COMMUNITY PILOT
2ND REV. PRODUCTION DRAFT - FULL PINK
3/27/09

CAST

JEFF CROCKER ..................................................... JOEL MCHALE
PIERCE .......................................................... CHEVY CHASE
BRITTA ............................................................ GILLIAN JACOBS
SHIRLEY .......................................................... YVETTE NICOLE BROWN
ABED ............................................................... DANNY PUDI
ANNIE ............................................................. ALISON BRIE
TROY ............................................................... DONALD GLOVER
DUNCAN ........................................................... JOHN OLIVER
OLD BLACK WOMAN ........................................... PATRICIA BELCHER
DEAN PELTON ................................................... TBD
COACH BARTEL ................................................ GARY ANTHONY WILLIAMS
EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The campus of a large but humble community college a few miles from your home. Cambridge bells chime.

The bells are playing on an old boom box, now stopped by Dean PELTON [40s, rotund], who is holding a microphone hooked up to it. He is on a small stage at the front of the courtyard.

He starts to speak into the microphone, realizes it's not working and fiddles with the boombox switches. He begins to speak, but a Busta Rhymes cd starts playing instead:

**BUSTA RHYMES**

(on cd)
Yo. I'm high as hell right now,
and I'm about to bust your ass
open, but first -

Pelton, an apparently humorless man, frantically figures out how to stop the cd, then addresses the students.

**PELTON**

Good morning. Many of you are halfway through your first week here at Greendale and, as dean, I thought I would share a word of inspiration.

Pelton reads from a small stack of index cards:

**PELTON (CONT'D)**

What is Community College? Well, you've heard all kinds of things. You've heard it's "loser college" for young people who couldn't get into a university.

ANNIE [18, tightly wound, sweater vest] is walking through the courtyard when she hears this, causing her to stop.

TROY [18, letter jacket, All American], is struggling to reconcile his schedule with a map. He looks up.

**PELTON (CONT'D)**

A "halfway school" for twentysomething dropouts, crawling back to society.
BRITTA [late 20s, sweatshirt, pony tail, unadorned], is interrupted in her confident stride by what she's hearing.

PELTON (CONT'D)
A tax-funded self esteem workshop
for newly divorced housewives.

SHIRLEY [early 40s, shy, modest 90s attire], was briskly
crossing the courtyard, eyes downward. She stops and looks.

PELTON (CONT'D)
Or a retirement campus for old
people trying to keep their minds
active as they circle the drain of
eternity.

PIERCE [50s, prescription sunglasses, turtleneck, sport jacket], was talking to a group of young people, but stops.

PELTON (CONT'D)
That's what you've heard. However:

He flips to the next index card.

PELTON (CONT'D)
I wish you luck. Wait -

Confused, Pelton flips through his cards as the slightly
deflated students resume walking. Pelton calls out to them.

PELTON (CONT'D)
There was... a middle part of that
speech, if you see a card...

Also walking but not fitting in with the misfits: JEFF [30s,
well dressed, dashing but rough around the edges]. He is
paced and orbited by ABED [20s, Arabic, Weezer fan clothes].

ABED
I'm only half Arabic, actually, my
Dad is Palestinian, I mean, he's a
U.S. Citizen and he's not a threat
to national security or anything, a
lot of people want to know that
after they meet him, because he has
an angry energy, but not like angry
at America, just angry at my Mom
for leaving him, although she did
leave because he was angry, and he
was angry because she was American.
My name's Abed, by the way.
JEFF
Abed, nice to know you, then meet you, in that order. About that question I had?

ABED
Oh.
(looks at watch)
Five after eleven. When you asked.

Abed starts to walk away. Jeff pulls him back.

JEFF
One more thing.

Jeff indicates the distant Britta.

JEFF (CONT'D)
The hot girl from Spanish class, what's her deal, I can't find a road in there.

ABED
Well, I've only talked to her once while she was borrowing a pencil, but her name's Britta, she's 28, birthday in October, she has two older brothers and one of them works with children who have a disorder I might want to look up. Oh, and she thinks she's going to flunk tomorrow's test so she really needs to focus and she's sorry if that makes her seem cold.

Jeff walks away, calling back to Abed as he goes.

JEFF
Abed, I see your value, now.

ABED
That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCES BUILDING - DUNCAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Psychology Professor DUNCAN [30s, low calibre hippy] is working at his desk in a small office lined with plants, books and weird art. Jeff appears in his doorway.
JEFF
If these guys knew you like I did, they would’ve given you the small office.

DUNCAN
Jeff Winger! Genius at law.

He stands and shakes Jeff’s hand.

JEFF
You gotta stop saying that.

DUNCAN
I never will. I still can’t figure out how you got a jury to connect September 11th with my DUI. Let alone why it helped.

JEFF
2002 was a simpler time.

DUNCAN
So what’s my lawyer doing here?

JEFF
I’m a student.

DUNCAN
That can’t be an inspiring journey.

Duncan goes to a dorm-sized fridge and grabs two beers.

JEFF
I’m in a real jam here, Duncan. The state bar suspended my license. They found out my college degree was...less than legitimate.

DUNCAN
I thought you had a bachelor’s from Columbia.

JEFF
Now they say I need one from America. And it can’t be an email attachment. They gave me four years to get a valid degree or they’re going to disbar me.

DUNCAN
What can I do?
JEFF
Oh, since you asked: I did choose Greendale in hopes that our friendship might carry some advantages...academic guidance, moral support, every answer to every test for every one of my classes...

Jeff places a sheet of paper on Duncan’s desk.

DUNCAN
Jeff, just by asking that, you have insulted the integrity of this entire institution—

As if he’s done it a thousand times, Duncan grabs a ten inch stick and uses it to rap on his window, frightening off a student that was preparing to urinate in the alcove.

JEFF
Okay. You did seem less into integrity the day I convinced twelve of your peers that when you did a U turn on a freeway to order chalupas from an emergency call box, your only real crime was loving America.

Duncan gets somber. He surrenders.

DUNCAN
I’ll look into it.

JEFF
You’re a good man, Duncan.

Jeff heads for the door.

DUNCAN
You do understand that with ethical spectrums, it’s not width that matters.

JEFF
(chipper)
Professor, if I wanted to learn something...I wouldn’t have come to community college.

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Pierce is having a great deal of trouble with silverware and napkin dispensers at a condiment station.

Britta is doing Spanish homework at a table. Unseen to her, Jeff spots her, tosses a few paper wrapped tacos on a tray and pretends to be passing by when he sees her.

JEFF
Oh, hey. Spanish.

BRITTA
Don't hit on me, okay?

JEFF
I wouldn't dream of it. I just wanted to let you know about my Spanish study group.

BRITTA
The guy that spent today's class playing Bejeweled on his iPhone has a study group. Is there a waiting list?

JEFF
I'm taking that class for the easy credit. I'm actually a Spanish tutor. Board certified.

BRITTA
Say that in Spanish. Now.

Jeff sighs, shouldering her cynicism with grace, and uses gestures to indicate his mind, school and language:

JEFF
Duermo tarde Espanol, una hora mas, no rayar mi coche.

Subtitle: I sleep late Spanish, one more hour, do not scratch my car.

BRITTA
My Spanish is pretty bad.
JEFF
I was willing to bet. I'm Jeff. The group meets in the library at four.

BRITTA
Alright. Britta. Thanks.

She gathers her trash and walks off to dispose it. Jeff watches her go as the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN that was working the cash register approaches him. He barely glances at her.

JEFF
Can't be that hard to fake a study group, right?

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN
Huh?

JEFF
Sorry. Raised on TV, I'm conditioned to think every black woman over fifty is a cosmic mentor.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN
Are you conditioned to pay for your damn tacos, Sein-field?

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM - DAY

Jeff is seated at a big table, reading a Spanish text book.

JEFF
Bienvenido. Bienvenido.

Britta walks in. He smiles.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Bienvenido! Have a seat.

Jeff puts a notepad in front of her while she gets settled.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Put your contact info on here. I guess the group is running late, but we can get acquainted.

BRITTA
You may have noticed this morning, I'm not great at small talk.
JEFF
I want to talk big. I want to know, what's your deal?

BRITTA
That's not small talk?

JEFF
What's your deal and IS GOD DEAD.

BRITTA
Alright. My deal. I dropped out of high school because, for some reason, I thought it might impress Radiohead.

JEFF
You'd be surprised what gets back to those guys.

BRITTA
Volunteered for the Peace Corps, did some foot modeling, got tear gassed at a world trade rally - *

JEFF
- Marry me -

BRITTA
- Realized I was almost thirty and broke, got my G.E.D. and here I am, crawling back to society. And I guess my deal, Jeff, above all else, is honesty.

JEFF
(concern)
Honesty. *

BRITTA
Yeah. Tell me the truth, I'll like you, lie to me, I'll never speak to you again. That's my deal.

JEFF
Good deal.

BRITTA
What's yours?

JEFF
I would say...honesty, because... (surrender) (MORE)
I would say whatever it takes to get what I want. And right now, I want you to like me.

BRITTA
Well, that's an honest answer, so right now, I like you fine.

JEFF
Wow. You're easy.

BRITTA
Hell yeah, never lie to me, throw in a dinner, and we'll be in bed before midnight.

They laugh. There's a moment between them, and because there's a moment between them, Abed enters.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Abed's in the house! Whoooo!

JEFF
Abed's in the house! Whyyyy?

ABED
Britta invited me, is that cool?

JEFF
(plastered smile)
I can't think of a single logical reason why not. Have a seat. And put your contact info here.

ABED
Cool cool cool cool.
(while writing)
Hey, this is kind of like Breakfast Club, huh?

BRITTA
(supporting it)
We're in a library.

With great precision, Jeff reads Abed's cell number while punching it into his own phone under the table.

ABED
Well, yeah, and I'm sure we've each got an issue, all balled up inside of us that would make us cry if we talked about it.

Jeff thumbs something into his phone.
BRITTA
Do you have something balled up inside you?

ABED
(thinks about it)
Oh, I got a little doozy in the chamber if things get emotional.

Abed's phone beeps. His reaction makes Jeff nervous.

ABED (CONT'D)
Whoa! Text message. Let's give this bad boy a read.

JEFF
I'm sure it's personal -

ABED
- No, I don't know this person.
  (clears throat)
  "Say you have to pee I need to talk to you."

Jeff pretends to digest it along with the other two.

ABED (CONT'D)
"Say you have to pee?"

BRITTA
Weird.

JEFF
Yeah. Creepy.

Jeff's phone beeps. He looks at it: "meet me on football field 2 have con-4-s-8-tion." Jeff gets up.

BRITTA
What's that?

JEFF
Someone with a misguided grasp of abbreviation, I just need five minutes. You guys go over all the...verbs...in Spanish.

He walks out.

BRITTA
What do you make of that guy, Abed?
EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

A motley crew of would-be athletes are trying out for the apparently all-ages track team. Currently, a ninety year old man is prepping himself on the starting line.

Jeff and Duncan are standing out in the middle of the field.

DUNCAN
Act natural and pretend you’re watching the athletic proceedings.

JEFF
You couldn’t stop me from watching. There is a man trying out for your track team that is older than the game of poker. And he’s kinda truckin’.

DUNCAN
Suppose I said it was possible to get you these test answers.

JEFF
I’d say go for it, and, for future reference, I can answer questions like that way closer to where I’m originally standing.

DUNCAN
I’m asking if you understand the difference between right and wrong.

JEFF
I understand “right” and “wrong” are slippery slopes that end with Presidents who don’t believe dinosaurs existed. And at a very early age, I discovered that if I talked long enough, I could make anything true, so either I’m God or truth is relative, and in either case: booyah.

DUNCAN
Interesting. The average person has a harder time saying “booyah” to moral relativism.
JEFF
Duncan, you don’t have to play
shrink to protect your pride, I
accept that you’re a chicken.

DUNCAN
Are you trying to use reverse
psychology on a psychologist?

JEFF
I’m using regular psychology on a
scrotless wuss.

DUNCAN
You can’t talk to me that way!

JEFF
A six year old girl could talk to
you that way!

DUNCAN
Because it would be adorable!

JEFF
No, because you’re a five year old
girl, and there’s a pecking order!

DUNCAN
FINE, I’LL DO IT!

- Gentlemen.

COACH BARTEL (O.S.)
COACH BARTEL [stocky, 40s] is approaching their exchange.

COACH BARTEL (CONT’D)
This is an athletic field, not a
rehearsal of Glengarry Glen Ross,
and I should know, because I run
both the Sports and Theatre
departments. Take it elsewhere.

Jeff and Duncan start walking off the field together. Coach
Bartel calls after them:

COACH BARTEL (CONT’D)
Either of you guys play football?
It’s looking that bad this year.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM - DAY

Jeff enters, feigning disappointment.
JEFF
You won't believe this, but the
rest of the group -

Britta is not at the table, but Abed is, along with four new
students: Pierce, Shirley, Troy and Annie. They look at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)
- is here?

PIERCE
Are you the certified tutor?

TROY
That means you do my homework,
right?

SHIRLEY
I need to call my babysitter if
we're going to be later than ten.

JEFF
Where's... Britta?

ABED
Not sure, but I invited more people
from Spanish class, is that cool?

Jeff raises a fist that becomes a thumbs-up.

JEFF
It's the coolest. I'm going to go
to the bathroom. And I'm going to
bring my jacket, keys and wallet,
in case there's a fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jeff walks out the library doors, putting on his jacket. He
almost collides with Britta.

BRITTA
Aaaaand busted.

He freezes. She reveals a lit cigarette.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Now you know. I'm a smoker.

JEFF
I forgive you.
BRITTA
Are you ready to get started?
Looks like your group showed up.

JEFF
Not mine, actually, I think Abed took a page out on Craig’s List, and I was trained never to say this, but that group may be untutorable, maybe you and I could just study over -

BRITTA
- Dinner? Come on, Jeff. Try to prioritize. First we study, then dinner.

She starts up the steps, then turns.

BRITTA (CONT’D)
And if they really turn out to be untutorable, we’ll slip out early.

Jeff watches her disappear, then notices the old black woman from the cafeteria emptying an overnight return bin.

JEFF
Oh, they’re going to be untutorable.
(recognizing woman)
Hey, don’t you work in the cafeteria?

OLD BLACK WOMAN
I have many jobs. In many places.
(off his jaw drop)
I’m not magical, I’m underpaid, you racist jackass.

FADE OUT.
ACT II

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

Jeff settles into his chair. He looks around the room at Britta, Abed, Annie, Troy, Shirley and Pierce.

JEFF
Alllll right. Look at this crew.
Alllll ready to study alllll night.

Everyone concurs.

JEFF (CONT’D)
But who studies with strangers, right? My name is Jeff.

PIERCE
Jeff, it’s a pleasure, my name is Pierce Hawthorne and yes, that is Hawthorne as in Hawthorne Wipes, the award winning moist towelette.

JEFF
I was just going to ask.

PIERCE
I’m also a Rotarian so maybe I should make the introductions. You already know Britter. Brittles?

BRITTA
Britta.

PIERCE
You also know A-bed, A-bed the A-reb, is that inappropriate?

ABED
(as if asked to get ice)
Sure.

PIERCE
We’ve got Roy, Roy, the wonder boy I call him, -

TROY
- Troy.

PIERCE
Correct, and little princess Elizabeth, -
ANNIE
Annie.

PIERCE
Sorry, and finally this beautiful creature’s name is Shirley. *

JEFF
(to Shirley)
Is that even close?

Shirley nods.

PIERCE
One does not forget Shirley, she is a very gorgeous young woman. *

Shirley does not appear to enjoy the flattery.

ANNIE
I’d like to know why I had to find out about this group on accident.

ABED
Oh, this is getting way more like Breakfast Club, now.

PIERCE
There's breakfast?

BRITTA
We should get started studying -

JEFF
- You know, I’ve been part of a lot of study groups that fell apart because of unresolved tension. Shouldn’t someone address Annie’s concern? Did we not invite her?

SHIRLEY
Well, Annie, sweetie, I guess it didn’t occur to anyone -

ANNIE
- That’s strange, because I remember the first day of class, I asked if anyone was interested in a Spanish study group, and when my sign in sheet came back, all that was on it was a drawing of a unicorn with a wiener instead of a horn, a guitar for a wiener and a dog emerging from its rear.
BRITTA
That was a cat and he was going in.
(off her look)
What? Everyone added something.

ANNIE
Yes, and then gathered behind my back for a study group!

SHIRLEY
Pumpkin, it's not behind your back, we just didn't think about you.

ANNIE
Can we stop with the pumpkins and the sweeties? Being younger doesn't make me inferior, if anything, your age indicates you've made bad life decisions.

SHIRLEY
(simmering)
Mmmmmmmmm.

JEFF
(seizing opportunity)
Shirley has a response to that.

SHIRLEY
No, I don't.

The entire room encourages her to respond.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
Well, I'm sure I've made bad life decisions. I decided to spend ten years cleaning up after a man who ran out the door ten minutes after winning one-hundred-two-point-seven thousand dollars in a radio contest. That was a bad decision. And maybe Annie's decisions will be better. And I think she should decide whether she wants to be a child or an adult, because a child gets pity, but not respect, and adults can get respect but they can also get grabbed by the hair and have their faces put through jukeboxes.

BRITTA
Okay! I wonder how you say jukebox in Spanish?
Pierce gives Shirley's head a supportive stroke, causing her to wince. Jeff points a pen at Pierce.

JEFF
Pierce, let's discuss this creepiness.

PIERCET
I beg your pardon?

BRITTA
(to Jeff)
What are you doing?

JEFF
(to Britta)
I'm certified.
(to Pierce)
Are you unaware Shirley finds your advances inappropriate?

PIERCET
What advances?

SHIRLEY
You have been sexually harassing me since the first day of class!

PIERCET
"Sexually harassing?" That doesn't make sense, why would I "harass" someone that turns me on?

TROY
Saying she turns you on is the harrassment, buddy.

Pierce points at Troy.

PIERCET
I am a business leader and a community pillar and I don't take courting advice from teenage boys!

TROY
Well this teenage boy is a quarterback and a prom king, so maybe you should!

ANNIE
You're not prom king anymore, Troy, this isn't Riverside High.

TROY
How did you know I went there?
ANNIE
Because you’re wearing your stupid letter jacket and more importantly I SAT BEHIND YOU IN ALGEBRA!

TROY
Wait, are you the girl that got hooked on pills and dropped out? You’re Little Annie Adderall!

ANNIE
And you’re a stupid jock that lost his scholarship by dislocating both shoulders in a keg stand!

Everyone starts talking at once. Abed, excited, musters his emotions.

ABED
Euuuuuuuuughhhha: I bought one of those big binders to store my DVDs in and I left it in the sun, and the plastic sleeves melted to the discs, and they’re all unplayable and it’s MY FAULT!

Abed puts his head down and sobs real tears. Everyone looks at him, confused.

JEFF
That’s your Breakfast Club doozy?

ABED
(not lifting head)
I love cinema!

Jeff’s phone rings. He answers.

JEFF
Hello?

A very low voice from the other end:

DUNCAN (V.O.)
(on phone)
It’s Professor Duncan. Come to the parking lot. Now.

JEFF
What’s wrong with your voice?

DUNCAN (V.O.)
(on phone)
I’m disguising it.
Jeff hangs up and heads for the door. Britta watches him go in disbelief.

JEFF
I’ll be right back. While I’m gone, you guys hash this stuff out.
No stone unturned.

PIERCE
We could try roleplaying exercises.

JEFF
(enthusiastic)
Yes. And you could run them. Go.

The group panics slightly about this as Jeff leaves. Pierce rubs his hands together.

PIERCE
Okay. Brittles, you be Elizabeth, Elizabeth, you’re the Arab, Shirley, you’re Wonder Woman.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT – DAY

Jeff enters the parking lot, looking around. A squeaky horn toots. He sees Duncan seated in a tiny hybrid, wearing sunglasses, beckoning to him.

Jeff goes to the car, opens the door and slides inside.

DUNCAN
Act as if we’ve either just finished or have yet to begin driving.

Duncan holds up a large, thick envelope wrapped in duct tape.

DUNCAN (CONT’D)
Every answer to every test in your curriculum this semester.

JEFF
I knew you could do it, buddy, thank you.

Jeff reaches for the package. Duncan withholds it.

DUNCAN
What do I get?
JEFF
The satisfaction of being even.

DUNCAN

JEFF
What do you want from me?

DUNCAN
Your Lexus.

JEFF
My car for a semester of answers? You really are not yourself right now, Professor. Have you been not drinking?

DUNCAN
Will it really be just a semester, Jeff? Won't you be taking the easy way out for four years? I want payment in advance. I want leather seats with built-in ball warmers.

JEFF
You know, bluffs this weak are how your people lost the colonies.

DUNCAN
Have a nice disbarment hearing.

JEFF
What am I supposed to drive?!

DUNCAN
Take this car. It's good for the Earth.

JEFF
So is wiping your butt with a leaf but it's not how a man gets around!

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jeff heads for the study room carrying Duncan's packet. Britta comes out. We can hear chaos in the room behind her.

BRITTA
It's a disaster in there.
JEFF

BRITTA
(incredulous)
- So, what, this is a game to you?
You put human beings in a state of emotional shambles for a shot at getting in my pants?

JEFF
Why can't you take that for the compliment that it is? Okay, this was an accident. I did a little lying to get closer to you, how was I supposed to know you'd turn out to be smart and cool, I mean, you look like Elizabeth Shue.

BRITTA
I don’t understand what reaction I’m supposed to have to that.

JEFF
Come on, what do you want me to do?

BRITTA
Well, one decent thing would be to go in there and clean up your mess.

Jeff appraises the group fighting through the room's window.

JEFF
And if I do that... dinner, right?

She reacts with disbelief. More shouting from the room.

BRITTA
Fine. Whatever.

Jeff heads for the room with her.

BRITTA (CONT’D)
As if there's a dinner in the world that could make me forget you're a shallow douchebag.

JEFF
You're going to eat those words when you see my new car.

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff and Britta walk in. Everyone is fighting.

JEFF
Alright, alright. I have something to say to you guys! Sit!

They do so. Jeff squares himself. Closing argument time.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You know what makes humans different from other animals? We are the only species that observes Shark Week. Sharks don't even have a Shark Week, but we do. For the same reason I can tell you this pencil's name is Steve, then go like this

(snaps pencil)
And part of you dies just a little inside. Because humans can connect to anything. We can sympathize with a pencil, we can forgive a shark, we can give Ben Affleck an Academy Award for screenwriting.

Everyone nods knowingly, touched.

JEFF (CONT'D)
People can find the good in just about anything but themselves. Look at me. I can never truly admit that I'm awesome, because that would make me an ass. But what I can do is see what makes Annie awesome. She's driven. We need driven people, or the lights go out and the ice cream melts. And we need guys like Pierce, this guy has wisdom to offer.

PIERCE
You know, I was just saying to -

JEFF
- We should listen to him some time, we wouldn't regret it.

(MORE)
JEFF (CONT'D)
He's out here, with us, trying to connect, even though he doesn't have to. And who can blame him for wanting to connect with Shirley, she's a hot mama phoenix, but let's give her space and respect while she rises, because that jukebox thing was way too specific to be improvised.

The group murmurs in agreement.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Troy, do not be insecure about who you are. You think astronauts go to the moon because they hate oxygen, come on, they're trying to impress their high school's prom king, and well they should, because I saw our track team tonight and I'm thinking Troy's gonna be a big dog on campus. And Abed. Abed's a shaman, you ask him to pass the salt, you get a bowl of soup, but guess what, soup is better. Abed is better.

(beat)
You're all better than you think you are. You're just not designed to believe it when you hear it from yourself. So everybody, do me a favor, look to the person on the left.

Everybody does it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I want you to extend to that person the same compassion you extend to sharks, pencils and Ben Affleck. I want you to say to that person, "I forgive you." Go ahead.

Everyone says "I forgive you."

JEFF (CONT'D)
You are no longer a study group. You are now something unstoppable. I hereby pronounce you a community.

Abed wipes at some tears.

ABED
It's not like Breakfast Club anymore.

(MORE)
ABED (CONT'D)
Now it's like Stripes, or Meatballs. Anything with Bill Murray, really.

JEFF
I agree with Abed that tonight has been very special. And now, if 
you'll excuse us, Britta and I have a dinner engagement. Britta?

Everyone looks at Britta. She shrugs.

BRITTA
I lied. Thanks for calming everyone down, but now, since 
you're not a Spanish tutor, and just a lying creep that purposely 
upset everyone in an attempt to score with me, I'd appreciate it if 
you left and stopped wasting all of our time.

Everyone looks at Jeff. He swallows the loss. Tries to act like it doesn't hurt.

JEFF
Fine. And I'm happy to report that one of the benefits of being a 
lying creep is having all the answers to tomorrow's test, 
(brandishing packet) which I'm more than happy to share with anyone whose time I wasted 
(at Britta) more than they wasted mine.

She swallows the loss. Tries to act like she doesn't want the answers.

PIERCE 
(confused)
Well, now, Jeff, if you have all the answers, why the hell would you 
start a study group?

JEFF
I don't have a study group, Pierce. I made it up.

ANNIE
What about the look left speech?

JEFF
Made it up. That's what I do. I make things up. 
(MORE)
JEFF (CONT'D)
And before I had to come to this
toilet-shaped school, I got paid
lots of money to do it.
(boasting)
I was a lawyer.

Everyone makes disappointed and disgusted sounds, a reaction

to which Jeff is clearly not accustomed.

ABED
I thought you were like Bill Murray
in any of his films. But you’re
really like Michael Douglas in any
of his.

JEFF
Yeah, well, you have Asperger’s.

As Jeff exits, everyone recoils and comforts Abed.

BRITTA
He is not qualified to make that
diagnosis.

TROY
(amused)
"Ass Burger."

ANNIE
It’s a serious disorder.

PIERCE
Well, if it’s serious, they should
call it meningitis.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jeff exits, sour grapey, opening Duncan’s packet.

He pulls out a stack of papers from inside.

He flips through a stack of blank pages. The last one has a
hand scrawled note: "Booyah."

CUT TO:

INT. DUNCAN’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Professor Duncan is enjoying a pipe in his office and seems
to have been expecting Jeff, who now bursts through the door. 
DUNCAN
Before you react, you'll want to think about the gift you've been given.

JEFF
An excuse to punch a hippy?

DUNCAN
An important lesson. The tools you acquired to survive out there won't work here at Greendale. This is your second chance at an honest -

JEFF
- WHY IS EVERYONE TRYING TO TEACH ME THINGS IN A SCHOOL WITH AN EXPRESS TUITION AISLE? Give me my keys.

DUNCAN
But me keeping your car is part of the lesson -

- Jeff moves toward Duncan, who holds out Jeff's keys.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
- Don't hit me.

DISSOLVE TO:

14
EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Jeff stomps across the empty campus of Greendale. He sees the Old Black Woman sitting on one of the benches just outside the library. She's not thrilled to see him.

JEFF
Let me ask you something.

JEFF
Where are you going?

OLD BLACK WOMAN
(sarcastic)
Don't you know, honey child? I gots to go polish that moon and hang them clouds out to dry. But you sleep tight. Outer space Jesus negro lady is watching over you.

JEFF
Great. Even God thinks I'm a knob.
Jeff slumps on the bench and puts his head back. Pierce emerges from the library's front doors, takes in the air.

PIERCE
Boy. There is Autumn, and then there is just Fall.

Pierce sits on another bench across from him.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
I like you, Jeffrey. You remind me of myself at your age.

JEFF
I deserved that.

PIERCE
You know I've been divorced seven times? I'm starting to think I'm doing something wrong.

JEFF
You keep getting married.

PIERCE
I never thought about it that way. You and I should golf.

JEFF
I don't golf.

PIERCE
Me neither. We should.

Troy comes out of the library, sees them both and nods.

TROY
Hey.

JEFF
Shouldn't you guys be studying?

TROY
Got kind of boring after you left. (thinking)
Let me ask you something. People have been clowning me about this jacket since I got here. But if I take it off to make them happy, I'm weak, right?
JEFF
Doesn’t matter. You lose the jacket to please them, you keep it to piss them off...either way, it’s for them, that’s what’s weak.

TROY
(epiphany)
Whoa.
(bigger epiphany)
Whoa.
(confusion)
Wait, but -
(realization)
Whoa!

PIERCE
He’s good, isn’t he?

TROY
He wrinkled my brain.

Shirley and Annie come through the doors together. Annie stops when she sees the boys sitting together.

ANNIE
Is this another “we hate Annie” meeting?

SHIRLEY
Oh, sweetie. Nobody hates you.
(catching it)
Sorry I called you sweetie, it’s a mother’s habit -

ANNIE
- It’s not that bad, really.
(almost crying)
My parents, um -
(clears throat)
This is interesting architecture.

Abed and Britta come through the library doors.

ABED

Britta is not excited to see Jeff.

BRITTA
Shouldn’t you be rolling around on a bed covered with test answers?

Jeff tosses the envelope to her. She looks at the contents.
BRITTA (CONT’D)
Well, well, well. Live by the sword, huh Amigo?
(explaining)
Amigo means “friend.” You might need to know that for tomorrow.

Jeff nods, resigned to his fate.

JEFF
Yeah, you win. I’m gonna flunk the test.

Jeff starts to realize the full ramifications.

JEFF (CONT’D)
And I’m going to flunk Spanish.

He buries his face in his hands.

JEFF (CONT’D)
And this semester. And I’m gonna lose my job.

The group looks at each other. Mostly, they look at Britta. *

Britta looks at them with a “What? Me?” face. She indicates *

Jeff and makes a gagging gesture.

Shirley makes a gesture that means “give me a break and maybe also get over yourself because there are worse things in the world than men making asses of themselves over you.”

Troy gestures insistently. So does Pierce. Abed is confused.

ABED
What’s going on? Can you guys hear me? Am I deaf?

Britta makes a decision. She addresses the group. *

BRITTA
The truth is, Jeff, without your seething dishonesty to unify us, we didn’t last too long up there. So... if you were to join us...

Everyone responds affirmatively. Jeff is taken aback. *

JEFF
I can study with you guys?
BRITTA
Yeah, well, who cares, I'm above it. Let's go.

She heads back for the library. Everyone follows. Abed comes to Jeff as he stands.

ABED
I'm sorry I called you Michael Douglas and I see your value, now.

He shakes Jeff's hand, and heads off with the others.

JEFF
That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

He follows the group toward the library entrance as we pull back in a crane shot that, like this campus, packs a lot of emotional punch for a reasonable price.

FADE OUT.