

# All French to Me

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FADE IN:

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE – DAY

The Guidance office is bustling with the excitement that comes with the beginning of a new school year. New students rush in and out to meet their counselors, while the air is filled with the sound of a dozen telephones ringing simultaneously.

INT. MRS. COKELY'S ROOM

MRS. COKELY sits in her office, feet up on her desk, raving to an INTERN about the flawless new computer program used to complete schedules.

MRS. COKELY

(boastfully)

I tell ya, this new computer program is flawless. Now students can take 3 AP sciences, or take AP Spanish and film, you name it! Virtually any combination of classes is possible with this new system! And the best part? It doesn't make any mistakes, ever!

Just then, CRAIG, a new student, walks in nervously while rapping on Mrs. Cokely's open door.

CRAIG

Uh, hi, Mrs. Cokely? There's a mistake on my schedule.

Mrs. Cokely's jaw drops open. She glances quickly to Craig, then to the intern, then to Craig again. Her words stumble over themselves as they fall out of her mouth.

MRS. COKELY

(hastily)

You must be mistaken. Who are you? That's preposterous. Do you have an appointment?

Craig looks at Mrs. Cokely with uncertainty.

CRAIG

Uh, I guess not...

MRS. COKELY

Then you need to make one.

CRAIG

Okay, how about right now?

MRS. COKELY

(impatiently)

No, no, no. I'm all booked until next Tuesday. I can see you then.

CRAIG

But I need my schedule changed! I'm supposed to be in AP Spanish, but I got put in AP French, and I won't be able to survive in that class!

MRS. COKELY

OUT!

Craig turns red and rushes out the door. After he is gone, Mrs. Cokely turns back to the intern and smiles.

MRS. COKELY

So like I said, no mistakes whatsoever.

The intern smiles nervously at her, then turns around and rolls her eyes.

#### INT. FRENCH CLASSROOM

Craig tentatively enters the classroom. As he walks in, an unseen student throws a tennis ball at Craig and snickers. Craig acts as if nothing happened and shuffles around in search of a desk.

First, he tries to take a seat at the back of the room, next to a STUDENT WHO IS DRESSED LIKE A MIME. As Craig starts to sit down, the student waves his hands back and forth rapidly in protest. Craig ignores the student and falls into his seat. The mime-student recoils in anguish, then jumps up and flails about incomprehensibly in front of Craig. Craig gives him a look of confusion, then leaves.

Next, Craig tries sitting next to a SPIFFY BLOND GIRL, but before he can sit, Spiffy Blond Girl erupts into an operatic singing of "La Marseillaise".

Frightened, Craig stumbles away and takes an empty seat next to GENEVIÈVE, a precocious American of absolutely no European lineage whose French is impeccable nonetheless. Geneviève blushes.

GENEVIÈVE

(in French)

Oh my! No one ever sits next to me! I like you, new kid.

Craig stares blankly at Geneviève.

CRAIG

Uh...sure, whatever. I'm supposed to be in AP Spanish right now...

Geneviève cuts him off crossly.

GENEVIÈVE

(tsking, in French)

Oh my God! Why are you speaking English in a French class? AP French?

Craig has no idea what to do, so he makes no effort to respond and turns away.

The BELL rings and MS. OSBOURNE slinks into class, wearing a beret, a pin of the French flag, and sunglasses. She dims the lights, walks over to a CD player and puts in a coffee shop-like soundtrack, and then takes off her sunglasses as she turns to face the class.

MS. OSBOURNE

(dramatically)

Bonjour!

EVERYONE EXCEPT CRAIG

Bonjour, Madame.

Ms. Osbourne then regards VINCENT, a stocky boy who sits in the corner of the room munching loudly on a snack.

MS. OSBOURNE

(crossly, in French)

Vincent! Why are you eating in class? Eating is never allowed! Never, never, never!

Vincent stops chewing for a moment, and then holds up the croissant he was in the process of eating for all to see.

MS. OSBOURNE

(embarrassed, in French)

Oh! Excuse me. *French* food is ok.

Vincent grins and continues to eat his croissant. Craig, despite having no idea what is going on, silently muses to himself while stroking his nonexistent beard.

CRAIG (V.O.)

They allow snacks in class? Heh, maybe  
French won't be that bad after all...

Craig reaches into his backpack and begins rummaging around for something to eat. Meanwhile, Ms. Osbourne wastes no time in beginning to lecture the class.

MS. OSBOURNE

(in French)

So, the first topic that we will be  
learning this year is...THE SUBJUNCTIVE  
MOOD!

The entire class groans, except for Craig, who could care less, and Geneviève, who cheers. A tennis ball comes flying through the air and hits her on the side of the head.

MS. OSBOURNE

(angry, in French)

Hey! Who threw that tennis ball at  
Geneviève's head?

As she glares at the class, Ms. Osbourne is caught off guard by another loud munching sound. Ms. Osbourne whips around to see Craig gnawing on a churro. Ms. Osbourne leans in close to Craig and gives him an annoyed smile. Craig keeps on eating his churro.

MS. OSBOURNE

(in French)

Excuse me, but why are you eating a  
churro in my French class?

CRAIG

Hey, it was okay for that guy to eat—

MS. OSBOURNE

(with passion, in French)

Oh my God! First you eat a churro, and  
then you dare to speak in English. In  
my French class. My AP FRENCH CLASS!

Suddenly, Geneviève speaks up.

GENEVIÈVE

(in French)

Madame, don't you think it's more  
important to find the idiot who threw  
that tennis ball?

MS. OSBOURNE

(musing, in French)

Yes, I suppose you're right. SO! Who's the guilty one? Was it you, Jean-Claude?

Ms. Osbourne points to the student dressed like a mime, who shakes his head furiously as Ms. Osbourne walks over to him.

Craig stops eating his churro for a moment to talk to Geneviève.

CRAIG

(whispering)

Hey, thanks for covering me there. I don't know how I'm gonna get out of here—

GENEVIÈVE

(whispering and rambling, in French)

Hold it. Don't think that I helped you out of pity. On the contrary, it was out of love that I saved you from the wrath of our teacher. After all, if you get expelled, I wouldn't want to marry you, and we wouldn't be able to live in France, and I would be all alone...all because of YOU!

Craig stares at her and, forgetting to use his indoor voice, responds incredulously.

CRAIG

(loudly)

Are you crazy? I told you, I don't speak French!

Ms. Osbourne whips around again and glares at Craig.

MS. OSBOURNE

(in French)

That's the second time I've caught you speaking English!

Craig rises from his seat to take action.

CRAIG

I'm not even supposed to be here! Mrs. Cokely put me in the wrong class! I don't speak French, I've never spoken

French, and I never plan on speaking  
French!

Ms. Osbourne is taken aback (and literally jumps backward).

MS. OSBOURNE

(through gritted teeth, in French)  
So, go see Mrs. Cokely right now!

Of course, Craig doesn't understand, so he just stands in front of the class awkwardly.

MS. OSBOURNE

(in English)  
Go see Mrs. Cokely right now.

CRAIG

Oh, right.

Craig grabs his backpack and runs out of the room in a hurry. Just before reaching the door, another tennis ball comes flying through the air and hits him on the side of the head. Craig hastily opens the door and runs out again.

MS. OSBOURNE

(angry again, in French again)  
NOW, THIS IS THE LAST TIME!

#### INT. MRS. COKELY'S OFFICE

Craig knocks on Mrs. Cokely's door and enters without waiting for a response.

MRS. COKELY

You again! Didn't I tell you I was booked until next week?

CRAIG

Yes, but you need to move me out of AP French! It's a nightmare!

MRS. COKELY

(sighing)  
If I change your schedule now, then will you stop pestering me?

CRAIG

Yes! I promise!

MRS. COKELY

Fine then. You'll get your new schedule tomorrow in homeroom.

CRAIG

Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

SMASH CUT

INT. CLASSROOM — THE NEXT DAY

We see Craig sitting in the front row of a classroom, leaning his head on a fist in disbelief.

CRAIG

I *knew* that seemed too easy.

FRAU PIERCE is sitting at the front of the class, the words "AP GERMAN" written on the white board behind her. She jumps up from her desk, where she was working on building a gingerbread house.

FRAU PIERCE

(in German)

STOP SPEAKING ENGLISH IN CLASS!

FADE OUT