

Those Who Can't...

Written by

Adam Cayton-Holland, Andrew Orvedahl, and Ben Roy

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

ANDY FAIRBELL, a slight, pasty gym teacher, is standing in the middle of a gymnasium inside the school logo of the McKinley High School Fightin' Tariffs mascot painted on the floor. He addresses a group of students.

ANDY

Honor. Integrity. Courage under fire. Enthusiasm. A decent throwing arm. These are all attributes you'll need today in dodgeba...

Andy gets smashed in the face with a cherry ball thrown by BRYCE, a hulking, studly lacrosse player. He staggers in and out of frame, blood now dripping from one nostril.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Okay, that's the enthusiasm I was talking about, Bryce, but we haven't started yet. When I blow this whistle-

Andy touches the whistle to his mouth and immediately gets hit in face again. He begins choking on the whistle and coughing/whistling. After a moment he manages to dislodge it.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Okay, game on! Go ahead without me.

He staggers to the bleachers as the kids swarm the court.

CUT TO:

INT. SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY

LOREN PAYTON paces in front of his class, frustrated.

LOREN

You're not hearing me! It's not Madrid. It's Madrith. With a "th." And I want to hear that "th." Here's an example: "Yo vivo en Madrith con mi familia: Maritha, Thancho, and mi bithabuelo, Thantiago."

It is revealed that his class is made up of all Mexican-American students.

HISPANIC STUDENT

Nobody talks like that, bud.

LOREN

Correction, everybody in Spain talks like that, bud. And you know why? The language was invented there. I know you all think that because you were taught a bastardized version of this beautiful dialect you can skate through my class, but we speak the queen's language in here.

Loren turns his back to write something on the chalkboard.

HISPANIC STUDENT

You're a queen, maricon.

The classroom laughs. Loren turns back.

LOREN

I think I heard someone just call me a butterfly. So...GRATHIAS!

CUT TO:

EXT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

A handwritten sign above the words "History Class" reads "People's." Muffled ranting can be heard through the window, as well as the sound of someone trying to open a locked door.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

The class is split into two factions: one chubby student sitting beneath a banner that reads, "Boss Man," and the rest across from him beneath a banner that reads, "Working Man."

BEN SHOEMAKER is wearing an outdated dress shirt and tie. The sleeves are rolled up revealing his tattoos and he is drenched in sweat. He addresses a student trying to leave the locked classroom.

BEN

Do you have to go to the bathroom, Teresa?

On the verge of tears, she nods and crosses her legs.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh! Well why don't you ask your boss down at the coal mine? Hey, Boss Man, can Teresa go to the bathroom?

The student beneath the "Boss Man" banner shakes his head and laughs while chomping an unlit cigar and greedily counting his Monopoly money.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh, well, looks like that's a big no. Take your seat! You should be happy you even have a seat. Because in 1902 the poor United Mine Workers of America weren't so lucky. They had to call in old Teddy Roosevelt for help. Now do you want Teddy R to intervene?

The classroom begins to plead for his help.

BEN (CONT'D)

Alright, then.

Ben slams the bat on his desk.

BEN (CONT'D)

You've dined on the backs of the working man for the last time, poriky!

Ben starts advancing on the terrified "Boss Man".

END COLD OPEN:

## ACT ONE

INT. LIBRARY - MORNING

Loren enters a mostly-empty library carrying a huge stack of books. While crossing the room he passes Bryce, who is seated at a computer station looking at pornography with a few friends.

ABBEY LOGAN, the young, beautiful librarian, is seated behind the counter engrossed in a novel. Loren drops the large stack of books on the counter.

ABBEY

Wow. You read all of those books in one night?

LOREN

Yeah I did. These books ruled. High five literacy!

Loren puts his hand up for a high-five. Abbey awkwardly returns the high-five. She begins checking his books in.

ABBEY

Okay. Let's see, 'Films of Lifetime: The Biography of Meredith Baxter-Birney'.

LOREN

That one got me.

ABBEY

'Ma'am on the Moon: How Sexism Kept the First Woman Out of Space.'

LOREN

So unfair.

ABBEY

Are you just checking out books you think will impress me?

LOREN

What? No. Why, are they impressing you?

She smiles at him.

LOREN (CONT'D)

What are you reading?

ABBEY

I'm reading Game of Thrones again.

LOREN

Awww, that cool show with all the tits and the dragons?

ABBEY

Yeah, it's also a book.

LOREN

Well, if I did want to impress you, it'd probably be something along the lines of...a couple of pitchers of margs and Karaoke?

The bell rings.

ABBEY

I think you have get to class.

LOREN

I'll just check these out.

Loren grabs a pile of random novels that Abbey had just checked in.

LOREN (CONT'D)

Awwwww, Jane Austin. Shit!

Loren passes the computer station Bryce is seated at.

BRYCE

(under his breath)

Swing and a miss, faggot.

LOREN

You know what they say, Bryce: the most homophobic people are those trying hardest to cover up their own homosexual tendencies.

Loren begins to walk away.

BRYCE

Is that how you found out, Loorrren?

Loren stops, turns back, and leans in.

LOREN

I've scored more pussy than you've had wet dreams about, Bryyyyce. So why don't you come talk to me when your right testicle descends. It shouldn't be hard to find me. Just look for the biggest cabin on pussy lake, bitch.

Proud of himself, Loren rises to leave only to run into PRINCIPAL BARRY QUINN, a fresh-faced, idealistic, twenty-something, who has been standing there the whole time. He has a "McKinley Recycles" button pinned to his shirt.

LOREN (CONT'D)  
Principal Quinn!

PRINCIPAL QUINN  
I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that.

LOREN  
Good, because I'm pretending like I didn't say it.

Bryce can now be seen in the background pantomiming sexual positions with one of his buddies.

PRINCIPAL QUINN  
I look at you, Loren, and I just see this big cloud of negative energy.

Loren examines his shirt, searching for a stain.

PRINCIPAL QUINN (CONT'D)  
You know what need? You need to detox your body with some kombucha. Then you need to detox your mind with my 90 minute faculty yoga class.

LOREN  
You know, I'd love to Barry but my schedule is just so full of anything else.

PRINCIPAL QUINN  
As you know, Loren, I'm going to have to cut several positions by the end of the school year and I hope that your name won't be on that list.

LOREN  
I hope so too.

PRINCIPAL QUINN  
You do know that I'm your friend, right Loren?

Principal Quinn tries hard to make eye-contact. Loren looks in every different direction but his eyes.

LOREN  
Yeah, I know.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Good. Let's hug it out.

Loren keeps his arms at his side, while Principal Quinn embraces him. Loren follows. Bryce now has his buddy pinned down on a table by the neck and is pretending to hit that ass from behind.

LAX PLAYER

Bryce, enough, bro! They're gone now!

INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - DAY

Ben is engaged in a heated argument with ROD KNORR, an aged drunk fossil, who is also a history teacher at McKinley. Other teachers mill about the room.

BEN

Duty? You were a pawn, that's what you were. A puppet for the oligarchy. Did you ever think to ask why you were there?

ROD

Don't talk to me about duty. I was calling in air-strikes on the Highway of Death while you were jacking off to a JC Penny catalogue.

Rod removes a flask from his pocket and pours it into his coffee.

BEN

You smell like Jimmy Buffet.

ROD

Cheeseburger in Paradise, comrad!

Ben walks over to Loren, who is helping Andy stop his nosebleed. Andy is starting to develop black eyes. Seated near them is GLADYS, an ancient typing teacher who seems to be perpetually asleep.

ANDY

I've swallowed so much blood that I think I can skip lunch.

LOREN

That's not healthy.

ANDY

I'm cutting out carbs so I'm pretty sure it's cool. It's like a smoothie.

BEN

Dodgeball again? Why do you even continue to teach it at this point?

ANDY

It teaches social hierarchy, Ben. I think you of all people would appreciate the lesson.

BEN

Well, I think it's noble of you to take the jester's role in that hierarchy.

ANDY

That Bryce Turner is a sociopath.

LOREN

Bryce did this to you? That little bastard just got me in trouble at the library. Principal Quinn reminded me about the staff cuts. Again.

ANDY

Well I don't have anything to worry about. P.E. and Home Ec. are what we call "life skills".

LOREN

Please, you'll be the first to go.

BEN

Says the guy who teaches Spanish to Spanish-speakers.

LOREN

It's a core-credit, shit-for-brains.

BEN

So's History.

LOREN

Not the kind of history where you break a kid's collar bone throwing desks around.

BEN

Hey! You want to learn about slave insurrections, you got to break a few eggs.

ANDY

That Bryce Turner is gonna to get what he has coming to him because  
(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)  
one day I'm gonna be the one holding  
the cherry ball.

LOREN  
Not if I see him first.

BEN  
It's because you two are little  
bitches, that's why he keeps messing  
with you. You have to demand respect.

ANDY  
I think he respects me.

BEN  
He doesn't respect you.

ANDY  
How do you know?

BEN  
Because I don't respect you.

LOREN  
We should come up with a plan.

BEN  
That's a great idea! Or, maybe you  
could be adults, and not let a 16-  
year-old get under your skin.

Gladys snores herself awake.

GLADYS  
He who seeks revenge digs two graves.

Gladys falls right back asleep. The three teachers stare at  
her for a moment.

LOREN  
Does she mean one grave for herself?

BEN  
I don't know, man. I'm gonna get  
out of here. I'll see you guys  
tomorrow.

ANDY  
Say "fight" to the missus for me.

Ben exits.

LOREN

You want to go check the Lost and Found for cool hats?

ANDY

Yeah, I could use some sunglasses!

A sleeping Gladys and Rod, who is now chugging his spiked coffee, are the only two left in the room.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben's house is a modest, one-level ranch in a rundown neighborhood. On the lawn three silhouettes are throwing rolls of toilet paper into the trees.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben is asleep in bed next to his wife CRYSTAL. They both wake suddenly to the sound of wet objects hitting the house. He rises from bed and opens the curtains just as an egg smacks the window.

BEN

You little friggin' punks! Oh, man.

Ben puts on Crystal's slippers and runs out of the room, muttering curses.

EXT. BEN'S PORCH - NIGHT

The front door snaps open and Ben emerges in just slippers and tight white underwear.

BEN

What are you little ingrates doing out here?!

Three kids are trying to rip up his mailbox. Ben looks down and notices a flaming bag.

BEN (CONT'D)

Damn it! I know what's in this, but I don't own a fire extinguisher.

He starts stomping the bag. Dog feces explodes all over his shins and slippers. The three kids begin laughing and Ben gives chase. The kids retreat, jumping into a convertible driven by Bryce Turner.

BRYCE

Nice slippers, commie!

They peel off, chanting Bryce's name.

BEN

Communism has great ideals; it's  
been ruined by the greed...

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Shut the hell up, Shoemaker! Some  
of us are trying to sleep.

BEN

Our rights as homeowners are being  
violated!

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Fuck you!

BEN

Fuck you!

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Ben slams his tray down at a cafeteria table where Loren and  
Andy are already sitting.

BEN

Alright I'm in. Let's get this  
fucker.

LOREN

I told you he'd come around.

ANDY

Why the sudden change of heart, Mr.  
Mature?

BEN

What? Can't a guy stick up for his  
friends?

Loren shushes them both.

LOREN

Shhh, there she is!

All three turn toward the lunch counter, where the beautiful,  
buxom lunch lady, ADRIANA, has just emerged. In slow motion,  
she ladles macaroni and cheese onto student's plates. A  
large gob falls into her cleavage. She seductively scoops  
it up with her hand and then begins sucking on her fingers.

BEN

I want a divorce.

ANDY

Those are some carbs I could eat.

LOREN

If anyone needs me, I'll be in the staff bathroom masturbating.

BEN

Alright, back to Bryce. If we're gonna hit this kid, we gotta hit him where it hurts.

LOREN

Exactly. And what does Bryce love more than anything? Lacrosse. And what can lacrosse players NOT do?

ANDY

Play baseball?

BEN

Have consensual sex?

LOREN

Both good guesses. The answer is drugs. Student athletes have to be drug free. So if someone just happens to get busted with drugs...

BEN

So, what? We knock the kid out, stuff him full of narcotics, Maria-Full-of-Grace him across the border?

LOREN

Jesus, no. We plant them in his locker.

ANDY

Ah, I'm pickin' up what you're puttin' down.

LOREN

Good, because I'm laying it on pretty thick. The only problem is getting the drugs.

BEN

I can get drugs.

LOREN

Yeah we're not talking about your blood pressure medication here.

BEN

Neither am I. I'm talking about hitting the streets, where I came up.

ANDY

I can get drugs, too.

BEN

You couldn't score hash in Amsterdam.

ANDY

That's actually harder than you think.  
I'll tell you where they're not  
selling, the Anne Frank house. No,  
I'm going straight to the source.

BEN

Dealers?

ANDY

Urine. Lip's lie, bladders don't.

LOREN

Well, while you two DEA agents are  
out there fumble-fucking this up,  
I'll just hit up my Saturday detention  
kids. Bring whatever you score Monday  
morning, bright and early.

Ben points.

BEN

Whoa, whoa, whoa, guys, it's happening  
again!

All three turn to see Adriana spilling a huge, wet slice of  
meatloaf into her cleavage. Ben and Andy cringe.

LOREN

Still hot. I'm sorry. That's still  
hot.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

Andy is standing in front of a table full of small plastic  
cups. His students are seated in the bleachers.

ANDY

I'm gonna give you one last chance.  
Raise your hand if you have drugs  
and you won't get in trouble.  
Otherwise, it's piss test time.

No one raises their hands.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I know at least one of you is on drugs. Save us all the trouble. It's Friday afternoon, you want to get started on the weekend. Go ahead and start it here. With the truth.

The students remain silent.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Last chance. This is the real last chance. No one?

He waits for anyone to speak up.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Okay this is the actual real, real last chance. Seriously. 3, 2, 1, last chance over. Grab a cup and bring me your pee.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ben is standing in front of a mirror wearing an Adidas track suit, trying to look tough while whispering to himself.

BEN

What, you holdin' shit? You carryin' some dope?

CRYSTAL, Ben's wife, walks in.

CRYSTAL

Honey, have you seen my fluffy pink slippers?

BEN

Oh, hey, baby. Ummm...no. Did you check the...

Ben just finishes the sentence by trailing off into nonsense. Crystal gives him an odd look.

CRYSTAL

Are you psyching yourself up for something?

BEN

Oh, this. No. Milo and I are going to the park.

MILO (O.S.)

I don't want to go to the park!

CRYSTAL

Oh. Well, you look like a rhythm guitarist for Korn.

Crystal leaves the room.

BEN

She's right. Just gotta be me.

MILO, Ben's young son, enters the room.

MILO

What's with this park bullshit? You said we were gonna go buy drugs.

BEN

Sssshhhh! Just get in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - MORNING

Loren is standing in front of a group of pathetic misfits during Saturday morning detention.

LOREN

A lot of people are going to tell you that Saturday morning detention is a punishment. Not me. See I come from the John Hughes school of discipline, where Saturday morning detention isn't a punishment, but an opportunity.

He begins pointing at the students.

LOREN (CONT'D)

An opportunity for the jock to get to know the goth chick with all the dandruff. An opportunity for the dangerous heart-throb to get to know the foxy ginger chick, who's also kind of a bitch a lot of the time.

A redhead student student stares back at him, sullenly.

LOREN (CONT'D)

But also an opportunity to maybe break out a joint or two, and smoke it because the guy running detention is gonna be gone for like, the next twenty minutes. Be young. You're gonna get older. It's unavoidable. It just happens.

MALE STUDENT

Huh?

Tears can be seen on Loren's cheeks. He pauses and stares eerily.

LOREN

When you grow up, your heart dies.

Loren exits the library. The students look perplexed.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Loren enters the teacher's lounge. He picks up a newspaper and starts to sit down, only to realize that Gladys is still seated in that chair, asleep. Startled, Loren jumps up. Realizing that Gladys did not wake up and that she has a Hot Pocket in her hands, he removes the Hot Pocket and replaces it with a chalkboard eraser. He exits, snacking.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN STREET CORNER - DAY

Ben's beat up mid-90's Toyota Tercel pulls up to a group of black kids standing on a corner. Outdated rap is blaring from the car stereo. Milo is in the back seat.

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

BEN

Alright, wait here, buddy. I've gotta go talk to these guys about some ill product.

MILO

If you get killed, can I drive home?

EXT. URBAN STREET CORNER - DAY

Ben exits the car and begins making his way to the group.

BEN

What up, bloodclot?

The group looks confused.

BEN (CONT'D)

Peep this: my boy and I are out trolling for some of that candy to bring back to my Nubian queen. You got a line on some of that New Jack shit?

STREET KID #1

Huh?

BEN

You know. That sick shit. That stuff that make you mad foul.

STREET KID #1

Are you a cop?

BEN

No, I'm a teacher.

STREET KID #2

Awww, shit.

Everyone exhales and relaxes.

STREET KID #2 (CONT'D)

We give you sad fools a discount. What you need: Lithium, Ritalin, Xanax?

BEN

What could get me in the most trouble?

STREET KID #3

This guy's freakin' me out, man.

BEN

Heroin. Do you have heroin?

STREET KID #1

Fifty bucks!

BEN

Damn! Wow. Hold on.

Ben walks back to the car and leans in Milo's window.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey, let me borrow \$15. I'll get you back. I need this.

Milo licks his thumb and counts out the money from a large roll of cash. Ben returns to the group and starts counting out the money. All the corner kids are staring at him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Fifteen, Twenty. What? Oh, this isn't for him...

Ben gestures to Milo.

BEN (CONT'D)  
It's for another kid.

Ben hands the cash over and the kid hands him three small balloons.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Thanks a lot. I really appreciate this. You guys be safe.

Ben starts walking back to the car.

BEN (CONT'D)  
And remember to keep reading. The most dangerous thing in the world is a teenager who arms this weapon...

Ben taps on his temple. He climbs in the car and squeals off.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

The misfit detention students are still seated in the library. Loren enters.

LOREN  
Okay. I'm back. Anything happen while I was gone?

Loren begins sniffing the air, trying to detect pot.

LOREN (CONT'D)  
Doesn't smell like weed at all in here? No drug use whatsoever? What have you guys been doing?

Loren notices a student scribbling on a piece of paper.

LOREN (CONT'D)  
What are you writing? A love letter?

Loren picks up the piece of paper. It's a drawing of a machete-wielding psychotic clown standing over a decapitated teacher.

LOREN (CONT'D)  
This is the shit you guys are into: psycho clowns? Nobody's making new friends? No one's making out in the back of the library?

FEMALE STUDENT  
No, but he fingered me.

All the kids laugh.

LOREN

Awww, that's not what I meant. I'm disappointed in all of you. I weep for your generation. Now who's gonna sell me a joint?

Every kid shoots a hand into the air.

END ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Loren, Andy and Ben are all standing in the hallway doing their best to look inconspicuous. Bryce approaches his locker, escorted by Principal Quinn and the school police officer, OFFICER WINSLOW.

LOREN

Uh-oh, McGruff the Crime Dog here to take a bite out of something!

BEN

Ooooooh, someone's in trouble.

ANDY

Yeah and his name is Bryce.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Gentleman, don't the three of you have anywhere better to be?

All three shake their head no.

OFFICER WINSLOW

Open your locker, son.

Bryce opens his locker and a comical amount of over-the-counter drugs fall out: bottles of ibuprofen, flu medicine, etc.

ANDY

I think I see some Sudafed in there. Don't people use that to make meth?

Officer Winslow searches further in Bryce's locker. Bryce appears shocked.

OFFICER WINSLOW

What do we got here? Oh, looks like a reefer stick. Oooh, a couple of reefer sticks.

LOREN

Dope is for dopes, Bryce.

OFFICER WINSLOW

Whoa! Is that? It is! Jesus, that's three balloons of black tar heroin! Bryce, I'm actually impressed.

BEN

Uh-oh! Felony possession of a Schedule 1 Controlled Substance on school property? If I'm not mistaken, that's an automatic academic and athletic suspension.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

I really wish we could hard-talk this out, Bryce. But Mr. Shoemaker's right. Let's go.

Principal Quinn and Officer Winslow begin to escort Bryce away.

ANDY

Hey Bryce, heads up!

Andy fires a cherry ball that misses Bryce entirely and hits Principal Quinn in the back of the head, nearly knocking him over.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Coach Fairbell are you serious right now?! Get over here.

Andy follows along pouting like a child.

PRINCIPAL QUINN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ANDY

Bryce started it.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

That's your excuse? Bryce started it?

Over Principal Quinn's shoulder, Loren and Ben begin pantomiming gay sex moves. Andy can't help but chuckle. Principal Quinn turns and catches them in the act.

PRINCIPAL QUINN (CONT'D)

That's it. All of you get to my office. I'll deal with you after I deal with Bryce.

Ben and Loren reluctantly follow along.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Loren, Andy, and Ben sit on a bench opposite, TAMARA SHERMAN, the principal's hefty, black secretary. The buzz from the harsh, fluorescent lights is the only sound. The phone on her desk rings and rings.

LOREN

Are you gonna get that?

MRS. SHERMAN

That's the problem. You all act like children, now you in charge of children. It's a damn shame.

All three roll their eyes.

MRS. SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Oh sure. Like Mrs. Sherman don't know what she talking about? You all three need to get your shit together or else you'll be joking around in the unemployment line.

LOREN

Hey Tammy, did I ever tell you I value the opinion of a Chili's waitress more than the crap that comes out of your head?

Mrs. Sherman stands up and rounds her desk wielding a stapler.

MRS. SHERMAN

Oh that's how we gonna be? Okay. Y'all wanna wrestle? Let's wrestle!

BEN

He didn't mean any harm, Tammy. Apologies.

MRS. SHERMAN

You need to keep a leash on your boy. You come at me like that in the parking lot it's gonna be a whole different story.

Suddenly Mr. Turner, Bryce's father, an impressive man in an impressive suit, shoulders past Mrs. Sherman, directly into the principal's office without knocking.

MRS. SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Just stroll right in as you please. Pay me no mind.

ANDY

Did you guys get a whiff of that?  
That guy smelled amazing. I'm pretty  
sure that was CK 1.

ADAM

You're an idiot. That was definitely  
Drakkar Noir. Pure class.

Mr. Turner enters the principal's office and exits almost  
immediately with Bryce in tow. Bryce flashes a shit-eating  
grin at the three of them. Principal Quinn yells from his  
office.

PRINCIPAL QUINN (O.S.)

I'm ready for you three now.

MRS. SHERMAN

The principal will see you now.

LOREN

You serve a very valuable function  
at this school, Tammy.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A stressed-out Principal Quinn sits at his desk like a man  
who has just been verbally flogged. His office looks like a  
liberal arts college dorm room: a Buddha on the desk, Nepalese  
prayer flags in the background, an acoustic guitar in the  
corner, etc.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Take a seat.

The three teachers sit. Principal Quinn bobs a tea bag in  
his mug.

PRINCIPAL QUINN (CONT'D)

I'd offer some of my caffeine-free  
chai ginger spice tea, but I don't  
believe in positively reinforcing  
negative behavior.

LOREN

So how long is Bryce suspended?  
Three weeks? A month? *A month!*  
You iron-balled son of a bitch. I  
didn't think you had it in you.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Don't worry about Bryce, worry about  
yourselves.

BEN

Wait. Don't tell me he's getting off, Barry.

LOREN

Student's actions have to have consequences, Barry.

ANDY

Yeah, Barry.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Coach Fairbell, what's the name of your gymnasium?

ANDY

Andy's Thunderdome: 15 students enter, 11 leave?

PRINCIPAL QUINN

The actual name.

ANDY

Turner Gymnasium?

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Sound familiar? As in Zebulon Turner, Bryce's great-grandfather?

ANDY

Oh, I thought they named it after Tina Turner. That's where I got the whole Thunderdome thing.

Principal Quinn leans back and sighs.

PRINCIPAL QUINN

Look, we're all trying to keep our jobs here. Or at least I am.

BEN

So that's it? The star lacrosse player gets caught with \$50 worth of smack and gets off scott-free? Because *daddy* gives money to the school? We're just supposed to walk out of here like that's justice?

PRINCIPAL QUINN

No, you're supposed to sit here while I add yet another written warning to your files. And you're lucky that's all you're getting.

LOREN

I don't know if there's enough room  
in my file.

MRS. SHERMAN (O.S.)

Oh, I'll start another one for you.

LOREN

Barry, do you ever just confuse her  
for Eddie Murphy in a fat suit?

PRINCIPAL QUINN

I think you gentlemen have classes  
to get to.

The three teachers get up and leave. Principle Quinn picks  
up his acoustic guitar and begins strumming, singing with  
his eyes closed.

PRINCIPAL QUINN (CONT'D)

*"I'm like a bird, I wanna fly away.  
I don't know where my home is, I  
don't know where my soul is."*

He stops singing and lays his forehead on the edge of his  
desk.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Loren enters the library with an armful of books. Abbey is  
behind the desk.

ABBEY

There's no way you're done with those  
books already.

LOREN

Did you know a lot of these are also  
movies? Speaking of movies, I was  
thinking what if you and I...

ABBEY

Listen, Loren you're cute...

LOREN

You're right.

ABBEY

But I don't date co-workers.

LOREN

Well, good, because I'm probably  
gonna be fired soon.

ABBEY

I'll tell you what, how about when you get fired, you give me a call?

LOREN

That sounds like a date.

ABBEY

It's not. Hey, did you hear about Bryce Turner?

LOREN

What? No.

ABBEY

Apparently they found a ton of drugs in his locker. Weird stuff too: heroin, ladies multivitamins. How have you not heard about this?

LOREN

I make it my policy not to meddle in student affairs.

A student couple walks by, holding hands.

LOREN (CONT'D)

Trevor, are you dating Trisha now? What happened to Heather? You guys were so good together.

Abbey just stares at Loren.

LOREN (CONT'D)

I should go.

Loren grabs a new stack of books and exits.

LOREN (CONT'D)

Awww...Joy Luck Club. Shit!

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM

Ben is seated on a stool between the same, unfortunate "boss man," and the group under the "working man," banner. As he talks, he angrily throws small pieces of paper and paper clips offscreen.

BEN

See the thing about justice, class, is sometimes you have to go out and take it for yourself.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Sometimes you just have to take yourself a little piece of the pie and say, "This slice is for me, system. But see sometimes, even after you've eaten that pie, the system finds a way to bore into your stomach, fish between your blood and your guts and take that little piece of pie right back. Why? Because he's the goddamn pie-maker! So you have two choices. You can either give up like a coward, or you can continue to fight, celebrating even the pettiest of victories as though they were giant, giant battles. Because in the end, you certainly didn't stop the Boss Man, but at least you made his day just that much worse.

The Boss Man student is now revealed, covered in the various items Ben has been throwing.

BOSS MAN

Does anyone want to switch roles?

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

Andy is standing in front of his class, a stack of lab reports in his hand.

ANDY

I have the results of your urine tests here. First of all, congrats on being honest. None of you are on drugs. Which surprises me, but also makes me kinda proud. We do have some issues here, though.

Andy begins looking through the reports.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Okay, Harrison, you're hypoglycemic, if you didn't already know. That means low blood sugar, so have some Mike & Ike's.

Andy tosses him a box of candy.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Joel, you need to drink more water, up your electrolytes. Your pee was like gravy. Beth, congratulations, you're pregnant!

The kids all turn to stare at BETH, who is mortified.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I don't know if you already knew that or not. Hey, class, eyes up here. That info is confidential between Beth and her doctor. And me. And all of you. Doesn't leave the Thunderdome.

EXT. MCKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

School buses are pulling up in front of the school.

INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE

Ben, Loren and Andy all look out the window. Andy uses binoculars.

BEN

I think you're all being hard on yourselves, we executed that plan perfectly.

LOREN

Yeah except now I'm out twenty bucks on those "reefer sticks."

BEN

You think that's bad, I'm out fifty bucks on that smack. Plus I owe my kid money now.

Rod is seated nearby, reading a newspaper. He clears his throat.

ROD

Told you Sallies you should have gone this route from the get-go.

Loren takes the binoculars from Andy.

LOREN

He's right, I actually like this better.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The thugs that Ben bought the heroin from are taking turns pummeling Bryce.

BRYCE

Do you know who my dad is?!

STREET KID #1

I don't even know who my dad is.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

ANDY

Did you tell them to lay off the face? Because they're definitely not laying off the face.

Ben is now using the binoculars.

ROD (O.S.)

Why would he tell them to lay off the face?

BEN

Why would I tell them to lay off the face? Well, I'm going home. See you tomorrow.

The bell rings. Fade to black.

THE END