

BFF

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT./EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - EARLY MORNING

IVY HART (11, determined, optimistic, impulsive, White tween with long braids) rolls her eyes and yells to her mom in the doorway.

IVY
No, I don't need an umbrella! It's barely even raining.

SHOT of sheet-like pouring rain. We hear her mom's muffled voice warning Ivy not to miss the bus again.

IVY
Chill, Mom. Gaaaaaad.

Ivy walks briskly. We hear bus breaks squeaking and see yellow flashing lights. Ivy glances back at her house, shakes her head, and sprints down the street.

IVY
Noooooooooo!
(hollers)
Jaylaaaa! Hold the bus!

JAYLA ADAMS (11, Black, Ivy's protective, best friend) nods and fakes a limp to stall the bus. With a violin in one hand and posters in the other, Ivy sprints down the street despite not being able to hold her wraparound skirt together. Her skirt trails behind her like a cape.

JAYLA
(sing-songy)
There she is! Captain Underpants!
(ribbing)
I feel like I've seen a lot of you lately, Ives.

IVY
(panting)
Knock it off. Could everyone see?

As they board the bus, the clapping and whooping answer Ivy's question. Ivy owns the moment and feigns confidence by taking a bow before sinking into the front seat.

IVY
My life is totally over!
Literally.

JAYLA

(whispers)

No, it's not. And definitely not literally or you'd actually be dead. You're gonna be fine.

(stands up, hollers)

Hey, Big John. Knock it off or I'm going to tell your mom about what you did in the woods.

The bus is silenced for a moment before we hear a chorus of 'Ooooh's!' and 'sixth grader's gonna tell on you!'

IVY

(whispers)

Tell his mom what?

JAYLA

(whispers)

I don't know. But he's always in trouble and I saw him there, so I figure he's probably guilty of something. ... I do think it's time for an undie upgrade, though. Flowers?

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Dripping wet Ivy is being interviewed as Jayla talks with some friends nearby.

IVY TALKING HEAD

IVY

Washington Lumberjacks has a cable channel? Does anyone watch it? ... Oh... Well, yeah. I want a sports complex. We need one.

SHOT OF VERY UNEVEN FIELD

A soccer ball bounces irradically and a player limps off the field.

IVY (CONT'D)

But I am worried that relying on corporate funding gives Cook Oil too much control over the school's decisions and curriculum. Do you think?

Groups of drenched students gather in the hallways. Teachers clutching giant coffee mugs pair up outside their classrooms. We overhear students' conversations.

GENERIC PRETTY GIRL 1

... I am so over this rain. Like do we need to build an ark, or what?

GENERIC PRETTY GIRL 2

100 percent. I'm not taking my hat off. My hair gets frizzy in this weather...

PEDRO PEREZ (cute, soccer captain, 14, athletic, popular) takes Girl 2's hat as he waltzes by revealing unbelievably frizzy hair. Her friends gasp. Furious, Girl 2 spins around ready to lash out at the perpetrator until Pedro's smile instantly transforms her surly disposition to flirty.

GIRL 2 (CON'T)

Oh! Hi, Pedro!

PEDRO smiles, nods, and keeps strolling by with a stream of yellow-jerseyed soccer players in tow. They are laughing and mimicking Girl 2 'Oh, hi, Pedro!' Students part to let Pedro pass and stare after him like he's a celebrity.

MS. JONES (50s, science teacher, married to her job, often wears nerdy science joke t-shirts)

MS. JONES

(talking to herself)

Oh. No. What. Did. I. DO?! Oh, no, no, no, no, noooooooo! Crapitti, crap, crap, crap.

MICHELLE LI (30s, Asian, hip English teacher and friend of Ms. Jones)

MS. LI

(approaches)

What are you crapping about, Jane?

MS. JONES

Oh, Shell.

MS. LI

Hmm. Lemme guess. Something impulsive?

MS. JONES

No. Well, maybe a little. But--

MS. LI

Did you tell your students that your dog listens better than them again?

MS. JONES

No. Worse. I emailed Superintendent Tom Huang instead of my new friend Tom Heilig.

MS. LI

Oh, a new love interest?

MS. JONES

No, nothing like that. Yet. I mean, just a friend from Outdoor Minnesota. I went climbing with him and some other Outdoor people over the weekend and I got stung.

MS. LI

No! You're so allergic! Are you OK? I mean you're obviously OK beca--

MS. JONES

I'm fine because Tom used his epi pen on me.

MS. LI

What? His? You need to have that on you at all times. You never lis--

MS. JONES

It was in my car. Anyhow, you know I need reading glasses.

MS. LI nods.

MS. JONES (CONT'D)

I realized that I should've thanked him so I voice wrote an email at a stop light this morning.

MS. LI

Email? What are you 50? Oh, yeah. You are, aren't you?

MS. JONES

Thanks, Michelle. I can text! I just don't have his digits.

MS. LI
No one says digits, Jane. Stop that.

MS. JONES
Anyhow, all I saw was the H at the beginning, a few letters, and a g at the end, so I ended up sending a thank you email to the wrong Tom.

MS. LI
That doesn't sound that terrible.

MS. JONES
Mmm. It was inappropriate. Like, really, really inappropriate.

MS. LI
Oh, sh---rubbery.

beat

MS. LI (CONT'D)
I hear they need science teachers at the new charter school.

PRINCIPAL LEROY SACHS, over weight, 60's, coasting until retirement announces over the PA system.

PRINCIPAL SACHS (O.S.)
(lacking enthusiasm)
Good morning, Washington Lumberjacks. This is Principal Sachs with this morning's Axe Facts. Today is Tuesday, October 16th. There will be no outdoor sports practices due to flooded fields. Please make your way to the auditorium for the school assembly that will start in 5 minutes. Since the 8th grade and 7th grade presidents' buses are delayed due to the *regional* flooding, the 6th grade class president, um,
(shuffling papers)
Ivy Hart, president will thank the Cook Foundation for their generous funding for the new Cook Sports Complex.

IVY
 (to Jayla)
 Wait. What? Me? I'm going on
 stage?! Like this?!
 (indicates her wet,
 bedraggled appearance)
 To *thank* the Cook Foundation?! I
 don't want to thank them! I want
 to shut them down! Their air
 pollution wrecked my track season.
 Could hardly go outside because of
 all the air quality alerts!

IVY TALKING HEAD

Ivy holds poster boards with graphs showing abysmal air
 quality, and warmer and wetter weather.

IVY (CONT'D)
 Check out my science project. See
 here? Air quality keeps getting
 worse and the weather is warmer
 and wetter. Air pollution alone
 kills 7 million people every year.

Ivy flips through charts.

IVY (CONT'D)
 We thought COVID was bad. Big oil
 has been killing COVID-level
 numbers for thiiiiirty. Flippin'.
 Years! It's insanity! And when you
 factor in secondary problems
 caused by climate change--like
 heat stress, hurricanes,
 flooding, and stuff.
 (pacing)

Now I get to thank Cook for
 polluting our air and building a
 sports complex?... What? Yes, I'm
 nervous. Do I want to rethink
 using an umbrella? What are you
 secretly an adult or something? Do
 you think I'd want to *risk* being
 seen with an umbrella?

As students file into the auditorium for the school
 assembly, they jump to (try to) hit an exit sign above the
 door as they enter, one after another as if it's mandatory.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Principal Sachs points to the giant check propped against an easel holding a picture of the proposed future sports fields. Sports equipment is placed by the display. Ivy nervously attempts to pull her clinging wet shirt away from her skin.

PRINCIPAL SACHS

Let's give a warm welcome to ...
Violet ... Lung.

IVY

Thanks, Mr. Sachs. My name is actually Ivy Hart, not Violet Lung.

PRINCIPAL SACHS

(mutters)
Plant, body part. Close enough.

The mic SCREECHES and an awkward silence follows.

IVY

Um, yeah. I'd like to welcome Mr. David Cook from the Cook Foundation.

MR. DAVID COOK, 70s, frail White man standing on the side of the stage misses his chance to acknowledge the crowd because he's moving his bulging money clip to a more secure pocket.

IVY (CONT'D)

We owe a lot to oil and natural gas companies like Cook because they have helped us have more comfortable lives.

MS. JONES peers over her coffee, clearly surprised by what Ivy is saying.

IVY (CONT'D)

Thanks to the fossil fuel industry, we have warm houses and plastic products galore. From our toothbrushes to sports equipment,
(points at the stage display)
clothing, and of course Nintendos.

We hear a lone woot from NATHAN (12, gamer, funny but tries too hard, uses a wheelchair) at the mention of video games.

IVY (CONT'D)

We can hardly exist for five minutes without touching something made from petroleum. So, yeah, oil and gas have definitely made life more comfortable...

MR. COOK is now beaming. Ivy spots Jayla in the crowd, they momentarily lock eyes. Ivy swallows hard.

IVY (CONT'D)

But let's be real. The planet's temperature is supposed to rise 6 degrees Fahrenheit by the end of the century if we don't change course? No big deal, you might be thinking. We see 6-degree temperature swings in like 5 minutes here in Minnesota.

Shocked, Principal Sachs, does a dramatic about face which causes his toupee to be askew as he charges toward the stage. Jayla's 'air clapping' encourages Ivy to continue.

IVY (CONT'D)

But think about this. Please. The last time the world had such a massive temperature swing was 10,000 years ago during the last ice age when it was about 6 degrees colder. This is serious! This is going to affect every aspect of our lives. Like how are we going to grow our food? The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change is urging the world to cut emissions in half by 2030. That's the year we graduate high school, 6th graders!

We hear a 'that sucks!' A section of students, presumably 6th graders, start booing. Chaos breaks out with students hollering. Whispering teachers ask each other if it's true. Ms. JONES nods slowly and repeatedly in agreement with the facts being presented. Teachers gesture 'calm down' with wide-spread, slowly flapping arms. IVY's strong voice at the mic refocuses the audience.

IVY (CONT'D)

Let's put it this way. We all have dreams, right?

The crowd nods, almost involuntarily.

IVY (CONT'D)

Well, no dream of ours is ever
going to happen without a livable
climate!

The camera pans faces of students experiencing an array of emotions: mad, confused, cognitive dissonance, surprise. The camera pans over--and then back to--a zoned-out kids picking his nose.

IVY (CONT'D)

So, thanks Cook Foundation for
your generous guilt money
"donation"...

Ivy trots over to the oversized check and flings it like a Frisbee into the crowd. The students cheer and crowd-surf the check around the auditorium.

IVY (CONT'D)

...that you were mandated to give
schools because your refineries
pollute our air and water. We
appreciate how fossil fuels have
advanced our society. But it's
time for us to break up. We want
different things. You want money,
and we want to be able to breathe
the air and live out our natural
lives. It's time for us to kick
oil to the curb!

Ivy picks up the soccer ball and drop kicks it to the back of the auditorium. The students cheer wildly.

IVY TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

IVY

I know, right? I didn't pull a
"Charlie Brown" move! And everyone
is cheering!

BACK TO SCENE

Ivy enjoys the moment before continuing.

IVY (CONT'D)
 Mr. Cook, you fossil fuel
 companies are literally killing
 us! But this isn't game over. This
 is GAME. ON! It's time to move
 beyond fossil fuels--BFF.
 Yeah...Um. Join the BFF Club that
 my BFF Jayla and I are starting!

JAYLA raises her eyebrows about this surprise announcement but nods along. She starts chanting "B-F-F" and the entire student body joins her with gusto.

PEDRO, sits with his arms crossed, eyes narrowed, lips pursed, and shakes his head. The rest of his team looks to him, stops cheering, and imitates his body language.

Out of breath Principal Sachs finally makes it to the stage and grabs for the mic. Agile Ivy easily keeps it away from him. The students cheer wildly for Ivy. As he's lurching around grabbing for the mic, Principal Sachs's sliding-off toupee finally hits the floor. The students are on their feet hollering for Ivy to grab the toupee. She considers it but decides against it.

IVY (CONT'D)
 Meet me right here today after
 school for the kick-off BFF
 meeting. Who's with me?

Ivy drops the mic before disappearing out the side auditorium door. The riotous students pour out of the auditorium.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Energetic students jovially bounce around the crowded halls cheering for and high-fiving Ivy as they pass her.

STUDENT #1
 Great job, Greta!

STUDENT #2
 Game on, Greta! Game on!

IVY TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

IVY
 (shrugs with a huge
 smile)
 They know I'm not Greta Thunberg,
 right? Is it the braids?

- B ROLL OF SWEDISH CLIMATE ACTIVIST GRETA THUNBERG AT A CLIMATE RALLY

BACK TO SCENE

A dramatic hush sweeps over the crowd as the students part to reveal PEDRO storming down the hallway, leading his pack of his yellow-jerseyed teammates. He glares at Ivy as they pass each other. Ivy pretends not to notice. Pedro looks around at the students in the crowded hallway. No one meets his gaze. Students look down and shuffle off uncomfortably to their classes. Ivy, mouth agape and speechless, stares after Pedro and his teammates.

PEDRO TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

PEDRO

So, who are you?...What is this video for?...OK. Weird, but whatever. Yeah, I'm Pedro Perez. I'm the soccer team's captain. A college scout came to see my game last year. As a 7th grader. Ivy's goin' down...She talks about the future. My entire family is counting on me to be the first one to go to college. Soccer is my future!

INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTER SCHOOL - DAY

Glancing feverishly between the clock and the door, Ivy stands at the same podium as at the assembly.

REVERSE ON the SPARSELY FILLED auditorium.

IVY TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

IVY

Was I expecting more people to show up? Yes. Everyone was chanting "climate club" at the assembly, right? I mean, I'm not delusional or something.

(beat)

Right?

JAYLA TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

JAYLA

Do you think Andy Wang is going to come to climate club? I mean not like I care. Ivy likes him.

Jayla's voice trails off and she has a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes.

BRANDI, 12, a loner with ragged clothes, unkempt hair, and a tough exterior.

BRANDI TALKING HEAD - AUDITORIUM

BRANDI

Leave me alone!

(walking away)

I didn't know anyone was meeting in here. This is my lair. No one looks the here. Turn that thing off or I'm going to end you!

(grabs for camera)

We see PEDRO storming down the hallway towards Principal Sachs's office.

INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTER SCHOOL - DAY (CONTINUED)

Jayla is seated in the second row with a couple other students. Brandi is seated in the back. BRANDI sits looking down with her forehead in her hand.

IVY

I'm Ivy Hart. My pronouns are she, her and thanks to all ... *five* ... of you for coming. Maybe we should start by introducing ourselves and tell us why you decided to join climate club?

JAYLA

Hey, I'm Jayla. She, her. I'm excited to be here because we're livin' in the most incredible time in all of history because what we do now--or don't do, I guess--has the power to make or break the future. And just because we're young, we're not powerless. So, yeah. Let's do this.

(MORE)

JAYLA (CONT'D)

Let's help create an equitable and
just energy transition, y'all!

IVY cheers and claps loudly, while the other three students
clap. But the response is awkward and inadequate given the
rousing speech that was just delivered.

IVY

So, who's next? Let's start in the
back. Do you want to introduce
yourself?

BRANDI

(fiercely)

Nope.

Ivy and Jayla look at each other shrugging their shoulders
at a loss for how to include Brandi.

IVY

Would you at least share your name
with us?

BRANDI

Brandi. I'm in your English class.

Ivy looks embarrassed.

IVY

(lying)

Totally. I know that. I just, um,
didn't know if everyone else knew
your name.

BRANDI TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

BRANDI

(Covering - she's secretly hurt by
it)
She's lying.

IVY TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

IVY

Are we really in English together?
I don't ever remember seeing her
in my whole life.

BACK TO SCENE

A sudden noise at the back of the auditorium turns heads.

CEDAR O'SULLIVAN (13, theater, goth/emo style) sashays into the auditorium doing jazz hands.

CEDAR

My name is Cedar O'Sullivan, and theater is my hooome!

(twirls)

I'm assuming we're introducing ourselves? I'm proud of my Native American heritage which embraces my two-spiritedness. My pronouns are they-them and my last name O'Sullivan literally means 'descendants from royalty' in Irish.

ANDY

Nice intro...

Heads jerk back at the sound of Andy's jovial voice as he suddenly appears in the doorway. He glides in with a glowing aura in slow motion.

ANDY (CONT'D)

...your royal highness.

(bows toward Cedar)

Honored to be in the presence of such greatness!

(beat)

We doin' intros?

Ivy nods, mouth open.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm Andy. Sorry I'm late. I had to wait til we got assigned into groups at Science Club, so I could dip without the advisor noticing.

IVY

Totally fine. And you don't really need an introduction. I mean everyone knows who you are. Um, I mean since you're an 8th grader and um your name is in the newspaper like every week for winning every academic award possible and...

JAYLA
 (saving Ivy from
 rambling)
 We're also just telling why we
 showed up today.

ANDY
 Where is everyone? I thought this
 place would be packed.

IVY
 (mumbling)
 Yeah, me too.

ANDY
 So, why I'm here? No brainer.
 Yeah, *game on!* Let's be BFFs! You
 nailed it, Ms. Hart.

Smiling, swooning IVY and JAYLA nod their head in a
 synchronized jackhammer-like tempo.

JAYLA TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

JAYLA
 (smiling too big)
 Isn't Andy amazing? We have so
 much in common. He doesn't like
 air pollution. I don't like air
 pollution.

IVY TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

IVY
 He wants to be BFFs!

She suddenly realizes he doesn't actually mean best friends
 forever.

I mean, it's so cool he's joining
 the Beyond Fossil Fuels Club.

BACK TO SCENE

ANDY
 But let's keep my participation
 here on the DL?

CEDAR
 Ah, embarrassed to be in the
 climate club?

ANDY

Oh, no! It's nothing like that.
It's just that my parents wouldn't
approve.

IVY

Because they're Boomers?

ANDY

No, it's just not as strong on my
college resume. You know, the
whole college thing?

IVY

We're in middle school.

ANDY

Yes, kind of a late start, right?

IVY

(flustered)

Yeah, thanks, Andy Wang, gorgeous
8th grader.

IVY TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

Oh my God! Did I actually say that
out loud?

- QUICK SHOT OF ANDY WITH HIS HAIR BLOWING BACK AND A
TWINKLING EYES, WITH A DING SOUND.

BACK TO SCENE

ANDY

But you're the leader.
(motioning toward Ivy)
what were you thinking, I.V.?
(taps arm)
Hook us up with some knowledge!

IVY

(whispers to Jayla)
I can't believe he knows my name!

Jayla exhales and gives Ivy a forced smile, clearly envious
of Ivy.

IVY (CONT'D)

I was thinking we should identify
and use our strengths.

(MORE)

IVY (CONT'D)

So it's fun! I'll start. I'm pretty good at researching stuff, so I'm drafting a climate plan to bring to the city council meeting. Who wants to help with the footnotes, the write up, or the presentation?

Awkward silence. Everyone is purposely avoiding eye contact.

IVY (CONT'D)

OK. We'll come back to that, I guess.

CEDAR

Well, I'm certainly not gonna *volunteer* to do extra homework. But I am a dancer! I could lead a flash mob protest and we could take over Lexington Avenue!

Cedar stands up and does a couple of awkward moves. The others look uncomfortable.

BRANDI

(lifts head)

No way I'm doing that stupid dance. Ever.

IVY

Andy? What about you? You bring a lot of strengths to every room you walk into.

IVY TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

IVY

Seriously? What is wrong with me? Why do I keep blurting out exactly what I know I shouldn't say?

BACK TO SCENE

ANDY

(doesn't react to the
awkward compliment)
Science Club is studying heat
pumps and Frau Keller showed us a
video about German engineering
called Passivhaus that doesn't
even need a heating system.

NATHAN

What? In Minnesnowta. How is *that*
possible?

ANDY

(answers expertly to
Nathan)
2-foot thick walls, triple pane
windows, very few thermal bridges.

Nathan's face show he's not understanding the explanation.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Anyhow, since we need to cut
global emissions in half and
heating and cooling our homes is
about half of people's footprints
worldwide, I was thinking that
would be good to tackle.

IVY

(too enthusiastically)
Yes! I have chapters on passive
houses *and* heat pumps in my
climate action plan.

JAYLA

(competitively
enthusiastic)
That's an *amazing* idea! I helped
Ivy put those chapters together.
I'll work with you on revising
those chapters, Andy!

Ivy looks at Jayla suspiciously. Andy beams at Ivy and
Jayla's positive responses.

IVY

That is a phenomenal idea. We
definitely need to make that a
priority. Maybe the *three* of us
should make a committee to move
that idea forward.

(MORE)

IVY (CONT'D)

And anyone else who wants to join,
too, of course. ... Anyone else
want to share their strengths?

NATHAN

Hey, I'm Nathan. Not gonna lie.
I'm pretty *lit* at Minecraft.

JAYLA

And that's gonna help with the
climate crisis how?

NATHAN

Big gamers have like a bajillion
subs. I've interacted with Dream
and TommyInnit.

ANDY

(impressed)
Really? Whoa.

NATHAN

Why not have the influencers
influence society in a positive
way, like saving energy and stuff?

ANDY

That's actually a baller idea,
Nathan.

Nathan and Andy dap each other up.

ANDY

I wonder what the worldwide
footprint of gaming is...
(trails off)

SANVI (12, tiny Indian girl with a huge smile)

SANVI

Hi, I'm Sanvi. I think we should
get the cafeteria to compost.
There's so much food waste. It's
sad.

NATHAN

Maybe we should get them to serve
edible food so we don't have to
just throw it away.

Everyone laughs.

SANVI
 (still smiling)
 True. Maybe start with the menu.
 More vegan options would be good.

IVY
 Those are awesome ideas, Sanvi.
 Thanks...
 (to Brandi)
 Are you sure you don't want to
 offer an idea?

BRANDI
 We should just sue the stupid
 school district for not teaching
 us about climate change. Isn't it
 their job to prepare us for the
 future? And, oh yeah! Allow us to
 live out our natural lives? Maybe
 sue the city and the state too.

Everyone stops and turns to look at Brandi, not expecting
 participation or a viable idea.

BRANDI (CONT'D)
 (realizing she has
 people's attention)
 Like those students in Montana
 did. They won, too.

Excited chatter is heard with everyone commenting simultaneously
 that it's a good idea and that's what they should do.

IVY
 That's a super good idea, Brandi.
 Wow, lots of great ideas. I guess
 I just wanna point out that since
 we live in a purple state and the
 legislature passed--

CEDAR
 Oh 'cuz Prince was from here?

JAYLA
 I think she's talking about
 politics.

CEDAR is not following.

JAYLA (CONT'D)

You know, if you mix the blue that represents Democrats and red that stands for Republicans, you get purple?

CEDAR shrugs.

IVY

(nods to Cedar and Jayla)
It's a thing. But whatever. I just mean with the legislation in place to transition to clean energy by 2040 we luckily don't have *that* fight to fight.

BRANDI

Oh.

IVY

But I like what you're saying. We still need to hold the adults accountable.

NATHAN

Yeah, I don't know how you all know this stuff. Are you sure you're middle schoolers? Like, I don't even really get what climate change even means. I know it's real and it's happening, and we should stop it, and stuff. But I don't know why or how to make it stop.

IVY

Oh, my god, Nathan.

NATHAN

(embarrassed of admission)

I mean--

IVY

No, Nathan. You're right!

NATHAN

I am?

IVY

100%!

NATHAN

Cool. Yeah, um... How am I right?

IVY

Our schools are failing us. I mean have any of us ever learned anything about climate change causes or solutions in school?

The room is silent as they all shake their heads no to each other.

JAYLA

Good call, Nathan. And Ivy. This is probably the most important stuff to learn! Like, why do we have to do stuff like pointless word searches.

This strikes a chord and the students talk over each.

IVY

Or memorize presidents in order.

SAM

State capitals.

ANDY

Caring for an egg like it's a baby.

JAYLA

(looking at Andy for approval)

Yeah eggs. Um, how to drop an egg without breaking it.

CEDAR

Prime numbers, yo!

BRANDI

Spelling sucks.

Nathan's answer comes a moment later and hangs out there awkwardly.

NATHAN

Critical thinking is a total waste of time.

The rest of the students pause, give each other a questioning 'na-that's-actually-pretty-important' look and just move forward.

(beat)

ANDY

A lawyer still might be a good idea. Especially if we could find one pro bono.

NATHAN

Pro, what? Seriously. You're all way too smart.

JAYLA

It's Latin. Pro *bono* means free.
(to Nathan)
My dad's a lawyer.

NATHAN

There are free lawyers? I should tell my dad. He's on his third divor--

SAM (11, like Manni from *Modern Family*, confident, articulate, dressed in business casual)

SAM

(interrupts)

No matter what we do, I bet it'll take money. Maybe we could have a bake sale to raise money. I'm good at baking.

JAYLA

No, Sam.

SAM looks offended

JAYLA (CONT'D)

You're *amazing* at baking!

SAM beams.

JAYLA (CONT'D)

You should make those cream puffs like you did for Madame Gregoire's class, Sam! People would pay big money for those.

IVY

Mmmm. Yees. Those. Were. So good! Like literally the best cream puffs I've ever had.

SAM

Thanks. They did win me a blue ribbon at the State Fair.

CEDAR

Maybe we could use the school kitchen so we can mass produce them!

ANDY

Hey, I could build a website for your bakery, Sam. We could start a business and do deliveries so no one knows where things are coming from.

IVY

But how are we going to get permission to use the kitchen?

BRANDI

I gotchu.

BRANDI jingles a huge RING OF KEYS.

BRANDI (CONT'D)

Permission.

(chuckling)

Administration isn't gonna approve anything Ivy does after that speech! Meet me at door 11 at 6 o'clock. All the teachers are gone by then.

A "mole" wearing a yellow soccer jersey lurking in the shadows slips out a side door of the auditorium.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. - HALLWAY - DAY

Ms. Jones and Ms. Li are talking in the hall after school.

MS. JONES

So, you think I'm going to get
fired?

MS. LI

Well, you still didn't tell me
what you actually said. Out with
it, Lady Jane.

MS. JONES

Well, I meant to thank him for
poking me with his "epi pen" but
it came out as "epic" ...
(motions to her groin
area)
Um "male body part."

MS. LI

(doubles over laughing)
Only you, Jane. Only you.
(realizing she shouldn't
be laughing)
Can you unsend it?

MS. JONES

No, it's been too long.

MS. LI

(still laughing, but
trying not to)
That new tech guy might be able to
help you. Manish. His name is
Manish, right?

MS. JONES

(her nod turns into head
shake)
Well, unfortunately, he won't talk
to me right now.

- FLASHBACK SHOT OF MANISH (INDIAN MAN WITH WHITE SOCKS)
SKIPPING DOWN THE HALL SINGING ABOUT GETTING TO EAT A JELLY
DONUT WITH A THICK INDIAN ACCENT. JANE SPEEDS BY HIM. AS HE
ROUNDS THE CORNER INTO THE TEACHERS' LOUNGE, JANE IS
INDULGENTLY EATING THE LAST DONUT SHOWING NO REGRET, WHILE
LICKING HER FINGERS AND STARING HIM IN THE EYES WITH A
SMIRK.

MS. LI

Jane, your sugar addiction is going to be the end of you.

MS. JONES

I know. I have a problem. I tried going to support group meetings. But I kept eating all of the cookies. Even though they were pretty awful. Tasted like dog biscuits.

MS. LI

How do you know--Never mind. Were they low sugar or something because it was an overeaters support group?

MS. JONES

Oh! *That's* probably what was wrong with them! ... But you know how my first hour is. I *needed* that sugar to get myself on the students' level.

- SHOT SHOWING CLASSROOM MAYHEM: STUDENTS SWORDFIGHT WITH YARDSTICKS. OTHER KIDS RUB THEIR BACKS AGAINST A TILED WALL SO THEY CAN BUILD UP STATIC ELECTRICITY TO SHOCK OTHER STUDENTS. KIDS SING (BADLY) AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS. OTHERS PLAYING JENGA WITH GLASS GRADUATED CYLINDERS...

MS. LI

Jane. Slow down. You just had more sugar, didn't you?

MS. JONES

You can tell? It was just my I-made-it-through-the-school-day reward double-fudge brownie.

MS. LI shakes her head.

MS. JONES (CONT'D)

(talking fast)

The only shred of good news is I got an out-of-the-office reply from Superintendent Huang. I don't think he's seen it yet. I hope. Can we say I got hacked? Yeah. A hacker sent that message.

INT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Pedro and Principal Sachs discuss.

PRINCIPAL SACHS

I'm as disappointed as you are.
Maybe even more disappointed. Did
you know there was talk of the
concession stand being named after
me?

Principal Sachs reaches for a candy bar and shoves it into
his mouth.

PEDRO

Well, are you just going to let an
unhinged 6th-grader win, Mr. Sachs?
You're the principal! Can't you
just apologize to Cook? Or sue Ivy
for slandering Cook?

PRINCIPAL SACHS

(pondering and talking
with mouth full)

Would hafta be *some* apology. You
know this is all over the news
now. Seems like the public is
siding with Ivy.

(chewing)

And sue. Hmm. Not too sure we've
got a case for slander, Pedro. But
I'm super happy you have that word
in your vocabulary. I don't think
I knew that word at your age.
Who's your English teacher?

PEDRO

Thanks. Li.

PRINCIPAL SACHS fingers the caramel out that's wedged
between his lips and gums. Principal Sachs looks pleased as
he sees how much he's retrieved and licks his finger.

PRINCIPAL SACHS

How about getting student support
through a petition?

PRINCIPAL SACHS uses the same nasty index finger to tap the
paper he hands to PEDRO. Disgusted, Pedro fights a gag
reflex and backs away from the germy, caramel bit-laden
paper.

PEDRO

No, I'm good.
 (looking at the gross
 paper)
 The football team is huge. They're
 going to lose their stadium too. I
 just don't think they realize it.
 OK. I'm on it.

PRINCIPAL SACHS

I'm meeting with Superintendent
 Huang tomorrow morning. We'll
 discuss how to win back the Cook
 Foundation's support.

PEDRO

Thanks, Mr. Sachs.
 (looking back as he
 leaves)
 And the world would definitely be
 better off with a new sports
 complex with a 'Sachs Snacks'
 concession stand.

PRINCIPAL SACHS

Sachs Snacks! I like the sound of
 that.

EXT. LATER, EVENING OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL BY DOOR 11

The soccer team is waiting at door 11 as the BFF Club
 arrives with backpacks full of baking ingredients.

PEDRO

Well, if it isn't our BFF bakers
 sneaking around trying to make
 some dough.

Pedro rubs his thumb over the tip of his index and middle
 fingers and then he grabs Ivy's backpack.

IVY

Hey! How di-- Gimme that! Why do
 you care?

PEDRO

How did I know? I've got people.
 Lots of people. And why do I care?
 Because you're threatening my way
 of life, Poison Ivy.

IVY

Oh, good one. No one has ever called me that, before. You're so original.

PEDRO stands toe to toe with IVY. Everyone sees the approaching blue flashing police lights except PEDRO who has his back to the street. The soccer team scatters. BRANDI opens the door and the BFF members duck in. IVY barely gets in before the door slams shut. PEDRO is left standing alone holding Ivy's pink Hello Kitty backpack.

OFFICER WRIGHT

Whatcha doin', son?

PEDRO

I was just. Um. Nothing.

OFFICER WRIGHT

Whatcha got in the backpack?

PEDRO

I don't know.

OFFICER WRIGHT

You don't *know*?

PEDRO

No. It's not my backpack.

OFFICER WRIGHT

So, it's a stolen backpack? Mind if I take a look?

PEDRO

It's not *stolen*. It's--

Pedro reluctantly hands the officer the bag. Officer Wright discovers 5 dozen egg cartons in the backpack.

OFFICER WRIGHT

That's a lot of eggs, young man. You and all of those other kids who just fled the scene weren't planning to egg the school, were you?

PEDRO

No! No, of course not. I was just going to um...

OFFICER WRIGHT

Let me just take that contraband
off your hands so we don't
eggsacerbate this situation,
(he, he)
see what I did there? You can keep
your pretty backpack, though.

PEDRO

Like I said, it's not mine.

OFFICER WRIGHT

Oh, don't worry about a thing. I
keep up with all these gender
issues. I learned a thing or two
about myself too. There's no shame
in liking feminine things. I
happen to like fancy socks.

He lifts his pant leg to reveal white folded down ankle
socks with lace ruffles.

PEDRO

But, I...

The officer pops his trunk, unloads the eggs, and adjusts
his belt that fits oddly over his big middle.

OFFICER WRIGHT

(closing the trunk)
Welp. Here's your backpack back.

PEDRO has fled the scene. Bewildered, OFFICER WRIGHT looks
around.

OFFICER WRIGHT (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Ah, jeeez. Not again, Wayne. You
gotta get names first.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT./EXT. BACK OF SCHOOL LOADING DOCK - NEXT MORNING

Sam motions a delivery truck driver to keep backing and signals him to stop when he's just inches away. The delivery person dollies the baking supplies into the kitchen.

SAM
(pointing)
Thanks. Right over there, please.

DELIVERY GUY
I've never delivered stuff to a student before.

SAM
Oh, I get that a lot. I'm not a student. I'm new on staff and I'm actually 26. I have Highlander Syndrome that prevents me from aging.

DELIVERY GUY
Oh, my god. I'm so...sorry! ...
Sir.

The delivery guy stands there dumbfounded.

SAM TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

SAM
Highlander Syndrome? It's a real condition where people don't appear to age. I read about an Asian guy with it...No, I don't really have it.

BACK TO SCENE

SAM
So do I need to pull out my ID or are you going to hand over the food?

DELIVERY GUY
Oh, yeah. Um. Here you go. That'll be \$192.34.

Ivy, Jayla, Andy, and Nathan enter the kitchen.

SAM

Oh, I thought it was \$175.34. I only have \$175.

DELIVERY GUY

With delivery, it's \$192.34. Sorry. We've never done business with this school and there's no purchase order set up, so I need payment now. All of it.

ANDY

Are we short here?

DELIVERY GUY

(quietly to Andy)

That's kind of insensitive, isn't it?

ANDY briefly furrows his brow at the odd comment, then pulls out a \$20 bill from his jeans pocket and hands it to the delivery guy.

JAYLA TALKING HEAD-HALLWAY

Oh my god. He's rich too.

BACK TO SCENE

Ms. Jones walks into the kitchen to put her lunch in the refrigerator.

MS. JONES

Well, didn't know this was a before-school hangout spot. Sam, what's with the apron.

SAM

Just messing around.

Superintendent Huang walks by out in the hallway, and Ms. Jones ducks down behind the lunch counter.

SAM

Are you *hiding* from Superintendent Huang, Ms Jones.

MS. JONES

No, of course not. Well, sort of. Yes.

ANDY

Can I ask why?

MS. JONES
Weeeell, I accidentally sent Dr. Huang a ridiculously inappropriate email.

NATHAN
How does that happen?

MS. JONES
Voice texting coupled with poor vision and inadequate proofreading. You know how I need reading glasses.

IVY
Oh, yeah. Remember when you read lab lesson notes wrong and we added N₂O instead of H₂O?

MS. JONES
That was an honest--

ANDY
Oh, yeah. The legendary laughing gas incident! My cousin in Wisconsin heard about that!

IVY
Has he read the email?

MS. JONES
I don't know. That's what I'm worried about. I need to get it deleted.

JAYLA
I've got an idea.

The group huddles and discusses a plan.

Ms. Li and Mr. Huang stop right in front of Ms. Jones and students.

MS. JONES
Oh, Ms. Li!

Ms. Jones gives her friend a huge bear hug. Ms. Li looks uncomfortable and surprised.

MS. JONES
Superintendent Huang! I guess it would be rude of me not to greet you with a hug too.

MR. HUANG

Oh, no. It's fine. I'm not. Really not a hugger.

Ms. Jones dives in for the hug, ignoring Mr. Huang's reluctance. The hug lifts his suit jacket up, and she signals the students with her eyes and a tiny nod to grab Mr. Huang's phone out of his back pocket. Nathan points to himself and nods. Andy cocks his head trying to understand Nathan's plan.

MR. HUANG (CONT'D)

Especially not staff--OK, then.
That's. OK.

Nathan rams his chair into Mr. Huang which almost knocks him over. Ivy grabs Mr. Huang's elbow to keep him from toppling over.

NATHAN

So sorry, Dr. Huang! New chair.

Discombobulated, Mr. Huang takes a big step backward from the group taking back his personal space and looks around to make sure no one saw.

MR. HUANG

Oh, well, it's got zip. Like an electric car.

NATHAN TALKING HEAD - HALLWAY

Am I proud of using my disability like that? Yeah! Kinda.

BACK TO SCENE

JAYLA

Dr. Huang! Can I get a selfie with you?

DR. HUANG

With me? Um. Sure! I've never had a student ask to have a selfie with me before.

Jayla slyly switches her phone with Dr. Huang's. She does a perfect Instagram smile while Dr. Huang looks straight-up awkward and creepy. But Jayla's plan to unlock the phone works. She snaps a photo and secretly hands the phone off to Andy.

MS. JONES

So nice to see you. What are you doing here, Mr. Huang?

Ms. Jones stares at Ms. Li wide-eyed searching to find out whether Mr. Huang has read his email.

MS. LI

(speaking slowly)

That's what I wondered too. Mr. Huang toured schools all day yesterday. Away from his desk. All day long. Not a moment to sit down.

DR. HUANG

I'm in the schools a lot, actually. I like poking--

Ms. Jones freezes at the word "poking."

DR. HUANG (CONT'D)

--my nose into classrooms as often as my schedule allows me to. I'm here to meet with Mr. Sachs. Gotta figure out how to handle this Cook Foundation catastrophe.

MS. JONES

We really, really, really appreciate your support, Mr. Huang.

DR. HUANG

You certainly have...passion, Ms. Jones.

Andy comes back waving Mr. Huang's phone signaling mission completed with a thumbs up. He sets it down behind Dr. Huang.

MS. JONES

Oh, Dr. Huang, is that your phone?
(points)

DR. HUANG pats his back pocket.

DR. HUANG

Geez, must've fallen out. Thank you, Ms. Jones. That could've been a disaster.

MS. JONES

That's for sure!

She exhales as Dr. Huang walks away.

MS. JONES (CONT'D)
Thanks a million, you all.

IVY
Course, Ms. Jones. You're
everyone's favorite teacher.

MS. JONES
Don't be a brown-noser, Ms. Hart.
That's Andy's job.

IVY
Seriously. I've been wanting to
ask you if you'd be the advisor
for our new BFF club.

MS. JONES
How can I possibly say no to this
group of brave and kind students?

The BFFs group huddles with arms around shoulders.

IVY (V.O.)
Jayla's right--the future is ours
to choose. And we just need to
concentrate on doing one thing
differently--stop burning stuff!
Sure, fossil fuels prop up our
economy. But just a couple hundred
years ago, slavery propped up the
economy. Now when we learn about
that history we can't believe
anyone would ever believe that.
We've pivoted as a society before.
Remember COVID? And quite frankly,
I'm sick of the economy being
propped up on my generation's
future! ... I don't know if an
underground bake sale is the best
first step. But it feels great to
be taking a step, and I think
we're going to make a difference.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

CEDAR
 (clapping hands,
 shouting)
 Let's take it from the top...
 1,2,3, eyes on me!

Now standing on a table, Cedar is unsuccessful at getting the students' attention. The pulsating music adds to the pandemonium. Scattered groups do their own chaotic dances.

CEDAR (CONT'D)
 (hollering)
 Rows, people! We need rows. Get
 into rows! Do you know what a row
 is?

SHOT CEDAR'S CHOREOGRAPHY NOTES LIE TRAMPLED ON THE FLOOR.

CEDAR TALKING HEAD - CAFETERIA

CEDAR
 (fighting tears)
 These notes are like my dreams.
 Trampled. I've dreamed that this
 flash mob would be the talk of the
 town and bring everyone together
 to address air pollution since
 this morning. I told everyone to
 channel their inner dance
 unicorns, but this?

A group is engaged in a breakdance battle. Another student struggles to untangle herself from a streamer used as a makeshift dance prop.

CEDAR (CONT'D)
 What? Ice cream?
 (instantly perks up)
 Yeah, I'll go!

END OF SHOW