

Spec script for COMMUNITY

"Business Practices"

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. GREENDALE MAIN ENTRANCE. MORNING - DAY 1

JEFF strides up the steps and into the hallway, someone thrusts a copy of the school newspaper into his hands, the headline reads, "BUSINESS FUTURES FAIR COMES TO GREENDALE".

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff sees signs of activity, bunting everywhere and pins being worn, he hears DEAN PELTON over the PA system

PELTON (O.S.)

This week Greendale is proud to host the Business Futures Fair! Students create a business model and compete to win a full business course credit. So get yourself a brochure and let's find the next Donald Trump, or Trumpette!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JEFF saunters in to find the rest of the STUDY GROUP already seated, leafing through some brochures and all wearing the same shirt, emblazoned with 'B.F.F.'

JEFF

Dare I even ask?

ANNIE

They're for the Business Futures Fair,
(quoting the brochure)
'Inspiring Confidence in America's
Future'. We're all B.F.F.s. It works
two ways because...

JEFF

I get it, it's both memorable and
nauseating.

(turning to Britta)

Et tu, Britta?

BRITTA

If your idea is a success, you get a
business credit. I'm teaming up with
Annie to do 'Ethical Events
Management'. And I'm wearing the shirt
because I may or may not have spilled
Diet Snapple on myself earlier.

PIERCE

I think they're neat. And it fits like
a glove.

Pierce has, quite evidently, been handed the wrong size shirt. It is skin-tight and not at all flattering.

Troy is staring at Pierce's chest.

ABHED

Troy is entranced by Pierce's curves.

Troy reacts flustered.

TROY

What? I didn't, I was just...

JEFF

It's okay T, nothing wrong with admiring a nice set of moobs.

Shirley is almost choking on her own fist trying not to laugh.

PIERCE

I expected more from you than body bias, Shirley.

Shirley can't take it, lets out a wail and beats a path for the door.

ANNIE

What's a moob?

JEFF

(satisfied)

I have nothing but confidence in America's future.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. BUSINESS FAIR - DAY.

JEFF and BRITTA enter the show-room for the Business Futures Fair, resplendent with business-related décor.

JEFF

This is all giving me the creeps...

BRITTA

Because it's like every other lame event that Greendale puts on?

JEFF

Because it isn't. Look around, there's organisation, planning, signs of what might even be a budget. And they've spelled B.F.F. correctly.

BRITTA

Hey, you're right, it's weird, it's like some kind of a TV episode where stuff... isn't the same.
(responding to Jeff's withering look)
I think I've come to rely too much on Abhed for pop culture references.

JEFF

I don't have a good feeling about this, I just can't put my finger on...

Jeff turns and comes face to face with TRENT POLK, he is the same age, height, build and hairstyle as Jeff, but sporting pinstripe suit-pants, shirt, tie and suspenders.

JEFF

(in shock)
Trent Polk.

POLK

Jeff Winger, we meet again.

JEFF

I always knew this day would come.

Abhed, from nowhere, steps into shot.

ABHED (to Britta)

If I may?

Britta gestures for him to take the reigns.

ABHED

We have hints of a Twilight Zone-style parallel universe scenario and the introduction of a nemesis figure also brings into play classic comic-book connotations. The similarities between

the two echo the timeless themes of duality within the human soul and the eternal struggle of good versus evil, perhaps most heavily recalling the original Star Wars trilogy. Did I miss anything?

JEFF/ BRITTA/ POLK

That was pretty comprehensive./ Think you got it./ Yep, think that's it covered.

Jeff turns his attention back to Polk.

JEFF

What could possibly bring you to Greendale?

POLK

Right back at ya hombre, what happened to the mighty Jeff Winger, the man with the two-hundred dollar-an hour tongue?

Britta and Abed grimace at the unpleasant image this conjures.

JEFF

I am... moving in a new career direction.

POLK

Hey, there's no shame in it, Wingman. We've all been humbled by global events. One minute you're on top of the world, the next you're doing events in a place that smells like deep-fried disappointment. But c'est la vie. That's French.

JEFF

I know. So you just *happened* to be doing an event at Greendale?

POLK

What can I say? Greendale was next on our list after Edison Tech. Have you seen that place? I swear, you can major in Unicycle Repair, urgh. Okay, great tête-à-tête. I gotta go give these nobodies the keys to their destiny.

Polk turns, where ASSISTANT 1 holds up a mirror and ASSISTANT 2 places a headset mic atop his mane as he fixes his tie.

JEFF

Yeah, that's not going to work at Greendale, ambition has no place in a Community college.

But Polk isn't listening, he's in The Zone, he strides

onto stage where a PowerPoint presentation plays behind him.

POLK
(addressing the expectant crowd)
You are all losers.

DEAN PELTON stands near the front, he turns back to the students smiling, two thumbs up.

POLK (CONT'D)
Not one of you is living up to your full potential, but it's time for that to change. The French have a word for a simple, unattractive loser who capitalises on one good idea - Entrepreneur. My simple message to you? "It's time to do business!"

Polk turns to the screen which reads the same.

POLK (CONT'D)
Now your turn!

The crowd starts chanting his slogan. Jeff is not amused.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA/ GROUP STUDY ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The STUDY GROUP are seated, watching SHIRLEY conduct market research, handing out cookies and taking notes.

JEFF
Has everyone signed up for this charade?

ABHED
Shirley is expanding her brownie company to include cookies. I don't need the business credit, I'm doubling up on Film Studies.

JEFF
Well, there's a jaw-dropper.

BRITTA
(nodding to POLK)
What's with you and Suspenders?

ABHED
(Holding two cookies)
Ooh, back-story...

JEFF
(sighs)
Back when I was a lawyer, I did some things I wasn't proud of. Trent Polk is the thing I'm least proud of. He swindled money from a lot of people, and I got him off.

ANNIE
(trying to help)
Everyone deserves a fair defence?

JEFF
I slept with the judge.

TROY
Oh, now that's what I call...
(struggles to think of a joke)
No, I can't do jurisprudence humour.

JEFF
I guess I knew that everyone I
defended was, on some level,
completely guilty. It never really
bothered me. In the end the jury
decides. It's not my fault if there's
an inherent bias in favour of
celebrities who murder women or white
people who enjoy cocaine.

PIERCE
(his ears prick up)
What's that now?

JEFF (CONT'D)
But Polk, Polk was different, I set
him free to feast on the greed and
stupidity of ordinary people. And now
he's here.

We follow Jeff's gaze to see Shirley handing Polk a
cookie, which he gobbles down with relish, crumbs
whirling off like shrapnel. He grins, wide-eyed, at Jeff.

Jeff stands abruptly, gathers his belongings and heads
for the door.

JEFF
I have to do something.

Abhed sits, contemplating his cookies, before plunging
both into his mouth at once.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

JEFF barges into the inner office and ignores the
protests of the SECRETARY.

SECRETARY
You can't go in there, he's...

Jeff enters the main office, and is horrified to see POLK
reclining across Pelton's desk, watching as PELTON
fumbles with his new elliptical trainer.

POLK
(to Pelton)
Oh yeah, you look great on that thing.

JEFF

Huh? How did you get here before me? I left the cafeteria before you did.

POLK

Wing-tip wheelies.

Polk, with a deft flick of his ankle, reveals small wheels at the base of his business shoe.

POLK (CONT'D)

Yeah, these were a real hit in '07, made it great for speeding around the stock-market floor...

(painful memory)

Until it became covered with pools of tears.

(snaps back)

I was just introducing the Peltster to his new office gym.

JEFF

(to Pelton)

Uh, may I have a word?

PELTON

(Winking at Polk)

Shoot, 'Wingman'.

JEFF

First, please don't call me that. Second, I would like to voice my concerns over the Business Futures Fair.

PELTON

(becoming breathless)
Concerns?

JEFF

I am concerned that it will not be good for Greendale, and that there may be something more sinister afoot.

PELTON

Oh, Jeff.

