

community

"Mixology Certification"

Episode #209

Written by

Andy Bobrow

Directed by

Jay Chandrasekhar

Production Draft - 10/10/10
Blue Revised Pages - 10/11/10
Pink Revised Pages - 10/12/10
Yellow Revised Draft - 10/13/10

SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC. © 2010. All Rights Reserved. No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC. 10202 West Washington Boulevard, Culver City, CA 90232

COMMUNITY

EPISODE #209

SET LIST

INTERIORS

STUDY ROOM

SHIRLEY'S MINIVAN

JEFF'S CAR

*BAR

*VESTIBULE OF BAR

*BAR HALLWAY

*HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNIE'S APARTMENT

EXTERIORS

STREET

*FLANNAHAN'S HOLE

COMMUNITY
EPISODE #209
CAST LIST

JEFF.....JOEL MCHALE
PIERCE.....CHEVY CHASE
BRITTA.....GILLIAN JACOBS
SHIRLEY.....YVETTE NICOLE BROWN
ABED.....DANNY PUDI
ANNIE.....ALISON BRIE
TROY.....DONALD GLOVER
CHANG.....KEN JEONG
BOUNCER.....TBD
*BARTENDER.....TIG NOTARO
*NERDY GUY.....PAUL F. TOMPKINS
*COMPUTER VOICE.....TBD

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

1

All are seated around the table. They wear party hats and some have noisemakers. There is a cake on the table.

ALL
(singing)
...to youuuu!

They cheer Troy. Pierce is confused.

PIERCE
Well, that was just weird. Why did we only sing the last two words? What happened to the "Happy Birthday" part?

SHIRLEY
You know Troy is Jehovah's Witness, they don't celebrate birthdays.

ABED
Annie and I did our best to keep the language on the cake compliant.

TROY
(reading cake)
"Hello During a Random Dessert."
(reading more)
"The month and day of which coincide numerically with your expulsion from a uterus."
(touched)
You guys. I never cry, but...

BRITTA
All right, happy expulsion, Troy, but after cake, we cram, for realsies. Finals are coming up.

JEFF
Yeah, this group is starting to use special occasions to avoid studying. Last week we had fondue and played Boggle because Shirley's niece took her first bath.

(CONTINUED)

ABED

With bubbles.

SHIRLEY

(to Abed)

Thank you.

(to Jeff)

It's a milestone.

PIERCE

Funny, because my birthday was last week and nobody *noticed*. Or cared.

Everyone goes quiet and exchanges guilty looks. Then:

JEFF

Pierce... you *don't remember* the huge party we threw you? We need to talk about those painkillers --

PIERCE

(covering)

Gotcha! I remember my party, stupid!

(chuckling, nervous)

That was some party.

Everyone sighs, relieved, and gives Jeff looks of gratitude. Abed even says "Nice" and gives Jeff a thumbs up.

TROY

(experimenting, to Pierce)

You still owe me for the keg deposit.

PIERCE

You think I don't know that?

BRITTA

(admonishing)

Troy.

Troy looks at her and nods in recognition he went too far.

JEFF

Troy.

Troy looks to Jeff, who gives him a thumbs up.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. STUDY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 2

Troy is opening a gift from Abed. It's a video game. He knows what it is before he finishes opening it. So excited.

TROY

Kickpuncher: Detroit?! No way!
This is sold out everywhere!

ABED

Not everywhere. I have a cousin
in Detroit, they're not crazy about
it there.

TROY

This is how you turn twenty. Thanks.

They do the Troy-Abed five. Pierce struggles with the cake.

SHIRLEY

Here, let me help --

PIERCE

I broke my legs, not my gender.

Shirley backs off. Pierce starts cutting the cake, mangling it while everyone watches in silence. Annie unfolds a paper.

ANNIE

While we're... watching this unfold,
some birthday facts to enjoy:
Troy's birthday is tomorrow,
December 4th. Also born that day:
Tyra Banks, Marissa Tomei and French
cinematographer Claude Renoir.

TROY

Jackpot!

ANNIE

On the Chinese calendar, Troy is a
horse, like me: Purposeful, self-
possessed and gregarious.

