

COMMUNITY

PILOT

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COMMUNITY PILOT

2ND REV. PRODUCTION DRAFT - FULL PINK

3/27/09

CAST

JEFF CROCKER JOEL MCHALE
PIERCE CHEVY CHASE
BRITTA GILLIAN JACOBS
SHIRLEY YVETTE NICOLE BROWN
ABED DANNY PUDI
ANNIE ALISON BRIE
TROY DONALD GLOVER
DUNCAN JOHN OLIVER
OLD BLACK WOMAN PATRICIA BELCHER
DEAN PELTON TBD
COACH BARTEL GARY ANTHONY WILLIAMS

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

1

The campus of a large but humble community college a few miles from your home. Cambridge bells chime.

The bells are playing on an old boom box, now stopped by Dean PELTON [40s, rotund], who is holding a microphone hooked up to it. He is on a small stage at the front of the courtyard.

He starts to speak into the microphone, realizes it's not working and fiddles with the boombox switches. He begins to speak, but a Busta Rhymes cd starts playing instead:

BUSTA RHYMES

(on cd)

Yo. I'm high as hell right now,
and I'm about to bust your ass
open, but first -

Pelton, an apparently humorless man, frantically figures out how to stop the cd, then addresses the students.

PELTON

Good morning. Many of you are halfway through your first week here at Greendale and, as dean, I thought I would share a word of inspiration.

Pelton reads from a small stack of index cards:

PELTON (CONT'D)

What is Community College? Well, you've heard all kinds of things. You've heard it's "loser college" for young people who couldn't get into a university.

ANNIE [18, tightly wound, sweater vest] is walking through the courtyard when she hears this, causing her to stop.

TROY [18, letter jacket, All American], is struggling to reconcile his schedule with a map. He looks up.

PELTON (CONT'D)

A "halfway school" for twentysomething dropouts, crawling back to society.

BRITTA [late 20s, sweatshirt, pony tail, unadorned], is interrupted in her confident stride by what she's hearing.

PELTON (CONT'D)

A tax-funded self esteem workshop
for newly divorced housewives.

SHIRLEY [early 40s, shy, modest 90s attire], was briskly crossing the courtyard, eyes downward. She stops and looks.

PELTON (CONT'D)

Or a retirement campus for old
people trying to keep their minds
active as they circle the drain of
eternity.

PIERCE [50s, prescription sunglasses, turtleneck, sport jacket], was talking to a group of young people, but stops.

PELTON (CONT'D)

That's what you've heard. However:

He flips to the next index card.

PELTON (CONT'D)

I wish you luck. Wait -

Confused, Pelton flips through his cards as the slightly deflated students resume walking. Pelton calls out to them.

PELTON (CONT'D)

There was... a middle part of that
speech, if you see a card...

Also walking but not fitting in with the misfits: JEFF [30s, well dressed, dashing but rough around the edges]. He is paced and orbited by ABED [20s, Arabic, Weezer fan clothes].

ABED

I'm only half Arabic, actually, my
Dad is Palestinian, I mean, he's a
U.S. Citizen and he's not a threat
to national security or anything, a
lot of people want to know that
after they meet him, because he has
an angry energy, but not like angry
at America, just angry at my Mom
for leaving him, although she did
leave because he was angry, and he
was angry because she was American.
My name's Abed, by the way.

JEFF

Abed, nice to know you, then meet you, in that order. About that question I had?

*
*
*

ABED

Oh.

(looks at watch)

Five after eleven. When you asked.

*
*
*
*

Abed starts to walk away. Jeff pulls him back.

*

JEFF

One more thing.

*

Jeff indicates the distant Britta.

*

JEFF (CONT'D)

The hot girl from Spanish class, what's her deal, I can't find a road in there.

ABED

Well, I've only talked to her once while she was borrowing a pencil, but her name's Britta, she's 28, birthday in October, she has two older brothers and one of them works with children who have a disorder I might want to look up. Oh, and she thinks she's going to flunk tomorrow's test so she really needs to focus and she's sorry if that makes her seem cold.

*

Jeff walks away, calling back to Abed as he goes.

*

JEFF

Abed, I see your value, now.

ABED

That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

CUT TO:

2

INT. SCIENCES BUILDING - DUNCAN'S OFFICE - DAY

2

Psychology Professor DUNCAN [30s, low calibre hippy] is working at his desk in a small office lined with plants, books and weird art. Jeff appears in his doorway.

JEFF

If these guys knew you like I did,
they would've given you the small
office.

*
*
*

DUNCAN

Jeff Winger! Genius at law.

*

He stands and shakes Jeff's hand.

JEFF

You gotta stop saying that.

*

DUNCAN

I never will. I still can't figure
out how you got a jury to connect
September 11th with my DUI. Let
alone why it helped.

*

JEFF

2002 was a simpler time.

DUNCAN

So what's my lawyer doing here?

*

JEFF

I'm a student.

DUNCAN

That can't be an inspiring journey.

Duncan goes to a dorm-sized fridge and grabs two beers.

JEFF

I'm in a real jam here, Duncan.
The state bar suspended my license.
They found out my college degree
was...less than legitimate.

*

DUNCAN

I thought you had a bachelor's from
Columbia.

*

JEFF

Now they say I need one from
America. And it can't be an email
attachment. They gave me four
years to get a valid degree or
they're going to disbar me.

*

DUNCAN

What can I do?

*

JEFF

Oh, since you asked: I did choose Greendale in hopes that our friendship might carry some advantages...academic guidance, moral support, every answer to every test for every one of my classes...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Jeff places a sheet of paper on Duncan's desk.

*

DUNCAN

Jeff, just by asking that, you have insulted the integrity of this entire institution -

As if he's done it a thousand times, Duncan grabs a ten inch stick and uses it to rap on his window, frightening off a student that was preparing to urinate in the alcove.

JEFF

Okay. You did seem less into integrity the day I convinced twelve of your peers that when you did a U turn on a freeway to order chalupas from an emergency call box, your only real crime was loving America.

Duncan gets somber. He surrenders.

*

DUNCAN

I'll look into it.

JEFF

You're a good man, Duncan.

Jeff heads for the door.

DUNCAN

You do understand that with ethical spectrums, it's not *width* that matters.

*
*
*

JEFF

(chipper)

Professor, if I wanted to learn something...I wouldn't have come to community college.

FADE OUT.

ACT I

FADE IN:

3

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

3

Pierce is having a great deal of trouble with silverware and napkin dispensers at a condiment station.

Britta is doing Spanish homework at a table. Unseen to her, Jeff spots her, tosses a few paper wrapped tacos on a tray and pretends to be passing by when he sees her.

JEFF

Oh, hey. Spanish.

BRITTA

Don't hit on me, okay?

JEFF

I wouldn't dream of it. I just wanted to let you know about my Spanish study group.

BRITTA

The guy that spent today's class playing Bejeweled on his iPhone has a study group. Is there a waiting list? *

JEFF

I'm taking that class for the easy credit. I'm actually a Spanish tutor. Board certified.

BRITTA

Say that in Spanish. Now.

Jeff sighs, shouldering her cynicism with grace, and uses gestures to indicate his mind, school and language:

JEFF

*Duermo tarde Espanol, una hora mas,
no rayar mi coche.*

Subtitle: *I sleep late Spanish, one more hour, do not scratch my car.*

BRITTA

My Spanish is pretty bad.

JEFF

I was willing to bet. I'm Jeff.
The group meets in the library at
four.

BRITTA

Alright. Britta. Thanks.

She gathers her trash and walks off to dispose it. Jeff
watches her go as the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN that was working
the cash register approaches him. He barely glances at her.

JEFF

Can't be that hard to fake a study
group, right?

*
*

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Huh?

JEFF

Sorry. Raised on TV, I'm
conditioned to think every black
woman over fifty is a cosmic
mentor.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Are you conditioned to pay for your
damn tacos, Sein-field?

CUT TO:

*

4 INT. LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM - DAY

4

Jeff is seated at a big table, reading a Spanish text book.

JEFF

Bienvenido. Bienvenido.

Britta walks in. He smiles.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Bienvenido! Have a seat.

Jeff puts a notepad in front of her while she gets settled.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Put your contact info on here. I
guess the group is running late,
but we can get acquainted.

*

BRITTA

You may have noticed this morning,
I'm not great at small talk.

JEFF

I want to talk big. I want to know, what's your deal?

BRITTA

That's not small talk?

JEFF

What's your deal and IS GOD DEAD.

BRITTA

Alright. My deal. I dropped out of high school because, for some reason, I thought it might impress Radiohead.

JEFF

You'd be surprised what gets back to those guys.

BRITTA

Volunteered for the Peace Corps, did some foot modeling, got tear gassed at a world trade rally -

JEFF

- Marry me -

BRITTA

- Realized I was almost thirty and broke, got my G.E.D. and here I am, crawling back to society. And I guess my deal, Jeff, above all else, is honesty.

JEFF

(concern)
Honesty.

BRITTA

Yeah. Tell me the truth, I'll like you, lie to me, I'll never speak to you again. That's my deal.

JEFF

Good deal.

BRITTA

What's yours?

JEFF

I would say...honesty, because...
(surrender)
(MORE)

*

*
*
*

*
*
*
*

*

JEFF (CONT'D)

I would say whatever it takes to
get what I want. And right now, I
want you to like me. *

BRITTA

Well, that's an honest answer, so
right now, I like you fine.

JEFF

Wow. You're easy. *

BRITTA

Hell yeah, never lie to me, throw
in a dinner, and we'll be in bed
before midnight.

They laugh. There's a moment between them, and because
there's a moment between them, Abed enters. *

BRITTA (CONT'D)

Abed's in the house! Whoooo!

JEFF

Abed's in the house! Whyyyyyy?

ABED

Britta invited me, is that cool?

JEFF

(plastered smile)

I can't think of a single logical
reason why not. Have a seat. And
put your contact info here. *

ABED

Cool cool cool cool. *

(while writing)

Hey, this is kind of like Breakfast
Club, huh?

BRITTA

(supporting it)

We're in a library.

With great precision, Jeff reads Abed's cell number while
punching it into his own phone under the table.

ABED

Well, yeah, and I'm sure we've each
got an issue, all balled up inside
of us that would make us cry if we
talked about it.

Jeff thumbs something into his phone.

BRITTA

Do you have something balled up
inside you? *

ABED

(thinks about it)
Oh, I got a little doozy in the
chamber if things get emotional.

Abed's phone beeps. His reaction makes Jeff nervous.

ABED (CONT'D)

Whoa! Text message. Let's give
this bad boy a read.

JEFF

I'm sure it's personal - *

ABED

- No, I don't know this person.
(clears throat)
"Say you have to pee I need to talk
to you."

Jeff pretends to digest it along with the other two. *

ABED (CONT'D)

"Say you have to pee?"

BRITTA

Weird.

JEFF

Yeah. Creepy.

Jeff's phone beeps. He looks at it: "meet me on football
field 2 have con-4-s-8-tion." Jeff gets up. *

BRITTA

What's that?

JEFF

Someone with a misguided grasp of
abbreviation, I just need five
minutes. You guys go over all
the...verbs...in Spanish.

He walks out.

BRITTA

What do you make of that guy, Abed? *

ABED

You look like Elizabeth Shue.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

5

A motley crew of would-be athletes are trying out for the apparently all-ages track team. Currently, a ninety year old man is prepping himself on the starting line.

Jeff and Duncan are standing out in the middle of the field.

DUNCAN

Act natural and pretend you're watching the athletic proceedings.

JEFF

You couldn't stop me from watching. There is a man trying out for your track team that is older than the game of poker. And he's kinda truckin'.

*

DUNCAN

Suppose I said it was possible to get you these test answers.

JEFF

I'd say go for it, and, for future reference, I can answer questions like that way closer to where I'm originally standing.

*

*

DUNCAN

I'm asking if you understand the difference between right and wrong.

JEFF

I understand "right" and "wrong" are slippery slopes that end with Presidents who don't believe dinosaurs existed. And at a very early age, I discovered that if I talked long enough, I could make anything true, so either I'm God or truth is relative, and in either case: booyah.

DUNCAN

Interesting. The average person has a harder time saying "booyah" to moral relativism.

JEFF

Duncan, you don't have to play
shrink to protect your pride, I
accept that you're a chicken.

DUNCAN

Are you trying to use reverse
psychology on a psychologist?

JEFF

I'm using regular psychology on a
scrotless wuss. *
*

DUNCAN

You can't talk to me that way!

JEFF

A six year old girl could talk to
you that way!

DUNCAN

Because it would be adorable!

JEFF

No, because you're a five year old
girl, and there's a pecking order!

DUNCAN

FINE, I'LL DO IT!

COACH BARTEL (O.S.)

- Gentlemen.

COACH BARTEL [stocky, 40s] is approaching their exchange.

COACH BARTEL (CONT'D)

This is an athletic field, not a
rehearsal of Glengarry Glen Ross,
and I should know, because I run
both the Sports and Theatre
departments. Take it elsewhere.

Jeff and Duncan start walking off the field together. Coach
Bartel calls after them:

COACH BARTEL (CONT'D)

Either of you guys play football?
It's looking that bad this year.

CUT TO:

6

INT. LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM - DAY

6

Jeff enters, feigning disappointment.

JEFF

You won't believe this, but the
rest of the group -

Britta is not at the table, but Abed is, along with four new
students: Pierce, Shirley, Troy and Annie. They look at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

- is here?

PIERCE

Are you the certified tutor? *

TROY

That means you do my homework,
right?

SHIRLEY

I need to call my babysitter if
we're going to be later than ten. *

JEFF

Where's...Britta?

ABED

Not sure, but I invited more people
from Spanish class, is that cool?

Jeff raises a fist that becomes a thumbs-up.

JEFF

It's the coolest. I'm going to go
to the bathroom. And I'm going to
bring my jacket, keys and wallet,
in case there's a fire.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

7

Jeff walks out the library doors, putting on his jacket. He
almost collides with Britta.

BRITTA

Aaaaand *busted*.

He freezes. She reveals a lit cigarette. *

BRITTA (CONT'D)

Now you know. I'm a smoker.

JEFF

I forgive you.

BRITTA

Are you ready to get started?
Looks like your group showed up.

JEFF

Not mine, actually, I think Abed
took a page out on Craig's List,
and I was trained never to say
this, but that group may be
untutorable, maybe you and I could
just study over -

BRITTA

- Dinner? Come on, Jeff. Try to
prioritize. First we study, then
dinner.

She starts up the steps, then turns.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

And if they really turn out to be
untutorable, we'll slip out early.

Jeff watches her disappear, then notices the old black woman
from the cafeteria emptying an overnight return bin. *

JEFF

Oh, they're going to be
untutorable.

(recognizing woman)

Hey, don't you work in the
cafeteria?

OLD BLACK WOMAN

I have many jobs. In many places.
(off his jaw drop)

I'm not magical, I'm underpaid, you
racist jackass.

FADE OUT.

ACT II

FADE IN:

8 INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

8

Jeff settles into his chair. He looks around the room at Britta, Abed, Annie, Troy, Shirley and Pierce. *

JEFF

Alllll right. Look at this crew.
Alllll ready to study alllll night.

Everyone concurs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

But who studies with strangers,
right? My name is Jeff. *

PIERCE

Jeff, it's a pleasure, my name is
Pierce Hawthorne and yes, that is
Hawthorne as in Hawthorne Wipes,
the award winning moist towelette.

JEFF

I was just going to ask.

PIERCE

I'm also a Rotarian so maybe I
should make the introductions. You
already know Britter. Brittles?

BRITTA

Britta.

PIERCE

You also know A-bed, A-bed the A-
reb, is that inappropriate? *

ABED

(as if asked to get ice)
Sure.

PIERCE

We've got Roy, Roy, the wonder boy
I call him, -

TROY

- Troy.

PIERCE

Correct, and little princess
Elizabeth, - *

ANNIE

Annie.

PIERCE

Sorry, and finally this beautiful creature's name is Shirley. *

JEFF

(to Shirley)

Is that even close?

Shirley nods.

PIERCE

One does not forget Shirley, she is a very gorgeous young woman. *

Shirley does not appear to enjoy the flattery.

ANNIE

I'd like to know why I had to find out about this group on accident.

ABED

Oh, this is getting way more like Breakfast Club, now.

PIERCE

There's breakfast?

BRITTA

We should get started studying -

JEFF

- You know, I've been part of a lot of study groups that fell apart because of unresolved tension. Shouldn't someone address Annie's concern? Did we not invite her?

SHIRLEY

Well, Annie, sweetie, I guess it didn't occur to anyone -

ANNIE

- That's strange, because I remember the first day of class, I asked if anyone was interested in a *Spanish study group*, and when my sign in sheet came back, all that was on it was a drawing of a unicorn with a wiener instead of a horn, a guitar for a wiener and a dog emerging from its rear. *

BRITTA

That was a cat and he was going in.
(off her look)
What? Everyone added something.

ANNIE

Yes, and then gathered behind my
back for a study group!

SHIRLEY

Pumpkin, it's not behind your back,
we just didn't think about you.

ANNIE

Can we stop with the pumpkins and
the sweeties? Being younger
doesn't make me inferior, if
anything, your age indicates you've
made bad life decisions.

SHIRLEY

(simmering)
Mmmmmmmmm.

JEFF

(seizing opportunity)
Shirley has a response to that.

SHIRLEY

No, I don't.

The entire room encourages her to respond.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Well, I'm sure I've made bad life
decisions. I decided to spend ten
years cleaning up after a man who
ran out the door ten minutes after
winning one-oh-two-point-seven
thousand dollars in a radio
contest. That was a bad decision.
And maybe Annie's decisions will be
better. And I think she should
decide whether she wants to be a
child or an adult, because a child
gets pity, but not respect, and
adults can get respect but they can
also get grabbed by the hair and
have their faces put through
jukeboxes.

*
*

*
*

BRITTA

Okay! I wonder how you say jukebox
in Spanish?

*
*
*

Pierce gives Shirley's head a supportive stroke, causing her to wince. Jeff points a pen at Pierce. *

JEFF
Pierce, let's discuss this creepiness.

PIERCE
I beg your pardon?

BRITTA
(to Jeff)
What are you doing? *

JEFF
(to Britta)
I'm certified. *

(to Pierce) *

Are you unaware Shirley finds your advances inappropriate? *

PIERCE
What advances?

SHIRLEY
You have been sexually harassing me since the first day of class!

PIERCE
"Sexually harassing?" That doesn't make sense, why would I "harass" someone that turns me on?

TROY
Saying she turns you on *is* the harrassment, buddy.

Pierce points at Troy.

PIERCE
I am a business leader and a community pillar and I don't take courting advice from teenage boys!

TROY
Well this teenage boy is a quarterback and a prom king, so maybe you should!

ANNIE
You're not prom king anymore, Troy, this isn't Riverside High.

TROY
How did you know I went there?

ANNIE

Because you're wearing your stupid
letter jacket and more importantly
I SAT BEHIND YOU IN ALGEBRA!

TROY

Wait, are you the girl that got
hooked on pills and dropped out?
You're Little Annie Adderall!

ANNIE

And you're a stupid jock that lost
his scholarship by dislocating both
shoulders in a keg stand!

Everyone starts talking at once. Abed, excited, musters his
emotions.

ABED

Euuuuuuuughhhha: I bought one of
those big binders to store my DVDs
in and I left it in the sun, and
the plastic sleeves melted to the
discs, and they're all unplayable
and it's MY FAULT!

Abed puts his head down and sobs real tears. Everyone looks
at him, confused.

JEFF

That's your Breakfast Club doozy?

ABED

(not lifting head)
I love cinema!

Jeff's phone rings. He answers.

JEFF

Hello?

A very low voice from the other end:

DUNCAN (V.O.)

(on phone)
It's Professor Duncan. Come to the
parking lot. Now.

JEFF

What's wrong with your voice?

DUNCAN (V.O.)

(on phone)
I'm disguising it.

Jeff hangs up and heads for the door. Britta watches him go in disbelief. *

JEFF
I'll be right back. While I'm gone, you guys hash this stuff out. No stone unturned. *

PIERCE
We could try roleplaying exercises. *

JEFF
(enthusiastic)
Yes. And you could run them. Go.

The group panics slightly about this as Jeff leaves. Pierce rubs his hands together.

PIERCE
Okay. Brittles, you be Elizabeth, Elizabeth, you're the Arab, Shirley, you're Wonder Woman.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

9

Jeff enters the parking lot, looking around. A squeaky horn toots. He sees Duncan seated in a tiny hybrid, wearing sunglasses, beckoning to him.

Jeff goes to the car, opens the door and slides inside.

DUNCAN
Act as if we've either just finished or have yet to begin driving.

Duncan holds up a large, thick envelope wrapped in duct tape.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Every answer to every test in your curriculum this semester.

JEFF
I knew you could do it, buddy, thank you.

Jeff reaches for the package. Duncan withholds it.

DUNCAN
What do I get?

JEFF

The satisfaction of being even.

DUNCAN

Even. Fairness. Right. Wrong.
There is no God. Booyah. Booyah.

JEFF

What do you want from me?

DUNCAN

Your Lexus.

JEFF

My car for a semester of answers?
You really are not yourself right
now, Professor. Have you been not
drinking?

DUNCAN

Will it really be just a semester,
Jeff? Won't you be taking the easy
way out for four years? I want
payment in advance. I want leather
seats with built-in ball warmers.

*
*
*

JEFF

You know, bluffs this weak are how
your people lost the colonies.

DUNCAN

Have a nice disbarment hearing.

*

JEFF

What am I supposed to drive?!

*

DUNCAN

Take this car. It's good for the
Earth.

JEFF

So is wiping your butt with a leaf
but it's not how a man gets around!

*

CUT TO:

10

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

10

Jeff heads for the study room carrying Duncan's packet.
Britta comes out. We can hear chaos in the room behind her.

*
*

BRITTA

It's a disaster in there.

*

JEFF

Yeah. Untutorable. You like Thai food? I love Thai food.

*
*

BRITTA

(incredulous)

- So, what, this is a game to you? You put human beings in a state of emotional shambles for a shot at getting in my pants?

*
*
*
*

JEFF

Why can't you take that for the compliment that it is? Okay, this was an accident. I did a little lying to get closer to you, how was I supposed to know you'd turn out to be smart and cool, I mean, you look like Elizabeth Shue.

*
*
*
*
*
*

BRITTA

I don't understand what reaction I'm supposed to have to that.

*
*

JEFF

Come on, what do you want me to do?

*

BRITTA

Well, one decent thing would be to go in there and clean up your mess.

*

Jeff appraises the group fighting through the room's window.

*

JEFF

And if I do that...dinner, right?

*

She reacts with disbelief. More shouting from the room.

*

BRITTA

Fine. Whatever.

Jeff heads for the room with her.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

As if there's a dinner in the world that could make me forget you're a shallow douchebag.

JEFF

You're going to eat those words when you see my new car.

FADE OUT.

ACT III

FADE IN:

11 INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

11

Jeff and Britta walk in. Everyone is fighting. *

JEFF

Alright, alright. I have something
to say to you guys! Sit!

They do so. Jeff squares himself. Closing argument time. *

JEFF (CONT'D)

You know what makes humans
different from other animals? We
are the only species that observes
Shark Week. Sharks don't even have
a Shark Week, but we do. For the
same reason I can tell you this
pencil's name is Steve, then go
like this

(snaps pencil)

And part of you *dies just a little*
inside. Because humans can connect
to *anything*. We can sympathize
with a pencil, we can forgive a
shark, we can give Ben Affleck an
Academy Award for *screenwriting*.

Everyone nods knowingly, touched.

JEFF (CONT'D)

People can find the good in just
about anything but *themselves*.
Look at me. I can never truly
admit that I'm awesome, because
that would make me an ass. But
what I can do is see what makes
Annie awesome. She's driven. We
need driven people, or the lights
go out and the ice cream melts.
And we need guys like Pierce, this
guy has wisdom to offer.

PIERCE

You know, I was just saying to -

JEFF

- We should listen to him some
time, we wouldn't regret it.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

He's out here, with us, trying to connect, even though he doesn't have to. And who can blame him for wanting to connect with Shirley, she's a hot mama phoenix, but let's give her space and respect while she rises, because that jukebox thing was way too specific to be improvised.

The group murmurs in agreement.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Troy, do not be insecure about who you are. You think astronauts go to the moon because they hate oxygen, come on, they're trying to impress their high school's prom king, and well they should, because I saw our track team tonight and I'm thinking Troy's gonna be a big dog on campus. And Abed. Abed's a shaman, you ask him to pass the salt, you get a bowl of soup, but guess what, soup is better. Abed is better.

(beat)

You're all better than you think you are. You're just not designed to believe it when you hear it from yourself. So everybody, do me a favor, look to the person on the left.

*
*
*

Everybody does it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I want you to extend to that person the same compassion you extend to sharks, pencils and Ben Affleck. I want you to say to that person, "I forgive you." Go ahead.

Everyone says "I forgive you."

JEFF (CONT'D)

You are no longer a study group. You are now something unstoppable. I hereby pronounce you a community.

*

Abed wipes at some tears.

ABED

It's not like Breakfast Club anymore.

(MORE)

ABED (CONT'D)

Now it's like Stripes, or
Meatballs. Anything with Bill
Murray, really.

JEFF

I agree with Abed that tonight has
been very special. And now, if
you'll excuse us, Britta and I have
a dinner engagement. Britta?

*
*
*

Everyone looks at Britta. She shrugs.

BRITTA

I lied. Thanks for calming
everyone down, but now, since
you're not a Spanish tutor, and
just a lying creep that purposely
upset everyone in an attempt to
score with me, I'd appreciate it if
you left and stopped wasting all of
our time.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Everyone looks at Jeff. He swallows the loss. Tries to act
like it doesn't hurt.

*
*

JEFF

Fine. And I'm happy to report that
one of the benefits of being a
lying creep is having all the
answers to tomorrow's test,
(brandishing packet)
which I'm more than happy to share
with anyone whose time I wasted
(at Britta)
more than they wasted *mine*.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

She swallows the loss. Tries to act like she doesn't want
the answers.

*
*

PIERCE

(confused)

Well, now, Jeff, if you have all
the answers, why the hell would you
start a study group?

*
*
*

JEFF

I don't have a study group, Pierce.
I made it up.

*
*

ANNIE

What about the look left speech?

JEFF

Made it up. That's what I do. I
make things up.

*
*

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

And before I had to come to this toilet-shaped school, I got paid lots of money to do it.
(boasting)
I was a lawyer.

*
*
*
*
*

Everyone makes disappointed and disgusted sounds, a reaction to which Jeff is clearly not accustomed.

*
*

ABED

I thought you were like Bill Murray in any of his films. But you're really like Michael Douglas in any of his.

JEFF

Yeah, well, you have Asperger's.

As Jeff exits, everyone recoils and comforts Abed.

*

BRITTA

He is not qualified to make that diagnosis.

TROY

(amused)
"Ass Burger."

*
*

ANNIE

It's a serious disorder.

*

PIERCE

Well, if it's serious, they should call it meningitis.

*
*

CUT TO:

*

12 EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

12

Jeff exits, sour grapey, opening Duncan's packet.

*

He pulls out a stack of papers from inside.

*

He flips through a stack of blank pages. The last one has a hand scrawled note: "Booyah."

*
*

CUT TO:

13 INT. DUNCAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

13

Professor Duncan is enjoying a pipe in his office and seems to have been expecting Jeff, who now bursts through the door.

*

DUNCAN

Before you react, you'll want to think about the gift you've been given.

JEFF

An excuse to punch a hippy?

DUNCAN

An important lesson. The tools you acquired to survive out there won't work here at Greendale. This is your second chance at an honest -

JEFF

- WHY IS EVERYONE TRYING TO TEACH ME THINGS IN A SCHOOL WITH AN EXPRESS TUITION AISLE? Give me my keys. *

DUNCAN

But me keeping your car is part of the lesson -

- Jeff moves toward Duncan, who holds out Jeff's keys.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

- Don't hit me.

DISSOLVE TO: *

14 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

14

Jeff stomps across the empty campus of Greendale. He sees the Old Black Woman sitting on one of the benches just outside the library. She's not thrilled to see him. *

JEFF

Let me ask you something.

OLD BLACK WOMAN

No.

JEFF

Where are you going?

OLD BLACK WOMAN

(sarcastic)

Don't you know, honey child? I gots to go polish that moon and hang them clouds out to dry. But you sleep tight. Outer space Jesus negro lady is watching over you.

JEFF

Great. Even God thinks I'm a knob. *

Jeff slumps on the bench and puts his head back. Pierce emerges from the library's front doors, takes in the air.

*
*

PIERCE

Boy. There is Autumn, and then there is just Fall.

Pierce sits on another bench across from him.

*

PIERCE (CONT'D)

I like you, Jeffrey. You remind me of myself at your age.

*
*

JEFF

I deserved that.

PIERCE

You know I've been divorced seven times? I'm starting to think I'm doing something wrong.

*
*

JEFF

You keep getting married.

PIERCE

I never thought about it that way. You and I should golf.

JEFF

I don't golf.

PIERCE

Me neither. We should.

Troy comes out of the library, sees them both and nods.

TROY

Hey.

JEFF

Shouldn't you guys be studying?

TROY

Got kind of boring after you left.
(thinking)

Let me ask you something. People have been clowning me about this jacket since I got here. But if I take it off to make them happy, I'm weak, right?

*
*

JEFF

Doesn't matter. You lose the jacket to please them, you keep it to piss them off...either way, it's for them, that's what's weak.

*

TROY

(epiphany)

Whoa.

(bigger epiphany)

Whoa.

(confusion)

Wait, but -

(realization)

Whoa!

PIERCE

He's good, isn't he?

TROY

He wrinkled my brain.

Shirley and Annie come through the doors together. Annie stops when she sees the boys sitting together.

ANNIE

Is this another "we hate Annie" meeting?

SHIRLEY

Oh, sweetie. Nobody hates you.

(catching it)

Sorry I called you sweetie, it's a mother's habit -

ANNIE

- It's not that bad, really.

(almost crying)

My parents, um -

(clears throat)

This is interesting architecture.

Abed and Britta come through the library doors.

ABED

Hola. Hola. Hola.

Britta is not excited to see Jeff.

BRITTA

Shouldn't you be rolling around on a bed covered with test answers?

Jeff tosses the envelope to her. She looks at the contents.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

Well, well, well. Live by the sword, huh Amigo?

(explaining)

Amigo means "friend." You might need to know that for tomorrow.

Jeff nods, resigned to his fate.

JEFF

Yeah, you win. I'm gonna flunk the test.

Jeff starts to realize the full ramifications.

JEFF (CONT'D)

And I'm going to flunk Spanish.

He buries his face in his hands.

JEFF (CONT'D)

And this semester. And I'm gonna lose my job.

The group looks at each other. Mostly, they look at Britta. *

Britta looks at them with a "What? Me?" face. She indicates Jeff and makes a gagging gesture. *

Shirley makes a gesture that means "give me a break and maybe also get over yourself because there are worse things in the world than men making asses of themselves over you."

Troy gestures insistently. So does Pierce. Abed is confused.

ABED

What's going on? Can you guys hear me? Am I deaf?

Britta makes a decision. She addresses the group. *

BRITTA

The truth is, Jeff, without your seething dishonesty to unify us, we didn't last too long up there. So...if you were to join us...

Everyone responds affirmatively. Jeff is taken aback. *

JEFF

I can study with you guys?

BRITTA

Yeah, well, who cares, I'm above
it. Let's go.

She heads back for the library. Everyone follows. Abed
comes to Jeff as he stands.

ABED

I'm sorry I called you Michael
Douglas and I see your value, now.

He shakes Jeff's hand, and heads off with the others.

JEFF

That's the nicest thing anyone's
ever said to me.

He follows the group toward the library entrance as we pull
back in a crane shot that, like this campus, packs a lot of
emotional punch for a reasonable price.

FADE OUT.