

INT. PROFESSOR'S ROOM

A KNOCK on the door, it opens slightly. Chum puts half his body through and looks around.

CHUM

Dad?

Mutt pushes past him and jumps into the room.

MUTT

Is he here? Where is he?

Chum pushes past the door and joins Mutt.

CHUM

I dunno... he...

His attention is caught by something on the opposite side of the room. A glowing computer screen beckons the boys near.

They double up on the wooden chair, Chum barely sitting on the front, Mutt standing behind him. They stare at the screen.

CHUM (cont'd)

What's this?

MUTT

Oh! It's a play! I'll be...
SexySeductrexxx27.

CHUM

And I'll be DoctorOfLove6969.

MUTT

Hey stud muffin.

CHUM

How are you today cutie?

MUTT

Send some picks ecks ecks ecks.

CHUM

Let me glaze up my muscles first...

The Professor struts in, wearing boxers and a bathrobe, his skin much more shiny than usual.

PROFESSOR

Get ready to have your world
rocked.

He stops and notices the boys.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
...Cuz we're having hotdogs for
lunch.

INTRO

INT. LAB - DAY

The Professor fiddles with some machine while students look through microscopes. Jamie stands behind him with a clipboard.

JAMIE

Did you find me a lab job yet?

PROFESSOR

No, not yet...

JAMIE

Bruce looks cute today, doesn't he?

The Professor drops his wrench.

PROFESSOR

Bwah! What do you mean? Who wha-what?

JAMIE

I mean, he always looks cute, but today especially... maybe cuz it's so close to Valentine's day.

PROFESSOR

Ugh, don't remind me. Did you know that my kids almost caught me...

JAMIE

Can you find out if he likes me?

He stares at her awkwardly.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Please?

He stares at her more, but gives up and walks toward Bruce.

JAMIE (cont'd)

(quietly)

Yay!

The professor leans on Bruce's lab table, trying to look comfortable, but failing.

PROFESSOR

Bruce... Woot's up?

BRUCE

What did you just say? Did you say woot?

PROFESSOR

Woot woot!

Bruce shakes his head and continues working.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

So... Bruce. That Jamie, she's...
she's pretty uh... she's pretty.

Bruce notes the volume of a cylinder with his pencil and makes a note on a clipboard.

BRUCE

Sure.

PROFESSOR

I hear she's single too.

Bruce shoots a confused look towards the professor without turning his head.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Bruce, what would you think
about...

BRUCE

(interrupting)

I know where you're going with
this.

PROFESSOR

Oh, good.

Bruce puts his clipboard down and turns to face the Professor.

BRUCE

Now, I might not be a model of
morality here, but a teacher-
student relationship should be
strictly taboo.

PROFESSOR

Oh, no, that's not...

BRUCE

No, you asked my opinion and now
I'm giving it to you. Can I
finish, please?

The professor drops his head in defeat and waves his hand.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Thank you. Now, while in said relationship, there's no guarantee that personal matters will not interfere with educational matters. Furthermore, asking for my approval in this situation may also prove to be disadvantageous on my part, as success or failure in your personal life may now be attributed to my performance in this class. You see what I'm saying?

Now completely embarrassed, the professor collects himself.

PROFESSOR

Yes, Bruce. I'm glad we had this little talk.

BRUCE

Cool. Can I get out of class next Tuesday?

PROFESSOR

Get me a doctor's note.

The professor walks off. Bruce shakes his head in disappointment.

BRUCE

I knew it. I hate being the messenger.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie stops the Professor.

JAMIE

So, how did it go?

PROFESSOR

He said he'll think about it.

JAMIE

Did you even talk to him, what did he say? What did you say?

PROFESSOR

Um... you know, stuff.

Jamie turns red and starts tearing up.

JAMIE

Did you even talk to him? You
don't want me to be happy, do you?
You want him for yourself.

She falls onto the Professor's chest, crying.

The professor turns to see Bruce down the hall, shaking his head. The professor takes a step away from Jamie, laughs nervously, nods, and briskly walks away.

INT. COLLYWOOD ELEMENTARY, CLASSROOM

Chum and Mutt walk into the classroom.

CHUM

When you hear a slow dance, you're
supposed to get in real close, like
this.

He demonstrates on his backpack.

CHUM (cont'd)

And that's when you can sneak in
for a kiss.

He puts a little smooch on his backpack.

MUTT

Gross! I don't even wanna go if
there's kissing.

They put their backpacks in the cubbies and sit down at their desks.

Chum pulls out a book and starts flipping through it randomly.

CHUM

You have to go! It's the social
event of the season.

Mutt reaches down in his desk with a curious look. He pulls something out. It's a paper heart.

CHUM (cont'd)

Ooh... what is it?

Chum grabs it and reads it.

CHUM (cont'd)

To the cutest boy in fourth grade,
from your secret admirer. Oh!

(MORE)

CHUM (cont'd)
It's a valentine! See if there's
any candy with it.

Mutt pops his head under his desk.

MUTT
Nope.

CHUM
Too bad.

He hands the valentine back to Mutt.

CHUM (cont'd)
So, what do you think about the
dance now?

MUTT
Now I'm definitely not going.

Gaby and AUDREY sit down.

AUDREY
You're not going to the sock hop,
Mutt?

He quickly grabs the heart and hides it under his chair.

MUTT
Umm..... my feet hurt.

Chum puts his arm around Mutt.

CHUM
Oh, I think he'll be fine.

INT. LYDIA'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM

The Professor sits on the waiting room bench, next to a woman
bouncing a boy on her lap. On the floor in front of him,
kids play with blocks.

Ahead, a boy is escorted out by SAMANTHA, the receptionist.
She gives him a lollipop and he gives her a hug. He turns
and runs to his mother.

Samantha reads from her clipboard.

SAMANTHA
Winston?

The Professor stands and approaches her. Samantha's cheery
demeanor drops.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Oh right. You.

She gestures him back into Lydia's office.

INT. LYDIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Professor closes the door behind him and plops down on Lydia's couch. She looks up from the notes on her desk.

LYDIA

Ready for Valentine's day?

PROFESSOR

The boys caught me talking on my chat simulator. Oh, and I think my TA thinks I'm trying to steal a boy from her.

LYDIA

How is the simulator working? Do you think you're ready to take the next step?

PROFESSOR

There's another program?

LYDIA

The program is life, Winston. Get out there, meet some real women, or men. Not boys though. You're too big for that.

PROFESSOR

I'm not into boys, Lydia...

She stops and takes a breath.

LYDIA

I think you should try dating. Sign up for one of those websites maybe. Get things in gear.

The Professor stands to leave.

PROFESSOR

Fine, I'll do just that.

LYDIA

Oh, and make sure you talk to the boys about it.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The professor enters the apartment, holding bags of food.

PROFESSOR
Who's hungry?

The boys dash up and sit right beneath his feet.

MUTT CHUM
Me! Me! I'm hungry! Me! Me too! Put food in me!

The professor puts the food down on the table.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
All right, sit down.

The dogs run up and sit under the table.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
No... Do it like we discussed.

BOYS
Aww...

Slowly, the boys stand, slaunch over to the sink, tiredly grab the soap, methodically lather, painfully rinse, overtly shake their hands and then pat them dry on the hand towel.

They pull out their seats and sit down in them, angrily.

PROFESSOR
There, that's better.

He empties the bags out in front of them. Without a thought, they dig into their meals.

Collectedly, the Professor sits down and begins eating too.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Well, you know boys, Valentine's Day is around the corner, and that's the time of year when people start to fall in love...

CHUM
Oh, we already know about Valentine's day.

MUTT
Yeah, we're having a dance. Oh! You're supposed to come.

CHUM
Yeah, we already said you could
shatter... shamber...

PROFESSOR
Chaperone?

CHUM
Yeah!

PROFESSOR
Were you supposed to tell me this?
When did this happen?

MUTT
Um... Tuesday.

CHUM
Yeah. Last Tuesday.

MUTT
Two weeks ago.

PROFESSOR
So I'm supposed to chaperone for a
dance... when?

MUTT
Friday.

CHUM
Friday.

PROFESSOR
When were you gonna tell me?

CHUM
Friday.

MUTT
Miss Lucy said she needed all the
help she could get, if we knew any
other adults.

CHUM
Maybe Detective Dragon would want
to come!

MUTT
Yeah!

PROFESSOR
Look...

He pauses, and thinks something over.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
All the help she could get, eh?
That sounds like I'm allowed to
take a date!

CHUM
Where are you gonna get a date from
on such short notice?

PROFESSOR
Follow me, boys.

INT. PROFESSOR'S ROOM

The Professor sits in front of his computer. Chum and Mutt stand supportively behind him.