TROY

No, I'm pretty sure I'm a snake. I
remember, because I'm determined,
self-possessed and mendacious.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Pierce, what is this, what are you doing? Explain yourself.

Pierce has mangled the cake beyond recognition.

PIERCE

Who made this crappy cake?

ABED

A cake maker. At a cake store.

PIERCE

Well, he did it wrong.

ANNIE

Troy. We're 1990, we're horses.

TROY

I was born in '89.

JEFF

Then... you were born twenty-one years ago.

TROY

Which makes me twenty... because everyone is ten for two years.

(getting concerned)

Because fifth grade is really hard... for everyone.

(realizing)

MOM! How many lies am I living?!

BRITTA

Do you understand, at midnight, you turn *twenty-one*. As in *drinking* age?

TROY

Whoa!

JEFF

Okay, this party just became unacceptable. We're going out.

BRITTA

Yep.

Jeff and Britta start gathering their stuff.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

You guys were just complaining
about us having too many parties.

JEFF

Too many lame ones. This is real.

SHIRLEY

What makes it real?

JEFF

Shirley, think of it as Troy taking
his first bath, only the bubbles
are his manhood.

TROY

(to Shirley)

I want to bathe in manhood!

JEFF

I'm taking you to Johnny's.

BRITTA

Uch. You mean douchey's?

JEFF

Oh, of course you hate cool bars.
I don't suppose you've even been to
Johnny's.

BRITTA

(cocksure)

Hey, I've never been to Beirut,
either,...

(adjusting PCness)

And I...probably will go there, one
day, because I'm sure it has a lot
of interesting culture, --

(over their groans)

Unlike Johnny's, which is douchey!

JEFF

Let's hear your suggestion.

BRITTA

The Red Door.

JEFF

Ooooooh, the Red Hipster?

BRITTA

It's not hipster. Hipsters haven't
even found it, it's underground.

(CONTINUED)

SHIRLEY

Why don't we go somewhere fun, like
Peg Leg Pablo's. They have virgin
mudslides.

BRITTA

They're milkshakes, Shirley.

ANNIE

You guys, all you think about is
yourselves. Think about me. I'm
nineteen, I can't get into a bar.

JEFF

Well...

They all shrug. Annie starts to "almost cry."

ANNIE

Okay, well... have fun...

BRITTA

Okay, I'll get Annie an ID.

ANNIE

A fake ID?

BRITTA

It'll be real, it just won't be
yours.

(to Jeff)

Meet you at the Red Door.

JEFF

Nice try. We're not going to Red
Poet's Society.

BRITTA

Not going to DoucheY Cologne's.

JEFF

Fine, on the count of three, name
the least offensive bar you've ever
been to, one, two, three:

BRITTA AND JEFF

Flannahan's Hole.

JEFF

Done. Troy, you riding with me?

TROY

You have to ask?

(CONTINUED)

SHIRLEY

Pierce, you want to come in my van?

PIERCE

I'm not a disabled, all right? I don't need people's help to do normal things, why can't everybody stop doting on me and leave me --

They have all left.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Good. I'll beat you there.

He tries to work his chair. It starts moving backwards.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Okay, that's not...

His chair backs out of the study room and around the corner.

PIERCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stop helping me!

3 INT. SHIRLEY'S MINIVAN - LATER

3

Shirley drives. Britta in passenger seat. Annie in the back, studying her fake ID.

ANNIE

I don't think this girl looks very much like me.

BRITTA

She's a white brunette.

ANNIE

So is Anne Hathaway.

SHIRLEY

(waiting for the rest)

Go on...

ANNIE

And what is your friend doing with a stack of other people's IDs?

BRITTA

Don't know. Sometimes people sell their ID when they're leaving the state and need cash.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE
(studying ID)
So this girl's a drifter. A floater. An urchin. Caroline Decker. 20067 Moonfish Lane, Corpus Christi Texas ...Texas? Do I need an accent?

BRITTA
You don't need an accent.

ANNIE
(trying Texas accent)
I'm Caroline Decker.

BRITTA
Don't do that.

SHIRLEY
I guar-un-tee.

