

21 JUMP STREET

Story by
Jonah Hill and Michael Bacall

Screenplay by
Michael Bacall

LAST YEAR THERE WERE 280 BILLION INCIDENCES OF VIOLENCE ON HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUSES IN AMERICA.

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS FILM IS BASED ENTIRELY ON TRUE EVENTS.

FORTUNATELY, VERY FEW SCHOOLS ARE LIKE VALLEY HIGH...YET.

INT. '67 CORVETTE - NIGHT

Two white guys sit in a Marlboro Maroon '67 Corvette, sporting weak moustaches. **SCHMIDT, 23**, awkwardly applies a fake scar to his forehead with spirit gum.

SCHMIDT

Got your backstory down?

JENKO, 23, scratches his chin in chimplike fashion.

JENKO

This is a bad idea.

SCHMIDT

Look, it couldn't be easier. At no point do we even consider resorting to "Midnight Baboon".

JENKO

Shit I hope not, considering we're off duty.

SCHMIDT

We set up the buy and ask for delivery tomorrow. They leave to make the drop, *bwoop!* Pull 'em over in the patrol for a broken taillight. What's this? A trunkload of high grade heroin? Freeze putos, you're busted. We're heroes. We get fast tracked for a gold shield. Couple years later, we apply for S.I.S. and spend our career shooting bad guys in the face.

JENKO

S.I.S. would be tits.

SCHMIDT

Just observe my natural theatrical ability and follow my lead.

Jenko observes Schmidt. Schmidt just sits there. Jenko snorts, throws his car door open and heads for the house.

EXT. SCARY ECHO PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

Schmidt catches up with Jenko in a driveway of a scary house.

SCHMIDT

Is this the Mexican Gangbanger house from Training Day?

JENKO

Saying "Mexican" is racist.

SCHMIDT

What else am I supposed to call someone from Mexico?

JENKO

Spanish American.

SCHMIDT

You're a fuckin' idiot.

JENKO

Don't call me a fuckin' idiot.

Jenko kicks the TAILLIGHT on a '69 IMPALA in the driveway.

EXT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A beautiful **CHOLITA, 19**, answers the door. Schmidt stammers.

SCHMIDT

Uh...hi...um...

JENKO

Go get Domingo.

The Cholita stares at Jenko, defiant.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Now, bitch.

CHOLITA

Domingo!

Jenko winks at Schmidt.

INT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

FIVE MEXICAN BANGERS stare across the table. **JESUS CRISTO, 15**, spider web tattooed across his head, Atlanta Falcons jersey with "R. MEXICO" on the back, mad dogs Schmidt.

JESUS CRISTO
Ever get your shit pushed in, holmes?

SCHMIDT
Yeah. But not by a dick. Yet.

DOMINGO, 30, huge banger in an "H. SMITH" Giants jersey, nods.

DOMINGO
How much shit you need?

SCHMIDT
A shitload.

DOMINGO
What's a shitload? 20 grams? 20 keys?

JENKO
20 grams. The more shit the better.

JESUS CRISTO
Are you fuckin' retarded?

JENKO
No!

JESUS CRISTO
20 grams is less than two kilos by
1,998 grams, stupid.

SCHMIDT
Look, we need two keys. That shit
moves, we come back for more shit.

DOMINGO
I don't even know what shit you're
talking about, fool.

JENKO
You know what shit. The shit shit,
man. The shit.

Domingo and Jesus share a look. Domingo smiles.

DOMINGO
Shiiit.

INT. REALLY NARROW HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Gangsters flank Schmidt and Jenko as they walk a dark hallway lined with black velvet paintings of Saints.

EXT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Gangbangers usher Schmidt and Jenko into a huge, empty backyard. They stop next to a walled-off dogfighting ring.

SCHMIDT

You guys have dogfights?

DOMINGO

Nah, holmes. This is where we have pony rides for our kids. We only keep dogs for companionship.

Jesus clicks a remote control. A GARAGE DOOR facing the yard opens, revealing 20 cages full of SNARLING PIT BULLS.

DOMINGO (CONT'D)

Aw. I think they're lonely.

INT. BACKYARD GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Mexican Gangbangers usher Schmidt and Jenko into the garage. The dogs growl and snap at them from behind the cages. Schmidt casually leans against a breeding stand.

DOMINGO

The dogs make love on there.

Schmidt casually pushes away from the stand. He spies a HYDRAULIC VALVE under a sign that says "NO MOLESTAR".

SCHMIDT

We were actually hoping to make the exchange in a neutral location.

JESUS CRISTO

Take off your pants, bitch.

JENKO

What dude?

DOMINGO

Gotta search you for wires.

JENKO

You think we're cops?

SCHMIDT

That's really offensive.

DOMINGO

You motherfuckers don't sell drugs. People who sell drugs look tore up.

(MORE)

DOMINGO (CONT'D)
Your face look like a shaved
teenage pussy. Real sweet.

Schmidt and Jenko notice they're standing in front of a wall covered in blood spatter.

SCHMIDT
The baboon screams at midnight.

JENKO
Shit, really?

SCHMIDT
Man, fuck yo' mama!

Schmidt PUNCHES Jenko in the stomach. Jenko doubles over.

SLOW MOTION: *Jenko comes up with a GLOCK 36 in his hands.*

JENKO
(slow motion warp)
LAPD MOTHERFUCKERS, DROP IT!

Schmidt DIVES for the HYDRAULIC VALVE and turns it. Twenty dog cages fly open. The PIT BULLS leap out in slow motion.

REALTIME: The Pit Bulls quickly run out of the garage.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Dude?

SCHMIDT
I thought they'd attack their
oppressors!

Domingo reaches for a gun in his waistband and SHOTS himself in the leg. Everyone stares at the smoking bullet hole.

DOMINGO
I shot my leg. I shot my leg.

Jenko and Schmidt RUN. The other Bangers pull their guns.

INT. REALLY NARROW HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bullets splinter the doorway as Jenko and Schmidt dive into the house and sprint down the hallway.

EXT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko run out the front door and are immediately chased by six Pit Bulls. Schmidt throws his gun at a dog. They barely make it into the Corvette, slamming doors.

INT. '67 CORVETTE - CONTINUOUS

Jenko FLOORS it, burning rubber. Pit Bulls leap and snap at the windows. Schmidt screams into a police radio.

SCHMIDT
Officers under fire and dog attack!

INT. THE RIGHT FIELDER - NIGHT

"Pancho and Lefty" plays on the juke. Schmidt and Jenko sit at the bar in "The Right Fielder", in mild shock.

JENKO
We almost died.

SCHMIDT
Makes you think about everything
you never accomplished in life.

JENKO
Makes me want to get drunk. Hey man,
two doubles of Wild Turkey.

A burly **BARTENDER** nods at Schmidt.

BARTENDER
I need your I.D.

SCHMIDT
I'm a cop.

BARTENDER
Sure you are.

SCHMIDT
I don't have I.D., we were undercover.

BARTENDER
Sure you were.

The Bartender goes to grab the bottle.

JENKO
Sarge was pissed. Can't believe
he's sending us to Dep Chief.

SCHMIDT

We're definitely getting fired. I'd shoot myself in the head if I didn't throw my gun at a dog.

The Bartender puts two shots on the bar. Jenko downs one. Schmidt reaches for the other, but Jenko downs it too.

The door opens. Five MANLY COPS enter and head for the pool table. **WEXLER, 28**, very big ears, winks at Schmidt and Jenko.

WEXLER

What up, faggots.

JENKO

What up, Rampart assholes.

WEXLER

Hey Jenko, remember that time your Dad got shot by a clown?

FLASH CUT: A mustachioed cop gets gunned down by a clown.

Jenko steps off the stool. Schmidt holds him back.

SCHMIDT

We got enough trouble.

JENKO

He wasn't dumb. He got ambushed.

SCHMIDT

I know, man. I know.

At the other end of the bar, Schmidt sees an attractive woman make out with a gray haired man in a conservative suit.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Dude. Is that your girlfriend?

JENKO

Ha ha.

SCHMIDT

Dude, seriously. That's Regan.

Jenko double takes. He walks over and stands behind the couple. **REGAN, 26**, looks up, startled.

REGAN

Oh...shit. I didn't want you to find out this way.

JENKO

I come in here all the time, so I'm pretty sure you did.

The older gentleman excuses himself to give them space.

JENKO (CONT'D)

You're cheating on me with your Dad?

REGAN

I'm not 18 anymore. Sex with you is great, but I'm ready to have kids.

JENKO

So am I. I told you that.

REGAN

I know, and that's sweet. But no offense? I don't want to have half-retarded babies. Ron's a detective and he's really smart. Sometimes in life you have to make hard choices, and his dick isn't that much smaller than yours. So...

Schmidt crosses behind Jenko and Regan to a group of FEMALE COPS hanging by the jukebox. He drops a coin and nods to **SHEILA, 24**, the prettiest one there. He browses the juke.

SCHMIDT

Lookin' for some hardcore shit. I'm gonna get seriously messed up this weekend. You got any plans, Sheila?

ABBA, "Take A Chance On Me" blasts from the jukebox.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Okay, that was not my-

MOLINA, 40, the butchest female cop, towers over Schmidt.

MOLINA

Back off, bitch.

Schmidt backs off and bumps into Wexler's pool cue, ruining his shot. Rampart cops surround him.

WEXLER

Nice moustache.

SCHMIDT

Thanks.

WEXLER

I was joking.

SCHMIDT

Sorry, I forgot your ears get big when you're being sarcastic.

WEXLER

Don't you think you and your butt buddy might be better off in the West Hollywood division?

SCHMIDT

Ha ha, because we're gay. Hey, did you guys hit your monthly quota of shooting unarmed black guys?

Wexler shoves Schmidt. He trips on a stool and falls. Jenko steps over him and walks up to Sheila at the jukebox.

JENKO

Wanna go fuck in my car?

SHEILA

Yeah, whatever.

Schmidt watches them exit, then turns to the Bartender.

SCHMIDT

You have to give me some alcohol.

BARTENDER

Absolutely not.

Schmidt stews as a siren begins to wail.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS, SCHMIDT'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Schmidt's hand slams his novelty police siren alarm clock.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS, KITCHEN - DAWN

DING! Jenko pops the microwave open. Schmidt removes Hot Pockets with a shark oven mitt and puts them on paper plates. They take a bite, make disgusted faces, and exchange Pockets.

EXT. SAUSALITO ARMS - DAWN

Schmidt and Jenko exit **THE SAUSALITO ARMS**, a shitty Van Nuys apartment. A MEXICAN KID IN A DIAPER flips them off.

INT. DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY (58), soft spoken, sits behind his desk. Jenko and Schmidt, in patrol uniforms, sit across from him.

JENKO

Sir, we signed up to take bad guys off the street with a show of appropriate force. We've been cops for four years and all we ever get are creampuff assignments. Cat in a tree, or some kid's bike got stolen.

HARDY

You don't get called in on hotshots because you look twelve years old. Criminals don't respect you.

SCHMIDT

Sir, last night we had five bangers convinced we were big time dealers.

Hardy reads Schmidt's "INCIDENT REPORT" aloud.

HARDY

"At which point suspect said: *'You motherfuckers don't sell drugs. People who sell drugs look tore up. Your face look like a shaved teenage pussy. Real sweet.'*"

The guys sink in their chairs. Hardy stands. He's very tall.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Officers need to create fear on sight. Looking at you right now, all I see are a couple kids dressed up as cops on Halloween. In fact...

Hardy tosses Schmidt and Jenko a couple little Snickers bars. Jenko starts to unwrap his. Schmidt shoots him a look.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Normally after a night where two of my officers set free 20 pissed-off pitbulls who went on to terrorize a taco truck for hours because the woman inside didn't have a cell phone, so she just had to scream "Ayudo me!" till someone heard her? Normally I'd terminate those officers. Or put them on a permanent desk.

Hardy sighs.

HARDY (CONT'D)

However, I have a unit in dire need of two young white males. You got boy faces, but you showed man sized balls walking into that house. That buys you this opportunity. Don't blow it. You report at 0600.

SCHMIDT

Where to, sir?

HARDY

Down on Jump Street. 21 Jump Street.

A church organ. "21 JUMP STREET" sprays across a bad graphic of a brick wall. The image shatters, and the ORIGINAL JUMP STREET THEME SONG KICKS IN for the **OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE:**

- Jenko and Schmidt windsurf, dragging hands in the water.
- Schmidt steps to a HARLEY METH DEALER and BITCH SLAPS him.
- Jenko and Schmidt dive out of an airplane shooting M-4 Bushmasters at SKYDIVING BAD GUYS. A surface-to-air missile streaks past them and EXPLODES the airplane they leapt from.
- Jenko and Schmidt play two player "NARC" in a donut shop.
- Jenko jumps a BMX over a slant nose Porsche 911 Targa, dropping a lit stick of dynamite into the car.

DRUG DEALER

Fuck you, asshole!

The Porsche explodes.

- Schmidt kicks Eddie Vedder in the balls.
- Jenko pilots a Sea Doo while Schmidt fires a belt fed M-60 at a Drug Dealer on a jet ski, annihilating him.
- Jenko drives his Corvette on two wheels.

SCHMIDT

Wake up, we're here.

Schmidt grabs the wheel and flips the Corvette over six times. They crawl out of the wreckage, unharmed.

JENKO

What's your problem, man?

The '67 Stingray explodes behind them.

INT. '67 STINGRAY - MORNING

Jenko wakes up, drooling on the window. He looks at Schmidt.

JENKO
I let you drive?

SCHMIDT
We both agreed you were still drunk.

Jenko empties the crumbs of a Gigantor bag of COOL RANCH DORITOS into his mouth, then licks the inside of the bag. Schmidt snatches the bag and throws it out the window.

JENKO
Pardon me for having post traumatic stress disorder, dick.

Schmidt and Jenko head towards a DECREPIT CHAPEL in an alley.

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - MORNING

Schmidt and Jenko enter THE JUMP STREET CHAPEL. Vibrant pop cultural artifacts blend with dusty religious iconography. Instead of pews, rows of DESKS face the pulpit.

SCHMIDT
Feels like the first day of school.

HARRY TRUMAN JR (Asian) and **JACKSON FUGAZY** (white), two short guys in baggy jeans and tees, eyeball Schmidt and Jenko.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
We need to check in with a C.O.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.
Sergeant Flynn, under the big desk.

JACKSON
You got something on your lip.

Schmidt touches his moustache. Jenko looks around, frowns.

JENKO
This must the unit that goes undercover in high schools.

JACKSON
You must be the guy they sent over to point out really obvious shit.

Jenko takes a step towards Fugazy. Schmidt pulls him back.

JENKO

Another pussy assignment.

SCHMIDT

At least we won't get shot at by a bunch of Spanish Americans.

They walk to the BIG DESK on the pulpit, hoist themselves up and find two white legs sticking out from underneath.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Reporting for duty sir!

The man startles awake and BANGS his head under the desk.

GRADY (O.S.)

COCK SUCKING CHRIST!

GRADY FLYNN (37) stands into frame beneath a giant crucifix. Blood streams down his face from his forehead. He pulls his Battlestar Galactica nightshirt down and squints.

GRADY (CONT'D)

My bitch wife and crazy daughters are teaming up to give me one long, slow heart attack. This is the only time of the day I get any sleep. And you just made me slam my head on a rusty nail. Thanks, asshole.

SCHMIDT

Sorry sir, just looking for a senior officer.

GRADY

How exactly old do you think I am?

JENKO

Forty.

GRADY

FUCK YOU. I'm 33. Ascend your ass up the stairs and see Captain Dicks in the rectory. He's chill, don't bother standing at attention. That kind of formal shit just pisses him off.

Jenko and Schmidt nod.

INT. JUMP STREET RECTORY - MORNING

CAPTAIN JOHN HENRY DICKS, 40, yells at the top of his lungs.

CAPTAIN DICKS

Motherfuckers, stand at attention when I'm talking to you! You crazy? I will shit on your face! This the Church of Dicks motherfuckers, and I will put mine in you, you pull any cowboy bullshit in my unit.

SCHMIDT

Sir I assure you we have no intention of pulling any cowboy bullsh-

CAPTAIN DICKS

I WILL SHIT. ON. YOUR FACE. YOU THINK I'M PLAYING? SIT DOWN!

Schmidt and Jenko sit down. Dicks takes a deep breath.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)

Sorry. I hate acting like Angry Black Captain. It's a messed up stereotype. I'm embarrassed. Welcome to Jump Street. We go undercover in high schools to take down anyone endangering children. I don't like when children get endangered.

Dicks pulls down a CHART captioned "SOCIAL ILLS".

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)

Lot of problems in the LAUSD. Alcoholism. AIDS. Rape. Graffiti. Teachers try'na get in they students' booties. But of all the evil my officers encounter out there? It's drugs fucks kids up the most. Drugs rob a young man of his soul. Drugs extinguish a young woman's dignity. Okay, some cats can handle they shit. But those who can't? Are fucked. For life. Think you can get down with helping me do something about that?

SCHMIDT/JENKO

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN DICKS

Need you two to go undercover at the most dangerous school in the city and infiltrate a narcotics ring.

SCHMIDT

Which school?

CAPTAIN DICKS
Valley High.

JENKO
Valley High?

CAPTAIN DICKS
YOU GOT A EAR INFUNCTION MOTHERFUCKER?

SCHMIDT
Isn't V.H.S. in a nice neighborhood?

CAPTAIN DICKS
Nice neighborhood with a lot of rich kids. One of whom just died from an overdose of a new drug called H.F.S.

SCHMIDT
What's "H.F.S"?

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - DAY

LUCY (24), Latina cop, sits next to Jackson and Harry as they update fake Twitter and Facebook profiles.

LUCY
"Holy Fuckin' Shit" is a designer drug specific to Valley High.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.
All we know is that it's extremely expensive, extremely addictive and it comes in small doses to keep users coming back for more.

LUCY
It appears to be sold in packs of ten little wafers. We've never recovered a dose because users eat them all immediately. From what we've gathered on the net, it's a short, intense rush with a little something for everyone.

JACKSON FUGAZY
For the Birkenstock assholes, it starts with a marijuana-like high, followed by some intense visuals. The tweakers who prefer Charlie McWhitesniff get a meth-like rush to finish things off.

SCHMIDT

Side effects?

LUCY

Extreme talkativeness and explosive diarrhea.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.

Jocks play on it. Nerds study on it. Kids from every race are using. White, Black, Latino, Asian, Other.

JACKSON FUGAZY

Apparently the kid who died ate a hundred doses with a value of a thousand dollars. We don't stop it, more Valley kids will wind up in the meat wagon on Prom night.

SCHMIDT

Why Prom night?

JACKSON FUGAZY

Because that's obviously when kids party the hardest? I know I did.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.

God I got so fucked up at Prom.

JENKO

I think I got fucked up, but I can't remember because I was so fucked up.

LUCY

I got fucked up and fucked hard.

Everyone laughs and looks at Schmidt for his story.

SCHMIDT

So...what do we know about the kid who died?

INT. JUMP STREET RECTORY - DAY

Captain Dicks slides a POLICE REPORT to Jenko and Schmidt. They open it to find a SCHOOL PHOTO of a smiling young man.

CAPTAIN DICKS

Billiam Williams. Star of the Valley High Theater Department. Found dead in the boys locker room.

JENKO
His name was "Billiam"?

CAPTAIN DICKS
Yeah.

JENKO
That's messed up.

CAPTAIN DICKS
I know. I'm putting you in classes with Billiam's friends. Hopefully they can lead you to who he bought the drug from. Anything you can find out about H.F.S, I need to know it and I need to know it now.

Dicks slides another file over. Schmidt flips through photos of **MOLLY TRACEY**, green-eyed brunette with librarian glasses.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)
Billiam was best friends with a "Molly Tracey". They were about to co-star in the school play. Who wants to join Play Production?

SCHMIDT
I can definitely handle that part of the mission, sir. I trained as an actor in Junior High.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Can you handle high school drama?

SCHMIDT
I'm very talented.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Pump her for info. And by "pump her," I do not mean with your johnson.

JENKO
You don't have to worry about that, sir. This guy couldn't get laid in a Chinese horsehouse.

Dicks slides Jenko a file with photos of NERDS.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Science Rodeo Club. Billiam was a key member. Join it.

JENKO
Science Rodeo?

CAPTAIN DICKS

Two groups of highly gifted kids
competing with complex experiments.

JENKO

I'm on that like stink on rice.

CAPTAIN DICKS

It's crucial that you identify the
group selling H.F.S. Once you figure
out who it is, drop all other
activities and infiltrate them.

Dicks slides over two blank dossiers.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)

Write up your undercover identities.

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, LUNCH TABLE - AFTERNOON

Grady flips through Schmidt's dossier. He has written on
every inch of available space, including the margins.

GRADY

Jesus pissing Christ, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

I believe in backstory.

GRADY

Based on all your previously
successful undercover work?

SCHMIDT

Based on the fact that I trained as
an actor in Junior High.

GRADY

You trained as an actor?

Schmidt nods.

GRADY (CONT'D)

What a fag. How about you, jackoff?

Grady looks at Jenko's dossier, blank except for one word.

GRADY (CONT'D)

You misspelled "whatever".

JENKO

Whatever.

Grady hurls their dossiers in the trash.

GRADY

Since you geniuses obviously suck dick at coming up with identities, lemme break it down. You are *the McQuaid brothers*. The most violent sons of bitches ever to go to school in Northern California. You've been kicked out of six schools for infractions ranging from extreme profanity to attempted murder.

JENKO

Why aren't we in jail?

GRADY

Because you're bad ass. So act like it. Bad ass from day one is your only way to get in with the bad guys before *school's out! For the summer!*

INT. TOPANGA MALL - DAY

Grady (Scorpions t-shirt) stands inside a MASSIVE MALL.

GRADY

Pop Quiz. Let's see what your game is like with high school students. Doug, you're supposed to get tight with some theater bitch, so hit up some quirky whores in the the Apple store and get me phone numbers for proof. Brad, you're supposed to be in some Science Rodeo bullshit, go find some nerdy bitches in B.Dalton books and get me some phone numbers.

A clean shaven Schmidt and Jenko nod and deploy.

INT. THE APPLE STORE - DAY

Schmidt stares at a **CARRIE**, a teen girl checking out iPods.

SCHMIDT

That's basically an iPhone without the phone. It's pretty sick. It has wireless and you can totally download songs and browse the web.

CARRIE

Do you work here or something?

SCHMIDT

No.

CARRIE

Can you leave me alone then?

SCHMIDT

No.

Carrie's suspicious MOM approaches.

CARRIE'S MOM

May I ask why you're talking to my daughter?

SCHMIDT

No.

Carrie's Mom drags her away.

INT. TOPANGA MALL - DAY

Jenko hustles out of BORDERS, pursued by a SECURITY GUARD.

INT. HOT DOG ON A STICK - DAY

Schmidt chuckles in line behind two SNOTTY TEEN GIRLS.

SCHMIDT

I know, my mom is such a dick too.

TEEN GIRL IN LINE

This is a private conversation?

SCHMIDT

Why do you have to be such a bitch?

TEEN GIRL IN LINE

Why do you have to be so ugly?

INT. MERRY GO ROUND - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko sit on horses next to each other on the Merry Go Round, rising up and down, up and down.

SCHMIDT

I need your extra numbers.

JENKO

Didn't get any. Apparently intelligent girls are scared of me.

The guys stare into the middle distance...

CAPTAIN DICKS (O.S.)
10 COMMANDMENTS OF JUMP STREET, GO.

INT. JUMP STREET RECTORY - EVENING

Schmidt and Jenko stand at attention.

SCHMIDT
ONE. Never blow your cover.

JENKO
TWO. Know your backstories.

SCHMIDT
THREE. Don't get emotionally involved with students.

JENKO
FOUR. Don't go to parties, you might be pressured to do drugs.

SCHMIDT
FIVE. Don't do drugs. Have a list of excuses ready for why you can't.

JENKO
SIX. Don't carry a gun on campus.

SCHMIDT
SEVEN. Don't be good or bad students. Be average.

JENKO
EIGHT. Don't wear a watch. Kids don't wear watches, police do!

SCHMIDT
NINE. Avoid violent altercations.

CAPTAIN DICKS nods, framed by a stained glass window.

CAPTAIN DICKS
And the Tenth Commandment?

Jenko and Schmidt can't remember. GRADY chimes in.

GRADY
"Never blow your cover", dickwads.

JENKO
That's the first Commandment.

CAPTAIN DICKS

It's the first and last Commandment.
Just because it's high school doesn't
mean you won't catch a bad one if 4
Pounda's start losin' weight. Dig?

SCHMIDT/JENKO

(huh?)
Yes sir.

CAPTAIN DICKS

I need to know who makes this shit
and I need to know it now, before it
spreads to other schools. Find out
who's selling. Infiltrate the
organization. Identify the supplier.
Uncover this evil motherfucker's
identity so I can put the LAPD's big
black dick up his ass.

SCHMIDT/JENKO

Yes sir!

INT. THE SAUSALITO ARMS, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jenko watches "Miami Vice" on Blu-ray. Schmidt thumbs through
AN ACTOR PREPARES side by side with his old YEARBOOK.

SCHMIDT

Stanislavski says "to reproduce
feelings you must be able to identify
them from personal experience."

JENKO

Who the fuck is Stanislavski?

SCHMIDT

The greatest drama teacher in history.

Jenko snaps off two armpit farts.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

We need to use what we really felt
in school to help our character
work. For example, what motivated
you to take a shit on Principal
Carmen's desk?

JENKO

That's what she gets for suspending
me for fighting in self-defense.

SCHMIDT

You started that fight. You kicked Jason Rutmanis in the head.

JENKO

That's what he gets for calling me a fuckin' idiot.

SCHMIDT

See, that's good. You should use the anger you felt over being dumb.

JENKO

(angry)

I didn't say I was angry.

Jenko grabs the Yearbook and flips some pages, landing on a PHOTO of a girl playing volleyball: "**MELISSA WHISPIT**". Her face has been carefully inked out with a ballpoint pen.

JENKO (CONT'D)

You know what you should use? The fact that you never learned to party and wasted four years of your life on a bitch who wouldn't even make out with you.

SCHMIDT

Don't call her a bitch. She was a good person.

Jenko laughs. Schmidt eyeballs him.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Just tell me now and get it over with. Did you put your dick in her?

Schmidt and Jenko share a long staredown.

JENKO

This is the last time I'm gonna say this. I did not fuck Melissa Whispit. Stop accusing me of being a bad friend just because I got shit-tanked for four years straight and had a great time.

Schmidt sighs.

SCHMIDT

I definitely should've partied more.

JENKO

You should've come to Prom. We raged.

SCHMIDT
Dude, do you have even one regret
from High School?

JENKO
Yeah. Just one.
(beat)
Learning. I regret not learning.

Schmidt nods, somber. Jenko breaks into forced laughter.

JENKO (CONT'D)
You vagina, you believed me?

Jenko turns another Yearbook page:

JENKO (CONT'D)
Fuck it, man. This is what it was
all about at the end of the day.

PHOTO: TEEN JENKO pretends to choke TEEN SCHMIDT. The caption reads "MOST LIKELY TO GET MARRIED", but "GET MARRIED" has been replaced with "**KICK ASS!!!**"

JENKO (CONT'D)
You and me, kicking much ass.

Schmidt slams the Yearbook shut.

SCHMIDT
That's not enough. Doug McQuaid
suffered unbelievable rejection and
pain as a kid. He laughs it off, but
inside he's really pissed off about
it. That's what drives him to commit
acts of unspeakable violence. I
don't know how to get into that
state of rage.

Jenko shrugs. He re-opens the Yearbook and reads a signature.

JENKO
Dude, your Mom signed your yearbook?

Schmidt stands up like a shot.

SCHMIDT
Oh my God. I have to move in with
my parents.

JENKO
What a horrible idea.

SCHMIDT

If Daniel Day-Lewis can cobble shoes,
I can move in with my parents.

JENKO

I just got dumped, man. Don't leave
me solo at the Sausalito.

SCHMIDT

I gotta pack.

Schmidt exits the living room.

EXT. WOODLAND HILLS SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Schmidt stands in front of a home in Woodland Hills with the identical expression he had outside the Training Day house.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt enters. The alarm goes off. He keys the code. A huge HANDBAG smashes into the side of his head and he goes down.

ANNIE

DAVID THERE'S AN INTRUDER!

SCHMIDT

Mom, it's me! Jesus fucking Christ!

ANNIE, 50, loud and frenzied, hits Schmidt in the head again.

ANNIE

I'm not having that kind of
language in this house!

DAVID, 55, beaten down from years of abuse, walks into the foyer. Annie hits him with her bag.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What if this had been a sexual
intruder? He'd be raping me by now!

DAVID

Now, honey, I told you that Schmidt
was moving home for a-

ANNIE

Oh you most certainly did not,
unless you said it in that little
gay mouse voice you like to use.

Annie's scowl suddenly turns into a huge smile.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
My Schmiddy is moving home?

Annie grabs Schmidt and squeezes the life out of him.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
My Schmiddy is moving home!

Schmidt and David share a look. David shrugs and walks away.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS, BATHROOM - MORNING

THE KINKS, "Schooldays": hands wearing multiple skull rings lace up Chuck Taylors. A vintage Bones Brigade T-shirt pulls over messy hair. JENKO mad dogs the mirror.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, BATHROOM - MORNING

A satin RAIDERS jacket slides over shoulders. SCHMIDT doffs a straight brim Raiders cap and mad dogs the mirror.

SPLIT SCREEN - Jenko and Schmidt give themselves hard looks.

JENKO
I'm Brad. Mess with me, I'll punch your face so hard your nose will come out your ass. Also, I'm hella smart, which is how I make so much damn money selling drugs.

Jenko shuffles two 20's and throws them at the mirror.

Schmidt grabs his crotch.

SCHMIDT
I'm Doug. I love drinking beer and fucking bitches. I've had sex with twenty sluts and I'm only 18. What?

ANNIE (O.S.)
Schmiddy, hand me the box of maxipads under the sink. Quickly.

Schmidt takes a very deep breath. Jenko slowly reaches for the 20's and pockets them.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Corvette JUMPS the curb and skids to a stop in the DEAN'S parking space. Jenko and Schmidt exit. Schmidt runs his hand over a new Porsche parked in the PRINCIPAL spot.

SCHMIDT

What kind of Principal makes enough money to buy a Porsche Carrera?

JENKO

The suspicious kind.

Schmidt and Jenko walk towards campus. A TEACHER with a bloody nose runs to his Toyota Celica and speeds away.

They continue past **SHEA**, a young Black man in wifebeater and khakis who rubs his knuckles and glares at Schmidt and Jenko.

They continue between **PICH** and **BORIS**, a lanky Cambodian "kid" and an intense Armenian "kid", both in wifebeaters and khakis.

SCHMIDT

Sup dawgs.

Boris flicks a cigarette butt at Schmidt's feet. Pich blows a smoke ring from a fat blunt. Schmidt and Jenko move on. They pause under a heavily vandalized BULLSHARK statue.

JENKO

I sense a breakdown in authority.

SCHMIDT

Muthafuckas be wilding out.

SALVADOR, diesel built Latino "kid", brutally **SHOVES** a small kid out of his way and settles at the school entrance next to **CALVIN**, a massive white "kid" in wifebeater and khakis. They mad dog Schmidt and Jenko as the bell rings.

JENKO

Pretty clear what needs to be done.

Jenko takes off towards a 300 pound nerd sitting on a planter, wrapping up a fierce round of "Magic: The Gathering".

BRYAN

I don't see how you guys can ever survive the power of my Necropotence.

Jenko **SHOVES** Bryan into the planter.

JENKO

'The hell you looking at?

BRYAN

Nothing! Nothing!

JENKO

You calling me "nothing"?!?

Jenko PUNCHES Bryan in the stomach, sending him to the ground. Bryan writhes around, wheezing. Students run over.

BRYAN
I can't breathhhe.

BRYAN'S DORK FRIEND
 You jerk! He has asthma really bad!

Schmidt wrestles Jenko away. A WHISTLE BLOWS and they are tackled by **DEAN STANTON**, 40, ex-military, a lone man struggling to keep order in the midst of anarchy.

DEAN STANTON
 You wanna get rough, punks?!

Dean Stanton hustles them into school past Calvin.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean Stanton shoves Jenko and Schmidt into a plush office.

DEAN STANTON
 They parked in my spot, and tough guy in the bandana punched a kid.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN, 45, creepy smile, nods at Dean Stanton.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
 I'll take it from here.

DEAN STANTON
 But-

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
 Thank you, Dean Stanton.

Stanton reluctantly exits. Whiteman smiles.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN (CONT'D)
 The McQuaid brothers I presume.
 Which one of you is "Brad"?

Incredibly long beat. Schmidt slowly looks at Jenko.

JENKO
 I am.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
 Detention.

JENKO
 Bitchin'.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Doug, would you also like detention?

SCHMIDT
No sir.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Then don't ever put your greasy,
working class hands on my Porsche
again. Get out.

Schmidt and Jenko exit.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH, ADMINISTRATIVE HALLWAY - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko walk down the empty hallway.

SCHMIDT
Remember how you wrote test answers
on your hand? Maybe you should do
that with your name, Brad.

JENKO
If you know so much about acting,
maybe you should stop acting like a
giant pussy, Doug. *"No sir, please
don't give me detention, wah, wah."*

SCHMIDT
I didn't want to get in trouble.

JENKO
Were here to get in trouble.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey there new guys!

Schmidt and Jenko stop in front of a table with a blue banner
that reads *D.A.D. WALT, 40*, extremely nice, mans the table.

WALT
My name is Walt, let me be the
first to give you a big ole
Bullshark welcome...GO SHARKS!

Walt makes a shark jaw with his arms.

SCHMIDT
What does "D.A.D." stand for, Dumb
Ass Dicksucker?

WALT

Ha ha, no, it stands for "Drugs Are Dangerous!" I know you're just "talking smack" because it's cool, but you'll find me here every Friday if you ever need any advice.

Walt presses some PAMPHLETS into Schmidt's hand.

WALT (CONT'D)

Maybe on the way to class, you'd like to read about the dangerous effects of illegal drugs!

SCHMIDT

Maybe you'd like to eat the corn out of my shit.

Schmidt throws the pamphlets. Jenko knocks the stack of bumper stickers off the table.

INT. HEALTH CLASS - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko enter a room cluttered with models of reproductive organs. They sit down. Notebooks are covered with defaced D.A.D. stickers. A sex-ed tape plays.

JEFF BRIDGES (V.O.)

Symptoms of syphilis include paralysis, numbness, blindness, loss of memory and...um...death.

The television displays a penis covered in bloody lesions.

JEFF BRIDGES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The surest way to avoid syphilis is to abstain from sexual contact.

SCHMIDT

Fuck that!

Everyone laughs.

JEFF BRIDGES (V.O.)

The second best way to is to be in a long-term monogamous relationship with a partner who has been tested and is known to be uninfected.

JENKO

Fuck that!

Total silence. Schmidt turns to a girl sitting next to him.

SCHMIDT

Hey, where can I score some H.F.S?

The girl points out a strung out boy sitting behind them.

GIRL

Ask Evan.

Evan falls out of his chair and has a seizure.

MRS. POON

Not again.

Jenko notices a WRAPPER on the ground next to Evan. He covers it with his foot and slides it over. **JEREMY** and **PIZ**, two teen burnouts, nudge Schmidt from behind.

PIZ

Bro, if you wanna get some shit you gotta go to detention.

JEREMY

Gotta get in trouble or they won't sell it to you. Keeps the narcs out.

EXT. THE QUAD - MORNING

Jenko and Schmidt sit in **THE QUAD**, a grassy area surrounded by **CLASSROOM BUILDINGS**, **THE GYM** and the **CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM**. Jenko unpeels a Fruit Roll Up.

SCHMIDT

Can I have half of that?

Jenko stuffs the whole thing in his mouth, digs in his pocket.

JENKO

Check it out.

Jenko produces the WRAPPER: a colorful **H.F.S.** logo with a big yellow happy face saying "*Bet you can't eat just one of them shits!*" A small WAFER falls into Jenko's palm.

JENKO (CONT'D)

One dose. We give it to lab, they trace what it's made of, we track down who's buying the supplies.

SCHMIDT

Downtown has triple homicide DNA tests backed up from five years ago, good luck with that.

A group of kids walk past in a slow procession, carrying a huge photo of BILLIAM WILLIAMS. One plays an acoustic version of Pennywise, "Bro Hymn". They sing in beautiful harmony.

JENKO

I smell Thespians.

The girl leading the procession wears a Day of the Dead skeleton mask. The group sits in a circle on the lawn. She pulls off her mask, revealing **MOLLY TRACEY, 18**. Schmidt gulps.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Whoa. She looks just like Melissa.

SCHMIDT

You stay away from her.

ZACK CORNELIUS, 15, a sketchy kid drinking a 24oz Red Bull, accidentally bumps into Schmidt as he approaches a group of **ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH SOPHOMORES**. He gives a rapidfire pitch.

ZACK

What up what up. Case you hadn't noticed, it's prison rules now at V.H.S. Any of us could get killed or buttfucked at any time, which is why I'm offering this pen sized stun gun for the low price of a hundred dollars. I buy in bulk and pass the savings along to you, the consumer.

ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH TEEN BOY

Get out of here, spaz.

ZACK

Fuck you guys.

Zack moves to another group of students. Jenko taps Schmidt.

JENKO

Trouble.

CALVIN marches towards them, pissed. He veers towards ZACK. Zack runs, slamming into SALVADOR. Salvador tosses Zack to Calvin, who slamdunks him headfirst into a trashcan.

SCHMIDT

Those gotta be our guys.

JENKO

Get detention, man.

The trashcan with Zack inside rolls by. The BELL RINGS.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko plays with CHEMICALS in the back of a SCIENCE CLASS.
Schmidt walks in and waves to the teacher.

SCHMIDT

I'm 20 minutes late. Detention?

DR. MARCENHOLT, 50, shrugs.

DR. MARCENHOLT

Your life's inevitable failure
gives me ultimate vindication. Find
a lab partner. You get to cut up a
pig today, should be good times for
a burgeoning young sociopath.

SCHMIDT

Don't judge me. You don't know me.
You don't know what I been through.

Schmidt sees MOLLY alone at a lab station. He struts down the
aisle and sits next to her. She looks up, teary eyed.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Doug. Are you okay?

Molly begins to nod, then shakes her head.

MOLLY

I miss my lab partner.

SCHMIDT

Billiam?

Molly nods, wiping her tears.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Seems like he was a great guy.

MOLLY

He was. He's irreplaceable.

SCHMIDT

That sucks. I'm really sorry. If it
makes you feel any better...

Schmidt holds up the PIG FOETUS.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

This piglet has a huge penis.

Molly stares at Schmidt, mouth ajar.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Are you seeing this? For a piglet,
this is serious dong. I hereby
christen you "James Woods".

Molly slowly grins. She points at the pig with a scalpel.

MOLLY
Umbilical cord. It's a girl.

SCHMIDT
Oh. Are you of legal voting age?

MOLLY
You want to know if I'm 18?

SCHMIDT
I want to know if you've engaged in
the American political process.

MOLLY
I turned 18 this month.

SCHMIDT
Cool. Not that it matters. We're
all teenagers here, right? Heh.

Jeremy and Piz laugh hysterically at the next lab station as
they make their foetal pig do the moonwalk.

MOLLY
Shitheads. So many kids are on it.

SCHMIDT
Who sells it?

MOLLY
Why are you asking me that?

Schmidt searches for answer. Suddenly, a loud *BANG!* Schmidt
tackles Molly to the ground.

JENKO
Bitchin'.

Dr. Marcenholt grabs smoking test tubes out of Jenko's hands.

DR. MARCENHOLT
You have quite the aptitude for
chemistry. Some more nitric acid,
you could have incinerated this
entire room and everyone in it.

JENKO
For reals?

Schmidt helps Molly to her feet.

SCHMIDT
Sorry. That's my brother. He's an asshole.

MOLLY
That guy is your brother?

SCHMIDT
Yeah.

MOLLY
Is he older or younger?

SCHMIDT
Younger. By four months.

MOLLY
How is that even possible?

SCHMIDT
Um...my Dad was a pimp, so we came from two of his whores. It was a good year for him. Fertility-wise. Financially, I think we pretty much ruined his life.

At the other side of the room, Jenko corners Mr. Marcenholt.

JENKO
I want to join the Rodeo.

DR. MARCENHOLT
Delroy is the student organizer.

Jenko grabs **DELROY, 14**, by the shirt as he walks by.

JENKO
You Delroy?

Delroy nods, gulps.

JENKO (CONT'D)
I want to join the Rodeo.

DELROY
The only spot left is the vacancy left by Billiam, but it's a leadership position and we have some fairly rigorous entrance requirements. So...

JENKO

You saying I'm not smart enough? I almost just blew up this room and I wasn't even trying.

DELROY

No, it's just...

Jenko stares Delroy down. Delroy pees a little, reaches into his backpack and produces a pin with a tiny yellow lasso.

DELROY (CONT'D)

This is your Lariat of Knowledge.
We meet here at lunch.

Jenko pins the Lariat of Knowledge to his shirt, pleased.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, THE QUAD - DAY

Schmidt and Molly walk towards the **CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM**.

MOLLY

You tackled me before I even heard the noise. Like it was a reflex.

SCHMIDT

Yeah, well. Lot of drive-by's where I'm from. Oakland. Oak town. Been through some heavy shit I don't really want to talk about.

MOLLY

Yeah. Me too.

SCHMIDT

Billiam?

MOLLY

Yeah.

SCHMIDT

When did he get hooked on the shit?

MOLLY

Billiam wasn't on H.F.S. Okay?

Molly pushes through the Auditorium doors, irritated.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

MITCH HUPCAKE, 28, ponytailed drama teacher, paces the stage.

MR. HUPCAKE

That's the problem with staging a production in the Valley, you've all lived boring, bullshit lives.

He squats and slaps the stage with frustration.

MR. HUPCAKE (CONT'D)

That pound of flesh represents the respect Shylock's people have been denied by the ruling class. Billiam played Shylock with passion and anger! Somebody in this room better bring the heat, or we might as well close this production right now.

Molly raises her hand, speaks with thinly veiled sarcasm.

MOLLY

You should read Doug for the role. He's from Oakland and apparently he's been through some heavy shit.

Mr. Hupcake looks Schmidt up and down.

MR. HUPCAKE

For example?

SCHMIDT

For example I saw my Mom get shot in the face. By my Dad.

Mr. Hupcake covers his mouth in shock.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, LATER - DAY

Schmidt stands center stage, "The Merchant of Venice" in his hands. The entire class watches with rapt attention.

MR. HUPCAKE

Remember. Your daughter just abandoned you and jacked all your ducats. Antonio has literally spit on you for being a Jew.

Schmidt nods, clears his throat...and acts.

SCHMIDT

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions;

(MORE)

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, do we not revenge?

Schmidt builds to a climax worthy of Day-Lewis.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? *Revenge. The villiany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction...*

The class watches, stunned. Mr. Hupcake stands up.

MR. HUPCAKE

The show goes up in two weeks. We rehearse every day at lunch.

Schmidt catches Molly's eye. She looks impressed. He shrugs.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko stares at four terrified SCIENCE NERDS in orange shirts with BRONCO silhouettes. At the other end of class, BRYAN works with nerds in blue shirts with BULL silhouettes.

JENKO

So. You guys knew Billiam?

DELROY

He was our Team Vaquero.

JENKO

Was he on the shit?

DELROY

No way. He was in four AP classes.

JENKO

Then why did he overdose?

Team Bronco gives a collective shrug. Jenko chuckles.

JENKO (CONT'D)
 Man, you guys are so naide.

DELROY
 Do you...do you mean "naive"?

JENKO
 No.

GUS, a 13 year old Indian boy, pipes up.

GUS
 May I ask when we can continue our experiment?

JENKO
 Shut up.

GUS
 Yes, sir.

JENKO
 How smart are you guys? As smart as that guy in the wheelchair?

GUS
 Stephen Hawking?

JENKO
 No, dickhead. Professor X-man. Are you as smart as him?

Team Bronco gives a collective nod. Jenko gathers them in.

JENKO (CONT'D)
 Look, I don't want to jack fools and pimp bitches for the rest of my life.

GUS
 You...pimp bitches?

JENKO
 Yeah. But I'm trying to leave that behind. I want to go straight.

GUS
 Seriously, do you pimp bitches?

JENKO
 I want to go to DeVry Pharmacy School. I'm hella smart, but I can't get in with my grades. I gotta get noticed.

Jenko speaks in low tones.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Let's say I got my hands on a dose
of H.F.S. Could we reverse-whatever-
it to find out what it's made of?

Team Bronco share a look.

DELROY

Two doses would be preferable, but
we could possibly do it with one.

BLAKEY, 14, mildly cross-eyed, greedily rubs his sweaty palms.

BLAKEY

Surely we'd win the Golden Stetson.

JENKO

We'd win the hell out of that shit.
We could get famous and get pussy.
Best way to honor Billiam's memory.

Gus nods violently. Delroy raises a finger of protest.

DELROY

I think I speak for Team Bronco when
I say we are not interested in
helping a criminal make his own
H.F.S. How do we know you won't
abuse our intelligence?

JENKO

I swear on the Lariat of Knowledge.

Team Bronco shares a look. They give a collective nod.

GUS

I suppose we'll be doing your work.

JENKO

I do my own work, motherfucker.

Jenko produces the crumpled packet of H.F.S. and shakes out
the single dose. Team Bronco gasps.

DELROY

We're gonna kick the hell out of
Team Bull.

BLAKEY

More like Team *Bullshit!*

Team Bronco laughs it up. Bryan looks over from across the
room. Jenko shoots him a look. Bryan averts his eyes.

JENKO
So. What's the plan?

DELROY
The Lichtenstein-Gupta Cockroach
dexterity experiment.

JENKO
Bitchin'.

The bell rings.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko walk down a long hallway.

JENKO
I'm the King of Science.

SCHMIDT
I'm the King of Shylock.

JENKO
What's Shylock?

SCHMIDT
Sorry, I forgot you're illiterate.

JENKO
Man-

SCHMIDT
What did you learn?

JENKO
Those nerds're gonna help me figure
out how H.F.S. is made.

SCHMIDT
I'm sure.

JENKO
Don't mock, they're hella smart.

SCHMIDT
Dude, stop saying "hella".

JENKO
We're supposed to be from the Bay,
I'll say it as much as I want.

SCHMIDT
Anything else?

JENKO
They said Billiam didn't do drugs.
But they're hella naive.

SCHMIDT
Molly said the same thing.

JENKO
Foul play?

SCHMIDT
Feels like she knows something. I'm
gonna try to get it out of her.

JENKO
Just make sure not to put it in her.
I saw the way you clocked her at
recess. Looked like a cartoon wolf.

The tardy bell rings. Jenko and Schmidt stop outside a class.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Did you get detention yet?

Schmidt shakes his head.

JENKO (CONT'D)
6th period. Tardiness ain't gonna cut
it, man. Too much shit has gone down
at this school. They're desensitive.

SCHMIDT
What do you want me to do, pull my
dick out in front of everybody?

Jenko shrugs and enters class. After a moment of thought,
Schmidt unzips his fly, pulls his dick out and enters.

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Whiteman stares across his desk at Schmidt.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Detention.

INT. DETENTION - DAY

Jenko and Schmidt enter a dim, moldy classroom. **MR. DADIER,**
67, glances up from behind a Sudoku puzzle, afraid.

MR. DADIER
They're not here yet.

Jenko and Schmidt take a seat across from ZACK, who nervously gulps another Red Bull and clutches his backpack tightly.

ZACK

Either of you in the market for 3rd row Jonas Brothers tickets or a slightly used MP3 player? Word has it you're unreasonably violent, can I interest you in exchanging contraband for personal protection?

Schmidt and Jenko glare at Zack. He shuts up.

THE GANG slowly enter in lock step. They sit around Zack, encircling him like lions might encircle a baby zebra. Salvador slips on CHROME KNUCKLES and raps on Zack's desk.

CALVIN

What's in the bag. Zachary.

Boris shoots Zack in the face with a rubberband. Shea grabs Zack's backpack and shakes it. A used MP3 player falls out, breaking in half. Two concert tickets float to the floor.

SALVADOR

That don't look like our money, holmes. Look like some bullshit.

ZACK

I just need a couple days, I-

Shea explodes into laughter as he reads the concert tickets.

SHEA

This motherfucker goin' to "The Jonas Brothers."

The Gang laughs. Shea tears the tickets into pieces. Zack winces. Calvin leans in close, breathing down Zack's neck.

CALVIN

You got one day, Zachary.

JENKO (O.S.)

Yo.

Calvin looks up to see JENKO leaning against his desk.

JENKO (CONT'D)

We're the McQuaid brothers. I'm Brad, that's Doug.

Schmidt stands into frame, arms crossed.

SCHMIDT
We're professional ass kickers. We
want to work for you.

The Gang walks over to Schmidt and Jenko.

SHEA
Fuck you, narc.

Schmidt blinks.

SCHMIDT
I'm not a narc. You're a narc.

SALVADOR
Know who calls dudes narcs?

Pich spins a THROWING KNIFE through his fingers and touches
the gleaming tip to Schmidt's chin.

PICH
Narcs. Narc.

SCHMIDT
Unless you're a narc, your argument
just totally collapsed.

JENKO
You want to see if we're narcs?
Let's go do some dirt.

Calvin looks them over with an unblinking gaze.

CALVIN
Meet us at the mall. 6 p.m. Macy's.

The Gang exit. Shea throws a fake punch at Mr. Dadier.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Schmidt kicks the BOYS ROOM door open. Jenko checks stalls.

JENKO
FUCK YEAH!

SCHMIDT
They're buying it.

JENKO
Man, those guys look at least 22.

SCHMIDT

We make detective off this for sure,
as long as we don't do something
incredibly stupid. Just gotta show
them how hardcore we are. Remember
the first and last Commandment.

JENKO

Never blow your cover.

SCHMIDT

Never blow your cover.

A **FART** echoes. Moments later, a toilet goes *FLUSHHHH*. A stall door creaks open. ZACK emerges, wearing headphones. He walks between Schmidt and Jenko and washes his hands, wide-eyed.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Is it that pink, granular shit?

ZACK

Huh?

Jenko lifts Zack up and SLAMS him against the wall.

SCHMIDT

Why are you spying on us?

ZACK

I'm not! I just came in here to
blow some mud!

JENKO

Why didn't I see your feet?

ZACK

I'm short!

SCHMIDT

What did you hear?

ZACK

Nothing, I was listening to music!

Zack holds up half an MP3 player. Jenko swats it away.

JENKO

You tell anyone what you heard, you
get us killed. And if you get us
killed? I'm gonna kill you.

ZACK

You're cops. You can't kill me.

Jenko and Schmidt share a quick look. *Fuck.*

ZACK (CONT'D)

I swear to God I won't tell anyone.
As long as you settle my debt.

JENKO

What debt?

ZACK

They're taxing my black market
sales. By the way if you guys ever
need throwing stars or anything I
can hook that up.

SCHMIDT

How much do you owe?

ZACK

More than you can possibly imagine.

JENKO

How much?

ZACK

Three hundred dollars.

Schmidt pulls out \$300 and waves it in front of Zack's face.

SCHMIDT

Smell that? Smells like Vanessa
Hudgens pussy. It's yours if you tell
us everything you know about H.F.S.

Jenko sets Zack on the floor. Zack speaks very fast.

ZACK

The guys in detention sell it they
run the whole school they beat the
crap out of whoever they want and
they always get away with it cause
people who mess with them get killed.

SCHMIDT

How much of that did you make up?
80 percent?

ZACK

If you don't believe me, ask
Billiam Williams. Oh that's right
you can't. He's dead.

JENKO

You think they killed Billiam?

ZACK

Wow, it's like you're the
reincarnation of Sherlock Holmes.

Jenko picks Zack back up and slams him against the wall.

JENKO

Just because we can't kill you
doesn't mean we won't beat the shit
out of you without leaving any
marks. What else do you know?

ZACK

They do big sales at b-ball games
and afterparties. Away games too.

SCHMIDT

Who makes it?

ZACK

Don't know but he's a genius. It
starts off like you're making love to
a cloud and then it turns into the
best trip ever no spiders or demons
just naked black chicks and the face
of God and then you get a crazy rush
like you just drank ten Red Bulls
it's such good shit. Supposedly.

Schmidt and Jenko share a look.

SCHMIDT

Are you a shithead?

ZACK

No way, Drugs Are Dangerous. Hey when
this is over can I shoot one of your
guns preferably a .38 automatic?

JENKO

That is never, ever going to
happen. Just keep your mouth shut.

SCHMIDT

You blow our cover, we'll plant
heroin on you and send you to CYA
with 17 year old rapist killers.

ZACK

Cover my debt with those psychos
you got nothing to worry about.

Schmidt hands him \$300. Zack holds a fist out, gets no bump.

ZACK (CONT'D)
So. See you guys at Flat Top?

SCHMIDT
What's Flat Top?

ZACK
It's where the party is Fryfrynay.

JENKO
What's Fryfrynay?

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, LUNCH TABLE - NIGHT

Dicks, Grady, Jackson and Lucy debrief Schmidt and Jenko.

JENKO
Since when did "Fryfrynay" become
"Friday night"?

JACKSON
Since three months ago. Y'all
better hope on Urban Dictionary
with a quickness.

GRADY
Jesus in a gay porn theater, you
guys are the worst undercover cops
since Leonardo DiCaprio. A gang of
five guys? I'd have those dickbags
working for me by now.

SCHMIDT
We just found out how they're
expanding their market.

Jenko displays the SPORTS section of the SHARK ATTACK WEEKLY.

JENKO
V.H.S. vs. The Camino Palominos.
Quarterfinals. Go Sharks.

Captain Dicks SLAM the pulpit with his X-Treme Gulp cup.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Motherfucker do you know how fucked
this unit is if we let the shit
spread to other schools?

SCHMIDT
Sir, we're gonna get in the gang.
We're meeting them at the mall right
now, probably to shoplift.

Dicks and Grady share a look.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Grady hands Schmidt a backpack full of 100 dollar bills.

JENKO

Why are you giving us 50 grand?

GRADY

They didn't invite you to shoplift,
they invited you to see if you got
drug dealer money. Go spend this.
You're on the hook for everything you
buy, so keep the fuckin' receipts.

INT. TOPANGA MALL, MACY'S - EVENING

GHOSTFACE KILLAH, "Kilo". Jenko and Schmidt stride through the mall with the Gang.

- Jenko pays 1,000 cash for Gucci eyeglasses. Schmidt spends 1,000 cash on a chain with blinged out tragedy/comedy faces.

- Cash slides across counters in one direction. Clothes and bling slide across in the other.

INT. TOPANGA MALL - EVENING

Schmidt, Jenko and the Gang stride through the mall. Jenko looks into VICTORIA'S SECRET and sees REGAN walking out.

Jenko SHOVES Regan back into Victoria's Secret. She ricochets off two manikins and falls down. The Gang laughs it up.

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - NIGHT

A saxophone softly plays the Jump Street theme tune. Schmidt and Jenko give Grady the merchandise they just bought.

GRADY

Receipts.

They hand over a stack of receipts.

GRADY (CONT'D)

This is everything?

SCHMIDT/JENKO

Yup.

Captain Dicks stops playing the saxophone.

CAPTAIN DICKS

If they jump you in, take a few punches but don't act a bitch. Drop your homework off with Truman.

JENKO

I do my own homework.

Schmidt looks at Jenko. Jenko shrugs.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS - NIGHT

Jenko wears Gucci glasses, reads "The Red Badge of Courage".

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Schmidt wears the chain with blinged out drama faces. He stares at a row of Axe body sprays, telephone to ear.

SCHMIDT

Hi, is Molly there?

MOLLY (O.S.)

This is she.

Schmidt reaches for "Axe Instinct," puts it back.

SCHMIDT

Hey it's Doug.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Oh, hey. What's up? You were really, really amazing today.

Schmidt grabs "Axe Dark Temptation," hoses himself down.

SCHMIDT

Thanks. Hey, I was wondering if you were going to the game tonight?

MOLLY (O.S.)

Yeah, a couple friends are taking me. It's my first night out since-

The sound of DIALING blots out Molly's words.

SCHMIDT

MOM, I'M ON THE PHONE!

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS - NIGHT

Jenko hurls a CHEMISTRY book across the room. He cracks a beer and rips open a GIGANTOR bag of Cool Ranch Doritos.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - NIGHT

Schmidt creeps through the foyer. Just as he reaches the front door, ANNIE steps in and blocks it.

ANNIE

Where are you going?

SCHMIDT

Out.

ANNIE

Where did you get that necklace?
It's tacky. Are you dealing drugs?

SCHMIDT

For Christ's sake, Mom. I'm a cop.

ANNIE

You smell like a Hershey bar. When
are you getting home? You live here
and we still hardly see you. Stay and
watch "Deal or No Deal" with me.

David walks through the foyer.

DAVID

He's a full grown man, Annie. He
doesn't want to watch "Deal or No
Deal" with his Mom on a Friday night.

Annie runs up to David and punches him in the back.

ANNIE

Nobody's asking you, David!

Schmidt runs for it. Annie yells out the front door.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I LOVE YOU!

EXT. CAMINO GYM - NIGHT

The VISITOR side cheers, including Molly and friends in the front row. Schmidt sits next to her, eyes coolly scanning the gym. The ball POOMS off his face. The crowd goes "OHHHHHHH!"

MOLLY
Oh my God, are you alright?

SCHMIDT
YEP.

Blood pours from Schmidt's nose. He stuffs it with a napkin.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
So. You're playing Portia?

MOLLY
Yeah. Have you ever acted before?

SCHMIDT
I've bullshitted my way out of getting shot a few times.

MOLLY
I couldn't even imagine that till this year. I used to think life was all unicorns and frozen yogurt.

SCHMIDT
What's life now?

MOLLY
Life is a toy for Death to play with.

Schmidt is affected. A hot dog hits him in the head.

INT. CAMINO GYM - CONTINUOUS

From the empty back row, Jenko throws another hot dog at Schmidt, nailing him in the back. Schmidt turns around, pissed. He stomps up and sits next to Jenko.

JENKO
Are you on a date?

SCHMIDT
No, dick. I'm on an investigation.

JENKO
(gravel)
We find these assholes and execute the infiltration. Now.

Jenko heads down the steps. Schmidt follows.

SCHMIDT
I'm throwing away your Miami Vice Blu-ray.

JENKO
You seriously better not.

EXT. CAMINO GYM - NIGHT

Jenko and Schmidt walk a dark, subterranean corridor in front of the Camino Gym. THE GANG stands at the far end.

CALVIN
Shea saw you inside with that bitch Molly. What up with that?

SCHMIDT
Nothing. Except I fucked her.

CALVIN
You really fucked her?

SCHMIDT
Yeah.

Calvin's eyes go dark.

CALVIN
You stay away from that bitch.

SCHMIDT
Yeah, dawg. No problem.

SHEA
Y'all from Oakland? What you claim?

JENKO
We're independent.

PICH
Why you got transferred here?

SCHMIDT
Ghost Town had contracts on us for selling rock in their schools.

SHEA
Bulllllshit.

SALVADOR
Look like a couple pinche putos.

SCHMIDT
You want to see if we're putos?
Let's start some shit. I will fuck up any motherfucker steps to me.

Suddenly, a big angry voice booms from behind:

ANGRY WHITE BOY (O.S.)
THIS IS OUR SCHOOL, BITCHES!

SCHMIDT
(under his breath)
Shit.

Schmidt and Jenko turn around to see four **ANGRY WHITE BOYS:** teen gang members dressed in Levi's and white T-shirts. Schmidt looks back to Calvin, who grins and nods.

TIM, 18, leader of the AWB's, steps forward holding NUNCHUCKS.

TIM
What up?

SCHMIDT
Are those seriously nunchuks? How old are you, twelve?

TIM
These nunchucks will kill your ass!

JENKO
The zebra shits at dawn.

SCHMIDT
He sure as shit does.

Schmidt CHARGES with surprising speed. Tim raises his nunchucks but Schmidt TACKLES him through the other AWB's.

Jenko races up and PUNCHES the closest AWB in the face. POW! Jenko gets punched hard in the eye. He pulls his assailant's t-shirt over his head and pummels his stomach.

Schmidt sends overhand rights into the biggest Angry White Boy's stupefied face. Jenko drops an AWB with a chokehold.

Schmidt finishes the last AWB, savagely kicking him in the balls while he's on the ground. He brushes his shoulders off and holds his arms out to Calvin.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
What up?

Calvin points at Schmidt's stomach. Schmidt looks down to see a BUTTERFLY KNIFE sticking out of his torso.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
When did I get stabbed?

TIM suddenly stands behind Schmidt, nunchucks spinning.
BLAMBLAMBLAM! Bullets spark off the ground.

CALVIN aims a smoking **.357 MAGNUM** at Tim. Everyone else in the Gang reveal guns in their waistbands.

CALVIN
 Tell your homies this is why you
 don't bring a knife to a gunfight.

Tim drops his nunchucks. Calvin aims the .357 at Schmidt.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 You two. Meet us at Flat Top.

The Gang drifts away.

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Jenko helps Schmidt to the Emergency Room check-in counter.

SCHMIDT
 Hi I have a knife sticking out of me.

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

DR. CAROLINE, 30, Indian, sanitizes the area around the knife.

SCHMIDT
 From now on, we pack heat.

JENKO
 "Pack heat"?

DR. CAROLINE
 This will hurt. Try not to spaz.

She slowly pulls the knife out of Schmidt's midsection.

SCHMIDT
 Actually not that painful. I'm just
 gonna pass out for a se-

Schmidt falls off the gurney and **BANGS** his head on a shelf.

INT. GRADY'S SUPERBEE - NIGHT

Jenko and GRADY help Schmidt into the back seat of Grady's mint condition lime green '**68 SUPERBEE**.

GRADY

Don't yak in my 'Bee, motherfucker.
I'll kick your fuckin' ass.

JENKO

Lay off, man. He just got stabbed.

GRADY

And what happened to you? Kicked in
the pussy? Sit in the back.

INT. GRADY'S SUPERBEE - NIGHT

The Superbee cruises through the Valley, passing strip malls.

GRADY

You lucky, lucky assholes. You have
no idea how lucky you have it.

Grady rides hard over a bump. Schmidt winces.

GRADY (CONT'D)

That's the problem with this unit.
You turn 30, it's like you're
middle age Rebecca DeMornay. Nobody
wants you anymore. Just when you
finally got it wired. And you two
idiots get to be in the field while
I go home to a bitch wife and two
half-retarded daughters. It STINKS.

Grady punches the steering wheel and turns to Schmidt.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Did I read in your report you're
starring in the school play? How
many drama geeks pushin' weight?
(to Jenko)
And you. Team Bronco?

Grady punches the steering wheel.

GRADY (CONT'D)

I need less Anthony Michael Hall
and more Judd Fucking Nelson!

SCHMIDT

Get us to Flat Top. We'll be in the
Gang before the sun is up.

Grady punches the steering wheel.

GRADY
That's how you party.

He tosses Schmidt a bottle of pills.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Oxy for your boo-boo. Don't take 'em
all, I gotta sleep tonight.

Grady stomps the gas pedal.

EXT. FLAT TOP - NIGHT

The Superbee's tires smoke, leaving Schmidt and Jenko behind.

They stand in a cul de sac with half-constructed homes. A STUDENT exits a partially constructed home, barfs, throws a karate kick and heads back in. Jenko sighs, nostalgic.

VOICE (O.S.)
Brad, can you get us in the party?

Jenko turns to see a nervous Delroy and Gus.

DELROY
We were hoping to observe those
under the influence.

JENKO
Fuck off. I'm serious.

Delroy and Gus hang their heads, wounded.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Alright, come on. But be careful.

GUS
Are you considering pimping any
bitches tonight?

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY - NIGHT

Jenko, Schmidt, Delroy and Gus enter the house. Music bumps. Kids are on the shit. Two girls dance and make out.

GUS
Xanadu.

Jenko and Schmidt head straight for the Gang in the den.

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY, THE DEN - NIGHT

A kid buys H.F.S. from Shea. Schmidt and Jenko nod to Calvin.

SCHMIDT
We down or what?

CALVIN
Pleasure before business.

Shea presses something into Jenko's hand. Jenko opens it to find two packets of "H.F.S."

SHEA
Bet you can't eat just one of them
shits.

JENKO
This isn't really a Holy Fuckin'
Shit kind of party.

CALVIN
Boris gettin' righteous, let's ask
him. Hey Boris. This a Holy Fuckin'
Shit kind of party?

BORIS
Shit yeah.

Jenko opens the packet and empties it into his mouth, crunching up a huge wad of H.F.S. Schmidt follows suit.

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Schmidt BARFS. Jenko pulls his finger away, too late.

JENKO
You disgusting asshole, you just
barfed on my finger.

Jenko wipes his finger on drywall in the bathroom.

SCHMIDT
I can't put my own finger down my
throat, I know where it's been.

JENKO
Lemme show you how it's done.

Jenko takes over at the toilet, sticks a different finger down his throat and GAGS. His face goes bright red, but no barf. He tries again and gags even harder...still no barf.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Shit!

Schmidt shock-jams his finger down Jenko's throat and quickly removes it. Jenko barfs a rainbow of Hot Pockets.

SCHMIDT

Notice there's no barf on my finger.

Jenko stands up and wipes his mouth.

JENKO

That shit tasted familiar...

They turn on the faucet to wash hands. No water comes out.

SCHMIDT

Do you remember the order of high?

JENKO

Stoned, tripping, tweaking.

SCHMIDT

Let's party. Keep it subtle.

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION'S "Fuck Shit Up" kicks in.

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY - PARTY MONTAGE

- Jenko and Schmidt stumble around the party like they're insanely wasted. They slide to the ground heads nodding. They stare at their hands like *whoaaaaah*. Boris spies on them.

- Salvador spies on Schmidt as he massages his pants.

SCHMIDT

Nylon is so fucking amazing. Ha ha!

- Jenko stomp dances alone in the middle of the living room. Gus and Delroy huddle in a corner, sharing a cup of beer.

GUS

Do you think he's shitting?

DELROY

Definitely.

GUS

We should leave.

DELROY

Fantastic idea, Gus.

Delroy and Gus stand up. Schmidt screams in their faces.

SCHMIDT
HIGH FIVE, MOTHERFUCKERS. Ha ha ha!

Delroy and Gus run away.

- Schmidt and Jenko slam dance to Bad Religion's "Do What You Want", working up a heavy sweat. Calvin watches them from the other room, arms crossed. The music gets louder and louder.

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Molly enters the party with two girlfriends. She scans the crowd, wary. A girl falls in front of her and has a seizure.

SALVADOR
Goddamn bitch, do that in the seizure room.

Molly watches in horror as Salvador drags the girl away. A hand lands on her shoulder. She spins around, frightened.

SCHMIDT
What up Molls!

Schmidt tries to hug Molly. She backs away.

MOLLY
You're sweating like crazy.

SCHMIDT
Just doing a little stomp dancing, breaking fools down.

MOLLY
You ditched me at the game.

SCHMIDT
Sorry, went to get some nachos and got involved in a mild stabbing.

Schmidt lifts his shirt, flashes his bandaged wound.

MOLLY
Oh my God, are you okay?

SCHMIDT
That shit happens all the time, no big thang. Sometimes if I'm carrying a knife and I don't have anywhere to put it, I just stick it in myself so I can have two free hands.

Jenko approaches, hands Schmidt a beer.

JENKO
Hey, Doug. Come here.

SCHMIDT
Not really, Brad.

Jenko physically drags Schmidt away from Molly.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
King Cockblock returns.

JENKO
Are you serious? Whatever the
opposite of a magnet is, that's
what you are to pussy.

SCHMIDT
I want to talk to her about
Billiam. She knows something.

JENKO
He's watching. Act like I just told
you the funniest thing in the world.

Schmidt glances over Jenko's shoulder: Calvin eyes them from the other room, stone faced. Schmidt breaks into piercing laughter and falls down, dragging Jenko with him.

Calvin cracks a grin, turns his attention elsewhere.

Molly leaves the party. Schmidt jumps up and runs after her.

EXT. FLAT TOP PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt walks down the driveway with Molly.

SCHMIDT
You're leaving?

MOLLY
I'm not comfortable around shitheads.

SCHMIDT
Are you saying I'm a shithead?

Molly's friend pulls her away, leaving Schmidt behind.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
I'm not a shithead.

Molly disappears down the street.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Shit.

Jenko sneaks up behind Schmidt and massages his temples.

JENKO

Do you know how hard I would fuck
that girl if I was allowed?

Schmidt violently shrugs Jenko off.

EXT. ABANDONED CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

Jenko and Schmidt stand in the chaparral behind the cul de sac. They face the Gang with clenched jaws and bugged eyes.

SCHMIDT

Awesome drug.

JENKO

Hella awesome.

Boris throws Schmidt and Jenko two BLACKBERRIES.

CALVIN

You get a text, it means I need you
to keep Dean Stanton away from the
North side of campus. Don't fuck up.

Schmidt and Jenko nod. The Gang disperse into the night.

JENKO

I feel the need to shoot guns and
grab my dick.

SCHMIDT

I share that feeling.

MONTAGE SCORED BY A 16TH NOTE FUNK BEAT OF GUNFIRE:

EXT. DESOLATE LOS ANGELES OIL FIELD - DAWN

- Jenko and Schmidt UNLOAD guns between rusty oil derricks.

- Schmidt unloads a sawed-off shotty at old basketballs Jenko catapults from a sling. Explosions of orange fill the sky

- Jenko unloads a .45 at a Celtics clad manikin in a shopping cart as Schmidt pulls the cart with rope and pulley.

- The guys open a cooler and drain two 40's of King Cobra.

- The guys hold two .45's each and unload full clips at camera. They drop clips and light cigarettes off the hot barrels. They holster their guns and grab their dicks.

SCHMIDT
We're Super Cops.

JENKO
We're Robocops.

SCHMIDT
We're Al Pacino in "Serpico".

JENKO
I'm Al Pacino in "Serpico". You're
Al Pacino in "Cruisin'".

Schmidt pushes Jenko. Jenko trips on a basketball, rolls, grabs the shotgun and BLASTS the head off the Celtics manikin. Jenko and Schmidt high five. FREEZE FRAME.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - MORNING

Fruity Pebbles rattle into a bowl, followed by milk. Puffy-eyed Schmidt sits at the breakfast table with his parents.

ANNIE
Where were you all night?

SCHMIDT
Working.

ANNIE
Till 7 in the morning? Is part of
your job getting drunk?

Schmidt concentrates very hard on his Fruity Pebbles.

DAVID
Annie-

ANNIE
No, I'm sorry David, I do not
understand how this is acceptable in
our house. He reeks of booze and...

Annie puts her nose on Schmidt's shirt and sniffs deeply.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What is that?

SCHMIDT
Gunpowder.

DAVID
Annie, he's a 23 yea-

ANNIE
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS INTERRUPTING ME?

Schmidt slowly wraps his fingers around a butter knife.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

Schmidt cuts an SFX pound of pectoral flesh from the screaming boy playing "Antonio". He raises the bloody flesh to the sky.

SCHMIDT
I...am content!

Mr. Hupcake claps, then chews thoughtfully on his braid.

MR. HUPCAKE
It's almost the perfect ending, but
it's missing one thing. Sex.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko stares at five GIANT MALAYSIAN COCKROACHES crawling all over each other.

JENKO
They're totally gonna fuck.

Jenko lifts his head above the glass "EXPERIMENT ARENA" and looks at Team Bronco. Delroy, Gus and the rest of the team sit across from him with their arms crossed, glaring.

JENKO (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you guys?

DELROY
Do you really want to know? Do you?

Gus stands up and raises his little fist.

GUS
You told us you wanted to go to DeVry, but you are just a drug addict like the rest of them.

JENKO
Man, that's what I get for taking a couple little girls into a big boy party. I was *faking*, okay? I wanted the gang to think I was shitting.

GUS

Why?

Jenko reaches behind Gus' ear and produces an H.F.S. WAFER.

JENKO

So I could get another dose of
H.F.S. for the experiment, ya' spaz.

Team Bronco eagerly inspects the wafer. Blakey rubs his hands.

BLAKEY

This vastly improves our chances.

JENKO

I get to name the cockroaches.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

Schmidt and Molly stand face to face. Mr. Hupcake circles.

MR. HUPCAKE

Portia, when Shylock cuts his pound
of flesh, it triggers something
primal, deep within you. Look into
his eyes.

Molly looks into Schmidt's eyes, nervous.

MR. HUPCAKE (CONT'D)

You think to yourself, "*all Bassanio
had to do was pick the right coffin.
But this man. This sexual man. This
strong man. This man can protect me.
I find myself drawn to him.*"

Molly and Schmidt's faces draw closer together.

MR. HUPCAKE (CONT'D)

Closer and closer. Closer and closer.
And...you kiss.

Just before they kiss, Molly backs away with a start.

MOLLY

I'm sorry...

Molly runs backstage. Schmidt snaps out of it and follows.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Delroy and Jenko into the Experiment Arena.

DELROY

We use your first dose to feed them equal portions of H.F.S, except Colin Farrell. He gets a placebo.

JENKO

Sorry Colin.

GUS

We use your second dose to analyze the formula.

Gus and Blakey work with intense focus at their tiny lab. Gus hands Jenko a sheet of equations.

GUS (CONT'D)

This is your share of the work. Your equations are fairly linear.

Jenko scans the equations, brow furrowed.

JENKO

Yeah, no prob.

DELROY

Once we make our own dose, we'll know we've succeeded if the cockroaches repeat the behavior we're about to witness now.

Delroy feeds four cockroaches tiny portions of H.F.S.

JENKO

McSorely, Pedro Guerrero, Kareem, Magic? I want you to enjoy this.

Delroy videotapes as the cockroaches devour the H.F.S.

DELROY

It's a frenzy. They're attacking each other for crumbs.

JENKO

They're trippin' balls. Kareem's just walking in a big spiral.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, PROP ROOM - LATER

Molly and Schmidt sit on a trunk full of tie-dyed dresses.

MOLLY

I always end up getting really close with the people I act with. But I don't think I can do that with you.

SCHMIDT

Why? I thought we were kind of getting to be friends.

MOLLY

You're not being honest about who you are. Like, at the party.

SCHMIDT

You think I was on the shit.

MOLLY

Were you?

SCHMIDT

Molly, I swear on my Mom's face, I'm not a shithead. When I party, sometimes I get into a primal state of dance and it puts me in a weird place. But doing stuff like that just adds to my character. For this play.

MOLLY

You have to be careful around those guys. Do know the real reason Billiam died?

SCHMIDT

No.

MOLLY

Do you want to?

SCHMIDT

Yes.

MOLLY

If you care about me, you'll never tell anyone what I'm about to say.

SCHMIDT

I promise. I promise big time.

MOLLY

He died because he saw something.

A BLACKBERRY goes off, ringtone - DR. DRE, "Bitches Ain't Shit". Schmidt retrieves a text that says: "**DEAN STANTON**"

Schmidt shoves the Blackberry back in his pocket.

SCHMIDT

Sorry, sorry, what did he see?

Molly begins to speak. The ringtone goes off again. Schmidt reads another text: "**RIGHT NOW**"

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

My brother's in trouble. I really want to talk more about this.

MOLLY

Forget it.

SCHMIDT

Don't say that. I'm sorry.

Schmidt runs out. RUN D.M.C. "Raising Hell" over:

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Schmidt opens his locker. Jenko struggles with the combo, finally gets it. Their lockers are filled with NON-LETHAL WEAPONS. They grab a FLASH BANG GRENADE and PEPPER SPRAY.

They walk down the hallway. Jenko cracks the DEAN OF DISCIPLINE office door. Schmidt tosses the Flash Bang in.

BANG! White light FLASHES around the door frame.

Schmidt kicks the door open. Dean Stanton staggers around, totally blinded. Jenko unloads the pepper spray on his face. Stanton goes down screaming. Schmidt and Jenko quickly exit.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko and Team Bronco pull a small wafer from a steaming test tube. Jenko gets a text message and quickly exits.

EXT. THE QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Dean Stanton walks the Quad, scanning for trouble. The blast of a firehose hits him in the head, knocking him down.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM

Schmidt and Molly's faces get closer. They stop just before kissing and laugh. Mr. Hupcake throws a serious hissy fit.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Schmidt throws STINK BOMBS into Stanton's office as Jenko HOSES the area in front of his door with ANTI-TRACTION FOAM.

Stanton runs out, hits the foam, slides into a trophy case and shatters it. He tries to chase them but can only run in place.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Four cockroaches run away from tiny doses of H.F.S.

DELROY

They're running away from it.

GUS

I don't get it. If our math is right, we've replicated every ingredient of the formula except for one.

DELROY

Sodium Caseinate. But it's inactive, it can't make you high.

JENKO

Maybe it does something else. Like make it taste good.

DELROY

Solid hypothesis, Brad. But it costs too much to make on a small scale. Based on the street value of H.F.S., I don't see how they use Sodium Caseinate and still make money.

Team Bronco scratch their heads. The bell rings.

INT. DETENTION - DAY

Calvin hands Schmidt and Jenko a stack of cash.

JENKO

When do we start selling?

CALVIN

Next year. At a different school.

SCHMIDT

But we're seniors.

CALVIN

Big Man takes care of that.

SCHMIDT

When do we meet Big Man?

Calvin stares a hole through Schmidt.

CALVIN

When do you need to?

Schmidt shrugs lamely.

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, PULPIT - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko sit in the front pew as Dicks paces the pulpit, sipping an X-TREME GULP. Grady sits behind his desk.

GRADY

So to sum it up, you've been
workin' these guys for two weeks
and have exactly dick for evidence.

SCHMIDT

We're getting promoted next year.

Dicks glares at Schmidt, sips hard on his X-treme Gulp.

JENKO

I'm on the verge of finding out how
the shit is made.

SCHMIDT

And I'm close to finding out what
really happened to Billiam. I suspect
foul play, we just need more time-

Dicks throws 50 ounces of Mountain Dew in Schmidt's face and hurls the empty X-treme Gulp cup at Jenko's head.

CAPTAIN DICKS

TIME IS A LUXURY I DO NOT HAVE,
MOTHERFUCKERS.

Dicks sits on the edge of the Pulpit, head in his hands.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)

I apologize for the beverage. Got
some heavy shit going down in the
personal life.

Schmidt wipes his face off. Jenko rubs his head.

JENKO

We're doing the best we can, sir.

Dicks looks up at the cross hanging over Grady's smug face.

CAPTAIN DICKS
That's not good enough.

INT. HEALTH CLASS - MORNING

Jenko and Schmidt enter Health Class as the tardy bell rings.

GRADY (O.S.)
You're late, assclowns.

The class laughs. Jenko and Schmidt turn to see GRADY at the head of the class, wearing blue jeans, a "Deep Purple" t-shirt and a sport coat with one button.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Sit.

Jenko and Schmidt sit, stunned. Grady addresses the class.

GRADY (CONT'D)
I'm Mr. Rogers, your sub for the final week. We got a guest speaker, so chill out, take a nap, whatever, just don't talk while he's talking.

WALT nervously turns on the OVERHEAD PROJECTOR and projects a graph entitled "FUN IN LIFE VS. DRUGS." He clears his throat.

WALT
Drugs! They really stink. Lives get ruined. Water down the sink.
Science has proven that fun in life is inversely proportional to drugs.

JENKO
I do too many drugs to understand what the hell you just said.

Kids snicker.

WALT
It means the more you use drugs, the less fun you'll have.

SCHMIDT
That's actually untrue. I've done several drugs and I can assure you it's a great time.

WALT

I always thought you had to be alive to have a good time. And drugs can kill you, like they killed my son.

CONCERNED GIRL

How did your son die?

WALT

Lance drank a lot of beer, which is a drug. One night, he decided to urinate off the subway platform. He was instantly electrocuted.

Everyone struggles not to laugh.

WALT (CONT'D)

Let's pow-wow. I know you have this new H.S.S. drug going around.

JENKO

H.F.S.

WALT

Did you know that this year, one in 10 million kids will die from doing drugs like H.F.S. on Prom night. *One in 10 million*. Are those odds you're really willing to face just to have a good time and get "laid"?

The class responds with a resounding "Hell yeah!" Walt's face turns red. He rushes the big finish.

WALT (CONT'D)

Well, remember, when in doubt? *D.A.D!* *Drugs Are Dangerous*. Questions?

SCHMIDT

All you do is make drugs sound cool. Sorry your kid was a bad drunk, but this isn't helping. Kids do drugs so they can deal with a with clueless, white-bread parents like you.

WALT

That's more of a comment, did you have a question?

SCHMIDT

Yeah, my question is why don't you stop preaching on shit you know nothing about, hop in your DAD-mobile and fuck the fuck off?

The class erupts in riotous cheers.

GRADY

You two. Principal's office.

Walt gathers his stuff and beats a hasty retreat.

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Principal Whiteman's extremely HOT SECRETARY puts lipstick on. Schmidt and Jenko head for Whiteman's private office.

SECRETARY

He's at a meeting.

SCHMIDT

We'll wait in here.

They enter the office.

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko shut the door tightly.

JENKO

That dick is stealing our case.

SCHMIDT

We need evidence. Watch the door.

Schmidt rifles through files. He pulls one out.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Calvin turns 22 next month.

JENKO

I knew it. I knew it.

SCHMIDT

Who has the power to re-enroll a senior four years in a row?

Jenko scratches his head.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

The Principal, you fuckin' idiot!

JENKO

Don't call me a fuckin' idiot.

Footsteps approach. They dive for chairs just as Whiteman enters. He sits behind his desk, looks around the room.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Why are you here?

JENKO
We messed with the Drugs guy.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
If you feel the need for detention,
you can just ask me personally.
There's no need to harass Walt.
After all, he is your D.A.D.

Principal Whiteman grins a yellow-toothed grin.

INT. DETENTION - DAY

Jenko and Schmidt sit with the Gang in detention. Boris sells a packet of H.F.S. to Zack. Jenko and Schmidt glare at him. He gives a tiny shrug.

BAM! Grady kicks the door open. He puts a foot on Zack's ass kick-shoves him out the door.

GRADY
I'm teaching detention now.

MR. DADIER
Thank you, Jesus.

GRADY
No prob.

Mr. Dadier exits. Grady mad dogs the Gang. Calvin stands up.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Sit down, son.

Calvin goes for his waistband, but Grady quickdraws a COLT .45 and cocks the hammer.

GRADY (CONT'D)
That's right, motherfucker. Teacher
got a gun.

Calvin slowly sits back down.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Good idea. Now let's make some money.

Grady throws a BACKPACK to Calvin. Calvin opens the backpack and looks inside to find it packed with CASH.

GRADY (CONT'D)

50 grand. Another 100 on deck if you deliver me 60 ounces of H.F.S. for transpo to TJ. Tell your boss I got interested parties down South could make him very rich. Comprehendo?

Calvin hands the backpack to Pich, who rapidly counts cash.

CALVIN

We'll get back to you.

GRADY

Get me the product by 6th period tomorrow or you lose the sale.

Grady backs out, gun in hand.

INT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Jenko and Schmidt stare at the bright orange BOOT on Jenko's Corvette. Grady slowly idles by in his Superbee.

GRADY

Wonder who called that in?

SCHMIDT

Why are you here?

GRADY

Captain Dicks' Mom died, thank Christ. He's on leave, so I'm in charge of this bitch now.

SCHMIDT

Where'd you get all that money?

GRADY

Where do you think? I returned all your shit to the mall. By the way, you guys are short two grand.

Jenko whips his Gucci glasses off, enraged.

JENKO

We're the ones on the hook for that cash! What if we don't get it back?

GRADY

Grab a napkin and dab your weeping vagina, we'll get it back. Soon as they give me the shit, we execute a round-up and bring 'em in.

SCHMIDT

We'll never catch who's making it.
He'll go underground.

CALVIN

Prom is in two days. We take these
guys down before another kid dies.

Grady stomps the gas and leaves a cloud of smoke.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS - NIGHT

Smoke curls from a cigarette in an empty bottle of Wild Turkey. Jenko reaches into a GIGANTOR sized bag of Cool Ranch Doritos. It's empty. He starts licking the bag, freezes.

JENKO

Oh my sweet and righteous God.

Jenko sits up and reads the ingredients on the bag.

JENKO (CONT'D)

I knew that shit tasted familiar.

Jenko grabs the phone.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Schmidt's cellphone rings. He picks it up.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Doug? They threatened me.

Static fills the line.

SCHMIDT

I'm calling you from a landline
right now, pick it up.

Schmidt quickly dials his Sports Illustrated Football Phone.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Where are you?

MOLLY (O.S.)

Meet me at Shadow Ranch.

Click.

SCHMIDT

Molly? Molly?

Schmidt quickly re-dials.

INT. DELROY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Delroy grabs his phone, sleepy. His room has NASA wallpaper.

DELROY

Brad? It's four in the morning.

INTERCUT with Jenko at the Sausalito.

JENKO

Cool Ranch Doritos has a shit-ton of Sodium Caseinate. It's what makes them so goddamn delicious.

DELROY

My God. They could be utilizing flavored tortilla chips.

Call waiting beeps. Jenko clicks over.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - NIGHT

Schmidt tucks a .45 into his waistband, talks into the phone.

SCHMIDT

Molly's been threatened, she's at Shadow Ranch Park. You're closer than me, go make sure she's okay and I'll be there ASAP.

JENKO (O.S.)

Roger that. Hey man, you're not gonna believe this but I think I cracked the formula for the shit.

SCHMIDT

Dude I don't care, get over there!

Schmidt runs into the hallway.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Annie stands in the hallway, blocking Schmidt's passage.

ANNIE

Schmiddy, this is too serious. You call the police before you go.

SCHMIDT

I am the fucking police! Jesus Christ, Mom. Why are you listening to my phone conversations?

ANNIE

I accidentally picked up and-

SCHMIDT

BULLSHIT. You are a nightmare. Why do you think I moved out when I was 16? You've dedicated your life to making me and Dad miserable. AAAAAH!

David pokes his head into the hallway.

DAVID

It actually doesn't bother me that much, Schmiddy.

SCHMIDT

Dad, go back in your room. Mom, get out of my way.

Schmidt pushes past Annie, then pauses at the door.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I love you.

Schmidt exits.

EXT. SHADOW RANCH PARK - NIGHT

Schmidt approaches a dimly lit playground to see Jenko and Molly standing face to face on a rusty carousel. Jenko touches Molly's chin. She looks up into his eyes, smiling.

SCHMIDT

Thanks Brad, I got it from here.

Jenko hops off the carousel and winks at Schmidt as they cross. Schmidt pushes the carousel and hops on opposite Molly. They slowly spin.

MOLLY

Your brother is actually a real sweetheart.

SCHMIDT

He sure is. Who threatened you?

MOLLY

Some guy with a robot voice called and said "keep your mouth shut or you're dead, bitch."

SCHMIDT

Molly. What did Billiam see?

MOLLY

Billiam used to walk around school and meet different groups of kids, just to find out what they were like. He was the most curious person I ever met. He was amazing.

Schmidt pushes the carousel again. They spin faster.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

One day at lunch he was out exploring and he accidentally discovered the lab where they make H.F.S. He got out of there fast, but he was worried they saw him.

SCHMIDT

The lab is at school? Where?

MOLLY

He never said. He didn't want to put me in danger. They made him overdose, I know it.

SCHMIDT

I promise you I'll take care of whoever did that. But you have to stay home for the rest of the year.

Tears finally escape Molly's eyes.

MOLLY

No! I'm not missing the performance. It was too important to Billiam. And Prom is Saturday, I'm going with friends, I'm not missing my Prom.

SCHMIDT

You won't care about any of that shit in four years.

MOLLY

Who are you to say that?

The carousel slowly comes to a stop.

SCHMIDT

Will you at least go to Prom with me so I know you're safe?

MOLLY

I'd love to.

Molly kisses Schmidt on the cheek. He lets it linger.

SCHMIDT

Can you hide out at a friend's house after school?

MOLLY

Yeah.

SCHMIDT

Do that.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko use wirecutters to cut a hole in the fence.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Schmidt loiters in the hallway, crowbar in hand. Jenko exits Principal Whiteman's office, zips up his pants.

SCHMIDT

What did you just do in there?

JENKO

You don't want to know.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT

Schmidt uses the crowbar to pry open door after door. Jenko shines a flashlight into each room. They arrive at the last door, labelled: "SPECIAL EDUCATION".

SCHMIDT

Have you ever seen a differently-abled kid at this school?

JENKO

Negative.

Schmidt leans on the crowbar and SNAPS the door open. Jenko shines a flashlight in: the room is stacked floor to ceiling with boxes of COOL RANCH DORITOS.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, GYM - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko enter the cavernous GYM, dominated by a tortuous obstacle course.

SCHMIDT

I'm so glad we didn't have P.E.

They slowly move through the obstacles, flashlights scanning.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko search the BOYS LOCKER ROOM. They step into empty showers and stand on the large drain grate, stumped.

SCHMIDT

You think she's lying?

JENKO

Nah, man. She's a good girl.

Schmidt looks at Jenko. An ALARM goes off. They run.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

The bell rings. Schmidt paces backstage in full Shakespearean dress, nervous. Molly stands with him, also in costume.

SCHMIDT

I'm freaking out. I haven't been on a stage in a long time. I mean, ever.

Molly hugs Schmidt.

MOLLY

You'll be amazing. I'm glad we waited until the performance to kiss. It makes it more real.

Schmidt sweats beneath his fake beard.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

A colorful banner reads "7TH ANNUAL SCIENCE RODEO". Jenko and Team Bronco watch the cockroaches DEVOUR doses of H.F.S.

DELROY

Dusting them with pulverized Cool Ranch Doritos makes it addictive.

GUS

My man, you are a genius.

Team Bronco claps Jenko on the back. Mr. Marcenholt takes a look inside the Experiment Arena, nods approvingly.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

Schmidt walks downstage right and speaks to a full house.

SCHMIDT

The pound of flesh which I demand
of him is dearly bought, 'tis mine
and I will have it: If you deny me,
fie upon your law!

The curtains close. The crowd breaks into applause. Schmidt soaks it in before walking offstage.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Team Bronco sit with their heads in their hands as Mr. Marcenholt awards the GOLDEN STETSON to Bryan and Team Bull.

DELROY

I don't understand what went wrong.

Gus hands Jenko a piece of paper with scrawled equations.

GUS

This might explain it. Did you even
double check your work?

Colin Farrell crawls up Jenko's arm.

JENKO

I mean...not really.

Mr. Marcenholt peers into the Experiment Arena.

MR. MARCENHOLT

Maybe you should have titled the
experiment "How to Kill Bugs".

DELROY

I can't believe we trusted you with
our academic futures.

JENKO

I'm sorry you guys.

Jenko's RINGTONE blares. He sets Colin in the Experiment Arena and heads for the door. Bryan tilts his Golden Stetson.

BRYAN

Have fun working at Chili's for the rest of your life.

Jenko exits, head hung low. A moment later he comes back in and shoves Bryan, stealing the Golden Stetson.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, BACKSTAGE - DAY

Molly and Schmidt stand offstage, waiting for their cue.

MOLLY

Billiam would be really happy with your performance.

SCHMIDT

Thanks, Molly.

MOLLY

Last scene. Are you ready to kill?

SCHMIDT

I was born ready.

A sharp whistle draws Schmidt's attention. GRADY stands at the backstage door, beckoning Schmidt over.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Be right back.

MOLLY

We're almost on.

Schmidt jogs over to Grady, who for some reason is holding a DORA THE EXPLORER PINATA.

GRADY

Let's go. Now.

SCHMIDT

Dude, I gotta finish this play.

GRADY

Are you fuckin' kidding me? Is there pressing police business on that stage?

Schmidt looks over at Molly, who waves him over, panicked.

SCHMIDT
I'm not letting the class down.

GRADY
Oh, okay, no problem. Sorry I
bothered you, see you later.

Grady BRUTALLY yanks Schmidt through the backstage door.

EXT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Grady slams Schmidt against a dumpster, holds Dora The Explorer up to his face.

GRADY
Do you know what's inside of this
pinata? 60 ounces of Holy Fuckin'
Shit. Everything I need to arrest
the Gang and bring them in.

SCHMIDT
You just gave them 150 grand?

GRADY
Get your head out of your asshole,
of course I didn't. I told them
they'd get it tonight at the party.

SCHMIDT
What party?

Grady holds up a NEON PINK FLYER for a FREE BEER PARTY!

GRADY
This party. I been dropping these
over the school. We do the round-up
there tonight.

SCHMIDT
Isn't it extremely dangerous having
kids around during the round-up?

GRADY
No shitweed, it puts the bad guys
at ease. Makes violence less
likely. Let's go, I want to sell
this pinata to a Mexican.

SCHMIDT
You're actually gonna sell that shit?

GRADY

Gonna use it to arrest a little
pain in the ass I been undercover
on for a year. Big day for me.

SCHMIDT

Congratulations.

Schmidt moves for the Auditorium door. Grady throws him
against the dumpster again.

GRADY

You're my back-up, asshole. Let's go.

SCHMIDT

Can at least change?

GRADY

Absolutely not.

INT. SUPERBEE - MOMENTS LATER

Schmidt and Jenko sit in the back of the Superbee, wearing
Shakespearean costume and lab coat with Golden Stetson.

Grady cracks a Colt .45 and takes a big gulp.

GRADY

This guy is hardcore. When I get
out of the car, stand behind me and
try not to look like a cop.

Grady burps, dials his cellphone.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Whutup J.C. Yeah, I got the shit.
Straight from the Valley Boys. Yeah
man, 60 ounces, like I said, shit
we doin' this or not?

Grady hangs up.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Soon as he hands me the cash, take
him down. You guys look super
weird, that should distract him
from his gun momentarily.

Grady pulls a COLT .45 from under his seat, chambers a round.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Anything kicks off, let Officer Boo-
Yah handle it.

SCHMIDT
You named your gun "Officer Boo-Yah"?

EXT. EAST L.A. HIGH - CONTINUOUS

The 'Bee drives through a sketchy East L.A. neighborhood.

The 'Bee rolls past the BROKEN TAILLIGHT of an IMPALA. The driver wears a Falcon's jersey with "R.MEXICO" on the back.

Doors open. Grady, Jenko and Schmidt exit the 'Bee and come face to face with JESUS CRISTO, who holds a black duffel bag. He recognizes Schmidt and Jenko instantly.

JESUS CRISTO
Jesus Cristo.

Jesus pulls a .38 and FIRES TWICE, blowing out a window on the 'Bee. Grady drops the Pinata. Jesus snatches it, jumps in his Impala and peels out.

GRADY
Motherfucker shot the 'Bee.

Grady pulls Officer Boo-Yah and SHOOTS at the escaping Impala.

SCHMIDT
That kid knows we're cops!

Everyone stares at each other for a beat.

INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

Grad HAULS ASS down the street, racing through the gears.

GRADY
Man, you guys are like a speck of dogshit in the middle of a perfectly good ice cream sandwich.

EXT. EAST L.A. STREETS - DAY

The Impala skids sideways through an intersection. The 'Bee follows. The Impala races into an ALLEY. The 'Bee races around the block and enters from the opposite side.

INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

Grady SLAMS THE BRAKES. The 'Bee screeches to a stop 10 feet away from the parked Impala, where THREE HUGE MEXICAN BANGERS are getting into the car. One lifts an AK-47 and FIRES.

Glass showers Grady, Jenko and Schmidt as they duck down. Grady throws the 'Bee into reverse and PUNCHES IT.

The 'Bee races BACKWARDS out of the alley and straight up a LONG FREEWAY ONRAMP. The Impala follows, in hot pursuit.

EXT. EAST L.A. ONRAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Bangers in the Impala OPEN FIRE. Jenko and Schmidt RETURN FIRE through the Bee's blown out windshield.

GRADY

Hang onto your vaginas.

Grady yanks the e-brake, throwing the 'Bee into a laid out 180 slide across the freeway. They straighten out perfectly in the fast lane. Grady smokes the tires in third.

INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

Grady cackles into the rearview mirror.

GRADY

Adios, muchachos.

SCHMIDT/JENKO

STOP!

Grady looks down to see A WALL OF STOPPED CARS ahead. He locks the brakes and skids to a stop, inches behind a Kia.

GRADY

Fuck you, traffic!

Suddenly, SCREECHING TIRES. Jenko and Schmidt turn around to see the Impala skidding towards them, too fast.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! The Impala smashes into the 'Bee. The Gangbanger riding shotgun flies through the windshield.

INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

The Banger's head SMASHES through the rear window of the 'Bee. Grady aims his Colt and SHOTS the top of his head off, spraying Jenko and Schmidt with blood.

GRADY

Boo-Yah.

Grady KICKS the 'Bee's door open and jumps out.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY

Jesus and two Gangbangers stagger out of the Impala.

GRADY

L.A.P.D! Drop your fuckin'-

The Gangbangers OPEN FIRE WITH AK's, strafing the 18 WHEELER next to Grady, Schmidt and Jenko. They dive under the truck and crawl into the next lane of traffic.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Run run run run run!

Schmidt, Grady and Jenko sprint down an aisle of stopped cars. Bullets whiz by as they leap into a MINIVAN.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt races the Minivan through dense traffic, brakes hard on the shoulder and lets out an OLD KOREAN WOMAN.

SCHMIDT

Sorry.

Gunfire EXPLODES the rear window of the Minivan.

GRADY

DRIVE!

Schmidt STOMPS it and races down the shoulder. Traffic clears. He pulls back onto the freeway and checks the rearview.

SCHMIDT

Shit.

Another MINIVAN pulls next to them, driven by Jesus. The side door slides open and two Gangbangers raise their guns.

Grady SHOTS their front tire out as Schmidt SLAMS the brakes to avoid another WALL OF TRAFFIC.

Jesus' Minivan swerves and FLIPS OVER FIVE TIMES, landing upside down on the back of a stopped SEMI CAB.

JENKO

That was basically awesome.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A Gangbanger lies dead on the pavement. Schmidt, Jenko and Grady step over him and continue towards the flipped Minivan on the Semi hitch. GUNFIRE erupts from the rear window.

Grady takes cover behind a station wagon full of kids and unloads Officer Boo-Yah.

The Minivan's gas tank ignites and EXPLODES. Flaming hundred dollar bills float through the air.

JESUS falls out of the Minivan, on fire. He rolls around, clutching THE PINATA. Grady fires a warning shot.

GRADY

Stay down, Jesus!

Jesus stands up and PUNCHES a passing motorcyclist off his '87 KAWASAKI NINJA. He slings the Pinata over his shoulder, leaps on the Ninja and races away.

The TRUCK DRIVER steps out of the SEMI and looks at the flaming Minivan on his hitch. He notices Schmidt and Jenko, in Shakespearean garb and lab coat.

TRUCK DRIVER

What in the fuck?

Grady grabs the Truck Driver by his overalls.

GRADY

Gimme your keys!

INT. SEMI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Grady, Jenko and Schmidt sit in Semi Cab.

SCHMIDT

You know how to drive this thing?

GRADY

Does the Pope shit magic crackers?

Grady pops the clutch and the Semi lays rubber.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Semi hauls down the freeway, chasing Jesus on the Ninja. Jesus SWERVES to the right, racing down an OFFRAMP. The Semi Cab SWERVES to follow, but loses control.

EXT. OFFRAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Semi screeches sideways down the offramp. The Minivan falls off the hitch and rolls behind it. The Semi knocks a traffic light over and comes to rest on a STREET DIVIDER.

A HOMELESS MAN with a "Will Work for Pussy" sign watches the minivan roll by. Grady flips him a quarter and STOMPS the gas.

INT. SEMI CAB - CONTINUOUS

The Semi speeds down the divider, smashing street signs and keeping pace as the nimble Ninja weaves through cars.

GRADY
GTA Jump Street, motherfuckers.

INT. MACARTHUR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jesus swerves into MacArthur park. The Semi Cab follows, annihilating trees that get in the way. Jesus races past A SHAVED ICE VENDOR, nearly hitting him.

SHAVED ICE VENDOR
Chinga tu madre!

AIR HORN! The Vendor DIVES as the Semi CRUSHES his cart.

GRADY
Lo siento!

Jesus guns the Ninja towards a mound of grass and JUMPS over two bus benches, landing in the street. The Semi SMASHES the bus benches out of the way and pursues, relentless.

EXT. EAST L.A. ALLEY - DAY

Jesus turns down an alley and skids to a stop right next to the dead-end. He turns to see the Semi SKIDDING towards him.

JESUS CRISTO
Puto Ma-

INT. SEMI CAB - CONTINUOUS

The semi CRUSHES the motorcycle against the wall. A moment of silence as Grady, Jenko and Schmidt shake off the impact.

GRADY

Shouldn't have shot the 'Bee.

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! Bullets punch through the floor of the cab, narrowly missing the guys.

EXT. EAST L.A. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus crawls out from under the Semi, still holding Dora the Explorer. He runs, firing his .38 behind him till it's empty.

Jenko TACKLES Jesus. Dora The Explorer's head breaks off and spills H.F.S. PACKETS everywhere.

JENKO

You're under arrest!

JESUS CRISTO

I'ma tell those Valley Boys! I'ma laugh when you get shot!

GRADY

Yeah try that from your isolation cell, lemme know how it works out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Grady, Schmidt and Jenko observe Jesus through a one-way mirror. He sits handcuffed to a table, mad dogging them. He makes a gun with his fingers, shoots it at the mirror.

SCHMIDT

Billiam told Molly the lab is hidden on campus. It's stupid to do the round-up before we I.D. the supplier.

A sleepy Latino **L.A. SHERIFF'S DEPUTY** yawns behind Schmidt.

JENKO

Remember how Captain wants to put the LAPD's big African American dick up his ass?

GRADY

Listen assholes, I haven't been to a good high school party in seven years. My eyes need to see some teen titty and ass that isn't my daughter's. Party. Tonight. That's an order.

Jenko stares at Jesus through the glass.

JENKO

You told Jesus we were from Valley. What if he figures out a way to get word to the Gang?

GRADY

No way can this punk ass taquito leak information, this place is tighter than Mother Mary's cooch.

The Sheriff's Deputy (who has a Virgin Mary forearm tattoo) exits the observation room. Moments later he enters the interrogation room and takes Jesus into custody.

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

The Deputy escorts Jesus into an isolation cell and shuts the door. He takes off the cuffs. They exchange a complex handshake and embrace. We hear the sound of a big *fart*.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zack sits in a stall, legs dangling. He swallows Skittles like pills with Red Bull. The door opens. Footsteps. Zack lifts his feet as SHEA checks beneath the stall.

CALVIN (O.S.)

Brascoes. All three. Big man says send a message.

SHEA (O.S.)

I'll call Pooky and Dig-Dug.

Zack slowly pulls his pants up and reaches for his pocket.

CALVIN (O.S.)

One more thing. The bitch knows about the lab.

Zack drops a single Skittle on the floor. It echoes like a sonic boom. Footsteps approach. Zack ducks into the next stall. BOOM! Calvin kicks the door open.

Zack opens a different door and RUNS. Shea looks to Calvin.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Cut him in half.

INT. VALLEY HIGH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zack runs down an endlessly long hallway. Shea gains with terrifying speed, knife in his hand. He reaches out...

Zack stops, spins and *shocks* Shea with the PEN SIZE STUN GUN. Shea goes down, head bouncing off linoleum. He shakes it off and looks up and down the endless hallway. Zack is gone.

INT. JUMP STREET WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Jackson racks his shotgun. Harry Truman Jr. locks and loads his AR-15. Lucy velcros her Kevlar vest. They are squeezed into the back of a small Winnebago.

GRADY
These guys are not children. They'll definitely be armed. They think I'll be in there with a 100 grand.

Grady points to a corkboard with several senior year photos of Calvin, Shea, Salvador, Boris and Pich.

GRADY (CONT'D)
You see them approach the house, vibrate our nuts.

Grady points to the old PAGER on his belt. Schmidt and Jenko clip on similar pagers, dressed as "Doug" and "Brad".

GRADY (CONT'D)
We get the signal, we bust out the front door guns up. Jackson, Luce, Hair of the Dog, you hit 'em from behind. They're down before they get in the party.

Grady slams a clip in Officer Boo-Yah and sprays himself with Cool Water. Jenko peeks out the window.

JENKO
Who's house is this?

GRADY
Captain Dicks.

SCHMIDT

Dude, is it a good idea to get a bunch of minors shitfaced at a Police Captain's house?

Grady cracks a can of Colt .45, takes a deep pull.

GRADY

Calm down, I put O'Douls in the keg, it's not like we're getting kids drunk. Although they will act drunk since teenagers are retarded.

Grady let's loose a tremendous belch.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Before you question the judgement of your Commanding Officer, keep in mind I'm about to make Lieutenant off this case. Whereas once Dep Chief reads my report, you two will be humping Segways and writing jawalking tickets at Hollywood and Highland. Nothing will go wrong as long as everyone stays tactical.

Jackson racks his shotgun, tactical.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Grady dances on a table to POISON, "Unskinny Bop", surrounded by teen girls, all slamming O'Douls from red plastic cups. Jenko and Schmidt watch, disgusted and jealous.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko sit in the breakfast nook, depressed.

JENKO

You think the Captain has a fridge full of 40's in the garage?

SCHMIDT

Now who's the racist?

JENKO

I'm just saying, the man has a taste for large beverages.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, THE GARAGE - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko open a refrigerator stocked with 40's.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Back at the table, Schmidt and Jenko clink their 40's.

JENKO

To Brad and Doug.

They take sips and watch kids down O'Douls and act drunk.

SCHMIDT

Good job on really getting into character and acting like a dick.

JENKO

That almost sounded annoyed.

SCHMIDT

Not at all. I just appreciate the fact you took it far enough to flirt with Molly at the park.

JENKO

Not like either of us were gonna do anything with her. Not like you could've anyway.

Schmidt takes a big gulp from his 40.

SCHMIDT

Yeah. Hey, also? Good job on acting dumb enough to fuck up your Science Rodeo experiment. Must have been hard, pretending to be that stupid.

Jenko takes a big gulp from his 40. Schmidt stands up.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I'm takin' a recon.

JENKO

Don't hurry back.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Schmidt wanders around Dicks' house while kids party. He spots MOLLY, sitting on the floor in a corner, nursing a plastic cup. He sits next to her. She won't look at him.

MOLLY

If I knew you were here I wouldn't have come.

SCHMIDT

I thought you were gonna hide out at a friend's house after school. What are you doing here?

MOLLY

Drinking. But something's wrong with this beer. It's not working.

Schmidt smiles and shakes his head, in love.

SCHMIDT

Molly, I have to tell you something.

Molly hands Schmidt her plastic cup and walks away.

INT. JUMP STREET WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Jackson re-racks his shotgun.

JACKSON FUGAZY

I am so ready to get it on.

LUCY

Check out these two.

Jackson looks out a window to see **POOKY** and **DIG-DUG, 25**, two black guys big enough to carry their own kegs.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.

Must be college boys crashing.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt downs his 40, then drinks Molly's O'Douls. He heads for the kitchen, passing Pooky and Dig-Dug as they enter.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt stands in the doorway of the kitchen watching Jenko flirt with Molly in the breakfast nook. Jenko feeds her a slice of pizza. The cheese falls on her chin. They laugh.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grady has KAYLEE, a 16 year old girl, cornered in a doorway.

GRADY

Never get married, Kaylee. Getting married would be the worst thing you could do. You do not want to limit yourself sexually.

Kaylee wriggles away just as Pooky and Dig-Dug SHOVE Grady into the MASTER BEDROOM and shut the door.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt walks towards Jenko. Jenko sees him coming and winks.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pooky and Dig-Dug tower over Grady. They set their kegs down.

GRADY

Shit guys, it wasn't BYOB but fuck it. Let's party.

Pooky and Dig-Dug stare at Grady in silence. Grady nods.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Riiight, the Gang sent you. They want the cash. That's cool, that's cool. Let's go down to my safe.

POOKY

You live here?

GRADY

Yeah, it's my house.

DIG-DUG

Then who that?

Dig-Dug points to an ENORMOUS PORTRAIT of Captain Dicks and his smiling black family.

GRADY

That's my brother. My parents adopted him from Nairobi in 19-

Pooky casually picks up a vase and SMASHES Grady's face.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko FLIES backwards into the living room and falls onto a glass coffee table, shattering it. He jumps up, squaring off with Schmidt. A huge group of kids circle.

SCHMIDT

Still can't let me like a girl
without trying to fuck her.

JENKO

You need to calm down, bro. We were
just talking.

SCHMIDT

Bullshit. You were feeding her pizza.

JENKO

Grow up, man. We're not in high
school anymore!

The crowd of kids are confused.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Almost.

Molly rushes out of the party and slams the door.

SCHMIDT

You know what, Brad? You're a fuckin'-

JENKO

Don't call me a fuckin' idiot. I'm
serious, man.

SCHMIDT

You are a fucking idiot. Just like
your Dad. You're a fuckin' idiot
who tries to make up for it by
scamming chicks so you can feel
better about yourself.

Jenko takes a slight step backwards. He smiles.

JENKO

You remember that night you came to
my house crying like a little bitch
because you tried to make out with
Melissa Whispitt and she rejected
you? I fucked her later that night.
I juiced on her back. Twice.

Schmidt PUNCHES Jenko in the face.

INT. DICKS' HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grady stands up, blood pouring from his eye, punch drunk.

GRADY

Fine, let's do this then.

Dig-Dug PUNCHES Grady in the face. Grady bounces off the bed and bounces back up. Dig-Dug PUNCHES him again.

INT. DICKS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt TACKLES Jenko into Dicks' plasma screen. It falls over and shatters. Schmidt lifts a SPEAKER and HEAVES it. Jenko rolls away as it SMASHES into the Entertainment Center.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pooky and Dig-Dug kick Grady in the head a few times, then rip the keg seals off with their bare hands and pour GASOLINE all over the Master Bedroom.

POOKY

Let's get the other two.

INT. DICKS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pooky and Dig-Dug watch as Jenko and Schmidt brawl.

Schmidt throws Jenko into the wall, denting it. Schmidt PUNCHES the wall. His hand gets stuck. Jenko HEADBUTTS Schmidt. Schmidt HEADBUTTS Jenko back, dropping him.

Schmidt tries to kick Jenko while he's down, but Jenko grabs his foot and FLIPS him off balance. Schmidt falls on an end table, right on his spine.

SCHMIDT

AAAAARGH!

Pooky and Dig-Dug look at each other, shrug and exit.

EXT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly walks the sidewalk, alone. A TAURUS STATION WAGON with tinted windows and a D.A.D. bumper sticker slowly rolls up.

CALVIN (O.S.)

Hey girl. Need a ride?

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko throws a cup of O'Douls in Schmidt's eyes, blinding him. Schmidt roars like a wounded bear, runs at Jenko full speed and TACKLES HIM THROUGH A PICTURE WINDOW.

INT. JUMP STREET WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Jackson, Harry and Lucy watch Jenko and Schmidt CRASH through the window and land in Dicks' front yard.

LUCY

Um...

The Ford Taurus slowly cruises by the house. BORIS leans out the passenger window and HURLS a Molotov cocktail.

Jenko and Schmidt watch the flaming bottle sail over their heads and through the Master Bedroom window.

FA-FOOMF! Flames **EXPLODE** from the Master Bedroom. Jackson KICKS the 'Bago door open, leaps out and drops his shotgun.

JACKSON FUGAZY

Shit!

Harry opens fire on the Taurus as it races away, putting a bullet in the "A" of the D.A.D. bumper sticker. Kids RUN out of the house, jumping over Schmidt and Jenko.

SCHMIDT/JENKO

Grady.

Schmidt and Jenko leap back through the broken window.

EXT. DICKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT: Jenko and Schmidt drag a burning Grady onto the front lawn. Dicks' house burns down behind them. Soot covers their faces. They yell "*Man down! Man down!*"

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Grady lies in a coma, completely wrapped in moist bandages. A ventilator hisses. Jenko and Schmidt stand at his bedside.

CAPTAIN DICKS stands on the other side of the bed.

CAPTAIN DICKS

I don't say this as Angry Black Captain.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)

I say this from the calmest place in my heart, because only a calm man can speak his mind clearly. I want your buns and gages before you leave this building, and then I want you to die.

Captain Dicks turns to exit, then pauses.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)

You endangered children.

Captain Dicks exits. The ventilator hisses.

Blackberries go off simultaneously. Schmidt and Jenko both click "RECEIVE". Identical MMS videos begin off sync, creating a haunting echo delay.

SPLIT SCREEN OF BOTH VIDEOS: A man in a BLACK GAS MASK looks into lense. His voice is electronically deepened.

HOODED MAN

We have your friend.

The man steps aside, revealing MOLLY tightly bound to a chair, lit by a bright floodlight.

HOODED MAN (CONT'D)

You two are due for a visit to the Principal's office. Tonight. During Prom. Bring the Pinata. If you call off the dance, I will kill her. If you bring other cops, I will kill her. She's already had several doses and seems to be enjoying it.

Molly's head lolls from side to side in the background.

END OF MESSAGE

Jenko and Schmidt slip their Blackberries in their pockets.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jenko chats up HOLLY, officer in charge of the Evidence Room.

Schmidt chills near the door. A cop exits the Evidence Room. Schmidt grabs the door as it closes and slips in. Seconds later, he emerges with the mangy DORA THE EXPLORER pinata.

INT. THE TOPANGA MALL, PENGUINO TUXEDO - DAY

Jenko and Schmidt wait at the "Penguin Tuxedo" counter.

JENKO

I'm sorry I fucked Melissa.

SCHMIDT

I don't want to talk about it.

The **PENGUINO REP** slides two long black boxes over the counter.

PENGUINO REP

Two Gunsteel Blue six-button
longcoat tuxedos with accoutrement.
Still can't say I agree with wearing
a cummerbund under a waistcoat.

SCHMIDT

We like layers.

A drumbeat of locking and loading weapons kicks in:

INT. THE SAUSALITO ARMS - EVENING

TIGHT ON THE YEARBOOK: opened to the self-captioned photo of teen Jenko and Schmidt: "MOST LIKELY TO KICK ASS!!!"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the yearbook resting between two GUNSTEEL BLUE TUXEDOS, laid out on either side of the couch.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jenko and Schmidt oiling and loading SEVERAL HANDGUNS and a PISTOL GRIP SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

QUICK CUTS: *Fingers slide rounds into clips, button tuxedo shirts over body armor. Tactical knives sheathed behind shiny belts. Cufflinks and handcuffs. Clips slam into Sig Sauer P220's. A .38 tucked behind a cummerbund. A shoulder holster strapped under a waistcoat. Fingers button up longcoats.*

Schmidt finishes his bow tie in the bathroom mirror. He looks at Jenko, who struggles to pin a corsage to himself.

SCHMIDT

Here.

Schmidt pins the corsage to Jenko's coat.

JENKO

Thanks.

They stand face to face for an awkward moment.

SCHMIDT

Will you go to Prom with me?

JENKO

I guess.

They turn to the mirror and admire matching tuxedo glory.

SCHMIDT/JENKO

Damn.

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE, "Feel Good Hit of the Summer" over:

EXT. VALLEY HIGH - NIGHT

A 1990 stretch Lincoln Continental limo jumps the curb in front of Valley High School and SMASHES through the gate, sliding to a stop in front of the Auditorium doors.

A TUXEDOED STRAGGLER sitting on a planter drops his cigarette. The limo doors open. Schmidt and Jenko step out.

They march towards the Tuxedoed Straggler with a look of cold determination. He instinctively backs away.

JENKO

Get in the fuckin' Prom.

SCHMIDT

Now.

The Tuxedoed Straggler RUNS into the Prom, throwing the doors open. Music spills out. Schmidt watches carefree kids having the time of their lives. The door slowly closes...

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

Jenko pulls a HEAVY CHAIN from the trunk and loops it through the Auditorium door, locking it with a big PADLOCK.

Schmidt pulls the Dora the Explorer pinata from the trunk. Her head is duct-taped on backwards. He cradles her like a baby.

Jenko lights one of the Tuxedoed Straggler's cigarettes, offers one to Schmidt. They eye the eerily quiet campus. A crumpled Shark Attack Weekly blows by like a tumbleweed.

They slowly unbutton their six-button longcoats.

JENKO

"He had, of course, dreamed of battles all his life - of vague and bloody conflicts that had thrilled him with their sweep and fire."

SCHMIDT
What is that?

JENKO
Red Badge of Courage. Book report.

SCHMIDT
Maybe you actually learned something
at this school.

JENKO
Maybe we both did.

Schmidt and Jenko head for school.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

We TRACK with Schmidt and Jenko down a hallway, past a bright blue *D.A.D.* banner on the wall. They stop at their lockers, but camera continues tracking to the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

Offscreen, the two lockers slam shut. Schmidt and Jenko re-enter frame, standing in front of the Principal's Office.

The bell rings.

JENKO
Final exam, bitch.

SCHMIDT
Just observe my natural theatrical
ability and follow my lead.

Schmidt opens the door and steps into the Principal's Office.

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko walk through the outer office and approach Whiteman's private office. They slowly open the door...

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WALT sits at Principal Whiteman's desk, resplendent in a white tuxedo, sitting behind a huge pile of H.F.S. packets.

SCHMIDT/JENKO
Holy fucking shit.

Walt pops an H.F.S. wafer into his mouth.

WALT

Indeed.

Walt reveals a RIFLE perched on his knee, barrel pointed at Schmidt and Jenko.

WALT (CONT'D)

Calvin?

Calvin appears behind Schmidt and Jenko and pats them down.

CALVIN

Clean.

WALT

Go give Molly her final snack.

Calvin leers at Schmidt and exits.

SCHMIDT

You don't get the Pinata until I
get the girl.

Walt slowly crunches into another H.F.S. wafer. He walks up to Schmidt, placing the rifle barrel under his chin.

WALT

I don't need the Pinata, asshole. I
just wanted to see the look on your
face when you knew it was me.

SCHMIDT

Happy?

WALT

Yes. I like to look at my shit
before I flush it.

JENKO

That's pretty weird, man.

SCHMIDT

Do you also like to talk to it?

Walt gives Schmidt a kiss on the cheek.

WALT

You can't harsh my mellow, man.
Don't even try.

They watch Walt back out the door with a beatific smile.

WALT (CONT'D)

Milt? Time to earn that second
Porsche. Do it quietly.

Walt closes the door. Schmidt and Jenko turn back around to see PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN sitting at his desk, aiming a .44 Magnum and smiling his yellow-toothed smile.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN

Have a seat.

Schmidt and Jenko sit. Dora rides on Schmidt's knee.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN (CONT'D)

I'm afraid this time I'll have to
expel you boys.

Whiteman screws a big SILENCER onto the revolver.

SCHMIDT

Just so I can be extra pissed off
before I die, where the fuck is the
lab? We looked everywhere.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN

Did you look in the boiler room
beneath the showers? I'd love to
see you try to get there tonight.
We've got a ton of staff on and
they all have a juvenile
fascination with automatic weapons.

Whiteman cocks the hammer on the .44 Magnum.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN (CONT'D)

Exciting night. Walt's making a big
sales push. We're pulling down huge
margins.

SCHMIDT

Dude, why work at a school if all you
want is money? Why mess with kids?

Principal Whiteman smiles, wistful.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN

There was a time I wanted to help
the youth of America. Then I got to
know them. Say, which one of you
took a shit on my desk?

Jenko raises a finger.

JENKO

Yo.

PFT! Whiteman shoots. Jenko flies backwards out of his chair. Whiteman aims at Schmidt.

BOOM! Dora's head and Whiteman's head explode simultaneously. Blood sprays Whiteman's MASTER OF EDUCATION degree.

Smoke pours from the SAWED OFF SHOTGUN inside the pinata.

JENKO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't breathhhe.

Schmidt lifts Jenko into his seat. Jenko gasps a few times. He inspects the huge hole in his shirt, Kevlar beneath.

JENKO (CONT'D)

So much for the Tux deposit.

He notices Whiteman's headless body.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Jesus, what did you load that thing with?

SCHMIDT

A big fuckin' bullet.

Schmidt rips the pinata off the shotty and pumps it.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Molly's gotta be in the lab.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko jog to their lockers. Schmidt opens his, revealing THE ARSENAL. He grabs a Sig P220 and racks one into the chamber. Jenko struggles with his combination.

JENKO

Damn it!

SCHMIDT

Move.

Schmidt SHOOTS the lock off Jenko's locker. They re-holster their huge arsenal and slowly walk down the hall. Schmidt leads with the shotty, Jenko slightly behind with a .45.

They turn a corner and face a LONG EMPTY HALLWAY.

JENKO

Not a shitload of cover.

They carefully walk down the long hallway, gripping their guns a little tighter. BAM! A door flies open. They aim.

ZACK

It's me it's me it's me!

Zack pathetically holds up his Pen Sized Stun Gun.

SCHMIDT

Fuck, Zack. You almost just got shot, what are you doing here?

ZACK

I've been hiding in this closet since yesterday. They know you're cops!

JENKO

Wow, it's like you're the reincarnation of Sherlock Holmes.

Zack grabs Jenko by the longcoat.

ZACK

There's been guys with guns in here all day. Get me out of here. I swear to God I'll never do drugs again. I'll never do drugs again God! Just get me out of here.

SCHMIDT

It's safer for you to stay in the closet till this is over.

ZACK

No no no. Not without a gun.

JENKO

Forget it.

ZACK

You can't just leave me here with a pen sized fucking stun gun!

Schmidt pulls a .38 Automatic from a belt holster.

SCHMIDT

Do not use this unless absolutely necessary.

Jenko throws his hands up in frustration. Schmidt hands Zack the gun. Zack stares at it in awe.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

The safety is off, so don't put any pressure on the-

BLAM! The gun fires into Jenko's chest. He staggers backwards and hits the wall, sliding down and gasping.

JENKO

Bad judgement. Bad judgement.

Schmidt guides Zack's hand and points the gun at the ground.

SCHMIDT

Keep your finger off the trigger unless you're ready to kill someone.

Schmidt helps Jenko up, again. Jenko glares at Zack.

ZACK

What? It was an accident.

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE strafes the hallway, blasting holes in lockers. SHEA, POOKY and DIG-DUG fire Tec-9's down the hall.

Schmidt kicks Zack back in the closet and runs into the nearest classroom. Jenko follows, firing on the run.

INT. YEARBOOK CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko take up positions at two classroom doors. The chalkboard reads "GREAT JOB CLASS OF '10!!!"

Schmidt holsters the shotty in the longcoat, pulls the .45.

SCHMIDT

You're in the Yearbook. You got voted most likely to be a huge dick.

JENKO

You got voted most likely to eat one.

They KICK the doors open and step out firing.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A furious exchange of gunfire. Jenko shoots Dig-Dug and Pooky. Schmidt places shots in Shea's lower torso.

Schmidt and Jenko run up, guns trained. Pooky and Dig-Dug are dead. Shea writhes on the ground.

SHEA

This ain't happening. I got a life. I got a daughter. I'm a human being with a story, it can't end like this.

Schmidt and Jenko drop clips and reload.

SCHMIDT

If you want to avoid getting killed by me, here's two easy ways to do it. One, don't sell drugs to kids. Two, don't fire a Tec-9 at my face.

SHEA

Man fuck you.

Shea dies. Schmidt and Jenko continue down the hall, guns up.

SCHMIDT

That's kind of bullshit.

JENKO

What's kind of bullshit?

They slide against the wall, taking cover on a blind corner.

SCHMIDT

He says "fuck you" and then he dies? It's like the ultimate last word. Fuck him.

Jenko peeks around the corner. PICH and THREE CAMBODIAN GUNMEN open fire with AK-47's. Jenko ducks back as the corner DISINTEGRATES in a hail of bullets.

Schmidt and Jenko run back down the hall and take positions in doorwells. The Gunmen round the corner and fire. Trophy Cases explode. School banners are shredded.

Schmidt and Jenko leap into different classrooms.

INT. GRAPHIC ARTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt slowly steps backwards past a huge PAPER CUTTER. He shifts gunsights from door to door, waiting.

Pich crawls in the window behind Schmidt, knife in hand. He FLICKS the knife, sinking it into Schmidt's right shoulder.

Schmidt drops his .45 and spins around to see Pich running at him with huge gleaming knives in either hand.

Schmidt picks up a YARDSTICK and WHIPS IT at Pich, slashing his eye. Pich drops a knife and clutches his face. He charges Schmidt with the other knife.

Schmidt evades, grabs Pich's attacking hand, pins it under the papercutter and throws his weight on the blade. *SHHHUNK*.

PICH
AAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pich screams at his handless stump and collapses.

SCHMIDT
I'm sick of getting stabbed, goddamnit.

Schmidt pulls the throwing knife out of his shoulder and unholsters the pistol grip pump. He kicks the door open.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gunmen pour AK rounds into the room Jenko jumped in. Schmidt aims the sawed-off at their backs, BOOM BOOM BOOM!

INT. VALLEY HIGH, SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt enters the Science room. Jenko stands up from behind a lab station, .45 in one hand, Experiment Arena in the other.

JENKO
That was gettin' hairy.

Jenko takes Colin Farrell out of the Experiment Arena.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Live free, brother.

The cockroach crawls away. Schmidt and Jenko exit the room.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BORIS and FIVE ARMENIAN GUNMEN fire Uzis at Schmidt and Jenko as they exit. They dive back into the classroom.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt blasts the shotty twice out the door.

SCHMIDT
Out!

They swap positions. Jenko fires his .45 while Schmidt reloads the shotty.

JENKO

Switch!

They swap. Schmidt fires the shotgun. Bullets spray the door.

SCHMIDT

There's too many!

Jenko steps back to reload. *CRUNCH*. He looks down to see the squashed body of Colin Farrell.

JENKO

You motherfuckers.

Jenko whips off his longcoat and lays it flat on a lab station. He kicks open the CHEMICAL STORAGE CLOSET.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, CHEMICAL STORAGE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jenko looks down rows of chemicals in glass bottles.

JENKO

Methyl Nitrate, Nitric Acid...

Jenko grabs several large glass containers.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt's shotgun BOOMS twice more.

SCHMIDT

Shotty's empty and they're coming
in hot!

Jenko folds the longcoat around glass chemical containers.

JENKO

Open the door!

SLOW MOTION: Schmidt yanks the door open and moves aside as Jenko HURLS the coat-wrapped chem-bomb into the hallway and DIVES behind a lab table.

BA-BOOM! Both classroom doors blow off their hinges. Orange fireballs BELCH into the room, then quickly vaporize.

Jenko peeks up from behind a charred lab station. Schmidt stands between the charred doorways, wide-eyed.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Bitchin'.

Boris, engulfed in flames, runs into the room shooting rounds from a burning Uzi. Jenko and Schmidt blow him away.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jenko and Schmidt walk the hallway, silhouetted by sprinkler rain. Schmidt picks up an AK-47 with banana clip.

SCHMIDT
Time to go "Last of the Mohicans"
up in this motherfucker.

JENKO
Why does Daniel Day-Lewis make your
butt pussy so wet?

SCHMIDT
I don't know, he just does.

SALVADOR quietly steps out of a classroom behind Schmidt and Jenko. He raises a .50 caliber Desert Eagle. BLAM BLAM BLAM!

Jenko and Schmidt whip around. Salvador crumples to the ground, revealing ZACK holding Schmidt's .38 auto.

JENKO
Thanks.

SCHMIDT
Now get out of here. And get into
drug treatment.

ZACK
I don't need treatment. I just killed
a man. Drugs will never get me as
high as I am at this exact moment.

Zack runs down the hall, escaping. Schmidt and Jenko KICK open the doors to the gym.

INT. THE GYM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko walk in shooting. FOUR MASKED GUNMEN with HK SL8-6's fire back from cover within the obstacle course.

Schmidt and Jenko start running the course, firing on the run, crouch and jump.

- Schmidt blasts a guy 20 times with the AK.

- Jenko fires two .45's on the roll, taking two guys out.
- Schmidt shoots through an obstacle, wasting another one.
- Jenko picks up a downed gunman's HK, climbs to the top of an obstacle and UNLOADS from high ground, finishing the last.

Schmidt stands at the end of the obstacle course, huffing for breath, hands on his knees.

SCHMIDT

I'm gettin' too old for this shit.

They head for the locker room.

INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko and Schmidt enter steaming showers, but the steam isn't coming from water...it's coming up from the shower grate. They lift the grate and descend into the mist.

INT. THE BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An angry boiler hisses and steams next to a **LARGE SCALE HFS LAB**. Schmidt and Jenko drop into the room from a ladder. Two chemists in LAB COATS turn around, shocked to see them.

JENKO

Brilliant, you guys. Using hypophosphorous acid as a reducing agent in a poorly ventilated space next to a boiler that needed replaced twenty years ago? This place is a poodle fart away from exploding the entire gym. Why don't the three of us head upstairs and talk things over.

CHEMIST #1

There's four of us you fucking idi-

BLAM! Schmidt shoots a bottle of acid that sprays the chemist in the face. He screams and flails.

SCHMIDT

Nobody calls this guy a fuckin' idiot but me.

Schmidt aims the gun at the other Chemist's head

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

WHERE'S THE GIRL?

OTHER LAB COAT GUY
At Prom! At Prom!

The guy with acid on his face collapses onto the table and sends the ENTIRE LAB crashing to the ground!

EXT. THE GYM - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko run out of the gym in SUPER SLOW MOTION. They leap over the **DAD-MOBILE**, a mangled auto meant to scare kids away from drugged driving.

They land on the other side and brace for an explosion. They wait for a long time. In slow motion. Still waiting. Getting awkward now. They stand up.

JENKO
(super slow mo)
Shit. Guess I was wrong.

End slow motion as the windshield of the DAD-mobile BLOWS OUT.

Schmidt and Jenko spot WALT on the Auditorium roof, aiming his rifle. They take cover on the other side of the DAD-mobile.

JENKO (CONT'D)
I'm empty. What do you got?

SCHMIDT
Six in the revolver.

Sirens wail in the distance.

JENKO
Do we wait for backup?

SCHMIDT
Calvin's in there with her right now.

Jenko takes a deep breath and nods to himself.

JENKO
The cheetah chases pussy at noon.

SCHMIDT
Dude...that's a drastic option.

JENKO
Does it make us even for Melissa?

SCHMIDT
Affirmative.

JENKO
Just don't miss.

SLOW MOTION: Jenko SPRINTS across the quad. Walt tracks with the rifle. Schmidt draws a **.38 revolver** from behind his cummerbund, steps out and fires 5 times...missing!

SNAP ZOOM on Schmidt as he FIRES his final bullet. Walt's left kneecap EXPLODES. He collapses with a scream.

Schmidt and Jenko run to the Auditorium.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko and Schmidt enter the Prom. Music EXPLODES. A banner reads "**UNMASK THE NIGHT**". Kids wear Costume Ball masks and get down on the packed dance floor in front of the stage.

JENKO
You find Molly, I'll find Walt.

They split off. Jenko approaches the stage. DEAN STANTON steps in front of him, rolling his sleeves up.

DEAN STANTON
You think I don't know it was you
and your brother messing with me?
You and your pals ruined my school.
Time something got done about it.

JENKO
Look, we're both good guys. I'm LAPD.

DEAN STANTON
Sure you are.

Jenko sighs and slips off his waistcoat.

DEAN STANTON (CONT'D)
I trained hand to hand in 'Nam,
punk. Where'd you train?

JENKO
Echo Park.

Jenko kicks Stanton in the balls and applies a chokehold on him till he passes out.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, DANCEFLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt sees CALVIN AND MOLLY slow dancing beneath the huge mirrorball. Molly is very obviously on the shit.

Calvin sees Schmidt and slowly pulls back his Tuxedo coat to reveal the .357 MAGNUM. Schmidt checks the cylinder on his gun. Empty. Calvin holds up an OVERSIZED H.F.S. WAFER.

SCHMIDT

No...

Calvin teases Molly with the wafer. She sticks her tongue out like it's communion. Schmidt drops his gun and runs towards them. Calvin draws his .357 Magnum.

CALVIN

Urk...

Calvin spasms and drops the gun. JENKO stands behind him, TACTICAL KNIFE buried in Calvin's lower back.

JENKO

This is why you don't bring a gun
to a knife fight.

Jenko uses the knife handle to quietly lead Calvin to a corner table. He sits him in a chair and cuffs him.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Your under arrest.

CALVIN

(weakly)
I need an ambulance.

JENKO

So did Billiam.

TWO REBECCAS take the stage to announce Prom Court.

REBECCA #1

Are you guys pumped for Prom Court?

ENTIRE PROM

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Molly spins under the mirrorball, oblivious, dancing with herself. She sees Schmidt and throws her arms around him.

MOLLY

I wish you were here earlier. There
was a unicorn made out of rainbow
sprinkles.

SCHMIDT
Molly, I have to tell you something.

MOLLY
No, I have to tell you something.
It's a secret.

Molly whisper in Schmidt's ear.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I love you.

Molly slowly, sensually moves in for a kiss. Schmidt stops her just before their lips touch.

SCHMIDT
Molly, I'm a police officer.

MOLLY
Shut up, silly.

SCHMIDT
My name is Schmidt. I'm an
undercover cop.

Molly catches her breath.

REBECCA #1 (O.S.)
And the Class of '10 Prom Queen is...

REBECCA #2 (O.S.)
MOLLY TRACEY OH MY GOD!

The students go crazy. Molly slowly backs away from Schmidt.

MOLLY
You fucking dick.

Tears run down Molly's face. She stumbles up to the stage and is crowned. Jenko appears next to Schmidt.

JENKO
Let's find the roof access.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Walt drops through a roof hatch and lands hard on the CATWALK above the stage. He stands, using his rifle as a crutch.

SCHMIDT appears one end of the catwalk, aiming an old revolver. JENKO appears at the other end of the catwalk, aiming Calvin's .357 Magnum. Walt clenches his jaw.

WALT

You were right. I do make drugs
sound cool. I come from marketing.
It's my thing.

JENKO

A dead son is no reason to put
other people's kids at risk.

WALT

I don't have a dead son, retard. I
just love making shitloads of money.

SCHMIDT

It's over, Walt. Drop the gun.

Walt drops the rifle. Schmidt and Jenko slowly close in.

WALT

H.F.S. surpassed all expectations.
I hit every demo. Whites. Blacks.
Latinos. Asians. Others. I owned
them all.

SCHMIDT

What about the kids who got hurt?

WALT

You guys just spent three weeks in a
high school and you still care about
the kids? Teenagers are the worst
people on the planet. They spend
their disposable income on absolute
dogshit and fill the world with
horrible things. Fallout Boy? Paris
Hilton? Twilight? All because of
teenagers. FUCK teenagers.

SCHMIDT

You're a bad D.A.D.

WALT

And you're a shitty actor. If you
sold the weight of that prop gun a
little more, I might not have shot
your girlfriend.

Walt SHOOTS a compact 9mm from the hip, hitting Jenko in the
vest. Jenko DROPS the .357 off the catwalk.

Walt aims his pistol towards Molly on the stage below.
Schmidt GRABS Walt's gun with one hand and PUNCHES him with
the other, splitting his nose in half.

They struggle against the catwalk railing. Walt grips the pistol like a vice, pushing it towards Schmidt, jaw grinding. Schmidt uses his free hand to grab an ELECTRICAL CABLE and wrap it around Walt's neck.

Walt's face turns red and his veins pop as he muscles his gun towards Schmidt's face.

Schmidt roars with rage and throws Walt off the catwalk.

Walt JERKS at the end of the cable, hanging by the neck. The entire Prom looks up as he shits and pisses his white tuxedo.

After a moment of shocked silence, girls begin to *scream*. The Auditorium doors are kicked open by S.W.A.T. officers.

SWAT OFFICERS

LAPD!

Swat Officers fan out and evacuate the kids.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Jenko and Schmidt walk to center stage as police officers clear out the last of the students. Schmidt watches the EMS Technicians wheel Molly out on a gurney.

She weakly lifts up her hand up...and flips him off.

JENKO

Keeping this as a souvenir.

Jenko leans over to pick up Calvin's .357 Magnum. BANG! A bullet splinters the stage floor. Jenko whirls around to see Walt aiming the pistol with his very last shred of life.

Jenko raises Calvin's .357 Magnum and FIRES multiple times. Walt dances like a pinata. Jenko hands the gun to Schmidt.

SUPER TIGHT on Schmidt as he aims.

SCHMIDT

Drugs Are Dangerous, bitch.

BLAM! Schmidt shoots Walt in the heart, blowing a hole in his chest big enough to see through.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Jenko and Schmidt sit in the Quad.

SCHMIDT

Do you feel kind of bad about
fucking up the entire school?

Jenko shrugs.

JENKO

We cured the plague.

SCHMIDT

At least the gym didn't blow u-

AN UNNECESSARILY MASSIVE FIREBALL blows up the gym, sending the DAD-MOBILE up into the air. Deadly shrapnel whizzes by Schmidt and Jenko's totally calm faces. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

THE SUN shines brightly on Jenko and Schmidt as they ride Segways down Hollywood Blvd in geeky helmets and shorts that are way too snug. They write up a parking ticket.

SCHMIDT

You think I should call Molly one
of these days? I mean, she'll be
going to college soon.

Jenko slips a ticket under a windshield wiper.

JENKO

Wouldn't do that for a number of
reasons. First of all, it's
immoral. Second, I fucked her.

Schmidt laughs, then stops, suspicious. A lime green SUPERBEE pulls up behind them, engine rumbling.

GRADY

Nice shorts.

Jenko and Schmidt turn to see GRADY, whose entire face is a horrifying mess of pink scar tissue.

SCHMIDT

Jesus.

GRADY

It's only because I've accepted
Christ as my Lord and Saviour that
I'm able to forgive you for taking
his name in vain. Take a long look at
this face.

Grady points to his unbelievably grotesque face.

GRADY (CONT'D)

This face is proof that miracles happen. I should be dead, but as I lay there smelling my own skin burn off my face, I called on the Lord and he saved my life. You should invite him into yours, on bent knee and with a contrite heart.

SCHMIDT

Dude. What do you want?

GRADY

Captain wants to see you. I'm gonna drive real slow and make you follow me on those vagina baskets, 'cause that shit is hilarious.

Grady pulls away. Jenko and Schmidt mount their Segways.

EXT. DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko snack on Snickers. They sit facing Deputy Chief Hardy and Captain Dicks (sipping an X-Treme Gulp).

DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY

You made sure no kids got hurt. When it comes down to it, that's what counts. We got a serious situation at East L.A. High. Riots and violence on a scale you can't possibly imagine. You report for duty at 0600 tomorrow.

SCHMIDT

Where to, sir?

CAPTAIN DICKS

YOU KNOW WHERE TO, MOTHERFUCKER. Don't be humiliating my unit in front of Deputy Chief. I swear to God and Moses I will literally put my foot in your asshole. I'll put my whole leg in there, push my toes on the back of your eyeballs make you look like Steve Urkel. Shit in your mouth and seal it with duct tape. I'll piss in your ear and make you listen to The Beach Boys, you think I'm playing?

The NEW 21 JUMP STREET THEME SONG blasts out as the NEW 21 JUMP STREET GRAFFITI sprays over the screen and credits roll.