

TABLE 58

Pilot

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

CLOSE ON kids' hands shepherding molded plastic lunch trays down the lunch line rail. One after another, until a tray is set down with a pair of over-sized, foam GREEN HULK HANDS.

WIDEN to reveal they belong to 13-year-old LOGAN DAVIS (All-American, athletic).

TRACK Logan as he struggles to balance his tray with his Hulk hands. Kids shoot him ODD LOOKS as he moves past the tables, each with their own NUMBER CENTERPIECE.

TABLE 1: It's the only table with a white tablecloth and flower vase. CHEERLEADER/princesses in trendy party dresses talking, texting and OMG-ing. JOCKS in jerseys.

TABLE 2: Big looming BULLIES in stained flannel shirts cracking their knuckles.

TABLE 3.14: NERDS in glasses and argyle sweater vests, each with an open laptop in front of them.

TABLE 13: It's empty. The number is upside down and vandalized with a circle back-slash symbol. Wait! Eyes peek out from UNDER the table -- the OUTCASTS. Logan quickly moves on.

TABLE 44: SLACKERS napping. They raise their heads to eye Logan, then return to a group sleep.

Logan stops at TABLE 58 which has a kid from each clique:

BEBE WHITMAN - The Princess. Self-centered, condescending, and trendy.

DULLBERT FINKELSTEEN - The bully. Big, tall, and seemingly dumb as a stump. Wreck-it Ralph incarnate in flannel.

OLIVE DaCOSTA - The Nerd. Type A, organized, go-getter. Her argyle sweater matches her headband. Laptop in front of her; also has an argyle cover.

JANE CHOY - The Outcast. Sarcastic and MEAN! Oversized military fatigues all say "stay away." Literally, they say "stay away."

FEENEY - The Slacker. Laid-back and carefree. His ironic faded tee says "Procrastinate Now."

LOGAN
(struggling)
Hey guys, how 'bout a hand?

Olive, Bebe, Feeney, Jane, and Dullbert all raise their hands
-- REVEAL: They're all wearing HULK HANDS.

BEBE
(icily to Logan)
All. Your. Fault.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE**INT. MILTON MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING**

QUICK SHOTS of the morning grind: KIDS spilling in the front door, chatting by their lockers, etc.

CHYRON: YESTERDAY MORNING

FIND Logan (sans Hulk hands) wearing SUNGLASSES, strutting John Travolta "Stayin' Alive"-style. He nods and waves to STUDENTS as he passes. They stare at him confused.

LOGAN

Hey bro! What up, dawgs? Good
morrow, Medieval dudes!

He passes THEATER KIDS dressed in Shakespearean garb and genuflects to them in that weird medieval way.

Nearby, PIERCE BROWN (13, jock, wears a crown) narrows his eyes at Logan, sniffs air with disdain.

PIERCE

(sotto)
New Kid. Fresh out of the box.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - RECEPTIONIST AREA - SAME TIME

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (40s, failed improv comedian) stands at the receptionist counter with the PA mic in front of her. VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY (30s, fastidious, Friday's self-appointed yes-man) is nearby.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY

Good morning, Milton Middle School!
Principal Friday here with today's
rundown-fundown!

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

BEBE'S LOCKER: All sparkles and glitter, with a retractable closet extended out. Standing in front of a vanity mirror, Bebe rummages through her make-up kit and pulls out a BLACK AND WHITE COW-PATTERNED HEADBAND. She looks at it longingly then shoves it back into her kit.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (O.S.)

Football game tomorrow. Go
Interrupting Cows! Moo, four, six,
eight, moo do we moo-ppreciate?
Moo.

CAMERA WHOOSHES TO -- OLIVE'S LOCKER: Immaculate and lined with alphabetized books. Olive pulls out books one by one and piles them into her library-style book cart.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Our Mathletes will be heading into their first academic decathlon of the year. Can I get a moo-moo?

WHOOSH TO -- FEENEY'S LOCKER: A mess of shredded paper. A possum wanders out.

FEENEY
(to possum)
Morning, Lazarus.

Feeney shuts his locker with the papers still sticking out.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (O.S.)
Last thing, Cowpokes. We're getting reports of poison oak on the quad. Stay away or you'll be herding yourselves to the nurse's office for a healthy does of cow-limine lotion.

WHOOSH TO -- JANE'S LOCKER: She dials the combo and swings open the locker door. We don't see what's inside, but it glows, a la the briefcase in "Pulp Fiction." The JANITOR passes by, sees whatever it is, SCREAMS.

WHOOSH TO -- DULLBERT'S LOCKER: Empty except for a single bent spoon. Dullbert is nearby, holding a KID by his ankles over a trash can.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
As always, I will sign off with some humor.
(clears throat)
What did one marine biologist-waiter say to the other marine biologist-waiter?

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY (O.S.)
(reading, stiff)
What, Principal Friday?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (O.S.)
We all serve a porpoise!

WHOOSH TO -- LOGAN'S LOCKER: It's empty -- a blank slate. Logan slams it shut. He spots COACH PETERSON (40s, not in fighting shape) in front of his office door with a huge key ring trying to find the right key for the lock.

LOGAN
Coach Peterson?

Logan whips out his WALLET and flashes his old school ID like a cop flashing his badge. CLOSE ON: The ID picture -- Logan in full football gear, pointing to himself with both thumbs.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Who has four thumbs and is your new starting quarterback?

PULL BACK to reveal: Logan posing like his picture.

COACH PETERSON
(confused)
You have four thumbs?

LOGAN
I was counting the ones in the picture and adding them to the total...
(beat)
Logan Davis, new transfer. I'd like to try out for the team.

COACH PETERSON
(focused on keys)
And I'd like a magic straw which keeps me from gaining weight each time they roll out those minty green milk shakes.

LOGAN
Taking that as a "yes"!

COACH PETERSON
Open try-outs are next month.

Coach Peterson enters his office, shuts door in Logan's face.

SFX: BELL RINGS

Vice-Principal Monty enters, blowing on a whistle.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
You are all now assembling unlawfully! Get to class or it's...
(like a drill sergeant)
De-ten-tion!

Kids head off to class. Dullbert pulls the kid out of the trash, stands him upright. Turns out he was helping the kid.

KID

Thanks, Dullbert. Can't believe I
dropped my favorite pocket
protector in the trash.

DULLBERT

If we can't protect our pockets,
we're lost as a culture.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

SFX: BELL RINGS

LUNCH LADY SNEED (30s, pleasant) doles out pizza squares to
KIDS. Logan, with his tray of food (still no Hulk hands),
scans the cafeteria.

His eyes stop on TABLE 1 -- the jocks and cheerleaders,
including Pierce and PORTIA LEE (pretty Asian girl) seated in
thrones, both wearing crowns. (NOTE: The cheerleaders are
wearing cow-patterned headbands like the one Bebe had.)

The room goes dark -- a SINGLE PIN LIGHT shines on the table.
ANGELS SING "AAAHHHHH." It's surreal, until...

LUNCH LADY SNEED

Maintenance, light bulb's out!
Hey, Glee kids, keep it moving!

The lights flicker back on. The Glee Club is in line -- our
"singing angels."

LOGAN

(re: Table 1)

My people.

Logan STRUTS towards Table 1. Suddenly, TREMORS shake the
room. Water glasses vibrate, a la "Jurassic Park." In SLOW-
MOTION, ZIGGY McCALLISTER (13, big, tall thug) stomps in with
his posse of other big, tall thugs, THE MEANIES. Kids part
like the Red Sea.

Ziggy's POV, a la "The Terminator," he scans the room,
labeling each potential victim: "SCREAMER" "CRIER" "FAINTER."
Ziggy zooms in on "NEW KID." It's Logan. "TARGET ACQUIRED."

Ziggy knocks Logan's milk carton to the ground, then tosses a
business card on his tray. Logan reads the card.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

"Collect ten for a free wedgie."
What is this?

ZIGGY

A punch card.