BRITTA
That's Cajun.

Britta's phone rings. She picks it up. SPLIT SCREEN with:

4 INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

4

Jeff is driving. Troy is in the passenger seat, Abed in back. They have Britta on his car's speaker phone.

BRITTA
What?

JEFF
Flannahan's Hole is closed. That's not... I'm not being clever, I mean it's out of business.

BRITTA
Well, that's what they get for trying to please everyone.
(to Jeff)
So now what?

JEFF
There's a place on Third and Water. It's fun divey but not staph infection divey, it's got either a really gross name or an ironically fancy one, possibly both --

BRITTA
Oh. The Ballroom. Good.
(to Shirley)
Go to Third and Water.

SHIRLEY
Wait, why? That wasn't the deal.

BRITTA
Shirley's pushing back.

JEFF
Why, because they don't have
plastic menus and milkshakes?

BRITTA
Why, because they --

JEFF
Don't repeat it, you goon! Look,
just... the women are your problem,
the men are going to The Ballroom.
And now I guess I am being clever.

As Jeff hangs up, the boys take over the whole screen.

TROY
So, plastic menus are bad? See,
this is the kind of stuff I need to
learn, plastic menus seem like a
great idea to me. For when you
spill something on them.

JEFF
You're entering a new chapter of
your life, Troy. Sadly, it's the
final chapter, but it's also the
longest, and if you play it right,
the best. You and I are just two
guys, now. Peers. Equals.

TROY
So awesome. Maybe later I can
drive your car?

Jeff just starts laughing like he knows Troy is totally
kidding. Troy joins in after a while as if he was. Abed
joins in, imitating their laughter. Jeff's phone rings.
Jeff reads his dash display.

JEFF
Shh! Shh. It's Chang.
(hits button)
Hello?

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

SPLIT SCREEN with:

5 INT. STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 5

Tight on CHANG, on his phone.

CHANG

Winger. Where's the party, man?

JEFF

No party. Finals week.

CHANG

Yeah, you're not going out for a little study break?

JEFF

Wish we could. Hunkered down, man, gotta study, gotta study hard.

In Chang's panel, reveal he's in the study room.

CHANG

Uh-huh. That's cool. You guys keep *studying*.

Chang's panel takes over the full screen. He hangs up his clamshell phone while staring at the study room table in front of him. He dips a finger into the mangled cake.

CHANG (CONT'D)

(contemplating)

Birthday.

He touches his tongue to the frosting.

CHANG (CONT'D)

Still fresh.

6 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 6

Jeff, Troy and Abed approach a BOUNCER. Troy holds out his ID.

TROY

Good evening, former enemy.

JEFF

He's 21 at midnight. Cool?

The bouncer scrutinizes the ID, then waves him through.

BOUNCER

Happy birthday.

As Abed and Jeff present their IDs, the girls approach.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE
(to self)
Caroline Decker from Corpus --

BRITTA
Annie, you don't need an accent.

ANNIE
If my ID says Texas, they'll be
suspicious --

BRITTA
(confides in her)
Look, they're not going to question
your ID because you're a hot girl.
We're good for business. The
hotter you are, the more they'll
risk the fine.

SHIRLEY
I don't like this place.

BRITTA
You've been clear about that,
Shirley. Oy vey.

Annie walks up. Holds out her ID.

ANNIE
(half committed)
Howdy?

The Bouncer waves her in, doesn't care. Britta holds up her
ID, he takes it. Inspects it very carefully. Checks out the
edges. Uses an ultraviolet light on it. He hands a
devastated Britta her ID.

BOUNCER
Can't be too careful.

Britta enters. The bouncer sees Shirley. He lights up.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Shirley? Hey girl! Welcome back.

He goes in to hug her. She stops him.

SHIRLEY
(severe)
You *don't know me*.

She walks in.

