

Pong and Dance Man

by

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FADE IN:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Ping Pong Club: today, it is the premiere extracurricular endeavor at WHS. But this was not always so. There was a time, not long ago, when it was nearly exterminated.

--MONTAGE--UNDER VOICE OVER

-A ping pong enthusiast and history teacher, both in retro clothing, are rallying at a ping pong table surrounded by students. This is MR. JEAN. The student he is rallying against has some significant skill. This is JAMES. He is the definition of unexceptional in everything but his ping pong talents.

-Jim is the resident pong fanatic. He's wearing the pong club shirt and is fully dressed to play.

-The two rally back and forth as the rest of the club of about 7 kids cheers them on.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Mr. Jean delivers a lob which pops up into the air.

James goes to smash it but cannot follow through and the ball hits the net.

JAMES
Aw, man, I'll never get that smash down.

MR. JEAN
Good game James. Just work on that fore-hand follow through and you'll be beating me in no time.

JAMES
Yeah...3 years of ping pong club and you're still the only one I can't beat.

The two bow to one another.

MR JEAN
Alright. Lets get some more matches goin' on boys!

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

A dance fanatic, art teacher sits down in front of the A.P.'s desk. This is MR. KIM. He is flanked by TWO DANCERS in full costume with intense game faces on.

One administration officer sits in his chair. He is clean shaven and well dressed, this is MR. CONNOR. He is obviously showing signs of intimidation.

MR. CONNOR
Is there a problem, Mr. Kim?

MR. KIM
There simply is not enough room for my dancers anymore. We need a bigger space!

Mr. Connor shuffles through piles of paper.

MR. CONNOR
Let me see what I can do for you.

He continues looking, growing a little more frantic and going a little more quickly as the pile thins. He looks up, frightened.

MR. CONNOR
I'm sorry. I don't think we have anymore room.

MR. KIM
Then you will have to MAKE ROOM!

Mr. Connor cowers in his chair.

MR. CONNOR
Mr. Kim, there's no place to go!

MR. KIM
You've left me no choice then.
Girls!

The two dancers begin to dance menacingly toward Connor. Connor begins to panic almost screaming like a little girl.

MR. CONNOR
Wait! I know where you can go.

Mr. Kim snaps his fingers and the girls freeze in position.

Mr. Connor regains his composure still looking a little scared and looks at one last file.

MR. CONNOR
You can have the cafeteria! No one important needs it after school it's all yours!

MR. KIM
Excellent!

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Mr. Jean and his students are rallying with several matches going on.

Mr. Kim walks in with a heavy entourage of dancers behind him. Jean notices this and walks over.

MR. JEAN

Hey Mr. Kim, what's going on? Are you here to play pong?! Oh man that's great! We've been lookin to get more girls involved! I mean between you and me some of these guys haven't ever had a date or any...

Mr. Kim cuts Jean off from his rant.

MR. KIM

Oh be quiet you fool!

Jean looks bewildered.

MR. KIM

We aren't here to waste time with such childish things like ping pong! We're here to DANCE!

Jean is taken back and is confused. His students begin to fall in behind him.

MR. JEAN

But we wouldn't have enough room for both the dance company and the pong club. It's too much of a squeeze.

Kim laughs maniacally.

MR. KIM

Finally you're catching on. Don't you get it? Pong is out. Dance Company owns this turf now, so I suggest you scurry along now before you write a check you're butt can't cash.

The pong boys begin to get angry and riled up.

A large student who looks to old to be in high school is standing with a furious look. This is MOE.

MOE

You can't do that! Where am I going to go when I'm skipping track practice?

A small delicate freshman named HERBERT, steps up next to him.

HERBERT
Yeah! And Moe's not coordinated enough to do anywhere else.

MOE
Thanks...I guess.

MR. JEAN
Listen you can't just walk in here and take this place like you own it. We've been here for almost three years!

Kim pulls out an a letter with the official Walpole High School seal on it and hands it to Mr. Jean.

MR. KIM
Read it and weep pong boy! That's a certified cease and desist straight from the desk of Mr. Connor himself that control of the cafeteria must be relinquished to the Dance Company.

Mr. Jean reads the letter and is infuriated.

MR. JEAN
You can't do this to us!

MR. KIM
Oh, but I can.

Mr. Jean is about to protest, but Mr. Kim turns away from him to the girls.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Alright girls! Let's make some room for art! Get these trash tables out of the way.

Mr. Jean takes a step towards Mr. Kim but is held back by his ping pong club as they try to stop him.

Mr. Jean struggles against the kids holding him back, he finally breaks free and puts his hand on Mr. Kim. Mr. Kim turns and slaps Mr. Jean across the face knocking him out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE - DAY

A sign is on the door it reads "Ping Pong Club will meet in the boiler room today after school".

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Mr. Jean and several club members are crammed into the small dark cold creepy area that is the boiler room.

The club is playing on kiddie-sized ping pong tables, all rallying with miniscule motions.

James makes a rally and hits the net. Mr. Jean, across the table, grows frustrated and throws down his paddle.

MR. JEAN
Sweet Mary Chestnut! Even James
can't play like this!

JAMES
Really, Mr. Jean, don't you think
that--

MR. JEAN
I think that this is more
ridiculous than trying to attack
Canada, that's what I think!

He storms out of the room.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Jean storms into the main office furious and distressed.

MR. JEAN
We need our space back, there
simply isn't enough room in the
boiler room!

MR. CONNOR
You don't get it Jean, it's out of
my hands. The only thing that
matters to Mr. Kim is dance...

Mr. Jean glares at Mr. Connor.

MR. CONNOR
...and I can't dance!

Mr. Connor storms into the back room leaving Mr. Jean by himself.

Mr. Jean gets an enlightened look on his face, he seems to have an idea.

INT. JEAN'S ROOM - DAY

The club stands assembled, waiting for Mr. Jean. They are all looking disheveled. Moe spins a paddle in his hands.

MOE
I don't believe this. We haven't
had a real meeting in a month.

JAMES
Come on, Moe, have some faith!
Jean'll come through for us.

MOE
Have you seen Kim? He's insane.
There's no way Jean can do it.

Moe sighs.

MOE (CONT'D)
Pong's as good as dead.

JAMES
Pong is dead? Pong is DEAD?! NO!

He slams the desk and stands to address the club.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Pong club will never be dead!
Listen to me! We are men here!
We're not like the other clubs. We
may not be popular, we may not date
prom queens, and we may not always
practice good hygiene,

Two students in the front row blatantly wipe their noses with
their hands.

JAMES (CONT'D)
But there is one thing that we will
always have, and that is PING PONG!

The door opens and Jean walks in, unnoticed by James, who
continues in full heat.

JAMES (CONT'D)
And nothing Kim or Connor can do
will ever stop the intensity of a
ten-hit rally or a cross-court
slam! If you ever had Mr. Jean as a
classroom teacher, you'd know it
wasn't over George Washington faced
the defeat of Pickett's Charge at
Antietam?! Or when the Commies
landed on the moon?! NO! And it's
not over now!

The club cheers.

MR. JEAN
You're right James. Well, sort of.
Washington wasn't even around for
Antietam, and, unfortunately, we
beat the Commies to the moon
landing.

The club stares at him blankly.

MR. JEAN (CONT'D)
 But you are right about one thing:
 it's not over! It's time for
 action. We have a meeting tomorrow,
 boys. And I expect you all the be
 there. 2:30.

His eyes narrow.

MR. JEAN (CONT'D)
 The cafeteria.

MOE
 But that's for dancers only...

JAMES
 Mr. Jean, you can't dance. Remember
 that victory dance you did last
 year when you beat Flats?

INT. CAFETERIA- PING PONG TABLE - FLASHBACK

Mr. Jean aggressively hits the ball with his paddle.

MR. JEAN
 That's game.

Mr. Jean does an awkward dance with white-man's overbite, and
 involving an invisible horse.

BACK TO SCENE

Mr. Jean moves over and claps James on the shoulder.

MR. JEAN
 That may be the case, but that's
 not going to stop us from putting
 up a fight.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Mr. Kim and his dance team walk into the Cafe to find the
 Ping Pong Club occupying their space. Mr. Kim is wearing
 white gloves.

Mr. Kim walks over to Mr. Jean and taps him on the shoulder.

MR. KIM
 Mr. Jean may I ask what you are
 doing in my cafe? This is reserved
 for myself and my dancers, you have
 already been banished once, must I
 get the administration to do it
 again?

Mr. Jean pulls out the letter Mr. Kim had previously given him.

MR. JEAN
Apparently, you did not read the fine print my friend. I am not breaking any rules by having my boys in this room.

Mr. Kim rips the letter out of his hand and reads it over.

MR. KIM
It says clearly that this space is reserved for dancers only...

MR. JEAN
Exactly...

Mr. Jean steps aside to reveal that his club members are making an awful attempt at dancing around in spandex.

MR. KIM
I see...

MR. JEAN
Now I have no problem sharing this space...

MR. KIM
Share? Why would I want to share my space with such an inferior organization?

He regards the pongers with disgust.

The pongers are attempting to spin and twirl but keep bumping into each other and falling over.

MR. KIM
There just isn't enough room for the both of us Jean. I just cannot have you ruining my reputation at this school...

Mr. Kim takes off one of his gloves slowly and drops it to the floor.

MR. JEAN
Excuse me Mr. Kim you dropped your glove.

Mr. Kim waves his hand to silence him.

MR. KIM
Therefore, I challenge you Christopher Susan Jean, to an official dance off, to determine which of our clubs contains the real dancers.

(MORE)

MR. KIM (cont'd)
 The winner will take the cafe, and
 the loser, well lets just say the
 loser will be banished to whatever
 is left.

The pongers have stopped dancing and watch the development
 with fright.

MR. JEAN
 HEY! Only one person can call me by
 my middle name and thats Gam Gam
 Jean! But you have left me no
 choice.

MOE
 Mr. Jean...

MR. JEAN
 I accept.

MR. KIM
 Good next Friday night the
 auditorium. Be there.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Mr. Jean has gathered the pongers for their first rehearsal
 dressed completely in inappropriate attire.

Mr. Jean is standing in front of the group holding an open
 book titled "Modern Dance For Dummies"

MR. JEAN
 Alright, it says here that the
 first fundamental dance move is the
 "plie".

Mr. Jean pronounces it ply.

The club members look at each other in confusion.

MR. JEAN
 It says to cross the feet, arch the
 soles, and slightly bend with the
 knees.

CLUB MEMBER
 How do you arch your soul? Isn't
 it the thing God gave....

MR. JEAN
 Just do it guys!

The boys try and within seconds many lose balance and most
 fall over.

MR. JEAN
 I think this is going to be way
 harder than I thought.

A voice comes from the side of the stage.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
You're damn right it's harder than
you thought! And it's pronounced
"plea-ay".

Mr. McCluskey pronounces it correctly. He rises with the
handicapped elevator, standing with arms crossed. He wears a
flannel shirt and tattered jeans. He opens the door and steps
out onto the stage.

All the pongers look over, shocked. Jean is also taken aback,
and reacts out of surprise.

MR. JEAN
McCluskey?! What the hell are you
doing here?

MR. MCCLUSKEY
I'm here to help you.

MR. JEAN
What are you doing in the elevator?
And What in God's name could you
help us with? This is dance! You're
a woodshop teacher!

MR. MCCLUSKEY
Let's take a little walk Chris.

Mr. Jean turns back to the guys.

MR. JEAN
Take a water break boys.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MR. MCCLUSKEY
How can you call yourself a dance
instructor? You don't know a plie
from a set of pliers.

Jean and McCluskey Exit the auditorium and begin to walk.

MR. JEAN
I'm still not following you.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
Not many people know this but I was
the original contender and best
candidate for teacher of the WHS
Dance Company.

Jean turns his head slightly and slightly giggles to himself.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
It was 4 years ago...

-- FLASH BACK

McCluskey is sifting through a box in the wood-shop filled with dance supplies.

He wraps a boa around his neck and begins to frolic about in the wood-shop.

MR. MCCLUSKEY (V.O.)
I was living the dream: Teaching woodshop by day, and dance by state-regulated early afternoon hours.

--BACK TO SCENE

MR. MCCLUSKEY
And then... He came along.

-- FLASH BACK

Mr. Kim walks into the school with a box full of art supplies and sets up his class.

He also pulls dance supplies out of the box and stores them behind the desk.

MR. MCCLUSKEY (V.O.)
I became friends with him, we talked every lunch...

-Mr. Kim and McCluskey sit at lunch laughing and joking.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
One day I told him how I was set up to be the head of the WHS Dance Company...then I made a mistake.

-McCluskey pulls out a large blue print of dance steps.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
I decided to entrust him with a glimpse of my revolutionary choreography. He was the only person ever to see it--the only person who could ever appreciate. I wanted to rejoice over my masterpiece with someone.

-McCluskey is explaining his dance moves to Kim and demonstrating how they should be done

MR. MCCLUSKEY
Then one day I walked into my shop,
and the blue print was missing.

-McCluskey searches his shop up and down.

-He goes to Mr. Kim and asks him questions, Mr. Kim shakes his head at the same time he pushes the blue print with his foot further under his desk.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
I went to Mr. Kim to ask if he knew anything, but he denied everything. Then the very next day he had a meeting with Connor and Imbusch. And before you could say "she sells seashells by the seashore in the sunshiny summer sultriness" Mr. Kim had the job.

Mr. Kim is in a meeting with the administration showing off the blue print with McCluskey's name blatantly scratched out with Kim written in its place.

Mr. Connor smiles and hands Mr. Kim a contract and signs it.

--BACK TO SCENE

MR. JEAN
Why didn't you just tell them what happened?

MR. MCCLUSKEY
I tried to, but Mr. Kim accused me of lying. He had such a grip over the administration that I was banned from teaching dance. Besides who would believe an old wood teacher like myself?

MR. JEAN
I see...

MR. MCCLUSKEY
Here is my offer, take it or leave it. I am willing to help coach your Dance team to help defeat Mr. Kim.

MR. JEAN
Of course, I mean it seems like you know what you're doing. But I have one question...what's in it for you?

MR. MCCLUSKEY
What's in it for me? Have you been listening? He destroyed my dream!
(MORE)

MR. MCCLUSKEY (cont'd)
 I ask for nothing more than to see
 him suffer, to see him writhe in
 the grips of a failed future.

McCluskey gets a crazy far off look in his eyes and laughs slightly.

MR. JEAN
 Uh...great...so when do we start?

MR. MCCLUSKEY
 Tomorrow an hour before school.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAWN

Club members stumble into the boiler room in work out clothes, this is complete with headbands, armbands and spandex.

Mr. Jean and McCluskey are already in the room ready to start training.

MR. JEAN
 Alright men, today we start a new
 chapter in our chronicle of dance.

McCluskey steps forward.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
 Let's get jiggy with it.

--MONTAGE - MCCLUSKEY TEACHES THE DANCERS

-McCluskey stands in front of the group teaching them complicated dance sequences. The boys including Jean try but repeatedly fail.

-The boys are running up and down the stairwells dripping with sweat. Mr. Jean comes in about ten seconds after everyone out of breath covered in sweat and about to pass out.

-The boys are lined up profusely sweating moving their feet up and down quickly with arm movement and fingers snapping. McCluskey is walking along in front shouting out military-like commands.

-McCluskey hands them all a hammer. He is demonstrating a graceful, dance version of the football victory hammer move, bending his knees. The boys attempt to imitate him clumsily. He grows angry and does it again, then moves over and corrects James' positioning.

-McCluskey lets them take a break and he stumbles to the water table and pours water over his head trying to drink it but fails.

-McCluskey is teaching pairs dancing.

-Moe throws Herbert way to far and he flies into a table with water jugs on it.

-McCluskey shakes his head in disgust.

--BACK TO SCENE

The pongers look exhausted and they trudge with their heads down out of the room.

MR. MCCLUSKEY
Great practice today guys! Hit the showers and get ready for school.

The pongers do not respond and keep walking.

MR. JEAN
I'm not gonna lie, we look pretty awful. Do you think well be ready by show night?

MR. MCCLUSKEY
It may take a few unorthodox training methods, but I think we can do it. These boys have some serious spunk.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Moe and James sit in math class completely wiped out and exhausted from the morning training. Moe lifts his head slowly and turns towards James.

MOE
I don't know if I can take it man. I mean 5 o'clock practices, running, sweating. You know I have overactive sweat glands. I mean I want to do good but I just can't do it.

JAMES
We're all new at this. You'll be alright.

MOE
Yeah but I mean you saw what I did to Herb. I don't even know if he's fully recovered.

JAMES
I'm sure he's fine. Look there he is now.

Herb's rolling by the classroom door in a wheelchair with an I.V. hooked up to him with ace bandages around his head and other injured person attire.

Moe looks at James with a worried face.

JAMES
Oh, he'll walk it off. He's okay.

MOE
(skeptically)
Ok, if you say so.

JAMES
Forget about it, tomorrow will be better.

INT. WOOD ROOM - DAY

McCluskey addresses the boys.

MCCLUSKEY
Alright boys. You've got the basics down, but you've still got a long way to go. You have to find your technique, to find the art. I was hesitant to do this at first, but I have to call in the big guns to ensure us victory. Therefore, I've called in a few lords of the dance to assist us.

He presses a button, and all the table saws in the shop fire up. He turns to look at the corner where a cloud of sawdust has arisen. All the club members do the same.

Out of the cloud of sawdust emerge three enormous men dressed in dance uniforms: VILLA, MR. POWERS, and WAISGERBER. They stand for a moment, emanating awesomeness.

VILLA
Time to work, boys.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Mr. Kim is sitting around with his dancers. He is reclined in a chair with dancers fanning him with giant palm leaves and eating fig newtons.

A small and timid FRESHMAN GIRL approaches Mr. Kim, her eyes facing the floor.

FRESHMAN GIRL
(quickly, nervous)
Excuse me, your excellency. Shouldn't we be practicing to beat those ping pong boys? I heard they built this big set and they're putting together a routine that's actually quite good.

Mr. Kim takes a small bite from the fig newton, registering the information.

MR. KIM
(menacingly)
You don't say.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Panning around the stage we see the brand new set built...

The back of the stage is two giant ping-pong paddles, crossed, with giant ping-pong balls at the base.

There are a pair of paddles working with wires like a puppet, hitting a ball back and forth.

Giant ping-pong balls roll back and forth.

Two of the dancers in the back row are dressed in paddle costumes.

The team finishes their final move, and end on bended knee.

They all jump up in elation.

MR. JEAN
WOO! You see! That's all it is.
Perfect, really, everyone, that was
fantastic.
(looks at his watch)
Alright, we need to get going. I
told the janitor we'd be out twenty
minutes ago.

All the pongers and Jean quickly gather their stuff and begin to leave.

There is a janitor, sweeping, with his back facing the stage, slowly moving backwards.

MR. JEAN (CONT'D)
Sorry about that, sir. We're
leaving.

JANITOR
(Thick accent)
No, problem, I lock up.

The dance team files off the stage, out the side entrance.

We see the front of the janitor. . .

. . . it's Mr. Kim sporting an eye patch and an obvious fake goat-tee.

MR. KIM
 (menacingly)
 But first, I'll take care of some
 business.

INT. AUDITORIUM- DAY

We hang on the distraught faces, individually, of each ponger
 on the verge of tears...

We see what they're looking at -- the set is in shambles!

All that is left is a huge pile of saw dust and busted wood.

Jean walks in alone.

HERBERT
 Uh, Mr. Jean, where's McCluskey? I
 think we need him right now.

MR. JEAN
 He's in...He was....I...OH MY GOD!
 What happened?

MOE
 It was like this when we got here.

MR. JEAN
 Oh, no! Who would do this?

The club members look at him with blank stares.

JAMES
 And we can't find McCluskey, so
 even if he WAS able to build a set
 in a matter of hours, he can't even
 get the opportunity! The show's
 tonight!

A PONGER who does not believe they can do it, speaks up.

PONGER
 We're nothing without the set, and
 we're nothing without McCluskey,
 none of us can even dance!

The rest of the club agrees with nods and yeah's.

MR. JEAN
 You got through it perfectly last
 night! You didn't need the set!
 We'll have to just dance with the
 normal stage.

PONGER
 It'll all be wrong! Face it, Jean,
 we just can't dance!

The club members all walk towards the door and JAMES stays back for a second.

MR. JEAN

No, not you too James...you can't leave.

JAMES

I'm sorry Mr. Jean, I mean we've had a good run. Let's face it though we're ping-pong players...not dancers. I'll catch you later man.

James walks out leaving, Mr. Jean alone in the hallway by himself.

MR. JEAN

Fine. I can do this. I don't need any help.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF AUDITORIUM

Mr. Jean is frantically pacing and looking at his watch.

MR. JEAN

They're not gonna show, I can't believe they'll make me do all this alone.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF AUDITORIUM

A huge sign for the dance competition. We hear the music of the girls' routine from outside.

INT. ON STAGE - SHOW NIGHT

The girl team is finishing their routine.

There is one girl, dressed in costume as Mr. Jean.

The rest of the team is circling around, bringing down paddles in a continuous chopping motion, simulating taking Jean down.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Mr. Jean peaks out at what's going on, cringes. He is wearing a flowing, bronze tunic and gauchos, all in a bronze-gold color scheme.

INT. ON STAGE

The Jean-costumed girl falls to her knees and puts her hands up in defeat.

The curtain closes to applause.

INT. BACKSTAGE

MR. STURGES carries a clipboard in his hand and nods towards Jean.

MR. STURGES
You're up next. Where's your dance company?

Mr. Sturges looks behind Mr. Jean to try and find the others.

MR. JEAN
I'm all alone on this. There are no more heroes left in the world, just a lonely man with--

Mr. Sturges looks him up and down and rolls his eyes, then cuts him off.

MR. STURGES
Look, just get on stage. You're on.

INT. STAGE - SHOW NIGHT

An ANNOUNCER in a booming voice introduces Mr. Jean.

ANNOUNCER
And now, ladies and gentlemen. For your viewing pleasure, I give you the amazing, wonderful, awkwardly graceful, impeccably incredible, Ping Pong gods who form the Walpole High Ping Pong Dance Affiliation.

The curtains open to reveal an empty stage. Mr. Jean runs out Rocky style, hands raised, bouncing up and down to a silent crowd.

The crowd seems offended by such an unorthodox introduction.

James is in the crowd and puts his head in his hands.

Moe sinks down in his seat to try and make himself less visible.

Mr. Jean stops in the middle of the stage, he looks out at the silent crowd and whispers to himself.

MR. JEAN
(pumping himself up)
Let's get our rally on, Jeano!

Mr. Jean turns away from the crowd and puts his head down.

A soft slow tune starts playing, Mr. Jean starts off with spirit fingers and lots of spins.

He continues dancing and lands his moves, but nonetheless looks awkward on his own. The background track begins to skip, and he looks at a loss until it begins again.

James is in the crowd nervous and embarrassed for him, he whispers to himself.

JAMES
He shouldn't be out there alone.

He looks at the pongers around him, and then back at Jean.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Ping's pong, we're a team! Get out there!

James stands up in the crowd and begins dancing towards the stage.

The rest of the pongers see this and slowly begin to join him dancing towards stage to help Mr. Jean out.

All the pongers join the dance without interrupting it as though it was staged like this.

They all dance in unison and the crowd is starting to get into it.

Suddenly all the pongers rip off their exterior clothing to reveal that they have their dance costumes on underneath. The song immediately picks up and lights begin to flash and smoke fills the stage.

The ponger begin using ping pong paddles and ping pong like dance moves.

Sweat is pouring down every bodies face and they break into partners.

Herb and Moe complete their throw flawlessly and the crowd goes wild.

The song then changes for the final leg of the song.

Mr. Jean begins his mind blowing solo which causes the crowd to yet again go nuts at his amazing display of athleticism and grace.

James in his last move and the finale uses the smash move and dazzles the crowd

The music stops and everybody freezes because the dance is over.

The crowd goes wild and gives them a standing ovation.

INT. ON STAGE - SHOW NIGHT

The announcer is handing out awards.

ANNOUNCER

And the crowd has named as winner
of the dance off....The WHS Ping
Pong Dance Affiliation!

The crowd goes wild as Mr. Jean accepts his award and goes back to congratulate his team.

MR. JEAN

I could have never done this
without you guys.

The team gets a group hug.

McCluskey walks up to the group and they stop and stare.

MCCLUSKEY

Boys! I knew you could do it, I
believed in you all along.

MR. JEAN

Mr. McCluskey? Where did you come
from I thought you left.

MCCLUSKEY

I had to. I couldn't let Mr. Kim
see that I was working with you.
If had learned that then he would
have reported me to the
administration and gotten me fired.

MR. JEAN

I'm sorry I ever doubted you.
You've saved our pong.

MCCLUSKEY

(with a smile)
I've gotten my revenge. I have to
go, that fresh poplar in the wood
room won't square itself.

Mr. Kim walks up to Mr. Jean, clearly enraged but is controlling himself.

MR. KIM

I guess you have won your precious
cafe back, fair and square.

MR. JEAN
Thank you Mr. Kim, its a shame it
had to come down to this...

MR. KIM
Oh no I love being publicly
humiliated and shown up in front of
the whole school by a bunch of
sniffling ping pong nerds. But
either way I have more important
things to do.

Mr. Kim snaps his fingers.

MR. KIM
Girls.

The dance company storms off.

MR. JEAN
(waving)
See you later Mr. Kim.

He turns to his club members.

MR. JEAN
Boys! Let's get our pong on.

The club cheers.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The club members are back playing ping pong. James and Moe
are rallying.

James gets a lob shot and smashes it down the line for a
point.

MOE
Nice smash, I've never seen you
land that before.

JAMES
Yeah, I guess in the end the dance
moves helped me with my pongage.
I'm so glad we finally got our club
back.

MOE
Yeah, me too. I wonder where Mr.
Kim was forced to go though, he
still needs more room.

INT. GYM - DAY

Mr. Kim and his dance team storm into the gym. The walk
directly to the man coaching. This is MR. ST MARTIN.

MR. KIM
You guys think you can use the
basketball court, just because
you're the basketball team!? We
deserve this space just as much as
you do. You gotta dance for it!

Coach St. Martin blows his whistle. The team assembles behind
him.

MR. ST MARTIN
If that's really what you want to
do.

The basketball team steps forward in agreement.

Mr. Kim rolls his eyes.

The basketball team rips off their warm-ups, revealing dance
uniforms that they had on underneath.

MR. ST MARTIN
FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT!

Suddenly music booms from somewhere in the gym...

The basketball team dances in unison.

MR. KIM
(shaking his head)
What is this world coming to?!

FADE OUT.