Ziggy promptly punches him in the stomach... then takes Logan's card, uses a HOLE-PUNCH on it, and throws it back on his tray.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Nine more to go, Turd-burger.

LOGAN

(in pain)

Guess there's no use in asking if there's a return policy.

Ziggy and his gang clear. Logan collects himself and turns to Table 1. TWO JOCKS cross baseball bats like swords, creating a barricade. Pierce points his scepter at Logan's chest.

PIERCE

No Turd-burgers.

Logan looks around -- Now where will he sit?

ANGLE ON TABLE 58

The room goes dark -- a SINGLE PIN LIGHT shines on the table. This time, we hear the "WHA-WHA" SAD TROMBONE SOUND EFFECT.

LUNCH LADY SNEED (O.S.)

Move along, band kids.

The lights pop on. A TROMBONE PLAYER (in marching band uniform) crosses. Holding his tray, Logan approaches 58. He takes a deep breath, collects himself, re-sets.

LOGAN

Hey.

BEBE

You're photo-bombing my selfie.

Logan sits down, moving out of Bebe's picture.

BEBE (CONT'D)

(offers pinky, Logan
shakes it)

Bebe Whitman. Saw you trying to weasel your way into Table 1. It's for jocks and cheerleaders only.
Hashtag: creme de la creme.

ANGLE ON Table 1 -- the jocks are wearing helmets and ramming their heads into each other.

OLIVE
(nose buried in laptop)
Talk about a few microfilaments
short of a eukaryotic cell...

Jane picks sundried tomatoes off her pizza and flings it up to the ceiling.

JANE
(re: Table 1)
Bunch of snobs. They call
themselves the "Royals."

BEBE
Take their name out of your filthy
mouth, Jane.
(ignores her, to Logan)
The Royals are wonderful, popular
young adults. They're always
nominated for King and Queen on the
royal court.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

CHYRON: LAST MONTH

Principal Friday and Royal Portia Lee stand on the stage next to two THRONES identical to the ones at Table 1.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY
Our Homecoming Queen is... once
again Portia Lee!

Principal Friday ceremoniously takes the tiara off Portia's head and then puts it right back on.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (CONT'D)
And the King is...

The Former King, wearing a crown, moves forward expecting the same treatment, but:

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (CONT'D)
Shocker! Pierce Brown, get on over
here!

Pierce shoves the Former King aside, approaches.

Principal Friday rips the crown off Former King's head and places it on Pierce. The Former King fades into the shadows, gone forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - PRESENT DAY

Our gang is as we left them.

FEENEY

We haven't seen the Former King since. Rumor is he ran away and lives in an abandoned food truck.

OLIVE

Or his father transferred jobs and he resides in New Jersey.

BEBE

Either way. Ew.

JANE

(to Logan)

Look around, nobody sits outside of their own group.

FEENEY

True. Look at Table 4, French Club. They never mingle with Table 4-eh -- French-Canadian Club.

FIND Table 4: students are dressed in black turtle necks and berets. Next to it is Table 4A, dressed in hockey sweaters.

LOGAN

So how'd you guys end up together?

DULLBERT

Destiny is not a matter of chance. It is a matter of choice. Of which we have none.

BEBE

Table 58 is slightly better than eating alone in the bathroom.

(thinks)

I take that back. It's the same.

FEENEY

(gestures to table)

Barrel bottom. Us.

LOGAN

Well, I belong at Table 1. I was QB at my old school. They called me "Logan the Laser."

FEENEY

(gets it)

Because you had corrective eye surgery.

LOGAN

Because I could throw a pass with pinpoint precision.

FEENEY

Yeah, sorry, don't follow water polo.

OLIVE

I believe Logan is speaking of that inane sporting event where synaptically-challenged alphas turn a dirty lawn into a concussion factory.

LOGAN

Yeah, football! It's awesome!

(gets into it)

It's you and your teammates acting as one unit fighting against the opposing team, trying to move the ball, uh...

(realizes, deflated
mumbling)

...down a dirty lawn. Let me try that again.