END OF ACT ONE

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT 7 *

It's a dive bar. There are Polaroids of drunk patrons on the walls everywhere. Jeff, Britta, Annie, Troy, Abed and Shirley sit in a booth. Jeff and Britta each have cocktails. *

JEFF *
This place is all right. *

BRITTA *
Yeah, it's okay. *

TROY *
(re: Polaroids) *
These pictures must be of all the *
regulars. You think someday I'll *
make it up on this wall? *

JEFF *
I don't say this often, Troy, but *
dream a little smaller. *

Shirley glances at the photos stapled to the wall, and does a double take when she sees: *

SHIRLEY'S POV - insert of one of the Polaroids, which depicts a shit-faced Shirley holding two beers, looking corpse-like. *

She puts her purse in front of it. *

ANNIE *
Oh no! *
(gets out phone) *
I forgot to text Pierce. He thinks *
we're going to Flannahan's Hole. *

8 EXT. FLANNAHAN'S HOLE - NIGHT 8 *

Pierce is in front of Flannahan's Hole, staring at the boarded up doors in a silent anger. *

CHANG (O.S.) *
This is what they think of us. *

Chang emerges from the shadows, regarding Pierce. *

CHANG (CONT'D) *
I propose an alliance, sir. *

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

Pierce is clearly considering it, when his phone beeps. He *
looks at it, reads a text, then puts it away. *

PIERCE *
(to Chang) *
No thanks. *

Pierce turns his chair around and starts rolling away. *

9 INT. BAR - NIGHT 9 *

At the booth, Shirley is casually trying to pull the Polaroid *
of herself off the wall without being seen. *

The BARTENDER stops by while grabbing empties. *

BARTENDER *
You guys need anything? *

Shirley yelps, startled, which startles everyone. *

SHIRLEY *
(composing herself) *
I'm okay. *

JEFF *
Another Macallan's, neat. *

BRITTA *
Vodka neat four olives. *

TROY *
I'm waiting til midnight. *

Everyone at the table says "awww." Troy soaks it up. *

BARTENDER *
(to Annie) *
Sweetie? *

Annie stares at her for a moment, smiling, terrified, then: *

ANNIE *
(Texas drawl) *
Water. *

BARTENDER *
Oh, where's that accent from? *

ANNIE *
(cautious) *
Corpus Christi, Texas. 78418. *

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

What are you doing in town?

ANNIE

Not much, I reckon. Just
...driftin'. Floatin'. Spittin'
in the wind. General waywardness.

The bartender smiles politely and walks away. Annie is
relieved and a bit exhilarated.

BRITTA

Annie, you made it in, you don't
need to be from Texas anymore.

ANNIE

I don't know how it works, I'm not
a barfly, *Britta*.

Shirley successfully gets her photo off the wall.

SHIRLEY

(relieved)
Oh, praise God.
(covering)
Annie's right, *Britta*, you can't
expect people like us to understand
your world.

ABED

(noticing)
They have Galaga.
(to Annie and Shirley)
Slide out?

Annie and Shirley slide out. Abed heads for the game.
Shirley looks around. There's a million Polaroids.

SHIRLEY

I'm gonna...have a look around.

She walks away. Annie looks around. Makes a decision.

ANNIE

Me too.

JEFF

Don't accept any drinks, Annie.

BRITTA

Or invitations to the bathroom.
(to Troy)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

BRITTA (CONT'D)

So, what are you going to order for
your first legal drink?

*
*

TROY

What should I get?

*
*

JEFF

Whatever you want.

*
*

BRITTA

No wrong answers.

*
*

TROY

Well, I like beer.

*
*

BRITTA

Don't get a beer.

*
*

JEFF

You've *had* beer.

*
*

TROY

What should I get?

*
*

JEFF

What do you think you might like?
It's your world, now.

*
*
*

BRITTA

Follow your heart.

*
*

TROY

Well. My Uncle Carl played a big
role in my life. Taught me how to
throw a football. He passed away
this year. His favorite drink was
a seven and seven.

*
*
*
*
*
*

A beat as this sinks in. Then:

*

JEFF/BRITTA

Don't get a seven and seven /
that's a pussy drink.

*
*
*

10 INT. BAR - NIGHT

10

Annie approaches the bar.

