

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

COLD OPEN:

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

The Professor prepares breakfast for the boys at the table.
There's a KNOCK at the door.

The boys run to the door.

BOYS

Hey! Hey!

The Professor pulls them back as he reaches for the door.

PROFESSOR

Get back, boys, back. Down.

They are still yelling as The Professor opens the door to reveal SAM TWING, mid 20s, awkward, in high-fastening pants, with a clipboard. He speaks quickly and unprofessionally, not really pausing between sentences.

SAM TWING

Hello Professor Rayburn my name is Samuel Twing you can call me Sam I was sent by Children's Protective Services to check on the education status of your two charges.

The boys are still "barking" at the guest.

PROFESSOR

Yeah, I'm... getting them ready... right now.

(to the boys)

Quiet, boys.

SAM TWING

As you should know today is the first day of school for the spring semester in this school district and it is of the utmost importance that the boys are in attendance.

PROFESSOR

I know, I actually teach at the... university so it's my first day of school too.

(to the boys)

Really, guys, knock that off.

SAM TWING

Sir I hope you're not raising your voice to your children in front of me as you should know it is destructive to their self-esteem as well as teaching them to yell themselves.

PROFESSOR

Sorry, would you like to come in, let them sniff you, I'm sure that would quiet them down.

The boys are still yelling, pushing against the Professor to get at the guest.

A beat as Sam considers the offer.

SAM TWING

Good day sir.

He tries pulling the door closed, but the Professor's hand is on the door knob. They tug a bit before the Professor realizes what's going on.

PROFESSOR

Oh, sorry.

The door slams shut.

INTRO CREDITS

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

The professor explains how great the first day of school will be as he makes the kids' lunches.

CHUM

Why can't we go to your school?

PROFESSOR

I'm flattered, but my school is a school for older kids. Adults, really. With good taste in music, and inquisitive minds.

He rolls up the lunch bags.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Plus, I'm starting the semester off with a major exam, and you guys don't have the knowledge from the fall term.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam walks down the hallway.

DAGGERS (O.S.)

Is he packing their lunches, or making them buy?

Sam jumps and turns around.

SAM TWING

Oh my golly, you scared me.

Daggers puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights it. He speaks with a puff of smoke.

DAGGERS

I have that effect on people.

SAM TWING

I don't know about the lunches.

DAGGERS

And what are they wearing? They're not gonna get made fun of, are they?

SAM TWING

Um... I'm not sure?

Daggers gives him a stare-down (without really looking at him).

SAM TWING (cont'd)
I'll go check...

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The professor is rolling the ends of the paper bags and writing their names on them.

MUTT
What's in there?

PROFESSOR
It's your lunches. I've provided nutritious meals for both of you.

Chum walks up with a dusty-looking candy bar.

CHUM
I want this.

PROFESSOR
I don't even know if you can have chocolate. Where did you get that anyway?

CHUM
Under the couch.

PROFESSOR
No... throw that away.

Another KNOCK on the door. Chum watches the Professor head to the door, when he sees he's not looking, he reaches for his lunchbag and slips the candy bar in.

The door opens to reveal Sam again.

SAM TWING
Hello again sir I just wanted to remind you that it is ideal to prepare your child's lunch on the first day of school if you are unfamiliar with the school menu.

PROFESSOR
I did, look, I already packed their lunches.

DAGGERS (O.S.)
See what's inside them.

SAM TWING
Sir if I may inspect what you have
prepared for your children to
ensure they are being fed properly.

A beat.

Sam taps a pen on his clipboard.

PROFESSOR
Fine...

He grabs the lunches off the counter and hands them to Sam.
He opens one up and pulls the candy bar out.

SAM TWING
Sir this candy bar while delicious
is twice the daily recommended
value of sugars for a growing boy.

The professor grabs it.

PROFESSOR
I'm sorry about that. He slipped
it in there...

He notices Sam's eyes do not leave the candy bar. He waves
it around to be sure.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Um... do you want it?

SAM TWING
Sir I hope you know that bribing a
government agent is a serious
off...

PROFESSOR
(interrupting)
No, it's not a bribe, it's just
that if I throw it away, I know
he'll dig it out of the garbage
can. Please take it.

Sam stares at the candy bar in the professor's hand.

He grabs it, unwraps it and takes a bite.

SAM TWING
Good day to you sir.

He turns around and takes off. The professor closes the door.

Mutt jumps away from the table towards the door and starts BARKING at it. Chum soon follows.

PROFESSOR
Boys... you missed him... he
already left...

They keep barking.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Go get dressed.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam, eating his candy bar, walks past Daggers, who's leaning against the wall, smoking. Daggers shakes his head as he passes.

DAGGERS
Weak.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The Professor sits across a desk from PRINCIPAL Dee Williams, while the two boys stand awkwardly behind him.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
There's no records of the boys'
grades from previous years. I take
it they were homeschooled before?

INT. PROFESSOR'S BRAIN - FLASHBACK

The professor holds back dog Chum and holds a treat over dog Mutt's head.

PROFESSOR
Stay... stay... good dog.

Mutt jumps up and puts his hand around the treat and the professor's hand. Chum also tries to get the treat.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
No! Ow! Bad dogs!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUED FROM BEFORE

The professor shakes off his daze.

PROFESSOR
Yes, that's correct.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
Well, Ms. Maynard is on her way
down...

A KNOCK on the door. It swings open to reveal MS. MAYNARD, a rotund older woman, enters.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS (cont'd)
Shirley, this is Professor Rayburn
and his two sons, um...

The professor thinks to himself.

PROFESSOR
Um... well... Mutt -Matt, and...
Ch... um. That's really all
they'll answer to.

MS. MAYNARD
Oh, my, are they twins?

PROFESSOR
(to himself)
I haven't thought of that...
brothers... same age... I suppose
they are.

MS. MAYNARD
I always have such a hard time
telling twins apart.

She approaches Chum, puts her glasses up next to her eyes and stares at him intensely.

MS. MAYNARD (cont'd)
Now, tell me, which one are you?

CHUM
Chum!

She moves to the other.

MS. MAYNARD
And you are...

MUTT

Mutt!

MS. MAYNARD

(point to Chum)

Ok... one more time?

CHUM

Chum.

MUTT

Mutt!

CHUM

Chum!

MUTT

Mutt!

They continue for a few more rounds but finally shut up. Ms. Maynard toggles her gaze between the two for a moment. She turns around and scribbles something.

MS. MAYNARD

Tell me your name again...

CHUM

(distressed)

Chum!

She slaps a nametag on him. It says "Champ."

MUTT

Ha Ha! Your name is "Chump."

She slaps one on Mutt. It says "Michael."

CHUM

You're Michelle.

MUTT

Hey!

The professor and the principal snap out of their daze.

PROFESSOR

Well, it looks like you've got this under control. Here's my cell phone number in case there's any problems. I better get back to my own class.

Ms. Maynard moves her hand out of the way and the piece of paper drifts to the ground.

MS. MAYNARD
 Won't be necessary, Professor. I
 have everything under control.

She walks off with the boys. Mutt starts to pull down his pants.

PROFESSOR
 (yells to Mutt)
 Toilet!

MUTT (O.S.)
 Oops... I forgot.

The professor picks his number off the ground and hands it to Principal Dee Williams.

PROFESSOR
 You might want to hold onto this.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
 I'm sure your children are no more
 difficult than any other students
 we have.

INT. PROFESSOR'S BRAIN - FLASHBACK

The professor holds a fire extinguisher and puts out some small fires. Chum holds a match book in his mouth.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUED FROM BEFORE

He puts the number on his desk.

PROFESSOR
 Yeah... hold onto this.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Students pile in. Chum and Mutt stand in the front with Ms. Maynard. The kids are wild.

MS. MAYNARD
 (claps as she speaks)
 Children sit down. Children sit
 down.

Students sit at their desks, the boys sit on the ground.

MS. MAYNARD (cont'd)
 I hope everyone had a good "winter holiday." Now, as you know, because of FERPA, I can't call role as some students may be embarrassed of their names. So I'll just assume everyone's here.

INTERTITLE: FERPA - Family Education Rights and Privacy Act.

