

A.P. BIOLOGY

Written by

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INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The class is filled with 15 slightly dorky seniors. Two are whispering and one reads a graphic novel, but the rest face forward, waiting patiently. The clock shows 1:05pm.

They hear SCREECHING tires outside and line up at the windows to see what's going on. We watch through the windows with them.

A car veers off the road and crashes into a stone sign for "Whitlock High School," which tips over with a sad THUD.

SARIKA SARKAR is a driven, nervous girl who is constantly trying to do everything right and climb the ladder.

SARIKA SARKAR

Whoa. Some crazy guy knocked over
our sign.

A man gets out of the car and begins yelling at a BICYCLIST. He has disheveled hair and wears sweatpants and a hoodie.

DEVIN SCHNURR is an angry kid who sits in the back and has greasy, Coke bottle glasses that magnify his eyes.

DEVIN SCHNURR

(through gritted teeth)
A fight! A fight!

The crazy man opens his trunk and grabs a crow bar. He walks toward the bicyclist with it, who rides off, terrified.

SARIKA SARKAR

Someone call the police and tell
them there's a lunatic loose on our
property with a weapon.

Through the window, the man examines his car, then sighs and, to the students' horror, strolls casually through the front doors of the school.

There's a tense, silent moment, then the man bursts into their classroom. There's a couple MUFFLED SCREAMS and a few students move toward the back of the room.

He sets the crow bar on the desk with a loud CLANK, pulls an APPLE out of his hoodie and takes a big bite.

JACK

Okay start to shut up everybody.
Time to start to settle and shut up
now. Everyone stop, uh,
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 (he sees them crouching)
 screaming and hiding.

The students hesitantly take their seats. Sarika secretly dials 9-1 on her phone and holds her finger over the 1.

Jack sits down in the squeakiest 1970's chair ever. He almost tips over. He hates this chair. He stands back up.

JACK (CONT'D)
 My name is Jack Douglass and I'm your teacher. So... Biology. College biology. In high school... Here's the deal. I don't like biology and we're not gonna do any biology. I'm an award winning philosophy scholar who has to kill a few months or at worst, a year, living in my dead mom's apartment here in Toledo. And just so you know, this isn't something where I'm gonna secretly teach it to you either. No biology. Period. Just not gonna happen in here. This also won't be a thing where I end up learning more from you than you from me. I know more than all of you combined so that doesn't make sense. What else... I'm going to busy myself mentally breaking my nemesis and taking his job as head of Stanford Philosophy, then have lots of sex with the women of California, but you don't need to concern yourselves with that.

The whole time he's talking, he draws on the board. We widen at the end to see he's laid this all out with stick figures, including the dead mom and the sex. Multiple sex positions.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Feel like I'm forgetting something.

He looks at a crumpled napkin with scrawls on it.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Let's see, not gonna secretly teach them... they're not gonna teach me... mentally breaking my nemesis...
 (then)
 Oh, right, welcome to AP Biology.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is looking out the window. Behind him, a few of the students raise their hands tentatively.

JACK

Put 'em down. I realize you guys are all nerds and want good GPA's. So, check this out, if you tell anyone I'm not teaching you biology, you get an "F." If you keep your mouths shut, you get an A+. Do I have your attention now, you freaks?

He's had it all along and they're pretty normal looking.

JACK (CONT'D)

(softens a little)

Hey, look at it this way. You guys are tired teens. This is gonna be your time to take a nap. And I know what some of you are saying. What if I'm not tired? If you can't sleep, take an Advil PM.

He shakes some Advil PMs into a bowl. Hands go up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Seriously, get your hands down. The only reason to raise your hand is if you're making fun of people who raise their hands. Just talk.

SARIKA SARKAR

Mr. Douglass. Welcome. My name is Sarika Sarkar.

JACK

Great name.

SARIKA SARKAR

And I believe I speak on behalf of all of our student body when I express our extreme displeasure in you not teaching us biology.

JACK

Can you say it again?

SARIKA SARKAR
I believe I speak on behalf--

JACK
No. Your name.

SARIKA SARKAR
Oh. Sarika Sarkar.

Jack casually strolls the aisles, loudly eating his apple.

JACK
Great name. I got very into the philosopher Prabhat Sarkar. The entire universe exists within the cosmic mind...

Many students are frantically scribbling notes.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey hey hey!! Don't write that down guys! That's not me teaching you stuff.

He stops at Devin's desk. He picks up an extremely dog-eared copy of Colin Ward's "Anarchy In Action," with tons of sticky notes and high-lighted sections.

JACK (CONT'D)
Whoa. Where'd you get this? Is this yours? Where'd you get it?

DEVIN SCHNURR
I...I...um...

Jack pats his pockets and pulls out an identical copy of the same book. Same highlighted areas and sticky notes.

JACK
Ah. There it is. Thought you grabbed this from me.

He gives Devin a look of newfound respect.

JACK (CONT'D)
Enjoy the read. Okee doke, everyone go ahead and put your head down. Good work today, you guys.

Jack sits in the squeaky chair as the students reluctantly put their heads down with their eyes wide open.

Beat of listening to Jack loudly eating the apple.

INT. JACK'S DEAD MOM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jack assesses the lame old lady apartment and pours himself a drink. There's loud wallpaper and knick knacks everywhere. Tons of paintings of the Virgin Mary. Jack winces at an especially large painting of John John saluting his father's coffin. Jesus is crouched behind John John, comforting him.

Jack sits down in a MAUVE RECLINER and pulls out his laptop. We see an image of the book, "Meditations on Forgiveness Post 9/11," by Miles Leonard.

Jack dials his phone.

Intercut with:

EXT. MILES' BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

MILES LEONARD, Jack's rival, answers his phone with his feet up, wearing a robe.

MILES

Jack!

JACK

Hello Miles. I heard you got the head of Stanford Philosophy position and wanted to call to congratulate you. Also congrats on the new book.

MILES

I can't tell you how much that means to me, Jack.

JACK

Well I'm sure you'll have a long and illustrious tenure, barring some sort of mental collapse.

Miles chuckles, assuming it's a joke. Jack is very serious.

Jack clicks on "Customer Reviews," gives the book, 1 star out of 5, and writes "This book = sucks."

MILES

I appreciate it buddy. And hey, for what it's worth, I think everyone overreacted in forcing you out of Harvard last spring. When I heard you tackled that prick Durham, I was thrilled.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

So, there must be tons of schools dying to get their hands on you.

JACK

Yeah, big time. Just kind of weighing all my options.

Jack's considers two different microwave dinners.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, I've got to run.

Jack hangs up. He hits refresh on the overall book rating and it's still at 4.99.

JACK (CONT'D)

It didn't drop at all...

INT. JACK'S DEAD MOM'S BATHROOM - LATER

Jack sits on the shower seat with water pouring on his head. He brings a can of beer into frame and cracks it open.

INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Jack eats a messy sub on the couch in the faculty lounge. We meet the three women who will become his group of best friends.

JESSICA, a rambunctious blonde, is teaching the others how to make the crook of their arm look like a butt.

JESSICA

See? It's like a butt. If you take the picture up close.

MARY is a loud, sassy, Korean-American.

MARY

That doesn't look like any butts I know! You gotta give it some paunch!

Mary pushes on Jessica's arm skin to make the butt bigger.

Jack stops eating and stares, horrified.

MICHELLE is a more prude-ish, conservative, married, African American woman. She's playing with her own arm.

MICHELLE

I don't think mine does it.

JESSICA

Everyone's does! Every arm can be a butt, regardless of race, creed--

PRINCIPAL RALPH DURBIN leans into their table timidly. He is a petite, tidy man with tightly cropped, balding hair.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

Hey ladies. Maybe we could tone it down a little bit.

MARY

Hi Ralph!! Show. Your. Armbutt!

MARY/JESSICA/MICHELLE

(chanting)

Show your armbutt! Show your armbutt!

Principal Durbin reluctantly bends his arm.

MARY

Ooooohhh! Ralph you got thick little buns! Where you been hiding that arm ass!?!

Mr. Durbin blushes and hurries out of the faculty lounge.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ralph got a caboose on that arm!

Jack stares, dumbfounded.

JESSICA

New guy! You wanna karaoke with us tonight?

Jack stops eating and gathers himself.

JACK

I actually have plans. Gonna bang my high school girlfriend.

MARY

Oh you dating a high school girl?

JACK

No. The girl I was dating when I was in high school.

JESSICA

If you were in high school, she must've been like 3 at the time! Grody!

They're all laughing. Jack grins.

MICHELLE

It's Jack, right? Are you having fun so far?

JACK

God no! What are you, nuts? I'm teaching high school.

Offended, they don't laugh at this. Jack is confused. The ladies go back to talking with each other.

MARY

Listen to what I'm making my kids do in art today. They have to draw a flattering picture of me and give it to their dads.

MICHELLE

Mary!

JESSICA

I told mine we were gonna learn about recycling and had them clean out all the garbage in the backseat of my car.

They laugh.

JACK

Wait, you can make them do whatever you want?

JESSICA

Definitely.

JACK

Won't they organize a sit-in or a flash mob protest or something?

MICHELLE

Maybe the grad students you were teaching. Not these kids.

Jack has an idea.

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The students wait for Jack to enter. Sarika leans over to MARCUS NGUYEN, a tiny Asian student who wears a tie to school and sits in the front row.

SARIKA SARKAR

This better work. Otherwise he's gonna mess up my career path!

MARCUS NGUYEN

Trust me. It'll work. Always does.

Jack walks in wearing sweat pants and eating an apple. He tosses the core toward the garbage and misses. He sits down in the squeaky chair and almost tips over.

JACK

Okay listen up--

MARCUS NGUYEN

No, you listen up! 2, 3, 4.

Marcus hits a button and a homemade rap beat starts on a Jambox speaker. The kids don various sunglasses and gold chains. They stand at their seats and take turns rapping.

VICTOR GLOWACKI

We know you don't want to teach us biology.

MARCUS NGUYEN

And we know you used to teach philosophy.

ANTHONY LEWIS

But we think biology is legit.

ERIN DUNN

And way more than just a credit.

JACK

Whoa! Shut up! Shut up! Holy crap please stop!

The rap beat stops and the kids slowly sit down, still wearing their props. Jack paces the aisles, shaking his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't ever surprise me with a rap again. Also, don't ever, ever rap about learning. That's not what it was invented for. And frankly, that was not a very good rap.

He stops at Marisa, who is wearing a chain.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's your name?

MARISA DAISY HENBERG
Marisa Daisy Henberg.

JACK
Where'd you get that chain, Marisa
Daisy Henberg?

MARISA DAISY HENBERG
(meekly)
Party City.

JACK
For real? So, you're telling me
this isn't real gold?
(to Sarika)
Sarika Sarkar, what's that hat?

Sarika wears a sideways BASEBALL HAT.

SARIKA SARKAR
It's my dad's.

JACK
Yeah right, Sarika Sarkar. No way
this engineering company hat is
your dad's. You stole it from a
rapper and you have to give it back-

We hear a COUGH. Jack freezes and stares at the supply cabinet door. He walks to it quietly and then whips it open. COLIN MCCONNELL, a round faced red-head, is standing there wearing sunglasses, a sport coat and holding a saxophone. A dry ice machine has filled the closet with smoke.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh no. This is bad. This is real
bad, guys. You had a saxophone solo
in your rap?? No. No. No.
(to Colin)
Not good, little buddy. Toss that
puppy in the trash, okay bud?

Colin walks to his seat with his head down, setting the saxophone gently on top of the tiny trash can.

JACK (CONT'D)
Look, I realize I haven't been
making the most of our time. But
that's gonna change. Starting now.

The students all get out AP Biology textbooks.

JACK (CONT'D)

What the hell? What are you doing?
You're like weird cult people all
doing the same thing at once.
What's this book, anyway?

MARCUS NGUYEN

(weakly)

Biology textbook...

JACK

Oh. Man, you guys are obsessed. Let
me see one of those.

Jack takes Sarika's textbook and puts it under his rickety
office chair so that it won't tip as much.

JACK (CONT'D)

Anyway, that wasn't what I was
talking about. So, I've been trying
to mentally break my nemesis and I
don't think my online reviews are
hurting him. And here I could've
been having you guys help me. His
name is Miles Leonard.

Jack tapes a picture of Miles on the board.

JACK (CONT'D)

He got the job that was rightfully
mine: Head of the philosophy
department at Stanford. He seems to
be winning at the moment, but by
the time we're done with him, he'll
be locked away in a loony bin,
begging for death.

Widen to show he's drawn stick figures of this on the board.

The sweet, nerdy students stare blankly. Marcus starts to
raise his hand, then stops himself and just talks.

MARCUS NGUYEN

But, Mr. Douglass? Don't you think
that you'd be more likely to get
his job by focusing on bettering
yourself instead of trying to make
him go crazy?

JACK

Focus on bettering myself. You guys
are revealing your ignorance.

Jack is suddenly back in his Harvard professor cadence.

JACK (CONT'D)

My actions against Miles are justified because they produce a better outcome than any other action in this specific case. By taking him out of the game, I reduce the number of other intelligent people, like myself, whose lives could become derailed by obsessing over him. It's a basic philosophy: Act-Utilitarianism. Jeremy Bentham. Stop writing. Everyone stop writing that down.

SARIKA SARKAR

But hasn't that ship sailed? He has the job.

JACK

Ah, to be dumb again. You see, there are times when you need to strike and times when you need to wait and then strike. The lion waits in the tall grass until the gazelle has forgotten he's there.

He notices some students picking up pens.

JACK (CONT'D)

Guys! Don't write that down! I just made that up! Probably not even true. I bet lions just go nuts and eat the gazelles right away... Okay so let's get started. I was good friends with Miles for years, so I know all his Achilles heels. For one thing, he's never been married and has trouble dating. So your mission today is to Catfish him. He's got a Facebook page. Hop to it.

Jack opens a plastic To-Go case of Duck Confit. Tons of steam is released and he digs in. The students haven't moved.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Catfish!

MARCUS NGUYEN

How?

JACK

What do you mean, 'how?'

Jack scribbles the following on the board.

JACK (CONT'D)

Just create a fake Facebook page using photos of a desirable person and make a bunch of fake friends and have them all the fake people talk to each other so they seem real and eventually reach out to Miles and give a dumb reason for reaching out like you saw from his pics that he hikes in Redwood Park and you wondered if he could recommend a trail tee hee hee. In time, make him fall deeply in love with you and then say "psyche, I don't exist."

Beat. The students stare.

JACK (CONT'D)

I want you all to write a flirty Facebook message from a fake woman, say, Barb, and we'll send the best one to Miles. Get to work. I want to hear these tomorrow! Make them good or... or you're in big trouble-

MARISA DAISY HENBERG

Actually, Mr. Douglass, I think you're in trouble.

She points to the doorway where Principal Durbin is standing.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

(barely audible)

Mr. Douglass? Mr. Douglass?

JACK

Hey man. What's up?

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

(whispering)

Can you... Can we, uh... Can I speak to you out here please?

Jack steps into the hall and shuts the door.

SARIKA SARKAR

Thank God. Principal Durbin will straighten this out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JACK
Oh, can I get a new chair?

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
I can put a request in but--

JACK
Forget it forget it.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
Is it, uh, laundry day?
(nervous laugh)

JACK
The hell is that supposed to mean?

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
I should have said this in our
interview but we actually do have a
bit of a dress code and, uh...

He glances at Jack's sweatpants.

JACK
(full volume)
Look, Ralph, I want to wear
sweatpants. You want to list your
school as having a former Harvard
professor at it. Right? That looks
good for your school. Right?

Jack's raised voice gets stares from kids down the hall.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
Please. I was not trying to be
aggressive. The staff always says
I'm "chill" and that I'm the most
uh... that I'm laid back.

(tense beat, then)

JACK
Know what? Let's forget the whole
damn thing. Come here.

Jack hugs Mr. Durbin hard, smushing his face.

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS NGUYEN
Doesn't look like he's
"straightening this out."

JACK
You're okay. Being principal has
gotta be hard as crap.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
(muffled)
It really is. People don't always
realize the various demands. So, do
you, want to get a beer tonight?

JACK
Tonight I have plans to bang my
high school ex as hard as I can.
Know what I'm saying?

They both laugh, still in the squished hug.

JACK (CONT'D)
You do, don't you! I can tell you
know exactly what I mean you
straight up freak!

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
Uh, yeah, I suppose anyone would.

JACK
Yeah I didn't disguise it much, did
I! Man, our height difference is
perfect for hugs.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
(muffled)
Yeah it's not bad.

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack kisses the top of Mr. Durbin's head, then enters.

JACK
Okay listen up. If you're done
Catfishing, you should be asleep.

The students put their heads down with a look of panic on
their faces. This crazy man has power over the principal.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BREAK ROOM - LUNCH

JESSICA

Oh hell no. I think Patrick
Stewart looks fine!

MARY

Okay know what? I agree with that!

JESSICA

See? Thank you!

MARY

You give me an hour with him and
I'd shave his head, feed him some
soup and then
(smacking motion)
Smack. That. Ass.

MICHELLE

I'm with you. I'd prop him up all,
"Weekend at Bernie's" style and try
to pass him off to my friends as my
shy new boyfriend. Then
(more mechanical)
Smack. That. Ass.

JESSICA

What?

MARY

Yeah what you mean, "prop him up?"

MICHELLE

Well, he's been dead for years!

JESSICA

What??

MARY

Oh I know exactly what this is.
You think we're talking about
Patrick Swayze! We're talking about
Star Trek bald dude!

MICHELLE

I couldn't figure out why you'd
shave his head!

JESSICA

That's how we felt when you said
you'd "*Weekend At Bernie's*" him!

All three laughing.

MARY

I just shot a tiny milk rocket out
of my nose!

All three laugh harder. Jessica stands up and dry humps Mary.
Finally they calm down and gather themselves.

MICHELLE

(quietly)

But seriously I would have sex with
dead Swayze.

JESSICA

Thank you for making it terrifying,
Michelle.

MARY

Jack, you go out with that high
school girl yet?

JACK

Not yet. I've been sexting her as
much as I can but I'm very busy.

MICHELLE

Is she sexting back?

JACK

Hers are more like texts.

JESSICA

Speaking of bad stuff! I heard
you're having your kids write
flirty messages to your nemesis!

JACK

Yeah. Well, it's for the better
good, actually.

MARY

That's what I tell myself every
time I get drunk on margaritas.

JACK

I'm referring to the philosophy,
Act-Utilitarianism.

JESSICA
Well you better act. Like you.

MARY/MICHELLE
Finish it!/You got this!

JESSICA
(fading)
Tilitarian isn't...

MARY/MICHELLE
Oof./Did not stick the landing.

Jack laughs.

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - LATER

The students are all gathered around Marcus' desk, looking at his laptop.

MARCUS NGUYEN
If you google him, the first ten results are this video.

SARIKA SARKAR
(reading)
"Old dude handles slightly less old dude."

We see grainy cell phone video footage of Jack finishing his thesis presentation in a nice suit.

MARCUS NGUYEN
Whoa. I guess the sweatpants are a new addition.

Jack jumps over a table to tackles a distinguished, elderly professor, who quickly gets the better of him and has him in a wrestling move. "Wicked Scissor!" comes across the screen.

Jack enters and Marcus closes the laptop.

JACK
Okay start to shut up everyone.
Take your seats and shut up, okay?
Let's hear these Catfish messages!
Best one gets sent to Miles. Hope you guys make some convincing hot ladies...

He walks the aisles. He stops at VICTOR GLOWACKI. Super tall and deep voiced.

JACK (CONT'D)
You wanna start?

VICTOR GLOWACKI
Please no.

Jack shrugs and keeps walking. He grabs Sarika's paper.

SARIKA SARKAR
Wait! I wasn't finished!

JACK
(reading)
Dear Sir. Despite the name that may appear on this Facebook page, I am not Barb. My name is Sarika Sarkar. I am seeking to submit essays and/or resumes to members of the Stanford admissions department re: my potential future acceptance--

Jack slowly rips it up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nice try, Sarika Sarkar. Wow. Your name is very fun to say. Oooh, what do we have here?

Jack has stopped at Devin's desk. He sees that his proposed message is many pages of crazy serial killer scrawl.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wanna read us some of this?

DEVIN
Dear Miles. You don't know me but you will. We will marry under the black sun of Satan's breath. I'll be the final face you see as I wrap my hands around your neck and suck your soul into my mouth--

JACK
Okey doke! Well, obviously the police are on their way...

Devin looks worried.

JACK (CONT'D)
Kidding. It's my favorite one so far. Maybe just make it a little more... female?

DALE POUND (50), the good natured janitor for the school, enters.

DALE

Hey, I need to change the batteries in all the smoke detectors?

JACK

Go for it. Who's next?

Dale sets up a ladder in the back of the room.

HEATHER WILMORE stands nervously. Mousy, shaky, sickly girl with humongous glasses that are super blurry.

HEATHER

Hey boy. You're-

JACK

Louder.

HEATHER

(not louder)

Hey boy. You're smooth like butter dripping off chocolate. Gonna lick you up and down. Drip, slurp, yum. Gimme that sweet, wet sugar mess.

Dale stares from atop the ladder.

JACK

Wow. Okay. Good. Let's keep in mind this is the first message Miles would be getting from a stranger.

Heather sits down and drops her head onto the desk.

JACK (CONT'D)

But this is a great start.

She lifts it up with the smallest smile. Jack notices Devin still scribbling away.

JACK (CONT'D)

Man, look at my guy! Going strong back there! Give us just a snippet of where it's at right now.

DEVIN SCHNURR

...and I will spread my demon wings and fire and blood will pour from my eyes as I gaze upon your ravaged body. By the way, I am a female demon...

JACK

So good. You know, you remind me of myself, Devin. Which means you're going places.

Devin almost smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)

You guys are pretty good at this!
You havin' fun?

STUDENTS

Yeah!

JACK

Who else has one?

To everyone's surprise, Victor stands and begins reading his.

VICTOR GLOWACKI

Dear Miles. I want to make you blush. Make you feel safe. I want you to lay next to me in bed and laugh until you cry. I want us to grow old and take care of each other. And when we're old we'll say, I don't mind this, cause I have you. I'm Barb, btw.

Jack, Dale, and the other students stare for a beat.

JACK

What do we say, guys?

Jack starts a round of applause and the other students and even Dale join in.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sprinkle in something about how you like his Facebook pics.

Dale folds his ladder and heads out. He passes Victor.

DALE

Good one there, Victor.

Victor allows himself a small smile.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Jack and his high school girlfriend, MEREDITH, are finishing dinner in an upscale steak house. She's a beautiful redhead who wears nice jewelry but is in a pony tail and jeans.

JACK

Then I taught at Harvard for ten years till I was good and sick of it. Decided to chill here for a year. Then off to run the philosophy department at Stanford. Get some sun, ya know? That pretty much catches you up on what I've been up to since we broke up.

MEREDITH

You skipped a part, Jack.

JACK

Did I?

MEREDITH

Yeah I heard you got passed up for tenure so you lost your temper, as always, and started wrestling some 85 year old guy.

JACK

83 year old.

MEREDITH

And you lost--

JACK

Debatable.

MEREDITH

And now no university will touch you and you're broke cause you gambled your money away.

JACK

How did I skip that part? That's the juicy part...

He leans forward.

JACK (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Hey, what do you say we go back to my place?

MEREDITH

I don't think my boyfriend would be happy about that. He gets off his shift at the hospital in an hour and I'm going to meet up with him.

JACK
Okay so, what the hell was this?

MEREDITH
You tell me! You thought you'd
waltz back in here and hook up with
someone you dumped 20 years ago?

JACK
(fake chipper)
No... Of course not.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is driving too fast and slapping the steering wheel.

JACK
Damn it!!!!

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - THE NEXT MORNING

Devin Schnurr is walking to school when his path is blocked
by DAN LUCIUS, a huge bully.

DAN
Gimme your backpack.

Devin waits a beat then starts running away. Dan tackles him
and pulls his backpack off his back. He throws it into a
shallow man-made pond nearby.

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - LATER

We see Devin's soaking wet backpack. He is spreading out his
insane looking journals to dry.

The clock shows 1:10pm. Still no teacher.

Finally, Principal Durbin opens the door and awkwardly ushers
in DICK NOVAK, the massive football coach who wears his pants
waist over his huge gut.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
Hello students, or good afternoon,
rather. Mr. Douglass won't be here
today, so you'll be having a
substitute, Coach Novak.

SARIKA SARKAR
Mr. Douglass is gone forever?

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
He is?

SARIKA SARKAR
I'm asking you.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
Oh. Well the message he sent said
he was, let's see:
(reads off a memo sheet)
"Put in prison." But that it was,
"not for life."

The students look at each other.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN (CONT'D)
Coach Novak?

Principal Durbin leaves.

DICK NOVAK
Textbooks out.

Sarika raises her hand.

DICK NOVAK (CONT'D)
What?

SARIKA SARKAR
Coach Novak. Welcome. My name is
Sarika Sarkar and--

DICK NOVAK
Wait, what's your name??

SARIKA SARKAR
Sarika. Sarkar.
(weaker)
Like the philosopher?

DICK NOVAK
Well in here you're gonna just be
Sara. Now, what's your question?

SARIKA SARKAR
Um, my book is under your chair.

Dick looks. It is. He pulls it out and hands it to her.

DICK NOVAK
Can anyone tell me where you're at?

The students aren't sure what to say.

MARCUS NGUYEN

We're right where we should be at this point.

DICK NOVAK

Ten push-ups.

MARCUS NGUYEN

What?

DICK NOVAK

Now it's twenty. You owe me ten push-ups for each time you spoke without raising your hand. I don't know how "Harvard" runs this class, but you frickin' kids are gonna find I run it a little different.

Marcus whispers to Sarika as he begins his first push-up.

MARCUS NGUYEN

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I really miss Mr. Douglass.

SARIKA SARKAR

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I agree.

Coach Novak paces the aisles.

DICK NOVAK

What the hell is this puddle?

He stops at Devin's wet backpack.

DICK NOVAK (CONT'D)

You made a mess and a safety hazard in my classroom. Get a mop to dry it up then go to the principal and say you need a Saturday detention.

Devin is fuming but goes to the closet for a mop.

DICK NOVAK (CONT'D)

Okay. Biology. You there with the glasses. Read.

Colin starts to read. Coach Novak steps over Marcus, who is still struggling with his first push-up.

Suddenly the door is banged open awkwardly and Jack comes in chomping an apple. He has a black eye and an arm in a sling. He tosses the apple toward the trash and misses.

JACK

Hiya Dick. Thanks for covering. I got it from here, man.

Several students high five.

DICK NOVAK

I've never begun a class and not finished it.

JACK

Hm. Wow. Is that like, a thing you tell people? And then they are like, impressed and ask follow up questions? That's so cool!

Coach Novak stares.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm playing with you. But yeah I got it from here. See ya dude.

A shell-shocked Coach Novak gathers his things and walks out.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay, settle and shut up everyone.

He sees Marcus.

JACK (CONT'D)

Stop, um, hovering in push-up position and take your seats.

Marcus takes his seat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Perhaps Mr. Durbin told you I was arrested. So, what happened was I found out my nemesis Miles got a MacArthur Genius Grant the same day my high school ex turned me down for sex. So I got drunk and peed on the hospital where she works. A police officer suggested I stop and I suggested he pleasure me sexually. He did not. Instead, he hurt my arm and I went to jail.

Reveal that Jack has drawn this on the board.

Push on Devin who has an idea.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Anyway, let's get to today's attack
 on the sanity of Miles Leonard...

EXT. JACK'S DEAD MOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Principal Durbin nervously knocks on Jack's apartment door. Devin Schnurr stands next to him. After some rustling, the door opens to reveal Jack in one of his mom's silk robes.

JACK
 Hey Ralph. Devin...

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
 Hi Jack. I wouldn't have bothered
 you unless I thought it was
 necessary. Devin, here, was
 actually, um, arrested tonight. I
 bailed him out and drove him here.
 They got him for, um, public
 urination. And resisting arrest.

JACK
 No way! What are the odds! That's
 what they got me for last night!

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
 Yeah. So, apparently he went to the
 bathroom on the house of a boy
 that's been bullying him?

JACK
 I was just telling these kids about
 how I did a very similar thing.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN
 Yeah.

Jack realizes.

JACK
 Oh crap.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JACK'S DEAD MOM'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is sprawled on the couch. Devin is in a lazy-boy chair and Principal Durbin is in the only remaining chair-- Jack's mom's Acorn Stairlift chair.

JACK

So, this dude, what's his name, Dan Lucius?

DEVIN SCHNURR

Yeah. He's the big kid who always wears that Miami Dolphins jacket.

JACK

He's been throwing your backpack in the water and stuff like that for how long?

DEVIN SCHNURR

Um. Maybe a year.

JACK

And what started it?

Devin shrugs.

DEVIN SCHNURR

I think it's cause our dads work together and tried to make us be friends when they moved here and he wanted to stay in Florida.

JACK

(to Principal Durbin)

You didn't know any of this? That doesn't look great for you, bud.

Jack stands up.

JACK (CONT'D)

But you know what? I think we've all learned a lesson and can definitely move on now. Ralph, give me one of those big ass hugs.

Principal Durbin steels himself.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

No. I don't want to hug right now, as much as I enjoy a good hug.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL DURBIN (CONT'D)

I don't think this is my mistake.

(gaining confidence)

In fact, you two are the ones who did something wrong and some other principals would fire and expel you both but I am very chill!

(yells)

I'm a laid back, chill bro!

(pulls it together)

And right now you two are gonna talk this out cause there are some things you should say here, Jack.

Jack is shocked and genuinely impressed.

JACK

Whoa. That was so cool. You're like an onion with all these layers. I love this dude. Okay fine. Mind if we have a minute alone?

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

Of course.

Jack presses a button on the wall and Principal Durbin is carried slowly upstairs by the Acorn. He disappears into the dark. Jack and Devin sit down.

JACK

So, I haven't done a lot of these talks. I don't have kids or anything. Always been pretty good about condoms even though I hate the damn things... I'm off track. Let's see.

(slightly condescending)

So, sometimes people who we think are being meanies are really just bein' lil grumps cause they aren't having a super fun time themselves.

DEVIN SCHNURR

You're talking to me like I'm younger than I am.

JACK

Appreciate the back and forth. Okay so, here's the deal. I want to be open and honest with you guys. I don't have a ton of people to talk to in town. But if it starts getting us all in trouble, I'm gonna have to just be like the other teachers. Make sense?

DEVIN SCHNURR

Yeah.

JACK

So, next time you're thinking about imitating me. Or next time you're thinking about doing anything extreme in general, I want you to run it by me first. Deal?

DEVIN SCHNURR

Deal.

They fist bump with Jack's good arm.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN (O.S.)

Can I please come down? I do not like it up here. I think I hear a raccoon.

INT. MALL BOOKSTORE - THE NEXT MORNING

Jack wanders the aisles of a bookstore, frustrated. He spots a BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE (young, nerdy guy).

JACK

Hey. You work here?

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE

Yeah but I actually just finished my shift.

He starts to walk away and Jack grabs his arm.

JACK

Hey! You're not going anywhere till you answer my question you twerp!

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE

Fine. What are you looking for?

JACK

Looking for books about bullying and how to stop it.

They both look down at Jack's hand on his arm. Jack releases his grip and pats his arm.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry. Um. I'm trying to not do that quite as much... So...

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Jack tosses several books in his car: "Why Teens Bully,"
"Forcing the Bully to Talk To The Bullied."

And then one he sets aside for separate purposes: "Are There
Hot, Single Girls In Toledo and Where Are They?"

He also loads a crazy big LEATHER MASSAGE CHAIR into his car
with his one good arm. It's too big, so he drives off with
the chair wheeling around the open trunk.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

As he's driving, Jack spots a big kid in a bright aqua Miami
Dolphins jacket walking along the sidewalk. He pulls over and
steps out of the car.

JACK

Dan?

The kid turns. Sure enough, it's Dan Lucius. Jack sprints
after him. Dan takes off the other way.

Jack catches up to Dan and grabs his arm.

JACK (CONT'D)

Stop running or we'll both have
broken arms.

(then)

Come on. I'll give you a ride. We
need to talk.

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - MORNING

Principal Durbin sits in front of the students. The clock
says 1:05pm.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

We'll give him another minute. He
should be here...

Finally, Jack and Dan Lucius enter, Jack awkwardly wheeling
himself in his massage chair.

JACK

Hey everyone! What's up, Ralph? So,
first off, this is Dan Lucius and
I've added him to AP Bio now.

DAN

I don't want to-

JACK

Shut up.

Jack sits him next to Devin. They look at each other awkwardly.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

Does his guidance counselor know about his schedule change?

JACK

Get out of here, dude! You're not the boss of us.

Principal Durbin shrugs and heads to the exit.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

(under his breath)

Well technically in some ways...

Jack sets the old chair on top of the tiny trash bin. He flops back down in his new one and presses START so that he's being loudly massaged as he addresses the class.

JACK

Okay some things are gonna change around here. Big time.

The students get their textbooks out.

JACK (CONT'D)

God almighty! Are those the biology books again?? You guys are obsessed! So you know, I'm never talking about that. Okay look, I've talked a lot about taking matters into your own hands, but I guess what I mean is that I can take matters into my own hands. Not you. Consider me a bit of Nietzsche's Ubermensch to your herd of cattle don't write that down, don't write that down. In short, none of you are gonna pick on each other. Or I'll kick your ass. I'll literally beat you up with my adult muscles. And if I do some dumb thing in my personal life, you can't go and do it too. Okay, let me hear you say that back.

ALL STUDENTS

None of us will pick on each other
or you'll beat us up with your
adult muscles and if you do
something...

The students begin to jumble it all. Jack smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - AFTER CLASS

As Jack gathers his things in his empty classroom, Mary ducks her head in.

MARY

You're coming to drinks with us
idiots right now. Let's go.

JACK

I actually have to--

MARY

Now.

INT. "THE NEST" TOLEDO BAR - NIGHT

Jack is having a blast at a table with Mary, Jessica, Michelle and Principal Durbin at a Toledo bar.

Their laughter dies down. Mary leans forward with a serious look on her face.

MARY

But seriously Ralph. I need to see
your butt. Right now. I'm not
kidding at all.

Principal Durbin takes a breath. He knows what he has to do. He finishes his beer, stands up, and undoes his belt buckle.

MARY/JESSICA/MICHELLE

Whoa!! What?? No!!!!

MARY

Your ARMBUTT, Ralph! Whenever I say
your butt, I mean your armbutt!!

JESSICA

But go ahead and show us what you
were gonna show us.

Principal Durbin sits down and hides his face with his hands. Jessica and Mary try to bend his arm to make an armbutt and he pushes them away while laughing.

MICHELLE

Ralph. Why do you put up with us?

Principal Durbin glances at Jack.

PRINCIPAL DURBIN

Well, Michelle, I truly believe there's a lot of good in all of you and I don't want to give up on you. That kind of positive attitude has made me Principal of the Year three times over the past 22 years in Toledo-- not including the suburbs-- so I'd say I'm doing just fine.

Michelle turns to Jack.

MICHELLE

You have fun today?

Jack thinks for a second.

JACK

Yeah, actually I did.

JESSICA

(teasing)

You did?!? Even though you were teaching high school in Toledo?

Jack smiles.

JACK

Yeah. I had a lot of fun. There's some stuff that can happen in high school classrooms that would never happen when I was teaching masters students at Harvard.

He notices that their pitchers are empty.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll get them to put more beer into these.

He takes the pitchers to the bar as the women laugh and mess around in the background.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. MILE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Miles reads his Facebook messages.

MILES

(to himself)

'Drip, slurp, yum. Gimme that
sweet, wet sugar mess.' Well hello,
Barb...

Reveal the Facebook profile of "Barb." It's clearly Carly Rae Jepsen.

INT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

It's dark as we move through the empty classroom. There's an odd buzzing sound, though. Finally, reveal that Jack left the massage chair running and it's slowly moving down the aisles.

End.