

COMMUNITY

by
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

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

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

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

BUSTA RHYMES

(on cd)

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

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

PELTON

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

Pelton reads from a small stack of index cards:

PELTON (CONT'D)

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

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

TROY [18, letter jacket, All American], is seated on a bench with a breakfast burrito. He looks up, a little put-off.

PELTON (CONT'D)

It's "halfway school" for
twentysomething dropouts, crawling
back to society with unskilled
tails between their legs.

BRITTA [late 20s, sweatshirt, pony tail, unadorned and accidentally hot], is interrupted in her confident stride by what she's hearing. She stops and looks as if called by name.

PELTON (CONT'D)

A tax-funded self esteem workshop
for newly divorced housewives
piecing together shattered
identities,

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

PELTON (CONT'D)

and old people hoping to keep their
minds active as they circle the
drain of eternity.

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

In fact, Pelton now has the undivided attention of most of the pedestrians in the courtyard.

PELTON (CONT'D)

That's what you've heard. However:

He flips to the next index card.

PELTON (CONT'D)

I wish you luck. Wait -

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

PELTON (CONT'D)

There was... a middle part of that
speech, if you see a card...

Walking amongst the rest of the students and not thrilled to be doing so: JEFF Crocker, [30s, well dressed, dashing but rough around the edges]. He is paced and orbited by ABED [20s, Arabic, "geek chic" Weezer fan clothes], who seems generally intrigued by everything all the time.

ABED

I'm only half Arabic, actually, my
Dad is Palestinian, I mean, he's a
U.S.

(MORE)

ABED (CONT'D)

Citizen and he's not a threat to national security or anything, a lot of people want to know that after they meet him, because he has an angry energy, but not like angry at America, just angry at my Mom for leaving him, although she did leave because he was angry, and he was angry because she was American. My name's Abed, by the way.

JEFF

Abed, nice to know you, and then meet you, in that order. Now about that question I had.

ABED

Oh.

(looks at watch)

Five after eleven. When you asked.

JEFF

Thanks. I'll talk to you in a few months, if that's cool.

ABED

Oh. Few months. Okay.

Abed starts to walk away but Jeff puts a hand on his shoulder.

JEFF

Hey, let me ask you.

Jeff pulls Abed closer and indicates someone in the distance: It's Britta, heading into the cafeteria.

JEFF (CONT'D)

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

ABED

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

JEFF

Abed, I see your value, now.

ABED

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

Britta moves down a food line, assembling her meal from bins of saran wrapped items. Jeff gets in line next to her.

JEFF

Oh, hey. Spanish.

BRITTA

Yeah, just don't hit on me, okay?

JEFF

Whoa.

BRITTA

And as you walk away, don't call me a lesbian or say "don't flatter yourself."

JEFF

Anything I should do?

BRITTA

You should not hit on me.

JEFF

Listen, I just wanted to let you know about my Spanish study group.

BRITTA

The guy that spent today's class playing Bejeweled on his iphone has a study group? Am I allowed to sign up twice?

JEFF

I'm taking that class for the easy credit. I actually *tutor* Spanish.

She turns to him. On the hook but suspicious.

BRITTA

Say *that* in Spanish. Now.

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

JEFF

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

Subtitle: *I sleep late Spanish, one more hour, do not scratch my car.* She squints. Then surrenders.

BRITTA

I really need help with Spanish.

JEFF

I was willing to bet. I'm Jeff.
The group meets in the library at
six.

BRITTA

I'll be there. I'm Britta. Thank
you so much, this is great.

Britta finishes paying for her food and walks away. Jeff turns to the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN at the cash register.

JEFF

Technically, I am in college, so
it's okay to use a college move,
right?

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Huh?

JEFF

Sorry. I was raised on TV, I think
every black woman over fifty is a
cosmic mentor with free advice.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

How about for two twenty five you
can have your damn tacos.

JEFF

Yes ma'am.

Jeff gets out his wallet.

FADE OUT.

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. SCIENCES BUILDING - DUNCAN'S OFFICE

Psychology Professor DUNCAN [30s, low calibre hippy] is working at his desk in a small office lined with plants, books and weird art. Jeff appears in his doorway.

JEFF

You're a hard man to reach,
Professor.

Duncan takes a moment to place the face.

DUNCAN

Jeff Crocker? Attorney at law?

He stands and shakes Jeff's hand.

JEFF

You remember.

DUNCAN

How could I forget? I still can't figure out how you got a jury to connect September 11th with my DUI. Let alone why it helped.

JEFF

2002 was a simpler time.

DUNCAN

What's my lawyer doing on campus?

JEFF

I'm a student.

DUNCAN

That can't be an inspiring journey.

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

JEFF

Eh, those ivy league twits on the state bar have had me under a microscope since I started. They've suddenly decided that even though I have a law degree, my college degree isn't "legitimate."

Duncan hands Jeff one of the beers.

DUNCAN

I thought you had a bachelor's from Columbia.

JEFF

And now I have to get one from America. They must have noticed the eagle in the seal was holding coffee branches. I'm dead in the water until I replace that degree.

DUNCAN

If you're in my class, I hope you're not going to ask for special treatment.

JEFF

Professor, please, I do have rules. I would never take psychology, it's boring. But I was hoping that, as a teacher, you could get me all the quizzes, tests and exams for the classes I *am* taking this semester.

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

DUNCAN

Jeff, you just described - no, *defined* cheating. Not only is it illegal, it's unethical.

He takes a drink of his own beer.

JEFF

Well, laws are tools. We reshape them to suit the job. And you seemed less concerned with ethics the day I convinced twelve of your peers that when you did a U turn on a freeway and tried to order chalupas from an emergency call box, your only real crime was being an American.

DUNCAN

You're saying I owe you.

JEFF

I'm not saying that. I'm giving you pieces of a puzzle, which, when put together, form a picture of you owing me.

Duncan gets somber. He surrenders.

DUNCAN
I'll look into it.

Jeff heads for the door.

JEFF
I'll be in the library at six, but
by 6:20, my fake study group will
not have shown up and I'll have to
take a very hot girl to dinner.

DUNCAN
Oh, Jeff. Don't lie to women.

JEFF
(doesn't care)
Whoops!

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM

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

JEFF
(repeating)
Bienvenido. Bienvenido.

Britta walks in. He smiles.

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

Jeff puts a notepad in front of her while she gets settled at
the room's large table.

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

She writes some stuff on the pad.

BRITTA
You may have noticed this morning,
I'm not great at small talk.

JEFF
I want to talk big. I want to
know, what's your deal?

BRITTA
That's not small talk?

JEFF

What's your deal and IS GOD DEAD?!

BRITTA

Alright. My deal. I dropped out of high school to pursue my love of anarchy. I made a lot of new friends vandalizing billboards, I helped coordinate us into a very large, successful movement of anarchist billboard vandals, and we decided I was the leader, which meant we had to kick me out, because we were anarchists. Soon after, they became an advertising firm. One of their shampoo billboards is across the street.

JEFF

The one that says "hey, it's your hair, we just want to clean it?"

BRITTA

Power to the people. And you can go on Facebook and see photos of their children, who have names like Hemingway and Chomsky and who are seated in the backs of SUVs. So I guess my deal is, be honest with me and I'll like you. Because I may be broke and "crawling back to society" but I'm doing it having learned that what's most important to me is honesty.

JEFF

(concern)

Good thing to learn.

BRITTA

What's most important to you?

JEFF

I would say...honesty, because...

(surrender)

I would say anything to get what I want and I want you to like me.

BRITTA

Very honest answer. So you get your wish. I like you fine.

Jeff blinks.

JEFF

Oh.

BRITTA

Yeah, see how easy.

JEFF

That's it, huh? No Looney Tunes character tattooed on your hip I have to pretend to love?

BRITTA

Not me. Buy me dinner, don't lie to me and we'll be in bed before midnight.

The two of them chuckle at her joke.

JEFF

- All kidding aside, if you're hungry -

Abed enters. Britta looks as though she was expecting him.

BRITTA

Abed's in the house! Whoooo!

JEFF

(good fake enthusiasm)
Whooooo, Abed! Also whyyyyy?

ABED

Britta invited me, is that cool?

JEFF

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

Abed sits down to write on the notepad.

ABED

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

BRITTA

(supporting it)
We're in a library.

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

ABED

Well, yeah, and we're students, from different backgrounds, and I'm sure we've each got a thing, like an issue, all balled up inside of us that would make us cry if we talked about it.

Jeff thumbs something into his phone.

BRITTA

Do you have something balled up inside you want to talk about?

ABED

(thinks about it)

Oh, I got a little doozy in the chamber I can let loose if things get emotional.

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

ABED (CONT'D)

Whoa! Text message. Let's give this bad boy a read.

Abed picks up his phone.

JEFF

I'm sure it's personal -

ABED

- No, I don't know this person.
(clears throat)

"Say you have to pee I need to talk to you."

Jeff pretends to digest it along with the other two, all of them exchanging confused looks.

ABED (CONT'D)

"Say you have to pee?"

BRITTA

Weird.

JEFF

Yeah. Creepy.

Professor Duncan ducks his head into the room, sees Jeff, then sees the others.

DUNCAN

Jeffrey, a quick word? About psychology?

JEFF
I'll be right back. When it's
about psychology, it's *urgent*.

Jeff heads for the door.

BRITTA
What if the group shows up?

JEFF
They'll know what to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DUSK

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

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

DUNCAN
I could get fired for having this
conversation, so act like you're
watching the athletic proceedings.

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

DUNCAN
Suppose I did feel indebted to you,
Jeff. And suppose I said it was
possible to get you these answers.

JEFF
I'd say go for it. And, for future
reference, you can ask me stuff
like that way closer to wherever
we're originally standing.

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

JEFF

I understand "right" and "wrong" are slippery slopes that end with presidents who don't believe dinosaurs existed. And I've understood since I was a kid that if I talked long enough, I could make anything true. So either I'm God or truth is relative, and in either case: booyah.

DUNCAN

Interesting. The average person has a harder time saying "booyah" to moral relativism.

JEFF

Ian, you don't have to play shrink to protect your pride, I accept that you're a chicken.

DUNCAN

Are you trying to use reverse psychology on a psychologist?

JEFF

I'm just using normal psychology on a pussy.

DUNCAN

You can't talk to me that way!

JEFF

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

DUNCAN

Because it would be adorable!

JEFF

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

DUNCAN

FINE, I'LL DO IT!

COACH BARTEL (O.S.)

- Gentlemen.

COACH BARTEL [stocky, 40s] is approaching their exchange.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM

Jeff enters, feigning disappointment.

JEFF
 Well, I just found out that the
 rest of the group -

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

JEFF (CONT'D)
 - is here?

ABED
 Britta's in the bathroom, I think,
 and I invited more people from
 Spanish class, is that cool?

Jeff raises a fist that immediately becomes a thumbs-up.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - LOBBY

Jeff is on his way to the exit doors. He nearly collides
 with Britta, who is entering the lobby.

BRITTA
 Ah. *Busted.*
 (confiding)
 (MORE)

BRITTA (CONT'D)
I barely smoke. But that group is getting big, made me skittish, I started craving a grit.

JEFF
Same here. I saw those faces and I just had to ...suck a ..leaf tube,
(hail Mary)
Maybe you and I would get more studying done over -

Britta laughs at the proposition.

BRITTA
- Dinner? Come on, we both know that's when the studying stops. Let's do this thing first.

She starts walking away, then adds:

BRITTA (CONT'D)
If it really turns out to be a train wreck, we'll slip out early.

She walks away. Jeff mulls this over.

JEFF
Oh. I can do a train wreck.

OLD BLACK WOMAN (O.S.)
What a tangled web we weave.

Jeff is startled to see the old black woman from the cafeteria next to him in the lobby. She's placing books on a cart, unloading the overnight return bin.

JEFF
Don't you work in the cafeteria?

OLD BLACK WOMAN
I have many jobs. In many places.

Jeff's jaw drops. She rolls her eyes at him.

OLD BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'm not magical, I'm underpaid.
You racist jackass.

JEFF
Sorry.

Jeff heads back to the study room, ready for action.

FADE OUT.

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. STUDY ROOM

Jeff settles into his chair at the head of the table. He looks around the room. There's Britta, there's Abed, there's Annie the type-A teen, Troy the meat head jock, Shirley the closed-up ex-housewife and Pierce the weird old man with neatly brushed grey hair and some kind of stone around his neck he must have bought at a tarot card store.

JEFF

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

Everyone concurs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

But who studies with strangers,
right? We're all in the same
class and we don't even know each
other, my name is Jeff.

Pierce speaks. He talks kind of like George Takei.

PIERCE

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

JEFF

I was just going to ask.

PIERCE

I'm also a Rotarian and no stranger
to public speaking so maybe I
should make the introductions. You
already know Britter. Brittles?

BRITTA

Britta.

PIERCE

My apologies Britta, you also know
A-bed, A-bed the A-reb, is that
inappropriate?

ABED

(as if asked to get ice)
Sure.

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

TROY
- Troy.

PIERCE
You are correct, and little
princess Elizabeth, -

ANNIE
Annie.

PIERCE
Very sorry, and finally this
beautiful creature's name is
Shirley.

JEFF
(to Shirley)
Is that even close?

Shirley nods.

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

Shirley does not appear to enjoy the flattery. Jeff makes a
mental note. Annie speaks up.

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

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

BRITTA
We should get started studying -

Jeff goes into action, seeing an opening for his crowbar.

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

SHIRLEY

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

ANNIE

- That's strange, because I remember the first day of class, I asked if anyone was interested in starting a *Spanish study group*, and passed around a sign-up sheet, and when it came back, all that was on it was a drawing of a unicorn with a wiener instead of a horn, a guitar for a wiener and a dog emerging from its rear.

BRITTA

That was a cat and he was going in.
(off her look)
What? Everyone added something.

ANNIE

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

SHIRLEY

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

ANNIE

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

SHIRLEY

(simmering)
Mmmmmmmmm.

JEFF

(seizing opportunity)
Shirley has a response to that.

SHIRLEY

No, I don't.

The entire room encourages her to respond.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Well, I'm sure I've made bad life decisions.

(MORE)

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

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

BRITTA

(blurting)

Seriously!

Britta quickly composes herself. Annie pouts. Shirley regains her shyness. Pierce gives her head a supportive stroke, causing her to wince. Jeff points a pen at Pierce, shifting to what he hopes is even more fertile ground for sowing discontent.

JEFF

Pierce, let's discuss this creepiness.

PIERCE

I beg your pardon?

JEFF

Are you unaware Shirley finds your advances inappropriate?

PIERCE

What advances?

SHIRLEY

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

PIERCE

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

TROY

Saying she turns you on *is* the harassment, buddy.

Pierce slams the table with his fist.

PIERCE

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

TROY

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

ANNIE

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

TROY

How did you know I went there?

ANNIE

Because you're wearing your stupid letter jacket and more importantly I SAT BEHIND YOU IN ALGEBRA!

TROY

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

ANNIE

And you're a stupid jock that lost his scholarship because he celebrated getting it with a keg stand and dislocated both shoulders!

ABED

I'm ready! I'm ready!

Everyone looks at Abed.

ABED (CONT'D)

I bought one of those big binders to store my DVDs in. And I left it in the sun, and the plastic sleeves melted to the discs, and they're all unplayable and it's my fault!

Abed starts sobbing real tears. Everyone watches, confused.

JEFF

That's your Breakfast Club doozy?

ABED

(through sobs)
I love cinema!

Jeff's phone rings. He answers.

JEFF

Hello?

A very low voice from the other end:

DUNCAN (V.O.)

(on phone)

It's Professor Duncan. Come to the parking lot. Now.

JEFF

What's wrong with your voice?

DUNCAN (V.O.)

(on phone)

I'm disguising it.

JEFF

I'll be right there.

Jeff hangs up.

BRITTA

Now where are you going?

JEFF

It's an emergency. You guys need to hash this stuff out anyway, because we can't study with all this stuff seething under the surface. I just hope at least one of you is here when I get back.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeff enters the parking lot, looking around.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

Hello, Jeff.

Duncan emerges from between two cars, holding a large, thick envelope.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Every answer to every test in your curriculum this semester.

JEFF

You are the best.

Jeff reaches for the package. Duncan withholds it.

DUNCAN
But what do I get?

JEFF
I thought we had a deal.

DUNCAN
Deals are bound by ethics, Jeff.
Deals are for five year old girls.

JEFF
What do you want.

DUNCAN
Your Lexus.

JEFF
HA! My luxury sedan for a
semester's worth of answers?

DUNCAN
Come on, you're never going to stop
taking the easy way out. I'll be
helping you for four years. You
want to get a degree while taking
naps? I want leather seats with
built-in ball warmers. Offer
expires in ten seconds.

JEFF
I'm supposed to do what, walk home?

DUNCAN
Take my Prius.

Duncan holds up some keys.

JEFF
PRIUS?

DUNCAN
It's good for the Earth.

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

DUNCAN
Time's up.

Duncan starts to walk away. Jeff panics.

JEFF
Alright!

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

Jeff heads across the library toward the study room, carrying Duncan's packet.

Britta opens the door and comes running to him. We can hear chaos coming from the room behind her.

BRITTA
It's really bad in there.

JEFF
Yeah, sounds like a train wreck.
What do you say? Time to go?

BRITTA
Go? Jeff, I would rather flunk Spanish and starve to death than abandon a group of people in pain.

Jeff stares at her for a beat, then:

JEFF
You thought I meant time to go to dinner? I meant time to go give these people the healing they need. Time to spread the love, time to set everything back to exactly the way it was before they got here.

She gives his arm one of those platonic but lingering touches that women have been using to secretly control civilization for 50,000 years. As she heads back to the room, Jeff adds carefully:

JEFF (CONT'D)
Then dinner.

FADE OUT.

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. STUDY ROOM

Jeff walks in. Everyone is sitting with their arms folded, staring at the table in front of them.

JEFF

How's it going in here?

Everyone explodes into furious name calling and arguing.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Alright, alright. Simmer down! I want to tell you something!

They quiet down. He squares himself. Closing argument time.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You know what makes humans different from other animals? We are the only species on Earth that observes Shark Week. Sharks don't even have Shark Week, but we do. For the same reason I can pick up this pencil, tell you its name is Steve, then go like this

(snaps pencil)

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

Everyone nods knowingly, touched. Britta, however, remains poker-faced.

JEFF (CONT'D)

People can find the good in just about anything but *themselves*. Look at me. It's obvious to all of you that I'm awesome, and yet, if I agreed with you, I would be an ass. But I can think Annie's awesome in ways that I'm not. She's driven. Some people have to be driven or the power goes off and the ice cream melts. And look at Pierce.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Other guys his age are locked up in their houses yelling at the people on TV for farting, this guy is out here, with us, even though he's earned the right to dismiss us. Just like Shirley's earned a little elbow room, and a lot of respect, not as a wife, not as a mother, it's time for her to be a woman, and don't test her on that, because that thing about the jukebox was way too specific to be improvised, we want her on our side when we rumble with the other study groups.

The group murmurs in enthusiastic agreement. Troy nods at Shirley. Shirley smiles.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You want Troy, too. That's why we're tempted to dis the jacket, because it's a symbol that intimidates us, you think astronauts go to the moon because they hate oxygen, come on, they're trying to impress their high school's prom king, and well they should, because I saw our track team tonight and I'm pretty sure Troy's gonna be a big dog on campus. And Abed. You know, God made people with minds that wander because the answers we need are barely ever the ones we're asking. Abed's a shaman, ask him to pass the salt, you get a bowl of soup, and guess what, soup is better. Abed is better.

(beat)

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

Everybody does it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I want you to extend to that person the same compassion you extend to sharks, pencils and Ben Affleck. I want you to say to that person, "I forgive you." Go ahead.

Everyone says "I forgive you."

JEFF (CONT'D)

Now look at me.

Everyone looks at Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You just stopped being a study group. You have now become something unstoppable. I hereby pronounce you a community.

Abed wipes at some tears.

ABED

It's not like Breakfast Club anymore. Now it's like Stripes, or Meatballs. Anything with Bill Murray, really.

JEFF

I agree with Abed that tonight has been very special. Too special for Spanish, really, and I think that, like the Breakfast Club, we ought to disband and reflect.

Jeff looks at Britta and nods his head slightly toward the door, like, "let's go."

Britta looks at Jeff. She looks around the room at all the mesmerized faces. Finally, she announces her decision while watching Jeff carefully.

BRITTA

Actually, now that we're unstoppable, it'll probably take no time at all to prepare for this quiz, right?

Everyone agrees with that. They're very excited about studying, now. Jeff goes to plan C.

JEFF

I have a surprise for you guys. We don't need to study. I have all the tests and answers for the semester.

Jeff shows the packet he got from Duncan.

JEFF (CONT'D)

So. All done.

Everyone at the table is a bit taken aback. Britta narrows her eyes on him. Pierce puzzles through this.

PIERCE

Well, Jeff, now, why in Hell's Bells would you want to enroll in a community college to cheat?

JEFF

I didn't want to enroll here, Pierce, I have to be here. I'm a lawyer. I mean, I was a lawyer, and I'd like to get back to being one as soon as possible.

BRITTA

(gross)
A lawyer...

TROY

Then why have a study group?

JEFF

I DON'T HAVE A STUDY GROUP! YOU PEOPLE JUST SHOWED UP!

Britta explains something to everyone she'd been putting together for a while.

BRITTA

It was all to get in my pants.

JEFF

Why can't you see that for the compliment that it is?

ANNIE

What about the look left speech? Was that real?

JEFF

I learned it at tennis camp when I was seven.

Everyone is dismayed and disappointed.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I added the Ben Affleck references!

BRITTA

Jeff, you had me at "I'm a lawyer," and by had me, I mean had me ready to puke. Now please leave and let us study before my gag reflex hits a tipping point.

JEFF
But you're not listening, I have
the answers.

Britta physically gags.

Abed shakes his head.

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

JEFF
Yeah, well, you have Asperger's.

As Jeff exits, everyone recoils in shock and comforts a
confused Abed.

BRITTA
He is not qualified to make that
diagnosis.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jeff exits the front doors, miffed, sour grapey, opening
Duncan's packet.

He gets the envelope open and pulls out a stack of papers
from inside. He looks at them, stunned.

We watch as Jeff flips through a stack of pages from old
Psychology Today magazines.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNCAN'S OFFICE

Professor Duncan is enjoying a pipe in his office and seems
to have been expecting Jeff to burst through the door, which
Jeff now does.

DUNCAN
Before you react, you'll want to
think about the gift you've been
given.

JEFF
An excuse to punch a hippy?

DUNCAN

A second chance at an honest life.
A life that starts here at
Greendale. All these tricks you
acquired to survive out there, they
have no use in this place that
you're wiping your feet on. People
here are excited and proud to be
here, students and faculty alike.
And frankly, we're a little
offended by the implication that
there's anywhere else we'd like to
be. This is a lesson you need to
learn, Jeff.

Jeff shrugs.

JEFF

Well, I'm...I'm sorry, but I'm not
getting it.

DUNCAN

Maybe you're incapable of learning.

JEFF

Is it possible you're incapable of
teaching? It is community college.
Now give me my keys or it's going
to get sloppy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Jeff stomps across the empty night time campus of Greendale
community college. So fucked.

He sees the Old Black Woman sitting on one of the benches
that is just outside the library entrance. He starts walking
to her. She's clearly bummed out about this. He stands by
her for a moment, mustering the confession:

JEFF

I don't know how to do it.

OLD BLACK WOMAN

I don't care.

She gets up.

JEFF

Where are you going?

OLD BLACK WOMAN

(sarcastic)

Don't you know, honey child?

(MORE)

OLD BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)

I gots to go polish that moon and hang them clouds out to dry. But don't you worry. Outer space Jesus negro lady is watching over you.

Jeff slumps down on the bench as she walks away.

JEFF

Great. Even God thinks I'm a dick.

He sits there for a moment. Puts his head back.

Pierce emerges from the library's front doors, sees Jeff, and pauses to take in the night air.

PIERCE

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

JEFF

You may have purchased a knockoff calendar.

PIERCE

You said some nice things about me up there, Jeffrey.

Pierce sits on another bench across from him.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

And I do admit, I've got things to learn about the ladies. You know I've been married seven times? I'm starting to think I'm doing something wrong.

JEFF

Do I look like I'm in a position to give romantic advice right now?

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

TROY

Hey.

JEFF

I thought you guys were studying.

TROY

We're done.

JEFF

Oh. That was fast.

Troy sits next to him, curious.

TROY

Let me ask you something. People have been clowning me about this jacket since I got here. But if I take it off to make them happy, I'm weak, right?

JEFF

(shrug)

Troy, what's it matter. You lose the jacket to please them, you keep it to piss them off...either way, it's for them, that's what's weak.

TROY

(epiphany)

Whoa.

(bigger epiphany)

Whoa.

(confusion)

Wait, but -

(realization)

Whoa!

PIERCE

He's good, isn't he?

TROY

My brain's all wrinkly.

Jeff doesn't *necessarily* mind the praise, but he's still got wallowing to do.

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

ANNIE

Is this another "we hate Annie" meeting?

SHIRLEY

Oh, sweetie. Nobody hates you.

(catching it)

Sorry I called you sweetie, it's a mother's habit -

ANNIE

- It's not that bad, really.

(almost crying)

My parents, um -

(clears throat)

This is interesting architecture.

Abed and Britta come through the library doors.

ABED
Oh, hey, everybody.

Britta is not excited to see Jeff.

BRITTA
Shouldn't you be at home rolling
around on a bed covered with quiz
answers?

Jeff tosses the envelope to her. She looks at the contents.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Ha! Live by the sword, huh Amigo?
(explaining)
Amigo means "friend." You might
need to know that for tomorrow.

Jeff nods, resigned to his fate.

JEFF
I want to say something.

Jeff starts to say something. Then stops. He gets a weird
look on his face.

JEFF (CONT'D)
But nothing I say is true, so...I
can't...

He struggles. Then, finally:

JEFF (CONT'D)
Sorry. I need help.

He buries his face in his hands.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I'm gonna flunk. I need help.

The group looks around at each other. Mostly, they're all
looking at Britta.

Shirley looks at Britta with a face that says "do something."

Britta looks at Shirley with a "What? Me?" face. She
indicates Jeff and makes a gagging gesture.

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

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

ABED

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

Jeff looks up, curious to see what Abed is talking about. Britta makes a decision. She addresses the group.

BRITTA

Hey, um. We should, um.
(clears throat)
We should get back upstairs, and finish, right?

Jeff is confused.

JEFF

I thought you were done.

BRITTA

Who said that? Are we done?

PIERCE

I'm not done.

Everyone agrees they're not done. Abed is more confused.

BRITTA

Well, let's go. Jeff, you coming?

Jeff is taken aback by the offer.

JEFF

Are you serious? I can study with you guys?

BRITTA

Eh. You know. If you want. I don't care.

Jeff stands up, recovering from his depression.

JEFF

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

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

FADE OUT.