*

ANNIE

(cautious Texan accent)
Actually, I'll have a diet coke
instead of that water.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BARTENDER *
Sure thing. *

ANNIE *
(gaining confidence) *
Thank you kindly. Everybody's so *
nice in this town. *

Annie pulls up a stool. Smiles at the person next to her. *

ANNIE (CONT'D) *
I'm Caroline. From Corpus Christi. *
(deciding) *
I grew up on a trout farm. *

11 INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS 11 *

Abed is nearby, playing a Galaga machine. A NERDY GUY seated *
at the bar sees Abed and walks over. *

NERDY GUY *
Careful. You score any higher on *
that thing and the Rylans are going *
to recruit you to fight the Ko-Dan *
Empire. *

ABED *
(not looking up) *
"The Last Starfighter." Did you *
get the 25th anniversary Blu Ray? *

NERDY GUY *
Were the Peacekeepers guardians of *
the Eidelons 27,000 cycles before *
the Scarran War? Frell yes, I've *
got Starfighter on Blu Ray. *

Abed lets go of the joystick and looks at the nerdy guy. *

ABED *
You're a fan of the sci-fi original *
series *Farscape*? *

NERDY GUY *
Can I buy you a drink? *

Shirley walks by, scanning photos on the wall. Finally, she *
finds another of herself, looking ridiculously drunk and *
downtrodden, flipping off the camera. Distressed, she peels *
it off the wall and continues. *

12 EXT. BAR - NIGHT 12 *

The Bouncer watches Pierce roll up in his wheelchair. *

BOUNCER *

You got some ID? *

PIERCE *

Very funny, punk. Get out of my *

way, I've got a study group to tell *

to kiss my ass. *

13 INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR - CONTINUOUS 13 *

Pierce rolls into the bar's tiny vestibule. He tries to roll *

into the bar, but it requires too sharp a turn. He bangs *

around in the vestibule trying to maneuver himself into a *

better position. He cannot. *

The bouncer enters after a while. *

BOUNCER *

Do you need help, man? *

PIERCE *

Oh, yeah, you'd like that wouldn't *

you? Little turning of the tables? *

The bouncer frowns and leaves. Pierce keeps trying to *

negotiate the vestibule's impossibly angled doorways. The *

bouncer pokes back in, confused from earlier. *

BOUNCER *

The turning of what tables? *

PIERCE *

I don't know, leave me alone! *

14 INT. BAR - NIGHT 14 *

Annie is seated at the bar, sipping her Diet Coke, talking to *

anyone who will listen in her Texas accent. *

ANNIE *

So I punched her. Right in the *

face. *

BARTENDER *

Your probation officer? Didn't you *

get in trouble? *

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

ANNIE

Hell yeah I got in trouble! Wasn't
the first time, won't be the last.
I'm not exactly known for my sound
judgment. Down in Corpus Christi,
they call me Capricious Caroline.

BARTENDER

What's capricious mean?

ANNIE

It probably means I'm too busy
living life to learn five dollar
words!

15 INT. BAR

15

Jeff, Britta and Troy. Jeff and Britta have a few empties in
front of them, now. They're getting saucy. Jeff is tutoring
an eager eyed Troy in Scotch drinking.

JEFF

With an aged Scotch, never use ice.

TROY

Never use ice. Got it. Why?

JEFF

Destroys it. At most, what you
want: two drops of spring water.
Activates the flavor.

BRITTA

Good lord. Do they have the rules
to high maintenance poser drinking
on the wall at L Street?

TROY

(to Jeff, eager)
Do they?

JEFF

Poser drinking? Hey, miss "Vodka,
neat, four olives?"
(amused, to Troy)
What's that called? The Too-Cool-
To-Care-Tini?

TROY

(to Britta, curious)
Is it?

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

JEFF

I bet the forced starkness of *that*
drink order turns a lot of horn
rimmed heads at the Red Door.

TROY

I can't wait to understand these
fights!

Annie comes up, puts down a round of drinks for them and
takes their empties.

ANNIE

Hey y'all, 'nother round for ya,
everybody holdin' up? I'll be back
in two shakes of a rabbit's ass!

She walks away, leaving everyone at the table puzzled.

JEFF

Who the hell was that?

Britta clambers over Troy to get out of the booth.

BRITTA

I gotta race like a pee horse.

