

SUMMER SCHOOL USA

written by
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TRIBAL PERCUSSION MUSIC PLAYS DURING THE TITLE SEQUENCE.

SUMMER SCHOOL USA

BY SCOTT BINNINGS

FADE IN.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

A ROOSTER CROWS AT SUNRISE OVER A HIGH SCHOOL.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A BELL RINGS. A DOOR THAT READS, "MS. SMITH HISTORY I" HAS A SIGN ON IT THAT READS "DETENTION."

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. SMITH, 30S, GLASSES, PENSIVE, HOPEFUL, SPEAKS.

MS. SMITH

Good morning, students. Welcome to
summer school detention. I never knew
there was such a thing, but,
nevertheless, here we are.

CUT TO: ONLY TWO STUDENTS IN THE CLASS. BOY # 1, GOOFBALL
STONER, MULLET, GRINS AND GIRL # 1, EDGY GOTH CHICK POUTS.

BACK TO MS. SMITH.

MS. SMITH

Anyway, my goal is to get you excited
about learning over these next two
weeks. So, I decided to start with a
visit from a special guest speaker.

GROANS AND "PFFTS."

MS. SMITH

Settle down. His name is MR. CAVENDISH
and he's a war hero.

BOY LOOKS UP.

BOY # 1

Cool!

MS. SMITH

Now I want you all to be on your best
behavior and show him your undivided
attention.

MS. SMITH WALKS TOWARD THE DOOR AND HOLDS OUT HER HAND.

MS. SMITH

Please come in, Mr. Cavendish.

FAINT SQUEAKS AS A WHEELCHAIR ROLLS INTO THE CLASSROOM. MS
SMITH SMILES AS A FEZ MOVES JUST BELOW HER EYE LINE. MR.
CAVENDISH, 80S, FEZ AND SMOKING JACKET, PARKS.

MS SMITH WALKS OVER TO THE FRONT OF THE CLASS AND STANDS NEXT
TO MR. CAVENDISH. SHE WAITS PATIENTLY AS HE BLINKS HIS EYES.
THE BOY LAUGHS. THE GIRL DOES NOT. MS. SMITH BEGINS.

MS. SMITH

Perhaps you could share some of your
experiences with us from the war.

MR. CAVENDISH

I once had the honor of guarding his
majesty's royal haberdashery on a
military outpost in the jungles of New
Guinea.

MS. SMITH WALKS TO THE MAP AND POINTS TO NEW GUINEA.

MS. SMITH

Perhaps you could comment on why it
was Japan chose New Guinea.

MR. CAVENDISH

Godawful place, hot, sticky...

MS. SMITH TURNS TO MR. C AND GRIMACES. HE CONTINUES.

MR. CAVENDISH

... and a warm welcome from a tribe of
bloodthirsty headhunters!

MR. C SLAMS HIS FIST ON HIS WHEELCHAIR ARM.

BOY # 1

Whoa! Headhunters?

MR. CAVENDISH

They chased me all the way to a river
teeming with huge crocodiles!

MR. C SLAMS FIST AGAIN.

BOY # 1

WHAT?

MS. SMITH

Maybe we should--

BOY # 1

What'd you do?

MR. CAVENDISH

WELL, I just shit!

MS. SMITH GASPS AND THE BOY LAUGHS. SHE RUSHES OVER.

MS. SMITH

Please watch your language, Mr.
Cavendish. I'm sure we can all
appreciate how terrifying this
experience must've been for you.

MR. CAVENDISH

No, I mean just now!

MS. SMITH RAISES HER EYEBROWS.

MS. SMITH

Oh, dear.

MS. SMITH RUSHES PAST MR. CAVENDISH AND WALKS OUT THE DOOR.

GIRL # 1
(looks around)

Wait. What?

MR. CAVENDISH FARTS.

MR. CAVENDISH

Someone stepped on a goose.

GIRL GLARES AT MR. C AS BOY RAISES HIS EYEBROWS.

BOY # 1

NO WAY!

MR. C FARTS A SECOND TIME.

MR. CAVENDISH

Ooop. There it goes again.

BOY CHUCKLES. GIRL #1 WINCES AT MR. C.

GIRL # 1

This sucks.

THIRD FART.

MR. CAVENDISH

And again.

BOY LAUGHS. GIRL CRINGES.

GIRL # 1 (V.O.)

Grrroooooooooooss!

FOURTH FART. BOY CHUCKLES AND GIRL FROWNS.

MR. CAVENDISH

And another for good measure.

BOY CHUCKLES.MS. SMITH RETURNS.

MS. SMITH

Any idea where your nurse might be?

MR. CAVENDISH

No clue.

BOY # 1

HAHA! Awesome.

MS. SMITH TURNS TO THE CLASS.

MS. SMITH

Guys, this isn't funny. He needs help.

MR. CAVENDISH'S GUTS GURGLE.

MR. CAVENDISH

You can say that again. Uhh!

HE FARTS AGAIN.

MR. CAVENDISH

Anyone know how to change a diaper?

BOY LAUGHS. GIRL # 1 TURNS AWAY.

GIRL # 1

This is disgusting.

MR. CAVENDISH

You're telling me. I'm as hot and
juicy as a Christmas ham.

BOY LAUGHS.

SOUND: GUT GURGLES AND DIARRHEA SPLATTER.

MR. CAVENDISH MOANS LIKE HE'S ENTERING A HOT TUB.

MR. CAVENDISH
(mouth open, eyes crossed)

Ahhhhh.... that'll do pig.

BOY LAUGHS. GIRL # 1 LOSES IT.

GIRL # 1

What the?--

MS. SMITH

That's enough! Seriously, where's
your, uggh--
(pinches nose and bends over)
compassion?

BOY LAUGHS. MS. SMITH PLEADS TO THE KIDS.

MS. SMITH

Can't you see this man is suffering?

A WOMAN'S VOICE SPEAKS.

WOMAN

Not as much as these kids.

MS. SMITH SPINS AROUND AND BURIES HER HEAD INTO HER HAND.

CUT TO: DOORWAY, THE WOMAN, TALL, BLACK, MIDDLE AGED,
GLASSES, PINCHES HER NOSE AND FANS HER FACE AS A MAN APPEARS
BEHIND HER INTO THE HALLWAY.

WOMAN

Goddamn, girl! Like to smell like
butthole all up and down this hall!

THE MAN RECOILS AND SMELLS HIS HAND. HE RUNS AWAY. BOY
LAUGHS. MR. C FROWNS.

MR. CAVENDISH

Poppycock.

BOY # 1

HAHA! Awesome.

MS. SMITH WINCES AT THE WOMAN.

MS. SMITH

Miss Sherry, please. We need to find
this man's nurse.

MISS SHERRY WALKS OUT AS NURSE, 30S, MANIC, RUSHES IN.

NURSE

There you are! Oh, my god. I've been
looking everywhere for you.

MR. CAVENDISH

It's about time. I'm filthier than a
toddler in the waiting room of an
abortion clinic.

BOY LAUGHS. GIRL SITS FORWARD AND SHOUTS.

GIRL # 1

This is bullshit!

MS. SMITH TURNS TO HER.

MS. SMITH

Young lady!

MR. CAVENDISH
(playing look out)

Lady? Where?

BOY LAUGHS. GIRL LOOKS DOWN AND HER FACE TURNS RED.

GIRL # 1
(mumbles)

Whatever.

NURSE

Sorry for the inconvenience. He only
does this when I'm not looking.

MR. CAVENDISH FROWNS AT NURSE.

MR. CAVENDISH

Which is most of the time, you
nincompoop. And don't discuss me as
though I'm not in the room.

NURSE PUTS ON HER KINDERGARTEN TEACHER SMILE.

NURSE

Now, don't you worry, Mr. C. We'll fix
ya right up.

MR. C SMILES AND NURSE WALKS PAST HIM. MS. SMITH'S SMILE
TURNS TO A SHOCK AS THE NURSE TILTS MR. C'S WHEELCHAIR BACK.

MR. CAVENDISH

What in blazes?

BOY LAUGHS. MS. SMITH FREEZES AS NURSE RUNS MR. C TOWARD THE
DOOR. ALONG THE WAY HE SHOUTS.

MR. CAVENDISH

Stop this FUCKING wheelchair at once,
you imbecile!

SOUND: DIARRHEA SPLATTERS AS THEY SAIL OUT THE DOOR.

BOY # 1

HAHA! Awesome.

BOY SITS FORWARD.

BOY # 1

WHOA!

MS. SMITH LOOKS AWAY FROM THE DOOR TO THE BY AND LOOKS DOWN.
SHE RECOILS IN SILENCE. PAN DOWN TO A SHIT PUDDLE ON THE
FLOOR THAT LEADS OUT THE DOOR.

THEME MUSIC FADES IN AS MS. SMITH GRIMACES AND SPEAKS.

MS. SMITH

It's not what I had in mind.

CUT TO: HER POV OF THE SHIT STREAK THAT LEADS OUT THE DOOR.

SUPER: "THE END."

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS APPEAR ON BLACK SCREEN TO TRIBAL PERCUSSION MUSIC.

THE END