Pelton steps off the trainer, wobbly, and gets changed out of his gym-wear, in full view of an uncomfortable Jeff.

PELTON (CONT'D)

I know you think you're the only one at Greendale who's sampled the big bad world out there, but I did six months of management training at the largest Burger King in Albuquerque. I just want to see Greendale students get the same appetite for success! And with the modest entry fee, the fair pays for itself.

At this, Polk's eyes glimmer and he smiles, snake-like.

Pelton moves past Jeff, heading out of the office and into the hall. Jeff turns to call after him.

JEFF
Entry fee?

CUT TO:

A newspaper headline whirls into view, "RECORD NUMBERS SIGN UP FOR FAIR"

CUT TO:

INT. SPANISH CLASS - LATER THAT DAY

The CLASS chit-chat whilst waiting for Sr. Chang.

PIERCE sits next to TROY.

TROY
So what's this big idea?

PIERCE
I could tell you, but how about I show you?

Troy shrugs.

Pierce holds up a terrible drawing of Troy he's done, with the word "TROY" scrawled beneath it.

Troy winces.

TROY
Is that... me?

PIERCE
Is it you? Or is it what you could be? Bigger than a man, bigger than an athlete. Troy could be a brand!

TROY
For... money?

PIERCE
You see? You're already thinking less like a person, and more like something that makes money. This business credit can be ours for the taking.

Troy nods and puts his hand up for a fist-bump, Pierce, not sure of the gesture, pushes his face onto Troy's fist.

JEFF and BRITTA sit a few seats forward.

JEFF
I'm telling you, it is a scam!

BRITTA
Isn't it possible he's turned over a new leaf? You did.

JEFF

He doesn't change, he can't, all he knows how to do is draw people into his twisted schemes. You wait and see and...

(reacting to something off-screen)
Oh my god.

SR. CHANG enters wearing a business suit and pin-stripe sombrero.

SR. CHANG

To tie-in with the business fair this week, we will be learning some workplace and corporate phrases.

Abhed sits at the front of the class, a box of Shirley's cookies in front of him, scoffing away. Sr. Chang leans in and takes one, holds it up.

SR. CHANG

(in Spanish)

Greed is good!

Sr. Chang takes a large bite of cookie, is surprised by how good it is.

Jeff groans.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY 2

Establishing shots, exterior of sorority house.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ANNIE and BRITTA, both in business attire, stand in front of a flip chart that reads, "Ethical Events, Have a 'Good' Time" with three bullet points beneath.

Seated opposite them are three attractive girls whose name-badges tell us are KELLY, KENNEDY and KATHY. Each wears a vest with the letters Delta Omicron Upsilon or DOY.

ANNIE

(gestures to the bullet-points)
So, to sum up, our motto is Awareness,
Fairness, Fun!

KENNEDY

(holds a clip-board and pen)
Mmm-hmm, well our motto here at Delta
Omicron Upsilon is "Chin up, Chest
out, Partying's what we're about." how
do you see Ethical Events fitting in
to what we do here?

BRITTA

Thanks for the question, Kennedy.
Well, as Annie mentioned, our concept
for your Presidents' Day party is a
First Ladies theme, with proceeds
going to help a local battered women's
refuge. I think that this ties in with
the message of... empowerment in your
motto?

KELLY

Okay, thanks so much for your time. I
think we're going to go in another
direction.

ANNIE

(a little put-out)
Oh, okay.

They all shake hands, Britta packs up their flipchart.

CUT TO:

A newspaper headline whirls into view, "COOKIE SALES
MAKING SERIOUS DOUGH"

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM - SAME DAY

The STUDY GROUP waits for PIERCE and TROY, ANNIE has a
newspaper.

ANNIE

(with a note of jealousy)
Shirley, you're on the front page!

SHIRLEY

I know, it's all thanks to my new secret recipe. Trent, said I should team up with some of the chem students to perfect the perfect flavour, and it worked!

JEFF

You took advice from Trent Polk?

SHIRLEY

I like him, he's so upbeat and enthusiastic.