One of the students raises his hand and speaks.

SOME BOY
 Who are those two?

MS. MAYNARD
 (clapping)
 Raise your hand before you speak.
 Raise your hand before you speak.
 (not clapping)
 Class, we have some new students.
 This is _____ and _____.
 Everyone, give them a big Room 201
 Hello!

THE CLASS
 (half-heartedly)
 Hello...

Ms. Maynard gestures towards some seats in the back.

MS. MAYNARD
 Boys, why don't you take those desks in the back, and please remove your hats.

The boys look at each other awkwardly.

MS. MAYNARD (cont'd)
 Remove your hats and take a seat, boys.

Chum starts untying his shoes. Mutt sees and follows. They put their shoes in the corner.

MS. MAYNARD (cont'd)
 That's great, boys, but I really need you to take off your hats.

Chum starts pulling off his sweater vest as Mutt undoes his pants. Clothes just start flying off.

MS. MAYNARD (cont'd)
(clapping)
Those are not your hats. Those are
not your hats.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

The professor puts his briefcase on the desk and clicks it open.

PROFESSOR
Sorry I'm late, class, I had to
drive my sons for their first day
of school. Jamie is passing out
review sheets that you can fill out
during class.

He hands a stack of papers to Jamie and she starts passing them out.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
If you have any questions, just
raise your hand and we'll address
it.

Every hand in the room goes up.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
And I won't be taking questions
about my sons right now, we really
need to focus on this pre-term
exam.

All hands stay up. One kinda goes down, but the student thinks about it and lifts his hand again.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Yes, Paul.

PAUL
(speaking very fast)
Sir, in Myrick's book chapter 6, he
mentions a formula for deriving
Grendel's equation, but in the
Hanson and Lector book, the
equation is different, which one
should we use for the test?

PROFESSOR

Ok, I'm sorry, just so we don't end up wasting class time later, I'll just say, I have two sons, they're starting the fourth grade today, um... they're very smart, but they're a little awkward socially... so... next question.

Hands fly up again.

PAUL

But you didn't answer...

PROFESSOR

(interrupting.)

Susan.

SUSAN

Last semester you mentioned Bernoulli's Principle of Self-Emulsification...

PROFESSOR

Yes, you'll need to be able to describe and prove all three theorems.

SUSAN

Well... you never explained what any of that was... and none of the text books I could find explain it.

PROFESSOR

Well, yes, it was only passed down through oral traditions, you see, the first theorem... one second...

His phone starts ringing. He pulls it out of the briefcase.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Yes? They did what? But they're still wearing... ok. And then? Oh boy. I'm so sorry. I'll be right there.

He hangs up the phone and looks up at the class.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Just pass your review papers up and I'll look over them and get back to you.

Hands go up.

JAMIE

Sir... sir... are we still having
the test?

The professor answers as he packs up the incomplete stack of reviews.

PROFESSOR

Don't worry, the test is still on
for tomorrow.

JAMIE

But we didn't finish the review.

He answers as he makes his way for the door. He looks at his watch.

PROFESSOR

I'll be holding office hours at my
usual time this afternoon... if
anyone still has questions, they
can ask there.

He dashes into the hall.

JAMIE

Sir... oh boy.

ACT TWO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SPECIAL ED ROOM

Chum and Mutt stand near the professor looking at their feet. Some articles of clothing are still missing. Principal Dee Williams talks to the professor while MR. DOOGAN, a thin, nervous-looking, middle-aged man, flips through some papers.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
Accelerated learning might just be
the best fit for your boys. Just
to get them up to speed.

PROFESSOR
I'm sure they just need to get
settled into how public school
works... you know, the rules and
expectations...

MR. DOOGAN
Antisocial behavior?

PROFESSOR
Excuse me?

Mr. Doogan holds up the papers he has so the professor can read the minutely small words from ten feet away.

MR. DOOGAN
Their disability isn't labelled.
I'll need specifics in order to
treat them.

PROFESSOR
Treat them?

The professor moves closer to Doogan, threateningly. The principal moves strategically between them.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
What he means is... Mr. Doogan is
very efficient at what he does.
He'd like to tailor his teaching
style to the boys' specific needs.

MR. DOOGAN
Excuse me, sir, what do you do for
a living?

PROFESSOR
I teach Invention Science at the
University.

MR. DOOGAN
Well, sir, what we do are very
different things. I don't suggest
you try to comprehend my techniques
and I won't question yours.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
No need to be offended... Tim,
let's just put them down for a
general, disability... I'm sure
you'll find the best way to help
them with time.

Mr. Doogan's eye twitches slightly.

MR. DOOGAN
Fine... that'll work...

He starts back towards the door.

PROFESSOR
Boys, come here.

He bends down to their level and opens his arms to them.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Now I want you to be well behaved,
all right. Do what Mr. Doogan
says. And be nice to the other
students, even if they're
different.

CHUM & MUTT
Ok...

PROFESSOR
And if you don't feel comfortable,
just go to Principal Dee Williams
here and call me...

MR. DOOGAN
(interrupting)
Sir. There are potential
pyromaniacs in that room with
access to both paper and wood.
Please don't take up anymore of my
time.

Dee Williams gives the Professor a sympathetic look.

PROFESSOR
Have fun boys.

Mr. Doogan quickly shoves the boys into the room and closes the door behind them.

They step out of the door and it slams behind them.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
He's a little touchy. You still
have my number, right?

INT. SPECIAL ED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boys stand at the entrance to Mr. Doogan's classroom. There are no desks, just a few tables. The few children sit on the floor, playing with trucks or blocks or popsicle sticks.

Mr. Doogan paces to the opposite end of the room to sit in a large leather chair behind a dark desk.

MR. DOOGAN
Come here you two.

The boys approach the desk cautiously. The other children turn and stare as they pass.

Mr. Doogan sets a picture frame on his desk. Within is a piece of paper with writing and a ribbon on it.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
You see this? Do you know what
this is?

MUTT
Your family?

MR. DOOGAN
This degree says that I am
certified to control a special
education class. It says that I
have the power to build you into an
active member of society.

MUTT
Cool.

MR. DOOGAN
But first we have to figure out
what's wrong with you.

CHUM
I feel fine.

MR. DOOGAN
You feel fine, but if you're here,
then you're severely disturbed.
Let's find out what it is.

He produces a picture from his desk. An ink blot.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
What does this look like to you?

CHUM
Ink.

MUTT
I think your pen broke.

MR. DOOGAN
We do not like wiseknobs in here!
I am certified!

He jumps from his chair and marches out into the classroom.
He grabs a child, TAMOTHY, by the head and lifts him to a
standing position.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
This is Tamothy. He's autistic.
That means you can't talk to him,
but he's better at math than you.

He grabs another kid.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
This is Laureb. She's paranoid.
That means she's afraid of you.

LAUREB gives a meek, friendly wave.

LAUREB
Hi.

MR. DOOGAN
This is Micolás. He has restless
leg syndrome.

Mr. Doogan puts his face next to MICOLÁS'S legs.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
(yelling)
Calm down.

He rises again and approaches the boys menacingly.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
All these children are here because
there's something wrong with them.
Just like you. The question is:
what?

He glares at them while he catches his breath. But they've already found something to play with and fight over. Doogan makes a victorious smirk. He returns to his desk.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
Chum... Mutt... come here.

They do as their told.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
Hold out your hands.

They do that too. He holds a rubber stamp high in the air, bringing it down on a stamp pad, a hand, pad, hand.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
A.D.D.

The rest of the children GASP.

INT. SCHOOL

The room is now dark. It's naptime. The students lay down on the carpet, with small blankets over them. Mr. Doogan sleeps in his chair with his feet on his desk.

Chum and Mutt lay on the opposite side of the room from the teacher.

MUTT
I don't like this place.

CHUM
It's weird. That girl was cute
though.

MUTT
We have to escape.

CHUM
Right. What's the plan?

MUTT

We'll create a distraction. Then, when they're all distracted, we'll leave.

CHUM

Good plan. Now we just need a distraction.

They look around the room.

MUTT

I got it.

Chum gives him an interested look.

MUTT (cont'd)

I remember coming in here I saw a large paper dragon pinned to the ceiling.

CHUM

Go on.

MUTT

If we can get that fake dragon, and use it to pretend like a real dragon...

CHUM

Everyone'll be scared!

MUTT

And while they're running from the dragon, we'll take that opportunity to escape.

Quietly, the boys stand up, walk out into the hall.

A beat.

A beat.

Micolas sits up, wipes the sleep from his eyes. He shuffles over to Mr. Doogan's desk and shakes him awake.

MR. DOOGAN

Micolas? What is it? Restless legs keeping you up? Hold on, I'll get the restraints.

Micolas shakes his head and instead gestures toward the open door.

Mr. Doogan shoots up from his seat and dashes toward the door. He eyeballs the two empty blankets on the way there.

Mr. Doogan opens the door to the hall and reveals Chum and Mutt struggling to wear a paper dragon.

MUTT
(half-heartedly)
Roar.

Mr. Doogan scoots them back into the room and slams the door behind him.

MR. DOOGAN
The two of you will never be able to join society if you can't control your attention. You'll never be normal boys.

CHUM
Hey!

MUTT
We're normal.

MR. DOOGAN
No, you're not. There's something wrong with you. There's something wrong with all of you.

Chum gestures to Laureb.

CHUM
You said she was afraid of everything. She doesn't look afraid to me.

LAUREB
Well, I'm not afraid of everything.

Another kid, SHAWM, joins in.

SHAWM
You told me I was too narcissistic to be in a normal class.

MR. DOOGAN
What did I tell you about that "I" word? You can return to normal classes when you learn to control yourself.

The students encroach upon Mr. Doogan. He's backing into his desk.

MR. DOOGAN (cont'd)
Stop it. You're sick.

MUTT
Liar!

Mr. Doogan falls back onto his desk, startled. He knocks his framed degree, which falls to the floor, shattering.

MR. DOOGAN
No!

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE

The professor pushes and shoves his way through a crowd of students in his tiny office.

PROFESSOR
Wow, I'm surprised so many of you
showed up for office hours...

He makes his way to his desk and sits down.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
All right, who was here first?

Everyone begins talking at once.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Anyone have a real quick question?

Everyone talks at once.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Ok, ok, we're only gonna have time
for one question from each student.
Um... you go first.

He points to TYLER, one of the students.

TYLER
Um... actually, if it's only one
question, I'll let someone else go
first.

PROFESSOR
Ok, you.

He points to ADELINE.

ADELINE

Einstein had two contradicting theories of Nuclear Aptitude, which one should we study for the test?

PROFESSOR

That's a good question... you see...

The professor is interrupted again by his phone. He answers it.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

One second... hello? Oh geez. I'll be right there.

A collective MOAN.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL OFFICES

The professor passes by the secretary's desk. To his side, he notices Mr. Doogan, talking to a counselor, wearing a blanket, crying.

The professor shakes his head and continues to the principal's office.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

The boys sit on a cheap looking padded bench in front of the principal's desk, slightly ashamed. The principal watches their expressions, a concerned look on his face.

The Professor pops into the room.

PROFESSOR

I'm sorry, I got here as soon as I could.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS

Well, as I explained on the phone, the special education department has been disbanded for the time being.

The boys shift their gaze to random spots in the room, dismissing all blame.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS (cont'd)
Now, we're not saying this was anyone's fault, but there's only one more class in the fourth grade that has room for more students.

PROFESSOR
And then what?

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
Well, then we look into other options. Get them tested. They might need to be dropped down a grade. Or maybe even go to a different school.

PROFESSOR
Well, let me talk to them...

He glances over at the two boys, who are now trying to dig into the seat cushion they're sitting on.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Let me take them to their next class. I'll talk to them on the way.

PRINCIPAL DEE WILLIAMS
All right... it's Miss Crass's room. Room 201.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

The professor leads the two boys on. As they walk, Chum takes a ruler and runs it along the wall, bumping and clacking against whatever he passes.

PROFESSOR
Wow. Miss Crass? She taught here when I was a kid. I can't believe she's still teaching.

MUTT
Wow, she must be a million years old.

Mutt starts giggling.

CHUM
That was stupid.

MUTT
You're stupid.

They start going after each other. The professor breaks them up.

PROFESSOR
Hey, boys, look at me.

They stop fighting.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I really need you guys to be good
this time. Can you do that for me?

The boys divert their eyes. Chum starts poking the wall with his ruler.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I'm serious, guys, try to be nice
to this teacher. And do what she
says.

CHUM & MUTT
Fine...

They turn and get ready to open the door to the classroom.

PROFESSOR
Oh, and be sure to speak loudly and
clearly when you talk. I imagine
she's slightly hard of hearing at
this point. And if she has an old
person smell, just ignore it.

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They open the door. All three are taken back by the brightness of the room. At the head of the class is MISS LUCY, a much younger, more beautiful teacher than they had imagined.

LUCY
Oh, hello. You must be our new
students.

CHUM
(yelling)
Hi. I'm Chum and this is my
brother Mutt.

MUTT
 (under his breath)
 You're right dad, she is old.
 She's almost as old as you.

Lucy gives the professor a stern look.

PROFESSOR
 I'm sorry for that... I didn't know
 the boys would be getting a sub on
 their first day.

LUCY
 What do you mean?

PROFESSOR
 Either that or you're a lot younger
 than I remember you being.

LUCY
 ...

PROFESSOR
 Aren't you Ms. Crass?

LUCY
 I'm Miss Crass, yes.

PROFESSOR
 Oh... I'm sorry. Did you know that
 you have the same name as a teacher
 that worked here a long time ago?
 Wretched old thing... should've
 known. She's probably dead by now.

LUCY
 That's my grandmother.

MUTT
 (whispering)
 Dad, look! I'm ignoring.

The Professor looks down at Mutt, who winks as he pinches his nostrils together and sneaks past Miss Lucy, who is now looking at the Professor with a very angry face.

The professor smirks, embarrassed.

PROFESSOR
 I... have... to... go write a test.
 Good luck.
 (to the boys)
 See you after school.

He darts out of the room. Lucy blows off the previous exchange and puts her smile back on.

LUCY
Boys, why don't you sit down at those two desks there.

They start toward their desks. Chum gives a little bow. Mutts gives a little curtsy.

LUCY (cont'd)
Oh, and take off your hats, please.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY

Bruce and Jamie stand over a crowd of the professor's students, sitting around a table covered in backpacks and notebooks. Jamie ticks things off a clipboard as Bruce mixes slips of paper in a baseball cap.

BRUCE
Ok, as you know, we can't all have the same excuse, so you pick one from the hat. No putbacks, no trades.

Bruce puts the hat in front of everyone and they pull slips out.

PAUL
Aw, I got massive heart failure.

TYLER
I got kidnapping. Wanna trade?

PAUL
Sure.

Bruce slaps his hand on the table between them.

BRUCE
No trades.

INT. CAR - DAY

The professor adjusts the rear view mirror to see his sons.

PROFESSOR
So, how was school?

CHUM
(unenthusiastically)
It was ok.

MUTT
Yeah, whatever...

PROFESSOR
Did you make any new friends?

CHUM
Sure.

MUTT
Yeah, whatever.

The professor feels awkward as he tries to think of something to make them talk.

His face lights up.

PROFESSOR
How about that new teacher of yours? She's nice, right?

CHUM
Yeah...

MUTT
She's real nice!

PROFESSOR
She's uh... Quite nice looking too.

CHUM
She hates you.

PROFESSOR
What?

CHUM
She wasn't too happy about the old woman remarks.

MUTT
Nope.

CHUM
Plus, she thinks you're a bad father.

PROFESSOR
Me? A bad father? That's
ridiculous.

He quickly stops the car and gets out the door, opening the
one behind his.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Oh, by the way, these are
seatbelts...

CLOSING CREDITS

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM

The professor sits at a desk in front of the classroom with a
stack of notes in front of him. He holds one in his hands.

PROFESSOR
Professor Rayburn, please excuse
Adam. He has a rare contagious
skin condition that should clear up
by Monday.

He grabs another one.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Professor Rayburn, please excuse
Bruce. He is dead.
(a beat)
He will be back in class on Monday.