONSHIP RING around his stubby finger.

RECRUITER
The coaches, the boosters. Everyone wants you.

Coach Riggle, nervous, gives Ted a how-about-that elbow in the ribs.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)
Just keep them stats up. A little more muscle mass wouldn't hurt.

COACH RIGGLE
Exactly! That's- that's just what I've been telling the boy.

Coach pops the lid off a fresh CAN of PROTEIN POWDER.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)
I chug three a day.

Mixes up a SHAKE.

RECRUITER
Speaking of which... we budgeted for a quarterback coach. So if you want to bring along someone.

COACH RIGGLE
SWEET! Don't wanna break up the team. Right, son?

Hands Ted the shake.

TED
Yeah, well- that's very generous, but I call my own audibles most games.

COACH RIGGLE
Well, no- that's not exactly the--

Ted dumps his shake in the PLANTER.

TED
No offense Coach. But I feel... wild. I
need an experienced hand to focus my
skill set right now.

COACH RIGGLE
(choking)
What? I have experience.

TED
A higher caliber of football.

Coach Riggle watches his dreams melt away.

COACH RIGGLE
Oh, come on! Ted?

RECRUITER
You sure about that?

TED
I'm ready for the next level.

RECRUITER
Consider it off the table then.

The coach hangs his head. Furious.

TED
You know what might look good on the
table? The keys to a 4-runner.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER CLASS - DAY

Students are partnered up. Running lines.

There's Nina the cheerleader. She's truly a goddess.
Confident. Radiant.

In back, Barry sits alone. Odd-man out. Watching her
like a lion eying a gazelle.

Their eyes lock. Barry looks away. Too late. She
whispers to her scene partner. Her boyfriend, Ted.

Next thing you know, the jock's walking over. Oh shit.

TED
Nina saw you staring at her.

BARRY
I didn't. I was just--

TED
It's cool. I'm totally into it.

Sits down next to him.

TED (CONT'D)
We're thinking about experimenting. Cuz I'll be honest. I can't handle the workload. She just-
(whispers)
she wants sex all the time. An animal. She's like- she grabs my hair. Jumping up and down. Thrashing wildly. And sometimes, y'know, I just want to cuddle.

BARRY
Enough. I get it.

TED
How would you feel about you and me tag-teaming her? Two straws in the milkshake, right? She likes flab and a musky scent. So do I.

MS. BEE
Alright who's first?

TED
(winks)
Think about it.
(to Ms. Bee)
We're ready.

Ted leaves a flustered Barry, takes Nina's hand, and walks to the front of the class.

MS. BEE
You forgot your--

TED
I'm off-book.

Ted gets into character: Edmond Dante from *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

TED (CONT'D)
Poor Captain Leclere! He died of brain-fever in dreadful agony. But fortune was kinder to me. I am the new captain!

Wow, he's actually good.

NINA

Oh, Edmond. Does that mean--

TED

I am off to Paris to deliver a letter of great import. When I return, we shall be married. Will you wait for me, sweet Mercedes?

NINA

Forever and a day, Edmond.

They're AWESOME together.

TED

Let me comb your raven hair! Inhale your sweet scent. One last time. A moment to savor on my journey. Til I return to you, Mercedes. Let me cover you with kisses!

They make out. Passionate. What charisma!

MS. BEE

And scene.

The whole room applauds. Especially ditsy blonde Heather.

HEATHER

Pure win.

Ms. Bee sucks back emotion. Quiets everyone down.

MS. BEE

You know what you did there? You *listened*. Really listened to each other. You've had an real *honest* relationship for so long- it jumps right off the stage, through the audience, into their eyes, and bounces around in their brains.

TED

Nina knows my soul.

Kisses her wrist.

MS. BEE

You inspire me. My own life. Thank you both. I think we have strong candidates for our leads.

Barry stares at Ted. Anger. Envy.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)
Okay, who's next?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Freshmen hustle onto buses. Seniors to their cars.

TED
By the way, the night the play opens...
The rents are in Jamaica!

DEVON
Homecoming weekend? YES!

TED
Kegger. Full bar.

Ted's ride is a tricked-out MUSTANG. Nina climbs in.

TED (CONT'D)
Told the catering company it was a bar
mitzvah party for my son Moishie.

DEVON
Epic.

NINA
Bring yer yarmulkes, boys! We're gonna
plotz.

CUT TO:

INT. DETENTION HALL - DAY

THUD! A fist pounds Barry's shoulder.

RANDY THE STONER
I got limited-time offer for ya, fatty.
I'm going to punch you every day for the
rest of your life. *Unless...* you eat my
Dr. Scholl's.

Slaps a nasty ODOR-EATER on the desk.

RANDY THE STONER (CONT'D)
Right now.

BARRY
Forget it.

RANDY THE STONER
You got five minutes. Start chewing.

BEAVER
(next to him, whispers)
Offer to eat a pencil. It's a good
compromise, plus it's got fiber.

Time's ticking. Barry looks at the foot pad.

Fuck. He rips off a section with his teeth.

RANDY THE STONER
He's doin' it! He's jellin' like a
felon! Jellin' like a melon! Jellin'
like- uh...

BEAVER
Sir Ian McKellen?

RANDY THE STONER
Who?

BEAVER
Jesus, you're ignorant.

He's about to get punched too, when--

MR. CORDDRY
Alright, enough!

Mr. Corddry's at the front of the class. Watching the
whole time.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)
Let's just call it. Out everyone.

BEAVER
(looks at the clock)
But.... we still have five more--

MR. CORDDRY
Go home. Get outta here.

Surprised, they gather their things and filter out.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)
Not you, Sitowski.

Barry slumps back in his chair. Great.

BEAVER

I can stay too. I didn't actually have detention. I'm just waiting for the bus because...

Digs through his BACKPACK.

BEAVER (CONT'D)

I have the blue sticker. That's the one that doesn't leave until--

MR. CORDDRY

I don't need to see it. Out. OUT, Beaver!

Beaver exits. Corddry takes a seat next to Barry.

BARRY

What?

Mr. Corddry folds his arms. About to impart some life lessons.

MR. CORDDRY

I've been here nine years. Seen classes come and go. Some kids got it all. Looks, charm, silver spoon shoved up their crack. Obviously not you. Then there are those kids who have something special inside, but people just don't see it. That's not you either. The *third* type--

BARRY

Can I go now?

MR. CORDDRY

The third type *is* you. No self confidence. A charity case *screaming* for individualized teacher-student attention. A uh, colleague of mine suggested perhaps I should-- what's that?

Barry's sketchbook.

BARRY

Nothing.

MR. CORDDRY

Let's take a look.

DOODLES of a SUPERHERO.

BARRY

A costume. Shisei-San. Defender of the Crystal Dimension. He's beast in Japan. I've been working on it all summer for MangaCon XIII.

Corddry looks at him with sadness.

MR. CORDDRY

Yeah. This is what I'm getting at. The first year is when you define yourself, Barry. Not just for high school, but for the rest of your life.

BARRY

So I hear.

MR. CORDDRY

The haters out there- they smell weakness. Don't let 'em walk all over you. That's whickity-whack. Stick to your guns and you'll win their respect.

Holds out his fist.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)

Pound it.

Barry reluctantly fist-bumps. Mr. Corddry does a complex "hand explosion".

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Day 2. Students scramble for class.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

MR. CORDDRY

Well Ms. Bee, I took what you said to heart. Connected with one of the freshmen and think I'm breaking through.

MS. BEE

That's what I like to hear.

She gives him an encouraging hug. He smells her hair.

COACH RIGGLE

Huge mistake. Ya take a delicate sapling, invest hours nurturing it into a mighty oak, and then one day that tree shits all over you!

Refills his coffee.

MR. JONES

Ted Cooper, right? Yeah. Just like every other prom-king golden-boy. He'll be pushing people around the rest of his charmed life.

MS. BEE

Oh stop. I adore Teddy.

She gathers her things.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

You should see him with that pretty Nina. It's love. Trust me. He's one of the good ones.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER WARDROBE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TED

Use the voice.

Hidden among RACKS of COSTUMES...

GIRL VOICE (V.O.)

*You're the rootin'ist tootin'ist spaceman
I ever done met!!!*

It's blonde Heather! Dressed head-to-toe like JESSIE, the pigtailed cowgirl the Toy Story films.

TED

More white-trashy.

The two-timing bastard raises the GLASS VISOR on his SPACEMAN HELMET.

HEATHER

I still think you should be Woody.

TED

Oh I am.

Presses her head down.

TED (CONT'D)
Down on your chaps, jezebel!

INT. THEATER CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Outside the wardrobe room, Ms. Bee holds three COSTUMES ON HANGERS. SHOCKED at what she just heard.

Her eyes narrow. Furious. About to bust them...

NINA
Have you seen Ted?

Whoa. She spins around.

MS. BEE
Oh, Nina. Can I- I need your help...
with the lights. Now.

NINA
Sure.

The teacher pulls her outside.

TED (O.S.)
To infinity and beyond!!

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

BARRY
Fries or onion rings?

BEAVER
Oh jeeze. Don't rush me. Okay, I had
fries yesterday. But mom's serving liver
and onions tonight.
(thinks)
What does the house recommend?

Barry, HAIRNET, useless THIN PLASTIC GLOVES, scoops
scalding GREASY FRIES onto Beaver's TRAY.

BARRY
(burns fingers)
Ow!

BEAVER
Pomme frites! Merci!

Beaver gratefully slides his tray down the line.

Next up...

BARRY
Fries or--

TED
Both.

BARRY
Umm.

Barry catches a glimpse of the teacher's table. Mr. Corddry having lunch with the others.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Y'know... actually, I'm only allowed to give you one or the other.

TED
Excuse me? What did you say?

NINA
It's okay, Ted. You can have mine.

TED
No, it's NOT okay. It's disrespectful. These freshmen have to understand how things work around here.
(to Barry)
Now what are we gonna do?

Barry's scared. But stands strong.

BARRY
Fries OR rings.

TED
(plays it off)
Alright. Good.

He slides to the desserts. Barry feels pretty good about himself.

The bully backed down!

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

A burly Mexican LUNCH LADY (60) wipes down a TABLE. She's a simple woman. SMOCK. TUBE SOCKS to the knee.

TED
Señora, por favor.

LUNCH LADY
Si?

Ted feigns immeasurable sadness.

TED
My girlfriend- she accidentally threw out
her retainer. Her dad's gonna kill her.

The Lunch Lady stares with a vapid smile.

TED (CONT'D)
Now I don't know if you've seen one of
these before. It's FIFTY DOLLARS.
Cincuenta dólares, comprende?

Tears the \$50 down the middle. The Lunch Lady watches
hungrily as he stuffs half the note into her SMOCK.

TED (CONT'D)
(waves other half)
Esto es tuyo... if you find it.

LUNCH LADY
¡Gracias!

Excited, she shuffles off.

INT. TEACHER'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The teachers have been eavesdropping.

MR. CORDDRY
What a prick.

He watches the Lunch Lady interrupt Barry's two dollar,
ten minute lunch, pointing at THE FULL GARBAGE CANS. His
shoulders slump.

MS. BEE
Yes. You all were right. Ted is a
complete sleazoid.

COACH RIGGLE
A selfish twat is what he is.

Barry's up to his hips in the TRASH, digging for the non-
existent retainer.

Ted bumps him. Barry spills to the floor.

MR. JONES

Three years Ted's been my assigned TA. Undermines me at every level. I'd love to knock that pretty boy off his smug perch.

George and Devon laugh it up Barry shakes off HALF-EATEN FILTH.

MS. BEE

Wouldn't matter. There's always another alpha male creep to step in and take his place.

COACH RIGGLE

If only we could decide who.

Corddry's face lights up.

MR. CORDDRY

Wait. What you said earlier- making these kids into better adults- what if we *actually* did it?

MS. BEE

How so?

MR. CORDDRY

No one at this school's more popular than Ted, right?

COACH RIGGLE

Besides the mascot.

MR. CORDDRY

And no kid's more pathetic than Barry Sitowski.

MR. JONES

I concur.

MR. CORDDRY

It's always the same. They come in winners, leave winners. Show up losers, that's how they graduate. BUT! What if we could change that?! Put 'em on new paths... Switch them.

COACH RIGGLE

Make that dweeb popular? Impossible.

MS. BEE

I like this idea. It's why I got into teaching. It's what we're *supposed* to do. Sculpt them. Change their future.

MR. CORDDRY

Exactly.

Barry picks ROTTEN LETTUCE from his hair.

COACH RIGGLE

That kid's got the confidence of a mouse in an python cage.

MR. CORDDRY

So we *give* him confidence. I say... I say we can do it by semester's end.

MS. BEE

Like a sociology project.

MR. JONES

It *would* break the monotony.

COACH RIGGLE

Why not? The good Lord hath bestowed us with great power. Let's abuse it.

Mr. Corddry raises his CHOCOLATE MILK CARTON.

MR. CORDDRY

Then it's settled.

The others "clink" cardboard.

MS. BEE

Hero to zero.

MR. CORDDRY

And zero to hero.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

STUDENTS in Sunnyslope RED pack the STANDS. Their rivals, the CHIEFS, huddle on the field.

Nina leads the CHEERLEADERS.

CHEERLEADERS
FEATHERED REDSKINS WITH-A-PEACE-PIPE! /
YOUR MASCOT IS A STER-E-O-TYPE! /
GOOOOO RAZORBACKS!!!

Acrobatic flips. Beaver runs down the sideline, leading a LEASHED PIG--- "OINKY"-- draped with Sunnyslope's EMBLEM and a stylish FEZ.

EXT. SNACK BAR - NIGHT

LUNCH LADY
Everyone in mi casa- we sing, we dance...

Barry hands CORN DOGS to Mr. Jones and Mr. Corddry as the Lunch Lady drones on about her hometown.

BARRY
 And two Cokes.

Clumsily topples ONE over. Suddenly, soda. Trying to dab it with a TOWEL, he knocks over the second one.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Sorry.

As he refills the cups, the teachers confer.

MR. JONES
 We're in for a challenge. Everything's in place for tonight?

MR. CORDDRY
 It's a go. Ms. Bee has her disguise all ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

COACH RIGGLE
 Deep! Deep!

Ted hurls a bomb into the end zone. Completion...

TOUCHDOWN!

The crowd goes wild.

38-7. Ted's team is destroying the Chiefs.

EXT. SIDELINES - CONTINUOUS

Bathed in sweat, Ted throws his HELMET on the bench. The other PLAYERS, including George and Devon, surround him.

TED
I can't carry the whole team. You're making me rush my throws!

COACH RIGGLE
What are you bitching about? That was a touch-- hey, HEY! Can I help you?

The THUNDERBIRD CHIEF MASCOT-- gigantic, offensive NATIVE AMERICAN HEAD-- has joined the huddle.

Gives Ted a playful shoulder massage.

TED
Get off me, asswipe!

The mascot reaches into Ted's back pocket.

TED (CONT'D)
My headband!

Ted tries to grab it back.

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

The kids are confused as the mascot appears to clasp hands with Ted in an EXAGGERATED HANDSHAKE.

JUSTIN THE EMO KID
What's up with Cooper?

MR. JONES
Sure seems to be chummy with the other side.

EXT. SIDELINES - CONTINUOUS

The "Mascot" distracts Ted and the crowd with a friendly bear hug.

TIGHT: Coach Riggle secretly switches out Ted's MOUTH GUARD.

COACH RIGGLE
Hey Cooper! Tell your girlfriend she can meet you after the game!

Ted takes back his headband. The Chief Mascot blows Ted a kiss and runs back to the other team.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

Cooper!

Coach directs him to a clearing just off the sideline.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

Run out the clock.

Dons his headband and helmet. Slips in his new "replacement" mouth guard.

TED

No shit.

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Corddry whispers to Mr. Jones.

MR. JONES

Were not gonna poison the kid, are we?

MR. CORDDRY

Don't worry. Benzene is a non-toxic compound. It's just very bitter.

EXT. SIDELINES - CONTINUOUS

Ted GAGS. Instinctively spitting out the rubber.

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

MR. CORDDRY

And highly reactive with anything painted in anhydrides...

EXT. SIDELINES - CONTINUOUS

When the mouthguard touches the green grass, it makes a small CHEMICAL SPARK, igniting the patch in BLUEISH FLAME.

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

A line of FIRE travels from Ted onto the playing field.

RANDY THE STONER

Dude.

WHOOSH! The flame splits into a PATTERN.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Players scatter back, revealing...

CURSIVE WORDS OF FIRE.

"SUNNYSLOPE SUCKS!"

Beneath it, an IMAGE of a FINGER flipping off the crowd.

COACH RIGGLE

(to players)

Stomp that out!

NINA

Ted?

COACH RIGGLE

Cooper! That's a fire hazard. Hit the lockers.

TED

Why? That wasn't me!

Tears off his helmet, revealing words on his headband:

"F-U, PIGS"

BOOS from the crowd.

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

As students throw GARBAGE at Ted, Mr. Corddry and Mr. Jones exchange satisfied smirks.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NEXT DAY

TED

Obviously it was a prank by the Chiefs.

His teammates suit up, grumbling. Whatever.

COACH RIGGLE

There isn't a mean bone in your body,
Ted, and we all know that. Keep your
nose clean, and this'll blow over.

He closes Ted's LOCKER. But unbeknownst to Ted, leaves
it slightly ajar.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

Alright ladies, wind sprints. Don't stop
till you puke through your nostrils.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILOSOPHY CLASS - MORNING

On the wall-- PLATO. DESCARTES. SARTRE. DR. PHIL.

The PHILOSOPHY TEACHER scans the room for cheaters as
students fill out their tests.

Ted finishes with a flourish. Slaps the test on the
teacher's desk. Returns to his seat.

TED

Make me sweat next time, amigo.

Kicks up his feet triumphantly. The teacher raises his
eyebrow.

On the bottom of Cooper's sneaker: A "CRIB SHEET".
ANSWERS in TINY PRINT.

PHILOSOPHY TEACHER

Mr. Cooper. What is written on your
sole?

TED

The soul is the immaterial essence of our
being. According to Plato anyway.

PHILOSOPHY TEACHER

COOPER!! YOUR SHOE!

Confused, Ted follows his gaze to his rubber sole.

TED

What the- this isn't- I didn't--

Students whisper.

PHILOSOPHY TEACHER

Principal. Go.

TED

But--

PHILOSOPHY TEACHER

OUT! Sweating now, Amigo?

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

MR. CORDDRY

Have a seat, Barry.

Barry sits on the couch. Takes in the sanctity of the Teacher's Lounge.

MR. JONES

Just got back your first test scores.

In red ink, circled: F-.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

Second week of school, and you're already a month behind.

MR. CORDDRY

You're failing everything. Why is that, son?

BARRY

Lack of effort. Maybe I'm just stupid.

MR. CORDDRY

Nonsense. Every child is a snowflake. They're all *different*. And beautiful. And delicate. And, uh...cold. You can make 'em into snowmen--

MR. JONES

Do you know what a charter school is, Barry?

BARRY

Like DeVry?

MR. JONES

We're on the board to select a candidate for an experimental state program.

Hands him a BROCHURE.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

It's called the BJOB protocol. Explain it to him, Mr. Corddry.

What the--? Has to improvise.

MR. CORDDRY

BJOB. Bettering... Juvenile Opportunities. Because.

BARRY

Because...?

MR. CORDDRY

Just because.

MR. JONES

Because we care.

The amateurish, faculty-manufactured leaflet has DRAWINGS of kids at play, flying kites, etc.

MR. CORDDRY

BJOB puts disadvantaged students like you on an even-playing field. It stresses the freedom to define who you are. Set your own curriculum, pursue your own interests, even make your own grades.

Mr. Corddry adds a line to the "F-" transforming it to "A+".

Barry's skeptical.

MR. JONES

What- you don't like the A? It could be a C... or a B... or a J.. Draw a rabbit on it. We really don't give a dippity-dodah.

MR. CORDDRY

We just expect you to *participate* and engage in extra-curricular activities. Run for student council.

MR. JONES

Join the glee club.

MR. CORDDRY

Or start your own club.

MR. JONES

I bet you like pie. Start a pie team.

BARRY

Okay. I get your point. I'll try harder. Buckle down and do my homework.

MR. JONES

He's not getting it.

MR. CORDDRY

Follow us.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCKERS - DAY

MR. CORDDRY

Your days of hauling heavy books from one side of campus to the other are over.

MR. JONES

May I present... your second locker.

Barry peers inside. It's sterling clean.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)

We don't want you straining yourself. Your first locker has your history and math books. Compartment West here is for gym shorts and recreation.

MR. CORDDRY

(hands him PADLOCK)

And your North Quad locker is for personal use and retreats. We've taken the liberty of stocking it with snacks and beverages.

MR. JONES

Do you like Toblerone?

BARRY

I- uh...

MR. CORDDRY

Speaking of which, you're fired from that horrible cafeteria job.

BARRY

But that's how I pay for lunch.

Inside the locker- a PACKET of MENUS. Local restaurants.

MR. CORDDRY

The program has a per diem. Thirty bucks.

BARRY

A week?!

MR. CORDDRY

A day. Submit your order to the lunch lady. She'll take care of it.

MR. JONES

Oh, and this HALL PASS is all-access. Good for the whole year.

Stuffs a LAMINATED CARD into Barry's jacket.

MR. CORDDRY

Come in late. Leave early. Total freedom.

Barry thinks he gets it.

BARRY

OHHHH. I see. I'm blowing your curve! I start ditching, you bust me. Class average goes up, you get raises--

MR. CORDDRY

You're a good kid, Barry. Why shouldn't good things happen to you?

BARRY

Because they don't. Thanks, but no thanks.

Slings his backpack over his shoulder. Walks off.

Mr. Corddry and Mr. Jones exchange looks.

MR. JONES

We have to sweeten the pot.

They exit.

Over on the other side of the LOCKERS...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stern PRINCIPAL KERNS (60) approaches Ted's LOCKER. OLD LADY. LIBRARIAN GLASSES. Grey hair in a BUN.

PRINCIPAL KERNS

Clear it all out.

TED

But Principal Kerns-- you KNOW me. I'm not a cheater. I've been a model student! Our enemies at Thunderbird--

PRINCIPAL KERNS

"Enemies"?

Ted opens his locker.

TED

They're devious. They're snakes. They're screwing with me! They want to steal the championship from me!

Haphazardly collects his BOOKS, along with SYRINGES, GLASS BOTTLES, PORN MAGAZINES, SEX TOYS...

TED (CONT'D)

(oblivious)

They must have heard about my scholarship, so--

Seeing Principal Kerns' stares, he follows her gaze.

She takes the SYRINGE from his hand.

PRINCIPAL KERNS

Anabolic steroids?

TED

That's not mine! This must be the wrong locker.

Principal Kerns glances inside the locker. PROM PHOTO OF HIM AND NINA on the door.

And a REVOLVER on the top shelf.

Wow. He's supremely fucked. Then, she notices, stuffed in back...

PRINCIPAL KERNS

Is that my purse?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Dad, still in underwear, surfs the INTERNET on an old PC.

DAD

That IS a good deal for beef jerky.

Barry tears out of his room, holding a freshly-spray-painted SPACE BOOT. Mad scramble for the door.

BARRY

Dammit. Lost track of time!

Puts the boot down. Runs outside.

DAD

Hey! Grab me some smokes on your way home.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Barry dashes down the walkway. Running across the parking lot.

Then stops short.

Right on the curb: The SCHOOL BUS!

Loaded with kids. Apparently waiting for him.

DALE, the bus driver, stands at the open accordion door, hands clasped in front of him. Like a VALET.

BARRY

(confused)

Did they change the route?

INT. BUS - JUST AFTER

Barry saunters to the back.

DALE

Actually sir, a seat just opened up here.

Cuts yellow "WET PAINT" tape that had been blocking the first row.

RANDY THE STONER

"Sir?" Why does he get special treatment?

DALE

He's special.

RANDY THE STONER

Then put him on the short bus!

Dale hands Barry a COMIC BOOK, hot COFFEE...

DALE

Oh, and this is yours too.

A RED ENVELOPE. A GOLDEN ROOM KEY falls into his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Ted lounges under his parent's awesome BACKYARD CANOPY in his SWIM TRUNKS.

NINA

Geometry assignment. Anything else?

TED

I'm gonna do a little recon at Thunderbird's campus to figure out who set me up. Tomás! *Más de hielo té!*

TOMÁS, a grumpy 50-something handyman in a RED FLANNEL WORKSHIRT, refills Ted's ICED TEA.

MRS. COOPER

You're not going anywhere without car privileges.

Ted's MOM (42). Botox gone very wrong.

TED

MOM! You can't take my car!

MRS. COOPER

No? Well you can't take an automatic weapon to school.

TED

Not an automatic. A single-action revolver. And I didn't bring it.

MRS. COOPER

Do you have *any* idea how lucky you are?

NINA

One week suspension is way lucky.

MRS. COOPER

What's lucky was his father's donation to the school. So no auto insurance this month. And the rest you'll pay off by helping Tomás.

Tomás hands Ted PRUNING SHEARS.

TOMÁS
¿Me ayudará en el jardín?

CUT TO:

INT. FACULTY WASHROOM - JUST AFTER

Holding the golden key, Barry gasps.

BARRY
The faculty rest room. The rumors were true.

SPOTLESS. Polished, bone-white URINALS. MOSAIC TILE, unbroken and gleaming.

Freshly-cut FLOWERS. A rack of MAGAZINES.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
The stalls have doors. My God. The stalls have doors.

Heads into one. GASPS.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Two-ply!

EXT. HALLWAY - JUST AFTER

TARDY BELL. Barry races down the empty corridor.

PRINCIPAL KERNS
Why aren't you in class?

BARRY
I- ummm- I'm- I was in- the BJOB. In the bathroom--

Confusion. She notices the Hall Pass in Barry's jacket. Inspects it carefully.

PRINCIPAL KERNS
Your papers appear to be in order. As you were.

Wow. It worked.

INT. CHEM LAB - DAY

MR. CORDDRY

...so when benzine reacts with anhydride--
excuse me! Excuse me, Mr. Sitowski!

Eyes swivel back to Barry sheepishly taking his seat.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)

You think you can just "waltz" in here
any time you please?

BARRY

Ummm... I thought so.

Titters.

MR. CORDDRY

Really?! And who told you such a thing?

BARRY

(tentative)
You did?

RANDY THE STONER

Whoa. Balls.

Mr. Corddry pretends to be flustered.

MR. CORDDRY

I see. And- and- and what else did I
say?

BARRY

Um... well, you said... I didn't have to
study anymore.

The class "oooohhhs". So in-your-face.

But instead of skewering him, Mr. Corddry backs down.

MR. CORDDRY

Well- then.. er- um... you can't- I don't
appreciate- WILL YOU JUST TAKE A SEAT?!

Barry sits. The class looks at him with a new respect.

RANDY THE STONER

Owned.

BING!

LOUDSPEAKERS (O.S.)
*This is Mr. Jones with the morning
 announcements.*

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr Jones sips COFFEE. Leans into the MIC.

MR. JONES
 There have been cruel and hateful words
 on campus recently about our just-
 suspended star student Ted Cooper. We
 remind you of our zero-tolerance policy
 on rumor-mongering.

INT. CHEM LAB - CONTINUOUS

MR. JONES (O.S.)
*Those spreading lies that Ted shaved
 points at football games last year to
 support a gambling addiction should be
 ashamed of yourself.*

The kids perk up. What?

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Cheerleaders stretch.

MR. JONES (O.S.)
*It is also FALSE that Ted grew a third
 testicle due to a raging syphilis
 infection. Outrageous. That's not at
 all how syphilis works.*

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Bee joins Mr. Jones. Trying to suppress laughter.

MR. JONES
 Finally, and we know teenagers do like to
 gossip, but there is no evidence
 whatsoever that Ted smothered six- maybe
 seven- kittens with a fringed satin
 pillow in Germany three years ago.

MS. BEE
 One final issue, if I may, about our
 dress code.

(MORE)

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

This new baggy-chic trend with its anime T-shirts, car dealership baseball caps, and out-of-style jeans with mustard stains...

INT. CHEM LAB - CONTINUOUS

Barry looks down. This describes him to a T.

MS. BEE (V.O.)

....has alarmed parents with its in-your-face anti-social depravity and sexual associations.

Students take notice, pointing at Barry.

MS. BEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yes, it may be associated with the avant-garde hipster underground Tokyo dancehall scene, but here at Sunnyslope it is totally un-cool and unacceptable.

Gossip from the students.

Suddenly Barry is hip.

RANDY THE STONER

(leans over)

Dude. You in a band or something?

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Barry sits alone. The Lunch Lady breaks out a TABLE CLOTH and two CANDLES. Clatter of dishes as she places silver-covered PLATTERS from her TROLLY.

Today's entrée: STEAK & FRIES.

Over at the CHEERLEADER TABLE, mouths are agape.

CHEERLEADER

I heard he invented an electric razor attachment for iPhones. Supposed to be a tech genius.

NINA

He *is* cute. In a lost puppy way.

HEATHER

Wonder where I can I get one of those fly
Hundai caps...

Barry is clearly uncomfortable being the center of
attention.

Across the cafeteria...

INT. TEACHER'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

MS. BEE

His meal isn't coming from our paychecks,
right?

COACH RIGGLE

Naw. Thank Ted's old man for the
donation to our "discretionary fund".

At his table, Barry crumples up a ball of TINFOIL and
tosses it into to the trash next to him.

Bounces off the rim. To the floor.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

And that's my cue.
(Cracks neck)
Wish me luck.

INT. BARRY'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

COACH RIGGLE

I just saw that. Hell of an arm. Hell
of an arm.

Picks up the foil ball.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

Give it another shot.

Barry throws it again. Airball.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

Perfect spiral. Listen. I don't know if
you've heard, but we just lost our QB for
Friday's night game.

Sits down. Picks at Barry's fries.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

I'm just going to come out and ask this.
How are you at football?

BARRY

Never played it. Or watched it.

COACH RIGGLE

That's exactly what I was hoping you'd say. You're fresh. Won't have to unlearn any bad habits.

Gets to the point.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

This Friday. I want you to lead the team.

BARRY

Yeah, right.

COACH RIGGLE

No joke. I need new blood.

BARRY

MangaCon's this Friday.

COACH RIGGLE

Well bring her along.

BARRY

It's a convention. With a cosplay competition. Fanboys from all over the country, coming together to see who has the best--

COACH RIGGLE

So it's nothing important, great. Come on. Play football. It's... football.

BARRY

If it was *any* other weekend...

...he still wouldn't do it.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Wait- is this about that... BJOB?

COACH RIGGLE

No! GOD NO!

BARRY

I mean Building Juvenile- Mr. Corddry's thing.

COACH RIGGLE
(backs away)
Just think about it, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - AFTER SCHOOL

MS. BEE
Coach Riggle said you're into designing
fabulous outfits.

Students mill about, reading script pages. Getting ready
for their auditions.

BARRY
That's not quite--

MS. BEE
We need someone to head our wardrobe
department.

BARRY
Ew. No. I promise you. I'd suck at
that.

He's staring at Nina practicing her scene up on the
stage.

MS. BEE
Then help me with this.

Reaches into a FOLDER.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)
(hands him PAGES)
I need you to read against Nina. Nina,
you're up!

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

MS. BEE
Run this scene.

BARRY
I'd rather not.

As Ms Bee returns to the seats, Nina watches Barry shake
and sweat.

NINA
It's easy. Really. Just feed me the
lines. Forget anyone's watching you.

A SPOTLIGHT hits them both. He fumbles with the pages...

NINA (CONT'D)
(reads)
*He's fading...he's not going to last...we
must get him to my father!*

Frozen, Barry fights to get words out of his mouth.

BARRY
(reads)
Stay with...
(clears throat)
Stay with the--

TED (O.S.)
It's okay, everyone. I got it!

NINA
Ted?

Ted steps into the spotlight. Snatches the script from Barry. Elbows him into the darkness.

TED
Let me find my center.

Murmurs from the seats. Ted's back?

MS. BEE
Aren't you still suspended?

TED
Just a few more days.

JUSTIN THE EMO KID
How could you smother those kittens?!

TED
What kittens? Shut up and let me
audition.

RANDY THE STONER
Nobody wants you here, three-ball!

TED
What did you call me, heshher?

HEATHER

If you really have syphilis, Ted, you need to tell me.

NINA

Tell *you*?

MS. BEE

Yes, why tell her, Ted?

TED

(overly defensive)

Oh please. I don't- I didn't cheat on you, Nina.

NINA

Who said--

TED

Yeah, exactly. Whoever did is a liar! Jesus. I can't leave this place five minutes without people saying shit about me! Whoever's behind it is a dead man.

(to Barry)

What are you staring at, tubby?

Barry doesn't want any trouble.

MS. BEE

I'm going to politely ask you to leave the audition now, Ted.

TED

Fine. This play will blow without me. Guar-an-teeed.

Spikes the pages to the ground.

Whispers as Ted storms into the wings.

JUSTIN THE EMO KID

Roid rage.

MS. BEE

Barry? From the top.

Barry shuffles back into the light. Picks up the pages.

NINA

He's fading...he's not going to last...we must get him to my father!

BARRY
 (reads)
*Stay with the Hobbits - I will send
 horses for you.*

Hobbits?

NINA
I am the faster rider - I'll take him.

Hold the phone. He knows this!

BARRY
The road is too dangerous.

NINA
*Frodo is dying....if I can get across the
 river - the power of my people will
 protect him! I do not fear them.*

Growing confident, he lowers the pages. Does his best
 Viggo Mortensen.

BARRY
*According to your wish. Arwen... ride
 hard - don't look back!*

MS. BEE
 (whistles)
 I think we have the star of our new play.

BARRY
 Congrats, Nina.

MS. BEE
 I mean you, Barry. Both of you guys!

NINA
 Really? Okay.

BARRY
 Wait- what?

MS. BEE
 Let's run it again.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Ted watches Barry and Nina share the romance of Aragorn
 and Arwen on stage.

Ted can't believe the role's going to the Freshman.

TED
Who *is* that guy?

Disgusted, he marches to the exit. There's Barry's shitty backpack, half-open.

A PAPER catches his eye: The Spanish quiz.

A+?!!!

TED (CONT'D)
No WAY! I graded this!

Glares back at Barry. Eyes narrowed with hate.

Something's up.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

MR. JONES
Idea: Doctor up an MRI to look like Ted was born with a plug *and* a socket.

MR. CORDDRY
We're doing *fine* with Ted. We have to focus more on Barry.

Sipping coffee. Giddy.

MS. BEE
He's our new Count of Monte Cristo.

MR. CORDDRY
How about you, coach?

COACH RIGGLE
I tried, but the social butterfly has a conflict Friday.

MR. CORDDRY
If anyone finds out he went to that... cartoon fair... bad news.

MR. JONES
Crushing the dreams of nerds is what I do best. Leave this one to me.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Door opens.

BARRY
Sorry about the mess- I gave the cleaning
staff the week off.

NINA
Its um, homey.

A toilet flush. Barry's dad enters, wearing only "TIGHTY
WHITIES" (or "TIGHTY YELLOWIES", as the washing machine
hasn't been running that well.)

BARRY'S DAD
Hey Bare- did you get my smo- oh my GOD,
you're hot.

Folds his arms over his big gut.

NINA
Hi. I'm Nina.

DAD
Oh.. yes you are. What can I do you for?

BARRY
We're running lines.

DAD
Cocaine?

BARRY
School play.

DAD
Oh. Okay. Great. I'll leave you two
lovebirds alone.

Gives his son the thumbs-up as he backs out the room.

INT. BEDROOM - JUST AFTER

BARRY
Sorry about my--

NINA
Shinsei-San!

The sparkling, Manga fantasy costume is finally complete.
Red fiberglass helmet. Lightning bolts. Matching boots.

BARRY
You know who this is?

NINA
Last Halloween- I had the green
pigtails. White stockings up to here...

BARRY
Princess Shoshana?

NINA
Everyone kept asking if I was a slutty
stewardess. Wish you were there to
explain it.

BARRY
I don't really get invited to parties.
Oh, check this out.

Turns off the bedroom lights. The costume LIGHTS UP.

NINA
This looks exactly like him. You built
this yourself?

BARRY
Hardest part was the fiberglass shell.
After that, it's just wiring and a simple
embedded controller.

The LEDs sparkle. Kind of romantic.

As they break out the books, we CUT TO the WINDOW.

Mr. Jones. Black turtleneck. In the BUSHES. Munching
POPCORN.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

TED
I'll betcha he's a transfer from
Thunderbird.

Ted drives through Barry's neighborhood. Headband from
the game tight in his fist.

Checking his GPS.

TED (CONT'D)

A spy. He plants this stuff on me at the game. Trying to take my scholarship, my reputation, my--

Through his window-- a glimpse of the SIDEWALK.

Barry's walking home with...

TED (CONT'D)

Nina?

Craning his neck, he drifts into the other lane. HONK!

Close call. Checks the REAR-VIEW:

Barry and Nina are gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mr. Jones climbs out of Barry's bedroom window, stepping into the FLOWER BED.

Glances around. Pivoting. Belushi in Animal House. Shoulder rolls to the sidewalk, and disappears.

A half-second later, Ted skids up in his Mustang. Parks across three spaces.

There's Barry's still-open window! Ted dons BLACK GLOVES. SKI-MASK.

Just as he gets a single foot inside...

A FLOODLIGHT!

OFFICER GRADY

*GET DOWN ON THE GROUND AND PUT YOUR HANDS
BEHIND YOUR HEAD!*

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - JUST AFTER

Burly OFFICER GRADY slams Ted onto the COP CAR hood. Cuffs.

OFFICER GRADY
 Breaking-and-entering, vandalism, lapsed
 insurance, and.. that's a handicapped
 parking space.

Pats him down. What's this?

OFFICER GRADY (CONT'D)
 (reads headband)
 "F-U PIGS."

TED
 That's not mine!

Barry joins his father, who among other RESIDENTS, watch
 a TOW TRUCK haul off Ted's ride.

TED (CONT'D)
 THAT'S the guy! Arrest HIM!!!

BARRY
 What's going on?

DAD
 I heard a prowler in your bedroom. No
 one was hurt, but son, he destroyed the--
 your--

Barry turns white. Runs straight to his room.

INT. BEDROOM - JUST AFTER

SHATTERED FIBERGLASS. Jones had a field day on the
 costume. CROWBAR still laying there on the bed.

Barry shakes with anger.

Then, determination on his face.

Ted Cooper WILL pay for this.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The big game. Dale, the bus driver, completes the yard
 line with a WHEELED FIELD CHALKER.

Ted's burned-in "Sunnyslope sucks" message from earlier
 is still visible.

NINA

You're gonna get killed. You don't even know the rules.

Barry's in a FOOTBALL HELMET, JERSEY, and PADS.

BARRY

So long as Ted knows it's me out there playing instead of him, I'm happy. And when I do blow it, he'll have to deal with the fact that I ruined his perfect season.

BEAVER

Go RAZORBACKS! OOF!

BARRY

You saw what he did to me, Nina.

Beaver runs down the sidelines with Oinky the pig. He trips. The pigs drags him past the fans.

NINA

Breaking and entering isn't like Ted.

BARRY

Dude's a scumbag.

EXT. UNDER THE BLEACHERS - NIGHT

George and Devon peek into the bleachers.

GEORGE

Sweet Jesus, Ted? What happened to you?

There's Ted. Hair matted. Black eye. Filthy. Ragged. Smells like a sewer.

TED

What time you two showing up?

DEVON

The party? Lay low, brother. You should hear the shit that's floating around about you.

GEORGE

They say you raped an old man's corpse.

TED
 I know who's behind it. Trust me,
 tonight will be the BIGGEST RAGER IN
 HISTORY! My redemption... so make sure
everyone's there!

The Coach blows a WHISTLE. Gotta go.

TED (CONT'D)
 IT'LL BE A SWELL TIME GODDAMMIT!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDELINES - JUST AFTER

COACH RIGGLE
 We're gonna run a version of the Wildcat.
 Barry, as the quarterback you have to
 call the snap. Devon, hike it instead to
 George the tailback.

DEVON
 Got it.

COACH RIGGLE
 Barry, their LBs will stay at home and
 cover you.

GEORGE
 (to a bewildered Barry)
 You're our decoy.

COACH RIGGLE
 Stand there and do nothing. Break!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Barry and George stand side-by-side. The DEFENSE doesn't
 know who to cover.

Barry stands there. Waiting. Everyone, just waiting.

GEORGE
 Say "hike".

BARRY
 Hike?

Center snaps to George, who runs.

BARRY (CONT'D)
One Mississippi, two Mississippi...

The linebackers fall back, looking for a pass from Barry.
 But George takes it down the sideline into the end zone!

COACH RIGGLE
 GO! GO! GO! YES!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The play is repeated with great success.

* Barry snaps the ball. George gains yardage.

* Thirty minutes later, same play. Similar results.

It's working like a charm. The fans are loving it!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Barry's gaining confidence.

BARRY
 4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42. *Hike!*

They run the play again. This time, the entire defensive line piles on George, knocking him three yards back.

COACH RIGGLE
 TIME!

EXT. SIDELINES - CONTINUOUS

COACH RIGGLE
 Alright. They're not taking the bait.
 Thirty seconds. Down by five. Barry.
 We need to get it to the end zone.

BARRY
 Who's the end zone?

DEVON
 It's not a- you have to throw it.

BARRY
 Throw what? What do I do?

The REF whistles. Let's go.

COACH RIGGLE
Show us that arm, Barry.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Barry's heart is racing. Scared.

BARRY
H-- h--

Mouthing "hike", but not quite able to get it out.

BARRY (CONT'D)
hike.

Snap. The defense flattens George.

Ball's in Barry's hands.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Shit.

Cocks his arm... Throws.

The SECONDARY falls back, expecting a pass.

But... the ball goes..

straight up.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Shit biscuits!

Takes a step forward. Here it comes, end-over-end...

Back into his own hands!

The defense is confused. Scattered.

NINA
RUN!

COACH RIGGLE
RUN, BARRY!

Barry heads straight down the open middle. A clear path.

BEAVER
GO! GO!

By the time the defense figures what's happened, Barry's easily crossed the goal line!

BEAVER (CONT'D)
HE'S MY FRIEND! HE'S MY FRIEND! OMG!

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

The crowd explodes.

MR. JONES
YES!!!!!!!!!!

Mr. Jones rises to his feet. Knocking over his CUP...

EXT. UNDER THE BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

...dousing Ted in GRAPE SODA.

TED
NOOO!!!!!!

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

MR. CORDDRY
HOW'D HE DO THAT?!

MS. BEE
INCREDIBLE!

Ms. Bee embraces Mr. Corddry. The chemistry teacher's happier about the hug than the game.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

LEAD SINGER
*Hava Nagila. Hava Nagila. Hava nagila
v'nismeha..!*

Grungy retro-90s COLLEGE BAND.

CATERERS offer GEFILTE FISH HORS D'OEUVRES to dancing Sunnyslope PARTIERS.

SWIMMING POOL. TIKI TORCHES.

The "in" look: Car dealership HATS. Anime T-SHIRTS, Ill-fitting JEANS with mustard stains.

DEVON
THIS PARTY IS SICK!

GEORGE
I'M ON MY FIFTH MANISCHEWITZ!

Ted throws his arms over their shoulders.

TED
YO! My BROTHAS!! Looking fierce!

Backslaps and ass-kisses his way through the crowd.

TED (CONT'D)
Love the shoes, girls. We jetskiing this weekend?

Nina approaches.

NINA
Ted. Someone puked in the kitchen.

TED
Tomás! Mop. ¡Andale!

Tomás, the Mexican workman in a YARMULKA. Heads for the kitchen. Grumbling.

NINA
This party's getting out of hand.

TED
Relax, Debbie Downer. Everyone's having a good-- who the hell invited Piggy McCheesetwat?!!!

Barry. Football hero. Heather on one arm. Another BLONDE CHEERLEADER on the other.

Not used to attention from the ladies, that's for sure.

NINA
It's his first party. Be nice.

He glares at her.

NINA (CONT'D)
He won us the game.

Ted marches over.

TED
You scheming, backstabbing ziplock of excrement. Out of my house.

Barry tries to be cool.

BARRY

I- I-

NINA

Can't you two just bury the hatchet?

TED

Give me a hatchet. We'll find out. You might have fooled these chumps, Sitowski, but I know what's really going on. You're a manipulating little bitch.

Barry's a little daunted, but stands his ground. Like Mr. Corddry told him.

BARRY

No, you- you're the bitch... bitch.

Ooooooooo. A space opens up. People gather. Could be a fight.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You trashed my Shisei-San.

TED

No I didn't!

GEORGE

(whispers)

Shisei-San?

DEVON

(whispers)

Must be some kind of Japanese sports car.

GEORGE

Whoa.

TED

LIES LIES LIES! *ALL LIES!* THIS IS A CON-ARTIST! A CHEATER! A FLIM-FLAM MAN!

HEATHER

You're the cheater.

TED

YOU. SHUT YOUR FACE HOLE! HE'S PLAYING ALL OF US! EVERYTHING THAT POSER SAYS REEKS OF DECEPTION!

HEATHER

Nina, you need to know the truth.

NINA
Truth? What truth?

Ted winces like an animal that's been cornered.
Hyperventilating.

TED
I SAID, ZIP YOUR SWALLOW BAG!

But Heather's had enough of deception.

HEATHER
Nina. Ted and I- we-
(hangs her head)
...played "Toy Story".

Nina reads Ted. Guilty as sin.

TED
Why is everyone ATTACKING me! This isn't
about Ted Cooper. You all LOVE Ted
Cooper. It's about that freshman!

Crushed, Nina walks calmly out the door.

Ted turns to Barry.

TED (CONT'D)
This is MY life! MY girl! MY friends!
Who are YOU anyway?

Barry honestly doesn't know at this point.

RANDY THE STONER
Kick his ass, Barry!

HEATHER
Yeah!

Barry is overwhelmed as Ted jabs his fingers in his
chest.

TED
I'll tell you exactly who you are. A
social leach. A hanger-on wannabe.

CROWD
FIGHT! FIGHT!

Barry feels dizzy. Sweating...

TED
...a rumor merchant and smear peddler!
And if there's one thing--

Pow!!!! Ted takes Barry's UPPERCUT to his glass jaw.
Crashes through a PATIO TABLE.

Out cold.

Shaking, Barry looks down at his clenched-fist.

It's eerily quiet. Everyone just stares.

RANDY THE STONER

Niiice.

Slaps his back. Others rush to congratulate the
freshman.

Time slows down as the crowd presses in. All fist bumps.
High fives. Everyone suddenly wants to be his friend.

Barry's head is swimming. He's pale. Distraught.

This is completely fucked up.

He's just become the pinnacle of all he hates. A fake.
A douche bag... This feels so wrong.

He's got to get out of here.

As Barry dashes away, Ted comes to. Struggles to shake
off the concussion.

TED

What... just happened?

The crowd disperses. Every friend he's ever had walking
out on him.

TED (CONT'D)

(weak)

Wait! Don't go. There's still a luau.

Right on cue, two CATERERS deliver a ROASTED PIG on a
SPIT.

Charred EMBLEM. Burnt FEZ.

HEATHER

Oinky?!

The school mascot!!!!

A collective GASP.

The caterers are confused by the students' horrified
reaction.

CATERER

See? I *told* you it wasn't kosher.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Coach Riggle lowers his BINOCULARS.

COACH RIGGLE

And the heavyweight champ has fallen!
Ted is down for the count. Throw me a
brew.

Riggle and the other faculty sit on LAWN CHAIRS.
Tailgating.

Mr. Jones flips BRATS on a HIBACHI.

MR. JONES

A new King is anointed. May the Geek
Monarch long reign supreme.

CUT WIDE: Their stakeout is on the roof of the giant
yellow school bus parked in the shadows down the block.

Mr. Corddry. Oversized HEADPHONES. PARABOLIC DISH.

MR. CORDDRY

Anyone know what Barry meant by his
Shinsea-whatever getting trashed?

MR. JONES

The Halloween costume? I get full credit
for that.

MS. BEE

Awwww. That was mean.

MR. CORDDRY

He worked on that all summer.

MR. JONES

Whoa. You wanted him at the game, right?

Mr. Corddry shrugs as THE REAL OINKY nibbles at CORN-ON-
THE-COB on Ms. Bee's lap. She takes a nip from a FLASK,
passing it back to...

MR. CORDDRY

So- Cooper hit rock bottom. What's next
for Barry? School President?

MS. BEE
Homecoming king?

COACH RIGGLE
King AND queen! We're a progressive
school.

MS. BEE
The sky's the limit. Group hug!

She kisses the pig. Corddry leans in too. In a flash
she and Mr. Corddry make out.

They're all over each other. Passion unleashed.

COACH RIGGLE
(to Jones)
One of us is gonna have to go in and save
that pig.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

JUST BELOW, NEAR THE BUS DOOR...

Nina has been listening to everything!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAD
Well? How was the party?

Barry lies on his bed, face down.

BARRY
Horrible. I got in a fight.

DAD
(alarmed)
How bad did they beat you? Look at those
bruises on your neck. Need to go to the
hospital?

They're hickeys.

BARRY
I won.

DAD

You... what?

BARRY

I'm the most popular kid in school.
Somehow.

DAD

That's great! I'm so- Barry- I never was
part of the "in crowd".

(amazed)

A Sitowski finally broke through.

BARRY

Dad, it sucks. I should be happy, but
everything about it is awful.

Finds a fragment of red fiberglass helmet on the floor.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It's like I'm wearing some elaborate
costume built for someone else. It
pinches. Feels awkward.

Compares the broken costume mask with his football
helmet.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Dad, I don't think I *can* be someone else.

DAD

Barry, I never said to be- oh I guess I
did say something like that, didn't I?
Son, you have to understand, most of the
time have no idea what I'm talking about.
You should know that. So- just- just be
who you are.

BARRY

When I figure that out, I will.

Dad clasps his son on the back. Heads for the door.

DAD

Okay. Good- good talk. See ya in the
mañana.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - EARLY MORNING

Jostled about in back with the freshmen:

Ted. Black eye. Arm in a SLING. Defeated.

To his left, Beaver.

BEAVER

Shaving advice: Is four blades gonna be enough?

Ted sighs. Drops his forehead to the WINDOW.

EXT. ROAD - HIS POV

Devon's CORVETTE. TUNES cranked. George and Heather laugh it up in back.

Barry rides shotgun. Aloof.

For a moment, he and Ted lock eyes.

Both of them are miserable.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER CLASSROOM - DAY

Everyone preparing for the play's Sunday opening.

MS. BEE

Guys, GUYS! Let's be careful with those!

Freshmen carry in BRITTLE PROPS-- an ANCIENT LANTERN, a RICKETY DESK...

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

I signed away my life to rent these antiques, so let's show some care. Where's Nina? Ah!

Nina, beautiful in a RUFFLED GOWN, is still disturbed by what she overheard outside the party.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

(coaching her)

Mercedes remembers Edmond as he was. Before he was robbed of his dignity. Before everything and everyone he loved was stripped away.

Nina looks into the wings at Ted, who doesn't resist as the Stoner pounds him in his sprained arm.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

She's the only one who can help him. Now where's my Edmond?

Barry, in his frilly French costume, appears distracted and uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

NINA

What do you mean you're dropping out of the play? It's this weekend!

Candlelights. Cloth napkins.

BARRY

Yeah? Well I'm having an early mid-life crisis.

NINA

You'll do fine. You know all the lines...

BARRY

And I'm quitting the football team. My circuits are fried.

Nina can see that Barry is at the end of his rope. Looks like he hasn't slept all night.

She compares his demeanor to Ted, over at the food counter. Wearing a HAIRNET, her ex struggles to lift a pan of SLOPPY JOE MIX. Spills it on his apron.

NINA

I'm just gonna say it. Barry. The teachers are playing you.

BARRY

What do you mean?

NINA

Mr. Corddry, Mr. Jones, Ms. Bee, and Coach. Manipulating your life.

BARRY

Oh. The program. Yeah. I'm quitting that too.

NINA

Whatever they said is a lie. Mr. Jones
destroyed your costume, not Ted.

BARRY

What? No way.

NINA

They wanted you at the game. To switch
your life with Ted's. Making you into
Ted, and him into...

Devon and George spray soda at Ted through STRAWS as they
head down the SERVICE LINE.

BARRY

I can't believe- Mr. Corddry wouldn't do
that.

NINA

The faculty doesn't give two shits about
you. They just hate Ted.

Barry isn't sure what to think at first. But getting
angry fast.

NINA (CONT'D)

They're bored, and wanted to have some
fun with both of you. Nobody just
becomes the most popular guy in the
school overnight.

This is all FINALLY making sense. Barry shakes with
anger.

BARRY

I'm so STUPID!

At the teacher's table, the puppetmasters snicker at Ted,
who struggles to shut off a jammed SOFT SERVE MACHINE.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Ted needs to know.

Agreed. She walks over to Ted.

We only hear part of the conversation, but it's clear
he's apologizing. Deeply sorry he cheated.

He knows their relationship's over. Just wants her
forgiveness.

Instead, she whispers into his ear. Ted's confused.

Then, gets it. Turns beet red. Looks to the faculty table. Then at Barry. Hatred in his eyes.

And quietly but purposefully storms off.

A moment later, Barry follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

BARRY

Ted. Listen to me.

Ted paces impatiently in front of the principal's DOOR.

TED

Screw off. I'm telling Kerns everything. It's an abuse of authority. They're going to prison. You too.

BARRY

Me?!

TED

Everyone. You're all going down hard.

Barry's back is to the door.

BARRY

Just- hang on. You can try to tell the principal, but let's face it-- the principal is an idiot. She'll never believe it. She doesn't know up from down. I'm surprised she can get herself dressed in the morning.

Ted's eyes widen. A chill goes down Barry's back.

Gulp.

BARRY (CONT'D)

She's standing right behind me, isn't she?

TED

No.

Barry looks back. Door's still shut.

BARRY

Good. Cuz she's stupid. And after the things that you've done, I doubt anyone--

TED
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! EXCEPT GET
SHAFTED!

BARRY
We both did.

TED
They lifted you to paradise. Fed you the
nectar of the Gods. I suffered in
squalor.

BARRY
I was manipulated. I was lied to. I was
betrayed. They came into my house and
destroyed my property.

TED
They played us against each other.

BARRY
So I say... now it's our turn.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Ms. Bee and Mr. Corddry. Making out on the couch.

The door opens. Busted! The two teachers jump to
opposite sides of the couch.

Coach Riggle checks his CUBBY HOLE.

COACH RIGGLE
You guys read this memo? Kerns says we
can't use the word "tardy". The PTA
believes it's offensive to the retarded.

MS. BEE
Tardy... slow. I can see the argument.

Mr. Corddry checks his box. A MYLAR FEDEX PACKET.

MR. CORDDRY
What did I order from Amazon?

Opens. Inside: A PERSIAN COOKBOOK and some CDs.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)
Best of Cat Stevens? Huh.

Mr. Corddry puts it under his arm and exits with Coach Riggle and Ms. Bee.

Mr. Jones checks his box. A BROWNE PAGE of old text.

Flips it over. Title: *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

Dives into his briefcase. Unwraps the cloth sleeve.

Inside: A SPANISH 101 TEXTBOOK.

MR. JONES

(gasps)

Mother Mary on a Melba!

CUT TO:

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - DAY

TED

Coach. Got a sec?

COACH RIGGLE

What is it, Cooper?

TED

I never got a chance to thank you for giving me the opportunity to excel.

COACH RIGGLE

What are you talking about?

TED

I did some soul searching during my time off. You made me the athlete I am. You always believed in me, and I let you down.

As Ted holds the Coach's attention, Barry sneaks into the EQUIPMENT CLOSET.

Adds copious scoops of FIELD MARKER CHALK to Coach Riggle's protein powder CONTAINER.

TED (CONT'D)

I just wanted to shake your hand and give you a long-deserved "thank you" for the guidance. You really made a difference.

Barry is clear.

COACH RIGGLE

Uh. No problem.

TED
I love you. Kthanksbye.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

BARRY
Mr. Corddry- got a sec?

Mr. Corddry stops in front of his chemistry lab.

MR. CORDDRY
What's up, kiddo?

BARRY
You were right. Stand up for yourself
and things will change. Well they sure
have.

MR. CORDDRY
Yeah, I can dish out the wisdom, can't I?

Now Ted sneaks behind Mr. Corddry into the chem lab.

INT. CHEM LAB - CONTINUOUS

BARRY (O.S.)
*Look at me. I have more confidence. I'm
making new friends...*

Ted grabs a container. Label: "FLUORESCENT COMPOUND".

With a thin artist BRUSH, he dabs an INVISIBLE MESSAGE on
the back of MR. CORDDRY'S SPORTS COAT.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

BARRY
And my acne is clearing up. I owe it all
to you.

MR. CORDDRY
All in a day's work. Just doing my job.
I wouldn't say I'm a hero...

BARRY
That's just the word I was searching for.
You really made a difference, and I want
to shake your hand and say thanks.

Ted stealthily sneaks out of the chem lab. All clear.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I love you. Kthanksbye.

INT. THEATER CLASS - DAY

TED
Ms. Bee, can we talk?

MS. BEE
Not now. Opening matinee is Sunday. I got a million things--

TED
I just wanted say thanks for giving me that wake-up call.

She lowers her stage headset.

MS. BEE
What do you mean?

TED
During my suspension, I realized what a gosh-darn SOB I can be sometimes. I realized I need more strong women in my life who can be role models and set me straight..

Behind Ms. Bee, Barry reaches into her purse. Extracts her BRIGHT RED CELL PHONE.

All clear.

TED (CONT'D)
I just want to shake your hand. I love you. Kthanksbye.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Mr. Jones pulls his twenty-year old MERCEDES from his spot, when...

BARRY
Mr. Jones! Hey!

Mr. Jones rolls down the passenger window.

MR. JONES
Screw off. School day's over.

BARRY
But I never got a chance to- hang on.

Runs to the driver side. Now Mr. Jones has to hand-crank down HIS window too.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I just wanted to shake your hand and thank you for giving me the chance to excel.

MR. JONES
Can you back away?

BARRY
Grades never came easy to me. When the old man saw my report card, you shoulda seen the look on his face. We called grandma.
(choked up)
They hadn't talked for twenty years.

MR. JONES
I'm tearing up. Now you're smearing my wax job, so...

Ted appears in the passenger window. With Mr. Jones distracted, Ted reaches inside. Snatches the GARAGE DOOR OPENER and makes a hasty exit.

BARRY
You brought our whole family together. And- well- you really made a difference.
(ultra-fast)
Iloveyoukthanksbye.

He walks away. Mr. Jones shakes his head. Squeals out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

TED
The pizzas are on their way. Extra-extra cheese. What's next?

This is the scene of their big fight. But now Ted and Barry are working together.

Tomás trims HEDGES as Barry loads GOOGLE MAPS.

BARRY
This is the perfect place. It's at least
three hours away.

TED
Address?

Finger-types into Ms. Bee's phone.

TED (CONT'D)
*Car broke down. Battery dying. Rescue
me and I'll...*

CUT TO:

INT. CORDDRY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mr. Corddry's about to dive into a big bowl of SPAGHETTI
when his CELL buzzes.

MR. CORDDRY
(reads TEXT)
*"Rescue me and I'll let you jazz all over
me."*
(confused)
Jazz all over me?

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

TED
Damn spell checker.

INT. CORDDRY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mr. Corddry scrambles for his CAR KEYS.

INT. BEAT-UP KIA - JUST AFTER

Mr. Corddry pops an ALTOID.

Slides in a CD as he backs into the street.

CAT STEVENS sings *Peace Train*.

CUT TO:

INT. JONES RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A Zen living room.

Mr. Jones pours a PINOT NOIR. Sniffs the bouquet.
Settles back onto his knockoff EAMES CHAIR.

Middle-income paradise.

Wait. What's that torn SHEET OF BROWN PAPER at his feet?

SHIT! PAGE ONE of the "COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO".

Mr. Jones bolts up.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGGLE'S REC-ROOM - NIGHT

Coach Riggle pumps IRON.

Rests the bar on the BENCH STAND. Finishes the last of
his chalk-tainted PROTEIN SHAKE.

Rumble. Something in his gut doesn't feel right. He
looks down at a stack of EMPTY EXTRA-CHEESE PIZZA BOXES.

Scratching his ass, he grabs a SPORTS MAGAZINE and heads
for the JOHN.

CUT TO:

INT. BEE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ms. Bee searches her PURSE for the thousandth time.

MS. BEE
Where's that damn cell?

Frustrated, she picks up her land-line phone. Dials.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)
Yes, I'm looking for a number. The last
name is "Corddry".

EXT. CORDDRY'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

WIRES from the LINEMAN'S BREAKOUT BOX outside Mr.
Corddry's house lead to a HANDSET, held by...

NINA
(over-the-top British accent)
'allo? Sorry luv, he's in the loo. Who
am I? Who the bloody 'ell are you?!

Nina gives a thumbs-up to Barry and Ted.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ms Bee slams down the phone. Flustered and jealous.

CUT TO:

INT. JONES RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jones finds yet another torn PAGE from his book.

That makes five in his hand.

Furious, he lays them carefully on his desk. Then sits
on his bed, confused.

SOUND of a GARAGE DOOR motor. Huh?

EXT. JONES GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Jones bursts from his house. Scans the street.

Who did that?!

CUT TO:

INT. BEAT-UP KIA - NIGHT

It's been hours. The middle of nowhere.

MIDDLE EASTERN MUSIC. Mr. Corddry pops out the CD. That
one sucks.

MR. CORDDRY
Ms. Bee, what are you doing out here?

CUT TO:

INT. RIGGLE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

With a grunt, Riggle tries to poop. Relaxes. Some deep
focused breaths... And... pushes!!!!!!!

COACH RIGGLE
COME ON! GET OUTTA THERE, POO!

Nothing.

Catching his breath, he finishes the magazine. Wipes the sweat off his brow, and takes another sip from his powdered shake.

Finds a thick BOOK: THE HISTORY OF BASEBALL.

Page one. This is going to be a while.

CUT TO:

INT. JONES RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jones annoyed, disrobes and climbs into bed.

As he puts his weight on the mattress, he triggers the garage door opener jammed under his mattress.

WHIRRRRRRR.

MR. JONES

DAMMIT!

EXT. JONES GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Holding a GOLF CLUB, Mr. Jones runs into the street.

MR. JONES

COME ON, YOU PUNKS! I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Mr. Corddry paces in front of a PERSIAN DISCO:

"CLUB HUMMUS". There's a long QUEUE outside.

MR. CORDDRY

Umm. I'm looking for someone whose car broke down... I got a text from my girlfriend.

YUSIF, a bouncer. Shaved head. Gigantic. Mean.

YUSIF
Back of line.

MR. CORDDRY
(holds phone)
This is your address, right?

YUSIF
Back of line.

CUT TO:

INT. JONES RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jones peeks out through his window. Waiting. Just waiting.

But he's tired. It's late. He settles back onto his bed.

WHIRRR. Jones leaps up. That's IT!

CUT TO:

INT. RIGGLES BATHROOM - NIGHT

Drenched with sweat and exhausted, Riggle slowly turns the last page of the thick book.

Nothing's been going on here all night.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB HUMMUS - DAY

Packed nightclub. Middle-eastern TECHNO. Dubstep chainsaw BASS. Wailing banshees. STROBE LIGHTS.

Corddry. Nervous. Totally out of place.

MR. CORDDRY
MS. Bee! WHERE ARE YOU?!

Unbeknownst to him-- the BLACK LIGHTS ILLUMINATE a glowing florescent MESSAGE on back of his jacket:

"RAG-HEADS GO HOME!"

Slowly, the dancers stop dancing. Whisper. Point. Everyone staring at him.

The D.J.-- TRACK SUIT, MEDALLIONS-- stops the music.
Mr. Corddry is instantly surrounded.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)
This is the address I had. To come to.
Because--

Yusif snatches the phone away. Dials.

PHONE (O.S.)
9.1.1. *What's your emergency?*

YUSIF
Yes. Been serious beat-down at Club
Hummus. Caucasian victim. Broken arm,
blunt trauma to skull. Send ambulance.

Hangs up. Chucks the phone on the ground. Corddry backs
away...

Into the arms of some pissed-off, scary GENTLEMEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

A banner: "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO".

STUDENTS, PARENTS, and FACULTY pour into the THEATER.

Coach Riggle. Bags under his eyes. Hair mussed.

Jostles his way through the crowd. Not noticing Ted bump
him. Slipping SOMETHING into his jacket.

INT. BACKSTAGE - AFTERNOON

Hustle-and-bustle of thespians.

MS. BEE
Guys! CAREFUL with that table!

The stagehands delicately move the period furniture.

DELIVERY GUY
Ms. Bee, right?

She's handed a LARGE BOUQUET of ROSES.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
From a Mr. Corddry.

MS. BEE

If he thinks he can buy me off with these...

(reads card)

"Dear Prunella--" Prunella?! "Last night was magical." Who the hell is Prunella?!!

INT. THEATER - JUST AFTER

Coach Riggle sits in the audience next to an equally exhausted Mr. Jones.

COACH RIGGLE

I haven't shit for thirty seven hours.

MR. JONES

Jesus, Corddry-- what happened to you?

Mr. Corddry-- black eye. Head bandaged. CRUTCHES.

MR. CORDDRY

I don't want to talk about it.

The lights DIM.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

PRINCIPAL KERNS

We got a great show tonight! The kids worked their keisters off. But first, I want to thank each of you for your generous contribution to our fund-drive.

STUDENT ASSISTANTS dump STACKS OF BILLS from the plastic DONATION PIGS to a "life size" PLASTIC OINKY MASCOT PIGGY BANK.

PRINCIPAL KERNS (CONT'D)

With matching funds from local businesses we have raised- what was the final count?

HEATHER

Twenty-seven THOUSAND, three hundred dollars and eighteen cents!!!

Applause.

PRINCIPAL KERNS

First thing in the morning, Oinky here will be deposited into our general fund for use in school improvement for this year into the next. Community, ya made a difference!

More applause.

PRINCIPAL KERNS (CONT'D)

And so, without further ado... Sunnyslope High presents... *THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO!!*

The CURTAIN rises. It's the "FRENCH DOCKS". Barry, in period costume, approaches beautiful Nina.

We hear SEAGULLS.

BARRY

My darling Mercedes! I have returned!

NINA

Edmond! My love!

They embrace.

NINA (CONT'D)

How fared your long journey?

BARRY

Poor Captain Leclere! He died of brain-fever in dreadful agony. But fortune was kinder to me. I am the new captain!

BEEP BEEP. A phone rings in the audience.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone glares at Coach Riggle. He looks around. Is that me?

Digs into his jacket. Ms. Bee's red phone.

MR. CORDDRY

(whispers)

Where'd you get that?!

COACH RIGGLE

(whispers)

It's not mine! Mine's right here.

Produces...

MR. JONES
That's my garage door opener!!

PHILOSOPHY TEACHER
SHHH!!

Mr Corddry angrily snatches the phone. Jones, equally angry, takes the opener.

COACH RIGGLE
I don't know where those came from.

MR. CORDDRY
Sure you don't. Or why I drove six hours last night.

PHILOSOPHY TEACHER
SHHH!!!

MR. JONES
I'm gonna kick your ass.

COACH RIGGLE
Can we put a pin in this? I gotta hit the can.

He gets up.

MR. CORDDRY
You're not going anywhere. I wanna know how--

A tap on his shoulder. Flashlight in his face.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)
WHAT?!!

OFFICER GRADY
Mr. Corddry?

MR. CORDDRY
Yeah.

OFFICER GRADY
Can I speak to you outside?

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Beaver and Ms. Bee, in BLACK LEOTARDS, watch from the wings as the stage lights go down.

MS. BEE
Act two. Company move.

They wheel a small PRISON SET on stage.

Ted steps out of the shadows with a PAINT BRUSH.

He slathers a WHEELED "LIGHT POST" PROP in a CLEAR GEL.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Barry. Fake beard. Matted hair. Rags.

BARRY

A conspiracy of deception and lies robbed me of everything. But I will turn the tide. I will have my revenge!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MR. CORDDRY

That's not mine!

Someone has hitched a U-HAUL to his Kia. BLOCKING the front of the theater.

OFFICER GRADY

This isn't your car?

MR. CORDDRY

It IS my car. It's NOT my trailer!

The Officer shines a flashlight into the front seat.

ARABIC COOKBOOKS. CAT STEVENS...

OFFICER GRADY

Is that Middle Eastern literature?

A FAT COP talks into a WALKIE TALKIE.

FAT COP

That's right. "Corddry" with a "C". Gotcha.

(to OFFICER)

U-Haul says he reserved it yesterday.

MR. CORDDRY

Oh come on! Why would I drag a trailer to a school?

Officer Grady pops open the back doors.

OFFICER GRADY

I suppose that's not your fertilizer
either.

MR. CORDDRY

No!!! I wouldn't know the first thing
about making a bomb. I'm just a simple
chemistry teacher!!!

The Fat Cop clicks off the radio.

FAT COP

So... who were you meeting last night at
a "Club Hummus"?

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

NINA (O.S.)

Forget about the past! Run away with me!

Mr. Jones is bored to tears. Yawns.

BARRY (O.S.)

If only I could!

The stage lights go down.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

MS. BEE

Final scene. Quickly now.

Grabs the LIGHT POST and wheels it on stage.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

In blackness...

MS. BEE (O.S.)

What is this? Wait a minute. Hold on!

But the lights come up.

Barry stands, sword drawn. Facing Justin the Emo Kid,
dressed as Dante's mortal enemy, FERNAND.

Standing in center stage, Ms. Bee. In her ridiculous
black leotard.

Her hand is super-glued to the light pole!

She tries to pull free. Silence.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Go ahead. Ignore me.

JUSTIN THE EMO KID

*You... you have a fortune, Dante.
Skills. Schooling. But for it all- you
are still just a PEASANT!*

Ms. Bee, humiliated, struggles. The audience titters.

BARRY

*Only a peasant who has felt ultimate
suffering can feel ultimate bliss!*

Ms. Bee backs towards the wings. The prop's pre-loosened wheels spin off.

They clatter into the giggling audience. This prop isn't going anywhere now.

NINA

*No, Edmond! Your thirst for revenge will
be your undoing!*

BARRY

It is all I have!

The sword fight begins.

Now Ms. Bee tries to drag the heavy light pole offstage. It falls over... taking her down with a heavy CLATTER.

The Justin the Emo Kid steps over the squirming middle-aged woman.

The light post takes out a 19th century ARMOIRE, shattering dozens of ANTIQUE DISHES.

MS. BEE

MY DEPOSIT!

By now, students are in hysterics. Principal Kerns lowers her head, embarrassed.

JUSTIN THE EMO KID

(to Barry)

Let's just end this, dude.

BARRY
VENGEANCE IS MINE!

Barry mock-slays his foe. The Justin the Emo Kid falls to the ground.

The armoire collapses into a bookcase, which falls onto Ms. Bee, knocking her and the post into the empty orchestra pit.

Nina embraces Barry, and the curtains close.

INT. THEATER - DAY

Applause. CONFETTI falls into the audience.

Mr. Jones, sitting alone, looks closer. *The confetti is made from the shredded browned pages of...*

MR. JONES
 MY BOOK!

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER BATHROOM - HOURS LATER

Empty. Except for a ragged voice from STALL TWO.

COACH RIGGLE (V.O.)
C'mon Riggle. You can do this... Focus.
 (grunts)
Dammit, poo! YOU WILL NOT BEAT ME!

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

DUST CLOUDS. FOUR CARS roll up in the moonlight from four different directions.

An empty, undeveloped lot. Everyone gets out. Ms. Bee with a bandaged head. Mr. Corddry with his arm still in a sling. Coach Riggle looks bloated. And Mr. Jones is steaming mad.

MR. JONES
 Alright, Riggle. Pay up.

COACH RIGGLE
 For what?

MR. JONES

You and your *accomplices* stole my garage door opener and shredded my book. I expect full compensation in cash.

MS. BEE

Don't look at me. I'm about to have my car impounded by an antique store.

MR. CORDDRY

Is THAT why you didn't bail me out?

MS. BEE

Bail you out?

COACH RIGGLE

Can someone explain why we're here? And who set me those pizzas?

MR. CORDDRY

Think I'm naive, Riggle? When I was in lockdown and *not* being seduced by Rooster the Arsonist, I had plenty of time to figure out exactly why you stole her phone.

MS. BEE

(to Coach Riggle)

You have my phone?

MR. CORDDRY

He's trying to take *me* out of the picture so you'll drop your pants!

COACH RIGGLE

Trust me, the only trou I've been dropping are my own.

MS. BEE

(to Mr. Corddry)

Well maybe I should, considering you're spending evenings with that limey whore.

MR. CORDDRY

Who?

MS. BEE

Prunella!

He has NO idea what she's talking about.

MR. CORDDRY

I can't believe I fell for your midnight text TWICE!

MS. BEE

Text? I don't even have my phone. You e-mailed me!

They figure it out simultaneously.

MR. JONES

Someone's playing us for fools.

MS. BEE

Yeah.

MR. CORDDRY

Cooper! He must be onto us.

COACH RIGGLE

No. We just had a heart to heart. He was thanking me for helping him.

MR. JONES

And giving him the chance to excel? He wanted to shake your hand?

MR. CORDDRY

"You really made a difference."

MS. ADAMS

"I love you. Kthanksbye."

MR. HARTMAN

"I love you. Kthanksbye."

MR. CORDDRY

"I love you. Kthanksbye."

COACH RIGGLE

"I love you. Kthanksbye."

COACH RIGGLE

Son of a bitch!

MR. CORDDRY

Both of them.

MS. BEE

But why send us to the middle of nowhere in the middle of the night?

CUT TO:

INT. FACULTY WASHROOM - NIGHT

NINA

No. You had your revenge. This is taking it too far.

Ted, Nina, and Barry wear RUBBER GLOVES in the faculty bathroom.

BARRY

It'll be the cherry on our screw-you
sundae.

TED

Look at that. Two ply.

Barry unscrews a large AIR CONDITIONING VENT cover.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The students push open the VENT. Step into the dark
room. Shining FLASHLIGHTS.

Ted scatters the CONTENTS of a ZIP-LOC BAG:

TED

Hairs, fibers, and personal effects from
our favorite teachers.

Barry picks up the giant pig from the PRINCIPAL'S DESK.

BARRY

Let's bounce. We gotta plant this
crowbar with Jones' fingerprints in the
teacher's lounge before sun up.

NINA

The money's going back to the school,
right?

TED

Anonymously donated of course.

The LIGHTS SNAP ON.

Surrounding them-- the four teachers.

MR. JONES

Of course.

MS. BEE

We are *so* disappointed in you three.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - EARLY MORNING

Hint of DAYLIGHT. KITCHEN STAFF prepare CINNAMON BUNS.

The three kids are forced to sit at the faculty table.

MR. JONES

So am I.

MS. BEE

It's a two-seater! You can't all go.

MR. CORDDRY

These kids aren't leaving my sight. I can promise you that.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - JUST AFTER

Daylight. The white truck roars down the road.

A few seconds later, the school bus.

Top speed.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

MR. JONES

You're losing them, Corddry.

At the wheel...

MR. CORDDRY

This is as fast as it goes.

(turns back)

Hey! Behind the white line!

TED

Tomás must've heard us planning to take the money.

BARRY

Or the lunch lady did.

NINA

Or both.

MS. BEE

(on cell)

Yes, good morning Nancy. We're all feeling a little sick today...

COACH RIGGLE

(stomach rumbles)

Me especially.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

The rattling bus gains on the pickup.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

MR. CORDDRY
I'm pulling up to the side.

He swings the big silver door handle open.

MR. CORDDRY (CONT'D)
Jones! When I honk twice, you jump
across.

MR. JONES
The hell I will!

MR. CORDDRY
Coach?

Riggle's breathing hard. Clutching his abdomen.
Bathroom issues.

COACH RIGGLE
I'm carrying forty extra pounds of
impacted fecal matter.

MS. BEE
Ram 'em!

Mr. Corddry punches the gas.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

The bus touches the white tailgate. The truck lurches
forward.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Everyone braces as the bus taps the truck again.

BARRY
(to Nina)
I don't think Mr. Corddry knows what he's
doing.

NINA
Had him for driver's ed. He doesn't.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tomás jerks the wheel. Hits a corner, really fast.
Tires squeal.

Corddry attempts the same maneuver. The bus TAILSPINS!

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Everyone SCREAMS. The bus does a full 360°!!!!

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

SCREECH to a stop. Cloud of dust.

Nina sticks her head out the window.

NINA

They're headed for the border.

MS. BEE

Alright. Kerns has her meeting with the
superintendant today. Won't be back to
her office 'til one.

BARRY

That gives us, what, five hours to return
the pig?

COACH RIGGLE

Ted, can your dad pull together twenty
seven thousand dollars this afternoon?

TED

He's not even in town.

MR. JONES

Then we're going to Mexico.

MR. CORDDRY

Guys- I can't. I'm under strict orders
not to leave the country.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BORDER - MORNING

CHECKPOINT STATION. The bus gets in line behind a dozen
other VEHICLES.

NINA
(leans out window)
I see them!

The white truck is waved across the BORDER.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

BORDER AGENTS question a DRIVER four CARS up.

MR. JONES
Okay, everyone stay cool.

COACH RIGGLE
Here's the story. We're on a field trip.

MS. BEE
No, no! We're a family... on vacation!

COACH RIGGLE
In a school bus?

MS. BEE
Yeah. Like the Partridge family.

STUDENTS
Who?

MR. CORDDRY
We're a band?

COACH RIGGLE
A field trip... experiencing the cultural heritage of Mexico.

NINA
Why are there four teachers and only three students?

COACH RIGGLE
It's a real good school.

MS. BEE
Okay. Back to the family idea.

MR. CORDDRY
I'm the guitar player. He plays bass.

TED
WAIT! I got it! We're a church. An evangelical faith-healing church who... never mind.

Now they're at the gate. Mr. Corddry slides open his window.

MR. CORDDRY
 (to BORDER GUARD)
 We're a salsa country fusion family band.
 And a school.