JEFF

Yes, he's like a puppy, without a soul.

BRITTA

Is it me, or are there a lot of issues of the paper out this week?

ABHED

It's because of the fair, they're producing three copies a day all week, but only a front page.

Jeff flips open the paper to reveal blank pages beneath.

JEFF

Ah, still Greendale.

PIERCE and TROY enter, Troy wearing a baseball cap with a dog logo on it and shades, Pierce sporting a light-coloured suit and Bluetooth headset.

Abhed puts his hand up for a high-five with Troy who passes.

ANNIE

Troy, are you okay?

PIERCE

Troy can only take part in approved high-fives, we have a deal in the works with a sponsor.

SHIRLEY

Is that what your new hat is for?

PIERCE

The hat demonstrates Troy's loyalty to Doggy Style, the only Denver based dog-grooming products Troy Barnes would consider using on his pets.

JEFF

Uh, what's going on?

PIERCE

I have taken over as Troy's agent for

our entry in the Business Future's Fair. Troy is no longer a friend and athlete, he is now a brand, and will be taking some short questions.

JEFF
(to Troy)
And you agreed to this?

TROY
(robot-like)
I am happy to be working with Pierce Industries and looking forward to new opportunities.

ABHED
You're sounding automated and dispassionate, and frankly, that's my thing.

BRITTA
Troy, we're your friends, you can still be yourself around us.

PIERCE
Don't listen to her, T. As a professional black sportsman, blonde women are your kryptonite.

Everyone pauses, Abhed looks up from his cookies in surprise at Pierce making such a reference.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, Superman is my generation! It's that Spider-idiot I don't get.

Pierce's Blackberry beeps.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
Well, that's all Troy has time for today, he'll be making an appearance in the cafeteria tomorrow in conjunction with the launch of Shirley's new cookie.

JEFF
Shirley?

SHIRLEY
It's called marketing, Jeff. A celebrity endorsement can do wonders for a new product.

ANNIE
We have to go too, we have to work on ideas for our next pitch.

JEFF
Just a second.

They had started to leave, but as Jeff begins they resume their seats, realising they're in for A Speech.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Has it occurred to any of you that giving money to a creep in suspenders might not be such a good idea? Or that going into business together could lead to - oh, I don't know - some ridiculous scenarios?

ANNIE

(slightly sarcastic)

What disaster could befall us while trying to get a business credit?

JEFF

Ok, let's start with Annie, whose fragile psyche needs targets like a racoon needs an iPad. Or Troy, (addresses Troy) If you got any more competitive, your brain would start trying to duke it out with your other organs and you would, quite simply, die.

ABHED

(through cookies)

We should listen to Jeff, this is his area.

SHIRLEY

Don't speak with your mouth full, sweetie.

Jeff looks for some reaction, but they are all ignoring him and eager to leave.

JEFF

Ok, fine. I've seen this before, and you know what? It always starts out great, your first taste of success.

(Stands, walks behind Annie)

But, what's that? The taste has faded, you don't even have a little success stuck in your teeth for later. You need more. Pretty soon, you'll do anything for a hit. Friends, family, dental hygienist appointments - none of that matters,

(Raising the newspaper)

all that matters is being on top. Soon you'll be a person you don't even recognise, like Nicole Kidman in the '90s. Because now, all that's left is the "successful" ghost of a real person.

ABHED

(sotto, to Britta)

Are we still on Kidman?

BRITTA

(sotto)

If the creepy comparison fits...

The group appear unmoved.

JEFF

(sitting again)

Well, this is going to end in disaster. But you know what, if the Bush administration has taught us anything, it's to let ignorant people ruin things for themselves. I'll be back to Obama you guys out of this when it all goes horribly wrong.

The others begin to leave the room.

BRITTA

You're being paranoid.

ABHED

And also, I see you as more of a Hillary.

SHIRLEY/ ABHED/ BRITTA/ ANNIE

(all in agreement with Abhed)

Oh definitely a Hillary./ Strong wrists./ Trust issues./ And he can wear any colour/ True.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENDALE COURTYARD - DAY 3

Signs of business hustle and bustle, hand-made advertising billboards abound.

PELTON (O.S)

Well it's day three of the fair and things are really hotting up, but which student has the killer business instinct to win? Grrr!

(awkward pause)

Ok, well, that was a tiger noise, I guess it doesn't translate well over the P.A. Go Human Beings!

CUT TO:

INT. CHEM LAB - CONTINUOUS

SHIRLEY is the chemistry lab with two SCIENCE NERDS, she tastes a sample of cookie and is impressed, smiling and making 'yummy' noises.

The nerds share a conspiratorial nod as one of them hides a jar from view. It carries a skull and crossbones symbol, similar to the 'Poison' logo, except that the skull is cross-eyed and has it's tongue hanging out.

CUT TO:

INT. UNUSED CLASSROOM.

BRITTA and ANNIE are in an empty classroom, discussing strategy, Annie in her suit, Britta dressed like a Hooters waitress.

ANNIE

I think we need to change tactic, be less formal, more on their wavelength.

BRITTA

This is ridiculous, be more vacuous and shallow? The whole point of Ethical Events was to bring something meaningful to the sorority system.

ANNIE

(losing patience)

Britta, not everything is a cause, okay? The whole point is to get the business credit. We can be ethical and appealing at the same time. Now, do you have your pom poms?

BRITTA

(huffy)

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND SORORITY HOUSE - LATER

BRITTA and ANNIE are in another sorority house, they stand aside their flipchart, which now reads 'Pro-Choice Pillow Fight', with three bullet points that read 'Pyjama Dress-code, Cocktails, Protecting Women's Rights'.

Three attractive Asian girls with name-badges KIMMY, KIARA and KELSEY each wearing Eta Theta (HΘ) vests, are delighted, jump up and down and embrace Annie and Britta.

CUT TO:

Another front-page that carries a photo of Troy, finger in nose, with the headline "TROY BARNES - TOP PICK?"

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

JEFF lurks round the corner from the entrance to the Business Fair, and hits Dial on his mobile.

VOICE

Hi, you've reached Edison Technical College, how can I help you?

JEFF

Hi, I'm calling from Greendale Community College to enquire about the Business Futures Fair you held last month (a beat) hello?

The line goes dead. Jeff ends the call and turns to peer round the corner where POLK is entering the fair with his arm around PELTON.

CUT TO:

INT. ABHED'S DORM - EVENING

ABHED sits on his couch, not looking well, he breaks off a piece of cookie and washes it down with milk. He sits back, completely out of it.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Abhed's pupil dilates.
- B) Abhed he lies on his floor with his arm above his head, encircling an empty box of cookies.
- C) Abhed stumbles from his room into the hall, everything is distorted.
- D) He thinks he sees Troy, from behind, at the end of the corridor, he shouts Troy's name, but makes no sound.
- E) Shirley looks upon a giant cookie being erected for her presentation and smiles beatifically.
- F) Britta, close to tears, is waving pom-poms, doing an appalling dance, while Annie looks on, nodding.
- G) Troy runs out of his car, head down, as cameras flash.
- H) Close up of Polk laughing manically.
- I) Pierce fights with his Blackberry.
- J) An enormous cookie spins, hypnotically.
- K) Abhed groans, clutches his stomach, curls into foetal position.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

The cafeteria is filling up with STUDENTS and STAFF, all arriving for the launch of the new cookie.

SHIRLEY stands on a podium, beneath the massive cookie idol. PELTON stands beside her, holding a microphone.

TROY waits 'in the wings' with PIERCE at his side, who fiddles with his Blackberry.

JEFF stands over to one side and is flanked by BRITTA and ANNIE, both of whom are pissed.

JEFF

Have either of you seen Abhed?

ANNIE

Britta is too busy seeing the downside to everything to notice anyone else.

BRITTA

And Annie can only see profit margins and not people!

JEFF

What is up with you two?

BRITTA

She turned me into a performing chimp!

ANNIE

A chimp would have at least smiled!

JEFF

Shhh, it's about to start.

IN THE WINGS:

TROY

(sotto)

Have you seen some of the press I've been getting?

Troy holds up a front page that reads, "TROY BARNES - NUMBER 1 OR NUMBER 2?" with an image of a shocked Troy papped in a toilet cubicle.

PIERCE

Pfft, they've got a front page to fill.

TROY

(sotto, gritted teeth)

I was On The Can.

PIERCE

Are you going to have a tantrum every time this happens?

TROY
Every time?!

PIERCE
(points at stage)
Shh, time to do business.

ONSTAGE:

PELTON
(clears throat into mic)
Hi, hello cookie fans! As part of our
exciting Business Futures Fair this
week...

HECKLER
Just give us the cookies!

PELTON (CONT'D)
...may I proudly present Shirley Bennet
and her new business, The Cookie
Community!

There is polite applause. Shirley steps forward, arms
open.

SHIRLEY
Thank you, thank you so much. I'm hear
today to present new 'Cool Whip
Creations' - the cookie you top
yourself! And to say a few words, we
have a special guest who'd go that
extra yard for The Cookie Community,
Troy Barnes!

Troy, still in a huff, steps onstage.

TROY
(robotic again)
Cool Whip on a cookie? That's a dual-
threat...

Troy is cut off by an empty cookie box to the head, the
restless crowd have responded.

HECKLER 2
Where are the cookies?!

Chaos quickly breaks out, empty cookie boxes are thrown,
the crowd pushes forward.

BACK OF ROOM:

Jeff, now leaning on a table, eyes the commotion, shakes
his head, amused.

Britta and Annie face-off.

BRITTA
I can't believe you would use me like
that!

ANNIE

Someone had to do the talking, Britta,
and people *listen* to brunettes.

Britta gasps at the prejudice, then thinks better and whomps Annie about the head with one of her Pro-Choice pillows.

Annie is shocked, responds by removing her suit-jacket and grabbing a nearby can of Cool Whip from a display, which she sprays at Britta, covering her. It all goes horribly porn.

Jeff raises an eyebrow. A crowd gathers.

Troy runs up to Jeff, anarchy is all around.

TROY

(spluttering)

I got hit. On the head... I, I, cookies!

JEFF

What did I tell you?

TROY

(dropping to his knees)

Please, Jeff, we're sorry, look around you - this is what happens when good men do nothingggggg! And coincidentally, also when you do nothingggggg!

(His words almost muffled by sobs)
Help us, Hillary, help us!

JEFF

Don't call me that.

Jeff looks around at the carnage, over to Shirley who is fending off cookie fiends, Pierce who has become entangled in his own iPod cable and some bunting, he sees Pelton 'maced' with Cool Whip.

He glances back to Annie and Britta, covered in Whip, clothing torn. His gaze lingers for a minute before he snaps back to reality.

JEFF

(relieving a crick in his neck)
Ok. It's time to do business.

Pushing aside other combatants, Jeff heads for the fire alarm on the wall, pulls it and leaves the cafeteria as the watches the sprinkler system extinguishes the violence.

FADE TO:

EXT. GREENDALE - DAY 4

Establishing shots, deserted exterior, the hallways are a mess, the cafeteria is a bomb site.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JEFF sits alone, on his laptop, some papers beside him. Lawyer mode. Cans of energy drink and a half-eaten snack remain, he has been here all night.

Outside the window, bits of cookie-massacre flotsam float in the air.

On the white-board Jeff has written "B.F.F", circled it and drawn a line going to "Edison Tech?", also circled.

Then a crudely drawn image of Trent Polk, with an arrow and the word "Douche".

Jeff smiles to himself at something on his screen.

JEFF
Case closed.

CUT TO:

INT. PELTON'S OUTER/ INNER OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

JEFF strides into Pelton's outer office. The SECRETARY can only gesture, stifling tears.

Jeff slowly opens the door to the inner office.

Jeff is confronted with the back of PELTON's head, he sits looking into a compact mirror.

JEFF
Ahem.

PELTON
(turning)
Jeff? Oh god, I didn't want you to see me like this.

Pelton has a bloody nose and a cookie-shaped bruise on his head. It's not a pretty sight.

JEFF
It's ok.

PELTON
He, um, he said the money from the fair is non-refundable...
(voice cracking)
And now the cafeteria needs so many repairs. You, you were right, I just...

JEFF
You fell under Polk's spell. I've seen it before. But you know what, I used to work some magic myself, and I think I've found a way out of your contract with Polk and his so-called company. How bout I wave my wand and make all this go away?

Pelton is in pain, but not enough to miss an innuendo, he raises an eyebrow. Jeff sighs and hands him a hanky, he takes it and dabs his eyes, some Cool Whip oozes from his

ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENDALE COURTYARD - DAY 5

Establishing shots show the place more or less back to normal.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The STUDY GROUP sit, quiet, remorseful, waiting only for JEFF. He enters, carrying a latte, removes sunglasses.

JEFF

Guys, it's going to be ok. Everyone experiments in college, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. Other than Britta and Annie, who - I think we can all agree - put on quite a show.

Britta groans, buries her head.

ANNIE

Britta, I'm so sorry, you were right, I used you. I never knew I thought about blonde people like that, I feel terrible.

BRITTA

It's ok. We all got carried away, but Jeff was right, what goes up...

PIERCE

(not getting it)
Yes?

ABHED

Must come down.
(Shaking his head, glassy eyed)
Cookie come-down.

SHIRLEY

(upset)
Abhed, I don't know what to say. I just wanted my cookies to be delicious, but the secret ingredient was a pinch of evil!

ABHED

It's ok, Professor Duncan said that some people are more susceptible than others. I just have to avoid cookies and stay away from the things that could draw me back; glasses of milk, repeats of Sesame Street.

JEFF

Good for you Abhed, cold turkey, that's the way to quit.

ABHED

I've been eating a lot of cold turkey.

TROY

And I'm gonna be there for you every step of the way with your recovery buddy, I'll never turn my back on a high-five again.

They high-five.

JEFF

Pierce, have you learned anything from this experience?

PIERCE

I've learned business is a young man's game, it's hard to get people to listen to you when you're...

JEFF

(interrupting)
What's that noise?

There is a giggling, snarling sound coming from somewhere in the adjoining library room. Jeff gets up to investigate, the others follow.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY STACKS - CONTINUOUS

In a corner in the stacks, sits TRENT POLK. He has lost his pants somewhere and his suspenders are worn around his head, Rambo-style. He is eating a copy of The Fountainhead.

JEFF

Polk?

ANNIE

What happened to him?

JEFF

I was trying to get the Dean out of his contract with Polk, so I looked into his company.

ANNIE

And it was a scam?

JEFF

Not so much a scam, as a figment of his imagination, I think maybe he's been a few pens short of a full briefcase since the crash.

BRITTA

(to Polk)
Hey there, you ok?

BRITTA

(to Jeff)
I feel bad for him, maybe we can get

him into an art-therapy class or something?

JEFF

I think that's a good idea.
(as though to a disturbed child)
Come on buddy, it's time to ring the stock market bell!

Polk looks up, red-eyed, he stands and Jeff and Britta gently escort him from the library, rolling him along on his wing-tip wheelies.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENDALE STEPS - LATER, DUSK

Jeff and Britta watch as Polk is bundled into the back of a white van. Professor Duncan watches on with them, a stack of papers in his hands.

DUNCAN

It's the best place for him, those facilities are full of his type now. He'll play some carpet-golf, have his pick of stress-toys and be out in a week.

Duncan heads for the car-park.

JEFF

(to Britta)

You know, I spend all my time here just counting the days until I can get back to the real world and be a lawyer again. Maybe before I do, I should think about what kind of lawyer I want to be.

Jeff and turn to Britta go back up the steps. Life is back to normal.

BRITTA

I just assumed Pierce would keep you in business with Defamation cases?

JEFF

My god, I know, were you there when he denied the existence of black airline pilots?

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW