

SUBBIN'

Pilot

"That Just Happened"

Written by

Christopher Mueller & Dan Franko

omgchrism@gmail.com
danfrankoll@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. MCSHAY'S TAVERN - WAY TOO EARLY

A scary corner bar in an even scarier neighborhood. You can imagine hipster beards mounted to the walls like prized game.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - ABOVE THE BAR - SAME

Under a thin bedsheet is RYAN MCSHAY (28), looking like the stuff vomit throws up when it's hungover. But he still manages to pull off sexy, his primary charm.

A cellphone goes off.

RYAN

Yeah?

FEMALE VOICE (phone)

Ryan McShay?

RYAN

Uh huh.

FEMALE VOICE

This is Mrs. Mason with the School Board. We have an opening this morning. Short-term, at Lincoln High. Can you make it?

Ryan rubs some gunk from his eyes.

FEMALE VOICE

Mr. McShay?

RYAN

I'll be there.

FEMALE VOICE

Meet Principal Faye in her office, before eight A.M.

Ryan closes the call and stares at his latest bedroom conquest. She's a hot mess of pale skin, tattoos and long blond dreadlocks. Of course her name is JADE. The twenty-one-year-old shifts, reveals a hairy armpit.

RYAN

Is it Lilith Fair already?

JADE

Huh?

RYAN
I need you to get up. I have class.

JADE
I don't have class 'til noon.

RYAN
Not you, me.

Jade sits up. Ryan heads to the bathroom.

RYAN
I just need you to gather your clothes, sandals... any poetry you left lying around.

JADE
You're serious?

RYAN
Yeah, I've got a substitute gig.

JADE
Aren't you a bartender?

RYAN
Just nights and weekends.

JADE
Aww, so sweet. I had an aunt who was a teacher. Very popular with the boys.

RYAN
She was hot, huh?

JADE
Nope, just had sex with them. Now she spends her days introducing herself to the neighbors.

RYAN
That's a tough conversation.

JADE
Not really. First she hands them a Mormon pamphlet. Then they're relieved to discover she's just a sex offender.

Ryan emerges from the bathroom. Ready for anything. Well, almost anything.

Jade has moved from the bed to the floor. And begins plucking a sitar. Yes, a freakin sitar.

RYAN
(to himself)
I knew it was a bad idea to start the
World's Most Annoying Musical
Instruments collection.

Against the wall: an accordion, vuvvzela, full size harp and
an empty space where the sitar rested.

RYAN
Damn my multi-cultural sensibilities.
At least she doesn't sin--

Jade begins a deep, rumbling HUMMMMMMM...

Ryan massages his temples.

JADE
You coming to see my band tonight?

RYAN
Ooh, yeah, about that. Class could run
a couple of days. And when I teach,
well, it's all about those kids, you
know?

JADE
Aww... Such dedication. How long you
been subbing?

Ryan looks at the alarm clock. 6:41 a.m.

RYAN
I start in 79 minutes.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - MORNING**

A whirl of activity as EVERYONE hustles before the opening bell.

Ryan's face reflected in a

GLASS DISPLAY CASE

Full of sports trophies. His name etched on a bunch of them. This was his old stomping ground a decade earlier. And though Ryan's vain, that's not what has his attention.

It's a YEARBOOK PHOTO. Young Ryan draped over a smiling girl. A happy pair of graduating seniors, the world of possibility before them. The last time he felt that way.

For a moment - just a moment - his cocksure facade drops and reveals something else... regret.

R-R--I---I---N----N----N-N-G-G-G-G!!

Ryan's back in the here and now.

Grabs the closest kid. DILIP (17).

RYAN

Hey, buddy. I can't find the Administration office.

DILIP

It's in the new wing. Down this hallway, then make two rights.

RYAN

Anywhere I can get some caffeine?

Dilip lifts his sunglasses onto a knitted skull cap. Adjusts an absurdly large backpack. Only missing some climbing gear.

DILIP

(in Punjabi, subtitled)
Why does everyone think I'm a Sherpa?

FAR END OF THE HALLWAY - SAME

OFFICER MACK COOBY (49), short, muscular, with a bushy dark beard, walks the corridor like a warden surveying his prisoners.

He lasers in on Ryan. Fancy clothes. Mussy hair. Blood shot eyes. This guy's got 420 written all over him.

INTERCUT BETWEEN RYAN AND COOBY

A quick hand exchange between Ryan and Dilip, and Cooby's convinced. It's go time!

He advances. Parting the crowd like beaded curtain strings.

And we get our first good look at Cooby's biceps.

Each sporting a tattoo of the mythological dogs of war -- Phobos and, er, Chandler. Yep, Matthew Perry's smiling face sits upon one of the hell hounds. Cooby was a big fan of *Friends*, so it was a compromise.

COOBY

Grab the wall, cupcake!

Ryan's slammed forward. His legs forcibly spread.

RYAN

What's going on?

COOBY

Think you can come up in my house?
Slinging that yizzle dizzle.

RYAN

I might be doing that, if this were a rap video from the nineties.

COOBY

Let me share with you my extensive knowledge of pressure points.

Cooby puts a finger in Ryan's side. He can't move.

RYAN

(pained)

Impressive. But you've got it all wrong. I'm a substitute. This guy was just giving me change for the vending machine

COOBY

Oh, is that what the kids are calling you? The Vending Machine?

Cooby frisks Ryan. Dilip uses the distraction to slink away.

COOBY

Where do you think you're going? Turn out that beanie cap.

RYAN

It's called a Turban, sir! Ever hear of a little thing called freedom of religion?

DILIP

This is made by Under Armour.

RYAN

Uncovering his head dishonors the great Bolly God in the sky. Do you want that on your conscience?

DILIP

None of that is correct.

RYAN

I got your back bro.

Cooby's had enough. Whips out some duct tape. R-I-I-I-I-P!
Slaps it onto Ryan's mouth.

Ryan's eyes meet Dilip's. *Help me!*

Salvation arrives in the form of PRINCIPAL FAYE, 43 and stunning. In designer frames and tailored business skirt. No pantsuit for those legs. But her well-worn flat shoes show this admin doesn't spend her day sitting behind a desk.

FAYE

Cooby! What are you doing?

COOBY

Dispensing justice to the Vending Machine here.

FAYE

What is he talking about?

DILIP

This guy tried to sell me crack.

RYAN

(muffled)

What?

DILIP

And do sexual stuff too.

Ryan lets forth a stream of unintelligible obscenities.

FAYE

Dilip Adith Singh!

DILIP
Sorry Ms. Faye. I was just messing
with the new substitute.

FAYE
McShay?

Faye nods to Cooby, who pulls off the tape.

RYAN
--cking ass hat!

DILIP
Sorry dude.

RYAN
That's the second time today something
from the Near East has screwed me.

FAYE
Enough. Dilip, get to class.

Dilip gives a wry smile, then shuffles off.

DILIP
(in Punjabi, subtitled)
White people.

COOBY
What do you want me to do with this one?

FAYE
Let him go. I can handle it from here.

COOBY
But I was just--

FAYE
Shhhhhhhh. Here you go.

Faye pulls a CHOCOLATE CANDY from her jacket. Places it in
Cooby's mouth. Runs a hand through his mangy hair.

FAYE
Who's my good boy?

Cooby nuzzles her. He's loving this...

FAYE
Now run along. I saw the Glee Club
prepping the cafeteria for another one
of their "spontaneous" serenades. I
think it was Nickelback.

COOBY
I'll get my taser.

Cooby makes the "I'm watching you" sign, then bounds off.

FAYE
Walk with me.

HALLWAYS, STAIRS - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Faye walk through the main school building.

RYAN
What's that guy's glitch?

FAYE
Listen. There's just a few simple rules you have to follow, and you'll have no problems with Cooby.

RYAN
Does it involve not feeding him after midnight? Because I already know those.

FAYE
Think of him like a wild animal. Limit your eye contact. No sudden moves. And just let him do his business where he likes. That's why we have extra janitors on staff.

RYAN
So treat him like Amanda Bynes. Got it.

Faye pulls out a tissue. Wipes a smudge from her hand.

FAYE
I can assure you. He's quite harmless.

FLASHBACK: INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Faye presses Xanax pills into pieces of chocolate. Places them in a container labeled "COOBY SNACKS"

One of the drug warnings: "Could Cause Hallucinations"

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - THE PRESENT

Cooby gazes at the mirror. Something's not quite right.

COOBY'S HALLUCINATION: He's Tarzan. Principal Faye a sexy Jane. It's jungle love as they groom each other like animals. Cooby picks a grub. Eats it.

BACK TO REALITY: Cooby chews a morsel of food. Well, let's hope it's food, because he reaches into his rat's nest of a beard for seconds.

Emerging from a stall, MALCOLM (15). Eyeballs Cooby. *Gross!*

OUTSIDE MEN'S BATHROOM

Ryan and Faye pass the bathroom. Malcolm runs out.

FAYE
Malcolm, stop running. And get to class.

MALCOLM
Sorry Ms. Faye.

Faye smiles. She loves 'her kids'.

FAYE
This your first time?

RYAN
Nah, I'm an old pro.

FAYE
Haven't seen your name in the rolls before today.

RYAN
I was out west. Spent some time on a *Pueblo*. Showing the natives our culture.

FAYE
You mean Native Americans?

RYAN
Sure. Let's go with that.

FAYE
And what were you teaching?

RYAN
Typical American stuff. How to use a DVR. Foosball. And rock climbing. Which comes in handy when your house is built into a cliff.

Faye's no dummy and can play this game too.

FAYE
You know, we're really big on diversity here.

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

I'd love for you to share your experience with the kids sometime. What Native American tribe was that again?

RYAN

Tribe?. Yes. Hmm.

They pass a FRAMED QUOTE hanging on the wall:
*"Hope is the only bee that makes honey
without flowers -Robert Ingersoll"*

RYAN

The Hope-bee. Hopi. Well, a branch of the Hopi. Really into bees for some reason. Very private people. I can't get into the details.

FAYE

A branch of the Hopi? That's absolutely fascinating. Maybe I can research them online.

RYAN

No! I mean, I wouldn't bother. They don't believe in access to the web. Something about stealing their souls. Plus, you'll just get hardcore porn sites. Trust me.

FAYE

Okay, then. Well, here's your class.

RYAN

Thank God. What is it?

Faye hands over some papers.

FAYE

U.S. History.

RYAN

Aren't you going to introduce me?

FAYE

You're an old pro from out west, remember?

Faye sashays away. Casually tucks away the class's lesson plan. That should teach him.

Ryan steadies himself at the door.

RYAN

Deeeeep breaths. You're a bee. Full of hope. You bring in the hunnies. Wait, what is that quote again?

(then)

Ah, forget it. Just remember. You're really handsome.

MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM

A traditional classroom with one modern touch. A state-of-the-art flat-screen monitor which dominates one wall. Public schools can't afford this kind of hardware, unless...

A placard below. "Donated by Harris Electronics".

Ryan enters.

It gets quiet.

All eyes on him.

He hears A VOICE.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCER

(V.O.)

(Australian accent)

The wildebeest wades into the river, unaware of the predator lurking beneath the surface...

TJ HARRIS (16), a wisp of a kid, sits at the center of class, like Captain Kirk on the deck of the Enterprise.

A business backpack at his feet. "Harris Electronics, family owned since 1981". Cables run to TJ's command center.

Wireless access point. Bluetooth earpiece. And an iPad pointed squarely at Ryan.

IPAD POV

Ryan's blank face is perfectly framed in the webcam.

His image is being live-streamed on the website 'THAT JUST HAPPENED'. An anonymous blog, like a TMZ for high schoolers. It's no coincidence the site also happens to be his initials, TJH.

TJ

Looks like Ms. Faye went and ordered us a brand new sub from the J. Crew catalogue.

Raucous laughs from the Students.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)

And the massive reptile brings down
its prey, plunging its hapless victim
into the dark abyss...

OUT OF IPAD POV

Ryan glances towards the classroom directly across the hall,
the source of the intrusive commentator.

A nature film plays on its television.

TEACHER #1 steps out of the darkened room.

TEACHER #1
Sorry 'bout that.

THE SOUND OF ANIMAL SLAUGHTER fades out as the door closes.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - MORNING**

Ryan stands before the class of tenth graders. Stirred, but not shaken. And he's got a plan.

RYAN

Okay everyone. My name is Mr. McShay.

Chalks his name on the board, followed by "3SCEM XF XH"

RYAN

We're starting the day with a quiz.

(students grumble)

Who can tell me what this is?

(puzzled looks)

Anyone?

RANDOM STUDENTS

Mr. White's meth formula./ Your membership number to the Douche Club for Men./ A blackboard.

Finally, a raised hand.

RYAN

Yes.

NICHOLAS, the definition of stiff, doesn't respond.

RYAN

Now is the time when you speak.

Still nothing.

RYAN

Is he, you know, special?

RANDOM STUDENT

His name is Nicholas. Doesn't answer unless addressed by his name.

RYAN

Really? Nick. Do. You. Know. Thi--

NICHOLAS

I'm. Not. SLOW! I just have manners. Something my buffoonish classmates could learn.

RYAN

Nick. Focus.

NICHOLAS

Nicholas.

RYAN

I could kill myself right now.
Nicholas, if you please.

NICHOLAS

It's a triple shot skinny caramel
macchiato, extra frothy, extra hot.

RYAN

We have a winner. Come on up...
You know the Starbucks down the
street? That's my order.
(forks over some cash)
Get one for yourself too.

Ryan thumbs through the Sub Plan. Today's lesson missing.
Opens drawers, checks the desk.

But Nicholas hasn't moved.

RYAN

Do I have to salute you or something?

NICHOLAS

I need a hall pass, sir.

Ryan thinks. Spots a Mount Rushmore Display with removable
busts. Grabs the Lincoln head.

Scribbles some words, then Nick and Abe head out the door.

TJ

Which president let's me go take a dump?

RYAN

What's your name?

TJ

TJ Harris.

RYAN

Mr. Harris. Why don't you be
constructive and tell me where I can
find Ms. Watkins' syllabus.

TJ

Her syllabus? Maybe you should take a
health class dude. They show you where
that stuff is. They got drawings and
everything.

RYAN

Okay, let's try this. Who's the biggest brown noser in this class?

No doubt about it. Everyone points to the mousy girl in front, EMILY.

Ryan gentles his voice.

RYAN

Emily, sweetheart. Can you help me out here? Where'd the class leave off yesterday?

EMILY

Mr. McShay. You need to face reality. You're just a sub. On the school evolutionary chart, you're below Evan, the guy always sporting a boner.

EVAN, a few seats behind Emily, puts a textbook on his lap.

EMILY

So, I'm going to decline.

RYAN

I'm not sure you grasp the concept of brown nosing.

EMILY

And I'm not sure you grasp the concept of coming off like a whiny little bitch. So let's just call it even.

TJ

Hashtag, nerd pwnage!

The class roars.

TJ turns to the kid next to him. Fist bump!

TJ

Yeah, that just happened!

RYAN

Alright. Listen up you monsters. We're going to try something different. Pick up your texts...
C'mon, pick up your book. Hold it out in front of you.

(they do it)

Now, drop it. Whatever page you open to, start reading from there.

Thuds as the books plunge.

RANDOM STUDENTS

I have a Kindle./ I can see Evan's boner./ I can't read upside down.

RYAN

I don't care. Just start reading. Quietly. Until my coffee gets here.

The class complies.

Ryan sits at the desk. Leans on one arm. Yaaaawwns...

MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - MUCH LATER

The BELL!!! Jolts Ryan awake. Who knocks over a Starbucks cup, splashes coffee onto his jacket sleeve.

The class filters past.

And it's not the same group of Students.

RANDOM STUDENTS

Great class./ Best sub we've ever had.

Ryan looks at the clock. 11:30 AM.

On the blackboard behind him, lined up perfectly with his head, is a chalk-drawn thought bubble.

Inside the cartoon bubble: "Yeah, That Just Happened!"

Which is exactly what Ryan is thinking.

SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

ALLISON WALSH (27), walks with military-like precision, her ponytail bouncing in rhythm with each stride. Regimented and ordered, her life is guided by an Excel spreadsheet. For realz.

She pauses only to speak into her phone.

ALLISON

Siri. Bathroom break. Number one. Twenty two seconds. New record.

Allison smiles, satisfied. Continues on...

...and as she passes the glass display case... the one with old yearbook photos... we see that same grin on the young woman in the photo with Ryan.

But there's no waxing nostalgic for her as she spies --

Malcolm squeezing through the heavy entrance door. His arms full of Red Bull cans and the marble-headed Abe.

ALLISON
Malcolm. Why are you out of class?

MALCOLM
I have a pass, Mrs. Walsh.

Malcolm gives her the bust. Inked on Lincoln's head:
*"The 4th president grants you liberty,
in all lands, everywhere"*

ALLISON
4th president? Who gave this to you?

MALCOLM
The substitute for Ms. Watkins' class.

ALLISON
Follow me.

MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM

Ryan sits on the edge of the desk, reading from his phone.

RYAN
According to Wikipedia, the howler monkey is the loudest land animal on earth. That's two bucks you owe me Hankins.

Allison storms in, Malcolm on her heels.

ALLISON
Just who do you think you are, mister?

RYAN
(not looking up yet)
Mom?

ALLISON
Don't smart mouth me, I'm--

RYAN
Ali?

ALLISON
Ryan?

RYAN
What are you doing here?

ALLISON
You're the substitute?

A brief stare down.

RYAN
Answer my question first.

ALLISON
Answer my question first.

RYAN
Check it. I'm a teacher now.

ALLISON
No. No. You can't be a teacher. I have
an education degree. I'm certified.
I'm a teacher. You're a moron.

RYAN
Well, my complete domination of the
"Yo Mammal" game says otherwise.

ALLISON
Did you know that Malcolm left campus
using your 'pass'?

RYAN
I did. And did you know the vending
machines here don't carry these tasty
Red Bulls?

ALLISON
Those are yours?

RYAN
Who do I speak to about that? Things are
going to have to change around here.

Allison boils. Her mouth moves but nothing comes out.

RYAN
It's okay. Use your words.

Allison let's loose a PRIMAL SCREAM. Students cower in pain.
Malcolm covers his ears with the cans.

RYAN
I was wrong. The howler monkey isn't
the loudest land animal on earth.

ALLISON
Have you been doing this all day?

Ryan quickly scoops a Big Gulp cup into the trash.

RYAN
No.

ALLISON
These kids aren't your personal
assistants. You gonna have them run
your errands, too?

Washington is missing from Mount Rushmore.

ALLISON
What if one of them gets hurt?

RYAN
It's safe. They got one of those Walk
thing-a-ma-jiggies right on the corner

Ryan begins to mimic a robot.

RYAN
(robotic voice)
Halt. Proceed. Hustle up, fatty.

ALLISON
Are you doing the robot right now?
What is going on in this classroom?

RYAN
Hey. Pretty. Lady.

ALLISON
I'm putting a stop to this.

RYAN
Once it gets going, nothing can stop
the robot.

Allison disagrees. Reaches out. Her hands on Ryan's nips.
Twists with pent-up fury!

Now it's Ryan with the primal scream!

Allison let's one hand drop. The other stays firmly in place.

RYAN
That's the sensitive one.

ALLISON
I remember.

She yanks her hand back.

RYAN
Owww! Ali, come on. I was just goofing
around. You used to like that about me.

ALLISON

And I used to dream I'd climb through James Van Der Beek's window and be his girlfriend. But I grew up.

RYAN

I always pictured you as more of a Pacey gal.

Allison's had enough. Turns to leave, then stops. Her educator instinct kicking in.

ALLISON

Class. For the record. Lincoln was the sixteenth president, not the fourth.

(off Ryan's blank look)

This is Lincoln High School. You went here for four years.

(still not getting it)

It's written on his head!

Sure enough, it's there, but Ryan doesn't budge.

RYAN

Then why is he fourth on Mount Rushmore? Knowledge bomb. Boom!

ALLISON

It's good to know some things never change. Goodbye, Ryan.

Allison drops Lincoln into the display. Slams the door.

MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - LATER

Ryan faces the class.

RYAN

Alright, everyone. Hope you enjoyed the show.

(pops open a Red Bull)

It's almost quitting time. Who's drinking with me?

The door opens. LISA slips in, schlepping a coat hanger wrapped in plastic and lettered "We Love Our Customers".

LISA

Here you go Mr. M. They were able to get the coffee stain out.

Ryan peeks his head out the door. No Allison, *phew*.

But in his peripheral vision...

HALLWAY

Cooby squats in a corner. Makes eye contact with Ryan, who looks away - rule number one. When he glances back, Cooby is up, scuffing his feet on the floor like a dog. Moves off.

Ryan then hears squeaky wheels. Followed by a clearly DISGRUNTLED JANITOR, pushing his cart in Cooby's direction.

MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM

Ryan turns to Lisa.

RYAN

Perhaps you can keep this little trip to yourself.

LISA

Sure. Oh, and here you go.

Lisa hands over the Washington bust. Who soon joins his fellow ex-Presidents.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - END OF THE DAY

An exodus of Students in all directions.

INT. MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - SAME

The classroom phone BUZZES. Ryan ignores it. Just wants to bounce.

The phone goes off again.

Ryan's almost free when the class television lights up. Principal Faye flickers to life.

FAYE

Mr. McShay. Pick up the phone.

Ryan freezes. Looks at the monitor. *She can't see me, can she?* Stashes the dry cleaning behind his back, just in case.

FAYE

Pick up the phone!

RYAN

(answers)
Can you see me?

FAYE

Right through you. Come to my office.

Every instinct in Ryan says bail.

FAYE
I can send Cooby to fetch you.

RYAN
On my way.

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Ryan knocks, enters. Faye motions with a stern finger. Sit.
She shuffles through some papers.

FAYE
Why are you here Mr. McShay?

RYAN
You see, when a man and a woman love each other, they engage in a special kind of hug, then nine months later--

FAYE
Here! At Lincoln. This is the only school you applied for.

RYAN
This was my school. Back in the day, I ruled this place. I was like, One Direction popular. Except I was all five guys. Thought I could give something back.

FAYE
And your idea of doing that is playing online trivia games?

RYAN
(realizes)
Allison.

FAYE
Yes. One of my best teachers. Not a One Dee fan.

RYAN
Look, I think of my teaching like educational prancercise. It may seem ridiculous at first, but after a while, those kids are going to have some sexy mind butts. Not that I think about their butts. I don't want to make this weird or anything.

FAYE
You can see yourself out.

Ryan stands. Stares into a lamp like it's a stage spotlight.

RYAN

You know, I've crossed a lot off my bucket list. Dyed my hair and lived as a ginger for a year. Tamed feral cats as part of an inner city circus act. I even got a picture of Richard Grieco in line at a Pink Berry. He was as close to me as you are now.

FAYE

There's some point to this.

Ryan let's his guard down.

RYAN

Of all those awesome things, this is the only place that ever mattered. The only place I've ever mattered. And nothing I've done since has made me feel the same. I thought if I just came back, I'd... Sorry for wasting your time.

He heads for the door.

FAYE

So, that's it? You're just going to quit?

RYAN

Aren't you firing me?

FAYE

Ryan, you don't remember me, do you?

RYAN

I went through a cougar phase in my younger yea-

FAYE

I was your vice principal.

RYAN

No. My vice principal was a big fatty.

FAYE

That was ten years and three hundred pounds ago.

RYAN

Did I miss a season of the Biggest Loser?

FAYE

My divorce lawyer trimmed most of the weight. The rest was up to me.

RYAN

You look amazing.

FAYE

I know I look amazing. Look at these calves. I just achieved Dragon Rank at my dojo.

She's not kidding. Framed photos adorn the office. Faye in action: balancing on a tree branch, ala *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*; dressed in a yellow jumpsuit posing with a katana, ala *Kill Bill*; fighting a man you could swear is Agent Smith from *The Matrix*.

Ryan inches away from the desk.

RYAN

So you're saying the tubby remark was a big mistake.

FAYE

I'm saying being a substitute doesn't mean you're allowed to half-ass teach. It's not a babysitting job where you can order Chinese takeout and--

RYAN

Use it as a line to pick up sensitive chicks.

FAYE

Use it as a line to pick up sensitive chicks.

RYAN

Get out of my mind you sorceress.

FAYE

You know, I remember a kid who led us to the state championship. Who wasn't afraid to recite a poem in his English class, even if all you were trying to do was impress your girlfriend. You did rule this place. By being a fearless leader, not some smart ass. Bring back the adult version of him, prepared and on time, that's someone I want as a teacher in my school.

Ryan ponders.

FAYE
Or don't. And add substitute teaching
to what I am sure is a long list of
things you've given up on.

RYAN
Should we, you know, hug or something?

FAYE
No.

RYAN
Because this felt like our Good Will
Hunting moment.

Faye picks up an apple and tosses it to Ryan.

FAYE
Oh, and Ryan? You screw up again...

Faye karate chops a ruler. It doesn't break. A moment later,
it crumbles into a pile of saw dust.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. MCSHAY'S TAVERN - NIGHT**

Stepping into McShay's is like taking a time machine back to the seventies, when this well-worn bar was last updated.

Ryan leans on the counter.

A History textbook nearby, but abandoned for his high school yearbook. A handwritten note beneath his graduation photo.

"Life is divided into three terms - that which was, which is, and which will be... Ali".

RYAN

That girl loved her poetry.

DANNY MCSHAY (35), emerges with a case of beer. He's a hardscrabble version of Ryan, with thinning hair and the slumped shoulders of a modern day Atlas. If Atlas had three kids, an underwater mortgage and a lifeless bar on his back.

DANNY

Care to do some work tonight?

RYAN

Sorry, bro. I have class tomorrow.

DANNY

Looks like you're more interested in the past than the future.

Ryan can't argue, even though it's their favorite pastime.

DANNY

Hand those down to me, will ya?

Ryan passes bottles to Danny, who stows them below.

RYAN

I saw her today. Ali.

DANNY

Thought you might. She's been a teacher at Lincoln for a while now.

RYAN

I've been back three months. That wasn't a nugget you could send my way?

DANNY

She chew you out? Hit ya? Please tell me pain was involved.

RYAN
Purple Nurple. In class.

DANNY
I'd have paid to see that.

RYAN
You're supposed to be on my side.

DANNY
You dumped her. On national television, no less. And then disappeared for ten years. That's earned some public humiliation.

Ryan remembers. Not proud.

RYAN
In retrospect, going on The Real World wasn't the best life decision.

DANNY
You think? That show kills more relationships than Taylor Swift songs. Plus, I didn't think you'd go through with it. You, a substitute teacher.

RYAN
Maybe I'm becoming responsible or something.

DANNY
Yeah, okay. I'm guessing this...
(off school book)
Is going to last as long as it takes some hottie to walk through that door.

RYAN
That shouldn't be a problem. No one ever comes here.

DANNY
Uh, huh. And who was it last night?

The lone patron stirs.

POPS STAMATOPOULUS (67), gray streaked hair and scraggly. Cradles a beer. Wrinkles are etched onto his face like the Nazca lines. An ode to the gods of hard living.

POPS
That albino blond.

RYAN

Her name is Jade. And she's not an albino. At least according to "Albine-No or Albine-Yes" dot com. Posted her photo. The voting's close.

POPS

Did you use protection? You need rain gear when trudging through the bush.

Whips out an unrolled condom. FLOP! On the counter it goes.

RYAN

Whoa, Pops. Put that away.

DANNY

Has that been used?

POPS

I believe in being green.

DANNY

We have to burn down the bar.

POPS

Suit yourself. But if I've learned one thing in life, it's this. Cover your front and protect your rear.

RYAN

That from the army?

POPS

Prison.

The bar door clangs open. Two jolts of energy burst through.

The first, a familiar tattooed form, Jade. Behind, her red-haired doppelganger ANGIE (22), rockin' a tight mini-skirt.

Matching leather coats are studded with the name of their band "BONNIE RATT".

JADE

Three Car Bombs, barkeep!

The duo plop down. Ryan heeds their siren call, whips up three shot glasses.

Slides over two of them.

RYAN

On the house.

Danny eyeballs Ryan. *Yeah, right.*

RYAN
I'll start you a tab. Cheers.

The girls tip them back. Ryan raises his, but doesn't imbibe. Not like him.

ANGIE
Too good to drink with the city's best
eighties-metal-slash-Nashville tribute
band?

Angie makes the 'devil's horns' rock sign.

DANNY
There's more than one?

JADE
We're country music with attitude.

ANGIE
And blood.

Angie grabs the last shot, downs it.

Loses her balance.

Slips to the ground, legs in the air, skirt around her waist.

Tiny jeweled crystals clatter on the floor.

Danny stares at her lady business, like an ancient man seeing an eclipse for the first time.

JADE
That was supposed to be a surprise for
Angie's boyfriend.

DANNY
I hope he don't choke on those things.

Pops leans in, snaps a pic with his phone.

POPS
It's called vajazzling.
(*how does he know?*)
It was on The View.

Jade helps Angie up. Walks her over to a table.

RYAN
Why don't you call it a night? I've
got it from here.

DANNY

And Bonnie Ratt claims the great Ryan McShay substitute experiment. I knew you'd cave.

(slaps Ryan's shoulder)

Thanks. It'll be good to see the kids before they go to bed.

Danny exits. Pops turns to Ryan.

POPS

So how we gonna do this? I'm partial to the one with the muffin bling.

RYAN

Pops. I'm glad you're here tonight.

POPS

I'm here every night.

RYAN

But tonight is gonna be your night.

Ryan quickly pours another round.

RYAN

Maybe a little less with the whole To Catch A Predator vibe, huh?

Pops slicks back his frazzled hair. Puts on a big toothy smile. It's worse. But Ryan doesn't care, he has a plan.

Picks up the tray of glasses.

RYAN

Girls, have you met Gary Busey?

ANGIE

I thought you were blond.

POPS

I am. From from the waist down.

RYAN

You ever played the "Yo Mammal" game?

Ryan pulls his phone.

JADE

No, but it sounds kinky.

RYAN

You get an answer wrong, you drink.

ANGIE
(drunk)
What's a mammal?

RYAN
It's a warm blooded animal
distinguished by hair or fur... Angie,
never mind.

POPS
Who's picking up the tab for this?

RYAN
They're on the house.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Danny unlocks his car. Looks towards the entrance. Pained.

DANNY
He's giving away drinks. I can feel it.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH - MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - MORNING

The wall clock. 7:47 AM

Underneath, a freshly shaved and conservatively attired Ryan.
Looks like he's taking this seriously.

Takes a sip of coffee from a mug, then places copies of the
day's lesson on each desk.

His cell vibrates. A photo text message.

It's Pops, in bed with Jade and Angie. The redhead displaying
a pair of tattooed angel wings on her back.

RYAN
I guess what teacher said is true.
Every time an old man gets laid, an
Angie gets her wings.

OUTSIDE ALLISON'S CLASSROOM

Malcolm runs past Faye and Allison.

FAYE
Malcolm, stop running.

MALCOLM
Sorry Principal Faye.

FAYE

I may have to create a snack jar for that kid.

Ryan steps into the hall. Raises his mug towards the pair. Allison smiles through clenched teeth.

ALLISON

You're going to regret this whole Ryan thing. He's going to screw up and embarrass the school. Just like putting a camera in front of Amanda Bynes, it's only a matter of time. High five!

FAYE

You two are just alike.

ALLISON

Me and who? What?

FAYE

Don't worry about Ryan. I've got Cooby keeping an eye on him.

REALLY OUTSIDE MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - WINDOW - LATER

Cooby, in all black garb, hangs Mission Impossible-style from the roof. His idea of surveillance.

INT. MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM

Ryan sees Cooby's face pressed against the glass. He does the 'I've got my eyes on you' gesture. That's his thing.

Ryan shuts the blinds on him.

RYAN

Everyone, take your seats.

Cooby strains to peek around the next window. Ryan leans a book against the glass. Just enough to cover Cooby's face. Thwarted again.

The class television flickers. The VICE PRINCIPAL appears.

VICE PRINCIPAL

Good morning students and faculty. I'm happy to report that the Glee Club has been banned from the cafeteria--

The broadcast is interrupted.

A new image blinks to life.

It's Ryan's face.

The same still-picture appears on TJ's iPad. He's tapped into the video system.

Presses 'Play'.

It's a music video. Set in Ryan's classroom. From yesterday.

VARIOUS CLIPS (made from hand-held devices)

--- Ryan walking into the room, his blank stare blown up full screen

--- Ryan's line "where can I find Ms. Watkins' syllabus?" repeated ala *Max Headroom*

--- Ryan asleep at the teacher's desk, drooling

--- Ryan getting Purple Nurpled by Allison

--- TJ's line "Which president let's me go take a dump?" followed by...

--- The Washington Bust in a bathroom stall, then a FLUSH

All the color in Ryan's face drains with the toilet water.

He looks to the classroom across the hall. The video plays on that screen too.

It plays across the entire campus.

RYAN
(to himself)
Yeah, that just happened.

ALLISON'S CLASSROOM

The music video plays. Allison speaks into her phone.

ALLISON
Siri. Ryan self-destruction. Thirteen minutes. New record.

And there's that smile from the yearbook photo.

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The window rattles. Grunts from outside echo in the room.

EXT. MS. WATKINS' CLASSROOM - WINDOW - SAME

Cooby still dangles from the roof. Stuck upside down. And it's raining to boot.

But he's completely content, a doofus grin on his face.

COOBY'S HALLUCINATION: Cooby in Spiderman tights and peeled down mask, his lips outstretched to a red-wigged Principal Faye, leaning out the window to reciprocate.

It's sexy. Kinda.

Their mouths almost touch, when--

SNAP BACK TO REALITY: Cooby's harness breaks, and so does the fantasy.

He falls like a stone, crotch first into a thicket of bushes.

COOBY
I think... I broke... my web
shooter...

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW