HONOR ROLE

Written by

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EXT. ST. JOHN'S ACADEMY - MORNING

SEQUENCE Of SHOTS...

-- A stone archway entrance engraved with "St. John's Academy"

-- Immaculate buildings of brick and ivy

-- Students walk from their dormitories to various academic buildings.

INT. ST JOHN'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- A bell rings, students scurry to their classes. The classroom doors all begin to shut.

END SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A beautifully decorated administrator's office. The shelves are lined with books. On the wall; a painting, numerous degrees, pictures of a man and what appears to be his family. HEADMASTER GORDON sits behind a large oak desk and leans back in his chair.

HEADMASTER GORDON -- 57, Bald, sharply dressed in a V-Neck sweater and tie. Thick glasses rest on the tip of his nose, he looks at the three bodies in front of him. We meet...

BRETT HANSEN -- 24.

RYAN BARRS -- 24.

ANDREW LEARY -- 24.

Brett sits in the middle of Ryan and Andrew. Ryan sweats profusely, wipes his forehead. Andrew taps his foot frantically.

HEADMASTER GORDON (slightly irritated) So Mr. Hansen are you going to tell us why one of my teachers has called all of us here to this <u>imperative</u> meeting?

Headmaster Gordon looks over to acknowledge someone off screen.

BRETT

Yes sir,(beat) well as I said these are my friends Ryan Barrs and Andrew Leary.

Dave points to Ryan and Andrew with the thumb of each hand. They awkwardly wave hello back to the headmaster.

> HEADMASTER SWAIN And why is Ryan sitting there sweating all over my chair?

Brett looks at Ryan and shakes his head deprecatingly.

BRETT Sorry sir, he perspires under pressure.

Ryan shakes his head in acknowledgement.

HEADMASTER GORDON (impatiently) Pressure? Why is he under pressure? Will you gentlemen please explain yourselves? I have very serious disciplinary matters to attend to today, and time is of the essence.

BRETT Yes sir, see that's exactly the thing.

Brett struggles to find the right words.

BRETT (CONT'D) Your current situation, the disciplinary issue, those plagiarized papers, it isn't, it's not, it's more complicated than you think...

HEADMASTER SWAIN (surprised and irritated) How did you know about those papers? What is going on here?

BRETT (exhaling) Okay where to begin....

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLE CARD: FOUR MONTHS EARLIER

INT. RYAN, BRETT & ANDREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The aftermath of a night of debauchery, a living room attached to a small kitchen is littered with dirty clothes, wrappers, empty take out bags and numerous beer cans. An old couch and ugly vintage recliner face a gorgeous, enormous flat screen HD television(too nice for its' surroundings). Brett, passed out in his boxers on the couch, hugs and rests his head against a three foot bong. Next to him, a woman sleeps, a blanket barely covers her nude body.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Multiple pictures of Andrew and ALEXIS at various events and places cover the wall. Andrew is passed out on his bed, he hugs a heart shaped pillow with a monogrammed picture of him and ALEXIS. He rolls over to reveal a big penis on the side of his face with "I Am Gay" across his forehead.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A disheveled desk, littered with crumpled paper and post it notes. Focused on Ryan's face, he sleeps, looks peaceful. Pulling back we find he is completely naked except for a sock on his penis and an open laptop next to him that plays the title screen of a porno over and over. Ryan stirs and with one eye looks at his alarm clock, it says 7:45.

RYAN

Fuck, I'm late!

He looks down at the sock and porno that plays on his computer screen and shakes his head in self disgust as if to say 'really, again?' He quickly jumps out of bed, and starts to gets dressed.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew wakes up at the commotion and walks to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrew looks in the mirror.

ANDREW (Irritated) Shit! Are you guys fucking serious?

Andrew scrubs his face ferociously.

ANDREW (CONT'D) I am pretty sure drawing on someone with a Sharpie went out the window when we graduated, this shits not coming off!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brett wakes up to Andrew's clamor and groans loudly, stretches. He looks over at the girl passed out on the couch, and subtly smiles, shakes his head as if to say 'really, again?'

> BRETT (to the girl) Hey...

The girl doesn't move. It is clear Brett doesn't know her name, he contemplates his next move, he takes the bong and pokes her with it.

> BRETT (CONT'D) (Raising his voice) Uh, sunshine.

The girl wakes up, confused, a look of self disgust appears on her face, as the previous nights events unfold in her head, she starts to get dressed.

> GIRL (exhaling, distressed) Fuck, where am I?

BRETT Probably in the middle of moral hangover(beat) but our address is 14th and Broadway. Taxi?

GIRL No I can walk. Thanks.

The girl leaves, Brett looks down and stretches out the elastic on his boxers to inspect his penis, he sighs. Ryan and Andrew hurriedly enter the living room and continue their morning routine, Ryan sits down on the couch next to Brett, turns on the television and puts his shoes on.

> RYAN (to Brett) Did you fuck that girl?

> > BRETT

Үер.

Condom?

Brett gives him a look 'of course not, why even ask?'

RYAN (CONT'D) So that girl now has herpes or a Brett Jr. coming to life inside her right now. Good for her.

Brett shrugs his shoulders indifferently.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Andrew frantically picks up his phone, makes a call, sandwiches the phone between his shoulder and ear and spreads cream cheese on a bagel.

ANDREW

Alexis is going to be fucking pissed that I am late to pick her up again!(beat) God damnit Alexis pick up your phone!

Brett gets up from the couch walks into the kitchen to get a cup of coffee.

BRETT

(Non-chalantly, yawns) Well sometimes its hard for your girlfriend to answer the phone when she has a big black dick in her mouth.

ANDREW

Fuck you dude! I don't have time for your shit this morning. Besides she hooked up with like one black kid in her life!

RYAN

(laughing, from the couch) So you count the entire college basketball team as a single collective lay? I do forget the rules about gang bangs.

ANDREW

She was blacked out drunk and a young naïve freshman at the time!

Andrew quickly changes tones as Alexis answers.

ANDREW (CONT'D) (into the phone) Hey(beat) yea I know, I'm really sorry, be there in ten minutes. Love...

She hangs up.

BRETT Well I suppose being cock slapped by five ten inch bats will slap some sense into you(beat)so to speak.

In the background, we hear the television...

DIANE BROWN 52 -- Nancy Grace-esque

DIANE BROWN (O.S.) Diane Brown with Hardfire.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan watches the television, shakes his head, irritated.

DIANE BROWN (ON T.V) This is a clear case of misogynistic conspiracy at the highest levels of our government and it is outright appalling, the moral compass of these men needs a serious change in direction, it makes me sick!

RYAN (to himself) What a crazy bitch.

Ryan puts on his tie, stands up and walks by Andrew.

RYAN (CONT'D) (to Andrew) Time for class, think fast!

Ryan punches Andrew in the groin, causing him to collapse and drop his bagel. Ryan runs out the door. Andrew dry heaves.

ANDREW

Oh come on!

Brett laughs and returns to the couch.

INT. RYAN'S OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING - LATER

A cubicle farm at a large company. Dozens of people talk on headsets. Ryan shares a large cubicle with an attractive woman. He is unkempt and hungover.

RYAN (on the phone, irritated) Yes sir I completely understand, I will take you off our call list immediately.

He mouths "fuck me" to the woman sitting next him.

ALI TAYLOR-- 24, a pretty brunette.

Ali, on the phone, smiles at Ryan and makes a fake gun with her hand, pretends to shoot herself in the head and collapses on her desk. Ryan laughs, clearly attracted.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - MORNING - LATER

Andrew sits with his head in hand in the middle of a large classroom. He struggles to stay awake. The faint remains of a penis and "I Am Gay" still on his face. Dozens of students surround him, attentive and diligently take notes. Andrew's notes reveal countless shapes, scribbles and signatures of his name. His drool drips onto his doodles.

> PROFESSOR (0.S.) (vaguely heard by Andrew) Now as far as a derivative suit(beat)that is a different case all together, no pun intended!

The class laughs. Andrew's head slips off his hand and smacks onto his desk. The entire class turns back to look. Andrew picks up his head, dazed, the professor shakes his head in disapproval.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - MORNING - LATER

Brett sits on the couch, no shirt, smoking marijuana from the aforementioned bong, his computer open in front of him. He takes a hit, and downs a glass of orange juice.

BRETT Alright, time for a little back from winter break pop quiz.

He looks around the apartment, glances at his bag of marijuana that sits on the coffee table, he types.

BRETT (CONT'D) Ms. Green's garden is full of weeds. Daniel can pull a square foot of weeds in five minutes. Pablo can pull a square foot of weeds in four minutes. Ugh, Mexicans are an industrious people. (beat) How long will it take Daniel and Pablo to pull all of the weeds if Ms. Green's garden is thirty feet long and twenty feet wide.

Brett sits back in the couch, admires his creativity with a smile.

BRETT (CONT'D) Well that problem is sheer genius. algebra and geometry covered bitches. Now time to enjoy Ms. Green's garden.

Brett takes an enormous hit from the bong, and like clockwork puts his shirt and tie on, sprays himself with body spray, pops a mint in his mouth, throws his briefcase over his shoulder and heads out the door.

INT. RYAN'S OFFICE BUILDING- LATER

Ryan stares at his computer screen at the title page of his screenplay entitled "The Loneliness of Desire." His phone rings, he taps his headset and picks up the call.

RYAN Ryan Barrs speaking.

INTERCUT WITH UNIVERSITY QUAD/BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Andrew walks through the university quad towards the student union.

ANDREW Yes, hi I am responding to the casting call for the "Loneliness of Desire" I was hoping to play the lead in(beat) <u>the worst screenplay</u> <u>ever written</u>.

RYAN Yea, your Superhero Busboy script is a real page turner. I am at work man, what's up? ANDREW Do me a favor and go on Facebook for me really quickly.

RYAN

Why?

Andrew walks up the steps to the student union opens the door and walks in.

ANDREW Check out John Cavanaugh's pictures from Harry's Tavern last weekend. Go to the third picture in the album. I think Alexis is in the background cuddling up with some dude.

Andrew walks over to his mailbox opens it and goes through his mail, moderately distracted with one of the letters, opens it. Ryan brings up Facebook and clicks through the album. He finds the picture.

> RYAN Let's see. Shit man, yep that <u>is</u> her.

Ryan squints at the picture.

RYAN (CONT'D) Holy shit man look at her right hand! She is giving him an OTPHJ right in front of everyone!

Andrew begins to read the letter.

RYAN (CONT'D) (laughing) Classless!

ANDREW (Distracted) A what?

RYAN

(Annuciating each letter) An O-T-P-H-J, an Over The Pants Hand Job!

Ali's jaw drops at Ryan's loud vulgar language and signals for him to hang up the phone. Andrew continues to read the letter, which reads "expelled for failure to meet minimum GPA standards", his arms collapse to his side. RYAN (CONT'D) (Under his breath) I'll call you back.

ANDREW

Don't hang...

Ryan hangs up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Fuck.

INT. RYAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan hangs up the phone, awkwardly smirks at Ali embarrassed, at his lack of situational awareness. A man approaches Ryan from behind.

BARRY THOMPSON -- 40, overweight with a short sleeve oxford polo.

BARRY (Sternly) Ryan, you got a minute?

Ryan jumps, startled by the voice of his boss. He frantically tries to close out Facebook.

RYAN Yea, just let me finish this one thing up.

Ryan scribbles a five point star on a random piece of paper.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A man sits behind a desk. Ryan sits down, looks uncomfortable and nervous. Barry walks over and stands behind the man.

BRIAN -- 38, handsome, in shape, suit & tie, an overall slick look.

RYAN How's it going Brian?

BRIAN (sternly) Well Ryan, not so good.

Ryan begins to sweat at Brian's response.

Brian looks irritated at Barry's unnecessary reiteration.

BRIAN

(disappointingly) Ryan, I know Barry has been through this with you numerous times, and I have discussed this with you before, and as manager of this office I just don't have time for this.(beat) It's your sales calls again.

Ryan wipes the abundant perspiration from his forehead. His voice shakes with a faint stutter.

RYAN Sir, I don't understand. I can't remember a day since our previous conversation that I haven't made the required forty sales calls.

Barry lunges forward and slams his hands on Brian's desk.

BARRY Keep it up and I'll smack those lies right out of your mouth!

Ryan and Brian are both startled, Ryan gives a 'what the fuck?' look.

BRIAN (annoyed) Barry please.

Barry exhales angrily, backs up, and folds his arms, shakes his head, glares at Ryan.

BRIAN (CONT'D) It's not the quantity of calls this time, it's the quality.

Barry hands Brian a sheet of paper. Brian reads it.

BRIAN (CONT'D) Yesterday, for example(beat) you called 781 555 9564 thirteen times.

Brian stares at Ryan looking for a reaction, Ryan stares back, speechless and wipes his forehead.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (disheartened) That's your cellphone number.

Barry scoffs and shakes his head.

RYAN

Sir I...

Brian cuts him off.

BRIAN

"Moviefone" five times, "The Rejection Hotline"(quizzically) three times, "KISS FM Radio Hotline" <u>twenty times</u>.

BARRY

What? Were they giving away Hannah Montana tickets?

BRIAN

(ignoring Barry) Do you know how many sales calls you made to qualified vendors yesterday?

Ryan sweats profusely, embarrassed and defeated.

BRIAN (CONT'D) Six. Six calls.

RYAN (defeated) I don't know what to say.

BARRY Brian, let me take this trash to the curb!

BRIAN

No Barry. Ryan I am done having these conversations with you, I think this goes without saying but your time here is through.

Brian waves in a security guard who stands behind Ryan.

RYAN (accepting his fate) Yea, well you know I really don't blame you. Ryan exhales deeply, collects himself, stands up. Walks to the door and looks back at Barry.

RYAN (CONT'D) Hey Barry, can I put you down as a reference?

BARRY I got your reference right here, read between the lines!

Barry extends his hand, gives Ryan the middle finger.

RYAN (baffled) I think you did that wrong...

BRIAN (annoyed) Barry, please.

INT. ST. JOHN'S HALLYWAY - MORNING - LATER

Brett looks at his schedule. It reads "Algebra 1C."

BRETT (to himself) First period. Algebra 1C. Right from the short bus to my classroom. Beautiful.

INT. BRETT'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brett looks around his around classroom. Students chat, some sit on desks, others play on their Iphones and Blackberrys. Brett shuts the door behind him.

> BRETT Alright, good morning class and welcome back from winter break. Could you all please take your seats.

The students slowly file back to their seats.

BRETT (CONT'D) Welcome to Algerbra 1C. My name is Mr. Hansen but you can call me Mr. H.

(MORE)

(exhaling and after a beat) Now let's face it, on the highway of math, you all are driving in the slow lane.(beat) So yeah we're moving slower but that just gives us more time to enjoy the ride, right? Any questions?

A student in the front row raises his hand, grunts, tries to clear his throat.

TOMMY BROWN-- 15, Portly, thick curly hair, with a tight blue turtleneck that reaches his chin.

BRETT (CONT'D) Yes you there, looking sharp in the extra medium turtleneck!

TOMMY (Confused) Um, my name is Tommy.

Brett looks at his class roster.

BRETT Yes, Tommy Brown!

Brett tries to hold in his laughter, after a beat.

BRETT (CONT'D) The infamous Tommmy Brown, we meet at last, glad to have you back in school this semester.

FLASHBACK- INT HEADMASTERS OFFICE - PREVIOUS SEMESTER

HEADMASTER GORDON You know who his parents are, expelling him is out of the question.

TEACHER He left the web site he bought the paper from(beat) on the paper he turned in!

CUTBACK TO BRETT'S CLASSROOM

TOMMY Are you going to tell us when we are going to have pop quizzes?

A student in the back of the class holds an Iphone, texts.

JONAH BERGENSTEIN -- 15, Good looking, excessive gel in his hair, the top button of his shirt undone and his tie hangs loosely around his neck.

JONAH

(interjecting) Yes Tommy of course he is going to tell us when there is going to be a pop quiz, that would defeat the whole point of them.(to Brett) You are going to have to excuse my roommate Mr. H.

BRETT Thank you for chiming in Mr?

JONAH It's Jonah Bergenstein.

BRETT

(exhaling and jokingly) Well Mr. Bergenstein would be kind enough to put away your Iphone(beat) and Tommy, I think that turtleneck might be cutting off some circulation to your head.

The class laughs.

TOMMY

(confused) What?

BRETT

Just kidding there Tommy B . Pay attention in class, do your homework and you will be just fine, even on a rogue pop quiz.

BRETT (CONT'D) Anymore questions?(beat) No? Alright well I think this a perfect segue for a back to school <u>pop</u> <u>quiz</u>!

The class groans, Tommy looks shocked.

BRETT (CONT'D) Don't worry folks, it's just to see where everyone is at(beat) or most likely isn't at for that matter. EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE RYAN'S OFFICE - MORNING - LATER

Ali meets Ryan in the parking lot, brings him a box of his stuff.

RYAN Well I can't say I didn't see this one coming.

ALI (sarcastically) I was shocked.

ALI (CONT'D) (half patronizingly) Yea well now you should have plenty of time to finish up your screenplay.

RYAN What, The Loneliness of Desire? We both know that thing is god awful.

ALI Yeah, what are you crying yourself to sleep every night to a Sylvia Plath book?

RYAN (hesitantly) I thought women liked a man who was in touch with his emotions?

ALI (after a beat) Yeah, maybe you are right.

Ryan and Ali both look at each other, an unspoken attraction, there is an awkward silence. They look uncomfortable.

RYAN

(awkwardly abrupt) So, what are you going to do now that I won't be here to entertain you?

ALI You mean besides make it through an entire day free of overwhelming second hand embarrassment?

RYAN (laughing) Exactly. I'll see you later. Ryan gets into his car and begins to reverse, he rolls down his window as Ali signals to him.

ALI Oh yea, I am thinking about having a party this weekend.

RYAN Sounds good.

ALI I'll call you with details!

INT. RYAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

RYAN

Yeah you too!

Ryan realizes his knee- jerk comment made no sense, shakes his head in self disgust. He drives away.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What?

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

ALI (confused) What?

EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD - LATER

Andrew meets up with Alexis who walks through the quad. He tries to grab her hand.

ALEXIS -- 23, short, cute, a bitch.

ALEXIS

Stop.

ANDREW What's wrong now? I told you I was sorry for being late.

ALEXIS (sternly, distant) I know you got kicked out of school Andrew.

ANDREW

(surprised) How did you hear about that already? I just found out like five minutes ago!

ALEXIS

My Dad sits on the board Andrew, of course he is going to tell me.

ANDREW

I guess I should've seen that coming. So why are you upset? I am the one that got kicked out.

ALEXIS

Well, how am I supposed to feel. My boyfriend failed out of law school, do you know how embarrassing that is for me?

ANDREW

I think you are overreacting, it will be fine.

ALEXIS

(coming to life) No it will <u>not</u> be fine because all you do is drink and get high with your two faggot ass friends in your filthy apartment playing some retarded video game. Oh, and then you try to justify your pathetic lifestyle with the delusion that you are working on the next great screenplay, a Busboy Superhero?(beat) Give me a break!

ANDREW

(Upset, distracted) What's with everyone knocking my screenplay today?

ALEXIS

I can't be with someone who has no ambition for success, do you really expect me to work the rest of my life? I need someone who is going to be able to support me <u>and</u> my lifestyle.

ANDREW What are you saying? Alexis takes a deep breath, and tries to calm down.

ALEXIS Look Andrew, this just isn't going to work for me. I do love you. I'm just not (beat) in love with you anymore.

She to walks away.

ANDREW (shocked, upset) What the fuck just happened? That's how you break up with someone after two years?!(Beat) Don't I at least get a warning first?

Andrew is left stunned and confused as Alexis walks off.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - LATER

Andrew and Ryan walk from different directions and meet at the front their apartment building. Both look disheveled and down.

RYAN Looks like your day was almost as good as mine.

ANDREW You have no idea.

RYAN I got fired, can you top that?

ANDREW I got kicked out of law school(beat)and Alexis broke up with me.

RYAN Well played.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brett sits on the couch corrects papers. Ryan and Andrew walk in. Brett looks at them and exhales a big cloud of smoke.

> BRETT What's up you hacks?

BRETT Oh man, never saw that one coming.

RYAN

(To Andrew) Yeah, well, it could have been worse, I <u>could</u> have been thrown out of law school and have my girlfriend break up with me.

BRETT No kidding, well at least one of those things is cause for celebration.

ANDREW

(to Brett) Fuck you dude.

Brett takes a hit from the bong and continues to work. Ryan sits down next to Brett.

RYAN (to Andrew) Yea man you are much better off without that beast off mythological folklore anyway.

Brett laughs as he takes another hit from the bong. Andrew's cell phone rings, he struggles to get his phone out of his pocket.

ANDREW Ironic, coming from the guy with his penis inside a tube sock every night.

Andrew looks at his phone, it says "Dad" he gives a look of "oh shit."

BRETT No way that heartbreaking ice queen is already calling you.

ANDREW (troubled) No, it's my Dad.

Andrew walks to his bedroom. Ryan opens up his laptop and logs onto Facebook.

BRETT So what are you going to do now, I mean I know you hated that job but it did provide a paycheck.

RYAN (distracted) I don't know I'll figure something out. I'm pretty sure I can snag some unemployment.

Ryan attentively looks at the screen of his computer.

RYAN (CONT'D) (Quizzically) Hey, there's no way people can see how many times you have looked at their pictures on Facebook, right?

BRETT Ali's album from Aruba?

Ryan nods knowingly as Brett laughs.

BRETT (CONT'D) I doubt it, I mean I don't know how to check if someone's looked at my profile.

RYAN I was just thinking about it and if Ali could see how many times I have looked at her pictures (beat) well

to call it casual Facebook browsing would be a drastic understatement.

BRETT Yea, what if she could tell which pictures you've been looking at?

Ryan is caught up on a picture of Ali on the beach.

RYAN Someone looks like they forgot to put on enough...

Ryan taps the screen with each word.

RYAN (CONT'D) Sun-Tan-Lotion

Brett shakes his head as Andrew walks back in the room, he looks emotionally beat up.

BRETT What did he have to say?

ANDREW It was a lot of yelling but essentially I'm cut off until...

Andrew makes quotes with his hands.

ANDREW (CONT'D) I can get my fucking life together.

BRETT (to Ryan) So let me get this straight. You lost, correction, were <u>fired</u> from your job.

BRETT (CONT'D) (to Andrew) <u>And</u> your father cut you off because you got kicked out off law school.

Andrew and Ryan look at each other, accept the harshness of Brett's observation while Brett takes another hit from the bong.

BRETT (CONT'D) (Exhales a cloud of smoke) Well that is hilarious.

ANDREW Yea that's really fucking funny.

BRETT Yea well the joke's on me, I now have two roommates who can't pay rent.

Ryan sits down and takes a hit from the bong.

RYAN Fuck you dude, we will be fine, right Andrew?

Andrew collapses into the recliner emotionally drained. Brett continues to correct the quizzes and laughs to himself.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What?

It just never ceases to amaze me how stupid some of these private school kids can be.(beat) This kid Tommy Brown gets caught last semester turning in a paper he bought online, today he asks me if I will be letting the class know when they are having <u>pop</u> quizzes, and now on the most remedial proficiency test I could give...

Brett shows Ryan the quiz, red x's cover every problem.

RYAN (laughing) Let me see that quiz.

BRETT

I don't know if it was the school system or just bad genes that failed these kids, I mean money may not be able to buy you love but it sure can buy a dumb kid a good education.

Ryan looks intently at Tommy's quiz.

RYAN

I forgot about these, do you have an extra one that I can take?

BRETT

(Hesitantly) Uh I guess so. But you realize you have everything to lose by doing this right?

RYAN

How's that?

BRETT

Well if you ace it then it merely shows your intellect is on par with a half witted fifteen year old and if you don't(beat) well I guess finding another job should be the least of your concerns.

Ryan immediately grabs the quiz and starts to take it. Brett turns to Andrew who slouches on the recliner, defeated. Brett grabs the bong and pokes him in the face with it. BRETT (CONT'D) (In a high pitched kidlike voice) Hey there Andrew, looks like you're having a rough day. I have an idea why don't you smoke me and I'll make you feel all better.

Andrew tries not to acknowledge him but cracks a smile, grabs the bong and takes a hit.

ANDREW

(exhaling smoke, distressed) Fuck me man, what am I going to do?

BRETT

Dude you are going to be fine, that heinous witch doctor was making you miserable, you didn't even want to be a lawyer, you can start working on your script again, and also jump right back in the game.

ANDREW Awesome, that solves all my problems.

Ryan hands Brett the quiz.

RYAN Correct this shit.

Brett grabs the quiz and quickly goes though it with the answer key. Ryan stares at him in anticipation.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Well?

BRETT One hundred percent. I'm impressed.

RYAN

Oh yea?

BRETT No, idiot. You got a one-hundred on an algebra one-C math quiz. Lets try and have a little perspective here. RYAN

Whatever, that was a cakewalk. I'll tell you what, I'll lend you my genius and help you correct these.

BRETT I can't believe you enjoy doing these.

RYAN Its kind of fun when you haven't seen it in a while, has a nostalgic sentiment to it.

BRETT Hey, I don't mind you lessening my load. I should just pay you to correct all of my work

ANDREW Yea, you don't even need to find a job now.

Ryan looks as if he is suddenly in deep thought, appears to have an idea, but remains silent.

RYAN Anyway, you see that Andrew, a <u>one-</u> <u>hundred percent</u>.

ANDREW

Wow, you want me to put that up on the fridge?

RYAN Yes, maybe we can use one of those gay heart magnets. You know, the ones Alexis bought you with your pictures on them. Oh, but now you'd have to cut them in half and make them broken hearts.

ANDREW Fuck you dude, I can't deal with this right now. I need a drink.

RYAN As do I. Brett?

BRETT Yea why not, let's finish these and we'll hit the town. INT. O'REILLY'S BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Brett, Ryan and Andrew sit at a bar table.

BRETT So I think a day like today calls for a lot of shots, where's the waitress?

Brett gets up to track down the waitress. Ryan is silent, in deep thought, with a 'light bulb over the head' look.

RYAN I was thinking about what Brett was saying today about his class work.

ANDREW There is <u>no</u> way he would ever pay you to correct his students work.

RYAN I know that, hear me out, what if I could somehow get in touch with a student in his class.

ANDREW Where are you going with this?

Brett sits back down.

BRETT

I got a round of tequila coming in hot!

RYAN Brett, about those quizzes...

BRETT

Before you speak any further I want to make it very clear that I am in no way going to pay you to correct my class work.

RYAN

<u>I know that</u>! Hear me out.(beat) When you were in high school what was the one thing you guys hated the most?

BRETT

Braces.

ANDREW

Acne.

RYAN

(frustrated) No, I mean as far as the actual classes.

ANDREW

Seriously, where are you going with this?

RYAN

Work, homework, papers, take home quizzes etc. etc. They sucked, were hard, boring and there were a million other things you would have rather been doing, right?

BRETT

What are you suggesting, you want to start a tutoring business?

RYAN

Not so much(beat) but you are on the right track, more of a homework for hire business.

ANDREW (patronizingly) And there it is.

RYAN

I was a boarding school kid. I know how it is, a lot of kids with money whose parents are basically paying to keep them out of their lives. It is obvious from your student Tommy that there are kids willing pay for work, but most are probably smart enough to not buy it off the internet because it is so easy for teachers to find them with google and shit these days.

BRETT

Oh yea, I forgot to mention he left the website he purchased the paper from on the paper he turned in, which didn't help his case.

ANDREW

Are you kidding how did he not get kicked out?

BRETT

Oh that's the best part. Guess who his mom is?

ANDREW

Who?

BRETT Fucking Diane Brown from Fox News' Hardfire.

ANDREW No fucking way! That crazy bitch?!

RYAN Holy shit, are you serious?

BRETT

Yea and I guess his grandfather has a building named after him as well, too bad their one legacy is a complete dipshit.

RYAN That's hilarious, that lady is a fucking lunatic, I can't stand her!

Ryan realizes he has gotten sidetracked.

But listen, what we could provide is(beat) <u>original, un-googable</u> work. Do you know how easy that Clevel shit would be for us now? I'm talking about a service for some select students, where they could pass along any unwanted assignment and we will do it(beat)for a fee.

ANDREW

I don't even know where to begin.

RYAN

Well I've been thinking. We contact a kid that Brett has determined could potentially be receptive to our business. The initial e-mail will detail what we are providing and our fee. We charge something like ten dollars per page and like ten cents a problem. We guarantee at least a B or their money back. We specify a time and place for pick up and delivery and deal with one kid only.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

If we get fifteen or so students taking part in this, we could be pulling in several hundred bucks a week easy, tax free and I can still collect unemployment.

BRETT

Oh its tax free? Well that changes everything.

ANDREW

Aside from that being the hands down dumbest fucking idea I have ever heard, who is this we you speak of?

RYAN

(to Andrew) Well me and (beat) you.

ANDREW

(Laughing) Fuck off dude, why don't you just go get a real job?

RYAN

Dude are you kidding? I don't want another real job right now and a gig like this in addition to unemployment, shit I could probably make more money than I was at my old job.

ANDREW

Well that's great for you but not only did I just kiss law school goodbye <u>and</u> lose my source of income but was also dumped by a girl whose primary complaint was my lack of ambition and moral character. I'm pretty sure getting paid to do a fifteen year old's homework is a step in the wrong direction.

RYAN

I beg to differ, it seems to me that you are in dire straights and need to be thrown a rescue line, well I am tossing it out there and I think you need to grab on tight. (MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

You need money, I need money, and this is only a temporary solution until we find something else (beat) and start new screenplays.

ANDREW

New screenplays?

RYAN

Lets face it The Loneliness of Desire and The Busboy Superhero are not shaping up to be real winners.

BRETT

Yea those were both terrible ideas.

ANDREW

Whatever man at least we have been trying, you haven't written anything in over a year and that's what we came here to do in the first place.

Andrew realizes he has gotten sidetracked turns to Ryan.

ANDREW (CONT'D) Dude we are not doing these kids homework, it's a fucking retarded idea and flat out wrong.

RYAN

Listen Andrew. It's not like I'm depriving these kids of their education, they are still going to class, learning, and taking the tests. We are merely lightening their load.(Beat)

Ryan now talks completely out of his ass.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(stammering)

In fact I think we are helping them out in the long run, you know? Reducing stress, giving them more time to learn about things in the real world, important things, on the streets, mixing it up. Shit, these kids should be so fortunate.

BRETT

I'm impressed, that was almost slightly convincing

ANDREW

(surpised) You're buying this?

RYAN Brett, what are your thoughts?

BRETT

To be honest, I don't think it's your worst idea. As long as it can in no way be traced back to me, I say go for it. I mean, shit, most of these trust fund brats in my classes have IPhones or Blackberrys and even <u>I</u> can't afford one of those.

ANDREW

I don't know man.

RYAN

Its not like we are doing anything illegal, it's homework, some kids are lucky enough to be at home where their parents do it for them.

BRETT

He does bring up some valid points and hey I could drive demand by assigning excessive amounts of homework(beat) for a small percentage of the profits of course. Nothing too crazy, I'm not greedy.

ANDREW

I still think it's a dumb idea. But hey my life can't get much worse so if you can actually get this thing going, I guess you can count me in.

RYAN

Alright!

Andrew laughs and shakes his head. The waitress brings shots to the table. The guys pick them up.

BRETT (CONT'D I actually might have a potential prospect for you. For now lets get fucking wierd! They cheers and take the shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRETT'S CLASSROOM - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Brett sips a large mug of coffee, unshaven, hungover, finishes a lecture and sits down at his desk, thinks to himself about the previous nights proposition.

> BRETT (O.S.) Alright class now for homework. Sections one and two.

Tommy exhales and throws his head back and hangs it over the back of his chair.

BRETT (O.S.) (CONT'D) Three and four.

Tommy throws his hands into hair shakes his head in utter disbelief.

BRETT (O.S.) (CONT'D) and five (Beat) and six.

Tommy throws his head onto his desk which makes a loud bang. The bell rings and the class filters out with Tommy and Jonah the last to leave.

> JONAH (to Brett) You know that's like well over a hundred problems right?

BRETT I do, just like Jay-Z.

JONAH (confused) What?

Brett starts to sing his own version of "99 Problems" by Jay-Z.

BRETT (harmonizing) I got more than ninety-nine math problems, so tonight won't be no fun!

JONAH Whatever. Let's go Tommy. Tommy with his head still on his desk, gets up, they walk out of the class, annoyed, Brett smiles to himself as they leave.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT- LATER

Brett arrives at the apartment. Andrew and Ryan sit on the couch, they play Fight Night 4 in mid conversation.

RYAN Did you really think she was the <u>one</u>? How could you even consider that, especially when all your friends hated her.

ANDREW

Well it's not like it matters now anyway, so let's drop it.

Cut to the television we show a boxer get knocked out cold with a haymaker.

RYAN

And, boom goes the dynamite! That was like a metaphor for the last twenty four hours of your life.

ANDREW

What? What does that even mean?

Brett throws his bag down and lethargically takes off his sweaty shirt and tie.

RYAN

Jesus that shirt sounds like it was glued to your body, I can hear it pealing off.

BRETT

Well, I, unlike you lazy fucks, had to work and have been sweating out this hangover(beat) and just may have kick started your business.

RYAN

How so?

BRETT By assigning an <u>inordinate</u> amount

of homework.

RYAN

(laughing) If this idea works you are going to be like the Gordon Gecko of the math community. Wait, did you get me a contact?

BRETT

Yea, I am thinking this kid Jonah Bergenstein. He is actually a smart little fucker, always aces the tests, just doesn't do any work so they stick him in the C level classes.(beat) Did you figure out the name of your venture yet?

RYAN I was tossing around Homework Crusaders, I think it has a nice ring to it.

BRETT Hm, not bad, I get an activist vibe from it. I like where your heads at.

Brett pulls out a piece of paper with the Jonah's e-mail.

BRETT (CONT'D) If you e-mail him now you might be able to set something up for later today.

Ryan snatches the paper out of Brett's hand.

BRETT (CONT'D) Wait, what are you even going to write this kid?

INT. JONAH AND TOMMY'S DORM ROOM- LATER

The small dorm room is a mess. Dirty clothes, empty soda cans, and candy wrappers blanket the room. Two lofted beds with desks under them line the walls. A small television with a PS3 on top of it sits in the only available space. Tommy and Jonah play Fight Night 4.

> JONAH Jesus dude all that time off from school and you still suck at this game.

TOMMY Yea well my mom took away my PS3 so the only thing I had was an old PS2 and only like three buttons on that controller work...

We cut to the television and one of the boxers gets knocked out cold with a haymaker.

JONAH Are you talking? Because you just got knocked out(beat)again.

Jonah gets an email alert on his Iphone, he scans the email as Tommy continues to play.

JONAH (CONT'D) Tommy listen to this shit. (beat) Dear Jonah Bergenstein, The homework crusaders is a new venture, a way to provide time constrained students like you an opportunity to pass off any assignments to the minds at homework crusaders who in turn will provide you with a completed, original assignment. Our fee is \$10 per page and 10 cents per problem. We quarantee a B or higher or your money back. We are entrusting you Jonah Begerstein to be our sole contact and recruit. If interested come to Hyde Park at six o'clock with assignments ready to go. Sincerely, The Homework Crusader.

TOMMY

I've only heard of websites(beat) or used them. Never gotten an email.

JONAH

How would they get my name and email? Sounds kind of fucked up right? You think it could be some sort of sting operation?

TOMMY A sting? How would you get stung?

JONAH (exhaling) Nothing. I mean, it sounds interesting but kind of fishy. (MORE)
JONAH (CONT'D)

It's hunting season on us especially after that shit you pulled last semester.

TOMMY

Or it could be exactly what we need, since we can't use those sites anymore. Do you really think Headmaster Gordon is going to send you an email and then hide in the bushes, ready to ambush...(trails off)

JONAH

Are you talking?(beat) But you may be right. Well I'll ask around and see if anyone else is interested and find out what the deal is, I need you in on this, so if shit goes down, I got Tommy B as my first line of defense.

TOMMY

(indifferent) Yea sure, why not, give them all that math work we got today.

INT. ST. JOHN'S DORMITORY - MINUTES LATER

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS...

-- Jonah takes his and Tommy's work

-- Jonah enters another dorm room talks with two other students

-- Jonah exits another dorm room

EXT. ST JOHN'S CAMPUS

-- Jonah walks through campus to Hyde Park

END SEQUENCE

INT. ANDREW'S CAR HYDE PARK - MINUTES LATER

Andrew wears jeans and a t-shirt. Ryan, a full length black pea coat, a black winter hat, aviator sun glasses, and driving gloves.

ANDREW

I doubt this kid will even show up, and even if he does I really think you are going to creep him out with that get-up.

RYAN And I think this outfit demands respect.

ANDREW

I think it demands a cooler climate, you are sweating like a pig.

Jonah appears in the parking lot of Hyde Park.

ANDREW (CONT'D) Oh shit that's got to be him! What the fuck are you going to do?

RYAN

Drive over to him you fucking moron!

Andrew pulls up next to Jonah, who faces Ryan's side of the car. Ryan marginally panicked, unsure of what to do now that he is face to face with Jonah.

RYAN (CONT'D) (Abruptly, Ryan's voice reminiscent of Christian Bale in Batman) Jonah?

Andrew laughs hysterically, and covers his face with his shirt.

JONAH What's wrong with your friend?

Ryan looks over at Andrew and tries not to laugh. Ryan continues the Christian Bale batman voice.

RYAN I'll be asking the questions here Jonah.

JONAH (unsure, hesitant) Okay, so I give you the assignments now, I need them by tomorrow night and I'll pay you then? RYAN Those were the conditions in the email were they not?

JONAH (Confused) Uh yea.

RYAN Well I deem it foolish of you to think otherwise, Jonah.

JONAH Okay uh here are the assignments.

Jonah hands Ryan a stack of papers in a brown grocery bag.

JONAH (CONT'D) What's with the voice and why are you sweating so badly?

RYAN

(frustrated) What did I tell you about questions Jonah?

JONAH I got four other kids in for now, our douchebag math teacher decided to assign us like 150 problems.

RYAN Sounds like a real prick, my guess (beat)probably a closet homosexual.

