

Bird Turd

written by

Erin Malinn

FADE IN:

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

We see the front desk ladies filling out paperwork. The principal walks out of his office, and has an excited look on his face. He is wearing a school spirit tie and is drinking coffee out of a mug that says "Best Principal Ever." This is MR. CONNOR.

MR. CONNOR

Who's excited for another year?

He gestures with his mug and puts it down on the desk in front of him.

FRONT DESK LADY

Seriously? These kids are straight from hell.

MR. CONNOR

What are you talking about? These kids are saints. Best kids I've ever had.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

The bell rings. Students rush through the door, shoving each other. One kid gets hit over the head with a backpack. One kid gets shoved into the front office window. He falls to the ground. The front office ladies flinch. Mr. Connor does not.

MR. CONNOR

Good to see you, Joe!

He waves to the kid who fell to the ground.

FRONT DESK LADY

These are your saints?

MR. CONNOR

Better than last year's eighth graders.

He takes another sip of his coffee.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

God, I'd do anything to be back
in middle school. Those had to
have been the best years of my
life.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

(In slow motion)

- Young Mr. Connor struts out the cafeteria doors to the field as his two friends push the doors open. He is wearing an inflatable chicken costume and sunglasses while pushing his hair back.
- He walks to the basketball court and makes a slam dunk. A crowd of students cheers behind him and he is hoisted onto the shoulders of two boys.
- He rips off the chicken costume.
- He jumps into the splits in celebration.
- Slow motion cuts back to normal speed as he groans in pain. The crowd behind him winces.

END FLASHBACK.

Mr. Connor is looking up at the ceiling, smiling.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

Man, I was cool.

FRONT DESK LADY

Really? It was better than high
school for you?

Mr. Connor looks up to the ceiling with a concerned look on his face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

- Teenage Mr. Connor struts through the front doors of the high school in the same chicken suit attire
- He is immediately knocked to the ground by an older kid

END FLASHBACK.

He is still looking at the ceiling, terrified and cringing.

MR. CONNOR

Oh yeah.

The second bell rings.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

Alright, I gotta go talk to the seventh graders.

FRONT DESK LADY

Why the seventh graders?

MR. CONNOR

They started another fire in the gym this morning.

Mr. Connor takes a sip of his coffee, places his mug down on the desk, and walks through the front office door. He is suddenly stopped by the vice principle. This is MR. O'LEARY.

MR. O'LEARY

Woah! You in trouble already, Ed? The day hasn't even started yet, what are you in the office so early?

Mr Connor lets out a light, but confused laugh.

MR. CONNOR

Very funny, John.

MR. O'LEARY

John? That's Principal O'Leary to you.

MR. CONNOR

Principal?

He notices that Mr. O'Leary is wearing the same school spirit tie he had on earlier and is holding his "Best Principal Ever" mug.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

Alright, John, what the hell is this? Are you trying to take my job or something?

MR. O'LEARY

Your job? What, as principal? God, what a nightmare that would be.

The bell rings.

MR. O'LEARY (CONT'D)

Alright, you've already missed
homeroom, you're getting to
class. Now.

Mr. O'Leary grabs Mr. Connor by the shoulder and walks him to his class. Students snicker as they walk past him in the halls. They finally arrive at the classroom.

MR. O'LEARY (CONT'D)

Here ya go, kid. I don't want to
see you skipping any more classes
today or you're getting a
detention.

INT. MS. MORRELL'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The class is full of loud students. The boys are playing games on their Chromebooks. The girls are divided into groups, discussing the new drama of the week. Some kids are asleep with their heads on their desks. The teacher stands up as soon as she sees Mr. Connor standing in the doorway. This is MS. MORRELL.

MS. MORRELL

Perfect, we have full attendance.
Now we can start.

Mr. Connor pulls Ms. Morrell aside so he can talk to her without anyone else hearing.

MR. CONNOR

Jen, are you seriously going to
make me sit through this as a
student?

MS. MORRELL

I'll make you sit through this
class in detention if you refer
to me as Jen one more time. Take
your seat, please.

Mr. Connor quickly scans the room for an empty seat. He sits at the front table. Next to him is an empty seat with an open Chromebook. He opens the camera on the Chromebook and, to his surprise, sees his middle school self in his reflection.

MS. MORRELL (CONT'D)

I hope everyone had a good break, hopefully you did some exciting things. I actually downloaded TikTok over the summer. I wish I didn't. I've seen some things.

She pauses for a moment, staring blankly at the wall.

MS. MORRELL (CONT'D)

Anyways, let's get started with a question of the day. What's everyone's favorite slang word. Keep it appropriate, please. I don't want to have to look these up.

Students begin to shout and raise their hands. Mr. Connor looks surprised and overwhelmed. Ms. Morrell looks at her attendance sheet.

MS. MORRELL (CONT'D)

Mikey, you're up first.

MIKEY

Sigma.

Students begin to laugh. Mr. Connor looks confused and mouths "what the hell" to himself.

MS. MORRELL

The Greek letter? How the hell are you guys using that in a sentence?

Mikey begins to speak again, but Ms. Morrell cuts him off.

MS. MORRELL (CONT'D)

Nope. Stop. I don't want to know.

She looks at the attendance sheet.

MS. MORRELL (CONT'D)

Joey, your turn.

JOEY

Skibbidi.

Students laugh again. Mr. Connor loudly fake laughs to fit in. It immediately becomes quiet. He looks around in concern and confusion.

MS. MORRELL

Sure, I'll pretend that sounded like a word.

She looks at the attendance sheet again.

MS. MORELL

Eddie, your turn.

Students turn to look at Mr. Connor. He panics.

MR. CONNOR (V.O.)

Okay, come on Eddie! I've got to say something funny. Something to impress these guys. Oh, I've got it!

He takes a breath in as he is about to speak.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. O'LEARY

Seriously? Where did you even get that word from? Two of your classmates are in guidance right now. What the hell were you thinking?

MR. CONNOR

I just...wanted to fit in?

Mr. O'Leary's expression softens.

MR. O'LEARY

Oh, is that why you're always acting out? So you can make some friends?

Mr. Connor sees that he is about to get out of trouble and covers his face with his hand as he begins fake crying.

MR. CONNOR

(through fake tears)

It's just been so hard. No one seems to like me!

He looks up through his hands and begins to fake cry again.

MR. O'LEARY

Listen, Ed. I'm not going to condone this kind of behavior, but I can tell you're coming from a good place. Tell ya what, I'm gonna let you off the hook this time, but I want you to sit with some new people at lunch today. Try and makes some friends the normal way. By being yourself, ya know?

Mr. Connor wipes his fake tears, grabs a tissue, and blows his nose.

MR. CONNOR

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

Mr. Connor exits the office and closes the door behind him. he begins to dance excitedly, but quickly trips over himself and falls to the ground.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - DAY

MR. CONNOR

(through stall door)

Alright, Ed, just be yourself. Just be yourself and people are gonna love you. Thank god I packed this today.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The bell rings. Students look up from their tables as Mr. Connor enters the cafeteria in the same inflatable chicken costume from his middle school years. He is wearing sunglasses and smirking. He approaches a table to sit at.

MR. CONNOR

Hey, can I sit-

RANDOM KID

We can go outside now. Come on.

Students frantically pack up their lunches and begin to rush to the door.

MR. CONNOR

I guess I took too long trying to get into this thing.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

- Mr. Connor struggles to get his foot into the costume.
- Mr. Connor attempts to reach the zipper by himself and bangs his head into the stall wall.

END FLASHBACK.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)
Hopefully I can still play
basketball with this on.

INT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Kids are spread out in their separate groups. A group of girls is playing soccer on the field. A group of kids are playing four square. A line of kids are rushing towards the swings. Mr. Connor walks towards the boys on the basketball court.

MR. CONNOR
Hey, pass!

Mr. Connor gets passed to and goes to shoot the basketball. He is suddenly knocked out by a tall teacher who dunked on him. This is MR. CLIFFORD.

MR. CLIFFORD
Oh! Take that!

Mr. Clifford puts his hand up for a high five, but receives only blank stares by students.

MR. CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
What? I'm playing defense.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Connor wakes up surrounded by teachers. He is lying on one of the nurse's office beds and has an ice pack on his head. He sits up, holding the ice pack in place. The chicken suit is on the ground.

MR. CONNOR
What the hell happened?

MR. O'LEARY

Thank God you're awake. The kids have gone completely insane. They accused Mr. Clifford of cheating in basketball and now the whole grade is playing against him.

RANDOM TEACHER

Oh my god! They've tied him to the basketball pole!

INT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

A crowd surrounds Mr. Clifford as two students secure the rope around him. Cheering erupts.

BACK TO SCENE

MR. O'LEARY

How the hell did they do that? He's, like, seven feet tall!

RANDOM TEACHER

I say we just give them the school. They've already taken over the strongest teacher.

MS. MORRELL

You think *he's* the strongest teacher?

MR. O'LEARY

That's not the point! How are we gonna fix this?

All teachers turn to him with a look of desperation.

MR. CONNOR

I got this.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The bell rings. It is the next day. The front desk ladies are filling out paperwork. Mr. Connor walks out of his office with a tie covered in chickens. He is holding his "Best Principal Ever" mug. Students begin to filter into the halls, walking past the front office window, calmly this time.

MR. CONNOR

Thank god all of that's over.

He takes a sip of coffee from his mug and places it down on the desk in front of him.

FRONT DESK LADY

You have something in your hair,
Ed.

Mr. Connor pulls out a yellow chicken feather from his hair.
He looks down at it with confusion.

MR. CONNOR

What the hell-

FADE OUT.