

# SKOOL !

Original screenplay by

Berge Garabedian  
and  
Sevan Garabedian

To contact screenwriters:  
[bergegara@gmail.com](mailto:bergegara@gmail.com)

Copyright 2014

FADE IN:

INSERT TITLE CARD: "PUT YOUR 3-D GLASSES ON NOW!"

INT. SUBURBAN HOME (JONNIE'S ROOM)- MORNING

SUBTITLE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN: "LAJOLLA, CALIFORNIA"

Typical high school kid's chamber. Movie posters rule the walls. The ceiling's dressed in black. Junk food, THRASHER magazines and school books litter the wall-to-wall carpeted deck. The radio snaps on to the two BOBS in action.

An annoying rooster crow introduces the duo.

BOB#1 (O.S.)  
Gooooooooodmorning cowboys and cowgirls!  
I'm Bob!

BOB#2 (O.S.)  
And I'm Bob too!

BOB#1 (O.S.)  
It's the Bob and Bob show! Now before  
any of you people out there switch over  
to another station--

A hand bolts out from under the blankets and bashes the radio dead. The boy connected to the hand remains veiled beneath the sheets. His name is JONNIE ROCQUET.

JONNIE'S MOM (O.S.)  
Wake up, honey! You're gonna be late for  
school again.

JONNIE  
Five minutes, mom!

Alarm clock radio indicates 7:01 am. Time passes. The clock now indicates 8:45 am. The radio is resuscitated.

BOB#1 (O.S.)  
--a chance to win tickets to the  
premiere showing of a premiere movie  
starring a premiere kinda guy. "Shoot me  
in the head" starring the always funny:  
Joey Piscopo.

A Howard Stern book crushes the radio to silence.

The rest of Jonnie slinks out of bed. He's a slick hip-meister covered in chocolate colored hair. He's pretty cute...at least that's what his parents keep telling him.

Erect before his window, he CRACKS every part of his body audibly. Everyday folk trudge past his view as he kicks into some basic stretching exercises. Within a few seconds, his body glistens in sweat.

He notices MRS.RIVERS walk by and kindly waves "hello". The woman acts shocked and offended. She quickly shuffles away. A SHOT of Jonnie from behind reveals his total nudity.

Jonnie's Casey Kasem phone rings. He picks it up.

JONNIE  
 (into phone)  
 Yello?

JONNIE'S MOM  
 Honey, I just wanted to remind you to pick up your tux after school. I don't have time to pick it up, and your father, well, he's befriended the drink again.

JONNIE  
 Sure thing, mom.

JONNIE'S MOM  
 And don't forget to wake Kyle.

JONNIE  
 Mom, did you make my break--

JONNIE'S MOM  
 Made you some cereal, sweetums. Kiss, kiss.

They hang up. Jonnie pats the Casey phone on the head. He turns and steps right into a pizza box. He tears a slice of pie from his foot and promptly snacks it down.

He rummages through some dirty laundry on the floor. He picks up a David Lee Roth shirt, grimaces, and chucks it aside. A black T-shirt soon bares his back. The radio breathes once again.

BOB#1  
Lotta congestion out there today!  
(he coughs)

BOB#2  
(laughing hysterically)  
Now an oldie but a goodie from the man  
from down under...Tom Jones!

As the SONG starts playing, Jonnie desperately leaps across the room, over his bed, and SLAPS the radio to the floor.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME (BATHROOM) - MORNING

Jonnie filters through his morning rituals.

He loads a small cup full of breath freshener. He swings his head back and swallows the shot of Scope straight.

His hair is a mess. He slaps some gel into his mane and disappears OFFSCREEN. When he reappears a second later, his hair is impeccable.

A cool splash of water over his face results in the disappearance of his half-beard.

He spreads some blue toothpaste on his toothbrush. He brushes each side of his mouth ONCE, then spits it all out.

As he looks in the mirror, his reflection says:

JONNIE REFLECTION  
Prom night and you don't even have a date.

Jonnie rubs his eyes, shakes his head and looks back at his reflection. The reflection does not respond. Jonnie sighs in relief. Waltzing out of the bathroom, he hears:

JONNIE REFLECTION  
Yeah, I'm still here.

Jonnie's still trying to smear some of that blue toothpaste off his fingers and onto the walls.

INT. JONNIE'S HOUSE (HALLWAY) - MORNING

Jonnie opens the door to his older brother KYLE's room.

JONNIE  
Gittup, you lazybum. You're late for  
work.

The room is spic-and-span clean. A poster of Donald Trump kissing a puppy is posted over his bed.

KYLE (O.S.)  
(groggily)  
I just woke up. Give me a break, squirt.

JONNIE  
Your ass, not mine.

KYLE (O.S.)  
Up in a second, tough guy.

Jonnie gives up, shutting the door.

As he walks down the hallway, he passes a well-dressed man in a business suit, fixing his tie in front of a mirror.

JONNIE  
Have a nice day, Kyle.

KYLE  
Later, squirt.

#### INT. SUBURBAN HOME (KITCHEN) - MORNING

A chocolate bar rests in an orange cereal bowl. Jonnie walks by and heads for the coffee pot. The family dog munches on a huge meal on the floor: eggs sunny-side up, toast with jam, and orange juice.

ON TV: A bad version of "Regis and Kathie Lee" called "Maury and Irene".

MAURY  
(on TV)  
So I says to the guy, if I ever catch  
you grabbin' my wife's ass again--

Jonnie shoves a Kermit mug of coffee in the microwave. He opens the fridge and notices a mustard container on the top shelf and some baking soda in the bottom. Nothing else. Jonnie moves the mustard over, in search of food.

Disappointed, he shuts the fridge door. On the handle, some blue toothpaste remains. The microwave RINGS.

He opens the microwave and removes his coffee mug, which is engulfed in flames. He nonchalantly blows on it a bit, trying to control the blaze. The flames flame on.

He pours three spoonfuls of sugar into the kindling java. The flames grow higher. He adds some milk. No difference.

Just as he prepares to drink the flaming coffee, a thud is heard at the front door.

Jonnie drops his mug to the floor and guns it to the door.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME (FRONT YARD) - MORNING**

As he opens the front door, a newspaper slams right into his face. Jonnie picks it up and charges OUT OF FRAME after the perpetrator.

A milk bottle comes flying onto his front porch as he runs off. It bursts all over the cement floor.

CLOSEUP of the paperboy grinning sadistically. He's furiously peddling his BMX down the block.

JONNIE (O.S.)  
Ask...and you shall receive!!

Jonnie flings the paper towards the boy's bike. It catches the BMX's spokes and completely blocks its movement. Terry flies through the air and drops about twenty feet away.

TERRY  
(in the air)  
Tell my mother I loved her...!

Jonnie smiles and wipes his hands of the whole situation.

As he slips back into his house, a big, fat SPANISH MAN in a ripped-up tanktop and decomposed jeans, grabs his garbage cans and tosses them into his truck.

SPANISH MAN  
(in a British accent)  
Okay, c'mon now Jonathan. Move on down to the next flat, will you?

The man hops onto the truck as it rolls down the street.

## INT. HONDA (MOVING)- MORNING

A well-dressed man, TED MINELLI, drives his son TAZ to school. Taz is lanky, light hearted and an eccentric dresser. His father is letting him have it.

TED

What's with those boots? What is that belt?! When I was your age, we didn't even have any belts! Who are you?! You are going nowhere and fast, young man! What is that horrible cap?

TAZ

It's the sharks, dad.

TED

I've just about had it with all of these heavy-metal bands! All they do is scream, take drugs and kill themselves. Do you understand what I am saying to you?

TAZ

Yeah...but do I care, is the real question?

TED

If you fail today's final exam, you are out of there, friend! Do you understand that? Why don't you look at me as an example. I worked long and hard to get where I am today. It's not easy getting to the top. But I did it, and so can--

## EXT. SUBURBAN HOME (FRONT YARD)- MORNING

Leaving his house with bag in tow, Jonnie just misses his school bus. He decides to make a run for it.

We INTERCUT Taz's car ride with a MONTAGE of Jonnie trying to catch his bus. He "borrows" the paperboy's BMX (while the paperboy is being gurneyed into an awaiting ambulance). He swims through backyard pools. He even hails a cab and orders it to "follow that bus!".

## INT. HONDA (MOVING)- MORNING

Taz just stares out the window as his father babbles on. The radio chimes through the car.

BOB#1 (O.S.)  
 (laughing hysterically)  
 And then...and then...he says, that  
 wasn't your mother...it was mine!

Bob#2 chokes on his own laughter but quickly recovers.

BOB#2 (O.S.)  
 And then, and then??

Taz changes the radio station.

TED  
 That's exactly what I'm talking about.  
 You can't even appreciate a proper radio  
 station anymore.

Steven switches it back to the previous station.

BOB#2 (O.S.)  
 And here's an oldie but a goodie from  
 Barry Manilow. The man of a thousand  
 voices.

Taz jams his face right into the side window and SCREAMS. An  
 external SHOT reveals his face, but we DO NOT HEAR A SOUND.

TED  
 Tazmar, stop that! I just got the inside  
 of the car fumigated after your date  
 last night. I've never smelled so much  
 fish in my life...

#### EXT. DAFFIE HIGH SCHOOL- MORNING

Mr. Minelli's Honda glides into the school lot. Taz exits.

TED  
 Taz, I'm sorry if I was a little on edge  
 this morning, but I've only had four  
 coffees today. Son, the bottom line is  
 that we love you very much and we just  
 want you to succeed in life. You have to  
 take this exam seriously, boy.

TAZ  
 I will.

TED  
 Who the hell is Will?! Will you pay  
 attention to me already?

TAZ  
I said that I would, fruitcake.

Taz slams the door and walks away. As the Honda drives by, the passenger window is automatically lowered. A banana is tossed Taz's way. He catches it on his chest.

TED  
Don't forget your fruit, son. It's either eat one or be one!

Taz smiles and waves good-bye to his father. Students passing by him, point and giggle.

STUDENT VOICE#1 (O.S.)  
Mommy says eat banana. I eat banana.

STUDENT VOICE#2 (O.S.)  
Hey, Tarzan. Buy a vowel!!

Taz takes the banana and quickly slides it into his schoolbag. A CU of the interior of the bag reveals it to be jammed with fruits: bananas, oranges, tomatoes, apples...

#### INT. SCHOOLBUS (MOVING)- MORNING

The bus comes to a halt and picks up an exhausted Jonnie. He plops himself down in the front seat. The bus moves another five feet and stops. They have arrived. Everyone gets out.

#### EXT. DAFFIE HIGH SCHOOL- MORNING

MR.MCDANNOUGH steps out of his car and notices one of his students running by.

MR.MCDANNOUGH  
Joey? Joey Titroni?

JOEY "THE WEASEL" TITRONI stops dead in his tracks and slopes over to the professor.

JOEY  
You call me, sir?

MR.MCDANNOUGH

Joey, I had to stop and tell you the good news.

(a beat)

I corrected your exam last night, and well, you got an A, son!

Congratulations.

Mr.McDannough hands Joey his exam back. A big red A stains its cover page. The young man is speechless.

JOEY

(heartfelt)

Sir, I don't know how much to thank you for this. You don't know how much this means to me. I mean, if it wasn't for you and your countless hours of spare time tutoring, I never would have passed.

Mr.McDannough rests his hand on the boy's relieved shoulder.

MR.MCDANNOUGH

The look on your face is all the thanks that I need, son. This is my job, and I am proud to be a teacher!

They shake hands as the teacher walks away. Joey looks at his exam and smiles. Then, he kneels down, pulls a knife out of his back pocket, and stabs the teacher's tire.

Taz sees his best bud Jonnie tumbling off the schoolbus.

JONNIE

Hey brother, what's going down?

They integrate twelve assorted moves into their handshake.

TAZ

My grades, man, my grades. If I don't pass the algebra final this afternoon, I could pretty much kiss my graduation good-bye!

JONNIE

Don't worry too much about it, Tazzy. I mean, even Einstein failed math in high school.

TAZ

Yeah...and now he's dead.

JONNIE

Yeah, but he's still a genius. Anyway, anything I can do to help?

TAZ

Well actually...you could help me study?

JONNIE

Aaaw, man. You know that I would if I could, it's just that...I don't want to!

TAZ

Thanks hombre, you're a real pal.

JONNIE

Forget you, I've got problems of my own.

TAZ

What's the problem? You lose your TV guide?

JONNIE

Don't even joke about things like that. This is serious. I still don't have a date for the big prom tonight.

TAZ

Ooooh, that is bad.

JONNIE

Who are you going with?

TAZ

I haven't made up my mind yet. I'm deciding between a couple of real cuties.

JONNIE

You're renting "Indiana Jones"?

TAZ

Trilogy uncut.

JONNIE

I really want to ask Suzie Bogdonavitch out.

TAZ

You still thinking about asking that honey to the prom...on the day of the prom?!

JONNIE

Word on the street is that she broke up  
with Tip last night.

CLOSEUP of the street reveals an inscription : "Suzie  
Bogdonavitch broke up with Tip last night".

TAZ

Well, you'd better make it quick, cause  
a piece of meat like that is sure to get  
spoiled if you leave it out too long.

JONNIE

Huh? Anyways, what are you gonna do  
about your big test?

TAZ

Well, my sources tell me that Mr.Boile  
keeps all of the test copies in his desk  
drawer. So basically, I'm gonna try  
breaking into his office.

JONNIE

How are you gonna do that?

TAZ

Well...when he's not there...I'm gonna  
break in.

JONNIE

Ooh.

TAZ

You wanna help me.

JONNIE

No.

(a beat)

So, do you have any last minute advice  
on how I should ask Suzie out?

TAZ

Yeah. Forget her, forget the prom, buy  
yourself a 2-liter bottle of Coke, some  
popcorn, and we'll go halvies on the  
cost of the videos.

JONNIE

Never say never, my friend.

TAZ

Already seen it. Gotta motor.

Taz rushes into school with a cute blonde girl named JADE JARMELLE. Posters on the wall promote the prom as "The last good time of your life!!". The school bell rings.

JONNIE  
Aaaw shit!

As Jonnie hauls ass to class, he is confronted by PRINCIPAL LEONARD KURTZ. This is a man who spent three years in a tigerscage back in Hanoi and reminisces about those days as the "best times" of his life. His life is school.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
Still testing me, Rocquet?

JONNIE  
I'm sorry sir, I really tried today. I even--

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
What's today's excuse, shoeshine boy?!

JONNIE  
Up late with your wife last night?

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
You don't say. So tell me shoeshine...how was she?

JONNIE  
I don't know. You tell me?

The two men just glare at one another quietly.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
Just for that, you're spending the last day of school in the dungeon.

JONNIE  
Dungeon?

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
Oooh, did I say dungeon? I meant detention.

JONNIE  
(gleeful)  
Actually, by law, you can no longer detain us during or after the last official day of school.

Kurtz approaches Jonnie's face and much like a drill officer screams:

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
I'm gonna watch you like a hawk!!

Jonnie wipes all of the spit off his face.

JONNIE  
(walking away)  
The show ain't over 'till the fat lady sings.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
That's enough about my wife, Rocquet!  
(pointing to him)  
Your time's a-comin'.

Jonnie slumps along the hallway.

JONNIE  
(mumbles)  
Asshole.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
What was that, private?!

Jonnie turns and screams:

JONNIE  
Asshole!

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
Like a hawk.

INT. DAFFIE HIGH SCHOOL (HALLWAY) - MORNING

Jonnie motors it down the hallway. He passes a metal detector. A postman is being searched up against the wall. One guard has his gun embedded to the man's chin.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - MORNING

Jonnie slips into the classroom and parks himself in the back. MR.KORONARA is taking attendance.

MR. KORONARA  
Doctor Ormond?

ORMOND

Here.

MR. KORONARA

Doctor Papkin?

PAPKIN

Here.

MR. KORONARA

Doctor Richman?

PAPKIN picks up his bag and exits the room.

RICHMAN

Here.

MR. KORONARA

Doctor Rocquet?

JONNIE

Always.

MR. KORONARA

Aaaw, Doctor Rocquet. How nice of you to join us this morning.

JONNIE

Happy birthday, sir.

MR. KORONARA

It's not my birthday.

JONNIE

I know.

MR. KORONARA

Humph...as you all well know, today is the last day of your formative academic years--

The class goes apeshit! People boogie on their desks, MUSIC booms all around, couples make out in the back, fire extinguishers go off. The teacher looks at his watch and waits. Finally, they all sit down and the MUSIC stops.

MR. KORONARA

--for most of you, that is.

INT. ECONOMICS CLASS - MORNING

MR.KOOBRIK addresses his class on this final day.

MR. KOOBRIK  
Some of you will have the opportunity to  
stay here for another year--

STUDENT  
(getting up)  
Yeeehaw!!

MR. KOOBRIK  
Settle down, Oliver.

OLIVER sits back down.

MR. KOOBRIK  
...while others will continue their  
journey into the unknown. You will all  
be receiving your finals back today, and  
they will determine your schooling plans  
for the year to come.

As the teacher strolls down the aisles, passing out the exams,  
we notice Taz praying.

Mr.Koobrik hands a HEAVY-METAL STUDENT, Walkman blasting over  
his ears, his exam back. The boy looks at his paper and reacts  
positively. CU of the exam reveals a huge F.

Mr.Koobrik hands an exam to a 45-year BUSINESSMAN in a suit. The  
man is shockingly disappointed with his result.

Taz leans over to a typical CALIFORNIA DUDE:

TAZ  
My dad helped me study for this one.

CALIFORNIA DUDE  
I studied all week, baby! Aced it.  
Pshaaw...

California dude gets his exam back. He got an F. He gets up and  
flings himself out the window.

MR. KOOBRIK  
(calmly)  
Alvy, will you come back here.

Taz gets his exam back. He got a D-. He smiles.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - MORNING

Jonnie receives his exam: B+. The teacher hands an exam back to a long-haired GRUNGE ROCKER who appears displeased.

GRUNGE ROCKER  
Excuse me, sir?!

The whole class quiets down.

MR. KORONARA  
Can I help you, Doctor Fedder?

GRUNGE ROCKER  
That's G-force, sir.

MR. KORONARA  
Can I help you, Doctor Fedder?

GRUNGE ROCKER  
This exam's a crock, man! This whole class is a sham, man! You gave me an F because of your prejudiced beliefs and the so-called "woodie" syndrome. I'm human, man. I feel, sir. My long hair should not determine my--

MR. KORONARA  
Would you like me to review your exam, Doctor Fedder?

Mr.Koronara takes the test and studies it carefully. He makes a few notes. Then hands it back to the rocker.

MR. KORONARA  
I'm sorry Doctor Fedder, but I believe your grade adequately reflects your knowledge of this subject.

CLOSEUP of exam reveals blanks next to all of the questions.

GRUNGE ROCKER  
Trying is half the battle, sir.

Principal Kurtz pronounces himself through the intercom.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)

Good morning one and all at Daffie High. This is your principal speaking. As you all well know by now, today is the last day of school, and whether you are staying with us for another year, or more, or whether you are leaving us forever, Amen, we all hope that you will always remember Daffie High with the fondest of memories.

Joey screams from the back:

JOEY

Blow it out your ass!!

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)

This school was built with great pride by a man with a lot of heart and a lot of money, and we believe that we have instilled those same great qualities in each and every one of our students.

EXT. DAFFIE HIGH (EDGAR J.DAFFIE BUST) - MORNING

The EDGAR J.DAFFIE bust is erected in the front lawn of the school. The man's face appears bloated and delirious. Its inscription reads: "For those about to rock, I salute you!"

INT. ECONOMICS CLASS - MORNING

Taz is playing blackjack on his desk with a couple of other students. Mr.Koobrik notices and gravitates to the scene.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)

The excellent educational system provided to you by the government of the United States of great America, is second to none, and has adequately prepared you for any job that is out there today. Some of you may become teachers...

INT. SEX EDUCATION CLASS - (FLASHBACK)

MR.FERRARA walks around the class, tossing condoms out of a basket at the students. Playboy centerfold posters grace the blackboard and three couples are making out in the back row.

They are being graded on technique, style, aesthetics and showmanship.

INT. ECONOMICS CLASS - MORNING

Mr.Koobrik is sitting at the desk next to Taz. He is now enraptured in the game of twenty-one.

TAZ  
Sir, that's the fifth hand in a row that you've lost.

MR. KOOBRIK  
Hit me!

Taz turns his cards over to reveal a twenty.

MR. KOOBRIK  
Come to poppa, pretty baby.

Mr.Koobrik slides the pot over to himself.

TAZ  
Not so fast, junior.

Taz reveals the house hand to be a twenty-one. Blackjack!

MR. KOOBRIK  
That was my grocery money.

TAZ  
Sure thing pops, now move along, there's others waiting in line.

Mr.Koobrik grabs a paper airplane that WILBUR was making and tosses it out the window.

MR. KOOBRIK  
This is not a playground here, Mr. Wright! This is a serious classroom!

We notice the paper airplane flying brilliantly through the sky, gaining momentum in the upswings, and curving smoothly around several trees and birds.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)  
...artists...

## INT. ARTISTRY CLASS - (FLASHBACK)

MR.TREVVREPP speaks before a packed class of students ready to mold a chunk of clay into the replica of a nude figure.

MR. TREVVREPP

Being his first time as a nude model, I hope that you will all bear with him, and allow him some time to adjust to this strange kind of environment.

Mr.Trevvrep turns to the door and removes his shirt. The rest of his attire soon follows. He rests his out-of-shape naked form on the stool before the class and smiles.

Time passes. He is now circling the classroom in his bathrobe. He is grading all of the artistic results.

MR. TREVVREPP

Don't you think a little more clay in this area might add to the realism of this nude model, Sherry?

Mr.Trevvrep adds a strategically placed piece of clay to her model. Sherry laughs.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)

...great American cooks...

## INT. COOKING CLASS - (FLASHBACK)

MRS.KIDDS stands before the class with an aluminum foiled TV dinner in hand. Several students stand around the classroom draped in aprons, holding TV dinners of their own.

MRS. KIDDS

Just reach over and slowly tear off the aluminum foil.

All of the students tear open their TV dinners.

MRS. KIDDS

With your hands, Ike!

We see IKE attempting to rip the foil off with his teeth.

MRS. KIDDS

Now, open the microwave doors, and put the dinner in the middle of the plate.

Most of the class follows the orders perfectly.

MRS. KIDDS  
Norm, you have to put your meal in the  
microwave...

NORM removes his dinner from on top of the microwave and shoves  
it inside.

MRS. KIDDS  
Very good. Now close the door...set for  
2 minutes...2 minutes Ike, not 2 hours,  
and press START.

The class obeys her orders.

MRS. KIDDS  
Excellent.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)  
...computer engineers...

#### INT. COMPUTER CLASS - (FLASHBACK)

MR.ACMANPAY is walking around the classroom in a "Don't fock  
with Spock!!" T-shirt handing out advice. EVERYONE in the room  
is playing video games on their computers.

MR. ACMANPAY  
No, Raphy, no! Never use your double-  
shields in a situation like that! Work  
the phasers in the first round, and  
bring the shields in only after you pick  
up the zappers.

Mr.Acmanpay stands before Joey, who is playing Doom.

JOEY  
Die, you son of a bitch! Die, you piece  
of sh--

MR. ACMANPAY  
Joey, there is no need to use coarse  
language during this game. The demons  
from hell cannot hear you.  
(a beat)  
Use the shotgun!! Use the shotgun!! Blow  
that fuc--

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)  
 ...and perhaps, even a president of the  
 United States of America.

INT. MOTEL 8 (SEEDY ROOM) - LATE NIGHT

An ELDERLY STATESMAN cuddles up in bed with two young honeys by his side. He is speaking on a cellular phone. A SECRET SERVICE MAN guards his door.

ELDERLY STATESMAN  
 Tell her that I'm still signing those  
 bills and that I won't be home until the  
 wee hours. And tell McCarthy that his  
 kickbacks have fallen behind two weeks!!  
 (hangs up)  
 God bless America!

INT. ECONOMICS CLASS - MORNING

Most of the class is sleeping. Those awake are tanning next to the open windows. Taz is counting his winnings.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)  
 Counselor Porkney will be available to  
 this year's graduating class for the  
 remainder of the day, and is there to  
 help you build and shape your future.  
 Personally, I just want to wish you all  
 the very best in whatever endeavors you  
 choose to pursue after your stint at  
 Daffie High. Good luck and good-bye.

MR. KOOBRIK  
 That was one of the finest speeches that  
 I have ever heard in my entire life.  
 That man loves you all, do you know  
 that?

The class grumbles. One student spits out the window.

MR. KOOBRIK  
 Well, for all those students...

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)

(snickering)

Can you believe that anyone would buy any of that blatant horseshit? I've been reading them that same drivel for the past...what?...the intercom was on?...is still on?...holy sh--

MR. KOOBRIK

(clears his throat)

As I was saying, for all those students who didn't pass, there will be a make-up exam at the end of the day in room 114. Don't forget to bring your blush.

TAZ

Sir, do you know if the same applies for algebra?

MR. KOOBRIK

Yes, Mr. Minelli. You can bring your bra. Now, since it's the last day of school, and we are extremely low on staff, women teacher's strike and all...

A SHOT outside the school reveals scantily clad female teachers picketing with signs that read "We want our equal rights!!", "Female power", "Burn your wonderbras" and "Honk if you like big boobs!!". They are waving to all of the honking cars that go by.

MR. KOOBRIK

We have decided to take advantage of this cut in faculty, and combine two classes in one.

Class murmurs in anticipation.

CLOSEUP of Mr.Koobrik with a ball in his hand shouting:

MR. KOOBRIK

Dodgeball!!!

He WHIPS the ball across the room, and nails EUGENE PALOWITZ right in the face. His glasses get crushed over his eyes, and blood gushes from his nose. The class cracks up. The game continues, as the teacher makes notes on the board.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - MORNING

The intercom has just finished announcing several names.

MR. KORONARA  
 Doctor Rocquet, I do believe your name  
 was called.

JONNIE  
 (talking to his neighbor)  
 So I say, you think she's ugly, wait  
 until you see your date!

MR. KORONARA  
 Rocquet?!

JONNIE  
 Huh?

MR. KORONARA  
 Your name!

JONNIE  
 Yeah, I know.

MR. KORONARA  
 Your name was called.

JONNIE  
 Yeah, I know. What do you want?

MR. KORONARA  
 To the principal's office!!

JONNIE  
 For answering to my name?

Mr.Koronara lowers his head and points to the door. Jonnie  
 shuffles his way out of the classroom.

INT. DAFFIE HIGH SCHOOL (HALLWAY) - MORNING

Jonnie hops and whistles his way down the hallway. He notices  
 two yarmulke-bearing kids, talking to MR.BRAUN.

KID#1  
 They're anti-Semitic, sir. They hate our  
 guts.

MR. BRAUN  
 That is simply not true, David. You must  
 learn to give people the benefit of the  
 doubt sometimes.

KID#2

Sir, I agree with David. These kids are not like us. They do not like our kind.

MR. BRAUN

I've heard just about enough out of you two! You're in high school now. Everybody here is equal. Now get into class!

As the two boys enter the room, we see twenty SKINHEADS garbed in red suspenders, white T-shirts and combat boots sitting at their desks.

As Jonnie walks past another classroom, he hears a kid getting yelled at inside.

SCREAMING TEACHER

You are a disgrace to me, to yourself, to your fellow students, to your parents!! You are a social invalid, a buffoon, a certified moron, an embarrassment! You are nothing, and best of all, you will never amount to anything!!

As the verbal carnage continues, Jonnie peeks inside the room. He notices a 14-YEAR OLD SCHOOL GIRL getting bawled out by an 75-year old NUN. He continues his march.

Jonnie finally reaches Mr. Kurtz's infamous office. He opens the door to the SOUNDS OF A JUNGLE. He walks in and sits down before the SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Well, well, well. If it isn't Mr. Popularity.

JONNIE

I'm Jonnie Rocquet.

SECRETARY

Oh, I'm sorry. You're not Laurence Popularity?

JONNIE

No, ma'am.

SECRETARY

I guess he already went in.

We hear Kurtz bellowing from inside his puny office.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)  
We found it in your locker! This kind of  
filth will not be allowed on our school  
property. Is that understood?!

LAURENCE (O.S.)  
Yes'm.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)  
You're lucky that I'm not expelling you  
this very instant, young man. This is  
garbage for the mind, and oh-so easy to  
get hooked on.

LAURENCE (O.S.)  
I'm sorry sir, I will never--

PRINCIPAL KURTZ (O.S.)  
Silence!! Just take this trash and  
leave. Go!

The door opens and LAURENCE walks out with a BIBLE in his hand.  
Jonnie straddles on in and sits down.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
Sit down, m'boy, sit down.

JONNIE  
I am sitting, sir.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
Very well then, let's begin. As you must  
know by now, you and I have been going  
at each other for the past few years,  
and I think it's about time we bury the  
hatchet.

JONNIE  
Are you serious, sir?

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
Well, I've been thinking it over for the  
past couple of minutes and I think that  
the evil principal hating his students  
thing, just sounds a little too much  
like a script to a bad movie.

JONNIE

I'll drink to that.  
(swigs a shot of whiskey)

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

I think you are ripe enough now to recognize my authority as being legitimate and meaningful, and I have come to realize that you are far from being the worst nut in the bunch. So for our mutual best interest, why don't we just cut the cancer and let it be.

JONNIE

(Liverpool accent)  
That's sounds pretty neat, sir.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Not only is it neat, Jonnie-boy, but it is also required. You see, it's about time that you come to realize that principals are not always there to be your enemy. Their lives do not revolve around being this symbol of intimidation.

Jonnie sees a book resting on Kurtz's desk, it's entitled: "How to intimidate your students and make them your enemy!!"

JONNIE

I see. Well, I guess I could try--

Kurtz covers the book with another one entitled "Sex: The One-man Show".

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

All I ask is that you try, Jonnie-boy.  
We all try.

The bell rings.

INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

KARL SPIVEY sits before the counselor.

KARL

I don't have much going for me but I did manage to finagle my way into the local "SHOES R US" subsidiary. If I'm lucky,

(crosses his fingers)  
I could be there for the next five to  
ten years or so.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY  
That's sounds like a great opportunity,  
Karl. Here's a number that'll surely  
come in handy one day.

He hands over a note which reads: DR. KEVORKIAN 555-1682.

KARL  
Thanks. I've been looking all over for  
this.

INT. DAFFIE HIGH SCHOOL (HALLWAY) - MORNING

The hallway's congested with noise as everyone transfers from  
one class to another. Jonnie runs into Taz.

TAZ  
Passed economics. Only two more to go.

JONNIE  
Swingin', my friend.

TAZ  
So didja ask her out yet?

In the b.g., Joey sticks a note on a passing KID's back. Soon  
enough, the kid is STABBED from behind by Joey. He drops to the  
floor and reaches for the knife. Instead, he finds the note that  
reads: "Stab me". He looks up at Joey and smiles. Thumbs up. He  
jerks the knife from his back.

JONNIE  
Haven't seen her yet.

TAZ  
Well, wash your ass and get ready for a  
surprise.  
(turns Jonnie around)

We see SUZIE BOGDONAVITCH standing near the lockers. She stands  
about 5'8, beautiful blonde hair, ruby lips, and a body that  
just won't quit.

TAZ  
I wish you could introduce me to them--  
I mean, her.

Jonnie's engulfed in his own world as he slowly glides his way over to Suzie. Jade tries to intercept his trajectory, but a sudden shove quickly removes her from his goal.

As he is about to speak to his Goddess of love...he slips and contorts his body into a pretzel to the floor. Suzie just giggles and walks away. Taz comes by, and helps him up.

TAZ  
Smooth, Jonnie. Smooth.

The two boys continue their journey down the hallway. Jade steps up once again. Taz leaves the two alone.

TAZ  
I'll catch up with you guys...later!  
(winks at Jonnie)

JONNIE  
Heya J-J. What's the good word?

JADE  
Whatever words come out of your mouth,  
Jonnie.

JONNIE  
I just saw Suzie.

JADE  
So I heard.

JONNIE  
From who?

JADE  
From you. You just told me.

JONNIE  
I kinda messed it up though. I don't  
think she was too impressed.

JADE  
She's a bitch.

JONNIE  
(shocked)  
Jay?!

JADE  
Snitch. I said snitch. As in, she's  
always telling on other people.

Jonnie rubs her on the head and says:

JONNIE  
You're cute.

Jonnie turns and strolls into his classroom. The bell rings. Jade is left standing in front of the door. She touches the top of her head, and quickly beelines it down the hallway.

Reaching her classroom, she slows down and catches her breath. She can hear MR.AVERY inside.

MR. AVERY (O.S.)  
You all did very well on your finals,  
and will be receiving them back at the  
end of today's lesson. For now, I would  
like Christine to pass the attendance  
sheet around--

Jade walks into class.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - MORNING

The room is empty. Only Mr.Avery stands at the blackboard.

MR. AVERY  
(to Jade)  
Well, c'mon now. Don't keep the whole  
class waiting.

JADE  
Uuhm...I think I'm in the wrong  
classroom, sir.

MR. AVERY  
Very well then.  
(continues his lesson)  
As I was saying, the attendance sheets  
should be passed around--

Jade slips out of the class and breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. DAFFIE HIGH (HALLWAY) - MORNING

Taz hides behind a wall. He peers down a long empty hallway, but doesn't spot a soul. He quickly shuffles his way to the front of the bathroom. He looks around and opens the door.

A sudden mushroom cloud of smoke bursts out into the lobby. Taz covers his mouth, and powers his way in. A second later, Principal Kurtz slips out. Cigar hanging from his lips.

INT. DAFFIE HIGH (BATHROOM) - MORNING

Clearing the smoke away, Taz opens the first stall. WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE by Guns & Roses chimes out. The stall is covered in shit and puddles of piss mine the floor. Actual pieces of excrement rest on the toilet seat. He SLAMS the door shut.

Behind the second stall, he discovers two fellow students conversing. They turn to Taz with no reaction, then talk on.

The third stall offers a naked janitor sitting on the throne with a "Janitorial Life" magazine glued to his hands.

The final stall is empty and sparkles in cleanliness. Taz enters the stall as the rest of the folk exit the premises.

Taz covers the entire head with toilet paper. Everything from the flusher and the paper holder, to the walls and the floor.

As he rests his rear upon the seat, he contorts his face and body into many different positions. The graffiti behind the door says: "Flush twice to reach cafeteria". Taz smiles and DOWNS the toilet on two occasions.

Taz's excrements drive through a maze of pipes within the school's infrastructure. A RED LIGHT in the kitchen alerts the staff to step back. The waste suddenly plops down into a vat of the day's soup. The staff continues their duties.

Back in the bathroom, Taz hears SOMEONE enter the bathroom. We hear WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE played again.

TAZ  
Soylent green?

SOMEONE (O.S.)  
Made of people.

TAZ  
Kermit the frog's finger?

SOMEONE (O.S.)  
What's green and smells like pork?

TAZ  
Mr. Black? Is that you?

MR. BLACK (O.S.)  
Operation donut is in effect.

TAZ  
Beautiful.

INT. GEOGRAPHY CLASS - MORNING

A melancholic MR.WAURDLEE sits on his desk before the class.

MR. WAURDLEE  
She had yet to turn forty. Her birthday was next week. It was a shock to my whole family and the kids are still confused. A drunk driver hit her at around 9:30 on Wednesday evening. Three hours later, her life was over. My own life has been in shambles since--

Jonnie sits in back of the classroom with FRANK and ALLISON. Allison is five months pregnant and Frank is an idiot.

FRANK  
Bummer.

JONNIE  
(to Allison)  
Do stories like this ever make you rethink the idea of bringing a baby into this awful world of ours?

ALLISON  
No.

JONNIE  
Doesn't it scare you to think of all the things that just suck out there?

ALLISON  
No.

FRANK  
(to Jonnie)  
I guess you ain't looking to score any young puppies on your time?

JONNIE

No way. Life's hard enough as it is. Why would I want to bring another one of my family members down with it? What about you, Frankie?

FRANK

No freakin' way. The way I figure it...my parents never had any kids, so why should I?

JONNIE

(to Allison)

So, what are you gonna name 'em?

ALLISON

Elise if it's a girl, and either Gene or Roger, if it's a boy.

JONNIE

Gene or Roger. Those are some cool sounding names.

Jonnie and Allison both look directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JONNIE AND ALLISON

Either way, you know it'll be a great looking baby!

MR. WAURDLEE

For this reason I was not able to prepare the exam for today. This close personal loss was very hard on me, and the wounds have yet to be healed. I'd like to thank you all for being so patient and understanding during these trying times.

Frank raises his hand. Mr.Waurdlee acknowledges his inquiry.

FRANK

Are we gonna be tested on any of this garbage?

INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Peter sits before the counselor.

PETER

I wanna be a lawyer.

Peter receives a slap across the face.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Next!

INT. DAFFIE HIGH (BATHROOM) - MORNING

Taz and Mr.Black stand before the mirror in the john.

MR. BLACK

I think I'm losing my hair.

TAZ

No way, man. What are you talking about?  
It looks great.

A SHOT of the mirror, shows Mr.Black with a terrific set of hair. A SHOT from behind reveals a huge gaping bald spot in the back of his head.

TAZ

Enough of the sweet talk. Let's get down  
to the brass-tacks.

MR. BLACK

You got the stash?

TAZ

Right here.

Taz pulls out a 6-pack of Hubba-Bubba bubble gum, some brass tacks and hands them over to Mr.Black. Black looks around to see if anyone is watching, then jams them down his pants.

TAZ

You got the key?

MR. BLACK

Oooh yeah. Do I ever have 'em!

Mr. Black reaches into the back of his underwear and pulls out the key. He hands it over to Taz, who, without a touch, allows it to drop to the floor.

TAZ

That's disgusting, man!

MR. BLACK

This is a disgusting business we're in,  
my friend.

Taz grabs a handful of paper towels, picks up the key, and tosses it directly into one of the sinks. He clogs it up, drains it with soap, and lets the water foam it all up.

TAZ  
So, where is it exactly?

MR. BLACK  
It's simple. He always stashes his test papers in the first drawer on the upper right hand side of the third cupboard in the left corner of his office.

TAZ  
Ten-four.

Taz stops the water and picks the key out of the sink. It shines brightly now. The JANITOR walks into the bathroom and heads for the urinals. The boys begin to whisper.

TAZ  
Thanks again, Black. Sorry I ever doubted you.

MR. BLACK  
(shakes his hand)  
Mi casa e su casa.

TAZ  
Later dude.

Taz bops out of the bathroom smiling from ear to ear.

MR. BLACK  
(to himself)  
Or was it in his briefcase?

As Mr. Black leaves the room, we notice the janitor look back and take a large bite out of one of the moth-cakes.

#### INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

The counselor is reading through Mr.Black's file.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY  
...embezzlement, two robberies, fraud. I can't go on! What the hell do you wanna do with your life??

MR. BLACK  
I wanna be a Hollywood producer.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Oh...okay then. Looks like you're on the right track. Next!

INT. DAFFIE HIGH (HALLWAY) - AFTERNOON

The sound of the bell reverberates through the hallways. The halls are littered with teenagers fighting, skateboarding, rollerblading, even a few kids studying. It's lunch time!

INT. DAFFIE HIGH (CAFETERIA) - AFTERNOON

Several kids are awaiting their turn in line. Three RICH PREPPY KIDS slip the lunchtime GUARD a couple of bucks, and pass before the others. Everyone covers their nostrils.

GUARD

(to others in line)

Get used to it, kids. Life's a bitch!

Taz and Jonnie are rapping in line.

TAZ

I got the stuff.

JONNIE

I bet you did.

TAZ

I mean the key, man!

JONNIE

You mean you're actually gonna go through with this?

TAZ

Like Nixon went through Watergate.

JONNIE

What the hell's that ungodly smell?

TAZ

(points to the microwave)

Pravesh brought some of his home-cooked meals to school again.

We see an INDIAN KID with a turban on his head, taking his Tupperware out of the microwave.

As they reach the end of the line, Taz notices a kitchen worker spitting in every third sandwich that he's preparing. He opens the top of his burger and peeks inside. No gob in sight.

JONNIE  
Let's park it near Suzie.

TAZ  
And the dream continues...

JEROME picks up the soup of the day.

Jonnie and Taz set themselves up a few tables from the notorious Suzie B. table. The rest of the cafeteria seems to be divided into several homogeneous groups.

The preps are with the preps, the dweebs with the dweebs and the rockers with the rockers. Some tables do exhibit mixed companies though.

The Jewish kids are sitting with the skinheads and trading food with one another, while the black students are enjoying their lunch with some of the local police force.

Jonnie chows down on his club sandwich, as a paper airplane zooms by the outside window.

TAZ  
So why do you go so nuts over this girl anyway?

JONNIE  
She's no girl. She's a Goddess!

TAZ  
No, I mean, what the hell's so special about her?

JONNIE  
Are you kidding, man? Are you blind?

TAZ  
I know she's pretty and all, I mean, I wouldn't mind beaning her myself, but it's been like three years now and you just can't seem to get past her.

JONNIE  
Well, truth be told...

TAZ  
Told.

JONNIE

I haven't exactly hit too many homeruns  
in my time.

TAZ

What do you mean?

JONNIE

I mean, I've sliced a few singles down  
the left field line, and cracked a few  
doubles up the middle, even a triple  
here and there. But I've never rounded  
all the bases.

TAZ

What the hell are you talking about,  
man?

JONNIE

A homerun...you know...sex.

TAZ

You have sex with a baseball?

JONNIE

I'm still a virgin, you idiot.

TAZ

YOU'RE STILL A VIRGIN!!!

The whole cafeteria suddenly turns silent. All that we hear is  
the ECHO of Taz's last statement. Everybody stares at Jonnie.  
The sound of crickets chirping appears.

SERIES OF SHOTS of people staring quietly into the CAMERA: other  
students, the kitchen staff, the principal and teachers,  
Jonnie's parents, people having sex at home.

JONNIE

(smiling embarrassingly at  
himself)

Of course not, you silly goose. I said  
that I felt like purging. Purging...not  
virgin...purging. The food here blows.

Everyone slowly resumes their lunches.

TAZ

I'm sorry Jonnie, I really thought you  
said virgin.

JONNIE

Let's just let it drop, alright?

We see Jerome gobbling down his soup. He stops in disgust.

JEROME

Aaaaw gross! Oh my God, that's disgusting!

The guard approaches Jerome's table.

GUARD

Is there a problem here, Jerome?

JEROME

I would say so there is a problem! Look at this shit!

As the guard looks at the soup, we notice several chunks of brown clumps floating around the bowl.

GUARD

Oh my God, this is horrifying!

A KITCHEN EMPLOYEE comes over with another bowl of soup.

EMPLOYEE

Another fly in the soup?

GUARD

You betcha.

EMPLOYEE

Here you go. This one's clean.

The brown clumps remain afloat in this soup.

JEROME

Thanks. That's much better.

Jerome continues his barrage on the soup.

TAZ

Why don't you just go over there and ask her out already?

JONNIE

What are you nuts? No way. Everyone's scopin' me out.

TAZ

Will you get over yourself. Nobody's even paying the slightest bit of attention to us. You're being paranoid.

JONNIE

I think I'm gonna wait.

TAZ

Look man, I'm not gonna pretend that I know a whole lot about girls, or going out, or life, or anything for that matter. But I do know one thing! You got a prom at night? You wanna ask a girl to go with you? Generally, and I'm not saying this is always the case, but generally, you have to actually ASK the girl before the wheels start to churn into motion.

JONNIE

(nervous)

Yeah, I guess you're right Taz. You're always right.

Jonnie takes one last bite from his sandwich, winces in disgust, wipes his mouth and prepares for battle.

His chair pushed back, a loud SQUEAKING NOISE fills the entire lunchroom. Everyone quiets down and eyeballs Jonnie.

He doesn't let this affect his goal. He slowly starts to make his way over to Suzie's table.

A REPORTER with a microphone soon joins up with him.

REPORTER

(puts a towel around Jonnie's neck)

How are you feeling there, Jonnie-boy? Are you up for it?

JONNIE

I feel good. Several years of solo training have prepared me for this day, and I believe that if all goes well, I can easily pull off a win.

REPORTER

How do you feel about your formidable opponent here today?

JONNIE

Well, she's a fine looking woman, with some great talent of her own, but I don't think she has what it takes to overpower me at this point in my career.

Several students are handing Jonnie small cups filled with water. He douses them over his face and head.

REPORTER

How long do you think this match will last, Jonnie?

JONNIE

Well, depending on her cardio-vascular training, I don't see it going anywhere past two rounds. I think I can easily finish her off in the first round.

REPORTER

That's a bold statement, Mr. Rocquet. Good luck and may God be with you.

Jonnie spits into an metal bucket on the floor. PING!

He finally reaches Suzie's table. The whole gang stares him down. Suzie munches on a banana.

JONNIE

Excuse me, Suzie. Can I talk to you for a sec?

Suzie is surprised and points to herself like "you talking to me??" . Jonnie nods "yes".

SUZIE

Anything you have to say to me, you can say in front of my friends.

Jonnie looks around the cafeteria and notices close to three hundred people glaring at him. He continues.

JONNIE

Well, the thing is, I don't know, it's just that...

SUZIE

Something you have to say?

JONNIE

Yes, yes there is. Okay, here it goes.

(exhales)

Suzie, would you like to have sex...I mean...go to the prom with me tonight?

A pin is heard dropping to the floor. Everyone waits. The reporter stands on the sidelines. Suddenly....

Suzie starts cracking up. She practically falls off her chair trying to contain her laughter. Her friends and the rest of the cafeteria soon join the chuckle-fest.

Jonnie is dejected. He slowly turns around and walks back to his table. A series of kids exchange money on lost bets.

SUZIE

(when she finally stops laughing)

Sure.

JONNIE

Really? Are you serious?

SUZIE

Was Yahoo Serious?

JONNIE

You bet he was.

SUZIE

Pick me up at seven.

JONNIE

Rockin'.

SUZIE

Rollin'.

Jonnie jogs back to his table beaming in pride. He is saluted from all sides. People high-fiving him, slipping him money, pulling his hair. More cash exchanges hands.

The reporter slides back up to him.

REPORTER

How are you feeling now, champ? The battle is over, the war is won!

JONNIE

It was a tough fight, Mike. Harder than I anticipated. She had me up on the ropes in the early rounds, but I came back strong in the second. I don't think that I would have been able to pull it off, were it not for the years and years of rejection training that I have endured.

REPORTER

How long do you think you can retain the title?

Jonnie stops in the middle of the cafeteria and addresses his fellow students. Taz holds the crowd back.

JONNIE

Well, I wouldn't want to speculate on such an speculative speculation, Mike, but I would like to thank my parents for everything they ever taught me...

(the crowd applauds)

my best friend Taz, who was like the best friend I never had through all this...

(the crowd applauds)

and last, but certainly not least...God. Without whom, any of this would not have been possible. Thank you, thank you all.

A PHOTOGRAPHER pulls up to Jonnie, Taz and the reporter and takes a picture of the trio smiling.

The boys trot out of the cafeteria with several people barreling behind them. Taz chucks his apple core towards the garbage, but misses it. Instead, it hits the JANITOR's shoe.

TAZ

(to janitor)

Sorry dad, can you pick that up for me?

SOME KID IN CROWD

FOOD FIGHT!!!

Pandemonium ensues. Students throw their food at teachers, people bet on cock fights in the corner, Sumo wrestlers loot the kitchen, while gunshots resonate through it all.

The janitor, Taz's dad, tosses the core into the garbage.

## INT. DAFFIE HIGH (HALLWAY) - AFTERNOON

Taz and Jonnie are walking down an empty hallway.

JONNIE  
You gonna do it?

TAZ  
(looking at his watch)  
If I'm not back in fifteen minutes, my  
comic book collection is yours.

JONNIE  
What about your pornos?

TAZ  
Next to me in my coffin.

JONNIE  
If they fit. Good luck, Milhouse.

TAZ  
I'll hook up with you in the assembly  
after lunch.

Taz departs, while Jonnie steps over to a moping FRED.

JONNIE  
Flinstone, what's yaba-daba-doo-ing in  
Bedrock today?

FRED  
Hey, Jonnie. I heard about your  
triumphant victory at lunch.

JONNIE  
(blowing on his nails)  
Aaaw, it was nothing. What's down with  
you?

FRED  
I don't know. I also want to ask Sheryll  
to the prom, but I don't have the balls  
to do it.

A GORGEOUS YOUNG GIRL and a 63-YEAR OLD TEACHER stray about.

JONNIE

It's simple, Freddy. Take it from me. First, you just walk up to her and politely ask to speak to her alone. Then, you just tell her how awesome she's been lookin' lately, and from there on in, you just downshift into the good stuff.

FRED

I'm not like you, Jonnie. I freeze up anytime I have to talk to a real life girl.

JONNIE

So just pretend that she's like one of your blow-up dolls, Freddy! Or a man with breasts! Whatever makes you comfortable.

FRED

You really know a lot about women, dont'cha Jon?

JONNIE

If I had a dime for everytime someone has said that to me...I'd have enough to make a phone call right about now.

FRED

I'm gonna do it! It's the last day of school...and you might as well go out with a bang!

Fred walks over to the two girls straying about.

FRED

(to young girl)

Sorry Mary, but could you excuse me and Sheryll for a minute.

Mary nods "yes" and walks away. Jonnie gives Fred the "thumbs up" and splits the scene. Fred is seen asking the old woman out, as she blushes.

INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Fred sits before the counselor.

FRED

I would love to be an actor, sir.

He is handed a thick volume entitled "The art of fellatio".

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Next!

EXT. MR. BOILE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The MISSION IMPOSSIBLE THEME SONG plays in the b.g.

Taz struts down the corridor with a box o' donuts stuffed gently under his right arm. He looks around for witnesses. Not a soul in sight. He slips the key through its opening, and bursts into the office, ready for action.

TAZ

Hey Mr.Boile! I thought you might like  
some donuts for lunch?

The room is empty. Taz smiles into the CAMERA and says:

TAZ

(thumbs up)  
Reggae!

Taz opens the donut box and pulls out a tremendous crowbar. A jelly donut soon makes its way down to his stomach. It leaves an obvious residue of powder around his mouth. It remains there for the REST OF THE SCENE.

Taz tiptoes over to the aforementioned drawer and attempts to jam it open with the crowbar. It won't budge. He tries again. No dice.

He looks up to the sky and gestures "shhh" with his finger. The MISSION IMPOSSIBLE theme finally stops playing.

He pulls the drawer back once again but this time it glides wide open. Looking inside, Taz is disappointed.

TAZ

Shit!

The drawer is packed to the brim with shit. Checking the top drawer, Taz finds the exams. He kisses them.

TAZ

Always be closing.

Taz stuffs the test papers down his pants and quickly shuffles his way to the door. He hears Mr.Boile's voice approaching his office. He panics and wildly hops around.

TAZ  
I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!

He cannot find a place to hide. His frantic gestures finally lead him to lie spread-eagle directly in front of the door.

MR. BOILE  
(opening the door)  
Huh?!

Taz lies on the floor with his eyes shut tight.

The BLEEP's inserted into Mr.Boile's dialogue should be heard by the audience as actual BLEEP sounds.

MR. BOILE  
Who the BLEEP are you, and what the BLEEP are you doing in my BLEEP-ing office, you mother-BLEEP-er?!

Taz quickly rises and gestures to his box o' donuts.

TAZ  
I'm Taz Minelli from your Algebra class, sir. I just came to bring you some donuts, sir.

MR. BOILE  
Well, that's awfully diligent of you, Mr. Minelli.

Taz opens the box o' donuts. A crowbar rests within.

MR. BOILE  
All I see is a BLEEP-in crowbar, son!

TAZ  
(looking in box)  
Godammit, if that isn't the last time that they screw up my order!

Taz shuts the box and quickly slivers his way out of there. Mr.Boile hears a few more BLEEPs and finally shuts off his BEEPER.

## INT. DAFFIE HIGH AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

The auditorium is filled with hundreds of unwieldy students. The noise level is unbearable. Principal Kurtz steps up to the microphone before the audience.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Hello everybody. Welcome to the last day of your lives...I mean, school.

Everyone keeps talking. Nobody pays any attention to him.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Can I have your attention, please?

The crowd is relentless. Finally, Kurtz pulls out a twelve-gauge automatic from behind the podium and peppers a student in the front row with lightning-hot bullets.

Every decibel of noise ceases to exist. The peppered boy remains immobilized and covered in blood.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Now that I have your full attention, let's proceed.

The boy in the front row gets up and walks away unharmed. A teacher hands him an envelope full of cash.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Being the last day of school, we figured we would gather you all in this wonderful auditorium, and give you a little more guidance as to your years beyond Daffie High.

KID IN CROWD

You suck, Kurtz!

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Humph...counselor Porkney has been extremely effective with all of the pupils he's met with this morning--

KID IN CROWD

Go back to your country, dickhead!

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

--and will continue to help the rest of the lot this afternoon. I would like to remind you all that tonight's big prom celebration will be held at the Sheraton Ambassador.

The crowd cheers with enthusiasm.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Yes, yes, settle down. As you all know by now, half of tonight's proceeds will be donated to the starving nations of Eastern Europe.

A dead silence fills the auditorium.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Fortunately for most of you, your parents have already prepaid your expenses for the night.

The crowd is talkative once again.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

In terms of entertainment, well, we were lucky enough to book two giants in the field for tonight. They include the ever-versatile David Lee Roth and the stupendously funny Joe Piscopo.

The audience falls silent. A cough is heard from outside.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Anyways, enough about tonight's big event. Let's get a couple of speakers going.

A collective "aaaaawww" is heard from the crowd.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Now, now. Tolerance is the cornerstone of this nation.

KID IN CROWD

Tolerate this, Kurtz!

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

(to kid in crowd)

Okay, that's enough out of you, young man! I'm gonna take care of you when we get home tonight.

Kid in crowd scrunches into his seat.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Actually, your outburst reminded me of an unfortunate incident that occurred last night. Somehow, the funds for tonight's big bash were stolen from our offices.

The crowd is shocked.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

This is a horrible event that could not have happened at a worse time. Fortunately for us all, the school's security people have done a great job of narrowing it down to a few bad seeds.

Mumbles roam through the audience.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

(with conviction)

No prejudice will be allowed in this school!! Having said that, will the following students please report to the security office immediately: Ramon Martinez, Pedro Gonzalez, Roberto Rodriguez and Miguel "the butcher" Lopez.

Several students dressed in their East LA garbs rise and walk out of the auditorium. Spanish obscenities follow their departure from the room.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

(in Spanish)

Just keep walking till you hit the jailcell, pal. Then you'll know that you're home!

LOPEZ

(in Spanish)

I'm gonna find you and kill you! Then, I'm gonna kill your family, your girlfriend, if you have one, and your pets. Then, I'll kill your neighbors--

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

(in Spanish)

Don't forget to bring your tacos!

(in English)

Now, back to our program. Our first speaker represents the African-American black students committee for the united coalition of minorities in the segregated union of all those colored individuals who are represented by the united Negro coalition of committees. Mr. Blake Noire!

MR.NOIRE, a tall black man, approaches the microphone.

MR. NOIRE

All ya young niggers in the house should be chillin' to scrub your booties out of this hellhole.

SUBTITLE READS: "Good luck to all of the African-American graduates".

MR. NOIRE

Everybody knows the man be trippin' to fry our brothers tail by the fireplace.

SUBTITLE READS: "The American government is a totalitarian racist regime and thereby should be overthrown."

MR. NOIRE

You niggers hang by your balls and you got two chickens looking to trip your way out of a working place.

SUBTITLE READS: "The only real job you will find out there is at Kentucky Fried Chicken."

Taz joins Jonnie near the back of the auditorium. Jonnie is reading a comic book.

JONNIE

Hey man, I thought you were gone for sure!

(puts the comic book away)

TAZ

Well, I might as well be.

Taz shows him the test paper that he stole. It's dated 1971.

JONNIE

What are you gonna do now?

TAZ

What do you think I'm gonna do?

Taz winks at Jonnie.

TAZ

It's time to bring out the big boys.

Mr. Noire is starting to lose it on stage.

MR. NOIRE

Save your black asses before the devil  
himself busts into your crib!

SUBTITLE READS: "Apply for jobs early".

MR. NOIRE

(screaming)

Spike Lee, John Singleton...

SUBTITLE READS: "Make something of yourselves!!".

MR. NOIRE

(being carried off stage)

Don't let the hooties get inside your  
booties, children. The underworld has  
begun, and you shunt escape the wrath of  
its warhead!!

SUBTITLE READS: "?????????????????????"

The black students in the crowd are confused and shrugging their  
shoulders. Kurtz waltzes up to the mike in a hurry.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

It's been a long day for all of us, Mr.  
Noire. Well, not to keep any of the  
students waiting much longer, we might  
as well start handing out some of the  
honorary mentions from this year's  
graduating class. They include: Lisa  
Ing...

As he names the students, they each walk up to the stage.

KURTZ

...Gordon Wong, Tammy Chu, Edward Lee, Peter Woo, Hi Kwan, Li-Tam Sey, Tai-Shi Lam, Mi-No Stoodie, and Jonathan Silverstein. Congratulations to you all. I believe that Mr. Woo has something to say on all of your behalves.

A young Chinese kid named PETER WOO approaches the mike.

MR. WOO

I like to thank this school and teacher, who are very good to me and us. My fellow student, good luck next year, and try to learn this school very well. Thank you all and may luck be good like me.

The bell rings.

INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Joey Titroni sits before the counselor.

JOEY

I have so many problems...it's not even funny.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Listen to me, Joey. I am not here to judge or interrogate you. I have been asked to help the students here in any way possible, and that is my duty. Now please...talk to me son.

JOEY

Well, my girlfriend just broke up with me this morning. My parents got separated last week. My father is now dating my ex-girlfriend. My sister is pregnant--

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

A pregnancy could be a joyous--

JOEY

My sister's ten years old! I'm failing most of my classes. My friends think I'm gay for some reason, and to tell you the truth, I'm starting to wonder myself. Basically, my life sucks.

Mr.Porkney remains seated and nods his head.

JOEY

What do you think my problem is?

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Actually, it's quite simple, son.

(a beat)

You're fucked up.

JOEY

Thanks a lot for that great evaluation, sir. But you think I could get a second opinion on that?

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Sure.

(into intercom)

Sally, would you please come in here for a minute?

SALLY BURNS, Porkney's secretary walks into the office.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Sally, what's your opinion of Mr.Titroni here?

SALLY

(looks at Joey for a sec)

He's fucked up.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

Thank you, Sally.

Joey gets up and shakes Mr.Porkney's hand.

JOEY

And thank you, Mr.Porkney.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

My pleasure, m'boy. Next!

#### INT. ALGEBRA II CLASS - AFTERNOON

Jonnie is sitting in the back row reading a copy of "LIFE IS GOOD". The teacher, MR.RAIMIE, is a dorky looking fellow.

MR. RAIMIE

I am very happy with all of your results on the exam, and would just like to go over some of the main points that we discussed over the past year.

Most students shrug in indifference. Chalk to board, Mr. Raimie jots down some theories. Some students take this time to lean on their desk and catch some Z's. Suddenly, he stops and his chalk drops to the floor.

MR. RAIMIE

What am I doing?

(a beat)

What the hell am I doing?! I'm a 36-year old man. Is this my life?!

The students don't seem too disturbed by his inquisition.

MR. RAIMIE

It's definitely not here.

(pointing to the board)

I don't understand this. I mean, I can explain it and all, but it means nothing to me...nor you! It's all a bunch of games.

Some of the students start to take notice.

MR. RAIMIE

$3x-y$ . What? How the hell can anyone subtract letters from other letters? Even more, why would anyone want to?!

More and more students appear to be paying attention now.

MR. RAIMIE

(raising his voice)

This stuff will not help you people in real life!! My hand to God.

(raising his hand)

It's all a bunch of pops and buzzes. Half the time, I'm on the bottle anyway.

The class seem amused by this outburst. Mr. Raimie steps over to JERRY HAKENSAK.

MR. RAIMIE

You, you Jerry. How much do you pull down a year?

JERRY

What?

MR. RAIMIE

(pissed)

How much do you make? You have a job, right?

JERRY

Yeah, I work at McDonalds but--

MR. RAIMIE

(becoming agitated)

How much do you make?! How much money do you make?

JERRY

I don't know, ten, maybe eleven thousand a--

MR. RAIMIE

(genuinely surprised)

What? Really?!

JERRY

But--

MR. RAIMIE

You make a grand more than me.

JERRY

But--

MR. RAIMIE

Work every day, right?

JERRY

Three to four days a week.

MR. RAIMIE

(starts losing it)

Are you trying to tell me that I've been wearing this noose around my neck for the past 16 years, this three-dollar suit, and some doughboy is making more money than me?!

(screams)

I'm teaching you...and you're in a higher tax bracket than me!!

(a beat)

And I don't even get free burgers at the end of the day!

Mr.Raimie removes his necktie and drops it to the floor. The class is mesmerized as he shuffles his way to a window.

MR. RAIMIE  
 (calmly)  
 There's life out there people. And I'm standing here in a two-dollar suit.  
 (removes jacket and shirt)  
 That's it. I'm out.

Mr.Raimie exhales aloud as he walks over to the door.

MR. RAIMIE  
 And I suggest each and every one of you do the same! I quit.

Before he steps out of the room, he turns to LISA COX.

MR. RAIMIE  
 Lisa, you. I always wanted to ask you out. Wanna go out with me?

LISA  
 Uuummm--

MR. RAIMIE  
 We'll go to the movies...popcorn.

LISA  
 Well--

MR. RAIMIE  
 Forget it. It doesn't matter anyway. Take care.

A moment of silence follows his departure. Then, everyone babbles on like nothing ever happened. The bell rings.

INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lisa sits before the counselor's desk.

LISA  
 I have no ambition nor passion for anything. I have absolutely no idea what I want to do with my life.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY  
 (rises to shake her hand)  
 Welcome to the world of high school counseling. Next!

## INT. DAFFIE HIGH (HALLWAY) - AFTERNOON

Suzie is SQUEALING at the top of her lungs. She is ecstatic. She sees Jonnie walking up the hallway and races his way.

SUZIE  
Jimmy, Jimmy! Wait up.

Jonnie stops, turns and smiles when he sees his vision of beauty standing before him.

JONNIE  
What's up, Suzie?

SUZIE  
Oh my God, I have like the best news in the whole wide world!

JONNIE  
What, what? Indiana Jones part four is coming out?

SUZIE  
Better. Tip asked me to go back to the prom with him, and I said "yes"!

JONNIE  
(sincere)  
Oh my God, that's great! I can't believe it, I'm so happy for you!  
(hugs Suzie)

SUZIE  
Thanks Jordan, I knew you'd understand.

Suzie kisses him on the cheek and scrambles away. Jonnie is left standing there with a smile on his face.

Suddenly, he snaps out of it. He stops an oncoming student.

JONNIE  
What did she say?

## INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jerry sits before the counselor's desk.

JERRY  
I wanna be a mailman, sir.

COUNSELOR PORKNEY

That is an excellent choice, Mr. Hakensak. Quite excellent. In fact, I have several magazines here that will surely pave the way to your profession.

Mr.Porkney hands Jerry a few issues of GUNS 'N AMMO, AMERICAN JUSTICE and some ARF association pamphlets.

Jerry hands the ARF pamphlets back to him.

JERRY

Thanks a lot, sir. But I already have these.

INT. MR.BOILE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Taz knocks on Mr.Boile's office door.

MR. BOILE

Enter!

Taz walks in to find him nervously fiddling his fingers.

TAZ

Hi again, sir. I just wanted to come in right before the final exam and thank you for allowing me the privilege of being graced with your wonderful year of teachings.

MR. BOILE

T-thank you, young man. Will that be all?

TAZ

Well, I also wanted to give--  
(shows a bottle of wine)  
holy moley...what in God's name is that nasty smell?!

MR. BOILE

W-what smell? What are you babbling about, boy?

Taz takes a gas mask out of his pocket and covers his face.

TAZ

It smells like a cross between some cheap whiskey and a BigMac. That is disgusting!

Mr.Boile jumps up and shuffles Taz to the door. Taz suddenly notices a BigMac wrapper in the garbage.

MR. BOILE

Well, thank you for all the kind words  
and please make sure--

TAZ

(stops before the door)  
You let one drop, didn't you?

Mr.Boile shamefully dawdles back to his chair.

TAZ

Oh my God. You did, you really did!

MR. BOILE

(serious tone)

Mr. Minelli, I do believe that there is  
a student/teacher privacy privilege of  
which we should both be aware. Anything  
that happens in this room, must remain  
within the confines of this room. Is  
that understood?

TAZ

(waving the smell away)  
I sure hope so.

MR. BOILE

Now what was it you wanted exactly?

Taz's facial expression transforms into one of cockiness. The bottle of wine and his feet soon grace the top of the teacher's desk.

TAZ

This is a bottle of wine. I have a final  
exam that I need to pass. I know about  
your flatulatory habits. Do we  
understand each other?

MR. BOILE

(shocked)

W-what kind of teacher do you think I  
am, Mr. Minelli?!

Taz reaches down and plunks a bottle of whiskey on his desk.  
Mr.Boile reaches over to the bottle and says:

MR. BOILE

That's the kind.

## INT. COUNSELOR PORKNEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Our boy, Jonnie Rocquet, sits before the counselor as he sifts through his infamous files.

MR. PORKNEY

At least your grades have been steadily improving since 1992.

JONNIE

That's when CHEERS went off the air.

MR. PORKNEY

Yes, yes, of course.

JONNIE

But I'm not here for all that, sir. I just 86'ed by the most beautiful girl in the whole school, only an hour after she had agreed to go to the prom with me.

MR. PORKNEY

You were going to the prom with Mrs. Linklater?

JONNIE

No, I was supposed to have gone with Suzie Bogdonavitch. But now, I've been dumped.

MR. PORKNEY

Can't help you on that front, Mr. Rocquet. But maybe these magazines might help ease the pain.

Mr. Porkney hands Jonnie several issues of SWANK, BIT TA-TA'S and HOOTERAMA. He also gives him a couple of pamphlets that promote suicide hotlines and escort services.

JONNIE

(sarcastic)

Thanks a lot.

MR. PORKNEY

You're very welcome, Mr. Rocquet. And good luck. Next!

## INT. DAFFIE HIGH (HALLWAY) - AFTERNOON

Taz notices Jonnie slumped before a window in the hallway. He walks up from behind and smacks him one on the neck.

TAZ  
How it go, Mr.Jo-blo?

Jonnie doesn't even turn his head. A paper airplane zooms by them in the window. Others follow it nearby.

JONNIE  
No blow for me, pal.

Jonnie watches a group of students running around the track. Three groups of runners stand out: the front-runners, followed by the extreme overweight and then the smokers. The smokers are dropping off like flies.

TAZ  
So what's with the Morrissey outlook on life?

JONNIE  
Suzie boned me. I'm dateless once again.

TAZ  
Allright! I wasn't gonna do it, but it looks like we can rent the complete Indiana Jones trilogy now!

JONNIE  
I'm not gonna stay home and watch no Han Solo movies on my prom night, pal! Sorry Taz, but I just want a little more out of life.

Jonnie gets up and walks away.

TAZ  
Star Wars trilogy?

The bell resonates through the school's hallways.

#### INT. TAZ'S EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON

The whole class sits on pins and needles. Everyone awaits the teacher's arrival. Some bite their nails. Others sharpen their pencils. The Muslim students pray on their carpets.

The door opens and Taz confidently struts his way to a back seat. He sits with his feet up on the desk, hands behind his head. A crowbar couldn't get that damn smile of his face.

Principal Kurtz walks into the classroom.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

I'm sorry to have to inform you all about this unfortunate situation, but it seems as though your teacher, Mr.Boile, will not be able to supervise this afternoon's exam.

The class cheers in unison. Taz's mouth drops to the floor.

INT. MR. BOILE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A naked Mr.Boile sits behind his desk. Only his black socks remain on. An empty bottle of JD rests in the corner of the room. Other teachers are trying to help him out.

MR. BOILE

(drunken British accent)

Ms.Stryker, I've always wanted to ask you a very important question. What is your favorite kind of chocolate bar?

MS. STRYKER

I've always been partial to Boun--

MR. BOILE

And don't lie!!

MS. STRYKER

(rethinking her answer)

Then I guess it's the Crunch bar.

MR. BOILE

That's what I thought.

He passes out as his head conks onto his desktop.

INT. TAZ'S EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON

The class is still cheering their befallen teacher.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Allright, alright, settle down everyone. Your substitute should be here any minute.

Thumps are heard coming up the hallway. The class waits in fearful anticipation. Taz tries to open a window to escape. It won't open. The sounds come closer and closer. Finally, the door opens and in walks the meanest looking son of a bitch you've ever seen: MR.COWAN.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

This is Mr.Cowan everybody. He will be instituting your algebra exam this afternoon. Now, everyone behave yourselves and...

(looks at Taz)

good luck.

As the principal leaves, Mr.Cowan marches around the room.

MR. COWAN

I know what you're all thinking. This so cool. We've got us a submarine. Let the good times roll, right?

We show most people in the class nodding their heads "yes". Joey gets up, grabs his bag and heads for the door.

MR. COWAN

(pulls out a gun)

Hold it right there, mister!

Joey returns to his seat. Mr.Cowan puts his gun away.

MR. COWAN

The fun times are not gonna roll with me, tough guy! This job is my life, and I take it very seriously. I am a very stout believer in the virtues of schooling, and firmly believe that our American educational system is second to none. That understood, cowboy? Having said all that, I don't want to see anything more than an H2 pencil and an eraser on your desks. Understand that, chief?

A beefcake man sits next to an Indian chief and a cowboy.

A SERIES OF SHOTS shows students taking books off their desks, erasing formulas from their desktops, pulling Walkmans from their ears, placing their laptops back on the floor and moving desks away from each other.

MR. COWAN

Now that I have your undivided attention...let the games begin!

Mr.Cowan passes all of the tests out.

MR. COWAN  
 It is exactly two-thirty five now,  
 (show the clock)  
 and you have until three-thirty five to  
 finish your exams. That's one hour, for  
 all you math geniuses.

Taz gets his test, scans it and drops his head on the desk.  
 Mr.Cowan writes "ABSOLUTLY NO CHEETING!" on the blackboard.

MR. COWAN  
 (referring to Nick)  
 The boy in the red shirt in the back  
 row, can you please read this phrase  
 aloud for the rest of the class.

NICK  
 I'm sorry sir, but I can't.

MR. COWAN  
 Son, you better read this phrase right  
 now, or you're out on your ear,  
 comprendo?!

NICK  
 I know sir, but it's just that I can't  
 read it because--

MR. COWAN  
 Okay jack, you're outta here! Take your  
 bag and hit the bricks! Let's go, wise  
 guy.

We see NICK pick up his bag, his cane and shuffle his way out of  
 the class. His sunglasses confirm that he is blind.

MR. COWAN  
 I will not allow any such  
 insubordination! You in the black,  
 (referring to a black student)  
 what does this read?

BLACK STUDENT  
 Absolutely no cheating.

MR. COWAN  
 That's right. And remember, big  
 brother's always watching you.  
 (winks at Taz)  
 Begin!

Taz looks down on his paper but appears to be in a chronic state of perplexity. Finally, he smiles and jots down an answer. He is proud of himself. We show his exam paper. It reveals his name scratched upon the title page.

The clock is TICK-TICKING away.

Taz's frustration leads him to scan the classroom for help. Karen is writing away. Joey is trying to figure out which side of the paper is up. Allison is reading some adoption pamphlets. Frank is building a mountain of eraser residue.

Taz glances at the clock: it is 2:45.

Taz starts to sweat. He knows he's a goner. He stares out the window and sees a paper airplane with formulas on it fly by. He shakes his head, and returns to the task at hand.

The TICK-TICKING increases in volume, as Taz sweats harder and harder. He notices a couple of other students also covering their ears to block out the clock's sound. Taz looks to the front of the class, and raises his arm.

MR. COWAN  
What is it, Mr.Minelli?

TAZ  
Could you please do something about all that noise?

Mr.Cowan removes the seven clocks that were on his desk.

MR. COWAN  
But of course, your majesty.

#### INT. MECHANICS CLASS - AFTERNOON

Several price points are enumerated on the blackboard. MR. CHEETE stands before the class in his dirty overalls. Jonnie is stationed in the back row with Jade.

MR. CHEETE  
What did we learn this year?! Well, let's go over some of the basics. First things first, you look under the hood and find there to be a simple problem with the carburetor. A replacement part will cost \$50-\$55 dollars. How much do we charge?

FERRIS  
Sixty-five dollars?

Mr.Cheete shakes his head "no".

DANTE  
One hundred dollars?

MR. CHEETE  
No, but you're getting closer.

The class hushes up. Mr.Cheete turns to the blackboard and shows them the various price points.

MR. CHEETE  
This is the easiest part of the class, people! With any sort of minor adjustment, all you need to do is multiply the actual charge by three. For example, the carburetor would cost anywhere from \$150 to \$175, depending on whether you're dealing with a man or a woman.

The students furiously transcribe his wise words.

MR. CHEETE  
If it's a major reconstructive operation, or at least something that looks like it's major to your client, then you will likely have to charge them seven times the going rate. Eight times, if they're giving you attitude. But the biggest ball of wax comes from those "please sir, you have to help me fix my car or I'll never get home" out-of-towners. That's why it's always important to...

CLASS IN UNISON  
Check the license plate before you check the hood!

MR. CHEETE  
Very good, kids. Very good. Ten times the actual charges for regulars, twelve times if they're Japanese.

The class laughs it up. Even the Japanese students.

INT. TAZ'S EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON

A SERIES OF SHOTS show Taz in several positions of cheating. He checks under his shirt collar for a piece of paper. He takes it out and jots several things down on his exam.

He looks over at ANNIE and writes down a couple of her responses. Annie does the same to MARVIN on her right. Marvin looks over at MARY's paper. And Mary seems to be copying her answers from a MONKEY perched at the final desk.

Taz takes his algebra book out of his bag and puts it on his desk. He looks up at Mr.Cowan who is reading a "GUIDE TO SUBSTITUTE TEACHING" handbook and jots down some formulas.

Lifting his shirt sleeve, he copies some of the tattooed formulas from his arm to his test paper.

He blows a huge bubble with his gum. From inside the bubble, he takes out a paper with several other answers on it.

He shoves the piece of gum directly under his desktop. This side of the desk is covered in a myriad of motley colored gumwads, along with a couple of chocolate bars.

Taz looks over at Eugene's paper to his left. Eugene covers his answers. Taz smiles at him and mouths the words "number six"? Eugene mouths the words "fuck you" in response. Taz raises his thumb up and jots down Eugene's reply.

The rest of his classmates are procrastinating. One student is scoping the room with his Army binoculars. Another is printing down his will. A third scrapes an immaculate re-creation of the outdoor scenery into his desk with a knife.

Mr.Cowan smokes a nice, long, fat joint before the class.

INT. MECHANICS CLASS - AFTERNOON

Mr.Cheete is standing next to a TV and VCR before the class.

MR. CHEETE

I hope that you have all learned  
invaluable lessons from this class.  
Hopefully some of you will actually be  
able to apply them into practice one  
day, and become really rich.

JONNIE

(to Jade)

I think I just got dumped.

JADE

You don't need her, Jonnie. There are hundreds of girls out there who would kill themselves to go out with you.

(fluttering her eyelashes)

JONNIE

Yeah, but she's the one I wanted. I mean, it's been like three years that I've been chasing after her, and someday, somehow, I finally got her. And now, well now, she's gone.

JADE

I wish someone who I really liked would ask me out. I would love to go the prom tonight,

(stressing)

with someone I really, really like.

JONNIE

I know how you feel, Jade. I'm feeling as low as Henry Winkler's career right now.

MR. CHEETE

Being the last official day of classes, I also wanted to remind some you of the most important things to remember when driving.

GRUNGE ROCKER

(flipping the bird)

Fuck you!

MR. CHEETE

Very good, Mr. Fedder.

JONNIE

(to Jade)

Indiana Jones is looking better and better to me all the time.

JADE

You mean?

JONNIE

Yeah, I think I'm gonna go for it.

JADE

No, no! You shouldn't go that way,  
Jonnie. There are still plenty of fish  
lying around in the sea.

JONNIE

Forget that. No more beaches for me.  
From here on in, it's me, myself  
and...me.

MR. CHEETE

This video has incorporated all of the  
basic rules of mechanics that we covered  
over the past year.

(presses PLAY on video)

See ya.

Mr.Cheete takes his bag and walks out of the room. The video  
shows him sitting on an EZ chair in his house.

MR. CHEETE

(on TV)

Today's video will instruct you of the  
basic rules of mechanics that we covered  
over the past year. We--

ON TV: A little 4-year old boy wanders into the picture.

MR. CHEETE

(on TV)

Clara, will you get the boy out of the  
room! I'm trying to teach a class here!

ON TV: A woman in her bra and underwear walks into the picture  
and takes the little boy away.

MR. CHEETE

(on TV)

I'm sorry about that interruption. Now,  
where was I? Oh yes...

#### INT. TAZ'S EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON

Taz's sweat drips all over his desk and paper. He wipes his brow  
with a sponge and prays for his life.

The clock reads 3:30. Only five minutes to go.

Suddenly, the hand on the clock jerks ahead five minutes and  
hits 3:35. Taz is flabbergasted. He shakes his head and looks

again. Still 3:35. He looks at Mr. Cowan, who just smiles back and winks.

MR.COWAN  
 Game over, children. Put your hands and heads down on your desks, and stop writing immediately.  
 (a beat)  
 I said immediately!!

Mr.Cowan propels a chalk right into Marvin's writing hand. His pencil flies from his palm and blood spits out.

MR.COWAN  
 That's better. Now just pass all of your papers to the front.

Everyone passes their papers along the rows, until they reach the front. The final bell of the day rings.

MR.COWAN  
 Have a good life, people.

INT. DAFFIE HIGH (HALLWAY) - AFTERNOON

Taz jets out of class and heads for his locker. It is filled with stacks of Hubba-Bubba gum packs, pictures of Indiana Jones, a skateboard, and a note that reads "Pass Algebra".

He spots Jonnie kissing Jade on the cheek. His friend soon joins him at his locker.

TAZ  
 What was that all about?

JONNIE  
 What was what all about?

TAZ  
 That kiss. That smooch you just planted on Jade's cheek.

JONNIE  
 Aaaw, I don't know. I guess I've got a new date for the prom.

TAZ  
 (surprised)  
 Whaaaaaat??

JONNIE

Yeah, I figured I would ask her instead and she said "yes."

TAZ

Whaaaaaat??

JONNIE

I'm serious man, what's the big deal?

TAZ

What? I can't hear a word you're saying...you're mumbling.

JONNIE

(louder)

I'm going to the prom with Jade tonight!!

TAZ

Ooooh! Hey, that's pretty cool. I always figured you guys would end up together. She's been gaga over you for years now. The girl's a sweetheart.

JONNIE

Yeah, I guess. How did your exam go anyway?

TAZ

Do the words "flying colors" mean anything to you?

JONNIE

Really? That's great, Taz.

TAZ

No, do they mean anything to you?? It was one of the questions on the exam.

We SEE Mr.Cowan stamp an F on Taz's exam paper.

Jonnie walks proudly through the hallway. Taz glides alongside him on his skateboard.

JONNIE

Does this mean that you're finally gonna show up to the prom tonight?

TAZ

No way, jose. I already told you about the crazy plans I've got for tonight.

JONNIE

You said you're gonna watch the Indiana Jones trilogy...again.

TAZ

Exactly.

JONNIE

I don't believe that you're actually serious about all that?

TAZ

Ooh yeah!

JONNIE

Well, could you at least come to the tux place with me?

TAZ

Now that, I can do.

Before their exit out the doors, they halt and breathe in some of that final Daffie High air. They salute principal Kurtz who watches them from the wings and cross the threshold of the door and into the great wide open.

As Jonnie steps onto the sidewalk, he is hit in the head by Henry's infamous paper plane. They both fall to the floor.

#### INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - LATE AFTERNOON

The two boys roam around this gigantic mall of malls.

JONNIE

Aren't you gonna rent your movies?

TAZ

(looking insulted)

What? You think you're dealing with an amateur here? I rented those suckers early this morning.

JONNIE

You the man!

TAZ

What's this crazy place called anyways?

Jonnie freezes in his steps as he stands before a large store packaged in the stripes of the blue and white.

JONNIE  
Zorba the tux!

A CLOSE-UP of the store's gigantic sign displays a large ethnic individual draped in an apron and tux, holding a souvlaki stick in the air. The smaller neon sign below reads: "Buy one tux, get two souvlakis free!".

INT. ZORBA THE TUX - LATE AFTERNOON

The inside of the place is just as bizarre as its exterior. Several workers jump around in their tanktops and aprons. Others are draped in tuxedos.

There are ten different changing rooms in the store's east wing. The west side is an open walk-thru counter where people are ordering their meals.

There is a man being measured in the back, souvlaki in hand, and several other individuals standing on the outside line. JIMMY PEKAKIS is serving them.

JIMMY  
Yeah, watta you want?

CUSTOMER IN LINE#1  
Gimme two souvlakis, one chicken yero, a double fry and a big coke.

JIMMY  
Wanna tuxedo with that?

CUSTOMER IN LINE#1  
No thanks. Not today.

JIMMY  
That'll be \$8.52.  
(screams to the back)  
Gimme two sticks, a bird, a frog, and some powder!! And what you like, sir?

CUSTOMER IN LINE#2  
Do you have any chicken souvlaki plates on special?

JIMMY  
Everything on special. You buy one plate, get second one half price.

CUSTOMER IN LINE#2  
Well, I guess I'll have the chicken  
special and a 40 long.

JIMMY  
(screams to back)  
One free birdy and a 40 to go! That's  
\$176.46.

Jonnie and Taz are hypnotized and stare in delight. PETER  
PEKAKIS comes to greet them.

PETER  
Hallo, and welcome to Zorba the tux. How  
can I help you with?

TAZ  
Hey, it's like the movie.

PETER  
No movie here. The films are next to the  
Gap.

JONNIE  
No, he meant that...forget it. Actually,  
my mom already called for a tuxedo  
reservation last week. My name is Jonnie  
Rocquet.

PETER  
I check you out. Jimmy!!

Six different employees turn their heads and answer "yeah!".

PETER  
Forget it.

As Peter walks into the back room, a cloud of smoke flows out  
and into the store.

TAZ  
I feel like ordering some food. Whatta  
you say?

JONNIE  
I don't know. What the hell is this  
place anyway?

Peter comes back out with a tux in hand.

PETER  
Here is your tux. Would you like  
anything else?

JONNIE

Well actually, I wanted to ask you about this place. I mean, is this a restaurant or a tuxedo joint?

PETER

My uncle Stavros could not decide which one to open. He come from Greece with great experience in cooking and tailoring. So he open both. What you like to eat?

TAZ

Could I have one souvlaki pita and a fry to go, please?

JONNIE

Yeah, I guess I'll have one chicken yero, a Greek salad and a Coke.

PETER

Gimme five minutes. Try the tux if you want.

JONNIE

I think I will.

Jonnie steps into one of the dressing rooms with his tux. A quick CUT and he is dressed. He's looking sharp.

TAZ

(biting into his souvlaki)  
Wow, you're looking sharp, man!

JONNIE

Really? It looks good?

TAZ

If I was a girl, I'd go out with you myself!

Jonnie checks himself out in the mirror. He is wearing a bright yellow T-shirt under the tux and some sandals.

JONNIE

Yeah, I guess I do look pretty hot. By the way, where the heck is my grub?

Peter bolts out of the back door, pita in hand.

PETER

Coming troo, coming troo!

TAZ  
Here she comes.

PETER  
Here your souvlaki, sir.

JONNIE  
Yero.

PETER  
(walking away)  
You're welcome.

As Jonnie's mouth penetrates the pita, Suzie walks in.

JONNIE  
Suzie!

SUZIE  
Oh my God...you! What are you doing  
here?

JONNIE  
Well, I was just trying on my tuxedo for  
tonight.

SUZIE  
Ooooh...so you're still going?

JONNIE  
Sure am.

SUZIE  
With whom?

Taz walks over and puts his arm around Jonnie.

TAZ  
Hey there, I don't think we've ever been  
formally introduced. The name is Tazmar.  
But my friends call me Taz.  
(reaches out his hand)

SUZIE  
Hi Tazmar. And might this be the product  
of your affections?

JONNIE  
No, no, no, no and no! Taz is my best  
bud is all.

SUZIE

Well, whatever you do in the privacy of your bathhouse is your own business.

TAZ

Bathhouse?

SUZIE

So do you still wanna take me to the prom tonight?

JONNIE

Is Clinton a hillbilly?! Is DeNiro method?! Of course I would! What happened to Kip? Rip? Zip?Whatever?

SUZIE

Tip found out that I had herpes and that I didn't get it from him, so..

TAZ

That sucks like a porno star.

SUZIE

You're telling me.

JONNIE

I'm hip if you're hip.

SUZIE

I'm hip.

JONNIE

Cool! Eight o'clock sound about right?

SUZIE

I'll be waiting, sugarpie!

Suzie hops out the door with excitement.

JONNIE

Did you just see what happened here? I got myself a hot date for tonight!

TAZ

You mean two "hot" dates.

Jonnie winces and bites into his souvlaki sandwich.

JONNIE

Hey Peter?! Where's the tzatziki?

PETER  
Right pocket.

Jonnie checks his right pocket: filled with tzatziki sauce.

JONNIE  
Hot sauce?

PETER  
Left pocket.

Jonnie dips his pita into his left pocket. He digs in.

JONNIE  
You're the best, rhe!

PETER  
Yassou. Cash or charge?

JONNIE  
Cash.

Taz is slowly walking out the door.

JONNIE  
Tazman, wait up!

TAZ  
No, no, no! I ain't gonna do it.

JONNIE  
Hold up, big buddy! I just wanna ask you something.

As they step out the front door, they are stopped by Peter.

PETER  
Please use back door.

TAZ  
Why?

PETER  
We're Greek.

The boys nod in agreement and casually walk out the back.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE (JONNIE'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Jonnie prepares for his big night out. He powders his underarms, his feet and his underwear.

He tries on about seven different hairstyles, until he finally sticks to his first choice. Adorned in his tux, he kisses the mirror as his mother DORIS walks into the room.

DORIS  
Oh my God, you are just heavenly...  
heavenly I tell you! Arthur, come in  
here and see your beautiful boy all  
dressed up. Arthur!?

JONNIE  
(embarrassed)  
Mom.

The DOG ARTHUR comes by the room and barks once at Jonnie.

DORIS  
You see? Even Arthur agrees.

JONNIE  
Yeah, whatever.

DORIS  
Where is your father anyway?

JONNIE  
Probably drinking himself to sleep  
again.

DORIS  
Jonnie, that's uncalled for!  
Patrick...Patty where are you?

We show a SHOT of PATRICK, Jonnie's dad, passed out in front of a TV set with a beer in each hand, two empty bottles of whiskey on the table and an AA button on his BUD LITE cap.

DORIS  
And who's the lucky lady that's going to  
be your date for this evening's  
festivities?

JONNIE  
Uuhm, well, actually I don't know yet.  
Can you excuse me, mom?

DORIS  
Well, she is one lucky girl. Isn't she  
the Griswauld's daughter?

JONNIE  
(quickly shuffling his mother  
out of the room)  
Yeah, whatever mom.

With his mom out of the room, Jonnie pounces on the phone.

GIRL'S SEXY VOICE  
(over phone)  
And then I'll wrap my legs all around  
your face, sugar daddy, and let you make  
your way down my--

JONNIE  
(into phone)  
Kyle, can you get off the phone please!  
I have a life and death over here!

Kyle releases a massive lascivious grunt. A beat.

KYLE  
(into phone)  
That's okay...I was done anyway.

They both hang up, and Jonnie quickly dials up his friend Taz.  
After five longs rings, someone finally picks it up.

We hear the Indiana Jones THEME SONG play over the phone. Taz is  
scrounged into his massive EZ chair, Indiana Jones hat on and  
lights dimmed down low.

By his side, lie some chips and Doritos, a pack of Oreo cookies,  
a 2-liter Coke bottle, a bucket of ice, and a whip.

JONNIE  
Tazzo, what are you doing man?!

TAZ  
What do you mean, what am I doing?

JONNIE  
I mean, what are you doing?

TAZ  
I'm watching TV.

JONNIE  
What are you watching?

Taz presses PAUSE on his VCR. The Indiana Jones theme stops.

TAZ  
Not much.

JONNIE  
Oh yeah?

TAZ  
Uh-huh.

JONNIE  
Part two or three?

TAZ  
Still on Raiders.

JONNIE  
C'mon Tazman, I never ask you for anything! But this time it's serious. C'mon!!

TAZ  
What do you want from me?! You actually expect me to go to a place where I don't wanna be, with someone who would rather be with you, instead of enjoying the thrills and chills of the greatest trilogy ever produced by mankind?

JONNIE  
Look man, as much as we hated this school, and as much as we hated most of the people there, and as much as we just want to get out of there, we should at least try to...what was my point again?

We hear the Indiana Jones THEME SONG play again.

TAZ  
I don't know, but you convinced me.

JONNIE  
(remembering)  
Oh yeah, the least we can do is show up on this one night, this one stinky night, and try to have a good time, before we have to get out there and join the real world.

TAZ  
MTV?

JONNIE  
No, life and responsibilities.

TAZ

Aaaw geez, you're starting to depress me already. I was all set up and everything.

JONNIE

Look man, you can set yourself up every night for the next four years in College--

TAZ

Really?

JONNIE

Fer sure! But for now, why don't we get out there and show all of them so-called Daffie Highers how the real rockin' is done!

TAZ

Well, alright. I guess we can always watch the trilogy tomorrow night.

JONNIE

Allright Tazman!

TAZ

Say it.

JONNIE

Say what?

TAZ

That you'll watch the trilogy with me tomorrow night.

JONNIE

I promise, I promise! Just remember to pick Jade up at eight, alright?

TAZ

Yeah, yeah. As long as she knows that she's going with me, not you!

JONNIE

Everything's kosher in Kansas on that one, buddy. I called her up a little while ago and promised to hook up with her later at the prom.

TAZ

And she bought that?

JONNIE

I also told her that my dad beat me again.

TAZ

Cool. Catcha later.

JONNIE

Ciao, mama-look.

EXT. DAFFIE HIGH - EVENING

A huge neon sign outside the school reads:  
TONIGHT: PROM NIGHT with theme "Who are we kidding?"  
TOMORROW NIGHT: Roach spraying

INT. DAFFIE HIGH BALLROOM (AKA GYM) - EVENING

Jonnie's pride beams as he walks into the ballroom with Suzie by his side. She's garbed in a black mini-dress.

Joey's running from table to table.

JOEY

Oh my God...you gotta see Palowitz and his date! The loser brought his mom to the big night! Oh mommy, mommy!! Whatta spazoid!

Jonnie turns to see Eugene walk in with a stunning six-foot blonde babe that puts Pamela Anderson to shame.

The maitre d' FRANCOIS steps up to Jonnie. He has an extremely obvious cheap French imitation accent.

FRANCOIS

Your name, monsieur?

JONNIE

Rocquet, my good man. Jonnie Rocquet.

Francois looks over his list and spots his name.

FRANCOIS

Aaah yes...here it is. Allow me to show you to your table.

As Francois starts to move towards the main table area, he halts and points to their table in the back of the gym.

FRANCOIS  
There it ees, messieur.

JONNIE  
And here's a little something for you,  
mon good man.

Jonnie slips something into Francois' jacket pocket.

FRANCOIS  
(checking his pocket)  
A parking stub, messieur?

JONNIE  
Keep an eye on that, will ya?

As they make their way to their table, Jonnie and Suzie are greeted from all sides. The ballroom is swinging, the MUSIC is roaring and everyone is decked out in their Sunday best.

Jonnie reaches his table and sits next to Taz and Jade. Suzie checks her makeup. Jonnie doesn't waste a minute, and raises his glass of wine to the Gods.

JONNIE  
I'd like to propose a toast!  
(everyone complies)

Jonnie sets his glass down on the table and takes out a piece of toast. He looks at it and says:

JONNIE  
Will you marry me?

Everyone on the table doubles over in laughter. Everyone except Suzie, that is. The level of intoxication is palpable.

JONNIE  
Get it...toast...propose?

SUZIE  
(looks around the room)  
Yeah, yeah. We get it. Ha-ha.

JONNIE  
I've been waiting for years to use that one!

TAZ  
 (striking his glass against  
 Jonnie's)  
 Nice one, JR. Nice one.

SUZIE  
 (getting up)  
 Will you excuse me?

JONNIE  
 Sure.

JADE  
 (under her breath)  
 Excuse this, you little--

Suzie scoots on over to another table.

JONNIE  
 This is gonna be one crazy night!!

COACH DJOKSTRAAP approaches principal Kurtz near the stage.

COACH DJOKSTRAAP  
 What the hell is going on around here,  
 Kurtz?? Do you realize that we have the  
 finals scheduled in here tonight?!

He points to some of his basketball players waiting in the wings  
 of the gym. Several of them are warming up and dribbling some  
 balls around.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
 What finals?! You mean our team actually  
 made it this far?

COACH DJOKSTRAAP  
 Not only did we make it...most of the  
 boys even graduated this year!!

PRINCIPAL KURTZ  
 You're kidding? Hmmm...

Several players chow down at the buffet stand.

COACH DJOKSTRAAP  
 We're just about ready to kick some  
 mighty ass here tonight! Now what's say  
 you get these party people outta here,  
 so we could get a real show going, huh?

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Calm down now. Let's just see what we can do here.

We CUT to Jonnie's table an HOUR LATER.

A basketball game is taking place in the gym as the prom continues. There are fans in the crowd. Players jump over the tables and knock people over on the dance floor.

The prom MUSIC chimes through the speakers, sporadically interrupted with calls from the game.

JEAN-PAUL, the waiter, strides over to Jonnie's table.

JEAN-PAUL

(cheesy French accent)

Anybody want anything else?

TAZ

Yeah. For the love of God, do yourself and the rest of us a favor...lose the accent!

The waiter reverts to his native Brooklyn accent.

JEAN-PAUL

Whadja all like?

ALLISON

Could I have another glass of wine?

JADE

Two tequila shots.

IKE

One shot over here, please?

Jean-Paul unloads a stinging blow across Ike's face.

JEAN-PAUL

Is that all?

Everybody just shrugs their shoulders.

JADE

I think he's waiting for a tip.

The waiter smiles.

TAZ

Oh, I got a tip for you. One, lose the haircut. It makes your face look fat for some reason. And two, slap some Speed Stick on for Christs sake! You're supposed to be acting French, not smelling French!

JEAN-PAUL

Thank you. I'll be right back with your drinks.

JONNIE

I think it's time for me to drain the ol' piper here.

Jonnie gets up and stumbles away from the table. As he walks across the gym, he is struck in the face by a basketball.

REFEREE

Interference!

Jonnie continues his dalliance through the gym, and notices Mr.Raimie slow dancing with Lisa Cox in the corner. He also spots Joey Titroni filling the punch bowl with some cognac. He smiles and walks past him.

Unbeknownst to him, Joey continues his mix by adding some gasoline, pills, a Walkman and some anti-freeze.

Jonnie staggers over to TONY SINGER who's perched before the huge dance floor.

JONNIE

Tony, what's happening there, my brother?

TONY

Just checking out the action, if you know what I mean?

Tony's eyeing a scoreboard posted on the walls. All the night's sports results are coming in.

TONY

(ripping up some papers)  
If it's not the Rangers, it's the Goddamn Habs that screw me everytime!

JONNIE

How much money you lost on this stuff, Tony?

TONY

I stopped counting when I hit four digits. I'm at a point now where I'm so far behind...I'm actually ahead. You know what I mean?

JONNIE

Oh boy, do I ever know what you mean.

Tony notices a MENACING-LOOKING FELLOW with sunglasses walk into the ballroom. He quickly ducks behind Jonnie.

TONY

Well, that's it for me. Look me up when you're in Vegas sometime.

JONNIE

Okay Tony, I'll catch you later!

Tony climbs his way out of the nearest open window.

Principal Kurtz steps up to the mike before the audience.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Excuse me?! Testing one-two--

His voice is cut off by a tremendous cheer from the crowd. The home team scored a three-pointer.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

I would just to re-iterate my apologies for this evening's little...mix-up. If we could just hang in there for a few minutes--

Eugene gets slammed to the floor by a player on the run.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Eugene...you're holding up the game!!

Eugene picks up his bloodied plate and wobbles back to his table.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

The game is almost over, folks.

One of the players' slam-dunks crashes the backboard over a complete dining table below. The people continue to eat.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Well, maybe another twenty minutes or so. Anyways, we have more important issues at hand here tonight. Let's give 'em the king and queen!!

The crowd cheers.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

(opening the envelope)

They tell me that it was a close call this year, but in the end, your choice for best couple was...

(a beat)

Mr. Kevin Raimie and Ms. Lisa Cox?

The crowd goes delirious as the lucky couple stride onto the podium. Kurtz is handed another note. He reads it, shakes Mr. Raimie's hand and whispers into his ear.

PRINCIPAL KURTZ

(points to back of gym)

Some folks want to speak to you afterwards.

FOUR POLICE OFFICERS in full uniform await the teacher as he approaches the microphone.

MR. RAIMIE

I know them well. Uhhmm...let me begin by thanking the people without whom any of this would not have been possible. My bitch of an ex-wife who left my sorry-ass twelve years ago--

Taz stands alone in the rear of the ballroom. He rests his back up against the wall and his lips against a glass of whiskey.

A cute young girl named SOPHIE CHOICE walks up to him.

SOPHIE

Hey.

TAZ

Hey.

SOPHIE

Having fun?

TAZ

All by myself! Unlimited booze! How could I not be having fun? Gimme a girlie magazine and its like I never left home!

SOPHIE

I guess not.

Taz looks up to see the girl for the first time.

TAZ

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just not into these kinds of wing-dings. Not much of a party guy, you know? Any of this hoopla warming your cockles?

SOPHIE

Not really.

TAZ

Really?

SOPHIE

So where's your date?

TAZ

My date? Well, it's kind of a long story but basically I came with this girl who's my friend's second date, only he didn't want to come with her, on account of he likes this other girl, the first one that he eventually ended up taking, and so he asked me to bring door number two along, and since I know and like the girl, as a friend, I figured why not, but now that we're all here, my friend's Goddess ditched him, my date's all depressed, and I'm left sucking on a glass of Walker till the cows come home.

SOPHIE

Coinkidinky.

TAZ

(shakes her hand)

Taz Minelli, nice to meet you.

SOPHIE

Oh no, it's not...well, my name is Sophie Choice.

TAZ  
Hey, whatta cool name!

SOPHIE  
Thanks. My friend convinced me to come also. I would have much rather sat at home and watched my videos.

Taz's body convulses like an epileptic on acid.

TAZ  
Videos?

Jonnie rests himself up on a wall behind Joey and SAMMY.

SAMMY  
She did me all night long, man. Like a monkey on a banana.

JOEY  
A greased monkey, I bet.

SAMMY  
Huh? Yeah, whatever. All I know is that this girl wouldn't stop. I mean, she was like a machine, you know, a wonderwoman, the eight wonder of the world. Holy shit, there she is!

We see DIANA TITRONI swaying her hips towards them.

SAMMY  
I nailed her so many times, she can't even walk straight. Check her out!

Joey laughs it up as Diana strolls by the boys.

DIANA  
Hey Sammy, hey Joey.

SAMMY  
Diana.

JOEY  
Sis.

Jonnie reacts negatively to an upheaval in his stomach and charges to the bathroom. As he stumbles by a young COUPLE dancing, he hears another GUY cut in:

NEW GUY  
Do you mind if I cut in?

GIRL  
Not at all.

The girl leaves and the two boys start to slow dance together.  
Jonnie quickens his pace to the commode.

We CUT to Taz and his newfound friend still babbling away.

TAZ  
You mean, you'd actually rented some  
movies for tonight?

SOPHIE  
I know it's sounds so stupid...oh my  
God, this is so embarrassing--  
(covering her face)

TAZ  
No, no. This is my life, don't worry  
about it. So what videos did you get?

SOPHIE  
Actually, I got three.

TAZ  
You rented three movies on your prom  
night?

SOPHIE  
This is so dumb...I'm sorry.

Sophie starts to walk away, but not before Taz grabs her arm and  
pulls her back.

TAZ  
If I didn't know you, I'd think we were  
related.

SOPHIE  
Huh?

TAZ  
Forget it. So tell me. Was it a trilogy?  
(crossing his fingers)

SOPHIE  
How did you know that?

We hear a SHATTERING of glass, as Taz's whiskey drink crashes to  
the floor. A woman's SCREAM is heard from afar.

TAZ  
Indiana Jones?

SOPHIE  
No, Star Wars. The Indies were out.

TAZ  
You get 'em at "Movies, Shmovies"?

Sophie nods "yes".

TAZ  
(proudly)  
I got those Indies waiting for me at home.

SOPHIE  
You mean...?

TAZ  
I mean.

SOPHIE  
This is so weird.

TAZ  
The weirdest.  
(a beat)  
See ya.

Taz walks away.

INT. DAFFIE HIGH BALLROOM (BATHROOM) - EVENING

We show the outside of a bathroom stall, from which we can hear horrendous sounds emanating. The place stinks.

The door flaps open and Jonnie stumbles out. He is covered in his evening meal. Upon this sight, four other guys hit the stalls and revisit their respective dinners.

Jonnie looks at the mirror and sees his reflection.

## JONNIE REFLECTION

You're an idiot, Rocquet. An idiot!  
 Don't you realize that there is only one  
 true blue girl that's been loving you  
 for years...namely Jade. The girl is  
 crazy about you and here you are,  
 wasting your parents hard earned money,  
 on some sleazy bimbo with a lip  
 condition. I think you've been watching  
 one too many high school comedies, my  
 friend.

Jonnie soaks his head in the sink and stares at the mirror.

## JONNIE

(at his reflection)

You're right, you're absolutely right!!

Jonnie marches out of the washroom with conviction.

The crowd parts as he makes his way out into the ballroom. A MAN  
 IN A DOCTOR'S UNIFORM slips him a couple of pills.

## MAN IN DOCTOR'S UNIFORM

(in Jonnie's ear)

Call me in the morning.

Jonnie pops the pills into his mouth and tosses his eternally  
 stained shirt onto an adjacent dinner table.

## INT. DAFFIE HIGH BALLROOM - EVENING

As Principal Kurtz adjusts the microphone, a LOUD PIERCING  
 resonance echoes through the room. Several students drop to  
 their knees, cover their ears and cry for help.

## PRINCIPAL KURTZ

Before we get the live acts out here,  
 indulge me with a few parting words for  
 the class of 1996.

(sincere applause)

I remember back in my days...

A collective "aaaww" rings through the crowd, as bottles and  
 eggs make their way to the stage.

Jonnie notices Suzie groping a guy in the corner. The boy  
 reciprocates by groping her right back. They go at it. Jonnie  
 jogs on by.

We CUT back to Taz and the girl.

TAZ  
He doesn't want him to be there!

SOPHIE  
Of course, he wants him to be there!

TAZ  
There's no way!

SOPHIE  
He loves his father!

TAZ  
What?! Well...okay...let's just drop  
this, alright?

SOPHIE  
Fine.

They both lean quietly up against the back wall.

TAZ  
Can I ask you a personal question?

SOPHIE  
Sure, Indy.

TAZ  
I just wanted to...no, I can't do this.

SOPHIE  
No, please...go ahead.

TAZ  
Well, this is a very important question  
to me, and it scares me that I'm even  
attempting to ask you this, but here  
goes.

(breathes heavily)  
If you are such a big Indiana Jones fan,  
as you claim you are, and if in fact,  
you have seen the collective three films  
a total of 27 times...not counting the  
TV viewings which are edited and  
all...why do you keep renting them, when  
you could just as easily buy the set and  
call it a night?

SOPHIE  
Is that it?

TAZ

Please, just answer the question.

SOPHIE

Well, as any "real" Indiana Jones fan would know by now, the renting of these videos, over and over again, is a simple tactical decision made on my part, to ensure that the makers of these great films continue to receive the residuals from each renting, and fully absorb the relentless and uncompromising demand, and love, for this genius of a series.

Taz flicks a roach from Sophie's shoulder.

TAZ

Is that it?

SOPHIE

And it is as they come to cherish this undaunted demand for these films, that they will invariably be succumbed by an overpowering feeling of passion, excitement, intensity, known in other circles as greed or guilt, and perhaps, just perhaps, attempt to grace us with the rudiments of a deserving fourth member.

(a beat)

What's wrong, Indy?

TAZ

(tears in his eyes)

Will you marry me?

We CUT to Jonnie who sees Jade sitting with Mr.Boile.

KURTZ (O.S.)

...and once Nixon got into power, the whole boat took a nose-dive...

JONNIE

Excuse me, do you mind if I cut in?

MR. BOILE

Will you please excuse us, Jade?

JONNIE

No, no. Actually, I wanted to speak to Jade alone...if that's possible?

MR. BOILE

Sure. Why wouldn't that be possible?

Jonnie takes Jade by the hand and drags her away.

JONNIE

Forget it.

Jonnie searches the hall for a private area.

KURTZ

And now an excellent new band, comprised of two of our own graduates, and a couple of members from the original band. Singing the all-time classic anthem "Cum on feel the noize"...LOUD WHISPER!

The rockers in the crowd go nuts. Several of them gather around the stage and bust their heads against the steel posts. Two of them just punch each other repeatedly in the head. Others start stage-diving into the empty dance floor, crashing to the floor.

Finally, the band comes out. They are made up of four well-groomed boys, draped in brown suits. The song that they sing is an extreme slow version of QUIET RIOT's classic monster anthem "Cum on feel the noize". Couples begin to slowdance.

BAND LEADER

(singing)

Come on feel the noise. Girls... rock your boys. We'll get wild, wild, wild...oh yeah...wild, wild--

Jonnie storms the woman's bathroom with Jade by his side.

#### INT. WOMAN'S WASHROOM - EVENING

As soon as Jonnie crosses the threshold of the girl's room, the women inside go berserk. A plethora of Kleenexes fly through the air, as many seemed to be caught mid-bra-stuff. Two girls put their wigs back on, and another, who was standing at a urinal, zips herself back up and walks out.

JADE

Jonnie, do you mind telling me what this is all about?

JONNIE

Hold on, one sec.

Jonnie bends under the first stall and takes a looksie. He notices two feet. Same goes for the second stall. The third stall has two hands on the floor. The fourth stall does not appear to have anyone inside.

Jonnie opens the door to find a FEMALE MIDGET perched atop the crown, cigar chopping at her bit.

FEMALE MIDGET  
Do you mind?!!

The female midget slams the door in Jonnie's face.

JADE  
(holding Jonnie up)  
Jonnie, what is this all about?

JONNIE  
Look, Jade, I really need to talk to you alone. Let's go over here.

Jonnie moves to the corner and begins to pour his heart out.

JONNIE  
Jade, I've been a fool! It's been over four years, and I've been the biggest fool! I know how much you cared about me during that period, but I guess I always took you for granted.

At this point, the BOOM enters the view of the CAMERA and can be seen by the audience. It disappears just as quickly.

JONNIE  
All that time, I was too busy thinking about myself and what was most important to me, without ever realizing what I had right in front of my very eyes.  
(a beat)  
You.  
(Jonnie's eyes begin to swell up)

The BOOM reappears before the two characters, hangs there for a couple of seconds, then retracts.

JONNIE

I know that it might be too late for us now, and I know that I've been a total ass for the last few years, but it wasn't until everything came together tonight... that I realized how much you actually mean to me--

This time the BOOM hovers itself right in front of Jonnie's nose for a few seconds, until it is finally touching his face. The ACTOR playing Jonnie loses it...

ACTOR PLAYING JONNIE

(British accent)

That was it, David! That was it! I get one bloody-awful decent scene in the whole bloody script, and the fuckin' boom wanker can't do his job right!! The one decent line in the whole script, David!!

DIRECTOR OF FILM

Allright, calm down, calm down. I'll talk to our boy. Let's just do it again allright, you really had something there.

ACTOR PLAYING JONNIE

(British accent)

Really? You really think so? I thought I was pretty good myself. Okay, let's give it another go then. A Tic-Tac for the girl would also do some good. Jolly good!

DIRECTOR OF FILM

And action!

At this point, we reshoot the last piece of dialogue, and the film's SOUNDTRACK continues as before.

JONNIE

I know that it might be too late for us now, and I know that I've been a total ass for the last few years, but it wasn't until everything came together tonight... that I realized how much you actually mean to me. Could you ever forgive me, Jade?

JADE

Do you know how long I've been waiting for you to say those words, Jonnie?

JONNIE

I know, I know.

JADE

Too long!! I mean, forget you baby, it's over! Who the hell do you think I am? I'm just gonna sit around waiting for you the rest of my life?

JONNIE

Yeah, but--

JADE

But, schmut. You're like school in the summertime, Jonnie. No class. I mean, this isn't a movie we're in, Jonnie! This is real life. And in real life, people have feelings, and people get hurt. You hurt me, you bastard! How dare you go to the prom with that ditz?

JONNIE

Yeah, but I thought--

JADE

Well, you thought wrong, baby! You had your chance and you blew it. Next time someone gives their all to be with you, next time someone truly loves you with their heart of hearts...try paying a little closer attention to them. Don't ignore them until it's too late.

With this, Jade SLAPS Jonnie right across the face and storms out of the bathroom, with APPLAUSE from the CAMERA CREW. A distressed Jonnie peers into the CAMERA and says:

JONNIE

(in his British accent)

Line?!

#### INT. DAFFIE HIGH BALLROOM - EVENING

Jonnie comes sloping out of the women's bathroom with toilet paper hanging from his ass and running off his shoes. People point and laugh at him as he slinks by.

Meanwhile, four heavy-metal guys are rocking the stage with a speed metal version of MC HAMMER's "Can't touch this".

Jonnie makes his way over to Taz, who is still speaking to Sophie. Taz is demonstrating how Indiana Jones stole the idol in the first installment, by replacing the weight of the idol with another item of the same weight.

JONNIE  
Hey bud, what up?

TAZ  
Hey-hey!! Jonnie, what's happening with you, my friend? You look awful!

JONNIE  
Yeah, well, it's a long story. Just read the script. So, do you wanna leave now?

TAZ  
Actually, I'm kinda busy right now...oh, I forgot to introduce you two. Jonnie, this is Sophie. Sophie, this is my best bud Jonnie!

SOPHIE  
Nice to meet you.

JONNIE  
Likewise, I'm sure.

TAZ  
Are you leaving already?

JONNIE  
Yeah, there ain't nothing left for me here.

TAZ  
But David Lee Roth is gonna sing a little later.

JONNIE  
Then there's definitely nothing left for me here! I'll catch up with you later, goombah.

TAZ  
Later, JR.

As Jonnie makes his way out the door, he leans over to the water fountain for a drink. Filled with gum, the water doesn't flow out very easily. But upon Jonnie's insistence, a sudden stream of water flies straight up his nose.

On stage, a black man with a long Fabio-like mane starts belting out a slow tune "If only I knew your name/if only you didn't sue me/if only I didn't kill your family".

EXT. DAFFIE HIGH - LATE NIGHT

Jonnie stands before a glass pane that covers the front door of the school. He is holding a rock in his hand. Taz waltzes out to see his friend.

TAZ

Hey, big buddy. I knew we'd both end up with a rock in our hands at the end of this night, but what's up with that piece?

JONNIE

Oh, I was just thinking about tossing it through that big ol' window over there. Little revenge thing.

TAZ

So what are you waiting for?

JONNIE

Tonight is the night of revelations for me, my friend. I just realized how much this dinky school has come to mean to me.

TAZ

Yeah, and my father means something to me. C'mon man, be serious!

Jonnie's eyes glaze over the school.

TAZ

So how come you're still holding the rock then?

JONNIE

I haven't totally convinced myself yet. Gotta think it over.

TAZ

No thinking it over for me. Looks like I'm staying another year.

JONNIE

(dropping rock)  
What are you talking about?

TAZ

Mr. Raimie told me that I bombed my algebra final as they were pulling him away to the squadcar.

JONNIE

Aaw man, I'm sorry to hear that.

TAZ

The worst part is that even the monkey passed.

JONNIE

What?

TAZ

Nothing.

JONNIE

Well, I hate to say it but I really think that I'm gonna miss this school.

TAZ

Oh, yeah right. You're just trying to make me feel better.

JONNIE

No, I'm totally serious here. I mean, as much as we have hated this school over the years, and as much as we have hated the people and the teachers here and everything, I truly believe that in a few years, when we watch this movie again on video or something, we are really gonna miss all of the precious moments that we spent locked up between its walls.

TAZ

You hit the punch bowl, didn't you?

JONNIE

Joke all you want, but in a way, a very small way mind you, but still, in a way, I really envy your failure.

TAZ

Well thanks, Jonnie. I guess we could all thank my parents' combined brainlessness for that. Actually, I'm pretty happy about the whole thing myself.

JONNIE

How come?

TAZ

Turns out Sophie and I have more in common than just a cult-like allegiance to Indiana Jones.

JONNIE

You mean she's a little slow on the uptake as well?

TAZ

What?

JONNIE

You mean she's slow also?

TAZ

What do you mean?

JONNIE

I guess she failed too!

TAZ

Yeah, yeah. She did. Cool.

As the two boys walk down the backstreet, Jonnie notices Taz's graduation ring.

JONNIE

So how come you got the ring?

TAZ

Oh, this thing. Joey was selling 'em for eight bucks a pop inside, so I figured, what the hey!

JONNIE

What a suckjob! He was giving some beauties away earlier tonight, in return for a can of beer!

TAZ

Aaaw man! Are you serious? You mean to tell me that I just spent eight bucks on a piece of crap?

JONNIE

You're not the only one.

TAZ

Huh?

Jonnie turns and points into the CAMERA. Taz turns to see.

TAZ

Oh, I see what you mean.

The two friends start walking down the sidewalk together.

The CREDITS of the film would start rolling at this point. The rest of the boys' dialogue is done in BRITISH ACCENTS.

JONNIE

So, how far do you think we have to walk until David cuts, anyway?

TAZ

I don't know, but my bloody hair-dresser completely messed up my doo in the prom scene. Did you see that bag of filth?

JONNIE

You don't know the half of it, chump. The goddamn boom kept slamming into my head during my bloody Oscar scene...

The boys stop and look back at the CAMERA.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Just a few more steps laddies, c'mon now! Just think sequel!!

TAZ

(whispering)

Sequel, Shmequel. I wouldn't do a bloody sequel if they doubled my pay and tax deducted my minibar.

JONNIE

Speaking of minibars, how big was yours anyway? Mine was only stocked with the light drinks...vodka, rum, gin. No whiskey, I tell you!

INSERT TITLE CARD: "This is definitely THE END"