Too late.

SFX: BELL RINGS

Lunch is over. A RED CARPET rolls out and the Royals exit first. STUDENTS follow them, taking pictures with their cell phones and asking for autographs.

Logan watches longingly. He catches eyes with Portia. She half-smiles at him behind Pierce's back. Logan is instantly smitten.

Then Ziggy walks by, sneers at Logan. Holds up HOLE-PUNCH and squeezes it like a hand grip exerciser.

FEENEY

(to Logan)

Ziggy McCallister. Leader of The Meanies. The only bully at Milton with a rewards program.

The gang, except for Dullbert, all hold up their Ziggy punch-cards.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - RECEPTIONIST AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Principal Friday enters. Lunch Lady Sneed opens a large package, pulling out GREEN FOAM HULK HANDS. The box is filled with them.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY

Why did you order Hulk hands?

Sneed looks equally confused but then:

LUNCH LADY SNEED

I said I wanted bulk hams!

Sneed pushes the box toward Principal Friday but Friday shoves it back.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY

I will not have waste at my school, Lunch Lady Sneed. Find a use. Everything serves a porpoise.

LUNCH LADY SNEED

Yeah, about that. What the heck's a marine-biologist waiter?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY

It's a-- just find a use!

Principal Friday exits.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Over at his locker, Logan sees Pierce and the jocks pass by. He jumps in front of them.

LOGAN

Hey, Royal Brosephs -- Ro-sephs. Looking forward to sharing the gridiron together this year.

(holds up fist)

Knuckles. Pound it.

PIERCE

The only person you'll be playing football with is my Nana because she's slow and old and smells like yeast.

(chokes up)

But she's still a great nana, so--
(points scepter at Logan's chest)

Stay away from Nana.

Pierce and the jocks brush past Logan. A kid everybody calls SWEATPANTS (wears hoodie and sweatpants) accidentally bumps Pierce. (NOTE: With the hoodie over his head, we NEVER see Sweatpants' face.)

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Watch it, Sweatpants.

The Shakespearean theater kids pass Logan who is still holding his fist up for a bump. They dramatically admonish him.

THEATER KID #1

I scorn you, scurvy companion.

THEATER KID #2

Away, you moldy rogue, away!

Having witnessed all this, Bebe slams her locker shut and presses on her key chain; it BEEPS like a car alarm.

BEBE

O-M-G. Even the theater geeks snubbed you. Embarrassed much?

LOGAN

Small hurdle but completely jump-able. Mark my words, I'll be with the Royals by tomorrow.

Logan sees Coach Peterson at his office door fumbling with his keys again.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Coach Peterson!

(runs over)

Who's got two thumbs and wants to try out for the team today? I can't wait a month.

COACH PETERSON

And I can't clip a toenail without taking out my wife's eye.

Thinking fast, Logan takes the pair of sunglasses out of his backpack and hands it to Coach.

LOGAN
Have her wear these.

Coach snatches the glasses from Logan, takes a moment to consider them:

COACH PETERSON
Stylish frames, safety rated
lenses... I like your moxie, kid.
Three-thirty, practice field.

As before, Coach enters his office, shuts the door in Logan's face. But Logan's on cloud 9, fist pumping as he clears.

ANGLE ON Pierce. He saw all that and doesn't like it one bit. He catches eyes with Ziggy, gives him a villainous nod. Ziggy nods back. The two continue to nod back and forth until they both get creeped out and exit.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Logan enters. The only empty seats are at the front table where Olive has her books strewn everywhere. Just then, TWO ARGYLE NERDS enter. Olive jumps in front of them.

OLIVE
Greetings, Table three-point-one-four! I have procured this area so that we Mathletes may study as a single hive mind.

Without a word, the nerds brush past her. Ouch.

LOGAN
Uncool. I thought all you, uh, "types" got along.

OLIVE
"Types"?

LOGAN
Uh, yeah, you know... the "cerebrally well-endowed".

OLIVE
Nerd. You can say it. It describes an individual who is smart, gifted, and bound to achieve greatness -- oh yeah, we took the word back!

Beat. Bebe, Jane, Feeney, and Dullbert enter separately.

LOGAN
(relieved)
Hey, guys! You have Study Hall
this period too? Cool, let's sit
together.

FEENEY / BEBE / JANE / DULLBERT
Nah. / Ick. / Pass. / Nay.

Vice-Principal Monty enters, clapping.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
Anyone not in a seat in the next
four seconds gets de-ten-tion!
One, four!

Logan, Feeney, Jane, Bebe and Dullbert scramble for the
closes seats. All at Olive's table. She grudgingly moves
her books over just a tad.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Again, Coach Peterson tries to find the right key for his
office. Lunch Lady Sneed approaches with a box.

LUNCH LADY SNEED
I tried. Braised them for an hour.
Turned my pots green and they still
taste like foam. Friday says to
find its porpoise.

Lunch Lady Sneed dumps the box of Hulk hands next to Peterson
and walks away.

COACH PETERSON
Why do I have so many keys?!

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

SFX: BELL RINGS

Study hall is over. Students get up and exit. Logan nudges
Feeney awake. Our gang stands and immediately topples over.

LOGAN
What happened?

OLIVE
Our foot protection! They've been
compromised!

REVEAL: their shoelaces have been tied together. There's a card stuck to Logan's shoe. It's Ziggy's PUNCH CARD -- now with two punches.

FEENEY

Eight more to go!

Each of our gang starts to walk in different directions, getting no where.

LOGAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa! We have to go in the same direction!

OLIVE

(struggling)

It's Polynomials Day in Algebra, and I refuse to be tardy.

BEBE

(pulling)

Locker: stat. If I don't curl my eyelashes now. They will sag.

FEENEY

(pushing)

I gotta feed Lazarus or he gets bitey.

LOGAN

Stop!

(points)

The librarian's desk probably has scissors. Follow my lead. Left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot...

The gang moves toward the desk, following Logan's commands. When they get there, Logan tugs on the drawers -- locked.

OLIVE

Fail.

LOGAN

(thinks, gets an idea)

I saw a janitor's closet next door. Maybe he has something we can use.

JANE

(nods)

A pair of nickel-plated number 8 bolt cutters on the third shelf behind the institutional-sized box of Little Morty urinal cakes.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
(off their looks)
What?

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

The door is propped open.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Left foot, right foot, left foot,
right foot...

Our gang, moving as one unit, make their way in. Logan,
bringing up the rear, pulls the door.

JANE
Don't shut the--

Door shuts, click.

JANE (CONT'D)
It locks from both sides.

Dullbert tugs on the door knob -- confirms that it's locked
with a solemn nod.

JANE (CONT'D)
(re: empty shelf)
And the bolt cutters aren't even in
here.

OLIVE
(despairs)
We're failing at a one-to-one
ratio!

BEBE
Don't get your argyles in a bunch.
I'll simply use my--
(searching her purse)
Where's my phone?!

OLIVE
Why isn't it permanently affixed to
your cranium?!

Everybody looks around for Bebe's blinged-out phone... except
Feeney who's holding it, playing a game. Even he starts to
look --

FEENEY
(without irony)
It's got to be around here
somewhere.

Logan snatches it, checks it --

LOGAN
...and the battery's dead.

BEBE
Great! We're gonna die in here!
Come spring, they'll find our
skeletons: five gross ones and one
cute one.

Logan sees a vent on the top of the wall.

LOGAN
Dullbert, that air vent. If we
found a screwdriver, do you --

Dullbert beats him to the punch, PULLS the vent off the wall!

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Awesome. Olive, where does this
vent go?

Olive wets her finger, holds it up.

OLIVE
It splits into two sub-channels and
judging by the in-flow versus the
out-flow --

JANE
You don't need to show your work!

OLIVE
(quickly)
Dead end to the right. Left goes
to the front office. But if you're
aiming to crawl through, judging by
your height and shoulder width,
you'll never fit. None of us will.

Feeney inserts himself --

FEENEY
I got this. I will summon Lazarus.

LOGAN
And we need a possum why?

FEENEY
Comfort. Morale. Bonding.

Jane looks around, then grabs a URINAL CAKE from the box.

JANE
I've got an idea.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - RECEPTIONIST AREA - SAME TIME

Starting on the VENT, we pull back to see FACULTY working. Clank! Clank! Clank! What the heck?! Everyone looks up at the vent. CLANK!

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - SAME TIME

Bebe uses a bedazzled compact mirror to reflect light on to a chalk "X" just inside the vent. Jane hands Logan a urinal cake.

JANE
Last one. Hope someone can hear us.

LOGAN
I got this.

Logan takes a moment, cocks his arm --

DULLBERT
Laser. Laser. Laser.

The rest join in, causing Logan to smile. He resets, cocks his arm but -- The door opens!

LOGAN
It worked! We did it!

The gang cheers! Until they see it's Vice-Principal Monty.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
Loitering after the bell has rung!
De-ten-tion! After school!

What?

OLIVE

No!

AUSTIN

Vice-Principal Monty stalks off.

LOGAN
Vice-Principal Monty, I have try-outs after--

Logan moves towards the door to chase Monty, but is snapped back toward the gang because of their shoelaces.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coach Peterson turns the corner, carrying the box of Hulk hands. Notice Peterson's hand is bandaged. He shoves the box to Monty.

COACH PETERSON

You find its porpoise. Here's a hint: boxing gloves they ain't.

Monty exits with the box. Logan runs into frame, dragging FIVE PAIRS of SHOES behind him.

LOGAN

Vice-Principal-- Oh, Coach Peterson, perfect. Who's got thumbs-- whatever, I want to try out for the team right now!

COACH PETERSON

And I want-- Wait, what?

Thinking fast, Logan grabs a greasy, drippy LUNCH BAG out of a trash can.

LOGAN

Go long, I'll throw you a pass!
The Laser never misses!

Logan throws it at the Coach who doesn't budge. It hits him in the chest.

COACH PETERSON

Kid, there's a fine line between moxie and a psychopath. Now normally when people throw garbage at me in public, I divorce them. But I did see a tight spiral in there so I'm giving you one more chance. See you on the field.

LOGAN

Yeah, about that... See funny thing, something's come up--

COACH PETERSON

(holds up hand, stops him)
I had to rearrange practice just to let you try-out today. Don't let me down.

Coach Peterson enters his office door which has been propped open. Door slams. Dejected, Logan shuffles away, dragging the shoes behind him.

EXT. QUAD - LATER

The gang stands by an open tool shed. Their shoes are back on, but their shoelaces have been cut. Logan is pestering Vice-Principal Monty, handing him a slip of paper.

LOGAN

An official Logan Davis I.O.U. I promise to do double detention tomorrow.

(Boy Scout salute)
Scout's honor.

Monty promptly rips up the I.O.U. and turns to the group.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY

Attention, delinquents! See those unruly leaves? They're a metaphor for your unruly behavior. So you're gonna rein it, contain it, and throw it away.

Logan despairs at seeing Coach Peterson and the jocks doing drills. He looks at his watch.

LOGAN

(muttering)
Twenty minutes.

He does a double take -- Is Pierce talking to Ziggy?

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Bebs, I thought everybody kept with their own at this crazy school.

BEBE

Uh-doi.

LOGAN

Well, Pierce and Ziggy seem to be buds.

Bebe looks for herself but Ziggy is gone.

BEBE

Keep this up and you'll be sitting at Table 12.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Seated in chairs around TABLE 12 are five giant bags of POTATOES and one student: Sweatpants (again with a hoodie over his head -- we DON'T see his face).

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD - PRESENT DAY

Our gang grabs bags and rakes from the tool shed.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
Grab a rake, a bag and gloves.
Detention is over when you have rid
the quad of all leaves.

Monty locks the tool shed and walks away. The gang looks up. The quad is covered with leaves.

LOGAN
(dumbstruck)
Geez, did the leaves text all their
friends to flash mob the quad?

BEBE
We forgot gloves.

Tool shed's locked.

LOGAN
Skip 'em. The sooner we clear the
leaves the sooner we can go.

Feeney lays on a bench, playing with his tablet device.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Feeney!

FEENEY
This candy ain't gonna crush
itself, bro.
(off looks, explains)
Detention's only an hour. Monty
can't make us stay here all night.
Once time is up, he has to let us
go. Leaves or no leaves.

JANE
A detention loophole?

FEENEY
You're in my world now.

BEBE

Shoot, I can wait an hour. Bebe out.

Dullbert, Bebe, and Jane throw down their rakes and join Feeney.

LOGAN

I don't have an hour. I'm meeting Coach in twenty minutes. You gotta help me.

JANE

Why? So you can sit with the Royals? You need to build a bridge and get over it. Everyone at Table 1 is awful. Why do you want to be friends with them?

Logan considers this until he sees Portia walk by in the distance -- there's his reason.

OLIVE (O.S.)

Forget them. Tick-tock!

REVEAL: Olive's already filled two garbage bags. Logan starts raking.

LOGAN

Thanks, Olive. You're a good friend--

OLIVE

See that bus? It departs for the Academic Decathlon in twenty minutes. I will not let this derail my plans. This is the first competition since last year's disastrous Super Quiz.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GYM - DAY

"NATIONAL SUPER QUIZ" banner hangs on the wall. On stage is Olive and the TWO ARGYLE NERDS.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY

Here's your last equation.

A complicated math equation is projected on the screen. The nerds get in a huddle, but Olive shoves them aside, grabs the marker and starts scribbling away, "A Beautiful Mind"-style. After a beat, she buzzes in.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (CONT'D)
Interrupting Cows?

A JUDGE checks Olive's work, nods.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (CONT'D)
Winner, Milton Middle School!

Friday holds up Olive's arm in victory. Off on the nerds scowling enviously...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. QUAD - PRESENT DAY

Logan and Olive are as we left them, raking as they talk.

OLIVE
The next day I was excommunicated from my table. It seems, jealousy, unlike a compounding integer, has no limits.

LOGAN
So that's why you're at Table 58.

OLIVE
I'll be back in the metaphorical fold once those nerds realize I am the team's X factor.
(explaining)
The variable in a given situation that could have the most significant outcome.

LOGAN
Yes, I got it.

OLIVE
If I'm absent today, the team will have cause to permanently terminate me. And without Academic Decathlons, I... well, simply put, I'd have no porpoise.

LOGAN
Like me and football. Royals aside, I just belong on that field. It's my porpoise.

Overhearing all this, Jane sighs, picks up a rake and helps.

JANE
This doesn't mean we're friends.

Dullbert and Feeney follow suit.

DULLBERT

Common ground and parallel goals.

FEENEY

Word. Let's show these leaves
who's boss.

Bebe doesn't budge. Jane snatches Bebe's phone out of her hand.

JANE

If you don't help, I'll send a
piece of this to you in the mail
every week for a year.

Bebe grudgingly joins in. In DOUBLE SPEED, the gang rake and bag leaves like crazy.

FLIP TO:

EXT. QUAD - LATER

Vice-Principal Monty scans the area. It's leaf-free. The gang stands before garbage bags of leaves.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY

(disappointed)

Fine. You're dismissed.

OLIVE

(to Logan)

With one minute to spare.

LOGAN

Yeah, girl! Knuckles!

OLIVE

No time.

Olive dashes off, leaving Logan hanging.

LOGAN

(calling after)

There's always time for knuckles!

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY

Halt!

REVEAL: some of the garbage bags are empty, leaves are everywhere. On Logan's face: How did that happen?!

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY (CONT'D)
(fist pump)
Detention's back on!

Olive is about to exit the gate. Logan looks from Olive to Coach Peterson. Back and forth. Until --

LOGAN
It's my fault! All me! I forgot to tie up my bags. I'll clean it up.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
Figures. It's only your first day, and you've already managed to get on my bad side. Your efficiency is noted.
(to the others)
The rest of you may go.