JEFF

Classy. Way to show Troy the
ropes.

BRITTA

Shut up, L Street.

As Britta walks away, Troy and Jeff watch her.

JEFF

That woman is a hurricane.

TROY

Yeah.

JEFF

Hurricanes are bad, Troy.

TROY

(lying)
I know.

16

INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR - CONTINUOUS

16

Pierce struggles in this small space, unable to open one door
without closing the other.

17 INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS 17 *

Abed and the Nerdy Guy are seated at a table. *

ABED *

I always thought it's possible the wormhole Chrichton fell through moved him across not only space, but time, which would suggest the Sebaceans could be our future selves, and Chrichton is longing for a planet that no longer exists. *

NERDY GUY *

You're really nursing that beer. *

Abed takes a small sip. *

ABED *

Which would make sense, because what kind of wormhole would it be if it could only move you from one place to another within the same galaxy on the same day? *

NERDY GUY *

Speaking of wormholes, suppose we used one to...teleport this conversation somewhere more private? *

ABED *

That doesn't make sense. Wormholes and teleportation are two different things. That's what I've been talking about this entire time. *

NERDY GUY *

(frustrated) *

I noticed. *

18 INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS 18 *

Annie is back at the bar. *

ANNIE *

I followed that band Phish, who spells it with a P-H, and I just lived in parking lots wherever they played. I don't even like their music, just did it to see if I could do it. Guess what? I could. *

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER *
So what's next? *

ANNIE *
I don't know. Even if I planned *
it, plans fall off me like chicken *
crap off an armadillo. Annie's the *
one that loves plans. Not me. *
(justifying) *
Annie's my friend. She goes to *
school here. Thinks she's got it *
allllll figured out. She wants to *
major in healthcare management. *
What does that even mean? *

BARTENDER *
No idea. *

ANNIE *
I'll tell you what it means. A *
master's degree. Followed by an *
internship. She's got the next *
fifteen years of her life all *
mapped out, all she can do is *
either follow it or screw it up. *

BARTENDER *
Another soda? *

ANNIE *
Actually, give me a rum and coke. *
I got nowhere to be, what am I, *
Annie? *

19 INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS 19 *

Abed and Nerdy guy. *

ABED *
First season, when you watch it the *
second time, it's better than the *
third season. Fourth season is -- *

NERDY GUY *
(exasperated) *
Um, look, what's your name? *

ABED *
Abed. *

NERDY GUY *
Abed: do you want to have sex? *

19

CONTINUED:

19

ABED

No thank you.

NERDY GUY

Wow. Okay. So, what's wrong with you, that you can sit here all this time without picking up on the fact that a man is *hitting on you*?

ABED

I actually did pick up on it after a while.

NERDY GUY

And...?

ABED

I really, really like talking about Farscape.

The guy gets up, angry and storms away. Abed watches him go.

ABED (CONT'D)

It was a really good show.

20

INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR - NIGHT

20

Pierce clunking around. Still can't get into the bar. A voice from his chair:

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Battery depleted.

PIERCE

What?

Pierce's chair shuts down. He can't move it.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Aw, man!

He pouts.

21

INT. BAR HALLWAY

21

Shirley pulls down another photo. She has a stack in her hand. She appraises the area, content that she got them all.

22

INT. BAR

22

Britta, Jeff and Troy are laughing hysterically at something - especially Jeff and Britta, who are blotto drunk. They're excited to see Shirley.

(CONTINUED)

BRITTA

Hey there, whatcha been up to?

SHIRLEY

I was just praying for the poor
souls in these photographs.

That makes Jeff and Britta really happy.

BRITTA

That's nice, hey...you missed one.
It was hanging in the ladies room.

Britta holds up a large framed blown-up photo of Shirley at
her most embarrassingly drunk. Above the photo, it says "IF
YOU LOOK LIKE THIS," and below it says "CALL A CAB."

Jeff, Britta and Troy crack up. Shirley is mortified.

SHIRLEY

Give that to me.

BRITTA

Come on, don't feel bad, this makes
us like you way more.

TROY

Yeah, you just became like eight
times more interesting. For a
total of eight.

SHIRLEY

Are you guys enjoying this?

The tone in her voice makes the three of them stop laughing.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

My husband of ten years ran away,
and because I couldn't get a job,
because I hadn't worked in ten
years, he figured maybe he should
take the kids off my hands. And
the whole world started taking *his*
side. I had some bad years. With
a chaser. Then I picked myself up.

(to Jeff and Britta)

You two might want to try it. That
boy looks up to you.

BRITTA

Wait a minute. Screw you --

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

JEFF

(calming her down)
Britta, just. Hold on.
(to Shirley)
Screw you, Shirley!

*
*
*
*
*

TROY

(calming Jeff)
Whoa! Both of you.
(to Shirley)
Shirley. Screw you. Just kidding.
Come on, the picture is funny
because you always act perfect.
And because you look like a zombie.
But it's not funny when you're sad.
We're on your team. Relax, sit
down, it's my birthday.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Shirley holds her hand out for the photo. Troy shrugs and hands it over. Shirley shoves it into her purse.

*
*

SHIRLEY

I will see you all on Monday.

*
*

Shirley heads for the:

*

23

INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR - CONTINUOUS

23

Pierce is seated, pouting, in his deactivated chair. Shirley comes out through the bar's door. She looks at him.

*

*
*

PIERCE

What?

*
*

SHIRLEY

Nothing. Get out of my way.

*
*

She moves around him to get out.

*

PIERCE

I can't get out of your way, I'm
stuck in this stupid -- I don't
know who designs a building --

*
*
*
*

She's made it around him and is leaving.

*

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Will you help me? Please?

*
*

She stops and turns around.

*

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Will you please help?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

She grabs his chair and starts pulling it out the door. *

PIERCE (CONT'D) *
Thank you. *

SHIRLEY *
You're welcome. Jackass. *

24 INT. BAR - A LITTLE LATER 24 *

CLOSE on a clock on the wall. It's nearly midnight. *

25 INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS 25 *

Troy comes up to the bar. *

TROY *
I'm not allowed to drink it for *
another forty-five seconds, well, *
actually, by the time I finish *
saying this, thirty, but I'd *
like... a seven and seven. *

BARTENDER *
On the house. Happy birthday, kid. *

She goes to make his drink. Troy looks around the bar. *

Annie is hunched over a few empty shot glasses, nursing a *
mixer. She's not trashed, but she's bummed. *

Abed is a few stools down from her, drinking, staring ahead. *

Jeff and Britta are slumped in the booth. Britta slides her *
head onto Jeff's shoulder. *

CLOSE on the clock. The second hand makes its way to twelve. *

The bartender returns with Troy's seven and seven. Troy *
isn't there. *

He's ushering his drunk friends toward the door. He fishes *
Jeff's keys from his jacket pocket. *

BARTENDER (CONT'D) *
You're a good man. *

TROY *
Thanks. *

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

BARTENDER

It's nothing to be excited about.
That world's gonna eat your ass
alive.

*
*
*
*

TROY

What?

*
*

BARTENDER

Nothing. Don't listen to me. I'm
a bartender. I'm jaded.

*
*
*

Troy heads out the door. As it closes behind him, we see
there is a gigantic version of the Shirley Bennett "IF YOU
LOOK LIKE THIS CALL A CAB" photo mounted to the door.

*
*
*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 INT. JEFF'S CAR - THAT NIGHT 26 *

Troy drives. Annie is in the passenger seat, looking out the window. Britta, Jeff and Abed are in the back. Britta and Abed are passed out on each other. *

Long silence. *

JEFF *
I think I owe you a birthday, Troy. *

TROY *
I'm cool. I always wanted to drive this thing. *

JEFF *
Aw, man, is this my car? Don't crash it. *

TROY *
I'm not going to crash it. *

BRITTA *
(stirring) *
Crash it, Troy. *

JEFF *
Go to sleep, Britta. *

BRITTA *
Crash his car, Troy. *

ABED *
This seems like a really dark chapter in our group's story. *

BRITTA *
Go to sleep, Abed. *
(sees something O.C.) *
Oh, see, there's the place we should've gone tonight. *

JEFF *
(looks) *
Yeah, exactly, L Street. *

(CONTINUED)

BRITTA

That's the Red Door, stupid. Do you see a sign that says "L Street?"