JONAH (laughing) Probably.

RYAN Tomorrow at six.

Andrew and Ryan drive away, as Jonah shakes his head quizzically.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brett sits on the couch drinks a cocktail, smoke resonates from the bong as Andrew and Ryan arrive back from their meeting with Jonah.

> BRETT So how did it go?

ANDREW Okay, except for the caped crusader

over here.

BRETT

What?

RYAN Somebody had to take the lead. You were just sitting there laughing like a mongoloid.

BRETT

What happened?

ANDREW

Idiot boy over here erratically decided to do his best Christian Bale Batman impersonation (Impersonating Ryan) Ill ask the questions around here.

They all laugh.

RYAN

(to Andrew) Fuck you dude, I sounded like I was in command!

ANDREW

You sounded like a god damn child molester. You are going to freak this kid out and get arrested if you keep that shit up. Not to mention look at how he is dressed.

BRETT

Yeah man what are you thinking. You're trying to not draw attention to yourself.

RYAN

Alright jesus, sorry I was getting into my role.

ANDREW Your role is to pick up homework. Not star on the next To Catch a Predator.

RYAN Okay! Rookie mistake, let it go. BRETT

So, which of my stellar students did Jonah get to partake in your business venture anyway?

RYAN Client confidentiality, dude.

BRETT Okay I guess that confidentiality applies to all my answer keys as well. Understandable.

Ryan immediately rummages through the stack of papers he got from Jonah.

RYAN

Let's see. Jonah obviously, Brian Whiting, Matthew Chase, Bradley Walker, and I can't really make out the name on this one. It looks like a bunch of chicken scratch. Is it Tom, Tommy. Oh, it's Tommy I think?

BRETT

Oh yea Tommy Brown, that's the notorious Tommy I was telling you about, he really should be doing his own homework by now.

RYAN Looks like he tried to write his name in all caps man. What is he a first grader or something?

BRETT You have no idea.(beat) Also, he loves wearing these tight turtlenecks, and with his chubby little body, he looks like a big melted candle. I mean...

Ryan's phone receives a text message ring, he opens his phone and checks it.

RYAN (interrupting) Ali's having a party tonight, you guys in?

BRETT

I don't know, will there be fragile women there with low self-esteem? (beat)Is there any other kind? Brett laughs to himself.

RYAN

Andrew, you in?

ANDREW

Yea, why not, I need something to take my mind off Alexis.

BRETT

Yes you do and Ryan will you please make a move on Ali. You no longer work with her so you have no more excuses, just try not to be your socially retarded awkward self and you will be fine.

RYAN

Well thank you for the confidence inspiring pep talk.

ANDREW Yea dude seriously, lock that up.

BRETT

You know my thoughts on relationships but she is probably the only girl I can hang out with and not want to pull my fucking hair out.

ANDREW Jesus dude why don't you just tell me you hated Alexis.

BRETT (confused) I did and (beat) <u>I did</u>.

RYAN

I don't know, I mean she's awesome but I don't want to put myself out there if it isn't mutual.

BRETT

She definitely likes you. You just need to act like a man and make a move before you end up in the permanent friendzone.

RYAN

Yeah I do need to be scoring in the endzone, not the friendzone. (trailing off) Andrew and Brett both stare at Ryan and shakes their heads at the cheesiness of his comment.

RYAN (CONT'D) (tries to change the subject) Okay(beat). Let's be ready to bounce by 8:45.

INT. ST. JOHN'S DORMITORY - LATER

Jonah returns from his encounter with Ryan and Andrew. He walks to his dorm room and opens it with a key.

INT. TOMMY AND JONAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah opens the door, Tommy masterbates at Jonah's computer, panicked he quickly shuts the computer screen, tries to scurry away but trips and falls feebly, his pants halfway off, panicked, he tries to think of an excuse.

> JONAH What the fuck Tommy! I told you to stop jerking off at my computer!

TOMMY (pathetically unconvincing) I wasn't.

Tommy gets up, pulls his pants back up. Jonah opens the computer and finds the pornography website.

JONAH God damnit, just use your own computer!

TOMMY Half the keys don't work on mine.

JONAH

Because they are all stuck together, you are like old faithful over there! (beat) Anyway I just met with the homework crusader guys, and I think they might be a legit option this semester.(beat) Although they were kind of fucking weird though, we're going to have to play this by ear. (confused) By ear?

JONAH Yes! Just stop jerking off at my fucking computer!

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Ryan sits at his desk with his laptop opened in front of him, he masterbates with a sock on his penis to something on his computer screen. We cut to the screen, and Ryan he has placed post it notes around a facebook picture which covers everyone in the picture except Ali in a bikini.

> RYAN You like that? You like getting crazy in Aruba? Yes you do, you do, you do....

Ryan convulsively orgasms and then with a shiver, collapses in his chair. He breathes heavily stares at the picture.

> RYAN (CONT'D) (out of breath) You were amazing (beat) again.

INT. ANDREW'S SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Andrew sings along to the radio in the shower "I Love You Always Forever" by Donna Lewis.

ANDREW (Sings out of tune) I love you, always forever Near and far, closer together Everywhere, Alexis...

He gets to the chorus and in a horrible out of tune cry.

Say you'll love, love me forever Never stop, not for whatever!

INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brett flexes his husky un-muscular body in the mirror.

BRETT (talks to himself in the mirror) (MORE) BRETT (CONT'D) Huh you like that ladies? You want some traps?

He flexes his traps, in a routine he has clearly rehearsed before.

BRETT (CONT'D) Thats right. If you try!

He flexes his tricep.

BRETT (CONT'D) To get by!

He flexes his bicep.

BRETT (CONT'D) You will get <u>trapped</u>!

Flexes his traps.

INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Ryan, Brett and Andrew arrive at Ali's house. Ryan wears a bright plaid shirt. The party has already started. The guys enter her apartment, an abundance of people drink and dance to loud music.

BRETT

(to Ryan) Now that we are here and you can't change, what the fuck are you wearing? You look like your mom dressed you for your first day of school.

ANDREW

Seriously man.

RYAN Plaid is in, dick.

Ali spots them and greets them in the kitchen, gives each of them a hug.

ALI Kegs and beiruit are on the back porch and Ryan, wow, that is a <u>bold</u> shirt.

Andrew and Brett laugh.

ALI (CONT'D) (To Andrew) Sorry to hear about Alexis, Andrew.

ANDREW Yea, I don't know I am just kind of confused at the whole thing.

BRETT

Well if you're confused, let me explain. This is what happens in a relationship when the guy is a complete pussy whipped bitch and the girl is a bat shit crazy sociopath.

ANDREW

I'm not in the mood for your shit!

ALI

(restrains laughing) How did it go down?

ANDREW

Well(beat) she gave me the I love you I'm just not in love with you line.

ALI Oh man, that's tough.

RYAN

Yea what does that even mean? It's such a meaningless phrase!

ALI

What?

ANDREW

Yea. Why?

BRETT

I agree. It's one of those empty cliché phrases that doesn't mean shit, entirely contradictory.

RYAN

Think about it. She said 'I love you but I'm not in love with you.' That's the same tense, the same verb. It doesn't make sense.

BRETT Maybe she just sucks at grammar.

RYAN (laughing) Yea you should check on that maybe she didn't break up with you after all. ANDREW Will you two please shut the fuck up. Brett, distracted, looks around the room to a group of women. BRETT Don't worry buddy we'll get you back out there. Lot of pretty ladies here tonight. Brett walks towards a pack of women. ALI And there he goes. SEQUENCE OF SHOTS... -- Ali, Andrew, Ryan play drinking games with other party qoers. -- Brett grinds out a girl on the dance floor. -- Ali and Ryan flirt, take a shot. -- Andrew drunkenly approaches a cute girl. ANDREW So what do you do? The music is loud, the girl leans in to respond. PARTY GIRL I just got laid off, so I am working as a waitress until I find something else. (after a beat) ANDREW Well, you know what they say about good things happening to those who wait...tress. Andrew trails off, subtly shakes his head at his awful joke, the girl walks away. -- Brett, Andrew and Ryan shotgun beers.

46.

-- Ryan and Ali flirt.

-- Brett makes out with a girl in the middle of the party.

-- Andrew talks to a girl who is clearly uninterested.

END SEQUENCE

Ryan and Ali drunkenly dance.

RYAN I can do the moonwalk you know.

ALI (skeptically) Really, let me see it.

Ryan puffs his cheeks out and takes giant steps in slow motion pretends he is walking on the moon.

RYAN (Hammered) Beep. That's one small step for man Beep. One giant leap for mankind.

ALI (laughs) And you are a giant tool. Do you want another beer?

RYAN

Please.

Andrew approaches Ryan as Ali walks to the back porch.

ANDREW I'm striking out left and right. It's been way too long.

They look over at Brett who sweats profusely and dry humps a different girl on the dance floor.

ANDREW (CONT'D) Look at him dude, I don't know how he does it.

Brett sees Ryan and Andrew and walks over to them.

ANDREW (CONT'D) Jesus dude settle down, you look like a bear having a seizure out there. BRETT Really? Because that girls' hand(beat) has <u>already</u> been down my pants.

Brett, Ryan, Andrew look over and LIZ STEVENS stares at Brett and sucks on her finger, and gives him the 'come here' motion with the same finger.

LIZ STEVENS -- 24, Tall, dark, scantily clad, hot.

ANDREW AND RYAN (simultaneously disgusted) Dear god!

RYAN That's one way to get a cold sore.

Ali approaches Ryan and Andrew with the beer. Brett goes back and dances with Liz.

ALI This should be interesting.

RYAN

What?

ALI That's my friend Liz, she does to men what he does to women.

RYAN Oh you mean they can swap STD's, awesome.

ALI (laughing,) She's a grade A manizer. They're perfect for each other.

ANDREW

Manizer? (beat) Oh right got it. Well, I've suffered enough embarrassment for one night, I'm going to take off (to Ryan, audibly). <u>Make a move</u>.

Andrew winks at Ali and walks away.

ALI Whoa, what does he mean by that? Ryan, drunk, nervous, exhales, takes Ali's hand, and starts to shake it, Ali looks confused., Ryan tries to pull her in for a kiss but drunkenly jerks her too hard and their faces miss each other in a brutal attempt at a first kiss. They now stand in an awkward hug position and Ryan reluctantly pats her on the back. Ali takes a deep breath and pushes him back.

ALI (CONT'D) What is wrong with you...

Ryan exhales, defeated. Ali grabs his shirt pulls him in, they kiss. They pull back and smile at each other as if each of them have waited a long time for it to happen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUYS APARTMENT- THE NEXT MORNING

Ryan opens the door to the apartment just as Liz collects her things to leave, Brett sits on the couch.

BRETT (to Liz, sarcastically) I'll call you?

LIZ (nonchalantly) Fake number, baby dick.

Liz briskly exits the apartment and gives Ryan a fake smile.

RYAN Sounds like it well?

BRETT

Yea she was pissed I wouldn't drive her home.(beat) That was Liz, didn't catch her last name but she fucks like a god damn jack rabbit, I think she mentioned something about being about being a teacher (beat) oh and telling me to come inside her.

RYAN You are unbelievable.

BRETT I am.(beat) So?

Ryan grins at Brett.

BRETT (CONT'D) Jesus christ, just tell me. Look at you grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

Andrew enters from his bedroom, disheveled and hungover.

RYAN

I did it, made the move. She is awesome dude. Just some heavy petting and pillow talk, but a step in the right direction.

BRETT Finally man, glad to hear it. I told you she liked you.

ANDREW (sarcastically) Yea I'm really happy for you too but we got a lot of work to do today.

Andrew picks up the bag of homework from under the table, places the assignments in front of them on the table.

RYAN Shit, I completely forgot! We have to meet him at six!

BRETT Damn, well get to it. You don't want to fuck up your first assignment, or my assignment that is.

Ryan and Andrew take some papers and begin to work.

EXT. HYDE PARK - LATER

Ryan drives into the parking lot, he is late, Jonah looks at his watch. He pulls into a spot too fast and drives over the curb with his bumper. Ryan puts the car in reverse, half of the bumper rips off and hangs from his car. Jonah laughs.

INT. RYAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

RYAN

Fuck!

Ryan gets out to survey the damage. Jonah walks up next to him.

JONAH

I think you should stick to the racetrack there Dale Earnheart. These parking lots can be a little tricky.

RYAN

(stammering) Yeah well the accelerator is sticking again.(Beat)I should get it fixed. Think the alternator is about to go too.

Ryan attempts to change the subject.

RYAN (CONT'D) So what's going on with you?

Ryan inspects the damage and tries to put the bumper back into place.

JONAH (sarcastically) Oh just just living the dream, you know.

Ryan now realizes the bumper won't stay in place on its' own goes to the trunk of his car and retrieves a roll of duct tape.

JONAH (CONT'D) So what the fuck man, no theatrics or sidekick today?

RYAN

What?

JONAH You know, weren't you doing a shitty impersonation of Christian Bale in Batman the other day? I just assumed the other guy was supposed to be Robin.

They both laugh as Ryan sits down on the ground in front of the bumper and tries to figure out how to tape it back up. RYAN Please, I bet you were ready to light up the bat signal today when I was running late.

JONAH (laughing) So what do you want me to call you, The Homework Crusader, H.C, Batman?

Ryan laughs and thinks to himself for a beat.

RYAN

No man, my name is Ryan.

He shakes Jonah's hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Works in the back, remember to tell these kids to recopy it, you can't have five assignments in the same handwriting.

JONAH You need some help with that?

RYAN Yea, thanks, just hold that end up over there.

Jonah sits down next to Ryan, they fix the bumper together and have a much easier time.

JONAH

You know Ryan to be honest I think am a little nervous putting my homework in the hands of a guy who likes pretending to be batman and can't even pull into a parking space without destroying his car.

RYAN

(laughing)
Not my finest moments dude, don't
judge.

Jonah reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash. He gives it to Ryan who counts it.

JONAH It's all there man. RYAN

Where do you guys get all of this money?

JONAH

Well I know my dad basically gives me an allowance to stay out of his life. I am not sure about everyone else. But I would imagine its probably the same thing across the board.

RYAN

(sympathetic, unsure) That's tough. I know how you feel or knew that is. I think the first and only time my dad showed up to school was my graduation.

JONAH Yea well, whatever, it isn't a big deal.

RYAN (awkwardly) Well, you know, keep, keep your chin up.

JONAH Right(beat)well I have to get going, I should have a lot more for you later this week, I'll email you.

RYAN Actually take my number dude, it might be easier.

Ryan takes Jonah's phone and puts his number under the name The Homework Crusader, hands it back to Jonah who laughs at the entry. Jonah walks back towards the school as Ryan drives away.

INT. ST. JOHNS ACADEMY - NEXT MORNING

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS...

- -- Students in class
- -- A teacher lectures her class
- -- The bell rings
- -- Students flood the hallway

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brett walks out behind the students and is startled to see Liz talk to one of his students.

BRETT (to himself) Holy shit.

Brett approaches Liz and the student with a mischievous grin.

AMY -- 15, female.

BRETT (CONT'D) (feigns ignorance) Well hello there Amy who is this lovely woman you are talking to?

Liz, startled by Brett, gives a shocked 'oh fuck' look.

AMY This is Ms. Stevens.

BRETT Ms. Stevens? Always good to see a new face. What brings you to our humble institution?

LIZ Mrs. Maxwell is on maternity leave. I'm filling in for her for the rest of the semester.

BRETT She was pregnant?

AMY Um yeah she stayed here up until she had the baby.

LIZ You didn't notice?

BRETT (to himself) I thought she was just letting herself go.

AMY

What?

BRETT

Um. I said that is what happens when you don't practice safe sex.

Brett turns to Liz and puts his hand over his mouth makes an "Uh Oh" face.

LIZ Well, luckily Mrs. Maxwell is in a <u>fulfilling</u> marriage. And the baby was planned not a <u>mistake</u>.

Amy looks perplexed at the underlying conversation between Liz and Brett.

LIZ (CONT'D) It's strange Mr?

BRETT It's Hansen, but my students call me Mr. H.

LIZ Well Mr. H, why didn't I see you at the faculty meeting this morning?

BRETT I was running a little late so I decided to <u>come in the back door</u>.

Brett winks at Liz.

LIZ Well, don't worry, it was a very <u>short</u> and <u>quick</u> meeting. Not very satisfying from what I am used to.

Liz winks back at Brett, mockingly.

BRETT

Well that is a real shocker.

Brett places the "shocker" hand symbol on his chin. In a fake act of disbelief. Insinuates that he had given her the shocker.

> BRETT (CONT'D) Amy, aren't you <u>shocked</u>. I mean I know that so many people have had nothing but the utmost praises for our school.

LIZ

Goodbye Amy.

Amy walks away and Liz turns to Brett.

LIZ (CONT'D) Wow that was really clever(beat) and that was that your pinky? I just assumed it was still your dick in my ass.

Liz wiggles her pinky finger, asserts Brett has a small penis. She walks away, smiles as she leaves with the upper hand.

BRETT (Intrigued, taken back) Well, that was a first.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT- LATER

Brett and Ryan sit on the couch and work on their laptops. Andrew sits on the recliner, disheveled in just his boxers, computer on his lap and creates an Eharmony account, he searches for his profile picture. The first picture is of him and Alexis, at a baseball game. Andrew lets out a quick whimper and quickly clicks to the next picture.

> BRETT (O.S.) (to Ryan) So guess who my new coworker is.

> > RYAN (O.S.)

Who?

Andrew is dressed in a Zorro costume on Halloween, he points a sword in the air, arm around Alexis, the costume far too tight. Andrew immediately clicks to the next picture.

> BRETT (O.S Liz, my victim from Ali's party, she is surprisingly sassy and witty.

The next picture is a close up of Andrew and Alexis's faces on a bed, an intimate moment. Andrew let's out a another constrained whimper. Ryan and Brett exchange 'what the fuck glances' that interrupts their conversation

> RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D) She is friends with Ali man, I can talk to her.

The next picture is Andrew drunk on St. Patrick's Day, he wears suspenders and green glasses that say "kiss me" on them, he shakes his head again in disgust and hits the next button.

> BRETT (O.S.) No, no, it's(beat) okay.

RYAN (O.S.) I don't know man, maybe this sassy Liz has thrown a curveball at that philandering heart of yours, the four of us should all go out sometime.

Andrew finds a picture of himself with a handsome smile, a little girl sits on his lap.

ANDREW

Finally.

BRETT (irriated) Dude what the fuck are you doing over there? And why do you keep whimpering like a little girl?

ANDREW

If you must know I'm setting up my eharmony profile, dick, I need some companionship! I can't take this single life, Alexis won't even take my calls, it's driving me nuts.

RYAN First of all what you need is to start your half of Mrs. Quinns' english papers and secondly you don't need eharmony dude. Ryan glances at Andrew's disheveled appearance.

RYAN (CONT'D) (after a beat) Well maybe you do, let me see your profile.

Andrew turns the computer to show Brett and Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D) Are you kidding me? What was your rational when choosing this picture?

ANDREW

I thought it was a solid shot of me, good smile.

BRETT

It doesn't matter if you look like Geroge Clooney in that picture you have a fucking kid on your lap, so any girl desperate enough to be on this site in the first place is going to think A. You have a child or B. You are god damn pedophile!

ANDREW

Or C. It's my niece and I look handsome and am great with kids. Dick.

RYAN

Jesus dude, get a grip and get going on these papers. I have a date with Ali tonight and we need to get this shit done.

BRETT

Yea man I am trying to plan my lessons for tomorrow and can't concentrate with your constant whimpering!

ANDREW

Alright, jesus!

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT- LATER

Ali and Ryan sit at a table for two at dinner.

ALI I can't believe Brett and Liz have to work together.

RYAN Yea, Brett mentioned they had an interesting encounter today.

ALI I heard, she's a sassy chick, Brett better watch his back. (beat) Speaking of sassy chicks, how is Andrew doing?

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM (FLASH TO)

Andrew, naked, sobs hysterically, holds the monogrammed pillow of Alexis in one hand, a bottle of booze in the other.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT

RYAN I think he's doing just fine.

ALI So are we considering this our first date?

RYAN (awkwardly) The first of many,(beat) uh hopefully.

He trails off and Ali laughs. The waiter approaches and sets a plate of sushi in front of Ali. Then puts two scoops of rice in front of Ryan with a set of chop sticks on top.

> ALI If you don't like Sushi then why did you agree to go here?

RYAN I like sushi. (trailing off) I just prefer white rice.

-- Ryan attempts to use the chopsticks, to pick up some rice, one stick flips out of his hands onto the table. Ali picks it up and hands it back to him with a slight smile.

-- Ryan grabs the stick and tries again this time flips rice all over the table. Ryan sweats, frustrated. Ali stares at Ryan, laughs.

-- Ryan holds a chopstick in each hand, an attempt to shovel rice into his mouth, his hands shake, the rice falls from the sticks, he gets a few pieces almost at his mouth, a final shake and the remaining pieces fall to the plate. Ali laughs hysterically. Ryan laughs, embarrassed, turns to get the waiter who has witnessed the incident and places a fork next to him.

> RYAN (CONT'D) Yea thanks.

ALI Here just try a piece. I swear you'll like it.

Ali holds the piece of sushi in front of his mouth. Ryan stares at it, swallows uncomfortably.

RYAN

Nah, no that's all yours.

ALI Oh come on stop being a baby!

Ali shoves the piece into Ryan's mouth. Ryan' freezes, shakes with disgust from the texture.

ALI (CONT'D) Come on just chew it.

Ryan takes one reluctant bite and immediately gags and dry heaves. His eyes water. He grabs his napkin and spits the sushi into it. Ali laughs, shakes her head adorningly. Ryan takes the chopsticks again and with both hands sandwiches his tongue with them in an attempt to scrape every last bit taste off, Ali shakes her head, laughs.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT- LATER

The waiter drops off the check and Ryan immediately grabs it and puts down his credit card.

ALI Whoa, didn't know unemployment was such a lucrative endeavor?

RYAN Membership has it's privileges. EXT. HYDE PARK - NEXT MORNING

Ryan pulls into the parking lot, he wears sweatpants and a tshirt, his hair is a mess. He gets out of the car and walks over to Jonah who waits.

> JONAH What happened to you last night?

RYAN I had a hot date man and it's 7:30 in the morning, this couldn't wait till this afternoon?

JONAH Was it a blind date?

RYAN (confused) No, I used work with her.

JONAH

No I meant was she blind, because I am wondering what kind of girl would go out with a guy like you.

RYAN Wow that was really fucking original, you probably haven't even gotten a <u>handjob</u> yet.

Ryan looks hesitant and distant, as he remembers his night with Ali.

FLASHBACK INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM -- PREVIOUS NIGHT

Ali and Ryan kiss on his bed after the date, she takes his pants off, we stay on Ryan's face, within the span of five seconds he smiles then looks panicked, and winces as he orgasms.

CUT BACK TO HYDE PARK

JONAH Anyway I think you are going to need all the time you can for this.

RYAN

For what?

Jonah pulls a huge stack of papers out of his bag.

RYAN (CONT'D) (Shocked) Fuck me sideways!

JONAH (taken back) Right(beat)So I need these done by Monday morning. It's fifteen more students, shit is spreading like wildfire.

RYAN

Holy Shit! I didn't expect things to grow this quickly.

JONAH

Yea well for some reason my math teacher has been assigning absurd amounts of work, not to mention my other classes, can you handle it?

RYAN

Yeah, no problem I will have it to you Saturday night, so you have plenty of time to distribute it.

JONAH Alright man I gotta run class starts in a bit. I'll talk to you later.

INT. ST. JOHN'S ACADEMIC BUILDING HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Brett stands outside a door, he exhales.

BRETT

Fuck me.

Brett opens the door and walks in.

INT. FACULTY BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A group of teachers and Headmaster Gordon chat and drink coffee.

TEACHERS

Brett!

BRETT Hey, Looks like they're letting just about anybody in here these days. The teachers laugh at Brett's cheesy joke. Brett walks to the coffee machine, Headmaster Gordon approaches him.

HEADMASTER GORDON So Brett, I hear they got you with the Algebra 1C kids. How are you holding up?

BRETT (jokingly) Well they certainly can be a handful. But hey, that's why they pay me the big bucks.

The door opens and Liz walks in.

HEADMASTER GORDON (laughing) Well I am confident that you're the man for the job.

Headmaster Gordon looks over and sees Liz.

HEADMASER GORDON Oh Liz come over here, I want you to meet someone.

Liz walks over.

HEADMASTER GORDON This is Liz Stevens, she comes highly recommended from Sacred Heart Academy and will be filling in for Mrs. Maxwell's history class for the rest of the semester.

BRETT Oh yes I actually had the pleasure of meeting her yesterday.

BRETT (CONT'D) (sarcastically) I was so happy to see that I was no longer the new kid around here. Maybe you guys will stop picking on me now (beat) Sir.

Headmaster Gordon laughs.

TEACHER Mike, could I talk to you for a minute. Be right there. Brett, do me a favor and make sure to show Liz the ropes around here.

BRETT

With pleasure sir.

Brett winks at Liz. Headmaster Gordon walks over to the teacher. Liz turns to Brett with an impressed look.

LIZ

Wow, you really have these people fooled. They actually believe that you are some sort of role model for these kids.

BRETT

(not breaking character)
What on earth are you suggesting? I
am merely a shepard tending his
flock. Without me, these fragile
young minds would be lost.

LIZ

(laughing) Well perhaps I underestimated you Mr. S.

BRETT

(Flirtatiously) You would be surprised how often that happens. I am really quite good at what I do.

LIZ Oh really?

BRETT

Yeah, maybe I could take you for a drink some night and share some teaching practices with you.

Liz takes a step closer to Brett, grabs the end of his tie, and looks up at him over the rims of her glasses.

LIZ I don't know about a drink but I may be able to pencil you in for five minutes some night. That will be <u>plenty</u> of time for you, right?

Liz throws Brett's tie down, turns around and walks away. Brett takes a sip of his coffee, again intrigued. INT. ST. JOHNS ACADEMY ACADEMIC BUILDING HALLWAY- LATER

Liz walks by Brett's classroom as he teaches.

INT. BRETT'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brett has a a problem written on the board. He stands in front of the class.

BRETT So what does X equal?

Liz arrives at the door and looks in.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Anyone?

Brett looks over at Tommy who has just traced a turkey with his hand. Tommy smiles looks down at the picture.

TOMMY (To himself) Gobble, Gobble

Brett throws a piece of chalk at Tommy, it hits him in the middle of his forehead and leaves a mark. Tommy quickly looks up as the class starts to laugh.

BRETT Tommy, perhaps you could tell me the answer?

Tommy looks at the problem quizzically.

TOMMY

Uh(beat) six?

BRETT Wow,(shocked and after a beat) well that sounded like a guess. But Tbone, fading back, at the buzzer, it's good! The crowd goes wild! T-Bone!

Brett fists pumps, the entire class laughs. Brett looks out the door to see Liz who laughs as well. She smiles at Brett and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ryan and Andrew meet Jonah, Andrew is disheveled and drunk. Ryan and Jonah exchange a bro-shake.

RYAN

My man, what's the good word?

JONAH

Not much. You guys are killing it! (to Andrew) Dude you smell like a fucking brewery, what's your deal?

ANDREW

(meekly) Nothing, just going through some things with this girl.

RYAN Some soulless wench, took his heart and shattered it into pieces.

JONAH Yea well if its any consolation, this one girl at school is driving me nuts.

ANDREW (drunkenly) How is that even possible? You can't even have true love emotion at your age!

Jonah, unsure how to respond gives Ryan a 'what the fuck is he talking about look.'

RYAN (laughing) Don't listen to him man, what's the deal?

JONAH

This girl, she's a sophomore, smoking hot, I'm pretty sure she likes me but its like forbidden in high school if your a girl to date a guy who is younger than you.

RYAN Fuck that noise dude. Make a move, you are a stud, I'm sure you can pull it!

ANDREW

You realize it took you a year to make a move on Ali and you are twenty four,(to Jonah) and you're what fifteen?

JONAH

And a half.

ANDREW Oh thanks for that crucial detail.

RYAN

(ignoring Andrew) Yea of course, I mean it's a lot easier to have confidence in someone else, I was the exact same way with girls when I was his age and look how I ended up.(beat) I wouldn't wish it upon anyone.

ANDREW

(to Ryan)

True, but that means you are also probably the last person I know who should dispense advice about women to other men(beat) let alone boys.(to Jonah) So take everything he says with a grain of salt.

RYAN

(to Andrew) Yea but look who now has a girlfriend and who doesn't. Roasted.(to Jonah) I say fuck it and give it a go, you have nothing to lose.

JONAH

Yea I don't know we'll see (beat) Anyway here's the work, it's a shit load, and I still have more coming in.

RYAN

Alright man I'll talk to you soon and you better have made a move on this chick by the next time I talk to you!

MONTAGE. INT/EXT VARIOUS LOCATIONS

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT

Ryan and Andrew work diligently on their laptops. Various history, science and math books are strewn about the coffee table.

INT. BRETT'S CLASSROOM

Brett writes an absurd amount of problems on the board. Cut to Jonah who looks anguished.

JONAH (to himself) Shit, this is going to be an expensive weekend.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM

Ryan and Ali passionately make out Ryan tries to get her shirt off but it gets stuck on her head, finally he pulls it off. Then struggles with her bra clasp, unable to get it off. Ryan awkwardly turns Ali around so he can see the latch and undoes the bra from behind. A look of "are you kidding me" appears on Ali's face.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S ACADEMIC BUILDING

A bell rings, school is let out. A wave of students exit the building followed by Brett. He looks at his phone and walks down the stairs, as he reaches the bottom of the stair case he looks up and sees Liz, she looks at Brett and smiles.

> LIZ So I got a couple minutes, what about that drink?

> > BRETT

I could do that. Where were you thinking? Harry's Tavern? The Pub? O'Reilley's?

LIZ Um I was thinking more like your place.

BRETT I <u>have</u> heard great things about the happy hour there.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM

Andrew holds his cell phone paces anxiously, drunk, disheveled and teary eyed with a bottle of booze in his hand. He presses send on Alexis's cell contact. It goes right to voicemail

> ALEXIS' VOICEMAIL Hey it's Alexis. Leave a message.

ANDREW

Hey babe,

Andrew chokes up, tries not to cry. He attempts to speak again but his voice cracks into an imperceptible noise. He fights back the tears.

> ANDREW (CONT'D) Give me a call if you get a chance.

He quickly hangs up. Takes a large swig of booze and collapses onto his bed.

INT. BRETT'S CLASSROOM

BRETT (patronizingly) Tommy B, nice job on that take home quiz!

Brett hands Tommy back his quiz with a 100% on it, Tommy smiles.

INTERCUT GUYS APARTMENT/JONAH'S DORM ROOM

Ryan sits in the apartment plays a video game, on the phone. Jonah at his computer.

JONAH I still can't get five pages for this paper.

RYAN Is that Mrs. Quin's Romeo and Juliet paper?

JONAH

Yea.

RYAN Are you kidding me? Why didn't you let me write that one. (MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

I have already knocked out five of those today, each one completely unique.

JONAH I'm low on funds until next week, and my math teacher has been costing me an arm and a leg.

RYAN

It is Romeo and Juliet, star crossed lovers, love as a cause of violence, individual versus society. The possibilities are endless.(Beat) How many pages do you have?

JONAH Four and a quarter.

RYAN Dude, did you expand the margins?

JONAH

No.

RYAN What about increasing the font size of the periods?

JONAH

No.

RYAN Are you kidding me? That is easily an extra page right there. Get your shit together man.

JONAH (laughing) All right, thanks man.

RYAN

No worries man, I'll talk to you later (beat) wait did you talk to that girl?

JONAH Not yet, I'm working on it.

RYAN Get to it man.

INT. LIZ'S CLASSROOM

Liz hands Tommy a paper back with an A on it, Tommy smiles. Liz looks at him skeptically.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT

Andrew, Ali and Ryan watch a movie. Ali and Ryan cuddle on the couch. Andrew sits on the chair holds a bottle of booze, even more disheveled. Andrew looks over towards Ryan and Ali just in time to see Ali nuzzle in deeper on Ryan's chest. Andrew lets out a constrained whimper. He quickly drinks from the bottle of booze.

INT. MRS. QUINN'S ENGLISH CLASSROOM

The teacher hands the paper to Jonah there is an A- on the top. Jonah smiles.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT

Ryan and Andrew work, they copy Brett's math problems, Brett works on his computer, the television audible in the background.

TELEVISION (0.S.) Next up Diane Brown on "Hardfire."

DIANE BROWN

(on the television) These naive young women are whoring themselves out to the married men we choose to run our country. And these men facilitate the entire process with our own tax dollars! What kind of lesson are we teaching our children! It makes me want to castrate these sleezeballs!

BRETT

Apparently a better lesson than she has taught her son, the kid might be getting pussy instead of cheating his way through school.

RYAN

Yea she is one crazy bitch, I can see why Tommy is a complete disaster.
ANDREW Jesus, I kind of feel bad for the retard.

INT. LIVING ROOM GUY'S APARTMENT

ANDREW

(on the phone) Dad, will you please just listen to me? (beat) It's not that black and white.(beat) You know I never wanted to go to law school, and wanted to write(beat)...Dad?

Andrew's dad hangs up, Andrew collapses on the couch and hits the bong.

INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM

Brett's arms and legs are handcuffed to the bed posts. Liz appears wearing a dominatrix costume. She pulls out a gag and paddle.

BRETT Wait what are you going to do with...

Liz shoves the gag in his mouth, cut away as we hear Brett's muffled squeals.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT

Andrew sits on the couch, searches hectically through numerous papers and books scattered about the coffee table. A half empty bottle of booze next to him.

> ANDREW (drunk, angry, to Ryan O.S) Ryan where's Brett's answer keys?(beat) What the fuck is an integer?

EXT. HYDE PARK

Ryan meets with Jonah who hands him a bag of work, they chat, Ryan licks his thumb and jokingly attempts to touch up Jonah's hair and eyebrows, Jonah brushes his hand away, laughs. INT. O'REILLY'S - NIGHT

Ali, Ryan, Liz, Brett and Andrew sit at a bar table. Alex looks slightly put together.

LIZ

(to Brett) I just don't get it, I thought this kid Tommy Brown was supposed to be borderline retarded and yet the work he has been turning in this semester has been pretty damn good. This is the same kid who got caught turning in an internet paper last semester with the web site on it. It doesn't make sense.

Ryan, Andrew, Brett exchange nervous glances.

BRETT

Yea well maybe he is one of those kids who just needs to apply himself, I mean he has been doing much better in my class as well. Perhaps the suspension was a wake up call for him.

LIZ

I don't know, I have actually googlged some of his work online just to make sure he isn't pulling that same shit again. I also think its fucked up he got a slap on the wrist for that shit just because of who is parents are.

Brett, Andrew Ryan all shoot each other a look of 'time to change the subject.'

BRETT Jesus Liz, did we really come out tonight to talk about work? Water under the bridge, let it go.

LIZ I know I'm sorry. Deep breathes.

INT. OREILLY'S BAR - LATER

Ali, Ryan, Liz and Brett sit at the table, numerous empty glasses and beer bottles in front of each of them.

ALI So anyway I am looking across the table at him and he is essentially sweating from every orifice and I am the <u>first</u> person to interview him.

Ali looks at Ryan with a lovingly sympathetic look, Ryan shakes his head acknowledges the story to be true.

ALI (CONT'D)

So now I am getting preoccupied and uncomfortable with his sweat, because I know how uncomfortable he is. And everytime I break eye contact he <u>slyly</u> tries to wipe down his face with his suit sleeves, like I can't see that his skin is glistening from where I am.

RYAN

I'm pretty sure I sweat through my suit, which(beat) is not as easy as it sounds.

ALI

So I am trying to think of anything I can to cool or calm him down. I offer him a glass of water and tell him he can take off his suit jacket if he wants(beat)<u>big mistake</u>. He had the biggest pit stains <u>I have</u> ever seen!

RYAN

(deadpan) I think they reached my belt. It was a great first impression.

BRETT

(Laughing) So they were more like body stains(beat) I am picturing two large crescent moons.

LIZ

(laughs hysterically) Oh my god, this is absurd!(to Ryan) What is wrong with you? RYAN I'm a nervous sweater! Jesus, let's change the subject.

BRETT (looks over to Andrew) Oh boy...

They all laugh and look over, Andrew stands by the jukebox, very drunk. He mistakenly chooses the wrong song, angrily breaks a beer bottle over the jukebox. The bouncers come over, grab Andrew and throw him out to the street.

EXT. HYDE PARK - NEXT MORNING

Jonah looks at his watch. It is obvious Andrew and Ryan are late. They speed into the parking lot. Ryan jumps out of the car to meet Jonah. Andrew stumbles out and leans against the car puts both palms on the hood. Ryan runs over to Jonah.

> JONAH Where have you been? Class starts in twenty minutes!

RYAN Sorry man, slept right through the alarm.

In the background Andrew leans against the car.

JONAH What's wrong with him?

RYAN Oh, don't worry he is fine.

Andrew projectile vomits.

JONAH

Jesus!

RYAN Good god!(beat)Wait dude, did you ever talk to that girl?

JONAH No man, I don't think I have shot.

RYAN Dude, you are a ladykiller! It's a shoe in!

JONAH (laughing) Whatever man.

Andrew pukes again with followed by a loud dry heave.

RYAN We have to go man, I'll talk you later.

JONAH Alright man, see ya.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRETT'S CLASSROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Brett has a problem written on the board for his algebra 1C class.

BRETT Alright who wants to come up and solve the problem on the board?

No one raises their hands.

BRETT (CONT'D) Nobody? Guys this is basic stuff.

Still no one raises their hands.

BRETT (CONT'D) (trailing off) Come on this is straight from the homework.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ryan sits at the coffee table and reads a paper Andrew has written, shakes his head angrily. Andrew walks out of his bedroom, drunk.

RYAN Is this what you have been working on all week?

ANDREW Yeah, what's wrong with it?

Ryan picks up Andrew's paper and reads from it.

RYAN

Benny Franklin was a good man who did good for the good of society things like invent electricity and bifocals both were very good for people with poor vision.

ANDREW

What?

RYAN

Well lets see: First, It is Ben or Benjamin you can't call him Benny; Second, You don't invent electricity, you discover it; Third, don't you think you could come up with at least one other word for good? And finally, this sentence is just completely fucked and it is your <u>thesis</u>!

ANDREW

Dude, it is the rough draft. I was blind drunk when I wrote that. Take it easy.

RYAN

You are still blind drunk! And you have ten more just like this, George Washington; Number One and Having Fun, Thomas Jefferson; Jungle Fever Wife Deceiver? And my personal favorite Abraham Lincoln; Slave Lover, Economic Blunder.

Andrew grabs the paper.

ANDREW (embarrassed) Yeah let me take that one from you.

Andrew crumples the paper and throws it in the garbage.

RYAN We have to get these to Jonah by tomorrow and you have nothing!

ANDREW Why tomorrow?

RYAN

Because that's when they are due!(beat) Dude I know you are going through a rough time right now but you have to pull it together!

ANDREW

I need a break man, I feel like I have been locked up in this place for months now.

Brett walks into the apartment.

RYAN

How can you pull this shit when we have our biggest workload yet due!

BRETT

Guys calm down. What's the problem?

RYAN

This beer-teared bitch wrote the history papers due tomorrow while blacked-out drunk.

BRETT What do you mean?

Ryan tosses him a paper.

RYAN Look for yourself.

Brett reads the title of the paper.

BRETT Benny Franklin, Was it all about the Benjamins?(beat)Wow.

ANDREW

I fucking told you, I am going to take care of it!

BRETT

I hate to be the bearer of bad news but we have another problem.

RYAN

What now?

BRETT

Well, none my kids have the slightest idea of what is going on, which is going to end up making <u>me</u> look bad.(beat) I don't know how much longer we can keep doing this shit.

RYAN

Well Andrew here is about to have a fucking conniption if we keep this up. Let's just get through this history assignment and then we can figure it out from there.

ANDREW

(upset)
I'll take care of it, I'll stay up
all night, don't fucking worry
about it.

Andrew drunkenly walks to his bedroom and incidently bumps in to the wall.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Andrew drinks from a bottle of booze.

ANDREW

(blind drunk) Fuck them, telling me what to do, and my work is hack. I'm not rewriting shit, I'm done with this fucking bullshit.

Andrew sits in front of his computer and starts to download papers from the website www.termpapers.com, he takes a swig of booze.

EXT. HYDE PARK- NEXT DAY

Ryan meets Jonah in the parking lot.

RYAN What's up man?

JONAH Not too much, how did all those papers treat you?

Ryan hesitates for a beat, as he recalls Andrew's antics.

Ryan hands Jonah the plagiarized papers unbeknownst to both of them, Jonah takes them and puts them in his bag.

RYAN (CONT'D) So what's up man, anything going on this weekend?

JONAH Looking forward to parents weekend.

RYAN Oh yea you're parents coming into town?

JONAH

No, my mom lives in Boston and these things really don't fit on my dad's schedule. But my roommate Tommy's parents will be in town, which is always entertaining.

RYAN

Wait, you are roommates with Tommy Brown? Isn't that the dipshit who turned in an internet paper with the website still on it?

JONAH

(laughing)
That's him,(beat) how'd you know
about that?

RYAN Oh my roommate Brett has him in one his classes....

Ryan gives a panicked "oh fuck" look like he just let something slip.

JONAH (confused) Wait, what? Brett? As in Mr. Hansen? He's your roommate?

Jonah's begins to the pieces the pieces together and becomes visibly upset.

RYAN Dude, its not like that.

JONAH

(upset) Wow this makes almost too much sense now, the <u>random</u> email, absurd about of howework for a 1C math class, great to know you have been profiting at my expense.

RYAN Hang on a second man, it's not like that!

JONAH Here's your fucking blood money!

Ryan shoots him a look of 'that was a little harsh.' Jonah tosses the wad of cash at Ryan.

RYAN Fuck it dude keep the money, let me explain!

Jonah hurriedly walks away with the plagiarized work.

RYAN (CONT'D) (defeated, to himself) Fuck.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S ACADEMY LAWN - LATER

Brett holds class outside, the students sit under a tree in the shade, Tommy sits on one of the low branches in the tree. Jonah looks despondent.

BRETT (to Tommy) Really? You are going to sit up there the whole time?

TOMMY (nodding, self approvingly)

Yep.

BRETT Anyway guys I know it's been a tough semester, so we are going to pull back the reigns a bit on all the work and make sure we are all up to speed. Sound good? TOMMY Rains? How can you pull back rain? What does that have to do with the work?

BRETT (exhaling, patronizingly) Tommy, what would you say...

Tommy sneezes, a panicked look appears on his face, he loses his balance and falls backwards off the branch, landing on his back motionless, lets out a moan, the class laughs.

> BRETT (CONT'D) (laughing) That's good enough for me. Class dismissed!

The kids all get up and scurry off, Brett walks over to Tommy, helps him up and pats him on the back.

BRETT (CONT'D) You okay pal?

Tommy winces and tries to catch his breath, and shakes his head to say he is okay. Brett tries to restrain his laughter.

BRETT (CONT'D) (sarcastically, laughs) Yea you are(beat) just fine.

INT. BRETT'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Brett corrects work in his empty classroom. Liz enters, upset and slams the door behind her.

LIZ You are not going to believe this! I knew it, I fucking knew it.

BRETT Jesus, you scared the shit out of me.

LIZ Look at this.

Liz throws a stack of papers onto Brett's desk.

BRETT What is this? LIZ My history papers, all taken from the same internet site.

Brett looks at the paper on top and sees Tommy Brown's name on it.

BRETT

Shit.

LIZ

I knew something was going on with Tommy Brown but there are ten more all taken from the same site!

Brett looks through the papers realizes they are all students in on the scheme. Brett mumbles to himself as he rubs his hands through his hair, frustrated.

> BRETT (to himself) That fucking idiot.

LIZ

What?

BRETT Um(beat)nothing. I cant believe this happened. What are you going to do? Make them re-write it or something?

LIZ

Um absolutely not. I am going to the headmaster. I am not going to let this kid get away with this again! These kids get fed everything on a silver platter and never have to face the consequences, it's bullshit!

Liz turns around to leave the classroom. Brett quickly gets up to chase her down.

BRETT Whoa whoa whoa, hold on, Don't you think you might be overreacting a bit?

Brett stands between Liz and the door.

LIZ These kids knew the risks when they decided to cheat.

BRETT Yeah, but I mean come on we all make mistakes and you know if you turn them in they are probably going to get expelled. LIZ(quizzically) Mistakes? This kid did the same thing last semester, only this time he had the courtesy to take the website off the paper. (beat) And why are you defending these kids so adamantly? Brett's face drops unable to come up with a good excuse. BRETT I'm not. T₁T₇ Alright well I'm going to the headmaster right now. I'll stop by later. Liz, turns to walk out the door, Brett looks panicked and unsure of what to do. BRETT (reluctantly) Things just got a bit out of control. Liz turns around. T₁T₇ (confused) What? BRETT (exhaling, reluctantly) Alright(beat) well Ryan got fired and Andrew got cut off from his Dad So they kind of started a homework for hire business for some of the students at this school(beat) and I may have pointed them in the right direction. LIZ (livid) You have got to be kidding me. What is the matter with the three of you?

BRETT

It was only supposed to help them get back on their feet. I don't know what happened. Everything just spiraled out of control. But, the kids thought they were getting original work. They had no idea that they turned in internet papers.

LIZ This is unbelievable.

BRETT

I know, but you can't turn in these kids, you know they are going to get expelled if you do.

LIZ

You lied right to my face about Tommy and not only did you know about it, you facilitated the whole fucking thing! You obviously never cared about these kids and not only did you deprive them of an education but you actually profited from it.

BRETT

Liz...

LIZ These kids aren't getting away with it, and as screwed up as what you guys did was, nobody twisted their arms to do it, and the principle of it is still exactly the same either way. I am going to Headmaster Gordon. You really are a complete fucking scumbag.

Liz opens the door walks out and slams the door behind her.

BRETT (exhaling) Fuck.

EXT. PATIO OF PANERA BREAD - LATER

Ryan and Ali eat lunch. Ryan looks distracted, visibly upset with what happened with Jonah.

ALI Are you sure you are okay?

RYAN

Yea I am fine(beat) I just need to start getting my life together, and figure some things out.

ALI

I know how much longer can you continue to live like this? Have you even been on a job interview yet? It's been almost four months now.

RYAN

Yea I really just need to figure out what I want to do before I hop into another job. I want to do something I actually enjoy this time around.

ALI

What about something in writing? You like to write, give it a shot.(beat)It also requires minimal social interaction, which would suit you well.

RYAN

(laughing) I mean yea that would be my dream job but I don't see them handing out writing jobs on the street corner.

ALI

Yea, and I also don't see you being overly ambitious to look for one, or even write on your own for that matter. If you want to be a writer then go for it. If not then don't. But I think you need to do something, anything.

RYAN

I know, I know.

ALI

You are twenty four years old, now is the time to give it a shot.

Ali's phone vibrates, it is Liz. Ali picks up the phone. Liz's voice is audible, and clearly upset. Ryan can't hear exactly what she is says but Ali's face suddenly drops, visibly upset.

> ALI (CONT'D) (To Liz on the phone) Yes, I'll call you back.

RYAN Jesus, someone having a tough day at the office?

ALI (Upset) I don't know you tell me?

RYAN

What?

ALI I guess I was wrong about you not having any ambition to write, but apparently its been in the form of high school history papers.

An uncomfortable look appears on Ryan's face. He knows he is caught and starts to perspire. He scratches the back of his head looks for the right thing to say but can't seem to find it.

> ALI (CONT'D) This is how you have been funding everything? You are having high school kids <u>pay</u> you to do their homework? I mean since the moment I met you I knew you were a little off, socially retarded even...

Ryan gives her a look of 'jesus that was a little harsh.'

ALI (CONT'D) ...but this is fucked up, even for you.

Ryan now sweats, wipes his forehead, nervous.

RYAN

Look I know it sounds bad, it was supposed to be a temporary business venture, just to make ends meet but business started to boom,(beat) and I kind of became friends with one of the kids (sidetracked) who now hates me.

ALI Ryan, you are <u>absurd</u>. Are you kidding me with this? Most people don't have love their jobs but they also don't go and pull shit like this.(beat) Get a grip, get your life together and grow the fuck up.

Ali gets up and pushes in her chair.

ALI (CONT'D) Look I have to get back to work and I'd offer to pay but hey business is booming right?

RYAN Ali hang on a sec!

Ali walks away, Ryan sits back in his chair.

RYAN (CONT'D) (Exhales, defeated) Fuck.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ryan and Brett arrive back at the apartment, angry and emotionally distraught. Andrew sits on the couch, watches a movie, and smokes out of the bong.

ANDREW Jesus what the is wrong with you guys?

RYAN What is wrong with us? What is wrong with you? You fucking idiot!

ANDREW

What?

BRETT

You turned in internet papers you fucking lush! And Liz spotted them from a mile away!

ANDREW

(non-chalantly)
Shit.(beat) So what? We stop doing
this, I'm tired of it anyway and
the kids get a detention, problem
solved.

BRETT

Oh problem solved? Liz went to my headmaster, even after I confessed. These kids are probably going to get expelled because of you! Now Liz hates me and called Ali who thinks Ryan is an even bigger dipshit than before!

ANDREW

(jumps to life)

You know what, fuck both of you! This was your idea in the first place Ryan! And Brett you facilitated the whole thing! So get off this newfound moral pedestal and quit deflecting this whole thing on me! We knew this was a fucked up thing to do to begin with so I am not going to apologize for what I did, because the fact that I turned in internet history papers for some high school kids is no worse than me writing it myself.

RYAN

You are missing the point! All we had to do was get through this last assignment and we could wash our hands clean of this mess, but you fucked it all up! If you had spent half the time doing the work that you did sobbing over that whore we wouldn't be in this mess!

Andrew finally loses his cool and lunges at Ryan, punches him in the face, his nose explodes with blood. They roll around, exchange blows and knock over their prized glass bong, which smashes into pieces. Brett lets out an ear piercing scream with a look of agony as he sees his prized bong smashed to pieces. Brett now livid makes a forceful bull rush at Ryan and Andrew and knocks them apart. BRETT You fucking assholes! Look what you did!

Andrew looks at Ryan's bloody face, appears remorseful and apologetic. Brett actually refers to the bong, and hopelessly tries to pick up the pieces to his favorite possession. They all sit on the ground and cool off, Ryan and Andrew, winded. Ryan wipes his face off with his sleeve, his hand and shirt are covered in blood.

RYAN

(to Brett, exhaling) I think this is as good a time as any to tell you, Jonah knows about the whole scheme and that you were in on it.

BRETT (shakes his head) Amazing.

ANDREW Now who is the idiot.

The guys sit overwhelmed at the situation.

ANDREW (CONT'D) So these kids are fucked, Liz and Ali hate both of you, Jonah now thinks Ryan is a huge asshole, Brett is probably out of a job(beat) as are you and me, shit I was looking to get out of this gig anyway. (beat) Looks I am back on top baby.

BRETT (defeated) Fuck.

RYAN (exhales, defeated) Fuck.

ANDREW What the fuck are we going to do?

RYAN I <u>can't</u> let Jonah get kicked out(beat) and <u>we</u> can't let these kids get kicked out. Fuck. (MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

(beat) Not to mention Tommy's parents are in town, should make for an interesting parent's weekend.

ANDREW

Oh that's fucking awesome, I'm sure that crazy bitch is going to take this news well.

BRETT

Say again?

RYAN Jonah told me Tommy parents are in town this weekend...

Brett suddenly comes to life.

BRETT

That's it, I got it! Dude call Jonah see if he can meet us this afternoon.

RYAN

I'll give it a shot, but he's pretty fucking pissed at us. What's your plan anyway?

BRETT

It involves honesty, a little manipulation, some blackmail and the chance that our faces might get plastered on Hardfire if it doesn't work.

RYAN Let's hear it.

EXT. HYDE PARK - LATER

Brett, Ryan and Andrew sit in the car, they look apprehensive, Jonah appears and they get out of the car and walk towards him, humbled.

> JONAH Oh great, the fucking three musketeers.

Ryan looks at him like 'what the fuck does that mean?'

RYAN

Alright man I know you are not too happy with us right now but we have an even bigger problem.

JONAH

Which is?

ANDREW

Well instead of writing your history papers on my own I may have bought them on the internet.

BRETT

Liz, I mean Ms. Stevens, found out.

JONAH

Oh shit! Are we in trouble?

RYAN

No, well yea, (beat) maybe.

BRETT

Alright dude pay attention because we don't have much time and this is going to be a mouth full for you to take in your head at once(beat) that came out wrong. Anyway, I tried everything I could but Ms. Stevens went to the headmaster earlier today with the plagiarized work. So first thing tomorrow morning, you, Tommy and the rest of the gang are going to be getting called in to the headmasters office and probably get expelled. That is unless we take decisive action right now before any other kids or parents find out about this.

INT. TOMMY & JONAH'S DORM ROOM - LATER

BRETT (V.O.)

I need you to go track down Tommy and his parents immediately, tell them everything, my involvement as well as Ryan and Andrew's, the impending expulsion, emails, anything with homework crusaders on it. We need you guys to be the victims here. (MORE) BRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D) Tell the Brown's to be in Headmaster Gordon's office at 8:00 A.M sharp if they want to keep Tommy at St. Johns!

We see Jonah, Tommy, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown in the dorm room. Jonah tells them everything, shows the homework crusader number in his phone, emails, papers, Tommy looks panicked, his parents visibly upset and then annoyed, they say something to Tommy and he shrugs his shoulders and Jonah shakes his head knowingly.

INT. HEADMASTER GORDON'S OFFICE... WHERE THE MOVIE BEGAN

We pull back to see that Mr. and Mrs. Brown have been there the entire time.

MR. BROWN - 52, meak, a man whose wife wears the pants in the relationship

HEADMASTER GORDON I would never expect this from a teacher at this institution Mr. Hansen! I don't know how you could

Hansen! I don't know how you could put me in this situation...

MRS. BROWN (to Headmaster Gordon, livid)

So you see Mike these kids, especially my son Tommy can't be held accountable for what these manipulative con artists have been doing. You boys(beat) men should been ashamed of yourselves.

HEADMASTER GORDON Look I understand, but this can't just be swept under the rug again, Tommy has now done this, <u>twice</u>.

MRS. BROWN Our Tommy is the victim here! If you can't see that Mike then I have news for you, I can't help but think how a story like this would effect this school's reputation.

RYAN

(laughs, interjecting) Oh I get it like you are on the news, news kind of works as pun. Ryan trails off, Headmaster Gordon and the Browns give a 'what the fuck is he talking about look', Brett shakes his head, embarrassed with Ryan.

HEADMASTER GORDON

I don't see anyway out of this Mrs. Brown, I can't expel all the other students and let Tommy stay nor can I let something like this slip through the cracks.

DAVE

Sir if we may interject, for a minute. We have some suggestions.

HEADMASTER GORDON

What?

ANDREW

A school like this doesn't want a scandal of this magnitude, especially one involving one a teacher. The Brown's clearly don't want this in the news especially once we,(beat) I mean its' revealed that their son was given a slap on the wrist the first time around, then how can you then justify expelling the rest of these first time offenders?

MRS. BROWN

It wasn't his fault, you imbeciles wouldn't understand the pressure my Tommy is under to preform!

RYAN

(ignoring Mrs. Brown) Now, Mr. and Mrs. Brown are you really going to continue your generous donations to this school if your only legacy is kicked out? Of course not. The school can't afford to lose the endowment of such a renowned alumni the man's father's name is on the god damn building for christ sake!

MR. BROWN

Don't try and manipulate us son, everyone knows what is at stake here.

BRETT

And look we don't want all these students getting expelled on our conscious, it incredibly unbecoming. Do you really think we want to be known as those guys involved in the homework scandal at St. John's. I may never find work again, let alone these two morons. I mean if any of these kids get expelled, it <u>will</u> go public in some form or another, whether it be from us or Diane here.(beat) So, qui bono?

RYAN

No-one-bono.

Ryan makes an awkward look, as if it came out wrong and didn't have the intended effect. Everyone else in the room gives each other another 'what the fuck look?'

HEADMASTER GORDON Are you three really attempting to blackmail us?

BRETT

No sir, I see this as more of a Mexican standoff and we all just need to put down our guns. Everyone here has a lot at stake.(beat) I also think people deserve second chances and sometimes even a third.

Brett looks at Mrs. Brown and winks.

BRETT (CONT'D) And sir I know you need some justice served here, so why don't you also consider this story here my letter of resignation.

Ryan and Andrew both look at him shocked.

HEADMASTER GORDON God damnit, this is unbelievable, the three of you really are pieces of work, you know that?

RYAN Thank you sir.

HEADMASTER GORDON That wasn't a compliment you moron. MR. BROWN Mike, what do you think?

MRS. BROWN

(upset, yelling) What does he think? I think we have no other choice then to let these conniving little cunts have their way, even after everything they have put our Tommy through!

The guys look quizzically shocked at Mrs Brown's vulgar language.

HEADMASTER GORDON I have been headmaster at St. John's Academy for fiften years, and in all my time here I have never come close to dealing with anything this absurd! You guys have to be the biggest bunch of (beat) bozos I have ever come across!

Ryan lets out a quick burst of laughter and mouths "bozos" to himself. Brett immediately elbows him with a "shut up you idiot" nudge. Ryan tries to replace his laughter with a stern look. Headmaster Gordon stands up and walks to the window, deep in thought.

> HEADMASTER GORDON (CONT'D) (reluctantly, exhaling) Have a nice day gentleman.

BRETT (unsure) Is that a guns back in the holster have a nice day?

Headmaster Gordon nods his head with a reluctant yes.

MRS. BROWN And I don't ever want to hear about you scum bags around my son ever again! Do you hear me?

Andrew, Brett and Ryan get up to leave and walk toward the door. Brett turns around unable to leave without addressing Mrs. Browns comment.

BRETT

Mrs. Brown with all due respect your son is a good kid but he couldn't find his way out of a fucking paper bag, no one twisted his arm to do this, he is just a lazy silver spoon fed trust fund baby who acts without the possibility of consequence, all most likely stemming from his mother being an empowered narcissistic, psychotic bitch.

RYAN

Oh yea and your show fucking sucks.

The Browns look shocked. Ryan, Brett and Andrew walk out the door and close it behind them.

INT. OREILLEY'S - LATER

Ryan, Andrew and Brett drink at a bar table.

ANDREW

Dude I can't believe you just quit your job, you didn't even need to.

BRETT

Think about it man do you know how awkward of a working an environment that would create with Liz and the Headmaster? Not to mention this is a high school, the teachers probably gossip as much if not more than the kids, word gets around, trust me it was the right play to jump ship. I don't think teaching was really my calling anyway, I'd like to start actually writing again.

They cheers and take a drink.

BRETT (CONT'D) (Sarcastically) Besides I am sure there are plenty of jobs out there that give you three months off for summer. (jokingly) I told you guys this was going to be a bad idea, but you didn't listen.

Brett gets a text message alert on his phone.

BRETT

Oh shit, Liz just texted me.

Brett clicks the message, and reads it aloud.

BRETT (CONT'D)

"You manipulative little faggot, I hope you get hit by a bus." Huh, I think she took it better than I thought she would.

RYAN

I guess it could have been worse, like she didn't implicitly wish death on you, I mean you could potentially recover from a bus injury.

BRETT

(laughing) That's a good point, she should know not to leave the door open like that, for I will always find a way back in. Any word from Ali?

RYAN

No, I have texted and called her. Nothing.

ANDREW The tables have turned again! Alexis called me this morning.

BRETT What? What did she say?

ANDREW

I didn't answer it.

RYAN Are you kidding?

ANDREW

Of course I answered it!(beat) but I think she must have dialed the wrong number because she hung up right when I said hello. Fuck it though. I'm moving on.

BRETT

Yes you are, and (beat) I forgot how handsome you are when you clean yourself up.

RYAN Me too, shit give me a couple more drinks and I'll go balls deep on that radio antenna you call a penis.

Ryan makes a blowjob face just as Ali walks up to the table, unseen. Ryan caught in another awkward moment looks embarrassed and shocked. Ali shakes her head at Ryan and pulls up a chair. Brett and Andrew remain speechless.

> RYAN (CONT'D) (trying to recover) Hey I was just...

> > ALI

(patronizingly) So what's next on the agenda? I'm guessing you are going to have to up the ante this time, maybe go for middle school, kindergarten perhaps? I'm thinking you could charge top dollar for a well constructed baking soda volcano.(beat) And hey if the Busboy Superhero and Loneliness of Desire don't work out, you at least have a marginally entertaining story to work with.

Andrew, Ryan and Brett all look at each other with a 'light bulb over the head look.'

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. ST. JOHN'S STUDENT UNION

Jonah walks up to his mailbox, and finds a manila envelope with a return address from Ryan Barrs.

Jonah smiles quizzically. He opens the folder, and pulls out a letter and screenplay, confetti spills everywhere. Jonah laughs and shakes his head and begins to read the letter.

MONTAGE - INT/EXT VARIOUS LOCATIONS

RYAN (V.O)

Dear Jonah, I'm sorry we never got another chance to chat or for me to apologize to your face, I wouldn't have taken my calls either. The fact that you are still in school and Mr. Hansen's premature departure hopefully bears some forgiveness on your behalf. I really did enjoy our brief friendship, even if occurred through the most unfortunate of circumstances. I know what we did was unwarranted and pretty fucked up, although though part of me still does miss our rendezvous. I hope the semester has started well, you have made a move on that girl and Tommy has yet to strangle himself to death with his own tie.

INT. ST. JOHN'S STUDENT UNION - CONTINUOUS

Jonah smiles and reads the letter, then walks toward the exit of the student union, a pretty girl walks by, smiles at him, he smiles back, clear it is the girl and he still hasn't talked to her.

INT. JONAH'S DORM ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jonah enters his dorm room, Tommy sits at his desk reads something intently... it is a video game strategy magazine. Jonah lies on his bed reads the screenplay.

> RYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) In case you were curious, Mr. Hansen and Robin are both doing well, keeping busy, and managing their usual shenanigans. I am still dating that girl I told you about, she is amazing. I think I am in love, though not quite sure if she is.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM

Andrew lies on his stomach on his bed, feet in the air, crossed at the ankles, he looks at his eharmony page filled with messages, he smiles.

INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM

Brett, cuffed to the bed with a gag in his mouth gets paddled by Liz, we hear his muffled screams.

EXT. BOARDWALK

Ryan and Ali walk down a boardwalk, they laugh, eat ice cream, Ryan attempts to be playful and lick Ali's ice cream cone and knocks it to the ground, he gives her an 'awkward sorry look', she returns it with a look of 'are you kidding me?' She smiles.

> RYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) Anyway dude I hope all is well and wish you the best. The packet that came with this letter is a movie script, it has been in the works for sometime now. I thought you might appreciate the story. And if you think the title is misspelled, it's a play on words, something you may learn this year, if you pay attention, work hard and <u>do your</u> <u>homework</u>. Hit me up some time, your friend, the Homework Crusader.

INT. JONAH'S DORM ROOM

Jonah finishes the screenplay and laughs, puts it on his desk. Cut to the cover of the screenplay entitled "Honor Role -based on a true story written by Ryan Barrs, Brett Hansen and Andrew Leary."

Jonah shakes his head with a smile.

JONAH What an idiot.(beat) Tommy, I have a great story for you to read.

FADE OUT.