Whatever. The guy couldn't care less. Waves them through.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN STREETS - DAY

The bus can barely move between PEDESTRIANS, VENDORS, MULES...

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

MS. BEE
 Anybody see them?

MR. CORDDRY
 Nope.

NINA
 They're gone. Now what?

MR. JONES
 Ted-- your gardener- did he ever send money back home?

TED
 Probably.

NINA
 Where?

TED
 Oh yeah. Like I'd sit on his knee and listen to stories about the old country.

COACH RIGGLE
 The Lunch Lady? Where's she from?

BARRY
 Crap! I know this. What was it- her little bambinos and-- the town was something like...
 (suddenly remembers)
Pene de Las Ovejas!

MR. JONES

Good lord, your Spanish is atrocious.

BARRY

That's not a place?

MR. JONES

I sincerely doubt there's a town called the "Sheep's Penis".

Ms. Bee checks her GPS phone.

MS. BEE

It's ten miles southeast!

EXT. MEXICAN STREET - DAY

The bus pulls off the MAIN DRAG. Heads down a SIDE ROAD.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BRIDGE - DAY

The bus approaches a RICKETY-LOOKING BRIDGE spanning a 30-FOOT WIDE RIVER.

DELAPIDATED SIGN: *"Bienvenidos! Pene de Las Ovejas."*

INT. BUS - DAY

MS. BEE

Okay, stop. Stop. STOP!

Mr. Corddry hits the brakes.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

We're too heavy to make it across.

BARRY

It's an Alan Truss bridge. Known for stability and strength. Let's see, the bus is what- two tons? So... yes, it will definitely hold.

NINA

Are you SURE?

BARRY

I build models. I know.

MR. JONES

You built a costume! And it came apart pretty easy.

BARRY

This bridge will hold.

Mr. Corddry looks back to Barry.

They exchange a moment. "Trust me." Mr. Corddry nods.

MR. CORDDRY

Alright kid. You said it... I'll do it.

Shoves the gear shift into drive.

EXT. RIVER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The bus creeps forward. Gets 1/3 of the way.

Loud SNAP.

MR. CORDDRY

SHIT!

The front tire goes through the old wood.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Instant panic.

COACH RIGGLE

BACK UP! BACK UP!

Corddry throws it in reverse. Guns it.

The bridge collapses, just as they make it to safe ground.

Half the bridge washes down river.

EXT. RIVER - JUST AFTER

MR. CORDDRY

"You said it, I'll do it?" What was I thinking? He's failing every class.

NINA

We have to get across *somehow*.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - JUST AFTER

Holding hands. They link up, treading into the hip-deep water.

MS. BEE

It's cold! It's cold!

COACH RIGGLE

Dammit. My sphincter just closed a little more.

The trust-chain pulls itself, one-by-one, to the shore.

CUT TO:

INT. CANTINA - DAY

MR. CORDDRY

Excuse me. I'm looking for an elderly man and rather rotund woman?

The GRIZZLED BARTENDER tips back his SOMBRERO.

BARTENDER

Qué?

MR. JONES

I'll handle this. *Mis siete sandía y yo estamos buscando a una mujer almuerzo. Su esposa es bajo y gordo y le roba a mi avestruz.*

Blank stare.

BARTENDER

Qué?

TED

Let me try.

Riggle grabs a MENU. Yells into the KITCHEN.

COACH RIGGLE

Amigo! I want five burritos- extra grease- and the oldest cheese you got. Whatever you had sitting in the sun. Comprendé?

The COOK grabs BOTTLES of Mexican Coke.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)

No no. Local tap water only.

Back at the bar, Jones watches Ted's conversational skills. Jealous.

BARTENDER

Encontrarás dos de ellos en esta dirección. Buena suerte, Ted. Mi amigo!

Handing Ted a HANDWRITTEN MAP, he clasps the student in a warm embrace.

TED

Gracias a ti! Me encantaría conocer a su hija en mi próxima visita.

They laugh, now good friends.

MR. JONES

Good God- you just met the man. How can you possibly conjugate in the familiar?

EXT. DELAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

The white truck is parked in the yard. BROKEN TOYS scattered everywhere.

COACH RIGGLE

Mm. This stuff's pretty good.

He's stuffing his face with nasty MEXICAN FOOD. Dripping sauce on his shirt.

Barry finds the plastic pig laying on the lawn.

Shakes it. Empty.

BARRY

What's the plan?

MR. CORDDRY

It's Mexico. It's a standoff. It's a Mexican standoff.

Everyone grabs pieces of WOOD. WHIFFLE BALL BATS.

MS. BEE

We all have each other's back, right?

They all nod.

INT. DELAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They kick down the door. Weapons raised.

MR. CORDDRY
DOWN ON THE GROUND, MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!

Thirty ORPHANED CHILDREN on the stained carpet floor look up.

Runny noses. Bare feet.

The CHALKBOARD and ALPHABET on the wall tell us this is a SCHOOL. A desperate, poor school. But a school.

The Lunch Lady has an adorable TODDLER on her lap. Giving a line of kids some sort of VACCINE SHOTS.

Tomás fits the children with NEW SHOES.

The air is sucked out of the room. An infant cries.

LUNCH LADY
Please... no trouble.

MS. BEE
Umm...

MR. CORDDRY
Everyone outside.

EXT. DELAPIDATED HOUSE - JUST AFTER

BARRY
They're using the money... for
medicine... for a school... for orphans.

COACH RIGGLE
I think I saw a blind one.

MR. JONES
So what? It's not their cash.

NINA
It's not ours either.

MR. JONES
That money was donated to charity. For a
good cause. Not for some--
(hangs his head)
Dammit.

MR. CORDDRY
Twenty-seven thousand dollars. Do they
need that much? Couldn't we possibly--

TED

We just took out their only bridge.
They're gonna need every peso.

MS. BEE

If we don't return the money to Kerns
office in one hour, we're all going to
jail.

Barry looks at the empty pig.

BARRY

Or maybe not.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

They're cruising a thousand miles per hour.

NINA

Ten minutes, people!!!

MR. CORDDRY

We're not gonna make it.

MS. BEE

How you doing back there?

Coach Riggle drops his BURRITO. Stomach rumbling.

COACH RIGGLE

Not so good.

Ted fills the piggy bank with the half-finished burrito,
along with FIVE DOZEN MORE.

BARRY

No, not the beef burritos. It's a pig.
Use the pork ones.

TED

Yeah. More respectful.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Principal Kerns heads for her office.

Just then, the bus destroys its shocks as it bounces into
the parking lot.

NINA
There she is!

MR. JONES
Go go go!

Coach and the kids dive out with the burrito-stuffed pig.

EXT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Principals Kerns stops for a drink of water.

Our guys blow past her, weaving through the crowded hallway.

EXT. FACULTY WASHROOM - DAY

Barry digs for his key!

COACH RIGGLE
(holds ass cheeks shut)
Hurry! Hurry!

INT. FACULTY WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Door opens. Riggle beelines it to a stall.

COACH RIGGLE
I'm no good! Go on without me!!

The kids pop the vent, dive inside.

COACH RIGGLE (O.S.)
(CONT'D)
SWEET RELEASE!!!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Barry places the pig on the desk. The kids dive back into the vent, pulling it closed JUST AS...

Kerns enters. Casually reading her mail.

As she reaches for the pig...

MS. BEE
Knock knock!

Ms. Bee, at the door.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)

So I'm just running to the bank to drop off the box office receipts and-- oh, you haven't deposited that yet?

Ms. Bee picks up the pig. Kerns glares at her sternly.

PRINCIPAL KERNS

I know exactly what you're trying to do here.

MS. BEE

Uh oh.

Puts the pig back down.

PRINCIPAL KERNS

You're trying to kiss up to me due to last night's fiasco.

MS. BEE

The play? Yeah. Guilty. I'm sorry it--

PRINCIPAL KERNS

No need. Fifty cell phone videos of your performance on YouTube and word of mouth has been stellar. We've sold out all two weeks. I'm thinking of extending the run?

MS. BEE

Oh, yeah. Umm, that would be peachy.

Principal Kerns hands her the pig.

PRINCIPAL KERNS

Thanks for your help, but more importantly, thanks for your above-and-beyond dedication to the students and this school.

(sniffs)

Do you smell something... spicy?

MS. BEE

...It's taco day.

PRINCIPAL KERNS

Mmmm!

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

MS. BEE
Look what I have!

Ms. Bee enters triumphantly with the pig.

MS. BEE (CONT'D)
That buys until after the holidays when
Kerns audits the books.

MR. JONES
Twenty-seven thousand dollars.

COACH RIGGLE
Okay, think. How can we find the money?

MR. CORDDRY
Well... I know where we can get seasonal
work.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A gigantic HOLIDAY LINE. Mr. Corddry, behind the
counter.

GEORGE
I need a gift for my 83-year old
grandmother.

DEVON
And we'd like to sniff as many samples as
possible.

MR. CORDDRY
GUYS! Come on.

DEVON
What do you have that says naughty slut?

MR. CORDDRY
Ask my assistant. Sylvia? Can you help
these gentlemen?

Ted leans in. Wearing Mr. Corddry's old nametag.

TED
Sure. Today we're featuring something
fruity with a hint of--

PSSSSST!! Sprays them both in the eyes.

DEVON
 AHHH!!! IT BURNS!!!!!!

TED
 Get the hell out of here.

Blinded, the jocks stumble away. We follow them to a queue of excited CHILDREN.

COACH RIGGLE
Mike... Wilby. Wilby be Christmas soon, so hurry it up.

Riggle, dressed as a SNOWMAN, reads off a CLIPBOARD.

COACH RIGGLE (CONT'D)
Jimmy.... Sawyer. Sawyer mother kissing Santa Claus. You're next.

Ms. Bee, in MRS. CLAUS GARB, takes little MIKE WILBY's hand.

MS. BEE
 Know what you want to tell Santa, or do you need a quick rehearsal?

Takes him to the lap of SANTA CLAUS.

MR. JONES
 (unenthusiastic)
 Ho. Ho. Ho. What do you want and let's keep it moving.

MIKE WILBY
 A Shinsei-San action figure!

MR. JONES
 No clue what that is. Next!

COACH RIGGLE (O.S.)
Lisa Schneider. Schneider? I barely know her!

BZZZT. A fiberglass RUDOLPH red nose bursts into sparks.

MR. JONES
 Holy *shit!*
 (to KID on lap)
 ...ho ho. ELVES! Get on that!

From the WORKSHOP, Barry and Nina, in GREEN TIGHTS and BELL-TIPPED HATS.

BARRY
Yes sir, Santa, sir!

She holds the LADDER steady as Barry climbs to make adjustments.

NINA
You got it?

He nods.

MR. JONES
...and I'm running low on frickin' candy canes!

BEAVER (O.S.)
Right away, Mister Santa!

Beaver, covered in GLITTER. Home-made, body-hugging GREEN SPANDEX. POINTY SHOES. SPOCK EARS.

The most fabulous costume of all.

MR. JONES
(takes CANDY)
Beaver? Who hired you?

BEAVER
No one. I don't work here.

He trips over a SUNNYSLOPE PIGGY BANK. As he straightens it out..

We CUT WIDE.

The CAPTION under the collection box perfectly describes this final image, which mirrors the very first one in the film:

"TEACHERS AND STUDENTS: WORKING TOGETHER."

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END