

# Bye Bye Imbusch

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - MORNING

Two boys, WILL and RYAN are sitting at the far back right corner of Mr. O'Malley's classroom. Both are dressed extremely casually, Will in a flannel shirt and jeans, Ryan in sweats. They are fooling around in an extreme fashion.

Will is playing with the BEAKERS, set up like a little glass drum set.

Ryan is lighting little pieces of paper with the BUNSEN BURNER.

MR. O'MALLEY looks up from his computer and scans the room. His eye catches the two boys and he stops.

Ryan is now bent over, with his rear facing the Bunsen burner.

MR. O'MALLEY  
WILL AND RYAN!

Ryan immediately stands up straight. He nudges Will, who continues to bang away on the fake drums, revealing that he had IPOD EAR BUDS in his ears the whole time.

Will stops and takes the headphones out.

Mr. O'Malley waves them to his desk, the boys wander over.

WILL  
Permission to come aboard captain?

MR. O'MALLEY  
Permission granted.

RYAN  
What's up?

MR. O'MALLEY  
Listen guys, the fooling around really needs to stop.

WILL  
What are you talkin' about?

MR. O'MALLEY  
Although I'm sure there was some confusion, William, pretending to play the drums was not today's assignment. And Ryan, I don't even want to know what plans you had for that Bunsen burner.

RYAN  
Oh, I was gonna light...

MR. O'MALLEY  
(Cutting him off)  
OKAY! That's good. Boys, seriously,  
you're in danger of not passing.

The boys appear to have been taken down a level.

RYAN  
You mean failing?

MR. O'MALLEY  
Not if you make some drastic  
changes. Get that lab done right  
away!

The boys sigh and rush back to their seats. They quickly try to assemble the lab, arranging beakers and test tubes, laying out the instructions, all the while making a mess and beginning to stress out.

WILL  
Dude, focus, we're running out of  
time.

At the other tables in the room, things seem to be running quite smoothly, and most of the tables are packing up their stuff and heading back to their seats.

The table next to Ryan and Will are now the only other group still at their table.

RYAN  
You guys still working too?

LAB PARTNER #1  
No, we've been done for a while.

LAB PARTNER #2  
We like to check our work.

Ryan rolls his eyes and returns his focus to his work.

BELL RINGS

The class gathers their things and begins filling out the door.

MR. O'MALLEY  
Okay everyone, have a nice lunch.  
You two!

Mr. O'Malley waves Will and Ryan in from their table.

RYAN  
Yes sir?

MR. O'MALLEY

I will be eating my lunch in this room today, I feel it would be a wise choice for you two to do the same.

INT. HALLWAY

Ryan and Will are walking to lunch. Ryan is holding his chemistry book.

WILL

Dude, I'm not entirely sure that I'm cool with missin' lunch for a hangout session in O'Malley's Alley.

RYAN

You're not missing lunch, we're just eatin' it there while we finish our lab, it's no big deal.

WILL

Something you may not know about me, I'm a man of principle.

RYAN

No, I know, but it doesn't even matter, I found THE sickest thing in the back of the goggle drawer.

Ryan pulls out a crumpled piece of paper.

INT. BACK LAB TABLE IN CHEMISTRY ROOM - EARLIER

Ryan is knelt down getting his goggles out of the drawer, but he notices a piece of paper sticking out the back. He reaches back and pulls it up.

RYAN

It was just sittin' there.

INSERT - CRUMPLED PAPER

" Purple People

1. Add 20 mL of Nitrogen with .200 mL Perpoloxide
2. Mix another .5 mL of Fluoride
3. Quickly add to an edible substance.

Note: Nitrogen should not be confused with any other substance. If this happens, turn to page over. "

INT. HALLWAY

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I have no idea how old it is, but we should do it.

WILL  
You wanna do an extra experiment?

RYAN  
Not extra, it's just what we'll do. He'll be sittin' there, just eatin' his lunch... BAM! He's purple.

WILL  
(excitedly)  
Then we got a purple O'Malley on our hands, beautiful.

RYAN  
We'll whip up a little o' this, I'll distract him with a question, and you go sneak it on his lunch.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM

LAB TABLE:

Will and Ryan are furiously mixing chemicals in a beaker. Their lunches are next to them on the table.

WILL  
Is it ready? You got it?

RYAN  
Yeah, yeah, wait, what?

Ryan looks up, half in amazement, half in disgust.

WILL  
What?

RYAN  
He finished his lunch!

O'MALLEY'S DESK:

Mr. O'Malley is licking his fingers, then his tray.

LAB TABLE:

WILL  
We've been here for like two  
minutes.

RYAN  
If that.

WILL  
I'm uncomfortable now.

RYAN  
Okay, think, what're we gonna do?

(beat)

WILL  
He's got Mentoes in his drawer, I  
steal some every day.

RYAN  
Okay, we'll do that.

WILL  
Should I put all of it?

RYAN  
No, he'll notice, what's the  
bryllcreme slogan?

WILL  
A little dab'll do ya?

RYAN  
Yeah, do that.

O'MALLEY'S DESK:

Ryan approaches Mr. O'Malley's desk.

MR. O'MALLEY  
Yes?

RYAN  
Hey uh, Mr. O'Malley? Can I talk to  
you for a minute?

MR. O'MALLEY  
Of course.

RYAN  
Like, out in the hall? It's kind of  
uh, important, if you know what I  
mean.

MR. O'MALLEY  
OH! Oh okay, uh, yeah.

Mr. O'Malley jumps up and follows Ryan out the door.

They stop next to the door, with O'Malley's back facing the wall.

You can see Will through the doorway, sneaking over to the desk, he somersaults over and stops directly in front of the desk.

Ryan stares at Mr. O'Malley, as Mr. O'Malley's waiting for him to speak.

Ryan holds up a dropper filled with a clear liquid.

He pulls the mentoes out of the drawer.

DOORWAY HALLWAY:

RYAN  
So... I have this friend, who isn't  
me, and um he's been having  
these... feelings.

MR. O'MALLEY  
Listening.

O'MALLEY'S DESK:

Will drops a tiny bit of liquid on the mentoes and sprints back to the lab table.

DOORWAY:

RYAN  
And I'm pretty sure that there's  
gonna be trouble and...

Ryan glances in the room, and sees Will at the table, who gives him the thumbs up.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Actually, never mind.

MR. O'MALLEY  
Huh?

Ryan walks back into the room and heads to his table.

RYAN  
(over his shoulder)  
Yeah, don't worry about it.

MR. O'MALLEY  
I thought it was important!

RYAN  
It was, but I'm not friends with  
him anymore.

Mr. O'Malley shakes his head and sits down at his desk.

Will looks at Ryan with a sense of achievement as Ryan joins him.

RYAN  
And now we play the waiting game.

The boys are staring at Mr. O'Malley.

Mr. O'Malley looks up and the boys immediately turn away.

MR. IMBUSCH (O.S.)  
OH, O'Malley!

Mr. O'Malley perks his head up in excitement.

MR. IMBUSCH enters the room with a big smile.

MR. O'MALLEY  
What time is it?

MR. IMBUSCH  
MENTOES TIME!

Mr. O'Malley pulls the Mentoos out of the drawer.

MR. IMBUSCH  
Hit me O'Malley!

Mr. O'Malley lobs one of the mentoes up as Mr. Imbusch catches it in his mouth.

MR. IMBUSCH  
Mr. O'Malley you never cease to...

Pop! Mr. Imbusch disappears.

Matt and Ryan look at each other.

MR. O'MALLEY  
WHAT HAVE I DONE!?

Mr. O'Malley jumps from he seat and runs full speed out the door, down the hall, and out the exit.

Will and Ryan panic.

WILL  
Where the HELL is Imbusch?!

RYAN  
Sir, I haven't the slightest.

WILL  
He's not even purple, he's just not there.



RYAN  
 Woah, woah, back up. We don't KNOW  
 that he's not purple, we just know  
 he's not here. Where ever he is, he  
 could be purple.

WILL  
 NOT or main concern at the moment,  
 where the HELL is Imbusch?!

RYAN  
 I dunno, check that sheet, maybe  
 that's what happens before they  
 turn purple.

Will picks up the sheet and looks at it.

WILL  
 Doesn't say anything about pre-  
 purple disappearance.

RYAN  
 Lemmie see it.

Ryan snags the paper out of Will's hand.

RYAN  
 Wait, you sure we did it right?

WILL  
 I thought so, but we did it so  
 fast.

RYAN  
 (scanning paper with his  
 finger)  
 Okay, okay. 'Cause right here, it  
 says that nitrogen especially can't  
 be substituted.

Turns paper over.

RYAN  
 Look at what we got.

Will looks at the chemicals on the table.

WILL  
 Ne's nitrogen, right?

RYAN  
 Probably, I dunno, look it up.

Will looks at a table of elements sheet.

WILL  
 Oh, crap.

RYAN  
 That sounds promising.

WILL  
Quite the contrary, we used neon.

RYAN  
Neon? Like the signs? That's stupid, why do we even have neon?

WILL  
I don't run the school budget, I don't know.

RYAN  
That's freakin' weird, check the back side, see what happens with neon. Wouldn't it glow? Ugh.

WILL  
It says it causes a two hour disappearance. Why would they make that available to kids?

RYAN  
I have no idea. WAIT! OH! OH! IDEA!

Ryan puts his hand up.

RYAN  
Slap that!

WILL  
Let's hear the idea first.

RYAN  
Let's be Imbusch!

WILL  
Continue, you're gonna need more than that.

RYAN  
We act like we were sent down, then we chill in his office, and BE HIM!

WILL  
Like, screw around with teachers and stuff?

RYAN  
Yeah, pretty much. I'll finally put that Irish accent I do to good use.

WILL  
What're we gonna do about O'Malley?

The boys turn around and look out the window.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Mr. O'Malley's car peels out of the school parking lot.

RYAN  
He's on his own, with that lack of  
professionalism, we can't bail him  
out.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

MS. WIGGIN is sitting at her desk, typing something on the  
computer.

Will and Ryan walk in.

WILL  
Hey, uh, Mr. Imbusch just called us  
in.

MS. WIGGIN  
Uh, I don't think so, Mr. Imbusch  
isn't in his office.

WILL  
Sure he is, he just called us.

MS. WIGGIN  
He left a while ago, he hasn't come  
back.

RYAN  
You sure he never came back?

MS. WIGGIN  
I've been sitting right here.

Ryan moves closer.

RYAN  
Do you remember maybe, falling  
asleep for a little while?

Ms. Wiggin shakes her head.

RYAN  
Ms. Wiggin!

Ms. Wiggin nods.

MS. WIGGIN  
Don't tell.

RYAN  
We're gonna go ahead in.

Ms. Wiggin nods again.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

The two boys enter the room.

RYAN  
Guy's got quite the office.

Will notices one of Imbusch's jackets, draped over the back of his chair.

He walks over to it, and puts it on.

WILL  
Check it out.

I'm Imbusch! I'm an assistant principal! I can give ANYONE hours.

Ryan gets up and Will takes the seat at the computer, putting the file on the desk.

RYAN  
What're you doin'?

WILL  
Sending out a few e-mails to the teachers.

RYAN  
(laughing)  
Nice.

Will's moving the mouse around, getting himself situated.

WILL  
Alright, e-mail, and send to, Neubaur!

RYAN  
You don't need to log in?

WILL  
He's already logged in. Why close out? It's not like two kids are gonna come in mess around. Okay,  
(Typing) )  
Dear Mr. Neubauer, due to new policies we have to ask you to clean up your look. In other words, time to ditch the nose neighbor. If you don't want to shave, find a way to cover it up.

There is a beep from an intercom.

MS. WIGGIN (O.S.)  
(intercom)  
Steve?

RYAN  
(irish accent)  
Uh, yes, what do you need?

MS. WIGGIN  
I just wanted to remind you about  
your presentation this afternoon.

RYAN  
Right, right, that'd be the one on  
casual Friday's correct?

MS. WIGGIN  
No, sir.

RYAN  
Is it about the firings?

MS. WIGGIN  
No sir, it's the detention one that  
you've been working on with Mr.  
Connor for weeks.

RYAN  
Right, right, I knew that, I'm just  
not exactly feeling myself today.

MS. WIGGIN  
I have your file if you'd like it.

RYAN  
Bring it in when you get a chance,  
thank you.

There is a knock at the door.

RYAN  
(panicking)  
Uh, uh, that was fast, dude, get to  
the door, use the jacket.

Will runs over to the door.

RYAN  
(Irish accent)  
What can I do for you?

Will opens the door, just enough to stick his arm through.

MS. WIGGIN (O.S.)  
Steve, I have the file you wanted.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Will's arm is sticking out into the hallway.

RYAN (O.S.)  
That's fine, just give it here.

Will's hand moves, motioning for Ms. Wiggin to hand him the  
file.

MS. WIGGIN  
Uh, well here you go.

Will's hand is grabbing around and constantly missing.

RYAN  
Alright, I don't have all day.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Will is pressed against the door, with his arm through, face red with struggle.

He takes a deep breath in relief, and pulls his arm back holding the file, slamming the door.

Ryan sits in the computer chair.

WILL  
I had an idea though, while that was goin' on.

RYAN  
You were having ideas during that?

WILL  
I'm a multi tasker, deal with it.

RYAN  
What was it?

WILL  
They're gonna know that you're not Imbusch. You can't go behind a screen or something.

RYAN  
Yeah, um, I realize that.

WILL  
So I was thinking you could do it with the intercom or something.

RYAN  
Maybe. What if I went? Like, as me.

WILL  
Yeah, that's a completely normal thing to do. Students go to teacher's meetings all the time. Are you dumb?

RYAN  
Dude, I'll call Miss Culliton, she's running the meeting, I'll pretend to be Imbusch, and I'll say that he's sending ME down because he can't make it.

WILL  
You think that'll work?

RYAN  
I admit I have an air of  
confidence.

WILL  
I guess it's all we got. Wait, what  
about Connor?

RYAN  
Um. You're distracting him!

WILL  
Huh?

RYAN  
Yeah, you're gonna go before the  
meeting, and find a way to distract  
him!

WILL  
I'll try.

RYAN  
I have full faith in you.

WILL  
Yeah, I know, but I know that it's  
unconditional, so it doesn't help  
me too much.

RYAN  
Man, just relax, and be confident.  
If you sound like you know what  
you're talking about, he'll follow.

Beat.

WILL  
Think you can get rid of detention?

RYAN  
I'm pretty sure anything's possible  
at this point.

WILL  
Dude, you have to. We're in hours  
like, every day, five hours a week  
that we don't get back.

RYAN  
Dude, don't worry about it. In my  
four years, or uh, three years and  
change of high school, I've read  
about zero books.

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)  
 However, every time I do a presentation on something I read, I knock out a good grade. That power point's a powerful thing, man.

There is a knock on the door.

MS. WIGGIN (O.S.)  
 Mr. Imbusch! I know you're in there being weird, but there's someone out here who would like to speak to you about something.

RYAN  
 (Imbusch impression)  
 Uh, yes Ms. Wiggin, hold on just a moment.

Will walks to the door as Ryan reaches in his back pack, and pulls out two tin cans, connected by a string.

WILL  
 Why do you have that?

RYAN  
 I'll explain later, focus.

Ryan throws one can to Will, who opens the door, just enough to fit the can through, which he barely slips through and shuts the door immediately.

RYAN  
 (Into the can)  
 What can I do you for?

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Ms. Wiggin hands the can to a student.

The student, confused, holds the can to his ear, then mouth, then ear again, and finally speaks into it.

STUDENT  
 Uh, hello?

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

RYAN  
 What can I do for you young man? I don't have all day.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

STUDENT  
 Hi, um, yeah, I got an hour today, from Mrs. Pierce



RYAN (O.S.)  
Yes, go on.

STUDENT  
Um, for looking at my phone.

RYAN  
Shouldn't have done that, continue.

STUDENT  
Yeah, um, I was just checking the time, I looked at it for like, literally one second, then put it back but she said that didn't matter and gave me an hour.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

RYAN  
Oh, well in that case, slide your detention slip under the door, I'll take care of it.

INT. CONNOR'S OFFICE.

MR. CONNOR is neatening a stack of paper and getting ready to go.

Will knocks on the door and walks in.

WILL  
Mr. Connor, there you are.

MR. CONNOR  
And there YOU are. What's up?

WILL  
Nothing, um, Mr. Imbusch wants me to show you something. He said you need to see it before the meeting.

They start walking out of the room.

MR. CONNOR  
What is it?

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

WILL  
I can't exactly say.

CONNOR  
Well, why don't we just stop in, so I can ask him about it.

WILL  
I don't think you should!

Mr. Connor opens Imbusch's door and peaks his head in.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Ryan is in the room, ironing his Imbusch's jacket.

RYAN  
Mr. Connor, you believe this? I don't think ironing the guy's clothes is fair punishment.

MR. CONNOR  
Where's Mr. Imbusch?

RYAN  
He left already. He actually said something about wanting to show you something. I don't know what it was about though.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Will exhales.

MR. CONNOR  
Okay, I'm still confused.

WILL  
That's normal sir, I still consider myself quite confused.

INT. OUTSIDE MEETING ROOM

MS. CULLITON rushes over to Ryan who is walking towards the meeting room, dressed in a shirt and tie, holding a briefcase.

MS. CULLITON  
Are you the boy who Mr. Imbusch sent down?

RYAN  
I am.

MS. CULLITON  
I still don't quite understand why he would send down a student.

RYAN  
I'd love to explain it to you, but we don't have all day, I have a presentation to make.

MS. CULLITON  
I'm just a little skeptical.

RYAN  
Well, I can assure you, I'm qualified, and if you have any faith in Mr. Imbusch as an assistant principal, you'll trust me, er, him. You'll trust us.

They enter the meeting room.

INT. LOWER GYM

Will and Mr. Connor open the door and walk into the lower gym.

MR. CONNOR  
Now do I get to find out what's been going on?

Will looks in both directions, as if he's nervous about what he's going to say.

WILL  
I don't...  
(beat)  
I don't know how to say this. Mr. Imbusch was going to take advantage of you, and make you do all the work at the presentation.

MR. CONNOR  
What?

WILL  
He was going to make you do all the work, then, he was going to take all the credit.

MR. CONNOR  
He ALWAYS does that.

WILL  
Oh, I know, and he shows no signs of stopping does he?

MR. CONNOR  
Not in the least.

INT. MEETING ROOM

TEACHERS and FACULTY are sitting around a big table.

TEACHER #1  
Do you care to explain why we have a student here?

MS. CULLITON  
 Um, yeah, well if you have any  
 faith in Mr. Imbusch as an  
 assistant principal, you'll trust  
 them.

TEACHER #1  
 And where is Ed?

RYAN  
 Mr. Connor can't make it today,  
 he's taking care of some personal  
 issues.

INT. BOTTOM FLOOR HALLWAY

Will is consoling Mr. Connor.

MR. CONNOR  
 (near tears)  
 IT ISN'T FAIR!

WILL  
 You bet it isn't, you're TWICE the  
 assistant principle he could ever  
 HOPE to be.

MR. CONNOR  
 I know, but it's like he treats me  
 like the assistant assistant  
 principal.

WILL  
 All you gotta do is find something  
 that's completely "Mr. Connor".

MR. CONNOR  
 (proudly)  
 COMPLETELY MR. CONNOR!

INT. MEETING ROOM

Ryan is standing up at the table, his tie is loosened.

RYAN  
 No, I get what you're saying, but  
 it's still wrong.

TEACHER #2  
 Why don't you enlighten us then.

RYAN  
 Gladly.

Ryan walks away from his spot at the table and heads to the  
 front of the room, where teacher #2 is standing.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to ask you to step out of your comfort zone. I'll be a student, you, my friend, will be playing the role of "Teacher".

TEACHER #2  
 Where are you going with this?

RYAN  
 You sir, are an AWFUL teacher, I can't learn in your class, especially because I am so distracted by your odor. Would you say that's deserving of detention?

The teachers look at each other agreeing, nodding.

TEACHER #2  
 I'd say so, yes.

Ryan is pacing back and forth.

RYAN  
 I assumed as much, yes.

Ryan grabs a glass of ICE WATER and pours it in Teacher #2's face. He then grabs another glass, and does the same thing to the already soaked teacher.

The teachers look shocked.

RYAN  
 Also deserving of detention? Do you not find it strange that two actions of such different caliber demand the same punishment?

EXT. TOWN FOREST

Will and Mr. Connor are sitting in the woods, cross legged. Mr. Connor has his tie on his head.

WILL  
 I like where you're going with this tie-on-the-head look.

MR. CONNOR  
 Let's see him steal this!

WILL  
 I'm almost positive he won't.

MR. CONNOR  
 He won't. He won't because he knows. He knows who the REAL assistant principal is!

WILL  
And if he doesn't know, he'll  
surely know now, I mean look at  
you.

MR. CONNOR  
LOOK AT ME!

WILL  
You got a dang tie on your head.

MR. CONNOR  
I GOT A TIE ON MY HEAD!

WILL  
Imbusch ain't got nothin' on you.

MR. CONNOR  
Hey, don't say bad things about  
Imbusch.

WILL  
(looking at watch)  
Speaking of which.

Will turns and runs, full sprint, out of the woods.

MR. CONNOR  
(chasing after him)  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING!?

INT. MEETING ROOM

Ryan's tie is looser, and he's giving a power point  
presentation. On the screen is a picture of a young boy,  
freshman or sophomore age, clean cut, and respectable  
looking.

RYAN  
What I'm showing you now, ladies  
and gentleman is a picture of a  
student here at Walpole High, about  
four years ago. Does he look like a  
menace to he school, slash town?

Beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I didn't think so. Now, after a  
classic "wrong place, wrong time"  
situation, which I think we can all  
admit we've been in once or twice,  
this boy ended up in hours. YOU!

Ryan points to TEACHER #3.

TEACHER #3  
(pointing to self)  
Me?

RYAN  
Yeah, you've been quiet today. Do you think that this boy was rehabilitated after his stay in detention?

TEACHER #3  
Uh, I don't know. Yes?

RYAN  
WRONG! Domino effect my good man, He ended up in a string of detentions, even landing himself summer hours. This is him today.

Ryan presses a button and a new slide is shown of the same boy, four years older. He has shoulder length hair under a green UVM hat, backwards. A Walpole Lacrosse sweatshirt with the number 4 on the front and sunglasses.

The teachers gasp is horror.

INT. SCIENCE WING HALLWAY

Will sprints down the hall and skids to a stop at Mr. O'Malley's room.

He looks in the door and peaks around.

He notices that there is no Mr. Imbusch and looks at his watch.

Mr. Connor's footsteps are approaching.

Mr. Connor still has his tie on his head.

MR. CONNOR  
PLEASE! Just explain what's going on.

WILL  
NO!

Will slams the door shut.

MR. CONNOR  
Open that door.

WILL  
I will, I promise, just not right now.

MR. CONNOR  
MOVE!

Mr. Connor forcefully reaches for the door and pulls it open.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM- CONTINUOUS

POP!

Mr. Imbusch is sitting there sweating and confused.

MR. CONNOR  
Where have you been!?

Will, cringing, looks up and looks in the classroom.

He sees Imbusch and clearly doesn't know what to do.

INT. MEETING ROOM

Ryan is still standing in front of the room.

RYAN  
Based on what you've heard here  
today, does detention still seem  
like an appropriate form of  
discipline?

There is a collective "no" from the faculty.

RYAN  
I didn't think so.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM

MR. IMBUSCH  
I've been in the strangest place. I  
don't even know how to explain it.  
It was like something out of the  
TWILIGHT ZONE, Kind of like  
(beat)  
Why is your tie on your head?

MR. CONNOR  
OH! I'm sure you'd LOVE me to tell  
you ALL about the tie on the head  
look, so you can tell everyone it  
was YOUR idea!

INT. HALLWAY

MR. NEUBAUER is walking down the hallway with two flesh-toned  
band-aids covering his mustache.

A STUDENT passes.

STUDENT  
Mr. Neubauer, what's goin' on with  
your mustache?



MR. NEUBAUER  
 Huh? What mustache?  
 (begins backing away)  
 I have no idea what you're talking  
 about, I don't have a mustache,  
 I've never even **heard** of a  
 mustache.

INT. OUTSIDE MEETING ROOM

The meeting has ended as Ryan is sitting, exhausted in a chair as people file out. TEACHER #4 approaches him.

TEACHER #4  
 Young man, that was very  
 impressive. I've never even begun  
 to see it like that, until today.

Other teachers file through and shake his hand.

TEACHER A  
 Well done, young man, very  
 impressive.

TEACHER B  
 Great job.

RYAN  
 I'm just trying to do what's best  
 for the school, that's really all I  
 care about.

Will approaches Ryan.

WILL  
 Hey, how'd it go?

RYAN  
 Swimmingly my friend. I just gave  
 detention the boot. What's the deal  
 with Imbusch?

WILL  
 Oh, he's fine, he's just up with  
 Mr. Connor, sorting some stuff out.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM

Mr. Connor, shaking his head, wanders to the other side of O'Malley's desk and sits in his chair.

MR. CONNOR  
 You know, Steve, I'm just finding  
 it a little hard to believe you at  
 the moment. Oh, Mentoos.

Mr. Connor reaches for the tube of mentoes and takes one out.

He throws one up to catch it in his mouth.

FREEZE FRAME:

MINT IN MID AIR.

FADE OUT: