ACT ONE

INT. DELILAH'S - NIGHT (DAY 1)

A funk band plays "Word Up" by Cameo in a Seattle dive bar. CRAIG is on piano, his brother KEVIN on guitar, BO on bass. The guys love what they do, and they're good at it. PETER is by the bar, rocking to the beat.

CRAIG/KEVIN/BO
(singing)
Word up!

CRAIG
Everybody say / When you hear the call, you've got to get it underway.

CRAIG/KEVIN/BO
Word up!

CRAIG
It's the code word / No matter where you say it, you'll know that you'll be heard now.

CRAIG/KEVIN/BO
Word up!

The song ends, and the sparse crowd applauds.

CRAIG
We are the Filthy Gentlemen, and we just showed you how it gets done! My name is Craig Robinson -- I love music, I love you all! Stay freaky, everybody!

INT. DELILAH'S - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT (DAY 1)

Craig and the guys stand before VINCENT (55, scuzzy)... Craig is holding some money.

CRAIG
Thirty-five dollars?

VINCENT
What do you want? You're great, but you don't bring in business. Tonight you only brought in, what, one guy?

Vincent gestures to Peter, who sees Craig look at him and starts clapping again.

PETER
Encore!

CRAIG
Yeah, no.
(to Vincent)
This is not very much money. We can't live on this.

VINCENT
Who said you could? Get a job.

He scuttles off. Craig turns to Kevin and Bo.

CRAIG
I mean, this is a troubling situation. How're we gonna make rent this month?

KEVIN
Plasma, baby.

CRAIG
I'm starting to feel weird about donating all these blood parts. You gotta figure a body needs <u>some</u> plasma.

KEVIN
Could be. Who knows?

CRAIG
Somebody. Somebody knows. And we should ask them. Let's not die, is all I'm saying.

BO
Paradigm shift, dude. Norms are changing. Babies having babies.

CRAIG
That was jibberish, dog.

<u>EXT. DELILAH'S - NIGHT (DAY 1)</u>

Craig walks out to find a REPO GUY loading his car onto a tow truck, and struggling to get the position right.

CRAIG
Aw, no no no. Come on, Larry, be cool...

REPO GUY
(shrugs)
I'm really sorry, Craig. It's nothing personal, you know that --

CRAIG
Yeah, of course. Sorry I snapped.
You gotta do your job. How's Sandra?

REPO GUY
Good, she's halfway through nursing
school now.

CRAIG
Nice, nice.

Peter walks out of the bar and approaches Craig.

PETER
Hot set, hot set. I mean, you guys
tore those songs up. It was cruel,
almost. Like, shame on you.

CRAIG
Uh, thanks, Pete. Hey, any chance you
can put my name in to sub tomorrow?
I'm gonna need the money.

PETER
(sly smile)
Um, let me just check that with the
vice principal...
(mimes phone)
Hello? This is Peter. Hi, Peter,
it's Peter! Craig's gonna sub! Yay!
(then, serious)
I will also need to check with the
actual principal, but there is a spot
open, so I'm pretty sure it'll work
out.

CRAIG
Great, thanks, man.

PETER
Thank <u>you</u>! This'll be awesome. We
can hang out at breaks, and lunch,
maybe a little after-school jam
sesh...

CRAIG
Yeah, we'll play it by ear.

Craig watches the Repo Guy continue to struggle to get the angle right.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Let me put it in neutral for you.

REPO GUY
(relieved)
Oh, that'd be great.

INT. CRAIG & KEVIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING (DAY 2)

We PAN through a filthy apartment that's overflowing with records and sound equipment. We end on a sleeping Craig, draped on a futon. As he flops over, his arm knocks over a stack of CDs, which crash to the ground with a clatter. Craig stirs awake, and looks at the clock, panicked. 7:57 AM. Craig GROANS, bolts out of bed and BANGS on a door.

CRAIG
Kevin! I'm late for school!

After a beat, a bleary-eyed Kevin opens the door.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
What happened? You were supposed to set an alarm for me!

KEVIN
I didn't want to wake up my guest. You know, her first morning here.

He gestures to a sheet-covered woman in his bed.

CRAIG
Well, now you gotta either give me your car all day, or give me a ride.

Kevin nods, then calls back to the woman.

KEVIN
Thanks for the sex! There's eggs!

INT. CAR - MORNING (DAY 2)

MUSIC: "PRISENCOLINENSINAINCIUSOL", Adriano Celentano

An old sedan races through the streets of Seattle. Kevin is driving, Craig's sitting shotgun, slapping his face to wake himself up.

KEVIN
Her stage name is Millennium, but her real name's Chastity. Or maybe it was the other way around? Whatever. Hopefully she doesn't rob us.

CRAIG
That's beautiful.
(looks out the window)
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Why does school have to be at eight in the damn morning?

KEVIN
Don't ask me, I haven't been up this early in years. This late, sure. Never this early.

Craig rifles through his bag.

CRAIG
Hold on, we need to go back. I didn't bring my teaching materials for the day.

He takes out a small zipper-case of DVDs.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Never mind, I got *Best of Shark Week*, *Beautiful Mind*, *Shakespeare in Love*. I'm covered.

EXT. LINCOLN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

Kevin's car squeals up to the curb. Craig runs out and into the school.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 2)

JEANETTE is on a phone call as Peter looks on.

JEANETTE
No, I'm glad you voiced your concerns. And please, call me anytime, day or night.
(hangs up)
I forget who that even was.

PETER
You're doing great. I'm proud of you.

JEANETTE
Shut up, Peter. Why do parents even have phones?

PETER
I don't know, it's crazy.

Craig enters. Peter waves spazzily. Craig motions "Be cool."

JEANETTE
Ah, the sub. Oh good, you've got videos.
(MORE)

JEANETTE (CONT'D)
That's ninety percent of subbing. The other ten is making sure none of the students get each other pregnant.

CRAIG
I'll keep an eye out.

JEANETTE
Great, you'll be in 209.

PETER
That's music class, Craig!

CRAIG
(excited)
Really? I'm subbing music?

JEANETTE
It doesn't matter. Just put in the video.

CRAIG
No, it's just, I can actually teach these kids something, because I'm a musician.

JEANETTE
That's cute, but a musician isn't the same as a music teacher. Besides, the bar is very high. Our last music teacher Mr. Howe, was amazing. Just an amazing man. Had to leave, he groped the art teacher. But he's an amazing man.

CRAIG
Sounds like it.

JEANETTE
Just play the video, keep them in the room, and make sure I don't get any angry phone calls.

CRAIG
Okay, I can do all that, but also --

JEANETTE
No. Don't need also. Thanks.

She starts to walk off, then turns back.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)
Oh, and don't forget, your lunch is at 1:15. Real teachers eat first.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING (DAY 2)

Twenty sixth-graders are sitting on risers. The group includes IRENE, SHAWN, SARAH and PATRICK. Craig enters, wheeling a TV on a stand.

CRAIG
Hey, I'm Craig. Robinson. Mister Robinson. Craig. And without further ado, here's *Snow Dogs*. There's music in it.

He sighs, presses play on the video, and sits down. The kids watch the movie, zoning out. A frustrated Craig looks at them, then at a nearby piano, then back at them, then at a poster of music notation on the wall. Finally, he can't help himself. He stops the video.

KIDS
Hey! / Come on! / What are you doing?

CRAIG
The backbone of music is the beat. Let's talk about finding the beat.

SARAH
(confused)
Um, are you actually trying to teach us?

CRAIG
Yes, this is music class, so I'd like to teach you about music. I'm a musician.

SARAH
Yeah, I bet you're incredible, and that's why you're subbing.

The students snicker. Fed up, Craig goes to the piano and spitefully plays Debussy's "Clair de Lune," staring at Sarah. It's intricate and impressive.

CRAIG
"Whoa. He's not even looking at his hands. This guy's good. I feel foolish for mocking him."

Craig adds a walking bassline, never breaking eye contact.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
"Whaaat? Where'd that funky bassline come from?"
(improvising cool flourishes)
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Oh, didn't see that one coming. Mm. *
Tasty. Ow. From all directions. *
And... *

He plays a big finish. *

CRAIG (CONT'D) *
Suck on that. *

The students' jaws drop. *

CRAIG (CONT'D) *
Pretend I didn't say that. *

END OF ACT ONE *

ACT TWO

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

Jeanette reads Craig the riot act.

JEANETTE
Look, Craig, maybe you tell kids to "suck on that" all the time in the bar where you play your music...

CRAIG
They don't let kids in the bar, and I wouldn't say "suck on that" there, I'd go ahead and say--

PETER
(cutting him off)
Jeanette! Please, you have to give Craig another chance. He's a very talented guy, he probably just let his passion for music get the best of him.

Jeanette thinks it over.

JEANETTE
All right, fine. But you are officially on my watch list. Peter, put him on my watch list.

PETER
My pleasure.
(off Craig's look)
Not pleasure. But I'll do it.
(off Craig's look)
Under protest.

He shakes his head at Jeanette: "Not really."

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER (DAY 2)

As Craig exits Jeanette's office, ELIZABETH is there. She's overheard.

ELIZABETH
You're a musician? Sorry, totally spying. Do you play piano?

CRAIG
Like a damn angel. Who are you?

ELIZABETH
Elizabeth Dravecky, I'm teaching dance. Mr. Howe used to play piano for my class. You know, before he...

She makes a two-handed squeezing gesture.

CRAIG
Is that how he did it? With two hands?

ELIZABETH
You're right, I don't know for sure, so I guess that was slander, sorry. He's an amazing man. So will you play for me?

CRAIG
Wow, someone actually wants me to do something. Sure, I'll play.

ELIZABETH
Awesome! Thank you so much. Oh, and it's totally fine if you wear that.

She crosses off. Craig looks down at what he's wearing.

CRAIG
Rude.

<u>INT. DANCE STUDIO - AFTERNOON (DAY 2)</u>

Irene and a dozen other students sit cross-legged on the ground. Craig sits at the piano. Elizabeth's standing next to it, consulting a manila folder.

CRAIG
(re: folder)
What's that about?

ELIZABETH
Oh, just some research. I don't actually know anything about dance? But they needed someone, and I tend to volunteer for things.
(deep breath, turns to class)
What's up, you guys? Let's get real with each other for a second here.

She slides a chair towards them, then makes a big show of turning it around and sitting backwards, cool-teacher style.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna B.S. you guys: you have all been doing amazing work in here. And if we keep busting our butts, we're gonna get where we want to go. Believe it, achieve it. Let's dance!

She nods to Craig, who starts playing "Rock Around The Clock". The kids start dancing, badly... Elizabeth goes around trying to adjust their form while avoiding touching them. Elizabeth signals for Craig to stop.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Hey. Craig, bud? A little too jazzy.

CRAIG
Too what?

ELIZABETH
Jazzy. Too much razzle-dazzle. You're burying the rhythm.

CRAIG
Sorry. I just think if we liven it up a little, it'll get people moving.

We see Irene nod to herself -- makes sense.

ELIZABETH
(re: folder)
I'm not seeing that anywhere here.

CRAIG
It just feels like the song wants to breathe, you know?

ELIZABETH
Yeah, don't let it breathe, please.
(flustered)
Let's reset, you guys.

She checks her folder again, then returns her chair to its original position just so she can turn it back around. She sits down. Craig and Irene share a look and try not to smile. *

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
What you guys were just doing was incredible. We're really making it happen. Bust your butts, believe it, achieve it, let's dance.

Craig starts playing a bare-bones "Rock Around the Clock"... the kids start dancing.

When Elizabeth turns away, Craig escalates into a rollicking version... when she turns back, he reverts to bare-bones. The kids enjoy it... she doesn't.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

Craig and Elizabeth are at the door as the kids file out.

ELIZABETH
(annoyed)
Well, you seemed to be the life of the party in there.

CRAIG
Hey, everybody always loves the piano guy.

