

BEST INTENTIONS

"Pilot"

Written by

Adam Herz

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TIGHT on ANDY BANKS, 38. A beacon of positivity hiding a mountain of insecurity. Wholesome and well-groomed, zero style and all smiles. Coffee mug.

ANDY

Hi! Welcome back. Welcome back.
Gonna be a great year.

He stands in a wide hallway greeting incoming STUDENTS. We're at a suburban, middle class, Midwestern high school.

ANDY (V.O.)

*My name is Andy Banks. And this...
is one of the most important days
of my life.*

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Pulling back from an office door marked GUIDANCE COUNSELOR. Andy refills his coffee, seems to be psyching himself up.

ANDY (V.O.)

*Now, to be fair, every day could be
an important day. Because you never
know what's coming. So I always try
to keep a positive, can-do attitude.*

He takes a seat at his desk beneath SCHOOL POSTERS about the value of hard work and positive thinking.

ANDY (V.O.)

*For instance: I haven't been with a
woman in over four and a half years.
And you know what I think about that?
It's great! Because it'll be all the
better when I finally am. And I'm
sure that'll be soon. Very... soon...*

INT. BANKS HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Andy sits alone, woefully watching a MATCH.COM COMMERCIAL.

ANDY (V.O.)

*See, when grown adults want to have
sex with other grown adults,
there's two main ways they meet.
The first is online dating. Which I
did try, once upon a time.*

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Andy places a little wrapped BAG OF HOMEMADE COOKIES on a table, sits. Waiting. Smiling.

ANDY (V.O.)
*I'm a little bit of a chef, so I'd
 always bring something for my date.*

TIME LAPSE as DAYLIGHT FADES -- along with Andy's smile, and the bag of cookies. CRUMBS all over him. His phone BUZZES.

ANDY (V.O.)
*It turns out she had suffered a
 nasty slip and fall accident on the
 way to meet me.*

ANDY
 Oh my God.

INT. SOME TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - DAY

THREE TEENAGE STUDENTS crowd around a LAPTOP.

TEENAGE GUY WITH BRACES
 Dude, yes! Tell him it was on a
 banana peel.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Andy reads his phone, sad.

ANDY
 Man. That's a tragic cliché.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Andy waits by a museum. Cookies again. Been here a while.

ANDY (V.O.)
*I tried a different date, but it
 seems fate just wasn't on my side.*

BUZZ. Text message:

*Sorry, I can't make it.
 My favorite cat bit me.*

Andy SIGHS. Oh well, what can you do. Another BUZZ.

In the vagina.

He recoils in sympathy.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY
That's gotta hurt.

EXT. ANOTHER CAFE - DAY

Andy again waits with his cookies. Date missing. Phone PINGS:

I have explosive diarrhea.

Andy's can't help but be suspicious. Especially as he watches another text come in: A LONG CHAIN OF POOP EMOJIS.

ANDY (V.O.)
Finally, I knew I'd been had.

He THROWS the cookies on the ground. Furiously STOMPING on them. STUMBLES, FALLS. Grabs his ankle in pain, OWWW.

INT. SOME HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

HIGH SCHOOLERS huddle over a smartphone, looking at HIDDEN PICS of Andy on his dates. At the table... on the ground... as he passes by ON CRUTCHES. The kids stifle laughs.

ANDY (V.O.)
I didn't last much longer at that school.

Andy stops, noticing many STUDENTS watching him. Concerned.

ANDY (V.O.)
On the bright side, at least I didn't send any dick pics.

INT. SUBURBAN CHAIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Could be Applebees, Chilis, Outback. Andy sits at the bar, all smiles, attempting to chat with a THIRTYSOMETHING WOMAN.

ANDY (V.O.)
The other way single adults meet is at the ol' traditional bar.

ANDY
Yep! You can call me Andy, Andrew, Drew, or... sorry, this keeps distracting me. There's something on your sweater.

THIRTYSOMETHING WOMAN
Oh, whoops.

She wipes at it, but it's hard for her to see and she misses.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

No, up here by your neck.

He leans in to wipe it -- then stops himself. Nervous.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Okay. Um, I'm going to touch you.
Using a mild wiping pressure,
slightly below your collarbone.

THIRTYSOMETHING WOMAN

(a bit lost)

What?

ANDY

Is that okay?

THIRTYSOMETHING WOMAN

Seriously?

ANDY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

He hurries off, humiliated, having completely taken things the wrong way. The woman is left baffled.

INT. BANKS HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Andy does PAPERWORK. His phone DINGS. He excitedly checks it.

ANDY (V.O.)

Oh I forgot! I did try Tinder. I had to risk it. I heard everyone on Tinder is kinda more straightforward about -- about why they're on Tinder.

INT. WINE BAR - EVENING

A nice wine bar. Andy sits opposite his TINDER DATE.

ANDY

I mean, obviously I'd like to get out a lot. I just can't. Not that I wanna be "crazy" or "promiscuous." I want a relationship. I really do. And the other things that go with a relationship.

TINDER DATE

I get it. Like I said, I have three daughters. Once someone finds out you have kids, you're lucky to get past the messaging phase.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Yes! This is my first real, planned date in like six months. Wait. Seven. Eight?

TINDER DATE

What's the custody situation, how often do you see your son?

ANDY

Always. His mom passed away not long after he was born --

TINDER DATE

-- I am so sorry --

ANDY

-- it's okay. We had barely just started dating, but we agreed to keep the baby. We hardly even knew each other when she died. There I was, sophomore year of college, and suddenly I'm a single dad, juggling classes and diapers. Which kind of sums up my past seventeen years. I've just been trying to provide for the both of us.

TINDER DATE

Yeah... um... again, I am so sorry. And what I meant by that is -- I can't date a guy with a son who's "always" around.

(gathers her things to go)

He'll just always be trying to fuck my three daughters.

And she's gone. Andy sits alone.

ANDY

Probably right.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy works at his desk, frustrated. Trying to stay focused.

ANDY (V.O.)

Two years ago, I came to Hillcrest High. It's actually the same high school I went to. I took a job here to feel good about myself, to remind me where I came from. But sometimes it feels like I haven't gone anywhere at all.

(CONTINUED)

JACK MAYHAN barges in. Suit/tie, handsome, athletic.

JACK MAYHAN

Dude. What the fuck. Does your DNA contain some kind of genetic pussy repellent?

ANDY

Seriously?

FREEZE FRAME on Jack's sardonic grin.

ANDY (V.O.)

Jack Mayhan is the principal. He went here too, a year ahead of me. Back in high school, he was a god. Now, he's married with five kids.

UNFREEZE.

JACK MAYHAN

I heard you went out with Nancy Catalanatto this weekend.

ANDY

Yep. We're not quite a match.

JACK MAYHAN

You're an idiot. Nancy Catalanatto fucks everybody. Nancy Catalanatto fucked Bailey Jones.

ANDY

Jack, that's beyond rude. That's a woman's private business. I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that.

(a beat)

Bailey Jones? Really?

They're interrupted as the office door opens and a CUSTODIAN pokes his head in. Bushy beard, wide eyes. Looks like he's straight out of the Civil War. Maybe 50, or 80.

CUSTODIAN

Any recycling, Mr. Banks?

ANDY

Nope. Thanks Bailey.

Bailey exits. Andy hangs his head in shame.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - DAY

Empty halls, classes in session. Jack and Andy walk & talk.

(CONTINUED)

JACK MAYHAN
So, remember Katie Bergeaux?

ANDY
Katie Ber -- yeah. Of course.

JACK MAYHAN
Did you know she became a teacher?

ANDY
(with interest)
I haven't heard anything since she moved away after graduation.

JACK MAYHAN
She's moving back next fall, looking for a job, and -- she's single.

Andy STOPS.

ANDY
Seriously?

Jack has stopped with him. Gives a knowing nod.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Holy shit!

We ROCKET into Andy's wide eyes, FLASHING BACK TO:

INT. SENIOR LOCKERS (1997)

SLOW-MO SNIPPETS AND VIGNETTES. Like in a daze. Andy (teenage looking) is at his locker. Smiling, nodding, chatting with someone next to him.

ANDY (V.O.)
Katie's locker was always right next to mine. It was alphabetical, Banks, Bergeaux, every year. So I didn't "know" her well enough to "know" her...

Following Andy's gaze to a GIRL'S LIPS. (We don't see her full face).

ANDY (V.O.)
But I knew she was everything I ever wanted.

KATIE
(filtered/echo)
You're such a good guy. Whenever I need you, you're always there...

(CONTINUED)

Andy BEAMS at this.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 ...with every assignment. Can I
 copy your physics homework again?

Andy's SMILE FALTERS. But doesn't break. Gaze darting to HER
 HAIR. Her EYES. Her LIPS again.

CRASH BACK TO:

ANDY
 Please tell me you're hiring her.

JACK MAYHAN
 Calm down. We do have an opening.
 And I'm told she's a fantastic
 teacher.

ANDY
 And??

Jack pulls Andy aside, intense. Quietly:

JACK MAYHAN
 If I hire her, you will tell her
nothing about the things I did in
 high school, you know, regarding
 her.

ANDY
 My lips are sealed.

JACK MAYHAN
 Nothing about the girls locker
 room.

ANDY
 Nothing.

JACK MAYHAN
 Or the thing with the ladder.

ANDY
 Nothing.

JACK MAYHAN
 Or the --

ANDY
 (interrupting)
 Never gonna talk about the jelly
 beans.

(CONTINUED)

A beat as Jack eyes Andy carefully.

JACK MAYHAN

Do not forget. We work in a dangerous environment. It's not like it used to be. We're being attacked.

(off Andy's confusion)

White men. We're under attack.

(Andy's still thrown off)

We will both go down if you say even the slightest wrong thing to that hot piece of ass.

Andy starts to retort -- then stops himself.

ANDY

Absolutely. You got it.

ANDY (V.O.)

And that's how we arrived at today.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

As we started. Andy greets students, sips coffee, big smile.

ANDY

Welcome back. Welcome back. Gonna be a great year.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy refills his coffee, anxiously sips. Takes out a BAG OF COOKIES. Tapes a LITTLE CARD to it. Eyes it. Okay.

He POUNDS HIS COFFEE for confidence. Deep breath. Whooo.

ANDY

Showtime.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Big, wide, empty hallway. Classes in session. Andy waits cautiously around a corner. Slowly PEEKS out.

HELEN FISTICK the vice principal (a bubbly, cute, pain-in-the-ass micromanager) nearly CRASHES into him.

HELEN FISTICK

Woah there speedy! Where you goin'?

ANDY

Nowhere! Just uh, working off steam. I think I had too much coffee.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDY (CONT'D)
 (acts "jittery")
 See?

HELEN FISTICK
 Gotcha. Don't forget we've got the
 Superintendent meeting during lunch.

ANDY
 Won't forget. Gotcha.

She heads downstairs. And the coast is clear.

Andy "casually" strolls down the hall. Past classrooms.
 Slowing as he approaches one in particular... eyes on the
 oblong WINDOW next to the closed classroom door.

He glances in as he passes by -- catching the slightest
 glimpse of a ATTRACTIVE WOMAN at her desk. Class empty.

ANDY (V.O.)
Her hour off. Perfect.

Andy swivels around in a big 180°. STOPS outside the door.

ANDY (V.O.)
*I told Jack not to tell Katie I
 worked here. First impressions are
 everything. This had to be perfect.*

He collects himself. Lifts his hand to knock. But --

The DOOR HANDLE RATTLES and the DOOR OPENS (outwards). In
 confused hesitation, Andy keeps STEPPING BACKWARDS,
 continually avoiding the door as it opens into him.

This leaves him ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR as Katie exits.
 Staring into the wooden plank in front of him. Katie's
 FOOTFALLS click-clack away in the opposite direction.

Andy isn't sure what to do. Shit shit shit.

After a beat, he carefully peeks around the door. Katie's
 back is to him/us, but the way she carries herself...

Andy is transfixed.

Katie turns a corner and is gone. Andy considers a moment,
 then hurries into her room.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Andy puts his cookies on her desk. Eyes them. Rethinking it.
 Takes back the cookies. Nervous. Do I stay? Do I go?

(CONTINUED)

BA-BLINK! He JOLTS at the sound of a TEXT MESSAGE ALERT.
Notices an IPHONE sitting on the desk --

From Antonio:
When can I see you again?

His face falls as he picks up the phone, scrutinizing it.

ANDY
Antonio? Who the hell is Antonio?

FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALL distract him. Andy darts out of view of the hallway, into the desks.

The FOOTSTEPS GROW CLOSER. Andy moves back further, still holding the phone. Starting to panic.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Katie is heading to the classroom. We FOLLOW as she enters...

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Into the room. She's beautiful and casual, with her own personal style (and plenty of hidden wit and snark).

KATIE
Hello?

The classroom is EMPTY.

She shrugs it off as the HOUR BELL RINGS. We SLOWLY PUSH IN on the CLOSED CLOSET DOOR in the back of the room.

ANDY (V.O.)
*Have you ever walked into a room
and totally forgot why you went in
there?*

INT. CLOSET

Andy stands frozen in the dim closet.

ANDY (V.O.)
*This was the opposite of that. I
panicked and hid like a scared
little boy.*

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

FOUR HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS trickle into the room.

KATIE
Hey guys. Take any seat you want.

INT. CLOSET

Andy's eyes go wide as he hears the SHUFFLING SOUNDS of students sitting, putting down bags and books and laptops.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

MORE STUDENTS spill into the room, chattering away. Soon every seat is full as the BELL RINGS.

KATIE

Okay! Welcome to Junior English.

INT. CLOSET

Andy stands paralyzed in uncertainty. Looks for some other way out. Just BIG SHELVES OF VARIOUS SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

KATIE (O.S.)

Let me start by saying -- I will make your life suck.

Andy pauses. What?

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Similar confusion across the students.

KATIE

Don't pay attention? Gonna suck.
Fall behind on your reading? Gonna suck. 'Cause I don't want you to end up in college, unprepared and clueless like I was. Because I cheated my way through Hillcrest.

She pauses for effect. The students are pulled in, if unsure.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Yep. I cheated my butt off. Copied all my homework from the dorks who actually did the homework.

Some LAUGHS in the class.

INT. CLOSET

Andy's face drops in recognition.

INT. KATE'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

KATIE

But you know what? Those dorks were probably never dorks at all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATIE (CONT'D)
Those are the people who make it.
Trust me, they're raking it in now.
They've gone places.

INT. CLOSET

Andy takes in his surroundings. They have?

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

KATIE
Meanwhile, I'm right back where I
started. So please. Just do your
work, be honest, and this whole
thing will be a total lovefest.

INT. CLOSET

Andy's nodding eagerly, not quite receiving the same message.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

KATIE
Anyhow, since I'm new to you guys,
I'm gonna share some pics. They'll
give you an idea of -- who I --

She's searching on her desk. Confused.

KATIE (CONT'D)
-- uh -- anybody see an iPhone?

INT. CLOSET

Andy looks to KATIE'S IPHONE, STILL IN HIS HAND. Oh shit.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Katie checks her desk drawers. When suddenly there's the
SOUND OF AN IPHONE RINGING. She looks up.

INT. CLOSET

Andy stares in horror at the LOUDLY RINGING PHONE in his
hand. "DAD. Mobile."

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Every head in the classroom turns to the closet.

INT. CLOSET

Andy SILENCES the phone in dire panic.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

KATIE
Well! Mystery solved.

She heads to the smartboard.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Can somebody grab that while I get
this going? It's probably right
next to my bag.

TYLER is eager and oafish. Back row.

TYLER
On it!

INT. CLOSET

Andy quickly puts the phone next to a HANDBAG on a shelf.
Eyes darting around, as if he could possibly hide someplace.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Tyler approaches the closet. Reaches for the handle.

INT. CLOSET

Andy's face is pure dread.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM

Tyler opens the door and LIGHT WASHES INTO THE CLOSET.

Andy is curled up under a bottom shelf, completely obvious.
Looks like a toddler playing "You can't see me."

Tyler is dumbfounded. WTF?

Andy stares up at Tyler in frozen terror.

Only he and Tyler can see each other.

Andy desperately makes the "SHHHH" sign. "PLEASE?!" He
frantically points up at the phone.

Tyler slowly closes the closet door, iPhone in hand. Brings
it to Katie, distant.

INT. CLOSET

Andy is breathless, sweaty, red.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Tyler takes his seat. Perplexed.

INT. CLOSET

Andy breathes the slightest sigh of relief. Now what?

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

As Katie shows photos of herself on the smartboard in the background (she's well-traveled and adventurous), Tyler gets the attention of a guy in the row next to him. "Dude. Dude."

The guy notices. "What's up?"

Tyler WRITES something on the corner of his NOTEBOOK. Tilts it so his friend can read it. It says:

"YOUR DAD IS IN THE CLOSET."

PUSH IN ON THIS STUDENT. Face dropping. He looks short and unremarkable. Underdog type. You can feel for the guy just by looking at him. Meet NATE BANKS.

NATE (V.O.)

Hi. My name is Nate Banks. I'm almost seventeen years old, my dad is in a closet, and this... is one of the most important days of my life.

CAMERA MOVES to face Nate head-on.

NATE (V.O.)

But before we go any further, we're gonna need to back up a little bit.

We REVERSE as Nate gets up (backwards), walking backwards into the hall, speeding into a QUICKER BLUR until --

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY

A crowded hallway. A group of GREGARIOUS GIRLS head by.

NATE (V.O.)

I think it was back in middle school when I first recognized: some people just have "something." And some don't.

A POPULAR BOY gives a CHARMING LOOK at the girls, who coyly smile back. As they pass by Nate, he WAVES ENTHUSIASTICALLY. They just give him awkward looks. He keeps WAVING, confused.

INT. 8TH GRADE ENGLISH - DAY

An ENGLISH TEACHER writes vocabulary words on the whiteboard.

NATE (V.O.)

*I learned there's actually a word
for it.*

ENGLISH TEACHER

Charisma. Naturally magnetic charm
or appeal. "The boy had amazing
charisma and was loved by all."

Pushing in on Nate's dismay --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andy and Nate eat dinner. Andy is paused in concern.

ANDY

You have no what?

NATE

Charisma. No one gets excited just
being around me. I can't walk into
a room and "light it up." Can you?

ANDY

(Nate just shot straight into
Andy's own insecurities)
Pffft. Yeah! Of course! And people
do get excited being around you,
bud. I do, your friends do, and
your grandmother -- she's thrilled
any day she sees you!

NATE

Grandma's thrilled any day she sees
herself in the mirror alive.

ANDY

Nate, people will like you for you.
I promise.

Nate eats and ponders.

ANDY (CONT'D)

So... guess what? Next year, I'm
gonna be the new guidance counselor
at Hillcrest.

NATE

(drops his fork)
What?! Dad --

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I know it may be a little awkward having your dad at your school. It'll be a little awkward for me too. But it'll be together awkwardness. And that's a good thing, buddy, right?!

(Nate's face says "No?!")

The -- the together part.

A beat as Nate considers.

NATE (V.O.)

I mean, what could I say? He's my dad.

NATE

It's okay dad. I get it.

A smile between them.

NATE (V.O.)

I was terrified.

INT. FRESHMEN LOCKERS - DAY

Crowded hall. Nate at his locker. Andy passes nearby. Little nod between them.

NATE (V.O.)

But it actually wasn't so bad.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - HALLWAY

Nate passes his dad's office, waves. Andy waves back. As Nate continues on, Andy looks to his IPHONE in his lap. In the App Store, he's selected the TINDER APP. He pauses... then clicks "GET."

He smiles a little as it downloads.

EXT. BEHIND SOME CABIN - NIGHT

Dark night. Small cabin near some woods.

NATE (V.O.)

That summer at camp, I had my first real make-out.

We find Nate with a GIRL in the shadows. Pajamas. They've snuck out at night. Nervous to be with each other.

CAMP GIRL

I -- um -- I didn't brush my teeth.

(CONTINUED)

NATE
That's okay. I didn't either.

FREEZE ON THAT.

NATE (V.O.)
That was a lie, by the way. I have excellent oral hygiene. I mean, why wouldn't anyone?

UNFREEZE.

CAMP GIRL
Oh. Cool.

A beat -- and they awkwardly GO AT EACH OTHER. Mouths locked together. Nate quickly developing an "ewww" look. It worsens as she attempts to mine for his tonsils.

EXT. BEHIND SOME CABIN - NIGHT

Same place, different time. Nate waits alone, anxious.

NATE (V.O.)
The next year, I was ready.

The Camp Girl hurries up to him, excited.

CAMP GIRL
Hi.

NATE
Hi.

Nate pulls out a BAG OF ASSORTED CANDIES.

NATE (CONT'D)
Gum or mint?

CAMP GIRL
Ooh, Icebreakers.

She SHAKES A BUNCH OF MINTS INTO HER MOUTH and instantly MAKES OUT WITH NATE. Grins.

CAMP GIRL (CONT'D)
(through mouthful of mints)
We aww CIT's now. We can get weawy diwty.

NATE
(holy shit)
Did you just say, "really dirty?"

(CONTINUED)

She fumbles with NATE'S PANTS, and they DROP TO HIS ANKLES.

NATE (CONT'D)
Got it. You did. Ohmygod.

She smiles, kneels. Opens her mouth, tilts her head back --

CAMP GIRL
Ah -- acchhhh -- cchhHHH --

For a strange beat, she does NOTHING. Frozen, eyes wide.

Nate is horrified to realize she is CHOKING ON THE MINTS.

NATE
Oh my God!

He GRABS HER, pulling her up in a jerky HEIMLICH ATTEMPT.

IN THE WOODS NEARBY

Two male and two female COUNSELORS (20's / 30's) hear.

NATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

ON THE COUNSELORS

As they come RUNNING around the corner -- to see Nate with his pants at his ankles, struggling with the Camp Girl in a bear hug. Her eyes wide and horrified.

MALE COUNSELOR
You son of a bitch!

NATE
No wait --

The men RIP NATE OFF and TACKLE HIM as the women help the girl. Nate gets dragged away by the collar.

INT. JUNIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Students excitedly meet up, socializing, readying their lockers. It's the first day of school.

NATE
*I was beginning to think I was
hopeless. But then today, on the
first day of my Junior year --*

Nate joins Tyler (who we briefly met before) and KEAGAN.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Bro! Did you see?

Tyler, by the way, is an eager oaf. Large but uncoordinated. Well-meaning with a heart a mile wide.

NATE

See what?

Keagan is more of an "independent" type. Laid back, longer hair, relaxed mix of styles. An outsider but not a loser.

KEAGAN

New girl. "Haylee Walker."

Down the aisle, HAYLEE WALKER chats with other GIRLS. Super cute. Conservatively dressed, looks modest.

PUSHING IN on Nate. World stopping. Awestruck.

TYLER

Quality, right?

NATE

She's... she's everything.

ON HAYLEE & CO.

CHLOE is quintessentially popular. Not the ditzy kind.

CHLOE

Wait, your parents are gone all weekend? And they trust you alone? What kind of superhero are you?

HAYLEE

Ha. It's not so much "trust," it's that if I'm caught doing anything, my dad takes away my phone and my car and my life for a year.

CHLOE

And -- you still wanna have people over?

HAYLEE

No risk, no reward.

Chloe likes this. Haylee's cool.

HAYLEE (CONT'D)

So how you get alcohol around here?

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Good question. Most of us had our ID's confiscated at this busted party a couple weeks ago.

HAYLEE

Sucks. -- Who's that guy?

She's caught Nate staring at her. Nate panics, quickly fumbling in his locker, obviously busy with nothing.

CHLOE

Nate Banks? His dad's the guidance counselor, and uh, that's kinda it. Not much going on over there.

HAYLEE

(smiles)
Perfect.

BACK TO NATE & CO.

Nate still digs in his locker for nothing.

NATE

Is she still looking?

TYLER

(hushed)
They're comin' this way!

What?! Nate spins to see Haylee and Chloe are indeed headed straight to them. Panic.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Don't worry bro! I got your back.

And then the girls are there, face-to-face with the guys.

TYLER (CONT'D)

'Sup, Chloe and new girl? What's new? Any news? Ha. You get it?

Nate facepalms. No, no, no.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm Tyler, this is Keagan, and allow me to introduce my bro here --

NATE

Nate. Nate Banks. Hi.

(CONTINUED)

HAYLEE

(smile)

I'm Haylee.

NATE

I know. I mean, they told me earlier. Your name. So -- uh -- I already knew.

HAYLEE

Got it.

NATE

Right.

Awwwkward.

HAYLEE

So um, my parents --
(lowers her voice)
are O-O-T this weekend? And I hear you have a really good fake ID.

Huh? The guys all hesitate. Chloe too. What?

NATE

...where'd you get that idea?

TYLER

(HITS him in the shoulder)
Don't lie, man.
(off Nate's confused look)
The girls are havin' a little shindig. And they need you to buy for 'em. Right ladies?

HAYLEE

Can you get Paul's Peach Hard Cider?

NATE

(suddenly getting it)
Oh... yeah! Yes I can!

TYLER

No he can't.

NATE

(lost again)
I can't?

TYLER

Not if we're not invited.
Especially if we gotta buy that crap.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER (CONT'D)
 (sotto to Nate, proud)
 See what I did there?

NATE
 (embarrassed/backpedaling)
 We actually -- if it's just a small
 -- shindig --

HAYLEE
 I can only have a few people. But
 get the stuff and you're good.

The hall has THINNED OUT and the BELL TONES -- the students
 hurry their separate ways.

HAYLEE (CONT'D)
 (back over her shoulder)
 Nice to meet you!
 (to Chloe, private/proud)
 See how that works?

Nate's surprised to find himself giving her a THUMBS UP.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Nate sits in class, lost in thought. DEEP, WONDROUS MUSIC.
 Like he's floating in some private, magical world.

NATE (V.O.)
*My heart wouldn't stop pounding. I
 don't know why she picked me, and I
 didn't care. All I could think
 about was her. That, and how I
 could get that shitty cider.*

NEEDLE SCRATCH. Nate's staring at Tyler's notebook. "YOUR DAD
 IS IN THE CLOSET."

Nate turns to the closet. What the hell?

NATE (V.O.)
*I figured he had some lame
 "surprise" for the new teacher. I
 hoped for the best and prepared for
 the worst.*

Katie teaches as TIME PASSES.

NATE (V.O.)
*When nothing happened, I was just
 happy to get out of there. I love
 my dad, but, he can be weird.*

The BELL RINGS and room quickly empties. Quiet. Only Katie.

INT. CLOSET

Andy sits on the floor, bathed in perspiration.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack Mayhan and Helen Fistick greet the SUPERINTENDENT (55, hefty, imposing) as he enters the office.

JACK MAYHAN

Ahh, my favorite and only
Superintendent! Good to see you.

HELEN FISTICK

We're just waiting on Andy, and
we'll get this meeting underway.

INT. CLOSET

Andy pulls off his SWEATER, stuffy and uncomfortable.

SECRETARY ON P.A. (V.O.)

Mr. Banks to the office, please.

Andy's eyes go wide. Uh-oh.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Katie sits, takes a GREEN APPLE from a desk drawer. She pays no interest as the intercom drones.

SECRETARY ON P.A. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mr. Banks to the office. Thank you.

INT. CLOSET

Andy remembers. Shit. Thinks for a moment.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, Helen, and the Superintendant are still waiting.

JACK MAYHAN

Let me show you the new trophy case --

Jack leads them out. A beat later, there's a dim BUZZ. TILT DOWN to find Jack's CELL left on his desk. Text going unseen.

*From Andy Banks:
I need a favor*

INT. CLOSET

Andy stares at his phone. No reply. Frustrated, he starts to FIDGET uncomfortably. SQUIRMING. He pauses -- uh-oh.

FLASH REPLAYS:

-- Andy greets students this morning, coffee in hand.

-- Andy pours more coffee in his office. Pounding it.

-- Andy after bumping into Helen Fistick.

ANDY
I think I had too much coffee.
(acts "jittery")
See?

BACK TO:

Andy stifles a groan, pee-pee dancing in the dark.

EXT. HILLCREST LANE - DAY

Within shouting distance of the school is a small, upscale business district. PUSH IN on a Deli/Convenience Store.

INT. KABLICKI'S PARTY STORE & DELI - DAY

Nate, Tyler, and Keagan eat sandwiches, eying the ALCOHOL in big "21+ - WE ID" fridges. OTHER STUDENTS come and go.

KEAGAN
(low/hushed)
We could steal it. Right now, while
it's busy and nobody notices.

NATE
Are you serious? No, we're not
thieves.

KEAGAN
Ahhh, but what if we were pirates?
Pirates are very acceptable.

TYLER
That's true, they are!

KEAGAN
(pirate voice)
Yaargh, mateys! We be stealin' us
some shitty cider! For the wenches!

(CONTINUED)

NATE
It's still stealing.

KEAGAN
Okay, we could leave money in there
for whatever we take.

TYLER
Yaaargh, we be really nice pirates
providin' financial reimbursement!

Nate deliberates. Distracted by the BUZZ of a new text:

*From Dad:
I need your help*

Nate replies with a simple "?"

NATE
We're not gonna be pirates, guys.

TYLER
Awww. I was gonna buy an eyepatch.

BUZZ.

Did Tyler tell u I'm in closet?

Nate types.

Ur still there?? Why??

INT. CLOSET

Andy's phone is muffled in his sweater. He types.

INT. KABLICKI'S PARTY STORE & DELI - DAY

Nate watches his dad's texts come through.

*Just get Ms Bergeaux out of room NOW
I will owe you a favor
Anything at all*

Nate considers for a moment.

INT. CLOSET

Andy gets Nate's reply:

Buy me a case of Pauls Peach Hard Cider?

Ugh. Dilemma. Squirming.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - OUTSIDE MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Jack, Helen, and the Superintendent observe the TROPHY CASE.

JACK MAYHAN

The lighting is all LED, for better illumination plus energy efficiency.

SUPERINTENDENT

Who are we waiting on again?

INT. CLOSET

Andy watches more texts come in:

I will be safe and responsible
(THUMBS-UP EMOJI) + (SMILEY) + (PRAYER HANDS)

Andy hesitantly types.... and sends.

INT. KABLICKI'S PARTY STORE & DELI - DAY

Nate is astonished to read: *Deal*.

NATE

Guys? We're in.

INT. CLOSET

Andy's expression says: What have I just done?

EXT. HILLCREST LANE - DAY

Nate darts across the street.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Katie eats her apple, relaxing.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - OUTSIDE MAIN OFFICE - DAY

JACK MAYHAN

(to Superintendent)

You know what? You should meet our new English teacher upstairs, she's gonna class up this whole school.

(into office)

Find Mr. Banks, please?

INT. CLOSET

Andy squirms, gripping his crotch.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - SIDE ENTRY

Nate darts in a side door. Runs up a stairwell.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Nate's phone BUZZES as he scurries down the hall.

HURRY

He turns a corner -- colliding with Jack Mayhan, Helen Fistick, and the Superintendent.

JACK MAYHAN

Woah Nate, where you goin' man?

NATE

Oh uh -- my dad, he needs Miss Bergeaux down in his office. Now.

JACK MAYHAN

Your dad's in his office?

NATE

Yeah.

SECRETARY ON P.A. (V.O.)

Mr. Banks to the office, please.

Mr. Banks to the office.

All eyes go to Nate. He shrugs. "I dunno."

HELEN FISTICK

(snatches Nate's phone)

You know you can't be upstairs during lunch. What kind of mischief are you up to?

She looks to his phone as it BUZZES with a text.

HELEN FISTICK (CONT'D)

Oh, it's from your father.

(confused/disgusted)

"Must urinate?"

Nate just shrugs again.

INT. CLOSET

Andy's eyes water. He dumps the cookies out of their little plastic bag. Examines it. Can I pee in this? No. Damn it.

INT. HILLCREST HIGH - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

NATE

I'm sure my dad'll explain
everything --

HELEN FISTICK

I'll get Miss Bergeaux.
(to Jack re: Nate)
You take him downstairs, we'll meet
you there.

INT. CLOSET

Andy spots a COLORFUL STAINLESS STEEL WATER BOTTLE sticking
out of Katie's handbag. Hesitantly contemplates.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Katie finishes her apple, tosses it in the trash. Goes to the
closet and swings it open.

ANDY STANDS THERE PISSING IN HER WATER BOTTLE. Eyes closed in
sweet relief. Katie's mouth drops open in speechless disgust.

ANDY

(barely)
Ahhhhhh.

He's accompanied by the SOUND OF LIQUID SLOWLY FILLING A
CONTAINER.

KATIE

WHAT THE FUCK?!

ANDY

(eyes flashing open)
AAAAHHHH!

KATIE

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

ANDY

(still peeing)
NOTHING! I'M DOING NOTHING!

KATIE

GET AWAY FROM THAT!

ANDY

I'm sorry! I can't stop!

(CONTINUED)

HELEN FISTICK
 (running into the room)
 What's wrong?!
 (instantly sees)
 JESUS MARY CHRIST! You filthy human
 being!

KATIE
 YOU ARE DISGUSTING!

ANDY
 I'm gonna need something else!

KATIE
 What?

The PITTER-PATTER OF OVERFLOWING PEE hits the floor.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 Oh my God.

ANDY
 Please don't look! Avert your eyes!

He reaches to pull the door closed -- but fumbles and SLIPS
 IN HIS OWN PUDDLE, WIPING OUT onto the floor. OWWW. Katie's
 water bottle BOUNCES on the floor and SPLASHES ALL OVER HIM.

KATIE
 Ewww.

HELEN FISTICK
 Completely unacceptable!

She hurries off with purpose. As Andy finds himself laying in
 a puddle of pee. Katie has backed off in absolute disgust.

ANDY
 Wait, let me explain. Honesty is
 the best policy and I'm just gonna
 be honest. I just wanted to say hi
 and bring you cookies, but you got
 a text and I panicked cause I was
 holding your phone so I hid but the
 bell rang and I didn't know what to
 do and... and... and then I
 urinated in this very nice water
 vessel.

He stands. Trying to collect himself. Dripping.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 But I have more to say.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
You're -- Andy Banks! Your locker
was right next to mine, I remember
you!

ANDY
You do?

KATIE
Yes!

She HITS ANDY SQUARE IN THE FACE. ANDY REELS.

ANDY
OWWWWW!

KATIE
YOU STOLE MY UNDERWEAR OUT OF THE
GIRLS LOCKER ROOM!

ANDY
What?! No! That was Jack, that was
Jack!

KATIE
Jack Mayhan?!

ANDY
Yes!

Andy stops -- whoops. Was I not supposed to say that?

KATIE
He told me you did it.

ANDY
What?! When?

KATIE
Twenty years ago?

ANDY
No! That asshole! I saw him do it!
Because I was the one who stood
guard for him while he did it!

Katie PUNCHES HIM AGAIN and he COLLIDES into desks.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry! I used bad judgment!

KATIE
Clearly that's a theme for you!

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

No it's not! I'm not the one who
stuck his dick in your jelly bean
Easter basket!

KATIE

What?!

ANDY

Nothing! I -- I -- I just want us
to be friends. Can't we be friends?

KATIE

("like that will ever happen")
You're covered in your own piss.

Andy sinks in defeat.

NATE (O.S.)

Dad?

Andy turns -- Nate is at the door, with Jack, Helen, and the
Superintendent. Andy's humiliation is unbounded.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack and Helen sit in the office, grim.

JACK MAYHAN

Yes Helen, you're right. It was
unacceptable, unprofessional, and
unsanitary. Andy did and said
countless inexcusable things. I
think he even made up stuff. Right?

Andy sits in a CHAIR COVERED IN PLASTIC SHEETING, still a
mess. He meekly NODS.

In the doorway, Katie stands, arms folded.

KATIE

This place hasn't changed one bit.
I knew I should've taken the
position at Grandville.
(re: Andy)
I can't work with... that.

JACK MAYHAN

Are you -- resigning?

SUPERINTENDENT

Or um -- litigating?

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
I'm deciding.

ANDY
Again, I am so, so --

SUPERINTENDENT
(interrupting, stern)
Yes, we all know, you are sorry.
And if there were any intent here
to cause harm or degradation, you
would be fired. Possibly jailed.

He lets that sink in, to Andy's shame.

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
But there wasn't, and the union has
strict guidelines, so that's three
day's suspension. Unpaid.

ANDY
Yes sir.

SUPERINTENDENT
Miss Bergeaux, if you wish to file
suit against Mr. Banks, that is
your right.

Andy looks to her, a bundle of true fear and anxiety. Katie catches his gaze a moment... and dismisses the idea.

KATIE
I'm not gonna do that.

We can sense the a wave of relief in Jack and the Super.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Just keep The Little Fireman away
from me. Please. A long distance.
For a long time.

SUPERINTENDENT/JACK
Absolutely./One hundred percent.

KATIE
And for the love of God, somebody
thank this guy. He's a damn hero.

The Civil War Custodian stands nearby with a MOP AND BUCKET.

ANDY
Sorry Bailey. You the man.

INT. KATIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The next day. We find Nate at the back of the classroom as Katie teaches. He can't look to her, head in his hand. She stays focused on her lesson, but avoids eye contact with him.

Tyler tilts his notebook to Nate: "STILL NEED CIDER."

Nate nods. He knows.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nate sits at his desk doing homework. Andy comes to his door, just watching his son for a moment. Finally --

ANDY

Has she said anything?

Nate turns, sees his dad.

NATE

Miss Bergeaux? No. It's... awkward.

(a beat)

So you like her? That's what that was all about?

Andy gives a little dejected nod.

ANDY

More than you know. Buddy, I've spent my whole adult life dedicated to you, and I don't regret one bit of that, but... your dad's lonely.

NATE

Then go get her.

ANDY

I'm gonna try. Somehow.

(then)

And you tried your best, so, here.

Andy pulls out a case of PAUL'S PEACH HARD CIDER. Nate's shocked. Big grin.

ANDY (CONT'D)

We'll drink it together.

He enters with it as Nate's smile fades.

NATE

Dad -- it's not just for me.
It's... for a girl.

(CONTINUED)

NATE (ON CELL)
Yes. Technically.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Good, can you come over?

NATE (ON CELL)
Like -- now? What about Friday?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Change of plans. Just come over!

NATE
Hold on. This is really Haylee?

INT. HAYLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is Haylee. She sits alone on her bed.

HAYLEE (ON CELL)
Yes! Just come on already. We'll
like hang out and drink and...
whatever.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BANKS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Nate's grown doubtful.

NATE (ON CELL)
Uh-huh. If this is really Haylee,
then prove it. I want a pic, right
now, something convincing.

Nate dubiously holds his phone out, waiting. Watching.

When his HIS EYES GO WIDE.

He SPINS to the case of hard cider sitting on top of the
trash. GRABS IT and RUNS out the back of the kitchen.

ANDY (O.S.)
Buddy? You goin' somewhere?

Andy enters the dark kitchen. Looks around, confused.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Nate??

END OF SHOW