*
*
*
*

JEFF

L Street's too cool to have a sign. It's called L Street after the street it's on.

*
*
*
*

BRITTA

The Red Door is on L Street.

*
*

JEFF

L Street has a red door.

*
*

Troy slams on the brakes, screeching the car to a stop.

*

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hey!

*
*

Troy turns and lays into them.

*

TROY

It's the SAME BAR?! You two have been calling one bar LAME and the other AWESOME all NIGHT and it's the SAME BAR?!

*
*
*
*

Silence.

*

BRITTA

Well, he probably goes on Fridays, that's the lame night --

*
*
*

JEFF

You wish --

*
*

TROY

STOP! Just STOP! I've spent the last two years thinking you guys knew more than me about life and I just found out you're as dumb as me?!

*
*
*
*
*

BRITTA

Well...duh doy.

*
*

JEFF

Yeah. Duh doy.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

TROY *
(resigned) *
Got it. Duh doy. *

Troy pulls out. *

ANNIE *
You can take me home first. I only *
live a few blocks from here. *

JEFF *
You do? *

BRITTA *
Annie, this is a terrible *
neighborhood. *

ANNIE *
Thanks. *

27 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNIE'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER 27 *

A dirty hallway of an apartment building in a bad part of *
town. Abed walks Annie to her door. *

ANNIE *
This is my apartment. Thanks. *

Abed nods, smiles and starts walking away. *

ANNIE (CONT'D) *
Abed? *

ABED *
Yeah. *

ANNIE *
I did something really weird *
tonight. I started pretending I *
was someone else. *

ABED *
I do that like three times a week. *
After I rented Hard Target, I spent *
an entire six weeks as Jean Claude *
Van Damme. Ask me why my name is *
Chance. *

ANNIE *
Why is your name Chance? *

(CONTINUED)

ABED *
(Van Damme) *
My mama took one. *

ANNIE *
(confused) *
You're...she... *

ABED *
(Van Damme) *
My mama took one. *

ANNIE *
Oh, your name is Chance because *
your mama took a chance. *

ABED *
It's from Hard Target. *

ANNIE *
That's good. How long are you *
going to be at Greendale? *

ABED *
Til they run out of media classes. *
They don't have a film degree. But *
I can't afford college. *

ANNIE *
I don't know what I'm doing. I *
mean I know what I'm doing, but I *
don't know why I'm doing it. I'm *
going to be twenty. Who am I? *

ABED *
You're Annie Edison. You're a *
highly motivated hopeless romantic. *
You like puzzles, lists, stuffed *
animals and Mark Ruffalo. You're *
naturally competitive, a sore *
loser, easily flustered, you hold *
everyone to a higher standard than *
most, but you hold yourself to a *
higher standard than anyone. *

ANNIE *
Do you think I'd make a good *
hospital administrator? *

ABED *
Yes. But you want to be a *
journalist. *
(off her silence) *
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

ABED (CONT'D)

Also, like most of us, you got a *
little drunk tonight, so everything *
seems extra dramatic. We'll be *
fine on Monday. Good night, Annie. *

He walks away. *

28 INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT 28 *

Jeff and Britta are full-on making out. Troy is in the front *
seat, staring forward, horrified. *

Britta breaks off the kiss. *

BRITTA *

Wait, what are we doing? *

JEFF *

Yeah, what are we doing? *

TROY *

YEAH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? *

BRITTA *

That was bad, right? *

JEFF *

Yeah. *

TROY *

YEAH. *

Abed opens the door and gets in the passenger seat. *

ABED *

What'd I miss? *

BRITTA / JEFF / TROY *

Nothing. *

Troy puts the car in gear and starts driving. *

ABED *

Cool. Cool cool cool. *

Long silence. *

ABED (CONT'D) *

Really weird night. *

BRITTA / JEFF / TROY *

Yeah. *

FADE OUT. *

END OF ACT THREE *

TAG

*

(TBD)

*