ELIZABETH
Especially when he's undermining the person in charge. You did me a favor, though, so I guess I can't be mad.

CRAIG
Guess not.

Irene walks out of the room.

IRENE
Hey, that was fun. Maybe we could do a fun song like that at Parents' Night?

CRAIG
(confused)
At what now?

IRENE
Our music class is singing at Parents' Night on Friday.

CRAIG
Wait, you mean... you have a gig?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

Peter's at his computer, eating noodles out of a takeout container... Jeanette's at her desk, taking deep breaths.

JEANETTE
Okay, I'm centered. Top three crises. Go.

PETER
Coach Roberts called one of his soccer players a “pantywaist” -- we’re trying to find out how offensive that is. The bike thieves are back. And the Mr. Howe thing just hit the mommy blogs.

JEANETTE
Ugh, those scumbags. “Kim R.” is going to have a field day with this.

Craig enters.

CRAIG
Hey, you didn't tell me I was supposed to get the kids ready for a show.

JEANETTE
When did subs get so comfortable waltzing into my office?

CRAIG
I’ll help. What do you need me to do?

JEANETTE
Here, I’ll write it down for you.

She takes a piece of paper from Peter’s desk, writes a big zero on it, and holds it up to Craig’s face.

JEANETTE (CONT’D)
<u>Nuh</u>. <u>Thing</u>.

She crumples up the paper and throws it away.

PETER
I actually need that for my taxes...

He starts digging through the wastebasket.

JEANETTE
The Parents' Night performance is not happening. It was a Mr. Howe thing. I’m not going to hand it over to some random guy.

CRAIG
I’m not random, I can do this. I know how to get ready for a gig.

JEANETTE
(scoffs)
Oh, I’m sure you do.

Jeanette mimes inhaling from something like a face mask with a crank wheel.

CRAIG
Is that supposed to be a bong? You've never seen a bong, have you?

PETER
(bonding with Craig)
No, she has not.
(for Jeanette)
Nor should she have. She's a school administrator, Craig.

CRAIG
Jeanette, please. You can trust me. I'm a professional.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Craig!

BO (O.S.)
Craig!

Craig winces through the following. We hear their voices getting closer.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Craig! Come on, Bo needs to get to the free clinic!

BO (O.S.)
I'm in a lot of pain, Craig!

CRAIG
Could be a different Craig.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Craig Robinson! Get out here, you big black bastard!

Kevin and Bo appear in the doorway, looking disheveled.

BO
We're here, Craig.

JEANETTE
(to Craig)
See you tomorrow. Don't forget your videos.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE *

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY (DAY 3) *

Kevin's driving, Craig rides shotgun. Craig is fumbling with a necktie -- he keeps tying it either too short or too long. *

KEVIN *
A tie? Are some kids getting married or something? *

CRAIG *
I gotta get this principal to take me seriously. She doesn't think I'm a teacher. *

KEVIN *
I agree with her, you're not. You're a guy who subs for money. Own that. *

CRAIG *
(continuing to struggle) *
I can teach. I'll show you. I'll show her. I'll show everybody. *

The tie has come out too short... Craig starts to undo. *

KEVIN *
You need me to pull over and stand behind you? *

Craig throws the tie down. *

CRAIG *
It's hard in a car. You don't know. *

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY (DAY 3) *

Craig walks in and finds Peter. *

PETER *
Craigy! Back for another day! Did I hook you up or what? Cha-ching! *

CRAIG *
(perfunctory) *
Cha-ching. Listen, when you're organizing the Parents' Night, I need you to keep a slot free for my music class to perform. *

PETER *
Aww, yeah, baby! *
(then, worried) *
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
Actually, baby, didn't Jeanette tell you the performance was cancelled?

CRAIG
She did. And I'm telling you it's un-cancelled. You just have to talk her into it for me.

PETER
Oh. Okay. Hm. Okay. It's just -- Hm. Okay.

CRAIG
You're my buddy, right?

PETER
Yes! I'm your main man. And you're mine. We're each other's main men. I'm just a teeny bit worried about how to tell Jeanette--

CRAIG
Pete...

PETER
I prefer Peter. Or, I could be Pete. I kinda like Pete.

CRAIG
Listen to me.
(takes Peter by the shoulders)
You totally got this.

Craig starts to walk off.

PETER
Right. I got this.
(calling after)
Good luck with the kids.

CRAIG
(not looking back)
I just gotta get them to sing. How hard could it be?

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (DAY 3)

The kids are singing "Simple Gifts." They're practically shouting, and not at all in sync. Craig stares at them, horrified.

CHOIR
(singing)
'Tis a gift to be simple/ 'tis a gift to be free/ 'tis a gift to come down--

CRAIG
Stop, stop stop stop!

The kids stop singing.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Sorry, no offense. But you guys are terrible.

INT. CLASSROOM - A BIT LATER (DAY 3)

Craig is having the kids sing individually. He plays a note on the piano, and Sarah tries to match it.

SARAH
(mouth barely open)
La...

CRAIG
Okay, ventriloquists convention is down the hall. If you're gonna sing, you gotta open your mouth.

SARAH
(mouth wide open, shouts)
La...!

CRAIG
Yeah, okay, we're gonna want to split the difference.

INT. CLASSROOM - A BIT LATER (DAY 3)

It's Shawn's turn to sing. Craig plays a chord.

SHAWN
(pained, husky voice)
'Tis a gift to be simple/'tis a gift to be free...

CRAIG
Wow, okay. Interesting choice. But try something different this time. Think about what the song means.

SHAWN
(even huskier voice)
'Tis a giiiiift...

Craig winces.

INT. CLASSROOM - A BIT LATER (DAY 3)

Craig is having Irene sing by herself. She's pretty awful.

IRENE
'Tis a gift to be simple...

CRAIG
Not...
(singing her note)
"*sim-ple,*" it's...
(singing correct note)
"*simple.*"

IRENE
Simple...

CRAIG
Simple...

IRENE
Simple...

CRAIG
Simple...

IRENE
Simple...
(hopeful)
That was it, right?

CRAIG
No.

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY (DAY 3)

Elizabeth is pouring herself some coffee, when SPENCER walks up behind her.

SPENCER
Have you checked out my podcast yet?

ELIZABETH
(lying)
Oh, um, I tried to find it but I couldn't remember what it was called.

SPENCER
"Science Guy."

ELIZABETH
Isn't Bill Nye the Science Guy?

SPENCER
(face hardening)
Yes. He's the Science Guy. I'm Science Guy. There's room for both of us.

ELIZABETH
Sorry. I'm sure there is.

SPENCER
Did I tell you I also do Brazilian jiu jitsu? Purple belt. Doesn't sound high, but it's high.

ELIZABETH
Bye, Spencer.

Elizabeth walks away, leaving Spencer stymied. Craig intercepts her. Elizabeth looks pained.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Great, you now.

CRAIG
Can I talk to you for a sec?

ELIZABETH
I'm kind of busy prepping my next class. Thanks to you, I wasn't able to get in my three concrete takeaways yesterday, so today I have to teach them six concrete takeaways.

CRAIG
Sounds like a lot.

ELIZABETH
It's a ton.

CRAIG
I know I got us off on the wrong foot by being so fun in your class yesterday. But I need your help. I'm trying to teach these kids to sing in time for Parents Night.

ELIZABETH
I thought they cancelled that.

CRAIG
It's back on. And it's gonna be fantastic. Only thing is, my kids suck at singing.
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
So I thought maybe if you taught them a little choreography, the dancing might distract people. And if you have any costumes, or masks, or crazy wigs... the goal is sensory overload.

ELIZABETH
It's not the end of the world if they don't sound great. The parents just want to see their kids sing. They don't care whether they're good.

CRAIG
Yeah, but I care. Nothing's better than looking out at a crowd and knowing you're rocking the house. Connecting to people, moving them with your music. I want these kids to know that feeling.

Elizabeth reacts, surprised by Craig's passion.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
But that's not going to happen by Friday, so please get them to flap their hands around or something.

ELIZABETH
You know what? Let's do it.

CRAIG
Nice. Thank you.

He offers her a double fist-bump. She taps his right hand.

ELIZABETH
That one.

CRAIG
No, I wasn't doing a magic trick, I was -- never mind.

INT. CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY (DAY 4)

Craig and Elizabeth stand in front of Irene's class. The kids are holding new sheet music.

SARAH
Why are we doing a new song?

CRAIG
Because "'Tis a gift to be simple" 'tis making me want to kill myself.

Craig sits at the piano.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Now let's get our asses sounding right, sorry I said "asses", "Lean on Me", here we go.

Craig starts playing, and the choir starts singing "Lean on Me." It's messy -- the kids are singing at different tempos, and before long they're at completely different parts of the song. Craig looks to Elizabeth.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
See? It's a free-for-all.

ELIZABETH
(to class)
Great, guys, great, stop stop stop!

Craig stops playing.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Mr. Robinson is going to play again, and this time I want everyone to march to the beat.

CRAIG
That's your dance move? Marching?

ELIZABETH
Try it.

Craig starts playing again, and the kids start marching to the beat. This time when they start singing, they're all rhythmically in unison. It's starting to sound better, but a couple voices are still off. Craig listens, then points to Patrick.

CRAIG
Everybody stop but him.

PATRICK
(high, voice cracking)
You just call on me brother/ when you need a hand...

A couple kids laugh.

CRAIG
You're laughing at him? You should be congratulating him. Patrick here is a man now. That means you're coming down here, with me.
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(sings)
You just call on me brother...

CRAIG/PATRICK
(lower)
When you need a hand...

CRAIG
Nice. Back in, everybody.

The choir starts singing again. Craig looks to Elizabeth -- it's actually kind of working. Just then, Irene shouts a particularly blaring, off-key note.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Oof.
(then, to kids)
Okay, okay!

He stops playing. The kids stop singing.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
We're getting closer. But -- I'm just telling it like it is, here -- we could sound really good if some of you don't join us on this next one.

ELIZABETH
Wait, what?

CRAIG
It's okay. Everybody close your eyes.

The kids do.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
If I tap you on the shoulder, I want you to lip-synch.
(taps Irene, then)
Okay, open your eyes, everybody.
Let's try this again.

The choir starts singing again -- with Irene's voice removed, it sounds a lot better. Craig bops his head.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
That's it. That's it! Nnnngh!

The kids are excited, and Craig smiles at Elizabeth. But Elizabeth is watching Irene, who's starting to realize she's the only one lip-synching... others are realizing too. She stops moving her mouth and sadly stares down at her feet. Elizabeth looks concerned.

INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - DAY (DAY 4)

Elizabeth still looks concerned... she and Craig sit next to each other. Craig is polishing off a chocolate milk.

CRAIG
Good for you, tastes like candy... grown-ups are missing the boat on this stuff.

ELIZABETH
I don't feel great about what we did last period.

CRAIG
What, with Irene? She'll be fine.

ELIZABETH
We made her lip-synch in front of some very cute boys. She has a huge crush on Shawn, you know.

CRAIG
She told you that?

ELIZABETH
Yes. We're very close.

CRAIG
That's weird. Good for you. It's weird, though. Listen, she's taking one for the team. It's okay if she doesn't get to sing in this one performance.

JEANETTE (O.S.)
Sorry, who doesn't get to sing in what performance?

Reveal that Jeanette and Peter have entered. Craig and Elizabeth look caught.

ELIZABETH
Oh, we were just talking about the Parents Night concert.

JEANETTE
The what? I cancelled that concert.

Elizabeth, realizing she's in trouble, looks angrily to Craig, who looks angrily to Peter.

PETER
(sotto)
I couldn't. I'm scared of her.

JEANETTE
So you planned an illegal concert and then banned a kid from it. I can't wait to hear from that mom.

CRAIG
Maybe we should focus on the progress I was making with the non-Irenes.

JEANETTE
I was right about you. The performance is cancelled. In fact, you are cancelled.

CRAIG
Whaa?

JEANETTE
Peter, I'm done with this sub. Get me another one.

PETER
Right away.
(for her benefit)
You messed up, Craig. Big time.

Jeanette exits. Peter rushes back and gives Craig a quick hug, then hurries out after Jeanette, leaving Craig crushed.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 4)

Craig sits looking dejected. In the kitchen, Kevin spoons some chili into a bowl and puts it in front of Craig.

KEVIN
You'll sub somewhere else.

CRAIG
That's not the point. I got those kids' hopes up for nothing. And I taught a little girl to stop trying.

KEVIN
Come on, have some turkey chili. I put chocolate in it. It's insane.

CRAIG
I don't deserve chocolate chili.

He pushes the bowl away.

KEVIN
Wow. Dark times. Okay, I'm taking you out. Put on your sexy shirt.

CRAIG
(still sad)
All my shirts are sexy.

INT. DELILAH'S - LATER - NIGHT (DAY 4)

Craig and Kevin are sitting with LISA and AMY, two cute women who are dressed for action.

AMY
A band. Wow.

KEVIN
Yep, we've got a few songs on the Internet.

Lisa and Amy look at each other.

LISA
Oh my god!

AMY
And we're just boring pharmaceutical reps.

KEVIN
See, that sounds fascinating to me. I want to hear all about that. Not right now, but some day.

LISA
You guys are so great.

CRAIG
That's not what the seventh graders at Lincoln would tell you.

LISA
What?

KEVIN
Craig's a schoolteacher.

AMY
Oh, that's so sweet!

CRAIG
Ex-teacher. Ex-substitute teacher. I got fired.

KEVIN
Too cool for school, know what I'm saying?

He elbows Craig: "Get in the game." We DISSOLVE...

INT. DELILAH'S - LATER - NIGHT (DAY 4)

Craig is mid-rant... Kevin and the girls look bored.

CRAIG
...I humiliated Irene in front of Shawn. In front of Shawn!

AMY
(checking watch)
Okay, well, we should go.

KEVIN
Yeah, you probably should.

Amy and Lisa leave. Kevin turns to Craig.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Okay, you need to do something about this. For your sake, but more importantly, for my sake.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY (DAY 5) *

Elizabeth's at her desk, reading. Craig and Kevin enter. *

ELIZABETH *
Craig. I thought you got fired. *

CRAIG *
I did. Just wanted to bring you this. *
Thought you might be able to use it *
for your class, since I'm not gonna be *
working here. *

He hands her a CD. *

CRAIG (CONT'D) *
It's me playing "Rock Around The *
Clock" and a bunch of other songs. *
Don't worry, I didn't let any of them *
breathe. *

ELIZABETH *
Thanks. That's nice of you. *

KEVIN *
(stepping on floor) *
Is this real wood? *

ELIZABETH *
I don't know. Who are you? *

CRAIG *
That's my brother Kevin. He's fine. *
You know where Irene is? I need to *
make things right with her too. *

ELIZABETH *
Seventh period? She's probably out in *
the quad, reading. *

CRAIG *
Man, you two <u>are</u> close. *
(worried) *
Is Irene your best friend? *

ELIZABETH *
Craig, she's twelve. *
(thinks) *
I don't know. She's up there. *

EXT. QUAD - DAY (DAY 5) *

Craig is talking to an angry Irene. *

CRAIG
I shouldn't have done that to you.
Especially not in front of Shawn.

IRENE
Shawn? What do you know about Shawn?

CRAIG
Nothing. Forget I said that.

IRENE
Did he say something? Oh my God, does he like me?

CRAIG
I don't know! Please, let's not do this.

Irene goes quiet.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I want you to know, the lip-synching thing wasn't personal... you're a great kid. I only did it because you're so damn bad at singing.

IRENE
If I'm so bad, then teach me!

CRAIG
I can't, I--

IRENE
Don't make excuses, just teach me! You are my teacher, aren't you?

This hits Craig -- someone's still with him.

CRAIG
Yes, I am.

We DISSOLVE...

<u>EXT. QUAD - DAY (DAY 5)</u>

Irene stands in front of a picnic table. Craig is working with her.

IRENE
(singing)
You're way too beautiful, girl /That's why it'll never work...

CRAIG
Okay, stop. You're going sharp every time you go for a high note. You're pushing too hard. Harder doesn't mean better. Just relax.

IRENE
You're way too beautiful, girl...

CRAIG
And move your face less. Less face.

IRENE
Dang it! I guess it's good we're not performing tonight.

CRAIG
Yeah, sorry about that too. I tried, but Jeanette wouldn't let me.

IRENE
It's funny, you don't seem like the kind of guy who'd let her stop you.

Craig considers this.

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER - NIGHT (DAY 5)

Jeanette is at a podium, addressing an audience of parents and kids.

JEANETTE
...Due to recent events, we will not have a musical performance tonight. But we've arranged for a special exhibition from our very own Science Guy, Spencer McManus.

The curtains open, to reveal Spencer standing next to a bucket of water.

SPENCER
Hello, everyone. I was going to show you all the amazing properties of liquid nitrogen. But just before I came on, I was told by a certain principal that it was a safety hazard, so now I'm going to show you all the amazing properties of very cold water.

He scoops some water out of the bucket and lets it drip out, to silence.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Yeah, there'd be billowing smoke if I did this with liquid nitrogen... You can see that I've pretty much been set up to fail here.

INT. OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (DAY 5)

Craig holds his keyboard as he and Irene prepare to go in. They look nervous.

CRAIG
You can do this.

IRENE
So can you.

They fist-bump. We widen to reveal Kevin is next to them, texting.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (DAY 5)

Spencer dips a hot dog into the bucket of water.

SPENCER
If this was liquid nitrogen, I'd throw the hot dog on the floor and it'd shatter. You'd love it. Unfortunately, this is water, so...

He throws the hot dog on the stage.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
...That's what you get.

Some groans from the audience.

CRAIG (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen...

Jeanette turns to see Craig at his keyboard at the back of the auditorium.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
...your entertainment for the evening.

All of Craig's students stand up, in their scattered positions around the auditorium. Craig starts to play.

JEANETTE
No. No no no no...

CLASS
Sometimes in our lives / We all have pain... / We all have sorrow...

It sounds really good. Shawn's passionate delivery fits the song well, Patrick sounds solid in his new lower register, and the choreography (directed by Elizabeth standing in front) is keeping all the kids together. Pretty quickly, the parents start clapping along -- the performance is a hit. Peter rocks to the beat like he's at Delilah's.

The song ends to huge applause. Jeanette sees what's happening and changes strategies.

JEANETTE
Aren't they great, everybody? I knew you'd enjoy this surprise performance by the seventh grade, led by their... teacher, Craig Robinson!

More applause. Craig turns to Irene.

CRAIG
That sounded amazing. I guess you figured it out.

IRENE
Actually, I was lip-synching. This is a big gig for us... I didn't want to mess it up just because I can't sing.

CRAIG
Yet. You can't sing yet. We'll get you there.

Irene smiles.

<u>INT. AUDITORIUM HALLWAY - NIGHT (DAY 5)</u>

The assembly is over, and people are milling around. Kevin's sitting in a chair, texting. Sarah walks up.

SARAH
Are you Mr. Robinson's brother?

KEVIN
(not looking at her)
Yep.

SARAH
I'm Sarah.

KEVIN
Uh-huh. Are we done?

ANGLE ON: Craig talking to LAURYN (30s, hot).

LAURYN
...Anyway, that was pretty impressive, what you did with those kids.

CRAIG
You think that was good, you should see what I can do with an adult.

Irene has walked up, and reacts to this.

IRENE
Mr. Robinson, this is my mom.

CRAIG
Oh. Oh, well, very nice to meet you.

He gives Lauryn a stiff, formal handshake.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Your daughter seems really cool.

IRENE
Mr. Robinson's cool too.

CRAIG
(re: Lauryn)
Cool enough to...?

IRENE
No.

CRAIG
Got it.

END OF SHOW