

Schoolmates

Written By

Liam Smith

FADE IN.

INT. MR. SZYMANSKI'S ROOM - DAY

MR. SZYMANSKI is sitting at his desk after school, sifting through what appears to be his bills.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
These bills are so expensive! These  
can't be right!

Mr. Szymanski pulls out a calculator and begins punching numbers into it.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
At this rate, I'll never be a  
millionaire! This is unacceptable!

Mr. Szymanski hastily begins sorting through his bills, looking for potential costs to eliminate.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
I could stop buying food! I'm  
paying far too much for food!

Mr. Szymanski jots this down onto his notepad then continues sifting through his bills.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
I could stop buying clothes! It's  
not like I'm growing anymore  
anyway!

Mr. Szymanski again jots this down into his notebook and continues sifting through his bills.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
Who am I kidding? Those won't make  
a dent in the problem. If I really  
want to cut down on my expenses I  
need to eliminate something huge. I  
know! I'll find a cheaper place to  
live!

Mr. Szymanski uses his computer to search for cheaper apartments on the internet.

Unable to find anywhere cheap enough, Mr. Szymanski gives up, packs up his things, and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Szymanski is walking towards the staircase when he overhears a conversation between MR. GIBLIN and MR. JEAN.

MR. GIBLIN

So I left the school at around 11pm after that track meet ran really late, and Jeff the Janitor's car was still in the parking lot.

MR. JEAN

Weird. Once I had to leave the school even later and I saw lights on in the downstairs janitor closet.

MR. GIBLIN

It's almost like the guy lives here.

Mr. Szymanski's ears perk up as if he suddenly has an idea. With a sly grin, he heads down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Szymanski is standing in front of the downstairs janitor closet and looks down both ends of the hall before carefully trying to open it, but it's locked.

Dejected, Mr. Szymanski turns to leave when all of a sudden Jeff walks out of the closet and turns, heading to the bathroom at the other end of the hallway.

Mr. Szymanski stops the door of the closet from closing with his foot and steps into the pitch-black closet.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Szymanski gropes for the light switch and upon switching it on, steps back in shock.

The room is furnished like any apartment room would be with a TV, couch, bed, refrigerator, and dresser.

The room is also clearly inhabited by a slob because dirty clothes and empty food containers are strewn about the room.

As Mr. Szymanski looks on in shock, Jeff walks in behind him and stops when he sees Mr. Szymanski turn and look at him.

JEFF

It's not what it looks like Mr. Szymanski, It's just furniture that we store in here...uh...just in

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

case.

MR. SZYMANSKI

Are the dirty clothes and empty food containers "just in case" too?

JEFF

Ok fine, you got me. I've been living here to avoid paying rent. Also, the commute is less of a hassle.

MR. SZYMANSKI

The commute? You live across the street!

JEFF

Just please don't turn me in, I'll be fired for sure.

MR. SZYMANSKI

I won't turn you in on one condition.

JEFF

What's that?

MR. SZYMANSKI

Let me stay here.

JEFF

(confused)

What?

MR. SZYMANSKI

If I don't start paying less for rent, I'll never be a millionaire. I've done the math. Staying here will allow me to save money on rent and gas.

JEFF

(reluctantly)

Fine.

MR. SZYMANSKI

It's a deal.

INT. MR. SZYMANSKI'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mr. Szymanski stands at his podium lecturing.

MR. SZYMANSKI

...and until this country can elect a strong Republican who can fix the welfare system, we will never get out of debt.

The class collectively rolls their eyes and groans like they've heard this diatribe a hundred times before.

The bell rings, the clock reads: 2:00.

MR. SZYMANSKI

Okay. Remember your homework on Reaganomics and I will see you next class.

The class files out as Mr. Szymanski, whistling, pulls several suitcases out from under his desk then leaves the room.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET

Jeff is lying on the couch eating a bag of potato chips and watching TV when he hears a knock on the door. Jeff gets up and unlocks the door for Mr. Szymanski, carrying the suitcases.

JEFF

Make yourself at home I guess.

Mr. Szymanski begins pulling his carefully folded clothes out of his suitcase and puts them into the dresser as Jeff resumes eating potato chips and watching TV.

Mr. Szymanski pulls a trash bag and latex gloves out of the suitcase, puts on the latex gloves, and begins picking up Jeff's clothes and empty food containers and putting them into the trash bag.

JEFF

What do you think you're doing?

MR. SZYMANSKI

I'm tidying the place up, surely you don't willingly live in a pig sty like this.

JEFF

Listen, Szymanski, I'm a Janitor. That means I have to clean all day everyday after those sloppy kids with those disgusting cleaning chemicals. This here closet is the

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

only place in the school that I don't clean. It's a symbol of my refusal to clean everything.

MR. SZYMANSKI

Are you sure you're not just lazy?

Jeff gets up and stomps over to Mr. Szymanski. He grabs the bag out of Mr. Szymanski's hands and dumps the trash on the ground.

JEFF

It's a symbol!

MR. SZYMANSKI

Well I can't live in your symbol! I have to clean this place up a little.

JEFF

Fine!

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff divides the room into two with a piece of chalk. Allocating the TV, fridge, and couch to himself and the bed and dresser to Mr. Szymanski.

JEFF

This is your half. This is my half. Clean your half if you must.

MR. SZYMANSKI

Fine. But I really think that you'd be more comfortable in a clean apartment.

JEFF

Stay away from my sty, Szymanski.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - EVENING

Mr. Szymanski is sitting in his bed with a night cap on correcting papers, his side is squeaky clean. Jeff is snoring loudly covered in potato chips on the couch.

Mr. Szymanski looks over at the mess that surrounds Jeff's side.

Unable to take it any longer, Mr. Szymanski shuts his book and slinks over to Jeff's side of the room. He bends over to pick up a discarded potato chip wrapper.

As soon as his fingers touch the wrapper, Jeff shoots up awake, mop in hand.

JEFF  
 (thrusting the mop in  
 Szymanski's face)  
 Don't even try it!

INT. SZYMANSKY'S CLASS - DAY

Szymanski stands at his podium lecturing.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
 And this is why I have started a  
 campaign to get Nixon's face on Mt.  
 Rushmore.

A SLY STUDENT in the back of the class sneaks a Dunking Donuts coffee cup out of his backpack and quietly takes a sip. This is Jason.

Like some sort of animal, Szymanski's ears twitch as he picks up on the sound.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
 Hold on! Is someone drinking coffee  
 in my class?

He immediately zeroes in on Jason.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
 Jason! Don't you realize that the  
 school has a strict no coffee  
 policy. We can't have coffee  
 spilling everywhere or it will make  
 a mess! Go spill it out in the  
 bathroom now!

Jason gets up with his coffee and heads to the door.

Suddenly, Szymanski is struck with an idea.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
 A mess...Jason, wait a minute! Give  
 me the coffee. No use wasting a  
 good cup of Joe.

Confused, Jason stops in his tracks and walks over to Szymanski and hands him the cup.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
 Good. See me after class.

INT. SZYMANSKY'S CLASS - LATER

Szymanski is still at his podium.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
And this is why Voodoo Economics  
works.

The bell rings and the class files out, except Jason who stays behind.

Szymanski grabs the coffee.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
I am sorry that I yelled at you,  
Jason. But you do realize why we  
have this policy?

JASON  
Yes. Coffee can make a mess.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
Exactly. Come with me.

They walk out to the hallway.

INT. HISTORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Szymanski and Jason stop in the middle of the hallway as some kids walks by.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
I mean, drinking coffee seems  
innocent enough...but then this  
happens.

Mr. Szymanski drops the coffee. We hear the splash on the carpet.

Jason looks stunned.

JASON  
Do I have to clean that up?

MR. SZYMANSKI  
Oh no. That's not your job, Jason.  
Now run along.

Mr. Szymanski gives a sly grin as he goes back in his classroom.

INT. MR. SZYMANSKI'S ROOM

Mr. Szymanski picks up his phone.



MR. SZYMANSKI  
(on phone)  
Hi Janet. We have a spill on the  
third floor.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - LATER

Jeff walks into the closet with a mop slung over his shoulder and drops it in shock.

The whole room is clean, not a dirty garment nor empty yogurt container remains.

Mr. Szymanski stands there with rubber gloves and a flowery apron, smiling.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Szymanski comes flying out of the janitor's closet, his suitcases and clothes following him.

Mr. Szymanski leaps to his feet to protest when the door is slammed in his face.

Frustrated, he turns to leave and sees a student standing there, mouth wide open in shock.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
(disgusted)  
What are you looking at?

INT. MR. SZYMANSKI'S ROOM - EVENING

Mr. Szymanski shudders, lying on the floor of his room, sleeping, and covered by some of his clothes as blankets.

Mr. Szymanski is woken up by loud dance music in the distance.

He slowly gets up, rubbing his eyes, and walks out of the room.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Szymanski stumbles down the dark hallway, making his way towards the janitor's closet at the end of the hall, where multicolored lights flash through the crack under the door and seemingly the source of the music.

Mr. Szymanski swings open the closet door and steps in.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Szymanski is shocked to see Jeff and his fellow janitors dancing to a funky beat under a disco ball.

The second that Mr. Szymanski steps into the party the needle scratch is heard and the music stops.

JEFF

Hey! This is a Janitor's disco party! No teachers allowed! Get him out of here boys!

Immediately, three Janitors stop dancing and descend on Mr. Szymanski.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Szymanski comes flying out of the closet, head first. He then gets up and brushed himself off.

MR. SZYMANSKI

So that's how you want to play it, huh?

He storms off angrily.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - LATER

Jeff waves goodbye to his janitor buddies as they leave the party.

JEFF

See you later guys, come back tomorrow.

Jeff then walks over to the bed, falls down on it, and starts snoring.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - LATER

Jeff is still sleeping on the bed and the lights are out.

Jeff is woken up by loud dance music coming from nearby.

He gets up, rubs his eyes, and leaves the closet.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jeff sees multicolored lights coming from the gym, the source of the loud music.

He heads over.

INT. GYM

Jeff walks in on another huge party, this time with all the history teachers dancing to the music with a disco ball overhead.

Mr. Syzmanski and all the teachers look over at Jeff and laugh.

MR. SZYMANSKI  
Get him out of here!

Mr. Jean and Mr. Balkus menacingly walk towards Jeff.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff flies out of the gym, head first. He gets up and angrily shakes his fist at the slammed shut gym door.

He storms off.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

An army of janitors led by Jeff, armed with brooms and mops march towards the gym door.

Jeff kicks open the door.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff and his army walk into the gym, a janitor pulls the plug and all the music stops and the disco ball goes out. Jeff flips on the lights.

The teachers come together in the center of the room, arms crossed, and backing Mr. Szymanski.

The janitors yell a battle cry and charge before being brought to a halt by MR. IMBUSCH walking in the back door of the gym.

MR. IMBUSCH  
What's going on here!?

MR. JEAN  
It's the principal! Run!

Everyone except Mr. Szymanski, Jeff, and Mr. Imbusch sprint to the exit, dropping their mops and brooms.

INT. MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - LATER

Mr. Imbusch sits at his desk as nervous Jeff and Mr. Szymanski stand in front of it, arms behind their backs and looking at the floor.

MR. IMBUSCH

So you two have been living in the school to save money on rent and then throw a dance party that somehow escalated into a brawl?

Jeff and Mr. Szymanski look at each other, then look at Mr. Imbusch and nod before returning their gaze to the floor.

MR. IMBUSCH

I am very disappointed in the both of you.

MR. SZYMANSKI

But...

MR. IMBUSCH

But nothing. We had four noise complaints last night. You're both lucky that I don't fire the two of you!

MR. SZYMANSKI

I am sorry. I just wanted to save some money, that's all.

MR. IMBUSCH

Well, I hope it was worth it, how much did you save by living here anyway?

Mr. Szymanski takes a note pad out of his shirt pocket, flips it to a pages and hands it to Mr. Imbusch.

Mr. Imbusch's eyes pop as he reads the note pad.

MR. IMBUSCH

I just have one question for you two... room for one more?

FADE OUT.