

NEW GIRL

"School Bored"

by  
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ACT ONE

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. MAIN OFFICE. DAY.

JESS enters, in a nice pantsuit, pinned up hair, and immaculate makeup. She breezes by the office RECEPTIONIST and stops at the office manager, SUZIE'S, desk.

Suzie sets a walkie-talkie in its cradle, then observes Jess.

SUZIE

Don't you look fancy?

JESS

Thanks, Suz. It's not too much?

SUZIE

Not at all.

JESS

Everything has to be perfect today.

SUZIE

It will be. Got your note cards?

JESS

Yep. Got 'em right here.

Jess retrieves index cards from her jacket and shuffles through a few.

SUZIE

Ask if we can go back to three ply tissues. These two ply ones suck.

She waves a box of store brand tissues.

JESS

Uhh, that's my fault. We get more tissues with those.

A walkie-talkie crackles. Kids scream as an out of breath voice cuts in.

P.E. TEACHER (V.O.)

Can I get some help out here?

Jess panics and yanks the walkie off its stand.

JESS

What's going on?

P.E. TEACHER (V.O.)  
Target practice got a little wild.  
Send Fred out here.

JESS  
(to Suzie)  
Fred's ancient. I'll handle it.  
(over walkie)  
I'm on my way.

She drops the walkie on the desk and hurries away.

INT. LOFT. NICK'S ROOM. DAY.

NICK gathers up papers and sets them on his desk as he sits.  
He opens his laptop and types, "The Pepperwood Chronicles  
Return," then stares at the screen in panic.

He stands, then paces, pulling at his hair.

NICK  
Old school is better. What am I  
thinking? Come on, Nick. Get in the  
game.

He grabs paper and a new box of pencils. He scribbles on the  
paper.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(thinking hard)  
A teacher who hypnotizes students  
to clean her house. Nah, boring.  
Though, I could use fresh boxers.

He crumples up the paper and tosses it over his shoulder. It  
bounces into the trash can across the room. He starts over.

NICK (CONT'D)  
A thief who uses erasers to hide  
from his past. No. A hobo with a  
clubfoot who kidnaps baby seals  
using steak...

He crumples the paper again and basketball shoots it into the  
trash bin.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(making cheering sounds)  
And the crowd goes wild! Nick,  
Nick, Nick, Nick, Nick. Oh, I have  
a game on the DVR.

EXT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. FRONT LAWN. DAY.

Targets stretch across the yard. STUDENTS run around throwing water balloons from a large bucket. The P.E. TEACHER tries to corral them as Jess runs out.

JESS

What are you kids doing?

Jess jumps into the fray, arms out, corralling them from the other side. A student, SCOTT, jukes around Jess, laughing.

JESS (CONT'D)

Your mom's on speed dial, Scottie.

She chases him and nearly grabs him, but misses.

SCOTT

Oh, come on. Don't be such a kill joy.

Scott runs to the bucket. The P.E Teacher notices Jess, relieved. He rushes over.

P.E. TEACHER

I don't know what's gotten into them.

JESS

Excuse me.

She reaches out and grabs the whistle around his neck, then pulls him close as she blows into it. He covers his ears.

JESS (CONT'D)

Get back to class. Everybody. Go.

Scott bitterly collects a balloon and pelts Jess with it. It explodes in her face, ruining her makeup and soaking her suit.

The kids burst out laughing.

JESS (CONT'D)

That's it.

She grabs a water balloon from the bucket and throws it at Scott. He ducks and her balloon nails a man, MR. FUSS, 30, in a suit, carrying a briefcase.

Jess chuckles, then stops, horrified.

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh, my, God. I'm so sorry.

Mr. Fuss twitches his lip and swipes his suit, unamused. The kids scatter as the P.E. Teacher leads Scott inside.

Jess runs over and slaps at Mr. Fuss's chest and shoulders to dry him off. He pulls away from her flailing hands. He wipes his face and plucks the end of a balloon off his shoulder.

JESS (CONT'D)  
I'll get you a towel.

MR. FUSS  
Don't bother. If you'll just point me in the direction of the principal's office.

Jess's face twists to dread.

JESS  
Mr. Fuss?

MR. FUSS  
Jessica Day?

Jess swallows.

JESS  
Welcome to Banyon Canyon Academy.

MR. FUSS  
I'm here to discuss your budget; which, for starters, doesn't include water balloons.

The look on Jess's face says it all.

INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

ALY and WINSTON enter the loft as Nick sits on the sofa, surrounded by papers.

ALY  
Did he really think the dye packs wouldn't explode in his face?

WINSTON  
He wasn't the smartest bank robber. Did you see his expression when they went off? Blammy!

ALY  
(mimicking the robber)  
He was all, "My eyes. My eyes!" Screaming and running around like an idiot.

WINSTON

This was the most exciting day all year. I wish it was always like this. Those SWAT guys looked so cool.

Nick perks up, getting an idea.

NICK

That's what I need for my book.

ALY

A bank robber?

WINSTON

Oompa Lumpa dye face?

NICK

An exciting story. Can I go on a ride-along with you?

ALY

No.

WINSTON

Sure.

Aly throws Winston a disapproving look. Winston deflates.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Why don't you brainstorm ideas at home?

Nick waves a box of pencil stubs at them.

NICK

I tried that already. All I got was erasers and an invention idea for a fold-away pocket remote.

Aly groans. Winston shoots her a puppy dog look and Nick mimics him, wiggling the box of pencil stubs.

ALY

Fine, but you follow our rules, or I'll leave you in lock-up over night.

Nick and Winston celebrate their victory.

NICK

Can I arrest someone?

WINSTON

I'll let you handcuff the first drunk dude.

ALY

No he won't. No, no, no, no, no.

NICK

Well, can I answer your radio and talk to dispatch?

ALY

This was a bad idea. Why did I say yes?

WINSTON

(whispering to Nick)

When Aly's outside, I'll let you do a robot voice.

ALY

I heard that.

Winston and Nick run away, giggling like school girls.

ALY (CONT'D)

I already regret this.

INT. CECE/SCHMIDT'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

SCHMIDT and CECE sit at the dinner table. She has a smorgasbord of rabbit food on her plate. Schmidt waves fried chicken under her nose.

SCHMIDT

This smells amazing.

CECE

Ugh. Stop. I'm going to puke again. Plus, I'm on a diet, babe. You know I can't eat that.

SCHMIDT

A diet, schmiet. You're gorgeous. Have a bite.

CECE

No. I refuse to let my stomach become a road map.

She takes a bite of spinach off her plate.

SCHMIDT

But it'd be such a cute road map. Even if you gained another five pounds, I'd still want you.

He shoots her a cheeky look.

CECE

I'm serious. I don't want to be one of those women who lets themselves go when they're pregnant.

SCHMIDT

Look, if you're that worried about it we'll get a personal trainer after our delivery.

CECE

Our delivery? I'm the one turning into a house. Know what? I'm signing up for a spin class tomorrow.

SCHMIDT

Will that hurt the baby?

Jess barges through the back door.

JESS

I need your help.

CECE

(to Schmidt)  
No.

SCHMIDT

Why do you use the back door?

JESS

The front's always locked.  
(to Schmidt)  
Can I hire you?

She slides into a chair at the table.

SCHMIDT

I already told you, I'm not building a website for your troll doll collection.

JESS

We'll argue about that later. Right now, I need you to campaign for me.

CECE

What happened?

JESS

I pelted the new school board treasurer with a water balloon before our meeting today.

CECE

Go, Jess.

JESS

Not, go, Jess. He told me he didn't approve of how I conduct myself. That I'm turning the kids into vandals. He wants to get me fired.

CECE

I'm so sorry.

SCHMIDT

How big was the balloon?

Cece kicks him under the table.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Owwkay. You're lucky I just finished the Marketwrap event.

(to Jess)

What do you want me to do?

JESS

You're a marketing guy. Market me to the parents council.

SCHMIDT

We'll make you stand out. Now, tell me about our nemesis.

JESS

His name is Mr. Fuss and --

CECE

He sounds like buckets of fun.

SCHMIDT

Shh, little bunny. We're on a mission to destroy Fuss.

(to Jess)

Let me get my laptop. As Sun Tzu says, in The Art of Existential War, "Know your enemy."

Schmidt hurries away looking giddy.

CECE

(to Schmidt)

It's the Art of War, honey.

SCHMIDT

(from a distance)

That's what I said.

Cece throws Jess a knowing look, then offers her a carrot. Jess takes chicken off Schmidt's plate instead.

JESS  
Energy for war.

She bites into it like a savage.

**END OF ACT ONE.**

ACT TWO

INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Aly and Winston walk into the living room carrying small duffle bags. Nick, wearing a backpack, and Jess, looking presidential, share a quick hug by the front door.

JESS

Wish me luck on the trail.

Winston salutes her.

WINSTON

Don't fall for any aides.

NICK

She knows better than to get caught.

Aly adjusts her duffle bag, looking awkward.

ALY

Go get em, tiger.

Jess leaves.

WINSTON

Tiger?

ALY

Shut up.

(to Nick)

You ready to go?

NICK

Dibs on the siren.

WINSTON

(whining)

That's my job.

NICK

Race you for it.

He dashes to the front door. Winston gives chase and they struggle through the doorway at the same time.

ALY

I'm marrying a man-child.

Aly shakes her head.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. JESS'S OFFICE. DAY.

Schmidt sits across from Jess, pointing at a large pie chart on a poster board. Discarded poster boards litter the floor.

He flips to a new board.

SCHMIDT

I've broken down the people with the most power, and we need Ed Warner to win this. He's got his hands in every pot.

JESS

Ed and I are totally fine now. He loves me.

SCHMIDT

I hope so. Will he give us a sound bite saying you've been a good influence on the kids?

JESS

His daughter, Samanthia, finally got that demathlon medal, so, yeah.

SCHMIDT

That's great. We'll talk about the president's daughter getting a medal under your tutelage.

He stands up and gathers the boards.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I'll start social media campaign now. Oh, and I found a way to reach Mr. Fuss.

JESS

Thank God. What is it?

SCHMIDT

It's a surprise, but trust me. He'll love it. Meet me out front at noon for your photo op.

JESS

What photo op?

SCHMIDT

We're doing a sweep of press events to drown Fuss in positive coverage.

He opens the door to leave, then pauses.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)  
You're insured, right?

JESS  
What?

SCHMIDT  
Never mind. I'm sure it'll be fine.

He leaves.

JESS  
Schmidt!

She gets up and chases after him.

INT. POLICE STATION. BULLPEN. DAY.

Winston, Aly, and Nick sit in the bullpen. Nick flips back and forth through a series of papers.

NICK  
Why can't we have weapons on a ride-along? Even bad guys get grenades.

ALY  
This is L.A., not Bagdad. So, it'd be a bomb. Not a grenade. But you won't need a weapon.

WINSTON  
We're here to keep you safe.

NICK  
At this rate, I'll die from a paper cut, or boredom. It's a toss up. When does the action start?

ALY  
Once the Captain approves you, we'll give you a run down of the rules.

NICK  
There's more? I'm already signing my life away. Listen...

He reads from a form.

NICK (CONT'D)  
"The undersigned voluntarily assumes the substantial risks, including death, of participating in a ride-along."

WINSTON

Those forms always make it sound worse. That's why I won't let Momma come on one.

ALY

Aww, I didn't know she wanted to do a ride-along. I love Momma Bishop.  
(to Nick)  
Get your I.D. The Captain's coming.

The Police CAPTAIN walks up with his hand out to shake Nick's. Nick stands and gives him a double-hand shake, cupping the Captain's hands between his own.

NICK

Nice to meet you, Sir. I promise I don't have a bomb.

Winston and Aly cringe. The Captain throws them an intense look.

THE CAPTAIN

This is your friend?

Nick continues shaking his hand, oblivious.

NICK

(beaming)  
Yep. Nick Miller. A selling author.

EXT. GYM/PASTRY STORE FRONTS. DAY.

Cece, in sweats, stands in front of the gym, staring between it and the pastry shop next door. A WOMAN exits the pastry shop holding a pastry. She spots Cece and approaches.

WOMAN

Aren't you Cece Parekh?

CECE

Who wants to know?

Woman squeals with excitement.

WOMAN

I knew it was you. Weren't you on the cover of Elle a few months ago?

CECE

Yeah. That was before the baby.

WOMAN

Can I have a signed photo of you?

CECE

Do I look like I'm carrying signed pictures? I'm pregnant. Not a kangaroo.

The woman's enthusiasm deflates.

CECE (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's the hormones. Want to take a selfie together?

WOMAN

Yes, please.

She throws her pastry holding arm around Cece's shoulder and fiddles with her phone. Cece stares at the pastry and licks her lips. She shakes her head no while inching toward it.

The woman takes a photo as Cece takes a bite of the pastry.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

CECE

Sorry.

Cece dashes away and through the gym doors.

WOMAN

(at the closing doors)  
I'm tweeting this!

INT. MOVING SQUAD CAR. DAY.

Aly and Winston sit in the front as Nick digs through his backpack in the back seat.

NICK

Who wants a sandwich?

He pulls one out and holds it up.

WINSTON

Aww, come on, man. That's rule #3.

ALY

No food in the car.

NICK

But I get hungry when I'm bored.

ALY

You're lucky The Captain even approved this. I can take you home right now.

Nick panics and tries to throw the sandwich out of the closed window. It bounces off and falls apart on the floor. Aly shrieks.

WINSTON

Come on, Aly. That's far from the worst mess that back seat has seen.

Nick picks up pieces of the sandwich and eats it.

Aly and Winston freak out.

ALY

No.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

That's nasty.

NICK

(with a mouth full)

What?

EXT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. FRONT LAWN. DAY.

REPORTERS crowd around a large covered cage in front of the school. Schmidt shoos them away and pulls the cover tighter. Mr. Fuss stands off to the side, observing.

SCHMIDT

Every body stand back. You'll all get a shot of our baby, soon.

Jess exits the school and rushes over.

JESS

Schmidt, what are you doing? What's going on here? What is this?

Schmidt looks at her and beams.

SCHMIDT

(to reporters)

Here's the lady we've all been waiting for. Give it up for our very own tiger rescuer.

He claps. The crowd cheers. Jess throws him a confused stare.

JESS

(whispering to Schmidt)

W-w-what's all this? Is that Fuss?

SCHMIDT

(whispering to Jess)

He's here to witness you become a hero.

(MORE)

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

(loudly)

This little guy was about to be  
deported but we bought him for the  
zoo. Meet your new school mascot.

He yanks on the cover and unveils a baby tiger. Cameras flash  
as Schmidt pushes Jess toward the cage. Jess stumbles and  
awkwardly poses for pictures.

MR. FUSS

(loudly)

I hope this didn't come from the  
school's budget. What are we going  
to do with a tiger?

A reporter overhears him and pushes a microphone in his face.  
Jess nearly has a panic attack. Schmidt positions himself  
between Fuss and the reporters. Cameras catch it all.

EXT. SMOG CUTTER BAR. DAY.

A drunk CLOWN leans against the bar wall as Aly handcuffs his  
hands behind him. Winston escorts him to the squad car parked  
in front and puts him in the back seat next to Nick. Aly and  
Winston get in the car and drive away.

INT. SQUAD CAR. DAY.

Nick leans forward and addresses Aly, who's driving.

NICK

Can we go back to the police  
station? This guy smells.

ALY

Yeah, we're dropping him off and  
heading out again.

NICK

(leaning back)

Is it always this boring? Arresting  
this dude has been the highlight of  
our day.

WINSTON

No. Sometimes we listen to music.

ALY

Twenty-three hours of dullness, and  
one hour of pure action.

Aly takes a hard turn. The Clown falls over, head landing in  
Nick's lap as he pukes down the side of his leg. Nick freaks  
out.

WINSTON

And that's why we don't eat back there.

Nick looks horrified as he stares at his stained pants and shoes.

NICK

Highlight gone. These boots will never be clean again.

INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Jess drags her feet as she enters. Nick sits on the sofa, freshly showered, drying his hair.

NICK

You okay?

JESS

Schmidt brought a tiger to school today. Apparently we have a new mascot.

NICK

(setting the towel down)  
That was you? They're calling you the Tiger Principal on the news.

JESS

Oh, God. Don't tell me that.

She walks toward her room.

JESS (CONT'D)

I'm going to shower and pretend like this isn't my life. I hope you left me some hot water.

Jess exits.

NICK

(yelling to be overheard)  
At least you had an exciting day. Mine was boring minus the puke; which was gross. I had to throw away my pants.

Winston and Aly enter.

WINSTON

Hey, man. I told you every day is different.

NICK

I've learned more from watching cops. At least they're really out there busting perps.

ALY

We did bust someone today.

NICK

Yeah, and changed a light bulb for an elderly lady, told a man to pick up his dog's poop, and made an ice cream driver park somewhere else.

WINSTON

It's all part of the job.

NICK

What are you doing tomorrow?  
Ticketing someone for not paying their meter?

Winston scoffs, clearly offended.

WINSTON

We serve the community. We're not a meter maids.

NICK

You might as well be. You don't do anything interesting.

Nick resumes drying himself. Winston glances at Aly.

WINSTON

In fact, tomorrow we're going to help on an active investigation. They need some beat cops in civilian clothing.

(turns to Aly)

Right, Aly?

Aly regards him, somewhat confused, then, from the look on her face, it's obvious she starts to catch on.

ALY

Oh, yeah. It'll be way more exciting.

NICK

(balling the towel up)

Why didn't you say so? I'm in.

He leaps to his feet.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I'm going to watch Cops and get  
myself back in the zone.

He leaves, singing 'Bad Boys' under his breath.

Aly turns to Winston.

ALY  
You know we're off tomorrow, right?

WINSTON  
That's why it's perfect.

ALY  
What exactly are you planning to  
do?

WINSTON  
A classic Winston mess-around.

Aly cringes.

ALY  
You said you weren't doing those  
anymore.

WINSTON  
Come on.

The expression on her face suggests she's not convinced.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
He called us meter maids!

ALY  
Fine, but I'm in charge.

Winston mulls it over, then grabs Aly around the waist to  
dance, laughing.

INT. CECE/SCHMIDT'S HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Schmidt sits on the couch watching the news. Cece enters.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
The Tiger Principal over at Banyon  
Canyon appears to have shown bad  
judgment when she --

Schmidt turns the TV off.

CECE  
Was that about Jess?

SCHMIDT

Fuss is really out to get her. He's campaigning to have her removed, but don't worry. I'm on it.

Cece sits next to him, a defeated look on her face.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

How was spinning class?

Cece pulls out her phone.

CECE

I'm a trending topic on twitter.

SCHMIDT

Lucky! How'd you do it? I've been posting all day for Jess.

CECE

(reading from her phone)  
Model takes bite out of fan.

She shows him the picture of her biting the pastry. Schmidt zooms in on the woman's shocked face.

SCHMIDT

Okay. You win. Your day was worse, BiteModel. Catchy hashtag.

He laughs as Cece bursts into tears. His expression changes instantly to concern.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry!

CECE

These hormones are driving me crazy.

**END OF ACT TWO.**

**ACT THREE**

INT. LOFT. ALY/WINSTON'S ROOM. DAY.

Aly secures a blood pack to Winston's torso and rips the tape. The trigger pad swings around his waist as Winston drops his shirt.

ALY

Tuck that away, and don't forget to squeeze the trigger when I tackle Teddy.

Winston tucks the trigger pad away. They sit on the bed and tie their boots.

WINSTON

I can't believe Captain signed off on this.

ALY

He called it a training exercise, so the newbies will be there, too. He even threw in a few Narc guys for fun.

WINSTON

(motioning to the closet)  
Rubber bullets?

ALY

Blanks. Captain bought some for everyone on scene. They're dropping off an unmarked car now, and ours will be under our seats.

Winston stands, looking excited.

WINSTON

Let's go.

ALY

I can't wait to see his face.  
(yelling)  
You ready, Nick?

She leaves.

NICK (O.S.)

(yelling)  
Waiting on you.

Winston rummages through a drawer, pockets something, then leaves.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. FRONT LAWN. DAY.

A cluster of PARENTS stand by the tiger's cage, circled around ED WARNER as they yell questions at him. The tiger mewls. Mr. Fuss stands to the side with an arrogant smirk.

Jess rushes up to them, looking frazzled.

JESS  
What's going on?

MR. FUSS  
That's what they're here to ask you.

The throng spots her and turns on her.

PARENT #1  
How can you afford a tiger, but not a unicycling club?

PARENT #2  
And what are we supposed to do when that tiger grows up?

Ed Warner escapes the crowd and grabs Jess by the elbow. He leads her away to the front doors of the school.

ED WARNER  
(over his shoulder)  
We'll have an emergency parent's council meeting today at noon.

He opens the door and hurries Jess inside.

INT. CECE/SCHMIDT'S HOME. DINING ROOM. DAY.

Cece and Schmidt sit at the table. Schmidt takes a bite from his omelette as Cece silently counts almonds, then sets them on her plate.

SCHMIDT  
Sure you don't want a bite?

CECE  
I've already bitten enough.

SCHMIDT  
Aww, come on. It's not that bad.

CECE  
I'm the top trending story.

She grabs a bag of cranberries and silently counts them.

SCHMIDT  
Hopefully, I'll knock you out of  
the limelight today.

His cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)  
Go for Schmidt.

JESS (V.O.)  
There's a mob out here.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. JESS'S OFFICE. DAY.

Jess and Ed Warner peek between her office blinds at the  
growing crowd of parents.

INT. CECE/SCHMIDT'S HOME. DINING ROOM. DAY.

Schmidt looks panicked, then hides his emotions as Cece  
glances up from counting cranberries.

SCHMIDT  
(into phone)  
I'm on my way.

He hangs up, pockets his phone, and stands.

CECE  
What's wrong?

She sets the bag of cranberries aside.

SCHMIDT  
Nothing I can't handle. What are  
you doing today?

He gathers his things, then takes a bite from his barely  
touched omelette.

CECE  
I'm going to track that woman down  
and get her to delete the picture.

SCHMIDT  
How are you going to find her?

CECE  
I've been stalking her twitter, and  
she goes to the same pastry shop  
every day.

SCHMIDT  
(distracted)  
Mmmhmm. Okay. Have a good day.

He kisses her, then leaves in a hurry.

Cece cracks an almond in half and chews it slowly, savoring every nibble.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. DAY.

Aly, Winston, and Nick pull up to the house in an unmarked car and kill the engine.

INT. UNMARKED CAR. DAY.

Aly and Winston turn to Nick in the back seat.

WINSTON  
We're just buying the drugs.  
Narcotics detectives and the  
"unies" are down the street ready  
to bust them when we leave.

ALY  
Try and look more like an addict,  
or you'll blow this for us.

NICK  
(messing up his hair)  
Like this?

He scratches at his neck and mock twitches. Aly and Winston share a look as they struggle to keep a straight face.

WINSTON  
That's almost perfect.

Nick looks pleased with himself as Aly and Winston reach under their seats. They grab their guns and tuck them into hidden holsters.

NICK  
Can I have a gun?

ALY  
No.

WINSTON  
I almost forgot.

Winston reaches into his pocket, pulls out a whistle, and hands it to Nick. It swings on a string between them.

NICK  
(taking it)  
What am I supposed to do with this?

WINSTON

Blow it if you need help.

Aly and Winston open their doors. Nick stares at his weapon, looking worried, then puts it around his neck.

ALY

Give us five minutes, then walk in and ask for Teddy.

WINSTON

(motioning to the whistle)  
And hide that, you idiot. Don't leave it out there for people to see. Put it in your pocket.

NICK

But what if I --

Aly and Winston get out, close their doors, and walk away. Nick begrudgingly takes the whistle off and tucks it in his pocket, then waits.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. JESS'S OFFICE. DAY.

Schmidt enters and closes the door behind him. Jess and Ed Warner turn to face him.

JESS

Oh, thank God. What do we do?

ED WARNER

Why did you get a tiger?

SCHMIDT

(to Ed Warner)  
It was a publicity stunt. Plus, Fuss's Myspace is covered in tiger pictures. I thought he'd go for it.

JESS

Can we return it?

SCHMIDT

That ship has sailed. Literally.

JESS

What do you --

ED WARNER

Where did the money come from?

SCHMIDT

We'll get into all that, but first,  
we need to call a parent council  
meeting.

JESS

Way ahead of you there.

ED WARNER

It starts at noon.

SCHMIDT

Great. Let's record your sound  
bite, Ed. I'll edit and post it  
before the tiger wrangler gets  
here.

Jess and Ed Warner cringe.

JESS

Are you sure that's a good idea?

ED WARNER

Bringing the tiger around Fuss  
didn't go so well last time.

SCHMIDT

Trust me. I got this. Now, let's  
make a viral video.

He opens the door to leave. Jess and Ed Warner hesitate, then  
follow him.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. DAY.

Nick gets out of the unmarked car and checks his reflection  
in the window. He scoops up some dirt and rubs it on his  
face, then nods at his reflection. He walks to the house,  
glancing around before he opens the front door.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. THRESHOLD. DAY.

A MAN lies on the floor in the threshold, looking wasted.

NICK

(stepping over him)  
S'cuse me.

He walks into a sitting room.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

A MAN and WOMAN sit on a sofa, pouring white powder into small baggies. Other BODIES lie strewn around the room, looking doped up.

MAN

Who are you?

NICK

I'm... ugh... looking for Teddy.

WOMAN

He's in the back with some friends.  
Why don't you come sit next to me  
till he's done?

MAN

She likes newcomers, pretty boy.

NICK

I-I need to find Teddy.

He moonwalks out of the room. They look at him like he's crazy.

WOMAN

(whispering)

This is going to be fun.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. HALLWAY. DAY.

Jess peeks into the conference room through a cracked door as she punches keys on her phone.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Parents sit on folding chairs listening to Mr. Fuss speak. Ad-lib words of agreement are heard around the room. Ed Warner stands up and addresses Mr. Fuss.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. HALLWAY. DAY.

Jess lets the door to the conference room close as she turns away and puts the phone to her ear.

JESS

Schmidt, where are you? Fuss took  
over the meeting and kicked me out  
so they could talk. Call me back.

A group of students pass by. A GIRL stops and looks at the door, then at Jess.

GIRL  
Are they still talking about you?

JESS  
How did you --

GIRL  
There's dozens of supportive videos  
online, and you even have your own  
hashtag.

JESS  
What is it? No, wait, I'll be fine.  
You better get to class.

GIRL  
For what it's worth, we love our  
new mascot. See you around, Hastag  
TigerPal.

She winks and walks away. Jess pulls out her phone and types.

EXT. GYM/PASTRY STORE FRONTS. DAY.

An EMPLOYEE washes the window as Cece walks up and glances at  
her phone. She looks into the pastry shop, and smiles.

CECE  
Right on time.

She opens the door and walks in.

INT. PASTRY SHOP. DAY.

Customers stand in line, waiting. The Woman sits at a table  
with a box of pastries. Cece stalks up to her with a  
confrontational expression on her face.

CECE  
We gotta talk, lady.

The Woman glances up with a horrified look on her face.

EXT. PASTRY SHOP. DAY.

The employee stands outside the window, stunned, rag and  
spray forgotten as Cece and the Woman scream at each other  
inside.

**END OF ACT THREE.**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

Nick steps around a hole in the floor, then stops to listen as muffled voices talk in another room. He nods, then looks relieved.

ALY (O.S.)  
We gotta go Teddy. Our friend's  
waiting outside.

WINSTON (O.S.)  
He gets bored easily, so we don't  
want to keep him waiting.

A GUN COCKS in the room. Nick freezes, looking scared.

TEDDY (O.S.)  
I can't let you go till you sample  
it. Them's the rules.

Nick looks around as he backtracks to the ripped up floor. He quietly pries a board free, then walks down the hall.

ALY (O.S.)  
Fine. I'll do it.

WINSTON (O.S.)  
You can't.

TEDDY (O.S.)  
Why not?

A scuffle breaks out. Aly screams. Nick lifts the board and swings it a few times, preparing himself.

WINSTON (O.S.)  
She's pregnant. Please, let her go.

Nick releases a warrior cry as he barrels through the door.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY.

Nick screams wildly as rushes past Aly and Winston, looking shocked, and barrels into TEDDY. A GUNSHOT rings out.

Aly screams as Nick and Teddy wrestle for the gun.

ALY  
Winston. Winston! Stay with me.

Nick bites Teddy's hand, making him drop the gun. Nick picks it up and points it at Teddy.

NICK  
Back up, jerkwad.

Winston coughs feebly. Nick looks over and spots the blood pooling on Winston's shirt and freaks out.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What do we do? What do we do, Aly?

ALY  
Apply pressure right here.

Nick rushes over. Loud CRASHES come from the hallway as the front door caves in.

NICK  
(screaming)  
I'll protect you.

He dives over Winston's body.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

Chaos ensues as a SWAT TEAM, in full gear, swarms the house, securing rooms.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. HALLWAY. DAY.

Jess peeks through a cracked door as Schmidt walks up and startles her. Jess spins around, looking caught, then relieved as the door closes behind her.

JESS  
Where have you been?

SCHMIDT  
Starting a trending topic for you.  
Hastag TigerPal.

JESS  
That was you?

SCHMIDT  
Cece helped. Short, catchy words  
work better. Now, let's get in  
there.

He opens the door and Jess follows him inside.

INT. BANYON CANYON ACADEMY. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Parents sit on folding chairs, arguing with Ed Warner as Jess and Schmidt walk in. Mr. Fuss sits in the front row, smiling.

PARENT #1

Ed, I thought you were on our side.

ED WARNER

I am on your side.

SCHMIDT

There are no sides.

Everyone turns to look at him and Jess.

PARENT #2

What's she doing here?

JESS

I know you're all upset for different reasons, but if you'll give us a moment, we can explain everything.

Ad-lib words of descent, then agreement are heard around the room.

ED WARNER

You have the floor.

Jess pushes Schmidt forward. He stumbles, then settles into politician mode, smiling brightly around the room.

SCHMIDT

Hi, everyone. First, I want to mention that Principal Day has done an outstanding job here at Banyon Canyon Academy. Grades are up all around, test scores have improved, and the kids are happier than ever.

ED WARNER

It's true. We're thrilled about Samanthia's demathlon medal. She's been trying for years, but after Jess helped her, she finally won.

PARENT #3

She even got us some help for Scottie. His behavior issues got him kicked out of three different schools, but principal Day hasn't given up on him.

ED WARNER

And she won't. She cares about our kids and goes to bat for them every day.

The parents all mumble ad-lib words of agreement.

SCHMIDT

The main issue here is the tiger,  
and let me reassure you. It doesn't  
create a financial burden for the  
school, but it has put Banyon  
Canyon on the map.

Mr. Fuss stands up and walks over.

MR. FUSS

It's good that the tiger isn't a  
financial burden, but what are we  
going to do with it?

SCHMIDT

The Banyon Canyon TigerPals are  
donating it to the local zoo.  
They're putting up a plaque in your  
honor.

Suzie walks in and whispers to Jess. Schmidt pulls out his  
phone, types away, then shows everyone his screen.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

We're a trending topic on Twitter.

JESS

Suzie has informed me that we're  
already getting calls from parents  
wanting to enroll their kids here.

The conference room doors open. A TIGER WRANGLER walks in,  
escorting the baby tiger.

PARENT #1

Can I take a picture with it?

PARENT #3

Me too.

MR. FUSS

We still need to vote about Ms.  
Day's position here.

Ad-lib words of descent are heard around the room.

ED WARNER

No, Mr. Fuss is right. All in favor  
of dismissing Principal Day?

Mr. Fuss's hand shoots up. The parents avert their eyes.

ED WARNER (CONT'D)  
All in favor of keeping Principal  
Day?

Mr. Fuss drops his arm. Everyone else raises their hands. The  
tiger mewls.

ED WARNER (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, Principal Day.

JESS  
Thank you. Now, let's take some  
pictures.

She waves the Tiger Wrangler over as the parents stand to see  
the baby tiger. Mr. Fuss gathers his things and turns to  
leave. Jess stops him.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Can we start over?

MR. FUSS  
You ruined my best suit.

JESS  
I'm really sorry. Send me the bill  
for it, but don't go. A little  
birdie told me you love tigers, so  
join us, please.

Mr. Fuss's face contorts as he debates. Schmidt walks over  
with the baby tiger and passes it to Mr. Fuss as Jess takes  
his briefcase.

The baby tiger nuzzles into his chest, making Mr. Fuss smile.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE. BEDROOM DAY.

Aly points a gun at Teddy. Nick shields Winston's body as he  
screams.

NICK  
Officer down. We have an Officer  
down in here.

Aly drops the gun as she and Teddy burst out laughing. Nick  
glances down and sees Winston laughing, then bear hugs him.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Are you okay? What's going on?

WINSTON  
Can you get off? You're kind of  
heavy.

Nick sits up, and glances around, looking confused. Red stains the front of his shirt. The Captain walks in, followed by men in Swat Team gear.

THE CAPTAIN

How's that for meter maids?

Nick darts a look at Winston, catching on.

NICK

(to Winston)

How did you pull this off?

WINSTON

Aly and the Captain did most of it,  
but the blood pack was my idea.

He lifts his shirt and rips off the blood pack.

INT. PASTRY SHOP. DAY.

Cece and the Woman sit in the same booth. A half-eaten box of pastries sits in front of them. They smile as they take a selfie together. Both have crumbs around their mouths.

INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Aly, Winston, and Nick enter the loft, covered in blood.

NICK

So none of it was real?

ALY

No, but you surprised me. Who knew  
Nick Miller was a hero.

WINSTON

You even threw yourself over me. I  
knew you loved me. This proves it.

Jess enters.

JESS

What's this I hear about a hero?

She spots them and freezes.

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh my, God. What happened?

NICK

The best Winston mess around ever.

ALY  
(motioning to Nick)  
You got a real Rambo over here.  
He'll fill you in. We're going to  
shower this stuff off.

She pulls Winston away.

WINSTON  
(over his shoulder)  
I love you, man.

NICK  
How was your day?

JESS  
I won, but we'll get back to that.  
Why are you bloody? Tell me  
everything.

INT. CECE/SCHMIDT'S HOME. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Cece sits at the table, surrounded by take out trays. Schmidt enters.

SCHMIDT  
My, my, my. What do we have --

CECE  
Don't judge me. I'm eating for two.

She tilts a tray of food at him.

CECE (CONT'D)  
Want Chinese?  
(pointing at another tray)  
Or Italian?

Schmidt laughs, then joins her at the table.

**END OF SHOW.**