

A.P. BIO
"RETURN TO BANG CITY"

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COLD OPEN

INT. WHITLOCK HIGH HALLWAY - BAND WING

An Animal control specialist (ART) in full jumpsuit climbs a stepladder. He's poking at the vents in the ceiling with a long broom handle. The first two pokes at the vents yield nothing, but on the third, bat squeaking is heard.

DURBIN paces back and forth with excitement.

DURBIN

Finally! There's finally room in the budget to get these bats outta here! Oh, you have no idea how long I've waited for this day!

Art speaks with the gravitas of a vampire hunter.

ART

(preoccupied with the vent)
Yeah, they're up there alright. Sounds like a murder of bats.

DURBIN

Actually I think that a murder is when they're crows.

ART

Then you've never seen these demons rend the flesh off of an outdoor gyros spit at a Labor Day carnival. No, it's a murder alright.

DURBIN

Oh, okay. Well, just happy to be rid of them.

Art steps off the ladder and produces what looks like a grenade with a "NO BATS" symbol on it.

ART

Oh, you'll be rid of 'em.

DURBIN

No wait, I don't want to kill them! I don't think that'd look very good on the school's reputation: "Whitlock murders a murder of bats."

ART

I'm not gonna kill 'em! I'm not a monster.

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

Though I've seen my fair share...No,
I'm gonna smoke 'em out and they'll
fly out whence they came.

DURBIN

Oh, thank God!

Art pulls the pin on the grenade and shoves it into the air duct.

ART

The power of eucalyptus compels you!

The sounds of choked bat squeaks gets louder in the vents.

ART (CONT'D)

They're on the move. The hunt has
begun.

The first period bell rings and the hallways become empty,
leaving only Durbin.

DURBIN

Hey well, this is great! If you'd just
stop by my office when you're done,
I'd happily get you your check post-
dated for three weeks from now!

Durbin walks away from art and the vent.

ART

That's right my beautiful nightmares,
fly on.

The sound of a screw loosening is heard. The entire duct
falls through the ceiling tile, aimed right at Durbin.

ART (CONT'D)

RUN, SQUATTY MAN, RUN!

Durbin turns around.

DURBIN

Hey, I'm husky!

The murder of bats shoots out of the duct like a bullet.
Durbin is shredded in a vortex of bats for an inordinate
amount of time.

The bats fly off around the corner. Durbin is left with cuts
and scrapes all over his body.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITLOCK HIGH - FRONT DOOR

JACK walks up to the front door. He fiddles with his phone amidst his plastic bag and apple. He pulls the door open, but stands out of the way trying to readjust. The bats shoot out of the front door for a millisecond. Jack is unaware, finishes his adjustment, and walks inside.

BACK TO:

INT. WHITLOCK HIGH HALLWAY - BAND WING

Durbin drops to his knees "platoon" style. Art rushes over to him.

ART

Just like the Labor Day carnival. Are you alright, squatty man?

DURBIN

I told you I'm husky! And yes, I-I think I'll be fine.

(laughing it off)

And hey, the bats are gone! That's something, huh?

(shielding his eyes, annoyed)

Ugh, why is it so bright in here? I think I'm just going to go in my office and lie down for a bit. Ouchies!

Durbin limps off to his office. Art stands up, the camera pushes in.

ART

(the most gravitas)

Oh, squatty man. Twas an ill-fated twisted road that you walk now. You're in the grips...of the NIGHTBEAST.

Durbin opens the door to his office in the most unflattering way. Immediate freeze frame on his dumb face and pose.

The freeze frame turns negative red, zooming in on Durbin's dumb face.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. AP BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

THE STUDENTS talk amongst themselves. VICTOR is engrossed in a book.

JACK enters the classroom in classic fashion.

JACK

Alright, sit down and shut up, yada
yada.

Jack walks past the trash can with his apple. He does a no look backwards toss that smashes on the overhead projector's glass base.

Jack drops his bag and begins the new master plan on the board.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now, as I was sitting in my dead
mother's apartment over the weekend,
musing over old photographs of my
childhood in my dead mother's bathrobe-

MARCUS

Please don't say dead mother again.

Jack stops his plan and faces Marcus.

JACK

-Oh why, Marcus? Because it upsets
you? Does it upset you that I have to
live in an apartment that was
decorated straight out of Country
Living? That I sip fine, aged
Glennfidditch scotch out of a Welch's
jelly collector's glass from 1993?
That's upsetting to me. But what
upsets me even more is your apparent
lack of empathy for, wait for it...

Marcus winces.

JACK (CONT'D)

MY DEAD MOTHER. Now go assume
punishment position Jiggly Silent.

Marcus sighs. He gets up and goes to the back corner, close to the outside window. He performs a dance where he jiggles his stickly hips, pats his belly, and throws his hands up, waving. He repeats these steps over and over again.

Anthony looks back at Marcus.

ANTHONY

Oh man, this is my favorite one.

JACK

Now the point, before I was so rudely interrupted, is that I am very lonely. And, since I have sworn off driving 12 hours to go on big city dates, I must use locally sourced produce.

SARIKA

What happened to your plan of writing your book and getting out of this "turd of a town"?

JACK

Yeah, we're still doing that, just not today. But I am a little disappointed, Sarika, that you would think I've totally turned my act around. No sister, banging my high school ex-girlfriend is still very important to me.

Jack runs back to the board.

JACK (CONT'D)

And that's the first step of the plan!

HEATHER

Hell yeah, boss.

JACK

We need to get her to a date location, but one where I can be mobile, because step two is...

Jack draws Lynette on the other side of his actions with his ex.

JACK (CONT'D)

Lynette! Now this probability is low as she is a formidable foe. But with Meredith in the mix, the both of them will make each other extremely jealous and I will become a sex god!

Victor looks up from his book that he's been reading the whole time.

VICTOR

Oh, you're doing a double intro MLTR!

JACK
Victor, you okay buddy?

VICTOR
No, it's in my book! Make sure you do
first contact on the one you want
more!

Victor hold's up Mystery's "The Gift of the Game", featuring
a shirtless man with a fuzzy top hat, feather boa and weird
alien sunglasses.

JACK
What the hell is this, some pickup
artist crap?

VICTOR
Heh, nice neg.

Jack takes the book from Victor and throws it in the trash.

JACK
Look, I don't need some slimeball
telling me how to sleaze on some
women. I'm going to do it the
gentleman's way: by pitting two women
against each other.

CUT TO:

INT. DURBIN'S OFFICE

HELEN tends to Durbin's scratches on his face with a bottle
of hydrogen peroxide and a cotton ball.

Durbin winces each time the cotton ball comes close.

HELEN
Oh Ralph, you really got the Dickens
Charles'd outta ya! Who knew that all
that bat guano would cause that duct
to fall? I sure didn't! That had to be
a lot of bat shat.

Durbin waves off Helen.

DURBIN
Yes, well thank you Helen, but I think
I'll be fine.

HELEN

Oh, not without some band-aids for the boo boos, now how about a Garfield one? Oh, that lazy cat! But I don't agree with his opinion on Mondays.

Helen moves in with the band-aid. Durbin pushes against her, and finally, exerts strength in an uncharacteristic way.

DURBIN

(199% more mad than he should be)

I SAID I'M FINE HELEN! WHAT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ABOUT THAT??

Helen staggers back, astounded at his anger.

HELEN

You're right Ralph, we just need to get to work to forget about this whole fiasco-

Helen scuttles to the window and raises the blinds. The sunlight hits durbin, and he shields his eyes and hisses.

DURBIN

Hiiiiiiissss! No, down, down! It's too bright outside! Here-

Durbin searches his drawers and pulls out those dumb sunglasses that Gary Oldman wore in Dracula. They sit on his face, clearly not blocking any sun.

DURBIN (CONT'D)

-Just close them and get out of here!

HELEN

Ok, I'm going! I'm going!

Helen exits. Durbin sits a moment, brooding like a Gary Oldman Dracula.

DURBIN

Huhh, finally. Some peace and quiet.

(yawns)

Just maybe a nap first, then we'll get to work.

Durbin goes over to the couch in his office and lays down.

DURBIN (CONT'D)

We'll just lay down for a moment.

The camera shows a bird's eye view of the couch as Durbin lays down with arms folded over him like a vampire.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - RECEPTION

Helen types like a maniac on the computer. Her google image search results are just screenshots of Gary Oldman in those dumb sunglasses.

MICHELLE enters.

MICHELLE

Oh hey Helen! Where's Durbin? I need to order ten cartons of condoms that are definitely not for my husband and me to use on our week-long trip to wine country.

HELEN

(confused)
Oh...then who are they for?

MICHELLE

(almost like she's unsure)
...The students?

HELEN

Oh, right! The students! Duh, almost forgot this is a school!

MICHELLE

Yeah, I forget sometimes too. Then I see all the lockers and get a fresh whiff of the smell of teens.

HELEN

Well, I'm sure Ralph would love to talk to you, but he's had a real hard day.

MICHELLE

The day just started.

HELEN

I know, but just look at him in there.

Helen and Michelle peer into Durbin's office. He's not at his desk. Michelle leans in farther, and her cross necklace falls forward. The smallest sliver of light from durbin's window catches the cross and it reflects right into durbin's eye.

Durbin immediately lunges at the window and plasters himself against it in a demonic tableau.

Michelle and Helen stumble back and scream! Durbin falls away from the window.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I told you he's having a hard day! We mustn't disturb him!

MICHELLE

That's not a hard day, that's a monster in there!

Michelle locks Durbin's office door.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Whatever you do, don't let him out until you find out what's wrong with him!

Helen nervously nods. Michelle runs out.

HELEN

Oh my sweet Ralph! We're gonna get through this together! Now, if I had to find out what was wrong with me and self-diagnose it accurately, where would I start?

(light bulb moment)

Ah! WebMD!

Helen starts her search on the computer.

CUT TO:

INT. AP BIO

Jack surveys the class. Marcus is still doing his dance, albeit he is now drenched in sweat.

JACK

Alright, what do we got? I'll take locations first, followed by the text to get the ladies there. Decker, let's start with you, you suave debonaire.

DAN

Alright, here's what I got: "u up?" and then you take her to a Chili's.

Jack pauses, shocked at this failure.

JACK

Wow, Dan. Very eloquent, and the
 ambiance of Chili's just screams "I'd
 like to have an intimate conversation
 with you, but first let me suck down
 this Green Appletini and look at all
 this random crap on the walls!"

DAN

Man, have you had their chicken
 crispers though? They're dope. They
 have Honey-Chipotle, Buffalo Bleau
 crispers-

JACK

Ok, thank you spokesperson for
 Chili's, I'll call you when
 Millennials have finally killed off
 your franchise.

DAN

(like he didn't hear Jack)
 And they have the three for ten
 dollars menu-

JACK

ENOUGH! NEXT! SARIKA!

Sarika perks up and reads off her paper.

SARIKA

I don't think you should text anybody.
 I think the stronger approach is to
 ask each of them out in person. It's
 the chivalrous thing to do.

JACK

While you may be right, I hate to
 inform you that like the beloved
 Chili's, chivalry is dead.

(now worried)

Plus what if one of them rejects me?
 Laughing in my face while I just sit
 there, on the verge of tears? It's
 like high school all over again. I
 can't take that kind of rejection.

The class takes in this very human moment from Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

(back to normal self)

Plus I can't get into the hospital
 anymore after I pissed on it.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

So sorry, next! Heather, bring us home baby girl!

HEATHER

You got it, boss.

(stands up)

Dear bitch, you make me sweat. Every time I think of you, my-

Victor stands up, interrupting Heather.

VICTOR

You have to appeal to their sensitivity! By showing your vulnerability, only then can you play the true GAME! Meredith is a doctor, say you're worried about upcoming test results! Lynette wants to feel superior, say you've met your match! Can you not see? Am I insane?

Jack is again shocked, but in a good way.

JACK

Wow Victor, I never knew you had it in you. That's, that's actually really good. Was that in your stupid little book?

Victor looks at the trash can, then back to Jack.

VICTOR

(falsely confident)

...No.

JACK

Not very convincing, but I'm gonna give you this one. Heather, you've got the night off. Maybe you and Dan can goto Chili's and get that Appletini.

DAN

We're sixteen!

HEATHER

(to Dan)

Ain't no sweat, I have my ways. Better get your drink game on, playa.

Dan shrugs in agreement.

JACK

Alright Victor, you're in on this one.

Jack starts to exit.

VICTOR

WAIT!

JACK

What, what is it?

VICTOR

(giving the speech of his
life)

If there's two women, there NEEDS to
be two men.

JACK

Gross, I'm not sharing.

VICTOR

NO! You need...a wingman! But a
wingman should never be in competition
with the player...you, so it has to be
someone who is bland, someone who has
no chance of stealing your mark.
Someone who's-

JACK

DURBIN!

VICTOR

Huh?

JACK

Of course, it all makes sense now!
When we ran into Meredith, I expected
Durbin to be a normal, intuitive human
being. Haha, but he's not! He's a
putz! But if I put him in a scenario
where he's *expected* to fail, he
excels! Oh Victor, you are good!
You're in mission control for this
one, along with ehhhhh, Anthony and
Grace.

The three named students sulk in their desks. Jack exits.
Then he comes back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, and Marcus?

Marcus looks back, drenched in sweat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Move on to Jiggly Punishment Song.

Marcus sighs. He faces the class and performs the same dance but with lyrics.

MARCUS

I'm a jiggly little boy! I jiggle all
day and I jiggle in the sun! Jiggle
Jiggle Jiggle! I am a coward.

Anthony loses it.

ANTHONY

Hahaha, I don't know why but it gets
me every time!

JACK

That one's for you, Anthony.

Marcus sighs and sits. Jack exits.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - RECEPTION

Jack waltzes up to a frazzled Helen.

JACK

Hey, there's my bright cancerous
sunspot of sunshine, Helen!

HELEN

Oh, Jack, thank goodness! Ralph's not
been feeling too well, and I'm trying
to figure out what's wrong with him.
If you had to pick between dysentery
and gonorrhoea, which would you choose?

JACK

Well, would I choose between an 1800's
disease that only exists in Oregon
Trail or one that involves actually
having sex...yeah, I'd go with the
Oregon Trail one.

HELEN

Oh, I was afraid it was that!

JACK

Yeah. So hey, I need to talk to
Durbin.

HELEN

(grim)
Oh Jack, something dark has taken
ahold of him.
(snaps back to cheery)
But if anyone can cheer him up, it's
you Jack!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DURBIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Helen pushes Jack into the room and closes the door. The
latch of the lock is heard. Jack cautiously approaches a
sleeping Durbin.

JACK

Hey Durbin, buddy boy.

Durbin floats upright, his arms still crossed over his chest.
All the color has gone out of his face, leaving dark circles
around his eyes. Durbin opens his eyes abruptly which
startles Jack.

DURBIN

Jack! Oh, it's so nice you came! I saw you in a dream I had just now!

JACK

Oh, well that's not creepy at all.

(switching tactics)

Hey, Durbin! You're single, right? Of course you are, why did I ask. Look, I'm going out tonight to mingle with the ladies, and I wondered if you wanted to come along and be my...wingman.

Durbin's face lights up despite his looks.

DURBIN

Oh Jack, I've been waiting for this day! Yes, yes, a thousand times yes! Ho, this is gonna be great! Jack and Ralph, Ralph and Jack! Go Team Jalph!
(grabs Jack and whispers close)

That was my name for us in my dream.

Jack shirks off Durbin's grasp, with Durbin still close.

JACK

That's great buddy! But tell no one about this. And by this, I mean your dream, actually you know what, don't tell anyone about the whole thing.

DURBIN

Oh, my lips are sealed!
(deeply upset)

Jack, I'm so hungry. Do you have any food?

JACK

No, I unfortunately don't keep loose food on my person. But hey, I'll see you tonight! Oh, and...go get a suit! Pick out the one you think looks best! Haha!

DURBIN

Aw Jack, you got me! I don't own a suit!

JACK

Ok, see you tonight buddy! Haha!

Jack goes to the door and rattles it with nervous energy.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (trying to keep collected)
 Helen. Helen. HELEN!

The latch of the lock is heard and Jack exits and shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands with his back against the door. Helen pops into frame, spooking him.

HELEN
 So how'd it go in there?

JACK
 Jesus, Helen! It's fine, we're gonna go out later tonight and everything's going to be fine. He's just...a little tired is all.

HELEN
 Oh thank you Jack! He looked more perky the moment you came in!

Helen bear hugs Jack.

JACK
 Yeah, okay well I'd better get ready for tonight!

HELEN
 But it's 9:30 in the morning!

JACK
 Yep, big night. Gotta get ready.

Jack exits. Helen sighs a relief. Then...

A sharp BANG on Durbin's window.

DURBIN
 (muffled from the glass, in a vampire tone)
 Helen. I must feed.

HELEN
 I'm sorry Ralph, you have to wee?

DURBIN
 No, Helen I must feed.
 (dropping the act)
 Look, just open the door.

HELEN
 I'm sorry Ralph, I can't! I promised
 Michelle!

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Helen, you know you can't do this.
 (gesturing with fancy hands)
 I have power over you.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Oh, how can I say no to that little
 face! Alright, go take your bathroom
 break!

Helen open the door. Durbin stands at the portal for a moment, then floats out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE

Mary, Stef, and Michelle sit at their table, mid-conversation.

MARY
 And I was like, "you betta not take
 that last chicken wing, or I'm gonna
 STOMP. YOU. OUT!"

Stef and Michelle laugh.

STEF
 Oh, it's so great that you volunteer
 at the nursing home on the weekends.

MARY
 Girl, please! The buffet there is top
 notch, and if the food has too much
 "texture", half the people there can't
 eat it!

Durbin has shuffled in while the ladies are talking, oblivious to him. He stops at the fridge, voraciously tears into all the Tupperware without regard for whose names are on them.

The group takes notice.

STEF

Durb! What are you doing? You've just cleared out ten peoples' food for the week!

MICHELLE

(nervously)
Durbin?

DURBIN

Ughhhnn...

Durbin takes out a Tupperware that looks like straight up blood. He rips off the top and lets it drain into his mouth, some dribbling on his chin. He wipes his mouth, and he looks like a demon.

MICHELLE

Who let you out of your office?

Durbin grunts with a sweeping arm motion.

DURBIN

I'm my own man, Michelle. Plus, I was hungry.

STEF

Damn, I like this new Durbin. He really takes charge!

DURBIN

(trying to swear)
You're...darn right I do.

STEF

Okay, he lost me.

Mary is entranced by Durbin.

MARY

He has this dark energy about him. It seems almost...forbidden.

The camera pushes in on Mary's eyes. She is spellbound.

Cut back to Durbin's eyes, he raises an eyebrow.

Mary's eyes, she's even more entranced and aroused.

Back to Durbin, who picks an eye booger out of his eye.

Back to Mary's eyes. Back to where Durbin should be...he's gone! The women gasp.

STEF

How did he just disappear?

MARY

I told you he was magic!

The door opens as if by mystery. Durbin then scuttles from behind the couch that he was hunkered down in trying to make a suave exit.

MICHELLE, MARY, STEF

Okay, he ruined it. (ad lib)

DAVE walks in. He goes to his fridge and picks up an empty Tupperware container with his name on it. It was the one Durbin drank.

DAVE

Hey, who ate my strawberry compote? I was going to make a delicious waffle with strawberry drizzle.

STEF

Oh come on, Dave! Who eats breakfast for lunch anyway?

CUT TO:

INT. AP BIOLOGY - LATER

A darkened room. DALE opens the door and goes to the trash bin. He notices the book "The Gift of the Game." He reads a few pages, then thinks to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - RECEPTION

Helen is sweating bullets.

HELEN

Now I think I have gonorrhoea! I swear, if you put more than a fever symptom in this thing, BAM! Gonorrhoea. Unbelievable.

Art walks in.

ART

Hello ma'am, I hate to trouble you, but I'm afraid your squatty man-friend may be in grave danger. Also I forgot to pick up my check.

HELEN

Oh, we're not dating! And I'd consider him more of a husky guy.

ART

That's what he was saying. But have you noticed anything peculiar about him today?

HELEN

Oh yes, he was very mean to me, which is uncharacteristic of him. Normally he's the grumpy curmudgeon that I can tickle a smile out of, but I'd say this was borderline RAGE.

ART

Interesting. And how did he look?

HELEN

Oh, like all the life left his face! He was so pale! Oh, and his skin was like ice! He spent the whole morning in his office with the blinds down! Said it was "too bright," but I mean whaddya expect when Mr. Sun is outside? He didn't even do the morning announcements! How are the kids gonna know that the hot lunch is Meatloaf today? HOW. ARE. THEY. GONNA. KNOW?

ART

Meatloaf Mondays is important business.

HELEN

You get it! And I've been searching on WebMD all day trying to find out what's wrong with my Ralph and haven't found anything!

ART

What your Ralph has got isn't going to show in any WebMD. Plus, it's crap, every other time it tells you that you have gonorrhoea.

HELEN

RIGHT???

ART

No, I'm afraid it's much worse than that.

Art unzips his jumpsuit and pulls out a Van Helsing wide-brimmed vampire hunter hat.

ART (CONT'D)

The man you knew is dead.

HELEN

Oh no!

ART

No, I mean figuratively. But once the night comes...well, I'll stop him.

CUT TO:

INT. DURBIN'S CAR

Durbin sits in traffic. He's taken to applying sunscreen to his face, making him look even more pale. Still has the stupid Gary Oldman sunglasses on. He looks around disdainfully and hungrily at people near him.

ART (V.O.)

But your Ralph will be cunning, and crafty. The Quickening is upon him.

Durbin looks like he's going to sneeze.

ART (V.O.)

He's standing on the edge of the half-living, half-dead. We must pull him back before he falls...to THE NIGHTBEAST.

ON "Nightbeast", Durbin sneezes and his stupid glasses go flying. Freeze frame to catch all this in the most awkward pose. Again, the frame goes negative red.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOLEDO STREETS - SHOPPING DISTRICT - NIGHT

DURBIN walks swiftly past men's bespoke tailor shops with full suits in the window displays. He is revitalized now that the sun has gone down.

DURBIN

Oh boy, I can't believe Jack asked me to be his wingman! Of course he would, I'm his best friend! And he told me to get a suit, spare no expense...well, can't splurge too much.

Durbin has walked past all the suit shops. He turns right and enters a Halloweentown USA.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLOWEENTOWN USA - COSTUME RACK - CONTINUOUS

Durbin, still talking to himself, hypnotically walks right to an adult Dracula costume.

DURBIN

Yessir Ralph, you are gonna look sharp tonight!

(breaking the trance)

Wait, what the heck?

Durbin looks at the costume bag already in his hands.

DURBIN (CONT'D)

Hmmm, well, it does kinda look like a fancy suit. Oh, and there's a cape! How fun. And it's right in my price range! \$22.95, I'll take it!

CUT TO:

INT. DER BURGERMEISTER RESTAURANT

A sub-par Burger King. Everything looks smoke-yellow and there's a giant cardboard cutout of "Der Burgermeister" mascot, who's just a giant rat in Lederhosen. The speech bubble above him reads: "Don't go without kraut!"

Jack huddles with Grace, Anthony, and Victor at a booth by the window.

JACK

Alright, now this booth should give you a perfect vantage point of the bar. When the ladies arrive-

VICTOR

The marks.

JACK

...Yeah sure whatever. Your job is to keep those texts coming from me to keep them interested and engaged and DISTRACTED while I'm talking with the other one. Got it?

GRACE

And what if one of them starts to leave?

JACK

Stop them! I don't know, text them that they forgot one of their earrings at the bar!

ANTHONY

What if they have both of their earrings?

JACK

You kidding me? Bars are littered with single earrings in the lost and found. Women always lose their earrings, it's science.

ANTHONY

Finally, some scientific education.

JACK

Don't push it. Alright, I'm going to get Durbin all set up and you let me know when the first one arrives.

Jack exits. The kids sit for a moment.

VICTOR

Who wants a Meister Meal? I've got all the collectable beer steins, but well, I just drink my juice out of them.

Grace and Anthony eye Victor.

ANTHONY & GRACE

Pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. LE BAR

A swank bar with a polished wood exterior. Looks very high class.

Jack paces anxiously out front. Durbin enters the frame, looking more pale than ever, a true Dracula.

JACK

Hey, Durbin buddy! Wow, I was expecting nothing but the best from you, but you have outdone yourself!

DURBIN

(beaming)
Thanks Jack, I knew you'd like it!

JACK

Like it? I love it! Now let's get in there and start talking to women, huh?

DURBIN

Haha, alright! I usually play the strong, silent type.

JACK

The more silent, the better I'd say.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM LE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Art's animal control van pulls up ominously and parks opposite the bar. Jack and Durbin disappear into the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. LE BAR - FRONT DOOR

The bar is just as swank as the exterior, with the wood finish making its way into the interior. A giant mirror sits behind the bar. Everything is dimly lit with those stupid Edison bulbs. Cocktail dresses and dark blazers as far as the eye can see. This is where suburban singles go to mingle.

DURBIN

Alright Jack, let's get to mingling!

JACK

Whoa there, Count Chocula, let's just hang here for a second.

Jack's phone dings. He looks at the notification. Jack reads from the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

"Nurse lady coming, green dress conservative use sympathy maybe cry and tell her about your butt". Thanks Victor, I will definitely not do that.

(to Durbin)

Alright Durby, I'm going to go meet a friend real quick. Start scoping the scene!

DURBIN

Oh okay, can I meet-

Jack is gone as Durbin turns around. Durbin turns back and eyes a BLONDE WOMAN way out of his league at the bar.

DURBIN (CONT'D)
 Alright Ralph, strong and silent,
 strong and silent.

Durbin moves toward the blonde woman, not breaking eye contact. He looks like a murderer. He steps closer and closer until he's three inches from her. The blonde woman looks him up and down and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LE BAR - DINING AREA

MEREDITH sits at a romantic table for two with candle in a glass in the center.

Jack enters frame and greets her. She stands up to give him a hug.

JACK
 Meredith! Thank you so much for
 meeting me!

MEREDITH
 Oh Jack, I came as soon as I heard!

JACK
 (more wary)
 Oh, what did I say?

MEREDITH
 That's good, staying positive.

JACK
 Meredith, what did I say?

MEREDITH
 You said you have butt cancer. I
 assume you meant pancreatic cancer,
 right?

JACK
 (trying to polish this turd)
 Well you know, there are many parts to
 the...butt, and the doctors aren't
 sure just yet, so I'm just waiting for
 the results.

MEREDITH
 Oh Jack, if there's anything I can do
 to help-

Jack's phone dings. New text from Victor: "THE SECOND DOVE
 HAS NESTED, PLANT DECOY NOW."

JACK

Actually if you could hold that thought, I just have to check on my friend. You should meet him, he's very...well, you'll see. I'll be right back.

Jack exits.

CUT TO:

INT. LE BAR - FRONT BAR

Durbin is mingling amongst a group of people. He sniffs close to their necks, and moves on to the next person. This behavior garnishes sneers from the group members.

Jack enters and grabs Durbin.

JACK

Hey Durbin, buddy! I want you to come meet my friend!

DURBIN

Jack! I'm doing so well! Everyone's checking me out!

JACK

Yeah I think that might be for different reasons.

DURBIN

(becoming faint)

Jack, do you have anything to eat? I feel like I could just eat anything I see.

JACK

Okay Durby, hang in there buddy. We'll get you a Meister Meal after this.

DURBIN

Oh I hope I get the Hamburg collectable beer stein! It's the only one I'm missing!

JACK

Yeah sure, now do you see that blonde woman in the green dress right there? Her name is Meredith. Just sit down and keep her company...and try not to talk about any butt-related topics.

DURBIN

You got it, Jack! No butt stuff.

Durbin exits frame. A finger taps Jack on the shoulder. He spins around to LYNETTE in a slick burgundy cocktail dress.

LYNETTE

Surprise!

JACK

(earnestly surprised)
Oh, hey! Wow, Lynette you are looking really good.

LYNETTE

Of course! This is a very special occasion!

JACK

(suave)
Oh, and why's that?

LYNETTE

For Jack Griffin buying me a blackmail drink so I never share the video of him getting his ass beat by Dave!

Lynette holds up her phone, displaying a video of the incident.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITLOCK HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack is being filmed by Victor's cell phone camera. Victor follows closely. Jack addresses the camera directly.

JACK

Alright Victor, this is for posterity purposes. Tonight, I am going to get some.

DAVE (O.S.)

Hey Jack!

Jack turns around to face Dave.

JACK

Oh hi Dave.

DAVE

I heard you ate my strawberry compote. That was WEEKS' WORTH of beautiful FILLING!

Jack steps to Dave, getting in close.

JACK
 Dave, I didn't eat your compote. And
 if I did, what are you gonna do about
 it?

A tense moment as Jack and Dave square off. Dave gives a lightning-quick slap to the side of Jack's head.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Ah!

A relentless windmill of slaps and sharp little kicks come from Dave. Jack tries to take a swing, but misses and opens himself up for a barrage of slaps from the Bruce-Lee-level Dave.

Jack scuttles to the car.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Victor, come on let's go!

The video moves into the car as Dave slaps the driver's side window.

JACK (CONT'D)
 We're filming this! This is for
 documentation purposes! This is
 assault!

Jack drives away. In the rearview window, Dave strikes a Kung Fu pose and screams.

DAVE
 NEVER EAT MY COMPOTE!!!!

BACK TO:

INT. LE BAR - FRONT BAR

JACK
 (laughing it off)
 Yeah, well you got me! Seriously,
 never show this to anybody. What're
 you having? I'll get you five of them.

LYNETTE
 One Appletini, please.

JACK
 Ugh.

CUT TO:

INT. LE BAR - DINING AREA

Meredith looks around, worried at Jack's absence. The shadowy Durbin slowly descends to the seat opposite her.

DURBIN
(to himself, barely audible)
Strong and silent, strong and silent.

MEREDITH
(clearly hearing him)
I'm sorry, what are you saying?

Durbin stops whispering and stares coldly.

DURBIN
I'm...Ralph. I'm your friend,
Meredith.

MEREDITH
(taken aback)
How...do you know my name?

DURBIN
I have always known.

MEREDITH
Ok, well this is borderline creepy.
I'm gonna go-

Durbin grabs Meredith's hand.

DURBIN
NO! You cannot leave.

Meredith rips her hand away from Durbin's weak grasp.

MEREDITH
Yes, I can. Pervert.

Meredith walks away. Durbin thinks to himself.

DURBIN
No! Jack's gonna be so mad! I can't
let her leave...no matter what. No
matter what!

Durbin whooshes his cape and is away!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. LE BAR - FRONT BAR

Lynette sits on a barstool and sips on her Appletini. Jack has a whiskey on the rocks, casually sipping.

JACK

Ugh, I can't believe you drink those things.

LYNETTE

It's better than some old man whiskey that tastes like burning and pain.

(offers to Jack)

You want a taste? You never know until you try it. Plus, you have to or I'll send that video to the entire school.

JACK

Wow, you're really good at blackmail.

Jack takes a sip and smacks his lips.

JACK (CONT'D)

(pleasantly surprised)

Wow, not that bad! I thought it was going to be full of rancid pre-made mix.

LYNETTE

What do you think this place is, a Chili's? No, they make 'em good here.

JACK

So what brought you to Toledo? Failed acting career? A lover's quarrel?

LYNETTE

No, nothing like that. I'm from here.

Jack almost spits out his sip of whiskey.

JACK

You've gotta be kidding.

LYNETTE

Surprised?

JACK

Yes. Pleasantly.

The two share an earnest look of respect for the other.

Jack's phone dings. He looks down and reads: "EMERGENCY!
GREEN CONSERVATIVE IS GETTING AWAY!"

JACK (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me for just...one
second.

Jack bolts out of the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. LE BAR - DINING AREA/INT. DER BURGERMEISTER RESTAURANT

Jack runs to Meredith's table; empty. Jack calls a number. It becomes a very close parody of "24".

JACK
Victor, where the hell is Meredith?

VICTOR
I don't know! Some Dracula guy chased
her into the back!

JACK
Dammit, Durbin!

VICTOR
Jack, you have to get her back!

JACK
I know that Victor! And also, butt
cancer? What the hell is that?

VICTOR
It worked, didn't it??

JACK
...Fair.

VICTOR
Now go get her, Jack.

Victor brings a beer stein into frame and sips his juice
through a straw.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND LE BAR

Everything is cinematic, in the style of an old Dracula
movie. Lots of fog on the ground in this stereotypical alley.
Meredith bursts through the door from Le Bar. She reaches a
dead end. Fog pours from behind her.

DURBIN

There's no escape...Meredith!

Meredith turns around and gives a stereotypical horror movie scream. She cowers low. Durbin spreads his cape and floats toward her.

Jack bursts through the same exit door Meredith came through, winded.

JACK

Hey Durbin! Get your damn hands off her!

Durbin rises from his prey, his back to Jack.

DURBIN

There is no more Durbin. Now it is only...

(whips head around to Jack)

RALPH!

Durbin's eyes are bloodshot and he looks like a demon.

JACK

Ah! Jesus!

Headlights turn on behind them, illuminating the alley. Everyone shields their eyes. A silhouette eclipses the headlights.

ART

The blood fever has taken you,
Nightbeast.

JACK

What the hell are you saying?

ART

That thing is no longer your friend.
And he must be dealt with.

Art steps into the scene, revealing himself and a giant crossbow. He aims it at Durbin.

JACK

Wait, you can't shoot him!

ART

Say goodnight, squatty man.

A THWIP! Durbin clutches his chest.

DURBIN

I'm...HUSKYYYYY!

Durbin falls down dead, still clutching his chest.

JACK

Oh my God! Oh God! You mean he was a real...vampire?

ART

(totally breaking character)
What? No. That guy's got rabies. We need to get him to a hospital.

The style changes back to normal.

Durbin's grasp releases, revealing he's been shot with a tranquilizer dart. Meredith gets up.

MEREDITH

Well, a real exciting night, Jack. Come on, let's get him to the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM

Durbin sits on an examining table, still wearing his outfit. His sleeve is rolled up and Meredith administers the last rabies shot.

MEREDITH

And that's the last one.

DURBIN

Thanks. I'm really sorry I ruined your guys' evening. I guess I'm not that good of a wingman.

JACK

No buddy, you did fine. Well, as fine as someone with the early stages of rabies could. And I apologize, Meredith. I shouldn't have lied about my...butt cancer.

MEREDITH

Jack, can I see you outside for a minute?

Meredith marches out. Jack assumes the worst.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Meredith waits for Jack to exit the room. Jack sheepishly shuffles into frame.

MEREDITH

Jack, what were you thinking?

JACK

I know, I messed up.

MEREDITH

You lied to me because you knew I would never go on a date with you.

JACK

Again, I'm very sorry about that.

MEREDITH

You used your friend.

JACK

Yeah well, he was very excited to help, he just doesn't look it because of, you know, rabies.

MEREDITH

You went to all these extreme lengths to get together...

Meredith steps toward Jack.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

And I think that's pretty hot.

Meredith makes out with Jack. She pushes him against the wall.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

There's a closet down the hall, we can do it in there.

They make out some more, but something's wrong with Jack. He realizes this isn't what he wanted. He peels Meredith off him.

JACK

Meredith, this was my expectation for tonight, but...it just doesn't feel right.

MEREDITH

What, what do you mean?

JACK

I'm-I'm sorry, Meredith. I can't.

Meredith takes a moment, a little embarrassed. She puts her hair back up.

MEREDITH

(sighing)

Okay, well let's go get your friend then.

Meredith exits into the examining room. Jack ponders and then has an "OH FUCK" moment: Lynette is still at the bar.

JACK

Oh, fu-

CUT TO:

INT. LE BAR - FRONT BAR/INT. DER BURGERMEISTER RESTAURANT

Lynette sits at the bar, looking bored. Six Appletini glasses sit around her as she downs the seventh.

Victor, Grace, and Anthony look down at the scene.

GRACE

She's gonna leave!

ANTHONY

Damn, that girl can pack away the Appletinis.

Lynette stumbles to get up, about to leave.

GRACE

Where did Jack go? What do we do?

Victor has his hero's moment.

VICTOR

I know what to do.

Victor types on the phone and then hits send.

Lynette's phone dings. She looks down at the message.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AP BIOLOGY - THE NEXT DAY

Extreme closeup of Lynette yelling at what would be the POV of Jack.

LYNETTE

"U r ugly and u have small boobs?"
What the hell is this, Jack? This
sounds like one of these kids-

She points right at Victor. Victor shrinks while the other kids look at him.

LYNETTE (CONT'D)

-wrote this! You are so childish! I
thought that you were big Mr. Harvard
man, but now I see you're just some
jackass in an old man cardigan,
sipping his old man drinks in his DEAD
MOM'S-

Marcus flinches.

LYNETTE (CONT'D)

-house! Don't ever talk to me again!

Lynette storms out and slams the door. Jack takes a moment and surveys the room.

JACK

Well, mission failed guys. In a big
way. But I don't blame you. It was my
Hamartia that was my downfall. Like
Icarus, I flew too close to the sun. I
wanted too much. And like Oedipus I am
now alone.

GRACE

Didn't Oedipus have sex with his mom
and stab out his eyes?

JACK

Don't ruin the moment, Grace.
(to Sarika)
Sarika, you were right. I got
distracted from my goals.

Sarika perks up at being told she was right.

SARIKA

So now you're going to dedicate
yourself to your book and become pure
of heart?

JACK

Yeah, probably. Until like, next week
when someone inevitably pisses me off.

(to Victor)

Oh, and Victor...I'll see you at 3:30
for Driver's Ed. We're gonna do The
Gauntlet in reverse.

Victor puts his head in his hands.

VICTOR

No, not The Gauntlet!

JACK

Oh yeah. You've earned it buddy.

(to the rest of the class)

Now everyone shut up! I'm gonna take a
nap.

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. WHITLOCK HIGH HALLWAY

A finger presses down on a small bluetooth jawbone speaker. Ginuwine's "Pony" starts playing.

DALE cruises down the halls with his cart. He is dressed exactly like "Mystery" with giant alien sunglasses, a fuzzy top hat, and feather boa.

Everything feels like a music video, except everyone's looking at Dale like he's a freak.

Dale pushes his cart, spins around, and continues going like he just ghost rode the whip. He points to all the teachers, plays with his boa, pulls his sunglasses down, etc. Being a true pimp.

Mary walks up to his cart. It seems seductive at first. Mary pushes the jawbone speaker and the music stops.

The music video is over, everything is back to normal.

MARY

Take that crap off, you look like a damn fool.

Mary storms off. Dale takes off his hat and stuffs it into the trash bag on his cart. He does the same with the boa. He takes off his ridiculous alien sunglasses to reveal a single tear rolling down his face.