

THE LUNCHROOM

Episode 5x18

"Kirk & Joseph's Bogus Journey"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CENTERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Dozens of parents and family members file into the the auditorium entrance. Most are dressed midwest fancy (plaid shirts, khakis). There's a giant sign which reads "TONIGHT: HIGH SCHOOL TONIGHT SHOW. TOMORROW: POETRY APPRECIATION DAY (YES, IT'S A REAL THING)."

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - SAME

In an overcrowded lot, a beat up old van struggles to find a spot.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK'S VAN - SAME

KIRK McNEIL drives while REICTHER rides shotgun. LAURA PENTECOST, BRIAN VANDELE, and JOSEPH SAÏD ride in the back.

LAURA

So then this psych patient ripped all her clothes off and ran out the front door screaming "I'm old witchcraft! I'm a voodoo goddess!" She made it halfway through the parking lot before yours truly tackled her ass.

JOSEPH

You have to tackle the crazies when you're working?

LAURA

I don't mind. Helping the authorities stop psychotics is the closest I'll get to being Batman.

BRIAN

What's the craziest thing you've seen at the hospital?

(CONTINUED)

LAURA
Some guy came in with Detonating
Gonaditis the other day.

Joseph and Brian exchange puzzled looks.

LAURA
Exploding testicles.

They cross their legs.

JOSEPH
Get the fuck out of here! Really?

LAURA
It's rare but it happens. Risk
factors include too much sex --

BRIAN
Whew. We're safe.

LAURA
-- too little sex.

BRIAN
Yikes.

LAURA
And extreme masturbation.

BRIAN
Extreme? What, like jerking off on
a skateboard or something?

They laugh while Reichter gives some serious side eye.

JOSEPH
I love that it's called
"detonating" like someone's
controlling it from their
cellphones.

LAURA
I'm pretty sure that's how the last
Mission Impossible ended.

BRIAN
With someone blowing up Tom
Cruise's nutsack with an iPhone?

More laughter.

REICTHER

Hey! Hey! Enough about balls already! I need you guys to focus! We're playing in front of a live audience tonight.

JOSEPH

We've played in front of an audience before.

REICTHER

My dad doesn't count! He was barely paying attention.

LAURA

That's because he was skinning a deer two feet away from Brian's drums.

BRIAN

(under breath/traumatized)
I still can't get the blood off my kick pedal.

REICTHER

This is different! People are *paying* to see us. They're throwing down their hard earn money and coming in on a Saturday night to hear The Bog Standard rock out to some Fleetwood Mac.

BRIAN

Shame that we suck.

REICTHER

(intense)
Brian, playing live is my second biggest fantasy -- next to burying someone alive. If you sabotage my band with mediocre drumming I will fuck your world up and I'll do it with a goddamn smile on my face!

Everyone is taken aback.

REICTHER

(excited)
Yay! We're here! We're here! Let's grab our stuff and meet inside. I want to run over the cords again.

Reichter, Brian, and Laura hop out. Kirk is about to leave but Joseph stops him.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Hey, check it out. I got something
for our dorm at the mall today!

Joseph shows Kirk his phone.

KIRK

(re: phone photo)
What is it?

JOSEPH

Christmas lights! Dude, we can be
the cool room on the floor that has
Christmas lights up *all year round!*
Between these and those
constellation stickers for the
ceiling -- watch out! We may become
in my humble opinion
the coolest motherfuckers on
campus.

KIRK

(disinterested)
Yeah. They're okay, I guess.

JOSEPH

You okay? You seem "off".

KIRK

(distracted)
Uh, yeah. Fine. Just thinking about
the show and stuff.

JOSEPH

You know this song inside out. The
last thing you need to be is
nervous.

KIRK

(annoyed)
I didn't say I was nervous!

JOSEPH

Aww someone's cranky. I bet a
little bit of Purple Urkel will
calm the nerve.

Joseph pulls out a small bag of weed from his pocket.

KIRK

Actually I'm going to pass on that.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
(confused)
...What?

KIRK
It's no big deal. I just don't want
to get high.

Kirk gets out of the van. Joseph sits in a stunned silence.

JOSEPH
(shocked)
WHAT?!?!

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar" plays over the opening credits.

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - MINUTES LATER

Parents and family file in by the boatloads. Very few empty seats still remain. In the very front row, PRINCIPAL BALLARD and MR. PARKER are seated around a small table which has a sign reading "JUDGES" on it.

A stunned Ballard turns to admire the growing crowd.

BALLARD
Wow! Look at all these people.

PARKER
It's going to be a sea of
disappointing faces in about an
hour.

BALLARD
John! They're just kids!

PARKER
Diane, I saw multiple students
blowing on Jugs backstage.
Multiple! As in, more than one
student is going to play music with
a Jug tonight. We're *that* school
now. We're the Jug playing school.

(CONTINUED)

JORDAN JONES walks up, dressed in a crudely made God costume (robe, white hair, taped on beard).

JORDAN
Principal Ballard, is it okay if I help my friend Jeremy out with his talent?

BALLARD
Of course! You're more than welcome to help other students out.

JORDAN
Thanks.

Jordan walks away.

PARKER
(re: Jordan)
That's a lawsuit waiting to happen. Did we not screen the student's so-called "talents" before hand?

BALLARD
We didn't have time to. After the school board bumped up the grand prize, sign ups quadrupled.

PARKER
It's not a hundred bucks anymore? Don't tell me the board found it in their ancient, black, dried up little hearts to go all the way up to 200 dollars.

BALLARD
Nope. Now it's a thousand dollars.

PARKER
I knew the board would - wait, A THOUSAND DOLLARS?! Are you fucking kidding me!?

Nearby audience gasp. Ballard shoots Parker a look.

PARKER
(whispering)
I barely make that much!

BALLARD
The board really want to boost morale for the school after certain, let's say, "unpleasant events" that recently happened.

PARKER

You mean when the last Principal went cray cray and took hostages?

BALLARD

(sighs)

It's been an absolute year from hell, John. We need something to go right, just this once.

PARKER

And they thought our talent show was the perfect place to install a new sense of school pride?

BALLARD

Look around, John. I think the board's idea might actually work.

Parker looks around. A quiet sense of of awe comes across his face at the sight of the nearly sold out show.

BALLARD

(checks watch)

All right the show is going to start in a few minutes. Run backstage and get the kids ready.

Parker starts to walk away.

PARKER

Hey, if there's time, maybe I can get up there and do my Denzel Washington impression. As a public educator I'm always in desperate need of money and it's only mildly racist since we're in Indiana.

BALLARD

Just go!

Parker leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - MINUTES LATER

An enormous throng of students hang about, preparing themselves for the show ahead. Countless instruments can be spotted among the crowd, along with matching unitards, bizarre costumes, multiple Jug players, and even one ventriloquist dummy.

(CONTINUED)

Off to one side stands WILL COOPER, in full suit and tie, examining some cue cards. JOEL MAYBERRY stands nearby, strumming a guitar.

WILL
How about this joke --
(reading cue card)
"Did you know that President James Polk died from debilitating diarrhea? Talk about a shitty President!"

JOEL
(laughs)
You can't tell that joke.

WILL
Are you mad that I'm shitting on a guy who was probably down in the dumps when he died?

JOEL
(laughing)
Do you really want to go out in front of hundreds of people and tell a joke about man who died from pooping?

WILL
If it gets that kind of laughs, then hell yes I do.

JOEL
The judges aren't going to like it. They're *old*. Do you have anything cleaner?

Will searches his index cards.

WILL
How about this --
(reading card)
"Pizza rolls, am I right ladies and gentlemen? It's like every bite's a different temperature!"

Silence.

JOEL
Maybe stick to the poop jokes.

Just then ELLEN CONNER and CATHY MATTHEWS walk up, dressed as male businessmen. Both wear suits, have slicked back hair, and Ellen has taped a fabric to her eyebrows, in order to make them look thicker.

ELLEN

Looky what we have here, Cathy. Two dummies who are about to lose a thousand dollars.

WILL

(re: Ellen/confused)

What the shit! Why do you look like 1970's Martin Scorsese?

CATHY

We're doing a scene from some film I've never seen, but Ellen says it's good...so it's probably boring.

JOEL

(scoffs/sarcastic)

Pfft. Oh wow. *Acting?* You think you're going to act your way to a thousand dollars?

ELLEN

Why not? Ashton Kutcher does it every day.

CATHY

Oh my God you guys, how good was *The Butterfly Effect*?

ELLEN

(under breath/annoyed)

Cathy, goddamnit.

(to Joel)

What's your act?

JOEL

Me? Just going to play a little ditty called "Wonderwall".

ELLEN

"Wonderwall"? Joel, if you wanted to show them how much of boring white guy you are, why not talk about cider beer or Crocs?

VOICE (O.S.)
Doesn't matter --

CASEY JENNINGS comes barreling in with several grocery bags.

CASEY
-- Cause I've got that prize money
locked up.

CATHY
What's in the bags?

CASEY
Ah ah ah! A magician never reveals
his tricks my dear Cathy.

Will looks in.

WILL
It's bottles of Surge. The fuck is
so special about Surge?

CASEY
I'm going to use these babies to
break a Guinness World Record right
on that stage.

JOEL
Quickest diabetic seizure ever
recorded?

CASEY
I'm going to chug all of them in
under two minutes.

ELLEN
So quickest diabetic *coma* ever
recorded?

CASEY
Laugh all you want. I've done it
before. Well, I think I did. I
don't really remember much after
the EMT's arrived.

REICTHER --

On the other side of room, Reichter paces in front of Brian
as he practices his drumming.

REICTHER
Stop, stop!

Brian stops.

(CONTINUED)

REICTHER
Not quite my tempo.

BRIAN
(annoyed)
I don't know what that means! I
just started drumming like a month
ago. What's a tempo?

REICTHER
Again!

Brian starts back up and plays for a few seconds before -

REICTHER
Stop! Were you rushing or were you
dragging?

BRIAN
(confused)
Uh, what was the first thing again?

REICTHER
Again!

Brian plays again. Reichter nods, seemingly satisfied. He slowly turns around, putting his hand on a spare chair. Looks like he's about to sit down, when --

-- he WHIPS up the chair and HURLS it straight at Brian's head. Brian ducks, barely missing.

REICTHER
Why do you suppose I just hurled a
chair at your head, Brian?

BRIAN
Cause you're a fucking psychopath!

Reichter runs up and gets right in Brian's face.

REICTHER
(angry)
Either you're deliberately out of
tune and sabotaging *my* band or you
don't know you're out of tune and
that's even worse! You're done! Get
out of my sight!

Reichter turns his back in disgust but Brian doesn't budge. Other students begin to snicker. Reichter looks back.

(CONTINUED)

REICTHER
I said leave, Brian!

BRIAN
Fuck you! Make me.

More laughs from nearby students.

REICTHER
(under breath/whiny)
Please! You're undercutting my
badassery in front of everyone!

Brian whips out his phone and begins to play a game.
Reichter lets out an angry huff before quietly slinking
away.

KIRK AND JOSEPH --

Kirk and Joseph practice guitar in near the center of the
room. The two strum "Dreams" by Fleetwood Mac but Kirk keeps
messing up.

KIRK
Grr! Why can't I get this? It's
Fleetwood Mac not fucking rocket
science.

JOSEPH
Just take a deep breath and let the
spirit of Lindsey Buckingham flow
through you.

KIRK
Why are we playing this song? If
we're going old school couldn't it
at least be like Bowie or
something?

JOSEPH
You know Reichter loves him some
Stevie Nicks.

Kirk tries the chords again but messes up.

JOSEPH
(re: Kirk's playing/worried)
Just slow it down. You're going too
fast.

KIRK
I know the damn part!

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

C'mon let's go back out to your van and smoke a little. That will calm you down.

KIRK

Dude I'm good. I feel like our first big live performance deserves *some* sobriety.

JOSEPH

Yeah but you don't play as well when you're too into your own head.

KIRK

(sarcastic)

Gee. Good to know I can't play for shit unless I'm high.

JOSEPH

I didn't mean it like that.

KIRK

No you're right. I'm sucking. I'm going to walk around and clear my head.

Kirk stands and heads for the exit leaving Joseph to watch in confusion. Joseph takes a look around the room, spots something, and leaves.

TOM AND BROCK --

Near the front entrance, stands BROCK WARNER who is dressed in a poorly made samurai costume, with cardboard for the armor. He fiddles around with a samurai sword while TOM LAWRENCE, dressed in a black kimono, watches.

TOM

Fixed it yet?

BROCK

Almost.

Joseph approaches.

JOSEPH

Hey guys -- uh, is that a real sword?

Tom and Brock exchange a glance.

(CONTINUED)

BROCK

(nervously/fast talking)
Foam! Completely 100 percent,
nonlethal foam. Definitely a foam
sword and not a real one I brought
from home.

TOM

(annoyed)
Ugh. You are like walking probable
cause, Brock.

JOSEPH

Can I ask you guys a question? Does
Kirk seem "off" to you?

TOM

Off? I once watched that man snort
a line of Parmesan cheese. You'll
have to be more specific on what
"off" entails for someone like Kirk
McNeil.

JOSEPH

He doesn't want to do drugs
anymore!

Tom and Brock laugh.

JOSEPH

No I'm serious! He turned down
weed!

They laugh harder.

TOM

If Kirk's sober, then look up,
because Jesus is coming.

BROCK

Joseph, how high are you?

JOSEPH

5'8?

BROCK

(rolls eyes)
You have to be stoned out of your
mind if you think Kirk would ever
give up drugs.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

It's just nerves. Being in a band with Reichther seems like it would put anyone on edge.

They all look over and see Reichther getting in Brian's face again.

REICTHER

You're giving me nothing but straight dogshit, Brian! It's too fast, it's too slow. You can't even be consistent with your fuck ups! You know what you what you'd be if you had actual talent and charisma? A guitar player!

Brian, unfazed, plays on his phone.

BRIAN

(giggles)

Look, I just beat my high score.

Brian shows an annoyed Reichther his phone. Reichther starts muttering to himself in anger.

BANG! The front door flings open. Mr. Parker drags BIG MIKE LE CERVA across the crowd.

BIG MIKE

C'mon Mr. Parker!

PARKER

(furious)

Out! You're lucky I don't suspend your butt for this.

BIG MIKE

I was just preparing for my act!

PARKER

Live taxidermy isn't a talent!

BIG MIKE

Sheesh. You're acting like you've never seen skinned animals before.

PARKER

It's unsettling!

BIG MIKE

Maybe at first. After a while, it's surprisingly easy to cut something's skin off --

(CONTINUED)

PARKER
(overlapping)

Out!

Parker forces Big Mike out through the exit and slams the door shut. Parker turns to see all the students watching.

PARKER
Since everyone is watching I want to say two things. One, let's all remember what we just heard from Mr. Le Cerva about skinning things because I feel we're going to have to repeat it back in a court of law one day. Two, it's come to my attention that not everyone's talents were fully approved by Principal Ballard and that scares the crap out of me! Because this is a school where the phrase "that went smoothly" rarely is uttered. Just glancing over the room I see some things that cause me to think "my god, why have you forsaken me? Why did you make me teach at *this* school."

(points to Brock)
Especially you, Warner. What are you? The dollar store samurai?

BROCK
(nervously)
They're foam I swear!

TOM
(under breath)
Jesus Christ.

PARKER
Look, do me this solid. Don't cause a scene and let's tone down the mayhem just this once. Pretty please. It keeps the school board happy, which keeps Principal Ballard happy. And when Principal Ballard is happy, I'm happy because you have no idea how talkative that woman gets when shit goes sideways around here --

(mimics Ballard)
"John, I feel my life has ceased to have meaning." It gets to be a bit too much at times.

(CONTINUED)

The lights flash.

PARKER

Showtime! Remember, let's try being calm and normal for once. If we can go the whole night without the police being called, I will personally throw a pizza party in the gym. We're talking *multiple* toppings and crazy bread people!

The students cheer and Parker walks out the door. A FRESHMEN suddenly comes through the doors, carrying a bouquet of flowers. He scans the room and walks over to Joseph.

FRESHMEN

Do you know where Kirk McNeil is?

JOSEPH

He stepped out.

FRESHMEN

Could you give this to him? I still need to make another delivery.

The Freshmen hands the bouquet over and darts off in search of his next delivery. Joseph begins to read the card attached to the flowers.

Laura and Brian walk over.

LAURA

(to Brian)

Sorry about Reichter. He went from weird, funny young Jim Carrey to disturbing, modern day Jim Carrey at an alarming rate.

BRIAN

No worries. I'm use to Reichter's psychological torture at this point.

LAURA

(re: flowers/teasing)

Ohhhh. Looks like someone got flowers. Secret admirer perhaps?

BRIAN

I bet it's that Czech student in Chemistry. She's always talking how Joseph's got a great butt for an Iraqi guy.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

(reading)

"Good luck tonight, Kirk. After our talk, I know you'll bring the house down. Best wishes, Maggie Craig."

LAURA

Maggie Craig? *The* Maggie Craig?!

(beat)

Who the hell is Maggie Craig?

JOSEPH

(puzzled)

I have no idea.

The lights flash again.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - MINUTES LATER

The house lights dim. The audience begins to applaud as Principal Ballard approaches the microphone at center stage. Mr. Parker along with three other TEACHERS sit at the judges table.

BALLARD

Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the annual Centerville High School talent show!

More applause.

BALLARD

I know this last year hasn't been the easiest for Centerville. I'm fully aware of the negativity that's plagued our school with nasty headlines about "crazy ex-principals" and "science wings burning down". And I know that some "irregularities" ruined the fun of last year's talent show --

JUDGE #1

(whispering)

Irregularities?

PARKER

(whispering)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PARKER (cont'd)
Remember? James Kelley got caught
fingerbanging a freshmen in the the
concession booth.

JUDGE #1
(whispering)
Ohhhhhh. That's right.

BALLARD
This year is different. This year
we're getting back to the wholesome
fun we use to have with these
shows.

Will, watching from the wings, gulps.

WILL
(to himself)
Uh oh.

BALLARD
So to start us off please welcome
Mr. James Cordrey! He will be
playing a song from AC/DC on the
Jug.

The audience applauds. JAMES CORDEY walks out dressed as the
lead guitarist from AC/DC (a schoolboy uniform replete with
newsboy cap and necktie).

PARKER
(whispering)
I'm just going to preemptively put
a zero down for this.

Parker marks his scorecard.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - MINUTES LATER

Joseph nervously paces back and forth while Brian and Laura
search a phone.

JOSEPH
Who do you think it is? You think
Kirk's got a secret girlfriend?

LAURA
(teasing)
Someone's jealous.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Am not! I'm just fiercely protective and deeply suspicious of my best friend's actions.

Reichter strolls up with QUINCY, a balky, floppy haired student wearing a faded Pearl Jam shirt.

REICTHER

Oh, Brian. There you are. I want you to meet Quincy...our new drummer.

BRIAN

(preoccupied)
Yeah whatever.

REICTHER

(furious)
Whatever?! That's all you have to say when I tell you you've been replaced? Aren't you jealous? Aren't you inspired to go to insane lengths to prove you're better than Quincy here.

QUINCY

Um, my name is actually Michael Herron --

REICTHER

Quiet Quincy! As band leader, you're whoever I say you are.

BRIAN

Nah. I'm good. I mean, I've only been drumming for barely a month so I suck big time. You're better off with Quincy.

QUINCY

(under breath)
That's sticking isn't it...

REICTHER

Damn you Brian! I will break you!
Come along, Quincy.

Reichter and "Quincy" leave.

LAURA

(re: phone)
There. I found a Maggie Craig on Facebook that's mutual friends with
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAURA (cont'd)
Kirk. Says she lives in
Bloomington, Indiana.

JOSEPH
Gasp! Kirk went to Bloomington last
week! Oh my God! He does have a
secret girlfriend.

BRIAN
Are you sure? Her profile picture
makes her look middle aged.

Joseph snags the phone and freezes when he sees the picture.
He takes a second to look over her page.

JOSEPH
(reading)
"Occupation: Professor of Music at
Jacobs School of Music."

Joseph tosses the phone back to Laura and Brian.

JOSEPH
Son of a bitch. I can't believe I
forgot.

LAURA
For the love of God, please cut the
vague crap out and tell us what's
going on.

JOSEPH
Kirk auditioned for this super
artsy, fartsy private music college
last fall and this Maggie Craig was
the one he had to audition for.
It...didn't go well for him.

INSERT:

INT. STAGE - DAY

A spotlight shines on Kirk as he stands at a microphone. He
sweats profusely while tuning his guitar.

KIRK
(nervous)
Um...h-hello my name is Kurt, I
mean Kirk! Sorry...I, uh...I-I'm
just, uh...so anyway, here's
"Wonderwall".

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE:

LAURA

"Wonderwall"? Boo hiss.

BRIAN

Wonder why she's here now.

LAURA

Maybe she's being nice. Trying to encourage Kirk after rejecting him.

Joseph paces, biting his nails.

JOSEPH

Screw that! Something is up. And I'm going to get to the bottom of this.

Joseph starts to sneak way.

LAURA

Wait! Reicther's going to kill you if you're not here for showtime. And I'm not being playful, like he'll like legit straight up murder you. He's discussed burial spots for all of you.

JOSEPH

(whispering)

I'll be back before you know it

Joseph leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - MINUTES LATER

Jordan Jones (still dressed as God) has taken the stage, sitting on a stool near the center. Several mini fans are pointed up, blowing his hair back. Light Christian rock plays in the background.

JORDAN

In my church, to know God is to love God. And what better way to get to know God then asking him questions directly. So tonight, I thought it would be fun to do something we do at Bible camp: a Q&A session with God himself...me.

(CONTINUED)

At the Judges table, Parker leans over to Ballard.

PARKER

(whispering)

On a scale of 1 to OJ Simpson, how
screwed are we that didn't
prescreen these so called talents?

Ballard sinks into her chair, face in palm.

JORDAN

(in deep voice)

I Am that I Am. I Am the one true
God. Ask me anything!

Long beat. Crickets.

JORDAN

(normal voice)

C'mon everybody! It's all in good
fun.

A PARENT stands up.

PARENT #1

Why do you give cancer to little
kids? Is it really necessary for
your divine plan?

JORDAN

I, uh...um...next question!

A series of PARENTS stand --

PARENT #2

Who really killed JFK?

PARENT #3

What's the point of mosquitoes?

PARENT #4

If a vampire bit someone with AIDS,
would said vampire contract the
AIDS as well?

PARENT #2

You idiot! Vampires are immune to
diseases and viruses. Everyone
knows that!

PARENT #4

Calm down. It's not like vampires
actually exist.

(CONTINUED)

PARENT #2
(suspicious)
Sounds like something a vampire
would say! Burn him!

Parent #2 tries to leap across his chair to fight Parent #4. Other parents leap up and try to break up the fight. Parker chuckles to himself while Ballard just stares off into the distance.

Security officers appear and begin to lead the the two feuding parents out of the building. Ballard comes back onto stage and ushers Jordan away.

BALLARD
Thank you, Jordan. And now we have
Ellen Conner and Cathy Matthews,
who will perform a few scenes from
the film *Glengarry Glen Ross*.

Audience applauds as Ellen and Cathy come out on stage. As the applause die down, Cathy (in character) frantically runs up to Ellen.

CATHY
(in character)
Mr. Roma! My wife needs her money
back!

ELLEN
(bad Al Pacino impression)
Hoo-ah! Then we're just going to
have to go talk to her, Jimmy!

PARKER
(under breath)
Jesus. Al Pacino must be rolling
around in his grave.

BACK ROW --

In the very last row, MAGGIE CRAIG disinterestedly watches the performance, frequently looking down at her phone. A few feet behind we see Joseph quietly sneaking up.

CREAK! Joseph hits a weak spot in the floor. Maggie quickly turns around and the two lock eyes for an awkward minute.

MAGGIE
Uh...hey.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

...Hi.

MAGGIE

For future reference I would not recommend sneaking up behind a middle age woman. Especially while being middle eastern in Indiana.

JOSEPH

Duly noted.

MAGGIE

Who are you? You look familiar.

JOSEPH

I get that a lot. People often say I look like the Muslim Jon Hamm.

MAGGIE

Wait! Aren't you the kid that dropped acid at my auditions last year?

JOSEPH

That sounds more like me.

MAGGIE

Look if you're here to ask for another audition I'm afraid that's just out of the question.

JOSEPH

No, no. I'm Kirk McNeil's hetero life mate and band member. I just wanted to thank you for those nice flowers you sent.

MAGGIE

Thank you! They're actually a rare Japanese flower called the --

JOSEPH

Yeah whatever. So why the fuck did you buy him flowers for?

MAGGIE

(taken aback)

Excuse me?

JOSEPH

Uh, I mean...Gee what possessed you to send flowers and show up

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH (cont'd)
tonight. Is it pity? Do you feel
bad for turning him away. Please
say that.

MAGGIE
Kirk actually invited me.

JOSEPH
He did what?!

MAGGIE
I needed to see him perform again.
You know, just sort of a formality
for the application process.

JOSEPH
(confused)
...Application? What are you
talking about?

MAGGIE
We've had a handful drops out for
the spring semester and I thought
Kirk would be a great fit for the
school. So I emailed him a few
weeks ago and asked if he was still
interested.

JOSEPH
You're too late lady. Kirk is
coming to Purdue with *me* in the
fall. GO BOILERMAKERS!

MAGGIE
Are you sure about that? He's
already completed an application
with us, sent in his transcripts,
and 8x10 photo of himself for
reasons I still don't understand. I
hate to say it but seems like he's
very interested in coming to my
school.

Joseph starts breathing heavily as panic comes across his
face.

JOSEPH
I have to go.

Joseph runs off.

On stage, Ellen and Cathy continue their performance much to
the chagrin of the bewildered audience.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

(bad Al Pacino impersonation)
You stupid fucking cunt. You,
Williamson, I'm talking to you,
shithead. You just cost me \$6,000.
What are you going to do about it?
What are you going to do about it,
asshole? You're fucking sh --

Ballard rushes the stage.

BALLARD

This act is over!

Ballard forces Ellen and Cathy off stage. Mild applause from the speechless audience.

BALLARD

Again, that was Ellen Conner and
Cathy Matthews with an
unfortunately faithful adaptation
of *Glengarry Glen Ross*. Now for our
next act, it's --

(looks at cue card)
-- Austin Ives, who will be
performing The Beatles "Come
Together" on...ugh, Jug.

AUSTIN IVES comes out in a cheap looking Sgt. Pepper costume and his trusty Jug.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DUMPSTERS - SAME

Will paces by giant metal dumpster, sweating up a storm.
Kirk sits against a nearby wall, with African exchange
student DANTE right next to him.

WILL

(nervous)
Okay, okay. That joke didn't work.
How about this one: "I always
masturbate right before bed. What
can I say? I love hitting the
sack!"

Dante shrugs and says something in Swahili. Will and Kirk
look baffled.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
(to Dante)
Uh...did you like that?

Dante shrugs. More Swahili.

KIRK
That's why I love you Dante. You're
an enigma I must solve.

WILL
(nervous)
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Will paces more frantically, breathing hard, near panic
attack.

WILL
(panicking)
What was I thinking!? I can't do
stand-up!

KIRK
Just don't do the masturbation
jokes.

WILL
I'm eighteen Kirk! What other life
experiences do I have?! I eat,
shit, and jerk off! End of story.

A few feet down, the exit door opens and Joseph pops his
head out. He quickly becomes enraged at the sight of Kirk.

KIRK
(to Joseph)
Oh dude, there you are. Sorry for
my above average dickishness
tonight. But I got the cords down.

Joseph steps out, holding the bouquet of flowers behind his
back.

JOSEPH
(sullen)
Reichter needs us inside. We're
going on soon.

KIRK
(re: flowers)
What are those?

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
(sarcastic)
Oh these? Why they're special
flowers, Kirk. They're flowers that
were sent especially for you.

KIRK
For me? Cool. What kind are they?

JOSEPH
(furious)
A carnation. A CARNATION OF LIES!!!

Joseph SMACKS Kirk across with flowers. He gets a couple of whacks in before throwing the flowers against the dumpster and running back inside.

Stunned silence as Kirk, Will, and Dante look baffled at what just occurred. Kirk gets up and examines the card attached to the flowers.

KIRK
(reading card)
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - MINUTES LATER

The Bog Standard are slowly forming around the door to the stage. Reichther walks back and forth, singing to himself. Brian stands against the wall. Laura reads over a notebook.

Reichther's stomach starts emitting a weird gargling sound.

REICTHER
(in pain)
Oh man. My stomach is feeling
funny.

BRIAN
Maybe it's pre-show jitters.

REICTHER
Maybe you need to shut your whore
mouth.

A STAGEHAND appears.

STAGEHAND
The Bog Standard?

(CONTINUED)

REICTHER

Yes! That's us!

STAGEHAND

You're next after Brock.

Joseph with guitar in hand, furious, and on the verge of tears walks in and joins his band mates. Seconds later, Kirk comes running in.

KIRK

Joseph --

JOSEPH

I'm not talking to you! There is now an invisible wall between us.

Joseph mimes closing a an imaginary door and turns away.

BRIAN

Oh shit! He brought up the wall. Now you done fucked up.

KIRK

Joseph!

Kirk tries to get his attention but Joseph keeps turning away.

KIRK

I should have told you.

JOSEPH

Oh you think so?!

KIRK

It just sorta came up a few weeks ago.

JOSEPH

A few weeks?! When were you going to tell me? Before graduation? Summer? Or did you want cement your title of world's dopiest cunt and wait til fucking moving day?!

Reichter nearly doubles over in pain, grabbing his stomach.

LAURA

Reichter? Are you --

(CONTINUED)

REICTHER

I'm fine! It'll go away once we start playing.

The Stagehand pops her head in.

STAGE HAND

C'mon, you're on deck.

The Bog Standard make their way through stage door. Kirk and Joseph linger for a second longer to swap looks of anguish and betrayal. Joseph goes through the door leaving Kirk by himself.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - SAME

On stage Brock commands the attention of the audience and worried judges. He stands next to a stool with a pineapple on it. A few behind him stands Tom and RICHARD (the wheelchair student) who both dress in black kimonos. Richard is blindfolded with a pineapple on top of his head.

The Bog Standard quietly assemble on the right wing of the stage.

BROCK

(raises sword)

This samurai sword is an antique. It is a masterpiece of traditional craftsmanship. And as you will see, it is extremely sharp!

THWACK! Brock swings into a pineapple exploding it into several pieces. The audience gasps. Parker leans over to Ballard.

PARKER

(whispering)

Don't worry --

(lifts phone)

-- I got 911 on hold.

Kirk taps Joseph on the shoulder with no response.

KIRK

(whispering)

You can't keep ignoring me!

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

(whispering)

Fine. You want me to talk? Fuck those snooty music school assholes! Jacobs is the kind of school strictly meant for smug assholes who enjoy the smell of their own farts!

KIRK

(whispering)

I'm sorry Joe that I want to be one of those snooty music school assholes who smell their own farts. Ever since I first heard about in the 7th grade I've wanted to go there. It's my dream school!

JOSEPH

(whispering)

What about me? What about Purdue?

KIRK

(whispering)

I never wanted to go to Purdue! I only applied because you wanted to go.

JOSEPH

(gasps)

So you just took pity on me? Humoring me?

KIRK

(whispering)

Of course not! I wanted to go because you were going.

JOSEPH

(whispering/mocking)

Except now! Now it's fuck you, got mine. Who cares that you're abandoning your best friend at some state school just so long as you get into your precious, little dream school, right? Fuck off you stupid twat.

KIRK

(whispering/offended)

Well you don't need me to get fucking high and do nothing all the time. I think you're perfectly capable of that yourself.

(CONTINUED)

Laura and Brian gasp. Joseph is at a complete lack of words. Joseph takes his guitar off and hands it over to Laura.

JOSEPH

Apologizes Reicther. I can no longer play with this man.

Joseph leaves. Reicther's jaw drops.

REICTHER

(furious)

Goddammit! OH goddammit! You ruined this for me, Kirk! You just lost me a thousand dollars!

BRIAN

(whispering)

Weren't we suppose to split the money?

REICTHER

(furious)

Quiet you! I swear to God if you say one more --

Reicther freezes as stomach makes a frightening sound.

BRIAN

(devilish smile)

You feeling all right, Reicther?

Reicther drops his guitar and bolts off in the other direction. The audience explodes with cheers as Brock, Tom, and Richard walk off stage with no injury in sight.

TOM

That was amazing, Brock!

BROCK

I told you it works better with a real sword.

RICHARD

Holy shit! That was a real sword!?

The trio leave. Ballard takes the stage.

BALLARD

That went surprisingly well considering. Let's hear it again for Mr. Warner, for not maiming or killing anyone.

(CONTINUED)

Audience applauds.

BALLARD

And now for our next performance
(checks cue card)
-- please welcome The Bog Standard!

The audience applauds but the stage remains empty. Ballard looks over and sees Laura shaking her head from the wings.

BALLARD

Okay, so I guess no Bog Standard.
Not a problem. I'm sure there's a
Jug back there that hasn't been
played yet.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - SECONDS LATER

Laura, Brian, and Kirk enter through the stage door. Laura looks around while Kirk lets his guitar flop to the ground.

LAURA

Where did my boyfriend run off to?

BRIAN

(giggling)
Oh, I think Reichter's going to
busy for quite some time.

Brian pulls out a bottle and hands it to Laura.

LAURA

(reading)
"Extra Strength Laxative". Whoa!
Bit extreme don't you think?

BRIAN

Compared to throwing a chair at
someone?

LAURA

Point taken.

Joel walks up unable to contain his laughter.

JOEL

(giggling)
Ha! Did you see Reichter?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
(giggling)
Oh yes. I got him good.

JOEL
Wait, you got him?

BRIAN
I slipped him some laxatives.

JOEL
Uh oh.

BRIAN
What?

JOEL
Uh, well...Reicther's been a raging
asshole to you lately so I kinda
did...*something* to him to get
revenge.

LAURA
What did you do?!

JOEL
Before I tell you, remember I did
it out of love for Brian --

LAURA
Joel!

JOEL
Slipping pills! I gave him some
sleeping pills and told him they
were aspirin. I was hoping he would
pass out during his performance.

LAURA
You two gave Reicther sleeping
pills *and* laxatives? This is bad.

BRIAN
Depends.

LAURA
Depends on what?

BRIAN
No, I'm saying I hope he has
depends. This night is about to get
very crappy for him.

(CONTINUED)

Both giggle and high five each other. Laura smacks them both in the back of the head.

LAURA
Go find him! Now!

Brian and Joel run off. Laura turns around and sees Kirk heading for the exit with his guitar case.

LAURA
Wait, where are you going?

KIRK
Home.

LAURA
We haven't gone on yet.

KIRK
I don't give a shit!

Kirk leaves through the back exit. A frantic Ballard barrels through the stage door and jogs over to the wall where Will stands, sweaty and talking to himself.

BALLARD
Cooper, you're on!

WILL
(nervous/panicked)
What?! I thought I wasn't on til later!

BALLARD
Take it up with The Bog Standard.
C'mon.

Ballard grabs him by the arm and leads him to the stage.

WILL
(nervous)
You know, maybe I shouldn't go on.
I'm having second thoughts.

BALLARD
Too late.

WILL
(nervous)
Please don't make me go on! I'm going to bomb!

BALLARD

Cooper, this talent show has turned into a a huge shit sandwich, and we're all gonna have to take a bite. Now move!

She pushes him through the stage door.

TIME SWIPE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - MINUTES LATER

Will stands frozen in the middle of the stage. Not a peep from the audience except for the occasional cough.

WILL

(paralyzed with fear)

So...So wh-why aren't koalas actual bears?

Beat.

WILL

The don't meet the koalafications.

Dead silence.

WILL

(under breath)

Oh please God, Budda, Voltron, who's ever up there, please make this end!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Kirk walks through the lot, head hanging low, deep in thought. Just as he reaches his van he pauses when he sees something.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRK'S VAN - SAME

Joseph lays head on the steering wheel as country music plays on the radio. Kirk opens the door and sits in the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

Hey.

JOSEPH

(re: radio)

Sometimes you might think life can't get worse. It's in these moments that Rascal Flatts will always prove you wrong.

Kirk shuts the radio off. Beat.

KIRK

Sorry for what I said back there.

JOSEPH

Is that what you think of me? Just some burnout you have to deal with?

KIRK

Of course not. Man how can you even think that?

JOSEPH

Cause you fucking said it.

KIRK

I was angry. It just came out.

JOSEPH

I do more then just get high you know.

KIRK

Yeah I know.

Beat.

JOSEPH

I thought you didn't want to go to Jacobs after they put you on a wait list.

KIRK

I didn't...at least, that's what I thought. I may not even get in.

JOSEPH

You'll get in.

KIRK

I'm not that good.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

It's annoying how good you are.
You'll get in.

KIRK

If I do, it won't be til spring
semester. We'll still get the fall
semester together.

JOSEPH

(sarcastic)

Great. One lousy semester and then
you're gone for good.

KIRK

I'm not leaving forever.

JOSEPH

You'll be hours away! Sure, in the
beginning, we'll make an effort.
Visit each other on weekends. But
then stuff will come up. Suddenly
they'll be a weekend you can't
visit, and then next weekend I'll
have something come up. So on and
so on until I become a distant
memory next to your new,
pretentious music school friends.

KIRK

Who, let's not forget, like to
smell their own farts.

Joseph lets out a sensible chuckle just as he spots
something out the window.

JOSEPH

Hey isn't that the recruiter lady?

Kirk quickly hops out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Maggie is walking through the lot just as Kirk hops out of
his van.

KIRK

Ms. Craig?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE
(surprised)
Oh, hey Kirk.

Kirk walks over to her. Joseph quietly gets out and watches from a distance.

KIRK
Where you going? I haven't performed yet.

MAGGIE
The angry MC lady said you weren't going on so I thought I would sneak out quietly...which I failed at miserably since you found me.

KIRK
You're leaving? Then when could I play for you?

MAGGIE
Well that's a problem. See the cutoff already happened.

KIRK
What?! What about an extension?

MAGGIE
Tonight was the extension. I used all my muscle to convince them to use to tonight's performance as your audition but if there is no performance, then the application is incomplete. You'll have to try again in a few months.

Kirk is devastated while Joseph does a little happy dance at this turn of events.

MAGGIE
Don't worry. You're still high on the wait list. You'll definitely have a shot in a year or two.

KIRK
Or two!?

Maggie turns and begins to walk away. Kirk's face grows red, eyes begin to water. Joseph stops his celebrating at the sight of his friend in pain.

Joseph mentally mulls something over for a hard minute before running over.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Wait!

Maggie stops.

JOSEPH

We're still performing.

KIRK

We are?

JOSEPH

All you need is to see him play
once tonight right?

MAGGIE

Yeah. It's just one last formality
we need to complete his
application.

JOSEPH

Then I suggest you find your seat,
ma'am. Because we're on in five.

Maggie nods and starts to walk back to the auditorium. Kirk looks at Joseph, stunned.

JOSEPH

Grab your guitar.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - SECONDS LATER

Casey is the middle of his act with several bottles of Surge lined up on a folding table. Kenny Loggins' "The Danger Zone" blasts from a boombox on the ground which is littered with empty bottles. Casey is struggling to chug one bottle, most of it missing his mouth.

Ballard, in complete disbelief, watches from the right wing of the stage.

BALLARD

(under breath)

Dear God, please take me now.

Casey stops halfway through his current drink. He eyes start to roll back.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
(incoherent/slurred)
S-S-S....SUUURRRRGGGGEEEE!!!

BOOM! Casey collapses, breaking the folding table in half. Surprisingly this gets a huge applause from the audience. Parker hops onto the stage and tends to Casey. Ballard walks to the mic.

BALLARD
One moment folks. Just a little technical difficulty.

Parker while dragging Casey away --

PARKER
(struggling)
Little my ass.

Joseph and Kirk enter and hang back on the right wing of the stage.

KIRK
(nervous)
What are suppose to play?! We're down half our band.

JOSEPH
Forget the Fleetwood Mac. We play something else.

KIRK
What do we play with just two guitar players?

JOSEPH
Easy. "Man Who Sold the World."

KIRK
C'mon, Joe. We sorta of know that song.

JOSEPH
Kirk, we've played that song countless times. We've got this.

KIRK
(nervous)
I dunno. I just dunno. Maybe if I took something I could get calm like a hit of --

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
 (overlapping)
 Dude, you're fine. You're going
 rock these motherfuckers and you're
 going to give them Bowie like
 they've never heard it before:
 slow, acoustic, and only a fraction
 as good because let's face it, it's
 fucking Bowie. We can't top that.

Beat.

KIRK
 But...But this will probably seal
 the deal on the Jacobs thing. You
 heard her. I mean, if we play
 halfway decent...we won't be
 roommates.

Long beat. Joseph looks Kirk over.

JOSEPH
 ...I know.

Long beat. They look into each other's eyes.

BALLARD (O.S.)
 Please welcome, Kirk McNeil and
 Joseph Saïd!

Applause. The look lingers.

BEGIN SONG ("The Man Who Sold the World" BBC Sessions
 Version by David Bowie)

They walk onto stage.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS (SONG CONTINUES)

A) INT. STAGE - SAME - Kirk and Joseph walk to the mic. They
 give each a quick look before Kirk launches into the song.

B) INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME - Mr. Parker props Casey up on a
 chair. Casey drools, giant idiot smile on his face. Parker
 whips out an insulin shot and looks over the instructions.

C) INT. STAGE - SAME - Kirk sings, while Joseph focuses on
 his guitar. Audience really digs it. Maggie Craig seems
 especially impressed.

D) INT. BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY - SAME - Will makes out with
 Ellen (still in drag). He takes a step back to admire her.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
You like my jokes right?

ELLEN
Uh...wanna make out some more?

Will shrugs and they begin to kiss again.

E) INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - BATHROOM - SAME - Brian and Joel run out of the bathroom. Brian falls to his knees, about ready to vomit.

JOEL
(disgusted)
Okay...we took this too far. We definitely crossed a line.

F) INT. STAGE - SAME - Kirk is really hitting his stride. Any hint of nervousness is gone. Joseph smiles at the sight of Kirk rocking out.

G) EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME - A defeated Ballard sits on the hood of a truck, smoking a cigarette. She's lost in thought, seemingly coming to terms with what's happened.

H) INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME - Richard chases after Brock throwing any nearby object he can find at him.

RICHARD
You told me it was foam!

Tom watches from a nearby chair, very amused.

I) INT. STAGE - SAME - The duo finish their song. The audience goes nuts. Standing ovation. Joseph nods at Kirk just as we -

CUT TO BLACK.

(END SONG)

FADE IN:

INT. AUDITORIUM - LOBBY - LATER

Hundreds of people flood the lobby. Family members greet their children, photos are taken, flowers are handed out. Near a giant trophy case stand Will, Ellen, Joel, Brock, Casey, Tom, and Richard.

Our heroes watch on as BILLY HARMON, a mentally handicap student, is rushed with enthusiastic onlookers in the middle of the lobby.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

I can't believe Billy Harmon won
again.

ELLEN

And for playing "Wonderwall" no
less. Especially for as rough as
the crowd was.

TOM

(to Will)

I can't believe that one woman
started a chant against you.

WILL

My mom has always been my toughest
critic.

Brian and Laura stumble through carrying Reichter who is
covered in sweat, pale as a ghost, and can barely keep his
eyes open. Nearby patrons react to an odd smell.

WILL

Jesus Christ! What the fuck
happened to Reichter?

BROCK

(to Reichter)

You look like you just stole
the last of lembas bread from
Frodo.

REICTHER

(in pain)

Fluids...need...fluids...can't
stop...pooping...

BRIAN

(sighs)

Who's turn is to drive to the
hospital?

Everyone places a finger on their nose to signal "not it"
except Will. Brian sets Reichter on his feet as he and Will
grab his shoulders. They lead him through the crowd while
Laura follows close behind.

REICTHER

(in pain)

Brian...s-s-sorry...that I...

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's okay. We both know you've done way, way worse.

REICTHER

(in pain)

I...I just lo....love money so much...

WILL

Shh. Take 'er easy buddy. Don't die on us cause this is the probably the shittiest way you could go out.

Nearby crowd starts laughing at this. Will immediately perks up, confidence slowly coming back. They leave while passing Joseph who stands near the exit.

Joseph lingers as he watches Kirk and Maggie talk several feet away. Maggie gives Kirk a confident pat on the shoulder and slowly walks off in a different direction.

(BEGIN SONG: "Atmosphere" by Joy Division)

Kirk, over enthusiastically, starts to walk back to his friend. Several emotions come across Joseph's face: happiness, regret, fear.

JOSEPH

So?

KIRK

She says she'll talk the others on Monday and that I have a pretty good chance of getting in.

Joseph deflates.

JOSEPH

Told you so. Let's head out. Will wants us to meet them at the Shake Shop in a little bit.

KIRK

Do we have time to make a quick pit stop?

Joseph raises an eyebrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT (SONG CONTINUES)

Kirk and Joseph lay around looking up at the stars. Laying behind them are yards of rope, a few old planks of wood and a yard stick.

KIRK

If Ant-Man eats like normal sized food when he's shrunk down, then goes back to normal size, is he still full? Or is there a tiny steak in his stomach now?

They giggle.

JOSEPH

I think everything would expand. So that tiny steak just grew human sized and killed him.

KIRK

(giggles)

Oh shit! I just killed Ant-Man with steak!

They laugh uncontrollably. We ZOOM OUT to see "BOG STANDARD RULES" written in the middle of the corn field with Kirk and Joseph sitting in the 'O.' They continue to stare at the stars as we --

FADE TO BLACK

(SONG CONTINUES OVER END CREDITS)

END OF EPISODE