

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

A girl wearing a black shirt and a devious smirk on her face stands in a dimly lit bathroom alone - or so she thinks. The girl has her hair in a slicked-back ponytail and a black mask across her eyes. She pulls a grape out of her pocket and holds it up to the light, she examines it with joy before lifting it to her mouth. This is MAGGIE.

MAGGIE

(A malicious chuckle)

I love being evil.

Suddenly a well-dressed man busts down the door to the handicap stall and aims a banana at the girl. The man's eyes narrow and glow with hatred. This man is MR. WHITTENHALL.

WHITTENHALL

And I love dispensing justice!

MAGGIE

Whittenhall!

WHITTENHALL

(Smiling at his capture)

Grape God.

MAGGIE

We meet again.

WHITTENHALL

Yes, except this time I took my asthma medication preemptively! Good luck trying to outrun me, punk.

MAGGIE

(Gasps and points behind her nemesis)

Look! A developing nation with oil!

WHITTENHALL

(Turning around)

Where? I can help!

He quickly turns back to see the bathroom door swinging shut and the young Grape God has disappeared.

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

(Eyes wide)

You lied! That's illegal!

Whittenhall runs out of the bathroom into a hallway where he sees Maggie again. This time her hair is down, she is wearing glasses, and she is no longer wearing a mask.

Maggie leans nonchalantly against a wall, as though she had been there for ages. Whittenhall stops next to her, bent over, hands on knees, panting into a brown bag after running for a whole 10 seconds. He does not recognize her as his bounty.

MAGGIE

Oh, hey Mr. Whittenhall.

WHITTENHALL

Ugh. Escaped! AGAIN!

MAGGIE

Who?

WHITTENHALL

It's the Grape God. Everytime I corner her, she always seems to outwit me.

MAGGIE

(Almost sarcastically)

C'mon, nobody can outwit Whittenhall.

WHITTENHALL

(Holding his fingers close together)

I always come this close, but she manages to disappear. I think if I'm gonna clap this perp, I'm gonna need some help. Plus, it would be nice to have a day off.

(Arrogant and oblivious to his own foolishness)

It's tiring being the devilishly handsome mouthpiece of justice! All (pose) the (pose) time. Hey - shouldn't you be in class right now?

MAGGIE

Shouldn't you be in class?

WHITTENHALL

Uh, what period is it. I've been crouched on a toilet seat for like three days.

MAGGIE

Period 4.

WHITTENHALL

Aw, sugars. You got lucky this time, Grape God, mad lucky.

Whittenhall walks dejected in the other direction towards his classroom, leaving Maggie alone. Maggie looks down the hallway after him.

MAGGIE

(Flatly)

Fathead.

INT. HISTORY WING HALLWAY - MORNING

A young boy is standing by his locker near Mr. Whittenhall's door, taking a few deep breaths and looking himself over in a mirror hung inside. The mirror is surrounded by a shrine of MAGGIE.

Among the tons of photos and paper hearts taped around the locker, he has locks of her hair in a bag, an edited wedding picture of the two of them, and a bottle of her perfume. The boy makes some saucy faces at himself in the mirror. This is LIAM.

LIAM

This is it. This is the day I'm gonna
Talk to Maggie. God she's such a fox!

Mr. Whittenhall himself walks by, evidently about to start class when

he spots Liam at his locker.

WHITTENHALL

Would you like some mood candles, Liam?

LIAM

(Polite as always)

Oh hi, Mr. Whittenhall.

WHITTENHALL

Look - as much as I'd love to stand here
And dunk on you for being pathetic, the
bell's about to ring.

LIAM

I know, I was just about to head to
English. And guess what - I'm gonna talk
to the love of my life today!

WHITTENHALL

Zip up your fly first, soldier.

LIAM

Oh right - thanks Mr. Whittenhall. You're
always one step ahead.

WHITTENHALL

I have to be Liam, it's how I ensure that
Justice is always served in these halls.
Now go get yourself some arm candy!

LIAM

Haha yeah! Arm candy yeah I like that -
I'll be like, hey girl, Trick or treat!

WHITTENHALL

Or something much less stupid.

LIAM

Alright. Thanks for the advice, Mr.
Whittenhall.

(Liam walks off to his next class)

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - MORNING

We see a classroom full of unenthused students. Some are on their Phones. Some are reading and some are just chatting amongst themselves.

At the front of the classroom, Maggie has her nose in a copy of *Grapes of Wrath*, and an empty chair is next to her.

Liam sits next to her and egregiously shoves his desk right next to hers. Maggie and Liam stare at each other in silence for a moment.

LIAM

(Completely deadpan)

Maggie, I don't know if anyone's ever told you this, but your chin is shaped like a butt. Like a seriously toned one. It's like the bottom Half of your face is like a big ol' peach emoji.

More silence follows. Ms. Ferguson, who has been watching the entire exchange from the front of the room, cringes.

MAGGIE

Ms. Ferguson, can I go to guidance?

MS. FERGUSON

Sure.

As Maggie abandons Liam, he puts his head on his desk and covers it with his hands, embarrassed. We see a suspicious exchange as Maggie leaves the classroom.

MS. FERGUSON (CONT.)

(slyly and softer)

Maggie, getting out of class is gonna cost you.

MAGGIE

(With a smile)

Of course.

Maggie pulls a cluster of grapes out of her backpack, plucks one off

the vine, and rolls it across Ms. Ferguson's desk to her.

MS. FERGUSON

(Whispered)

Mango? Hell yeah.

Maggie leaves the classroom and walks down the hall to the English wing bathroom. She has somehow managed to change her hair and put on her black mask again. When she opens the bathroom door, there is a crowd of students lined up to meet her. They all start clamouring and trying to hand her money until she hushes them.

MAGGIE

(Like a messianic figure) Walpolites, I have come to liberate you from your scholarly oppressors. Follow me if thou seeketh eternal paradise.

ALL THE STUDENTS IN UNISON

(With wonder in their eyes)

ALL HAIL THE GRAPE GOD!

INT. MR. WHITTENHALL'S ROOM

We see Mr. Whittenhall walk purposefully into the room and behind his desk to start class. There are only boys in the room.

WHITTENHALL

Sorry I'm late, kiddos, I was too busy kicking ass and taking names but I'm here now and I've prepared a lecture on the War on Drugs (to himself) it's gonna be as dope as Martin Van Buren. It all began with my personal hero, Richard Nixon -

Before he can continue, he realizes half his class is missing.

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

Where is literally every girl in this class? Wait a second! It's 10:00! He's in the English wing! I'll be right back!

A RANDOM MALE STUDENT

This class is a waste.

WHITTENHALL

Shut the Herbert Hoover up miscreant! CP2
US History is the most important subject
in your academic career! How could you go
through life without knowing about the
Gadsden Purchase?

Whittenhall banana rays the student, puts a pair of aviators on, and continues to bolt out the door. We see him jogging down the English Wing Hallway all the while ray-gunning girls he sees holding grapes they just bought. He finally arrives at the bathroom door. He stands with his back to the door and opens it with his banana aimed.

WHITTENHALL

Die Commies!

MAGGIE

(Dressed as her regular self now.)
Don't fruit officer, don't fruit!

WHITTENHALL

(Confused and frantic)
Maggie! Where's the Grape God?

MAGGIE

(counting a stack of money) You just
missed him.

WHITTENHALL

(Angrily)
Sweet Sean Hannity! What's this?

Whittenhall picks up a plastic baggie filled with grapes on a sink, takes one out, and rubs it on his gums like cocaine.

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

My God - pure Columbian Grape.

MAGGIE

Well, I'm gonna leave now. (smugly) Better luck next time, chief.

WHITTENHALL

(With a slight lisp as he is still licking the grape residue on his gums) See you on the flip, kiddo.

INT. LIAM'S LOCKER AGAIN - AFTERNOON

The bell has rung to signify the end of the class period. We see Mr. Whittenhall and Liam standing in their respective spots; Liam at his locker, Whittenhall in his threshold.

Mr. Whittenhall cannot stop laughing obnoxiously.

WHITTENHALL

CRY-dance! She went to the crydance department to get away from you!

(Whittenhall keeps laughing)

Seriously, like, are you trying to make this girl transfer schools? I have literally never seen someone worse with women. I bet your own mom refuses to hug you (continues laughing) I'm laughing at your inability to establish connections with others.

LIAM

I know. Everytime I try to talk to her I just get so nervous and I can't think Straight. I always end up saying something dumb. I don't know what to do! Maybe I need some help.

Whittenall remembers that he said that earlier.

WHITTENHALL

(Feeling a little bit of sympathy, then realizing his chance to get a partner.)
Liam, what if there was a way for you to Get your woman.

LIAM

I would do anything.

WHITTENHALL

Great.

(Putting his arms on his sides in a
power stance)

Liam, I want you to be my partner.

LIAM

But, Mr. Whittenhall, I want to be
with the girl.

WHITTENHALL

No not in sickness and in health, champ.
You didn't let me finish. I want you
to be my partner, in justice!
Believe me, Liam. Nothing impresses the
fairer sex like justice! and if you're
working with me, you'll have the greatest
wingman in the game.

LIAM

You'd really help me out? That would be
awesome. Everyone knows you're the
greatest romantic icon since Jessica
Rabbit.

WHITTENHALL

First things first. If you're gonna
run these streets with me, you'll need
one of these.

Whittenhall hands Liam a banana.

LIAM

A banana?

WHITTENHALL

(Mimicking him)

A banana? Psh. This little lady's fully
Automated. Check it.

Whittenhall aims banana at a student walking by who then falls onto the floor, stunned.

LIAM

Oh my God. Did you just kill Kyle?

WHITTENHALL

He'll be fine once he shakes off the coma.

Whittenhall bends down and speaks to the kid.

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

Haha, C'mon Kyle, walk it off, buddy.

KYLE

(mumbles incoherently).

Captions appear as Kyle mumbles that read "Spirits of the dead perpetually surround us, but only I can see them". The two buddy cops stare at the unblinking body on the floor.

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

He likely requires medical attention. Go stash him in the elevator, and meet me in headquarters at the end of the day!

INT. "HEADQUARTERS" - LATE AFTERNOON

Headquarters is actually just what Mr. Whittenhall calls his classroom. We see that he has put up a little sign on his desk that says "Headquarters".

WHITTENHALL

(Sitting at his desk across from LIAM)

I'm impressed you found HQ all by yourself. You're going to be a stellar agent.

LIAM

Thanks Mr. Whittenhall, but this is just your classroom.

WHITTENHALL

Liam, we don't take cheap shots here.
Nevertheless, I'm glad you've made it. Now
I can give you, the intel.

Whittenhall pulls down a conspiracy board on his whiteboard. The board is a mess of red yarn stringing together various pictures and places with manically scribble notes scattered about. It is impossible to interpret.

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

4 years ago, I noticed something weird. Kids were constantly skipping class to go to the bathroom. At first I assumed everyone in Walpole had irritable bowel syndrome, but soon, I suspected it was something even grosser. I discovered via hidden cameras in the hallways, that kids were buying designer grapes and eating them in the bathroom during class. The grapes come in all sorts of flavors, and their naturally high levels of glucose make them extremely addictive. To combat grape consumption, I decided to declare a War on Grapes. Now, I spend every spare second seeing that justice is served by sending the purps I catch in the bathrooms throughout the day down to the big man himself, Imbusch.

LIAM

This is unbelievable.

WHITTENHALL

And god-tier noble, I know. The hardest part is fighting off all my lady fans, but that's the American Dream.

LIAM

Speaking of which, do you have any advice on how to talk to girls?

WHITTENHALL

Of course, I've tamed many wild dames back in my days, I'm like Steve Erwin but with women. First off, cut the puppy dog routine. Make *her* initiate conversation and when she does, pretend you don't know her. Remember, T-Rex don't wanna Be fed, T-Rex wanna eat.

LIAM

Are you sure she won't feel alienated?

WHITTENHALL

I don't know what that word means, so no. The next important thing is body language. You look like a wet paper towel when you sit. No girl wants to date someone with bad posture. Assert your manly-dominance by holding in your breath constantly so your brisket is raised and blazing literally every second, like so (demonstrates).

LIAM

Won't I die if I don't breathe?

WHITTENHALL

Liam, with enough confidence, Death can't touch you, just like Chuck Norris.

LIAM

That's the whole problem. I don't have any confidence.

WHITTENHALL

No confidence?! But you're my partner and I don't play cops with no sissy.

Just then a little girl enters the scene. She is dressed as a secretary from the 50's with a polka dot dress, pearl necklace, and blazer. She sets a tray of coffee down on Mr. Whittenhall's desk as she speaks. This is JILLIAN.

WHITTENHALL

(To JILLIAN)

Could you get Pete Buttigieg on the line?
I wanna remind him that his last name has
the word "butt" in it.

JILLIAN

He blocked your number after the third
time you did that, Sir.

WHITTENHALL

Rats!

JILLIAN

Have you caught the Grape God, yet?

WHITTENHALL

I'm afraid not. But tomorrow will be
different. Tomorrow Justice! will be
served.

JILLIAN

You say that every day!

WHITTENHALL

Look, Jillian, how do you expect me to
capture the most devious criminal
mastermind of the century when you're
always sassing me.

JILLIAN

How do you expect me to climb the
corporate ladder when you're always
making me go to bed at nine?

WHITTENHALL

(Gesturing for her to leave)

The adults are talking now, Jill.
We're talking about big important man
stuff, the likes of which you can't
contribute to because you're a 2 year old
girl.

JILLIAN

I'm 6, dad. More importantly, I'm suspicious about that girl in your class, Maggie. Look at these pictures I-

WHITTENHALL

Go make more coffee.

JILLIAN

You haven't even started that cup.

WHITTENHALL

Yes but it's been tainted by your lack of faith in me.

JILLIAN

Fine.

Jillian collects her coffee tray and exits.

LIAM

Is it legal to have a 6 year old secretary?

WHITTENHALL

Of course, why do you think people have kids? Besides, she's the best, just like her old man.

JILLIAN

(From her own desk, on the other side of the room, which has a little rotary phone and a file rack).

Except I'm intelligent.

(Jill then begins to hum "9-5" by Dolly Parton to herself).

WHITTENHALL

Back to business. You see, Liam, my investigations lead me to the conclusion that one person is running the entire market at Walpole operating under the alias "Grape God" - I made up that name!

He appears in a different bathroom nearly every passing time, but through our encounters, I've figured out his entire schedule. I even managed to get a picture of him during one of our battles.

(Whittenhall takes out his wallet and looks at a picture of the Grape God smiling directly at the camera.)

WHITTENHALL

This right here gives me inspiration to keep fighting on days I want to give it all up.

LIAM

Woah, can I see a picture of him?

WHITTENHALL

(Laughs)

Oh Milly Filly no. The Grape God's disgusting visage would damage your virgin eyes.

LIAM

Alright then. I gotta go home before my mom gets back from work and sees that I shoved my sister's art project down the garbage disposal last night. You've given me a lot to think about though.

WHITTENHALL

If you're going to dedicate your life to helping me destroy this scumbag and getting your woman, meet me in the bathroom tomorrow for basic training.

LIAM

Okay then, I'll see you there!

WHITTENHALL

Bring your banana!

JILLIAN

Food in a bathroom? You guys are nasty.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

The buddies are standing next to the bathroom door in the history Wing.

WHITTENHALL

Ready, Buddy?

LIAM

I'm not sure, I've never hurt anyone before.

WHITTENHALL

(Chuckles like a fool)

Well, I'm gonna help you gain some confidence, and the best way to do that is to physically oppress others! Now let's go!

LEARNING MONTAGE

- Whittenhall shows Liam how to aim banana
- Whittenhall nods flirtatiously at Liam, Liam tries awkwardly to imitate it.
- Liam and Jillian are going to sit down at a fancy dinner table together, but Liam does not pull out her chair for her. Jillian stands there glaring at Liam. Whittenhall, dressed as a waiter, shakes his head at his student.
- Liam does a somersault down a hallway while whipping out his banana and knocking out a student with a fistful of grapes.
- We see Liam and Jill at the table together again, with Mr. Whittenhall bringing a check, which Liam grabs out of Jill's hand. Whittenhall nods approvingly.
- The two corner a student graping in the bathroom and Liam knocks him out with his banana

- Whittenhall pulls a second pair of aviators out of his desk and gives them to Liam. The buddies then do Liam's special handshake.
- Whittenhall chases a boy carrying grapes down a hallway and tries to shoot him but his banana is out of ammo. Liam, who is hiding in a large trash can at the end of the hallway, pops out and banana rays the student. Whittenhall runs over, and high fives his partner. All is well.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. OUTSIDE OF HEADQUARTERS AT LIAM'S LOCKER - MORNING

Liam and Whittenhall are in their usual spots.

WHITTENHALL

You've come far this week, Liam. That little "pop pop" thing you did from the garbage can was epic.

LIAM

Not as epic as when you broke that girl's nose with her own backpack!

WHITTENHALL

Speaking of girls, aren't you going to ask the one in your English class out today?

LIAM

Oh yeah! I can't believe that after years of crushing on her, I'm finally gonna ask Maggie out. You'd love her, Mr. Whittenhall, she's just perfect. She always smells like grapes and cotton candy. She's like an edible arrangement that never gets soggy.

Whittenhall has a flashback upon hearing the word grape where he imagines Maggie's face and the Grape God's face.

WHITTENHALL

(Happily)

Oh yeah I know Maggie, she's in my period 2 class. Yeah she's pretty great. She can do a really good Vladimir Putin impression, and she liked my remix of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Who Let the Dogs Out" on SoundCloud. Now go win her heart, Liam! Remember, girls love confidence!

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - MID-MORNING

The set up of the scene is the same as last time, with Maggie reading alone, except this time Liam is wearing Mr. Whittenhall's pair of aviators from the montage. Liam enters and takes her book, and throws it across the room.

LIAM

Margaret.

(Maggie looks up at him.)

LIAM

If that's even your name.

(She continues staring for a second.)

MAGGIE

Yes , Liam?

LIAM (CONT.)

You me, after school tomorrow. Wear something I'd like. Tell you folks I'll have you home by seven because I gotta go beat up a shark at eight. That punk gave me the side eye on the field trip to the aquarium last week.

MAGGIE

(Enjoying Liam's new bravado) Of course.

MS. FERGUSON

(Impressed)

Dang Liam.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

WHITTENHALL

Another day, no Grape God.

LIAM

I might be able to help more if you finally let me look at the picture you have of him.

WHITTENHALL

I suppose you're ready.

Whittenall puts a picture of the Grape God on his desk and the two stare at it.

LIAM

Looks, familiar...

Jillian

Maybe I can help.

WHITTENHALL

No way. (Sighs with frustration) Go type something, Jill.

Exasperated, Jill goes to Liam's locker, opens it, takes an identical picture of Maggie out and returns and puts the pictures next to each other.

The buddy cops continue to stare at the photo set. Jillian takes a black marker and draws a line across Maggie's eyes in the plain photo like a mask.

WHITTENHALL

Oh my Nancy Reagan! Jillian, I've cracked it! Maggie is the Grape God.

(quieter, more profound)

The Grape God, is a Grape Goddess.

Jillian rolls her eyes but says nothing.

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

(Impressed by himself)

My mind is so, transcendent. Wait a second, Liam, that means you've been trying to womanize the grape god this whole time!

LIAM

(Confused and sad)

But Mr. Whittenhall, we can't get Maggie - she's my everything!

WHITTENHALL

(Seeing how upset his younger pal is)

Look, Liam, I know you're upset, but you've spent so long chasing after her and she only noticed you when you tried to be more like me. You're a kind, hard-working kid, and you deserve a girl who likes you for yourself. Forget Maggie, go for a classy lady who's not a notorious criminal, and who appreciates you for who you are.

JILLIAN

Yeah!

WHITTENHALL

(Sternly)

Just not my secretary.

LIAM

You really think I'm that great, sir?

WHITTENHALL

Of course, afterall you're my partner.

LIAM

Thanks Mr. Whittenhall, you're right. I do deserve better. It is too bad that I wasted all that time on her though.

WHITTENHALL

You know what might make you feel better?

LIAM

What?

WHITTENHALL

Throwing that wench behind bars, and I
have the perfect plan!

EXT. BIRD PARK - AFTERNOON

Maggie sits delicately by herself on a swing, waiting for her date.
Liam strolls up to her wearing a tuxedo.

LIAM

Hey girl.

MAGGIE

Liam, you look great!

LIAM

I know.

(Maggie takes some grapes out of her pocket)

MAGGIE

Don't mind me, sometimes I just need
something to take the edge off.

LIAM

Fine by me, dollface.

(Suddenly Mr. Whittenhall walks in the shot and joins the two kids.)

WHITTENHALL

You've been had! You thought you could
fool me, but I knew all along that you
were the Grape God.

MAGGIE

Look, a free election in the baltics!

WHITTENHALL

That won't work this time, you grape hag.
(Mr. Whittenhall waits a few seconds then quickly glances behind him and looks back)

WHITTENHALL (CONT.)

Aw man. (Forgetting the situation at hand)
Oh, hi Maggie.

Maggie stares at her enemy in disbelief of his stupidity and raises her mask to her face to remind him.

WHITTENHALL

Grape God!

LIAM

This could go on a while.

Liam cocks his banana and shoots Maggie. She falls to the ground out of the shot.

WHITTENHALL

Liam, you did it! You defeated the Grape God!

LIAM

It feels good to serve Justice!

WHITTENHALL

Yeah, that's kinda my bit.

LIAM

Sorry, sir. Thank you for taking me under your wing. I'm never gonna let a girl control me like that again.

WHITTENHALL

I'm glad you finally found some confidence. Let's go get Jill and celebrate!

LIAM

Wait, do you just leave Jill in your classroom, like overnight.

WHITTENHALL

It builds character. Now come on, there's
Justice! to be served!

END