PROFESSOR
Now, which site is for me? Sexy
Singles? Sassy Singles? Desperate
Singles? Singles Online? Suicidal
Singles... oh, here's a good one.
Halves.

He clicks a link and a colorful website pops up.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
This looks easy enough... name.
Professor Winston Rayburn...

CHUM
No! You can't use your real name.
You gotta pep it up a bit.

PROFESSOR
Like what?

CHUM
Allow me.

Chum takes over the keyboard and types.

PROFESSOR
Brad Pitt?

CHUM
She'll think you're a movie star.

MUTT
It's genius!

The Professor deletes what Chum typed.

PROFESSOR
You guys, I think she's gonna know
I'm not Brad Pitt when she sees my
profile picture.

MUTT
Then change your profile picture.

Mutt tries to lean over the Professor the same way. He gets
pushed back.

PROFESSOR
Come on, come on. BOYS! Let me do
this.

He types some more.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Age... twenty nine...

CHUM
Oh come on, no one's gonna believe
that.

MUTT
What are you, like... two hundred?

CHUM
That's doggy years.

MUTT
Yeah!

PROFESSOR
Boys... Boys! I think I can handle
this...

There's a BEEPING noise. The Professor pulls his cellphone
out of his pocket.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Great... I gotta go to a faculty
meeting tonight. You guys get to
bed, ok?

CHUM & MUTT
Ok...

The Professor scoots them out of the room and into their
bedroom. He closes the door and looks at his watch, quickly
striding off screen.

We hear the front door open and close, and the lock latch shut. Chum peaks his head out of the bedroom, looks around.

CHUM
He's gone, let's go.

INTERMISSION: Doggy pheromone spray.

INT. PROFESSOR'S ROOM

The Professor, wearing a bathrobe, looking disheveled, turns on his computer. You hear him walk out, the shower starts to spray. The computer loads.

COMPUTER VOICE

You have received electronic mail.

The Professor rushes back into the room, a toothbrush and a ton of toothpaste foam in his mouth. He clicks some things with the mouse.

PROFESSOR

Woo hoo!

The Professor throws his arms in the air.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

I gots me some dates!

He rushes out of the room.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Boys! Quick, come here!

He comes back with the boys.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Look! I have hits.

CHUM

Cool!

MUTT

Good job!

They all cheer and dance.

CHUM

I can't wait to tell Ms. Lucy!

PROFESSOR

What, why would you do that?

CHUM

To make her jealous.

MUTT

The plot thickens.

CHUM

I thought that's what you wanted.

PROFESSOR
No, it's not... go get dressed.

CHUM & MUTT
Aww....

INT. COLLYWOOD ELEMENTARY, CLASSROOM

Ms. Lucy stands at the front of the classroom.

LUCY
As you know, our sock hop is coming up Friday, and we still don't have that many adult volunteers signed up, so try to get your parents to come, ok?

Chum's hand pops up.

LUCY (cont'd)
Yes, Chum?

He stands with regal posture.

CHUM
I am proud to announce that our father will be bring a date.

LUCY
Oh, that's not really what I meant, but... ok, that will be helpful, I guess.

He happily sits back down.

AUDREY
Does that mean you guys are gonna come for sure?

MUTT
I don't think so.

AUDREY
Aw, come on, Mutt. You gotta go.

Chum puts an arm between them.

CHUM
Oh, don't you worry about him. I'm on it. We'll be there, don't you worry.

AUDREY

Oh good.

Mutt pouts and turns away from them.

INT. LAB

The students are monitoring things on a machine much like they were doing previously. The Professor spots Jamie and moves through the crowd to meet her.

PROFESSOR

Jamie! Hold on...

He pushes through the students, making eye contact with Bruce as he does. Bruce gives him the evil eye and follows all the way off screen.

The Professor catches up with Jamie, shaking off Bruce's stare and becoming excited again.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Hey, Jamie, remember how you said you were looking for some extra money for tuition?

JAMIE

You found me a lab tech job?

PROFESSOR

Um, not quite, but... I remember how good you were with kids and was wondering if maybe you could...

Jamie is looking past the Professor at Bruce, she laughs and puts her hand on the Professor's chest.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

What, what are you doing?

JAMIE

Bruce is looking, act like we're flirting.

PROFESSOR

What? Nooooo...

He looks back at Bruce, whose face has almost collapsed in sever hatred. The Professor realizes that Jamie's hand is still on him. He jumps back to get it off.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Stop that, no... I need you to
 babysit for me.

Jamie's face loses the fun.

JAMIE
 What? No... well, I guess I do
 need the money. Is he still
 looking?

The Professor turns around obviously and faces Bruce.

PROFESSOR
 Yeah, he's still looking.

JAMIE
 Oh good.

PROFESSOR
 So you'll do it?

JAMIE
 Yeah, sure... quick, kiss me.

PROFESSOR
 What? No.

She tries to throw her arms around him but he dodges and
 skips away. He yells back to her.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Be at my place, tonight at 6...

He turns around to come face to face with Bruce.

BRUCE
 I should report you to the Dean,
 but you'd probably fail me for it.

PROFESSOR
 You're already failing, Bruce.

BRUCE
 You blackmailing dog...

INT. COLLYWOOD ELEMENTARY, CAFETERIA

The boys sit down at lunch. Chum chows down on a sandwich.
 Mutt plays with his spaghetti, looking pensive and sad.

Suddenly, Chum gets an epiphany. He drops his sandwich.

CHUM
I think I know who your admirer is.

MUTT
Who?

CHUM
Audrey.

MUTT
Nah...

CHUM
Yeah, think about it. She sits next to you, and she keeps asking to make sure you're going to the dance.

MUTT
But I don't like her like that... I just won't go to the dance.

CHUM
No! You can't just give her the ol' "Woof, let's just be friends." You gotta let her down easy.

MUTT
Aw... can't I just fake my own death...

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

The Professor rushes around the apartment, getting ready for his date. There's a KNOCK at the door.

PROFESSOR
Could one of you boys get that?
It's Jamie.

The boys are sitting in front of the TV.

CHUM
No.

Putting a sock on, the Professor hops over to the door. He opens it.

PROFESSOR
Thanks for doing this. I owe you one.

JAMIE

"Ask Bruce out" owe me one?

PROFESSOR

We'll talk about that.

He dashes back into his room. Jamie puts her hands on her knees to get down to the boys' level on the couch.

JAMIE

What are you guys watching?

CHUM

Jerry Springer.

JAMIE

Isn't that a little mature for you guys?

CHUM

Shh.. This is important.

He slaps a pen in front of Mutt.

CHUM (cont'd)

Ok, you see what the big ugly guy does here? He asks the girl to marry him. And now she's not mad at him anymore.

MUTT

But he threw a baby at her.

CHUM

Yeah, but now it doesn't matter.

MUTT

So I have to tell Audrey I don't want to be her Valentine, and then marry her?

JAMIE

Aww... do you have a girlfriend?

The Professor walks out, fully dressed. Jamie turns her attitude toward him.

JAMIE (cont'd)

I wish I had a boyfriend.

PROFESSOR

Not now.

He brushes himself off and stands before the crowd on the couch.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
How do I look?

Chum and Mutt start clapping.

CHUM
Wonderful, superb. Knock 'em dead,
tiger.

The Professor gives a thumbs up.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Professor sits across the table from DEBORA, a pleasant looking woman in a shimmery blue dress.

PROFESSOR
So... Debora, I remember reading
that you work for an orange juice
company... that must be
interesting.

DEBORA
That's not me. What are you
talking about?

The Professor fumbles through some notecards.

PROFESSOR
No wait, you... design children's
shoes.

The Professor is now facing MAGGIE, slightly older and rounder looking.

MAGGIE
Oh, heavens, no.

She LAUGHS a hideous, high-pitched laugh. A waiter comes by with a tray of wine glasses.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
More champagne? Don't mind if I
do.

She pulls the glasses off and downs them.

PROFESSOR
Don't you think you should slow
down there?

He's now across from NANCY, a little tired and haggard looking with unkempt hair.

NANCY

What? Are you saying I drink too much? I had a long day, ok? A LONG DAY. I don't need some whiny, neurotic, what do you do?

PROFESSOR

College Professor.

DEBORA

No, I translate books into Braille. How many women do you usually date at a time?

The Professor wipes his mouth with a napkin.

DEBORA (cont'd)

Did you just pick your nose?

PROFESSOR

What? That wasn't even close.

Maggie LAUGHS her awful laugh again.

MAGGIE

Oh, try another number. I'm usually much more psychic than this. Here, I'll tell your fortune, give me your hand.

He does, reluctantly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You... Will... Have... a Wonderful time tonight.

She laughs more.

PROFESSOR

That's great... that was really professional, I'm amazed.

NANCY

Is that sarcasm? Look, I don't need. This.

She has several empty wine bottles around her. She leans over the table accusingly.

NANCY (cont'd)
You're a pig, you know that? A pig.

PROFESSOR
Well, I don't really...

DEBORA
You're profile said you were six foot one. You're six three quarters at best... did you just pick your nose?

MAGGIE
Well! Maybe just one more!

NANCY
Have you ever experienced pain? I mean, true pain?

DEBORA
Wait, you have kids? You never said you had... did you just pick your nose?

MAGGIE
Oh, lemme guess their names... I'm good at this. Susan... Mackenzie... and Bridgette. You have triplet girls, right?

The Professor leans back and signals for a waiter.

PROFESSOR
Check please.

NANCY
Oh, now you're the man, huh? Getting the check? I can pay for my own food... and separate tips too, buddy. I do need a ride home though.

She falls from here chair.

INT. LAB

The Professor does repairs to a machine. Bruce approaches him.

BRUCE

You know, I've been thinking. If you want to date a student, that's of no business of mine.

PROFESSOR

I'm not dating Jamie, she wants to date you.

BRUCE

Really?

PROFESSOR

Yeah.

He puts down his wrench and turns to face him.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

And trust me, I've had enough women in the past week to last me a year.

BRUCE

Jamie, huh? You know... yeah!
Yeah.

He walks away and finds Jamie. They're too far away to hear, but it doesn't look like it's going well for Bruce. Redfaced, he grabs his stuff and rushes past the Professor.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Why do you always toy with my emotions?

The bell RINGS and the rest of the students get their things and leave. Jamie passes by the Professor.

PROFESSOR

What happened?

JAMIE

Oh, Bruce? I don't think I like him anymore.

PROFESSOR

Why not?

JAMIE

I dunno... He's just too needy. But if Tyler asks, tell him I said he was totally cute.

Jamie turns and walks away, waving behind her as she does. TYLER, a big jocky fratguy football player approaches.

TYLER

Jamie said you wanted to talk to me?

INT. APARTMENT, PROFESSOR'S BEDROOM

The Professor plops into his desk chair. His computer starts up.

CHUM (O.S.)

How was Tara?

PROFESSOR

Ugh... a control freak... needy...

CHUM

Well, I could have told you she was needy.

PROFESSOR

What, how? From her profile, she seemed perfect.

CHUM

That's how you can tell... she has a compulsion to make people like her... Needy.

PROFESSOR

Where'd you learn that?

CHUM

Maury.

The Professor clicks some things on the computer.

PROFESSOR

Well what about this one?

CHUM

Daddy issues.

CLICK CLICK.

PROFESSOR

Her?

CHUM

Harboring lesbian tendencies.

PROFESSOR

How'd you... I don't like you saying that word.

CHUM
What word?

PROFESSOR
Any of those...

Chum takes the mouse and clicks some buttons.

CHUM
Here's a good one. Honest and to
the point...

The Professor reads over it. He MUMBLES things to himself.

PROFESSOR
Yeah, she does seem pretty nice...

He scrolls up to reveal the picture of MS. LUCY.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Hey! This is Lucy's profile...

CHUM
Read over it. Might teach you how
to act.

He gets up and walks out of the bedroom.

PROFESSOR
Where are you going?

CHUM
Gotta get ready for the dance.

He walks out the door, but quickly pops his head back in.

CHUM (cont'd)
Oh, and we already told Ms. Lucy
you were bringing a date, so we
asked Mr. Dragon to come.

The Professor shakes his head and turns back to the computer. He reads over the profile cautiously, looks around, and grabs a pen and paper and starts copying things down.

EXT. COLLYWOOD ELEMENTARY - NIGHT

From outside, the school looks hopping, with colored lights flashing through the windows and deep, throbbing dance music heard through the walls.

INT. COLLYWOOD ELEMENTARY, CAFETERIA

Chum and Mutt walk through the cafeteria doors wearing very stylish tuxedos. Ms. Maynard stops them.

MS. MAYNARD

My, you boys came dressed nicely.
But you're gonna need to take off
your shoes.

CHUM

Why?

MS. MAYNARD

Cuz it's a sock hop.

CHUM

Fine...

Chum starts taking off his shoes. Mutt begins taking off his pants.

CHUM (cont'd)

Hey - shoes.

MUTT

Oh, right.

He fixes his pants and goes for his shoes.

The Professor sneaks in cautiously. He gets Chum's attention.

PROFESSOR

Psst. Hey, do you see your teacher
around?

CHUM

No...

PROFESSOR

Oh good.

He walks in, followed by Daggers.

DAGGERS

What am I doing here?

Chum puts his shoes in a cubby hole.

AUDREY (O.S.)

Hey, Chum.

Chum turns to see Audrey.

CHUM

Oh, hi.

AUDREY

Did you get my valentine?

CHUM

You mean Mutt's valentine.

AUDREY

Oops... that was supposed to be for you.

CHUM

Oh... really?

Chum straightens his tie out and stands a little prouder.

CHUM (cont'd)

Wanna dance?

AUDREY

Ok.

They lock arms and head out to the dance floor.

Elsewhere, Daggers feels awkward. He leans over to the Professor.

DAGGERS

I feel out of place. What am I doing here?

PROFESSOR

You're a chaperone. You know, keep kids from doing bad things. Be an authority figure. I thought you liked that kind of stuff.

DAGGERS

Yeah...

The Professor puts an arm around him.

PROFESSOR

And have a little fun while you're at it.

DAGGERS

I still don't like you.

He immediately retracts his arm.

PROFESSOR

Noted.

She notices something on the other side of the room.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Gotta go anyway.

The Professor walks away, leaving an exposed Mutt in his place. He looks around and dashes behind Daggers.

DAGGERS

What's wrong, kid?

MUTT

A girl has a crush on me. I better hide.

DAGGERS

What are you hiding for?

MUTT

Cuz... I'm scared.

Daggers takes a knee and looks Mutt in the face.

DAGGERS

Lemme tell you something, kid. If you keep running from your fears, your fears will run you. Do you see what I'm saying?

MUTT

No.

DAGGERS

I'm saying, don't be a coward, be a man. Be a lion.

Mutt makes a growly face.

MUTT

Yeah!

DAGGERS

You're the king of the jungle. You can't be afraid of anything. Everything should be afraid of you.

Mutt growls and roars a little.

MUTT

Yeah!

DAGGERS

Now, if something is scaring you,
you go right up and scare it back.

MUTT

Yeah! Yeah!

DAGGERS

Now, go get it!

Mutt takes off into the center of the crowd. Dagggers stands up again, grinning proudly. He sees a sad looking girl standing near the wall.

DAGGERS (cont'd)

What's your name?

The girl SCREAMS and runs away. Dagggers's expression drops.

Near the punch table, the Professor spots Lucy and sneaks up next to her.

PROFESSOR

Kids, huh?

LUCY

What's that?

PROFESSOR

I said kids, huh?

LUCY

What about them?

PROFESSOR

They're... here.

LUCY

Yeah.

She sips some punch and gives him a look from the corner of her eye.

PROFESSOR

This is pretty fun, but you know
what I'd rather be doing?

LUCY

What's that?

The Professor pulls a sheet of paper from his coat, looks it over, and shoves it back in his jacket.

PROFESSOR
Waterskiing.

LUCY
Oh yeah? I actually enjoy putting
on these dances for the kids. I
love watching them dance.

PROFESSOR
Oh yeah, me too.

A beat.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
You know, I should talk to the DJ
and see if he has any...

He grabs the list.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Spin Doctors.

Lucy turns to face the Professor.

LUCY
You like that Spin Doctors?

PROFESSOR
Yeah, I think they're great...
probably one of the best bands
ever. Do you like them?

LUCY
I did like ten years ago. That
sounds like something I'd put on a
dating profile back then.

Lucy walks away, LAUGHING.

In the middle of the floor, Mutt approaches Audrey and Chum,
who are dancing. He's growling. He taps on Audrey's
shoulder. She turns.

AUDREY
Oh, Mutt, Chum explained everything
to me. It was all a
misunderstanding. I hope you're
not upset.

Mutt ROARS in her face and walks away. Audrey turns back to
Chum.

AUDREY (cont'd)
I think I've upset your brother.

CHUM
No, he's fine...

Audrey puts her hand over his mouth.

AUDREY
Look, I can't do this to you and
your brother. I'm tearing you
apart. I think it's best that we
just stay friends.

Dejected, Chum wanders over to the wall and plops down in one
of the chairs along it. He turns next to him to see the
Professor, and next to him is Daggers, all staring at the
floor.

Mutt hobbles over to them all.

MUTT
I'm a lion!

END CREDITS.

INT. COLLYWOOD ELEMENTARY, CAFETERIA

The three sad men are still sitting in the chairs. Mutt
ROARS.