Olive mouths a "thank you" to Logan and exits. Monty clears. Logan watches as Coach Peterson exits the field -- his opportunity lost.

Then he sees Pierce and Ziggy walk by with LEAF BLOWERS strapped to their backs. They are in cahoots! Pierce catches Logan's eyes -- shrugs with a smug smile "oops."

DULLBERT
Logan the Laser, your lack of self would make the Dalai Lama smile.

LOGAN
Olive needed this more than I did.

FEENEY
So you're actually going to wait a month for try-outs?

LOGAN
Heck no. I plan on bugging Coach every day until he gives me another shot. Wait 'til he sees me spiral his breakfast burrito tomorrow. Don't worry about me, I'll make the team.

FEENEY
(gestures to group)
Until then, the bottom of the barrel welcomes you.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Continuing from the Cold Open, Logan stands before Table 58 wearing HULK HANDS. Olive, Bebe, Feeney, Jane, and Dullbert all raise their hands -- REVEAL: They're all are wearing HULK HANDS.

BEBE
(icily to Logan)
All. Your. Fault.

Olive pushes up the bridge of her glasses with her Hulk hands.

OLIVE
Let's not lay blame on Logan. He is as much an innocent victim as we all are.

LOGAN
Yeah, how was I supposed to know there was poison oak on the quad?

Vice-Principal Monty walks by.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
I told you to wear gloves. Maybe next time you'll follow directions.

BEBE
Ugh, green is so not my color.

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
Tough. Nurse said your hands must be kept warm for twenty-four hours and these keep the calamine from dripping. You're lucky we had them.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY
(rushes over, excited)
They serve a porpoise!

VICE-PRINCIPAL MONTY
Thanks to yours truly!

FEENEY
Hey, Principal Friday, what's a marine-biologist waiter?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY
(ignoring him)
I love happy endings!

Our gang looks miserable as the adults cross off. Pierce and the jocks walk by, pointing and laughing at 58. Logan turns to his table-mates.

LOGAN

Team huddle. Bring it in. I've been thinking. Table 58's different than those other tables. We each have our own strengths.

BEBE

Yeah, Jane, giant pores are a terrible thing to waste.

LOGAN

I've got a new game plan. First, I get in with the Royals. Then I dethrone Pierce from the inside. Olive, you want back in with 3.14? Dullbert, The Meanies?

Olive nods. Dullbert shrugs.

FEENEY

And I need to be with people who know the difference between a pre-lunch nap and a pre-nap lunch.

LOGAN

I say we help each other get back to our tables. Work together to tear this group apart.

FEENEY

How deliciously ironic.

JANE

I don't hate this idea.

OLIVE

Statistically speaking, it would increase our chance of succeeding.

DULLBERT

Or perhaps we could just enjoy where we currently are and appreciate each other's company.

They consider it, but:

ALL

Nah.

Feeney grins and holds up his Hulk hand.

FEENEY

Knuckles?

LOGAN

(perks up)

Pound it!

Logan, Jane, Olive, Feeney, Dullbert fist bump with their Hulk hands. Bebe doesn't join.

BEBE

Uh, hello?! "Working together" led to THIS! Ugh, last month I was living it up with the Royals. Now I'm slumming it with the Boils.

LOGAN

YOU used to sit at Table 1? So you know all the bros. I can use that info. What happened?

Bebe purses her lips -- a story for another day.

FADE OUT.

TAG

INT. GYM - DAY

"CAREER DAY" banner hangs on the wall. Seated on the stage in full uniform is a DOCTOR, a FIREFIGHTER, and a POLICE OFFICER.

Camera then FINDS a MAN wearing a typical WAITER UNIFORM (white shirt, black pants, white waist apron, black tie), scuba gear, and flippers. Standing by the sidelines is the faculty, including a very smug Principal Friday.

LOGAN

(raising his hand)

So do you serve fish or do you
serve fish?

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT