

BACK IN SCHOOL

Written by

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A Romantic Comedy

When the legal credentials of a superficial lawyer are rendered invalid, he must return to his old high school and pass an eleventh grade geometry class - taught by his ex-wife.

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Lucas Oil Stadium. Soldiers & Sailors Monument. St. Elmo Steak House.

INT. LAW FIRM LIBRARY - DAY

Walls are lined with shelves of large leather-bound books. In the center of the room is a conference table, covered with open books, legal pads and coffee cups. JESSICA (30's) and STEPHANIE (20's) comb through legal books and jot down notes.

A Nerf basketball flies in, hitting Jessica on the head. She doesn't even flinch, just rolls it down the table, in the direction it came from. Stephanie however, looks askance at the ball and Jessica's lack of reaction.

O.S. - the ball can be heard hitting a backboard. An occasional "Yes!" also sounds out.

The ball lands on Stephanie's legal pad. She looks at Jessica, who motions for her to throw it back. She does.

CLARK (O.S.)

Thanks.

STEPHANIE

(under her breath)

Is he going to help us?

Jessica shakes her head. Stephanie goes back to perusing the law book. Beat. The ball strikes her head. That's it!

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You're really going to play
basketball while we work?!?

CLARK FUNNELL (40) looks over with a warm smile. He is fit; looks younger than his years. His fun-loving nature brings a reluctant smile to even the many who try not like him.

CLARK

Can I have my ball please?

Stephanie hesitates, waiting for more. Nothing comes. She tosses the ball to Clark, who immediately throws it toward the basket, making the shot.

CLARK (CONT'D)

That counts as an assist for you...

He looks to Stephanie, waiting for her name.

STEPHANIE

Stephanie.

CLARK

Stephanie. Great to meet you!

(to Jessica)

Can you tell Stephanie our list of non-approved words?

Clark retrieves the ball and shoots another shot. Jessica addresses a puzzled Stephanie.

JESSICA

Clark has some words, he would prefer we don't use. Work is one of them. Study, plan, agenda. Basically, anything that has "fun" as an antonym.

STEPHANIE

(to Clark)

So, if you don't... how do you prepare for cases?

CLARK

Right now, I'm doing more than you realize...

He trails off, intentionally giving an air of mystery.

JESSICA

I - now, we, do the research, then organize what we find. And somehow-

She looks over at Clark - who gives a comical shrug.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He puts it all together.

CLARK

It's not really the facts that matter. Lady Justice may be blind, but the jury is not. Playing to them is far more important.

(spins ball on his finger)

Which is why I have no doubt about the verdict tomorrow.

Stephanie deflates noticeably. Jessica shrugs her shoulders. They go back to work, as Clark hits a fallaway shot.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

ROSS HARWOOD (40's), a fastidiously dressed lawyer sporting a bowtie opens the door into the courtroom for JAN MABRY (30's), his assistant. Clark dashes inside.

CLARK

Ross. You are such the gentleman.
That's why I do not believe the
things Mabry here says about you
behind your back.

Mabry cracks a big smile, clearly taken in by Clark's charm.

HARWOOD

Funnell!

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clark, Harwood and Mabry make their way toward the front.

CLARK

Do they make more than three
designs of bowties? Good thing this
trial didn't last long.

HARWOOD

You're not winning this one Clark.
You *shouldn't* win this one. Your
client is trying to crush a
family's small business.

CLARK

Justice is blind, Ross. There is no
"should" win. Only *who* wins.

HARWOOD

Justice is blind to social status.
It shouldn't be blind to the truth.

CLARK

PotAto, Potaato.
(gets a clever idea)
This pays for my Lambo'.

HARWOOD

Well, you're not going to win
today. You've beaten every lawyer
in my firm except me.

CLARK

In my defense, I've never faced
you. But, I think you're right.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

No beating a bowtie. Makes you much more sophisticated.

HARWOOD

I'm not joining your wall of shame.

CLARK

Of course not. I know when I've met the better man.

Harwood is not amused. Mabry still is. They take seats at their table, next to their CLIENT (female; 40's).

On Clark's side is an empty chair on each end, with Jessica and FRED MASSEY (60's) in between. Stephanie stands over Clark's chair. She opens a leather-bound notebook.

CLARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stephanie.

She startles and struggles to close the notebook quickly. Clark maintains a smile the whole time.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Do you like your job?

STEPHANIE

I'm so sorry. I just...

Jessica and Massey watch, silently.

CLARK

If you want to keep your job, never call me Mister, never bring potato salad to the company picnic and never look in my notebook.

Stephanie nods emphatically.

CLARK (CONT'D)

And, if you saw anything in-

STEPHANIE

I didn't, or, I did, but I don't - it looked like Geometry.

CLARK

Good. We'll go with that.

Clark continues to smile as Stephanie finds her chair, then he sits down.

The JUDGE enters and takes her place. Soon after, the JURY MEMBERS enter the jury box and take their seats.

Clark doodles various bowtie designs. He holds them up to Harwood, who responds with irritation.

JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

JURY FOREMAN

(rising)

We have your honor.

Clark looks over at Harwood. Harwood stares forward, determined not to look over - but he glances at Clark. Clark pretends to nervously bite his nails. Harwood fumes.

JUDGE

In the matter of Plymouth LLC vs. Massey Industries, how does the jury find?

JURY FOREMAN

We side with Massey Industries, your honor.

Clark puts on a falsely restrained smile. Harwood looks over. Shakes his head. Massey rises, elated.

MASSEY

Mr. Funnell, I knew you could do-

CLARK

That makes two of us Mr. Macy.

MASSEY

Massey.

CLARK

Really? Did it used to be Macy?

Massey begins to answer, but Clark turns his back on him and focuses on Harwood. From his briefcase, Clark pulls out a small, gold-painted dust broom and approaches Harwood.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Ross, I couldn't be the winner, unless you were the loser. I don't take that for granted. That's why I always have a consolation prize.

(hands him the broom)

In honor of my clean sweep of every lawyer at your firm.

HARWOOD

You're a prick, Clark.

Clark pulls out his phone and moves over to Harwood.

HARWOOD (CONT'D)
I'm not taking a selfie with you.

CLARK
Ross, which is worse, to be on my
wall of shame, or be left off it?

Harwood finally relents. Clark puts his arm around him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let me see that smile.

Beat. Harwood cracks a smile. Clark snaps the picture.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Here's the way it works. Seven pm
at Roselli's. My celebration for
beating you will always eclipse any
celebration you have for winning.
You have won a case, right?

Harwood's smile fades - but not totally. People can't help
but love Clark.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Clark is the life of the party as a small crowd of LEGAL
AIDES and LAWYERS enjoys drinks and bar food. Off to the side
are Harwood and Mabry next to Jessica and Stephanie. Their
dress and coats fit a mild January night.

LAWYER ONE (late 30's) finishes his drink. Clark notices.

CLARK
An empty glass! What's that mean?

ALL IN UNISON
Another round!

The BARTENDER complies.

HARWOOD
(to Mabry)
Do not expect this whenever I win a
case. There is no way my budget
could handle this.

STEPHANIE
(to Jessica)
Budget. That's probably another of
Clark's forbidden words.

Jessica nods. Harwood is puzzled.

JESSICA

Clark's not a fan of anything resembling work.

MABRY

How did he make it through law school?

CLARK

(sliding up to them)
By the skin of my teeth!

MABRY

And how do you do such a good job preparing for a case?

Harwood gives her an irritated look. She shrugs.

CLARK

I have the absolute most amazing legal aides, who
(thinks about it)
Whom? Pour their hearts and souls into their work. *And* are handsomely rewarded.

Jessica and Stephanie nod in agreement.

MABRY

So, why become a lawyer? There are other ways to make a lot of money.

CLARK

Because I'm a competitive bastard. The money's nice. The stuff money buys is great, but I do it to beat the guy-
(to Female Lawyer)
Or gal, sitting across from me.

HARWOOD

Hey, take it easy. I was the guy across from you today.

CLARK

And look where you are tonight. We're both winners - I'm just more of a winner. I'm winnerer...er.

Even Harwood smiles at that.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Eat, drink and be merry - cause I'm
picking up the tab!

(to Mabry)

I do what I do because it allows
what it allows.

(louder)

And that word is...

ALL IN UNISON

Fun!

HARWOOD

I grew up hearing, "The unexamined
life is not worth living."

Clark spits his drink out of his mouth!

CLARK

Nooo! Do not mar my celebration
with that Socratic drivel.

HARWOOD

You have a problem with Socrates?

CLARK

With one of his modern-day
adherents.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Clark. I see you're in your
element.

SOPHIE WISENOR (40) approaches, carrying a wrapped box.
Sophie is the epitome of "under control." Clark does a double
take when he sees her, then regains his composure.

CLARK

Looks like you're in my element.

SOPHIE

Just passing through. Reckless
abandon isn't meant to be a full-
time residence.

CLARK

I forget, what's the zip code for
anal compulsiveness?

SOPHIE

I was afraid I might see you here.

CLARK

I always come to Roselli's when I win, and I always win.

Sophie shakes her head and walks past, then stops.

SOPHIE

Hey Clark, The unexamined life...

Clark grimaces - which brings a smile to Sophie, as she makes her way to a back room.

MABRY

Too young to be your mother.
Obviously not your sponsor. Must be your ex.

Clark's non-reaction says she's right.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A group of ten GUESTS (mostly female) occupy spots around a table. A corner table, over which a "Happy Birthday" banner hangs, holds gifts. Balloons dot the room, concentrated around DIANE WALTER (50's). Diane gives off both vibes of, "I'm usually nice" and "You don't want to see me not nice."

When Diane sees Sophie enter, she jumps up and claps.

DIANE

Sophie! Yeah!

Sophie puts her gift on the table. Diane gives her a big hug.

Sophie has a far off look. Diane notices, tilts her head up. Sophie considers, then reluctantly shares.

SOPHIE

My ex-husband I told you about.

DIANE

The lawyer on retainer for Satan?

SOPHIE

Did you see the guy who was the life of the party as you came through the bar?

DIANE

That hottie?!?

Sophies gives an irritated look.

DIANE (CONT'D)
No denying that truth, peach.

SOPHIE
He always celebrates here when he wins a case.

DIANE
Why didn't you say something? I could have--

SOPHIE
You wanted your party here, Diane. I wasn't going to...

Diane takes it in. A WAITER approaches and ends the moment.

LATER

Sophie and Diane are the only people left. Sophie stares off. Diane pours more wine. When she is done pouring, a drip rolls down the side of the bottle. Sophie notices and uses a napkin to staunch the flow. Diane smiles at that.

DIANE
You know, when you moved up to high school and we became friends, I didn't pry.

That brings a surprised look from Sophie.

DIANE (CONT'D)
I do have some boundaries. But, not tonight. I want the daytime talk show uncensored version!

Sophie sighs. A smile forms.

SOPHIE
We both went to Snider, so I've known him since high school. He has always been handsome, and he was the star of the basketball team.

DIANE
I take it you weren't as discerning back then.

SOPHIE
(somewhat defiant)
Our senior year, every girl in school wanted to go to prom with him. But his sister's boyfriend dumped her a week before.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

She was devastated. He took her to prom.

(a guilty smile)

He also made sure her ex-boyfriend was not invited to any of the parties.

DIANE

I love it! You should have led with that!

SOPHIE

We barely spoke to each other in high school, then went to different colleges. But we both ended up back in Indianapolis. We got talking at the five year reunion.

(that takes her back)

He's outgoing, carefree, charming.

(she pauses, smiles)

He lives every moment, in the moment. He brought out... a different side of me.

DIANE

Do you want me to go out there and see if he's available Friday night.

SOPHIE

(ignores her)

When we met, he was a "warrior for justice." Taking every David versus Goliath case that came along. I loved that about him.

Sophie's demeanor turns colder.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Then he got a taste of the money he could make when he didn't care whose side he represented.

Sophie's somber mood hangs in the air. She snaps out of it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He does as little as possible, and it always works for him.

DIANE

That rubs a teacher the wrong way.

SOPHIE

Oh, you have to hear about the math class he skipped.

Diane is all ears.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He transferred here, his junior year. Our district, like most, does Algebra 1, Geometry 1, then Algebra 2. So when they processed his transcripts and saw Algebra 2, someone assumed he'd taken Geometry. His old district did both Algebra's first, then Geometry. He always pointed out, he didn't lie, he just didn't speak up.

DIANE

What high schooler would have?

SOPHIE

Me.

DIANE

(clicks her tongue)
My point!

SOPHIE

He said, he was not responsible for correcting their mistake.

DIANE

A lawyer at work even back then.

SOPHIE

He views it almost as a divine sign that his "Fun first" approach to life is the best way to live.

That leads to Sophie getting very somber.

DIANE

So, what did you two in?

SOPHIE

That's the worst part. There was nothing we couldn't have worked through. He just refused to deal with things. Like it wasn't worth it.

Sophie's pain shows through clearly. Diane's expression is equal parts sadness and anger.

DIANE

How many relationships - serious ones - have you had since... him?

SOPHIE
(hesitant)
A few.

Diane presses her with a look.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
One. And I broke off the
engagement. I can do everything I'm
supposed to, and it still might
fall apart.

DIANE
He is lucky I wasn't around then.
(hugging Sophie)
It would be nice to see his cocky
attitude catch up to him.

Sophie nods in agreement. Diane stares off... nods her
head... a plan emerges...

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY

A sign on the open door reads: Snider High School - Principal
Diane Walter.

Diane sits in front of her computer, typing.

Computer screen: The record for Clark Funnell pops up.

Diane looks it over... She points at the screen... Her eyes
widen... She smiles... Picks up her phone.

INT. LAW OFFICE - ADMIN AREA - DAY

Firm Admin ELENA PEEK sits at her desk outside the Partner
Offices. Clark strolls up. Elena smiles when she sees him.

ELENA
How is the day treating you?

CLARK
Better than I deserve, Elena.

ELENA
I don't know about that. Thanks
again for promoting Dylan's
fundraiser.

CLARK
Did he finish with the most sales?

ELENA

Second, but he was thrilled.

CLARK

Next year I'll run a Facebook ad!

They exchange smiles as Clark approaches the Partner's door.

INT. LAW PARTNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An office befitting a partner in a respected law firm. Behind an impressive desk sits BENJAMIN GRABER (60's).

A knock at the door. Followed by Clark opening it and waltzing in. Graber shakes his head.

CLARK

So, how many different ways are there to tell me how great I am?

GRABER

You were the top pitcher in our bullpen.

CLARK

Time to move me out of the associate bullpen, into the partner rotation? Wait. "Were"?

GRABER

Why don't you take a seat.

Clark's demeanor totally changes. He sits down.

GRABER (CONT'D)

I received a call from the bar association.

CLARK

As opposed to the association of bars?

GRABER

No doubt, you're still in good standing with them. The bar association, however, received a call from your college, who received a call from your high school.

CLARK

Normally, I'd be glad they all still cared.

GRABER

Is it true you never took Geometry?

CLARK

My high school thought I took Geometry. For twenty years, that's been good enough.

GRABER

It seems they digitized all their old records. When they did, a message popped up. "Required credit missing."

CLARK

I have an excellent score on Credit Karma. Does that count?

GRABER

That missing credit means you never actually graduated from high school. Which means, you weren't eligible for college, invalidating that degree.

CLARK

I may not remember much of college, but I was there. People have pictures, which I've paid a lot of money to keep private.

GRABER

No college degree, no law degree. No law degree, no bar certification.

CLARK

Isn't there a statute of limitations-

GRABER

You being on the sidelines loses our firm money. Do you know the only thing this firm likes less than losing revenue?

Clark shakes his head.

GRABER (CONT'D)

Exactly.

Clark is still dumbfounded. Beat.

GRABER (CONT'D)
Clark Funnell, at a loss for words.
That's worth a little lost revenue.

Clark does not appreciate the humor.

CLARK
There has to be something- someone
we can pay.

Grabber shakes his head. Clark gets an idea.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I'll get a G-E-D. Problem solved!

GRABER
Promising idea, but I-U does not
accept G-E-D applicants. No major
university does.

Clark deflates again.

GRABER (CONT'D)
However, I talked to the head of
the bar association. If we can
secure an administrative waiver on
the diploma requirement...

Clark perks up. Maybe?

GRABER (CONT'D)
No. I contacted the Registrar. I
had a hunch, I might have a better
chance of a favorable resolution.

Clark thinks for a second - nods his agreement.

GRABER (CONT'D)
Based upon whatever she saw when
she looked up your records.

Clark grimaces at what his records include.

GRABER (CONT'D)
She laughed out loud, more than
once. Told me that would be a "hard
pass." I surmised that meant, no.

Clark thinks... gets an idea.

CLARK
My college roommate! Judge Hunter.
Justin's on their alumni board. He
could pull some strings.

GRABER
Get him pulling.

CLARK
He's going to think it's a joke.
We've been pulling pranks on each
other for years.

GRABER
(very serious)
One of our top clients has a case
brewing. He has made it clear, you
are to lead it.

Clark waits for more.

GRABER (CONT'D)
No details until you pass that
class. If you have any connection
to a case in your current 'non-
lawyer' status - it will come back
to bite us.

Clark sighs deeply. This is not fun.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Clark sits facing the entrance. He spots someone, rises and
"readies" himself.

JUSTIN HUNTER (40) ambles over. The two embrace, then Clark
motions Justin to sit down. Before Clark can speak-

JUSTIN
What do you want?

Clark feigns ignorance.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
You drive all the way here instead
of us meeting in the middle. You
suggest a restaurant instead of a
bar. You're here early. And you're
waiting for me instead of surfing
on your phone. You either want
something, or I'm about to
experience a first-class prank.

CLARK
(irritated he is right)
I need you to get me out of school.

Justin is confused.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You know the Geometry class I skipped?

JUSTIN

I've heard the story.

CLARK

Somehow, records got updated and it came to light that I never took it. It's required. So, technically, I didn't graduate high school. Which means my college diploma is just a piece of paper. As are my law degree and my bar credentials.

JUSTIN

You're a high school dropout? ... Can you afford this meal?

CLARK

This isn't funny.

JUSTIN

"Funny." Providing amusement or laughter. Yeah, it's funny.

Clark stares him down.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Do you think it was Sophie?

CLARK

I thought about that. She's made it clear, she prefers apathy toward me rather than hostility.

JUSTIN

So, why the dinner?

CLARK

If I-U will reinstate my diploma, then everything is back to normal. My law degree counts, and so does my bar exam.

JUSTIN

And you contacted our school of Mauerer and, let me guess, they laughed you off the call?

CLARK

Actually, Graber contacted I-U.

JUSTIN
And they laughed *him* off the call?

Clark nods. Beat. Justin gets it now.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
And you want the help of one of I-U's most esteemed alumni.

Clark shrugs.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I am very close with the current Registrar. I have no doubt I can get her to reinstate your degree.

CLARK
(sighs)
Thanks a million! I have no time-

JUSTIN
But I'm not going to!

Clark does a double-take.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
If I'd known this would have happened, *I* would have had your degree revoked!

CLARK
Are you kidding me?

JUSTIN
Answer this - What would you do if the situation was reversed?

They stare, both knowing the answer. Clark deflates.

CLARK
I'll just take the class online. It's not like they're going to make me go back to school.

JUSTIN
Maybe I should call your high school. Insist on the full academic experience.

Clark glares.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Anything else?
(checking his watch)
(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Don't want to keep you out late on
a school night.

CLARK

Still not funny.

Justin grins large.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm not paying for your dinner.

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Diane sits at her desk, reading a file. Her phone rings.

JEN (O.S.)

Principal Walter, you told me to
expect a call from a Clark Funnell.

DIANE

Yes! Yes I did. Put him through.

(beat)

Mr. Funnell!

INT. CLARK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Clark sits in his office, feet up on his desk.

Intercut between locations.

CLARK

Principal Walter, thanks for
dealing with this yourself.

DIANE

Well honey, your case is unique.
Needing to go back to high school,
twenty years later.

CLARK

I'm hoping I don't really have to
go back to high school. There's got
to be a way to take the class I
need, online. Right?

DIANE

Of course. In fact, I looked it up
for you. We are offering that
Geometry class online-

CLARK

Great!

DIANE
The end of Summer.

CLARK
That's eight months away!

DIANE
No problem with your basic math skills. Just the Geometry that was beyond you.

CLARK
It wasn't beyond me! They marked me down as having taken it. Was it really my job to correct them?

DIANE
Well peach, looks like that would have been a good idea.

CLARK
I can't be out of work for eight months!

DIANE
I understand. Well then, that class - a sophomore/junior class - meets first period.

CLARK
At least that gives me the rest of the day.

DIANE
Actually, district policy requires students attend a minimum of a half day. That's three classes.

CLARK
You're kidding! There has to be an exemption for a case like this.

DIANE
There's never been a case like this. I can petition the school board. They should reach a decision by the end of the semester.

CLARK
I have to get back to work!

DIANE
Then, it seems the quickest way to do that is to attend classes.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

Which, since you waited this long
to register-

CLARK

I didn't know about any of this!

DIANE

Honey, I am not confused, but a
full class is a full class. It
looks like there are spots open in
second period Social Studies and
third period Gym.

CLARK

I am not taking Gym class with a
bunch of teenagers!

DIANE

I hear you. Once middle age sets in-

CLARK

I'm in great shape!

DIANE

Then, the physical standards should
not be too difficult for you.

CLARK

This isn't happening.

DIANE

If we're finished, I need to be
going. Not all of us get the next
four and half months off work.

Clark sits, jaw agape.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Welcome back to your alma mater,
Mr. Funnell.

EXT. SNIDER HIGH SCHOOL - STUDENT PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot is full. Several cars are running, with STUDENTS
inside, on their phones. One row boasts high end cars (BMW,
Audi, etc.), with one open space in the middle. The DRIVERS
and PASSENGERS sit inside with phones out.

A low rumble announces another car. A new Porsche pulls up
and backs into the open spot. When the driver (JORDAN) exits,
all the other Drivers and Passengers do as well and follow
his lead toward the school entrance.

An even lower rumble causes the whole group to turn their heads - toward a Lamborghini rolling up. It parks at the end of their row. The group is clearly curious.

INT./EXT. CLARK'S LAMBORGHINI - STUDENT PARKING LOT -
CONTINUOUS

Clark sits, hands on steering wheel. He takes a deep breath.

Clark exits the Lamborghini. He is dressed casual, but upscale. His demeanor exudes confidence.

CLARK
(off the Porsche)
Nice ride.

JORDAN
Uh, yeah, back at ya'.

Clark walks past them, totally confident. They all look at him - and laugh.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - LATER

First day of class chaos! STUDENTS with questions. STUDENT HELPERS. Overwhelmed OFFICE STAFF.

Clark stands in the middle of it all. Amazed. Amused.

Behind the counter, JEAN ROBILLARD (late 60's) keys on Clark. She lacks tact on a good day and this is not a good day.

JEAN
Can I help ya'?

CLARK
I feel like I should be offering to help you.

She is too harried to be amused.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I'm new.

JEAN
Yeah, I guessed that.

CLARK
Here's one that will surprise you -
I'm a student.

JEAN
You're pickin' the wrong time for
this!

Clark shrinks back, but attempts to remain charming.

CLARK
It's a long story. I have to take
three classes. I need room numbers.

JEAN
If that's true, you should have
gotten all that at registration.

CLARK
I just learned I had to be here. I
never got around to registering.

JEAN
So your lack of responsibility is
now my problem?

CLARK
(contrite)
Uh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...
(sighs deeply)
I held out hope till the end, I
wouldn't have to be here.

JEAN
(lightens up some)
Yeah, so'd I... Give me your name.

CLARK
Funnell. Clark.

JEAN
(typing in his name)
Funnell. Weren't you a student here-
(sees his record)
Yeah, twenty years ago. Feeling
nostalgic?

CLARK
Something like that.

The class bell RINGS.

JEAN
You're in three classes. And late
to your first one.

CLARK
Fitting.

Jean jots down his classes on a piece of paper-
Paper: Geometry - 202; Soc Stud - 305; Gym - Main
She looks at HAILEY (17), seated nearby scrolling on a phone.

JEAN

Hailey.

Hailey does not respond.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Hailey!

She looks up, feeling very put out.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Please show Clark here to room 202.

Hailey rises, still focused on her phone and walks away.
Clark hesitates.

JEAN (CONT'D)

She ain't gonna wait on ya'.

Clark laughs and hurries to catch up.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Twenty-five high school SOPHOMORES and JUNIORS sit, looking Sophie's direction. Sophie stands at the front, with a large digital whiteboard behind her that cycles through funny math memes and positive quotes.

SOPHIE

When I have a new class, I like to
start off with Best of, Worst of.
I'll tell you the best thing from
Winter break and the worst. Then
you talk with each other about
yours, and if you want to share...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hailey leads on, typing on her phone. Clark looks around.
They approach a group of lockers.

CLARK

She forgot to give me a locker.

Hailey pays no attention to him.

Clark waits for laughs - but is met by looks of confusion. Beat. Students begin talking with each other, amidst several glances at Clark. He reflexively pulls out his phone.

INT. ASSISTANT'S OFFICE - LATER

Diane's Assistant, JEN, works away on her computer. Sophie marches in.

JEN

Diane said you'd be coming in - and
I should stay out of your way.

Sophie continues right on into-

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Diane sits behind her desk - holding up a catcher's mask.

DIANE

Don't hit me!

SOPHIE

Why is he here? At all? Let alone,
in my class?

DIANE

(sets aside the mask)
In a way, it's your fault.

Sophie shows no understanding - or patience.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You said you wanted his cocky
attitude to catch up to him.

Sophie thinks back...

SOPHIE

You said that!

DIANE

Well, technically - but you agreed!

SOPHIE

What is he doing in my class?

DIANE

The story you told me. About him
not taking Geometry...

SOPHIE

You didn't!

DIANE

After what he did to you? He's lucky this is all I did.

SOPHIE

What... How did you?...

DIANE

I updated some records. Noticed this grievous error. I can't allow something like that to stand uncorrected.

SOPHIE

And you thought it'd be funny to put him in my class?

DIANE

Well... I wasn't sure about you - but I knew I would think it was funny enough for the two of us.

Diane flashes a smile. Hopes Sophie agrees. Her look clearly indicates - she does not.

DIANE (CONT'D)

It was worth a shot. I will have him transferred to a different Geometry class.

Diane waits.

SOPHIE

Am I supposed to thank you?

Diane shrugs, acknowledges that is not really called for.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - LATER

The Students chat with each other, or focus on their phones. An occasional glance goes toward Clark, who sits on Sophie's desk, scrolling on his phone.

Sophie enters - irritated he is sitting there.

SOPHIE

You! In the hall! Now!

Clark feigns terror and scurries out. The Students paying attention laugh some - upsetting Sophie even more.

INT. SOPHIE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sophie barely restrains herself from slamming the door.

SOPHIE

As much as I thoroughly, sincerely
and whole-heartedly delight in-

CLARK

You practiced this on the way back.

SOPHIE

(glaring!)

In the fact that your inherent,
intrinsic and entrenched
irresponsibility has-

CLARK

This can't be off the cuff.

SOPHIE

Finally caught up to you.

CLARK

I knew you weren't behind this.

SOPHIE

I have no desire to see you for the
slightest moment, let alone every
day for five months. And, I won't
have to.

Clark is puzzled.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're being transferred. No reason
to even go back inside *my*
classroom.

CLARK

Yeah, which, I had no idea you'd
moved up from middle school.

SOPHIE

It's not like we talk - ever.

CLARK

Well, congratulations. Anyway, I
totally agree. This would never
work. You, "in charge" of me?

He laughs large. Sophie's demeanor begins to change.

CLARK (CONT'D)

We know from experience, that's not even in the realm of possibility.

SOPHIE

(irritated now)
Really??

CLARK

Good idea to just avoid the embarrassment of you trying to control me.

SOPHIE

I never tried to control you Clark. I just kept waiting for you to control yourself.

That comment stings Clark.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

But, since you have such a hard time doing that, maybe I should risk the, "embarrassment," you said?

Sophie's demeanor is now a mix of anger and determination. Clark notices. He is far less confident now.

CLARK

Soph?? Sophie. You don't-

SOPHIE

That's Miss Wisenor.

The victorious look has totally transferred from Clark's face to Sophie's. She extends her arm for Clark to get in class.

INT. MRS. BOGGESS' CLASSROOM - LATER

A Social Studies classroom. Maps, timelines and pictures of key historical people and events fill the walls.

The room is partially full of Students. A group, including Jordan, sits and chats in one back corner. Hailey occupies a desk in the other back corner. Other Students sit by themselves, on their phones.

MRS. BOGGESS (60's) sits behind her desk. Clark enters. Mrs. Boggess looks up. Clark sees her, pauses.

CLARK

Mrs. Boggess? You're still ali-
around... here... at Snider?

MRS. BOGGESS

Yes, I'm still all of those things.
(spots his "add" sheet)
Wouldn't the bigger question be,
what are you doing here, Clark?

CLARK

That has been a big question. Still
not sure exactly... But, I do
remember my favorite teacher!

MRS. BOGGESS

You glued my coffee mug to my desk.

CLARK

I always liked to think of us as
having a fun, Tom and Jerry sort of
relationship.

Mrs. Boggess is not buying it.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You know, the glue was water-
soluble. More of a mild adhesive,
actually. Glue makes it sound so...
I'll just take a seat.

Clark looks around... spots Jordan. Clark's face brightens
and he moves that way.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Hey Porsche-man!

Clark raises his hand for a high five. Jordan just stares,
then gives a slight nod. Clark awkwardly lowers his hand.
That brings looks and laughs from Jordan and his friends.

Clark shrinks. Not a reaction he is used to. He sees Hailey
next to CHARLEE and DARYNN. Hailey sits in the last seat of
the first row, Charlee in front of her and Darynn in the last
seat of the second row. The last seat of the third row is
open. Clark takes it.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(to Hailey)

Hey, I meant thank you, for showing
me to my room. I... got distracted.

HAILEY

Yeah. It's quite the tea now.

Clark does not understand. That brings laughs from the Girls. They turn away and resume talking. Clark turns his head... toward two STONERS staring him.

STONER ONE

You some undercover cop?

CLARK

(incredulous)

Yeah. The chief figured a forty year-old would blend right in.

The Stoners look at each other and laugh. Clark slumps down.

INT. GYM - DAY

Forty or so Junior and Senior GYM STUDENTS mingle. The group includes Jordan and OLIVIA, who are clearly a couple. Clark, still in normal clothes, stands a few feet away from the group, enduring the expected looks.

The class bell sounds, followed immediately by a whistle.

MR. STAUFFER (40's), somewhat short, but stocky; very well-built, continues to blow his whistle, doing his best to make it long and distinct. That garners weird looks from all.

MR. STAUFFER

I am Mr. Stauffer. The gym teacher whose class you tried to get out of. You are the ones who didn't succeed.

Expressions by everyone indicate he is right.

MR. STAUFFER (CONT'D)

That's because I place a high priority on physical fitness. Running. Calisthenics. Push-ups. Pull-ups. Sit-ups.

Grimaces all around. Mr. Stauffer moves over to Clark.

MR. STAUFFER (CONT'D)

I also place a high priority on being prepared for class. What part of "be dressed and ready to participate" did you have trouble with... Clark?

Mr. Stauffer obviously recognizes him. Clark does a double-take. Thinks hard as they stare at each other. Beat.

CLARK

Sticky?

Instant irritation and embarrassment by Mr. Stauffer.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Stick-figure Stauffer!

(looks him over)

Late to the party, but what an entrance!

Clark pokes his bicep. Mr. Stauffer swats his hand away.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I remember you not being able to do one push up in high school.

MR. STAUFFER

And I remember kids like you taunting me while I tried.

Clark's smile fades. He remembers too.

CLARK

I'm sure your kindness, compassion, *forgiveness* have increased since then, just as much as your testosterone level.

MR. STAUFFER

Do you know what else I place a high priority on, Clark?

CLARK

That's a lot of high priorities for someone so shor...

Clark restrains himself, but his clear look down to match Mr. Stauffer's eye level shows what he means. Mr. Stauffer fumes!

CLARK (CONT'D)

Surely... busy.

MR. STAUFFER

I place a high priority on team spirit, support, mutual encouragement. Sort of, All for one and one for all.

CLARK

The three Mouseketeer's. I love them.

(motioning)

The cute little ears.

MR. STAUFFER

So, when one person in class does well, we all celebrate. And, when one person in class does not live up to expectations, the whole class participates in the consequence.

Groans from everyone - along with dirty looks - at Clark!

MR. STAUFFER (CONT'D)

Normally we will start off class running three laps. Because Clark did not fulfill his dress-code responsibility, that will be ten laps - for everyone.

The moans and groans crescendo - as do angry looks at Clark as everyone starts off running past and around him. Clark is frozen in place, dumbstruck. Mr. Stauffer beams.

INT. GYM HALLWAY - LATER

Students spill out of the gym, beelining for their next class. Clark is zoned out, barely moving. He gets jostled from side to side. His clothes and hair are disheveled. Physical and mental exhaustion are visible on his face.

Sophie walks toward him - does a double-take when she sees the state he is in. He spots her, instantly puts on a smile.

SOPHIE

Clark. Rough first day?

CLARK

(straightens his hair)
What? No. No! I just had gym class.
Good work out. I'm gonna like that.

Sophie clearly does not believe him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

This is going to be cake. It's high school. I did it once.

SOPHIE

Mostly.
(smiles, proud of herself)
I gotta get going. See you bright and early.

CLARK

Can't wait... Hope I can sleep...
with all the excitement.

She just nods. When she walks away, Clark's facade fades.

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - LATER

Diane sits at her desk. Sophie enters. The moment she does-

DIANE

So?

SOPHIE

Good first day. Interesting classes. Some fun kids.

DIANE

Girl! As your Principal, great. As your best friend...

Sophie plays dumb. Beat. Smiles.

SOPHIE

Diane, it was... like... a guilty pleasure. I loved it! To see him stuck in a situation he couldn't talk his way out of.

DIANE

So, no transfer?

SOPHIE

Not on your- *his* life!

DIANE

Exactly what I told him.

Sophie doesn't understand.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Oh honey! He tried to transfer to a different teacher. I told him there's no way to make any of his transfer requests work.

SOPHIE

Any?

DIANE

Apparently, he has some history with all of his teachers. Gotta love karma!

They share large smiles.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Clark sits at the bar. He finishes a drink and raises his hand to the Bartender for another.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
I knew I'd find you here. The question was - Would you be gloating or glaring?

Clark turns around - glaring.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
This was worth the drive over!

Justin takes the stool next to Clark, orders a drink:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Do you have a Stout on tap?

The Bartender nods.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
High school not like you remember?

CLARK
The kids treat me like I'm from a different planet. But the teachers, they know me all too well. One is a former teacher I pranked. Another was a classmate we all picked on.

The Bartender slides Justin his beer. He takes a drink.

CLARK (CONT'D)
And the class I have to pass to regain my rightful place as master of the courtroom is taught by Soph.

Justin laughs out loud at that - spitting out some beer.

JUSTIN
I thought she taught middle school.

Clark shrugs.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
If I had spent the last ten years planning this, I couldn't have done any better.

CLARK
I knew I would have your full, emotional support.

JUSTIN

Oh, I'm here for you. I want a report every day. The king of cool has met his match!

Clark thinks that over for a minute...

CLARK

We had professors who would eat these high school teachers for lunch! I survived them.

JUSTIN

But, you've got history with these three to overcome.

CLARK

I'm not going to focus on them.

Justin thinks. Gets it. Smiles. Raises his glass to Clark's.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

No one has arrived yet. Clark walks in the door, carrying two boxes of donuts, a carton of coffee, creamer and stack of cups. He smiles large as he sets up a spread on his desk (off to the far side by the door, in the front row).

The digital whiteboard shows positive quotes in one area and a video solving a geometry problem in another.

LATER

Two POPULAR-TYPE GIRLS enter. Clark perks up.

CLARK

I brought some donuts and coffee for everyone.

The Girls hold up Starbucks cups and walk past.

Beat. Three STUDIOUS-TYPE GUYS enter.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Free donuts and coffee.

FIRST STUDIOUS GUY

(confused)

Uh, I'm good man.

The other Two follow his lead and pass by.

MONTAGE

-More STUDENTS enter. Clark offers the donuts and coffee.

-Many of them already have coffees.

-A few start to take something, but look around to see no one else with Clark's coffee or donuts, so they follow suit.

-Clark slumps down, exasperated.

LATER

Sophie enters. She sees Clark's set up and wonders.

CLARK

I got you a maple frosted.

SOPHIE

Looks like I have a lot of choices.

CLARK

Who doesn't like donuts?

SOPHIE

They love donuts.

Clark shrugs - *What then?*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're the talk of the school.

He smiles, proud of himself.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Ohhh, you're so... Clark. It's not that they don't like you. They just don't want anything to do with you.

Clark is still incredulous - he's used to being popular.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Deja vu.

That brings a smirk from Clark. Beat. Olivia and ADDI (in cheerleader uniforms) hurry into the room. Olivia spots Clark's set up.

OLIVIA

Coffee! Thank God! How much?

CLARK

Help yourself.

OLIVIA

Really?

(off Cheerleader Two)

Someone was running late today.
Didn't have time to stop.

CLARK

I'm surprised there's no coffee
stand at the school.

OLIVIA

Oh, that'd be so extra!

FIRST STUDIOUS GUY

You can do that?

CLARK

It's happening all over the
country. You can even get dairy
associations to subsidize it.

FIRST STUDIOUS GUY

Bruh?

SECOND STUDIOUS GUY

You'd need permits.

CLARK

Those are easy enough.

SECOND STUDIOUS GUY

You need administration approval.

CLARK

Someone else might want to take the
lead there. I get a strange vibe
from the Principal.

Sophie gets a nervous expression, then regains her composure.
Clark notices.

SOPHIE

You should meet with the Student
Council President. Get her on
board, so it's not coming from a...

CLARK

Old guy?

OLIVIA

I don't care how old you are, if
you get me coffee.

Clark gives a triumphant look to Sophie, who shakes her head.

INT. MRS. BOGGESS' CLASSROOM - LATER

As Clark moves toward his seat, he nods to Jordan and gets an enthusiastic nod in return. Clark smiles.

CLARK
(to Hailey)
Hey.

HAILEY
You're gettin' us a coffee stand?

CLARK
That tea spilled fast.

Hailey laughs at Clark's use of slang.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I googled "teen slang."

HAILEY
You knowing the slang's okay. Using
it, that's cheugy.

Clark stares, not familiar with that term.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
Still a Boomer.

Mrs. Boggess enters. She spots a decorative box on her desk, looks to Clark. He smiles.

MRS. BOGGESS
Is something going to pop out?

Clark gives an innocent look.

Mrs. Boggess opens the box. Beat. Smiles. She removes a coffee mug.

C/U on mug: A picture of a puppy in the midst of a pile of ripped up presents, with the caption: Can you FURgive me?

Mrs. Boggess looks up. Clark, flashes a contrite look. She smiles and shakes her head.

INT. GYM - LATER

Students are ready and waiting around, including Clark. Mr. Stauffer enters the gym. Clark moves over to him.

CLARK

Hey, uh... You know, I don't know your name.

MR. STAUFFER

You never called me by it.

CLARK

About that. We were kids, young and dumb. I shouldn't have picked on you. Can we put it in the past?

MR. STAUFFER

Absolutely. I am all about today.

Clark smiles. The bell rings. Mr. Stauffer starts his whistle immediately after, again, very "musical." The Students all line up, including Clark.

MR. STAUFFER (CONT'D)

As Clark just reminded me, it's a new day. And he should know, because he's wearing a watch. What do class rules say about jewelry?

Groans from everyone, but directed more at Mr. Stauffer. Clark's glare is definitely aimed at him.

MR. STAUFFER (CONT'D)

Looks like ten laps, again.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Students take notes. Sophie stands in front. On the white board behind her are preloaded images, as well as a hand drawn right triangle with sides of 9, 14 and "x."

SOPHIE

If you have a right triangle, indicated by those two lines, then you can use the Pythagorean theorem to find the length of x.

She gets a few nods, and no shaking heads. She looks over at Clark. He smiles broadly, but has no notebook out. Sophie turns and writes on the board.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The Pythagorean theorem is a-squared plus b-squared equals c-squared.

Sophie turns back around. All the Students are writing this down - except Clark, who still just smiles at her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Clark, you're not going to do well on your homework if you don't take notes. Which, you're not going to do well on your homework if you don't start turning it in.

CLARK

About that...

Sophie waits.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I did the math.

SOPHIE

On your own?

Many in the class laugh.

CLARK

Based on how you weight homework, midterm and final, I can blow off homework, get a low B on the other two, and I pass, with a D.

SOPHIE

That's setting your sights high.

CLARK

Do you know how often I use Geometry Soph?

SOPHIE

Would it be that difficult-

CLARK

I haven't understood a thing.

SOPHIE

Maybe if you just-

CLARK

That's not going to happen Soph.

SOPHIE

Miss Wisenor.

Clark gives a puzzled look.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You might not do your homework, but
you are a student in my class.

CLARK

You really going to push that Soph?

INT. DETENTION ROOM - LATER

Written large on the whiteboard: Detention. Beneath it,
various rules: No talking. No cellphones. No handheld games.
No non-handheld games. No talking.

In front of the board, sitting at a desk is MARK SKELTON
(40's), wearing a Snider Football sweatshirt.

Clark enters, smiles at Skelton.

CLARK

She's really going to push it.

No expression from Skelton.

INT. GYM - LATER

A few Students mill around on the basketball court, waiting.
Clark is on the court with a ball. He takes a shot. Hits it.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Not bad - for an old guy.

Clark turns to see Jordan and two other BASKETBALL PLAYERS.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Got any game, or just a shooter?

CLARK

I played when I was here.

He looks up at banners celebrating victorious sports teams.
The Men's Basketball banner shows a state title in 2003.

CLARK (CONT'D)

On the '03 team. And a year of walk-
on in college.

(proudly)

At I-U.

JORDAN

(impressed)

When Knight was there?

CLARK

A couple years after. That's why
they had a spot.

Jordan motions for Player One to join Clark. Clark offers the ball to Jordan, who shakes his head. Clark throws the ball into Player One. Player Two guards him. Jordan guards Clark.

Player One passes to Clark, who puts on an impressive dribbling display. Jordan smiles with respect.

More Students gather around to watch.

Clark feints a drive. Jordan is quicker and cuts him off. Clark pulls up and hits a shot. Another smile from Jordan.

Player Two takes the ball back and bounce passes to Jordan. He dribbles, then fakes left. Clark bites. Jordan spins right, drives and in slams the ball through.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Lower the rim and I could do that.

The Players laugh. Player One takes the ball back, passes it to Clark, who immediately drives to the basket. Jordan is quicker again and positions himself for a block. Clark goes up - but tosses the ball behind him without looking. Player One is surprised, but catches it and makes an easy shot.

The Players and many Students watching are clearly impressed.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Youth or experience - always take
experience!

JORDAN

Yeah, this time! ... You should
come to the game Friday night.

Clark nods. Mr. Stauffer's whistle begins its melody.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Both opposing sets of bleachers are packed, with Snider's black and gold and the visiting team's purple and white prevalent. Both bleachers have labeled "Student" sections. Loud music plays as the teams warm up.

Clark enters and stands in the doorway. Snider's team occupies that end. Jordan spots Clark and gives a nod. Clark returns it. He begins to walk past the Snider Student section, unsure. Does he stop to look for a seat there?

He spots BMW Driver from the first day. Clark nods. BMW Driver motions for Clark to come up. The tension eases from Clark's face as he climbs the steps.

MONTAGE

-Clark interacts with Students we've seen from classes.

-Jordan wins the opening tip off.

-Jordan makes various good plays. He is clearly the star.

-Clark gets more enthusiastic... Jumping up after good plays. Turning and leading the Students in cheers. Mimicking the Cheerleaders' moves.

-Olivia motions for Clark to come down from the stands. She and the other Cheerleaders work with him on some moves.

-Clark joins the Cheerleaders in a routine at halftime... which evolves into him leading a back and forth cheer with the Students in the stands. Clark feeds on their energy!

-During a time out, Students form a pyramid. Clark ascends to the top, waiving a school flag. Everyone goes crazy!

-Sophie and Diane sit next to each other in the general section. They both shake their heads at Clark's popularity.

END MONTAGE

The scoreboard shows Snider down by one point with eleven seconds left.

Snider's COACH huddles with the team, clearly focused on Jordan. The buzzer sounds and the team separates. Jordan speaks to Player One, who nods.

Player Two inbound the ball to Player One. He dribbles some, then passes to Jordan, who drives toward the basket. The OPPOSING CENTER squares up, in perfect position to block Jordan's shot. Jordan goes up - then dishes a no-look pass behind him, to Player One. He catches it and makes a short shot, right as the buzzer sounds.

The scoreboard shows Snider winning by one point.

The Snider Players hug and congratulate each other. The Snider Students go crazy! Clark gives high-fives!

Jordan moves over in front of Clark, gets his attention. Clark steps down to him. Gives him a high five.

CLARK
I've seen that move somewhere.

JORDAN
Youth *and* experience!

Jordan extends his hand. Clark takes it and Jordan pulls him in for a chest bump.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Similar to before... Students at their desks, Sophie in front, writing on the board. She draws a right triangle with sides of 22 and 28 and an inner angle of "x," then turns.

Sophie's POV: Most Students are attentive, looking forward.

SOPHIE
Today we are going to solve for an unknown angle.

The Students are all looking at the whiteboard and laugh to various degrees.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
That doesn't usually bring a laugh, but okay.

That brings even more laughs.

Students' POV: On the white board, one panel now shows a Taylor Swift Confused gif with geometric images.

As Sophie turns around, it switches back to a Geometry image. Beat. She faces the class again.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
This requires a right angle triangle. How many degrees in a right angle?

Clark's POV: He has his right hand below his desk, holding his phone. He thumbs a "Next Slide" button.

A gif of a confused Jensen Ackles (from Supernatural) appears. The class laughs. Sophie is puzzled... She turns her head quickly - but the image reverts before she sees it.

Sophie looks over at Clark. He has his usual big smile. Sophie holds his gaze.

The image changes to Anthony Michael Hall (from Breakfast Club) with a pen on his lip, sticking it up his nose, with the caption "School."

The Students laugh louder. Sophie turns quickly. The image disappears just in time.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Clark, I swear, if you are...

He raises both hands, proclaiming his innocence. Sophie does not believe him. Beat. She turns and writes "90," then faces the class.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Ninety degrees in a right triangle.
The way to remember that is-

She turns back to the board quickly, just as the image switches to a gif of Neil Patrick Harris echoing the caption "I'm Bored."

Sophie faces Clark.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Bored? Really? You seem pretty busy. Show me your phone.

Clark proudly produces his phone. Sophie looks at it.

Sophie's POV: It shows "Next slide" and related buttons.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Clever, as usual.

CLARK
I have two more. Good ones.

Sophie points toward the door. Clark rises.

CLARK (CONT'D)
For what's worth, I only prank the cool teachers.

SOPHIE
That's funny. I never send the cool kids to detention.

Clark laughs - good one!

INT. SNIDER HIGH SCHOOL - COMMON AREA

Several Students, including Olivia, Addi, Jordan, Hailey, Charlee, Darynn and VICE PRINCIPAL WILSON celebrate the opening of the coffee stand (Panther Perks). The STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT pours the first cup and hands it to Clark. He takes a sip and gives a thumbs up. Everyone cheers.

Off to the side, Sophie and Diane observe the spectacle.

SOPHIE

I know two things. The unexamined life is not worth living and everyone loves Clark. I don't think I will ever reconcile them.

DIANE

The kids love you too.

SOPHIE

Because I impact their lives.

Diane looks over at the Students who are clearly overjoyed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

In ways that matter.

DIANE

That stand matters to them.

Sophie looks at the Students, obviously ecstatic about the stand. She takes it in.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Clark is surrounded by Students pre-class. One Student prods Olivia. She mouths "Okay" and turns to Clark.

OLIVIA

So, is it true?

CLARK

That's a question I definitely want my lawyer present before I answer.

OLIVIA

You and Miss Wisenor.

CLARK

Oh, you mean, is she my... sister?

Clearly not what Students have heard. They wait for more.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I wondered how long it would take.
Yes, Miss Wisenor and I were
married, once upon a time.

FORWARD STUDENT

What happened?

CLARK

I guess this isn't a safe space.

They all wait. Sophie enters and walks by. As she pulls up
images on the white board, she listens...

CLARK (CONT'D)

Let's just say, she can be very...
particular. About ... well, about
everything. And I'm more free-
spirited.

(to Sophie)

Nothing wrong with a free-spirit,
right, *Miss Wisenor*?

SOPHIE

That all depends. Are you willing
to settle for a "D"? If not, you
have to do the homework.

That takes the smile from Clark's face as it sinks in.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is upscale, minimal, neat. A large TV and high-end
speakers dominate one wall of the living room. That room
flows into a dining area and kitchen.

Pizza boxes and bottles of beer wait at the ready. Clark,
Jessica and Stephanie sit around his dining table, with
"Geometry for Dummies" and other books out and open.

JESSICA

I expect to be well-rewarded for
this Clark.

CLARK

If I don't pass this class, you no
longer get to work for the coolest
lawyer in town.

JESSICA

Graber said something similar when he told us to help you, only without the "cool" part. So, what's on the midterm tomorrow?

CLARK

(confused)
Geometry?

Jessica is not amused.

CLARK (CONT'D)

The first half of whatever Geometry is.

JESSICA

Where are your notes from class?

Clark gives a "Really?" look.

STEPHANIE

You have no notes?!?

CLARK

I'm not going for honor roll.

JESSICA

It's been seven weeks - what do you know about Geometry?

CLARK

They draw a lot of lines.

They cannot believe it. Jessica takes a deep breath. Stephanie drops her head.

STEPHANIE

I need to get my resume up to date.

CLARK

You just give me the answers. I'll memorize them.

JESSICA

This isn't like, When was the war of 1812? You don't memorize Geometry, you learn it.

Clark's confidence noticeably cracks.

STEPHANIE

What's the latest trend for cover letters?

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

A handful of Students occupy desks, looking over notes. Sophie sits at her desk, helping a CONFUSED STUDENT with last minute details for the test. Clark enters, stands at the doorway watching.

SOPHIE
No, that's the definition of
transversal.

The Confused Student nods his head. Gets it now.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You've been working hard, getting
better every week. You got this.

Confused Student smiles, with confidence now. He walks to his desk. Beat. Sophie looks up, sees Clark staring at her.

CLARK
You're really good at this.

SOPHIE
(unsure)
Math's always come easy for me.

CLARK
That too, but
(looking at the Students)
This. Them.

Sophie is taken aback. A genuine compliment.

SOPHIE
Thank you?

Clark nods. Takes his seat.

LATER

All of the desks are filled. Sophie passes out tests.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You have ninety minutes, and it
will take most of you that long.
Just think through things. You'll
do fine.

Sophie hands Clark a test. He forces a confident smile.

He looks down at the test... scans the first page. Any hint of confidence fades. He flips to the second page... third. Reality sets in. He just stares...

MINUTES LATER

Clark's POV: The test as he flips through it. Multiple choice questions are answered - there aren't many. Most problems have some attempt at a solution. There are a few though with nothing written. An open space has a series of doodles (person standing on a ship's plank... in mid-air, falling off plank... surrounded by sharks... body parts floating in sea).

Sophie watches him. She looks down, pretends to be writing, when he looks up.

Clark closes the test. Clearly defeated. He looks around. Everyone else is still working on their tests.

He rises slowly, moves over to Sophie's desk and places his test on the edge. She raises her head. They exchange looks - both knowing what the outcome will be. Clark's arrogance is totally gone. Sophie doesn't gloat.

Clark returns to his seat. Watches as Sophie grades his test. Her red pen is very busy...

LATER

All of the Students file out. Clark remains in his seat.

CLARK

You went through a lot of ink on mine. Getting a little personal?

SOPHIE

It's math, not judging figure skating.

CLARK

Too bad. Maybe I could have bribed the Russian judge.

SOPHIE

Not everything can be fixed with a joke, Clark.

That takes him down a notch or two.

CLARK

This is going to take more work than I thought.

SOPHIE

A lot of things do.

CLARK

Yeah.

(beat)

So, I did the math-

He waits for a smart comment from her. Not this time.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm going to need a really good grade on the final, like mid-90's.

(beat)

And, to start doing homework.

(beat)

Soph-

He pauses - waits to be corrected. She lets it slide.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I need some help. I can't get this on my own. Is there anyway you could... give me some personal attention?

Sophie looks up - Really?? Clark's demeanor takes another hit. He is struggling.

SOPHIE

(with some sympathy)

I'm not going to work with you one on one, but there is a study group.

Clark gives his own "Really?" look. Sophie just stares at him. Clark nods, accepting things.

INT. SNIDER HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Thirty Students sit at various tables. A couple from Clark's Geometry class; others from his two later classes. Most are new. Sophie and another MATH TEACHER work with kids, along with three STUDENT HELPERS.

Clark enters, looks around and shakes his head - *How did I get here?* He takes a seat at a table by himself and lays his Geometry book down.

Sophie looks over to him. They make eye contact. Clark forces a smile and nods.

ETHAN, a Student Helper, strolls over.

ETHAN

Hey, I heard about you.

Clark just raises his eyebrows.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
What you having trouble with?

Clark opens his mouth. Beat. He just looks down at his book.
Ethan looks down.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Okay. What part?

CLARK
Pretend I don't know anything about
Geometry.

Ethan nods and opens the book.

Int. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Sophie stands in front of the seated Students.

SOPHIE
You know what time it is... Take
out your homework.

Sophie tries not to make it obvious, but looks Clark's
direction. Beat. He reaches under his desk and grabs a
folder, pulls out a sheet of paper.

He gives a big grin to Sophie, who smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Switch papers with someone.

Clark awkwardly hands his paper to First Studious Guy.

LATER

First Studious Guy hands back his paper. Clark is nervous.

Clark's POV: His homework - Pen marks everywhere and a grade
of "- 12."

Clark deflates. Sophie notices; shows a trace of sympathy.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Alright, let's go over things.

Clark just sits there, staring ahead. Sophie watches him...

Beat. Clark reaches under his seat and takes out a notebook,
opens it up to take notes.

He looks over to Sophie. She nods her head, impressed.

LATER

Students sit at their desks. Doing homework. On phones.

A QUESTIONING STUDENT stands at Sophie's desk.

Clark sits, a paper in front of him, pencil in hand.

C/U on paper - He is doodling. (Person jumping out of a plane; parachute not opening; flattened on ground)

The bell rings. Students head toward the door. The Questioning Student puts a paper in her book and leaves.

Clark sits at his desk, zoned out. Sophie watches him...

CLARK

I could have done it back then.

Sophie waits for more.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I just didn't want to.

SOPHIE

You can do it now. If you want to.

CLARK

Not with only one study session a week, and part-time attention. I'm not complaining. You and the others are doing the best you can.

SOPHIE

Well, you're absolutely right.

(laughs)

I never thought I'd say that.

They both laugh.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The kids need so much more than what any school budget allows. There's actually a project in the works to make that possible. I've been put in charge of developing the tutoring portion.

CLARK

You're the perfect person for it.

Sophie smiles at the compliment.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Soph, I didn't take this serious at
 first. I couldn't believe this
 happened.

Sophie gets a guilty look again. Clark notices again.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 I need some one on one help.

Sophie is still reluctant.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Don't trust yourself alone with me?

She shoots him a look - *Really??*

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Then??

She thinks it over... relents.

SOPHIE
 We meet at a public place. But not
 too public!

CLARK
 So, a bad restaurant? One
 frequently cited for health
 violations. Open, but avoided by
 anyone who knows better.

Sophie laughs.

SOPHIE
 Somewhere no students are going to
 see us.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Clark and Sophie occupy a table. A mostly finished appetizer
 platter sits off to the side. Drinks in front of them, along
 with a Geometry book and legal pads.

Clark closes the Geometry book and moves things aside.

SOPHIE
 Whoa! We're not done yet.

CLARK
 Are you kidding? I should have a P-
 H-D after all the Geometry I just
 learned. You are an amazing tutor.

SOPHIE

And you have been amazing at doing everything except Geometry.

Clark shrugs and gives his most charming smile.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

If we don't study, then this is just a date - and I'm not-

CLARK

Soph, it wasn't a date. You made it clear, it can't be a date if you only have an appetizer. Who could argue with that rule?

She gives a slight laugh.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Who could argue with you when it comes to rules?

Her smile fades. Is he taking a dig at her?

SOPHIE

I didn't think you said the "R" word.

CLARK

You said it enough for both of us when we were...

That takes both of them back... A long stare... Until Sophie gets uncomfortable and snaps out of it.

SOPHIE

I'm a firm believer that it helps to have some... principles... as a basis... for evaluating-

CLARK

Everything.

SOPHIE

You're here because-

CLARK

Because I thought I could get away with not taking a class. But, I'm not complaining at the moment.

Another long stare. Beat. Sophie looks away.

SOPHIE
I expect the rest of your homework
to be done tomorrow.

CLARK
Why do you do that?

Sophie pretends she does not understand. Clark waits.

SOPHIE
Should we just sit and stare?

Clark shrugs, stares...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
See, what's this going to
accomplish?

CLARK
Why do you have to know ahead of
time how something will end?

Sophie is tempted to give in... Then-

SOPHIE
Because I've already seen how this
ends.

Clark totally deflates.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Homework. Tomorrow.

Sophie rises and leaves. Clark sighs deeply...

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Homework gets passed back.

C/U on Clark's: "- 10"

Sophie looks Clark's direction, cocks her head. He sheepishly
shakes his head. She responds with an "I told you so" look.

EXT. FREEWAY BYPASS - DAY

Clark's Lamborghini cruises past other vehicles, as Matchbox
Twenty's "Bent" plays.

INT. CLARK'S LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

Clark drums on the steering wheel along with the song:

"Started out clean, but I'm jaded. Just phoning it in. Oh, just breaking the--"

The phone rings, ends the music. The display shows: Justin.

CLARK

No!

He punches the answer button on his console.

CLARK (CONT'D)

This better be good!

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Interrupt a guitar solo?

CLARK

I would've hung up on you.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Fair. Hey, a bunch of us are getting together at the park in Newville. At seven. The far court.

CLARK

Aargh! I can't tonight.

JUSTIN

What?? Why??

CLARK

You know why!

JUSTIN

Someone has some homework to do?

CLARK

You're an ass! Yeah, Sophie and I are getting together at six.

JUSTIN

Sophie? So, you can't join us tonight, or you don't want to?

CLARK

She's been like a drill sergeant. She finally started to loosen up because I've gotten an "A" the past six days.

JUSTIN

Save one of those papers. I'll put it up on my refrigerator.

CLARK

I hope you pull a hamstring.

JUSTIN

I'll see what I can do.

CLARK

Yeah. Well, have fun.

JUSTIN

Hey, Clark. For what it's worth, you were a better jerk when you were with Sophie.

CLARK

A better jerk?

JUSTIN

You've always been a jerk. But, you were different with her.

Clark lets that sink in...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Clark and Sophie sit on opposite sides of a table. A geometry book and notepad are open in front of them, but that is clearly not what they are talking about.

CLARK

The A/C went out and we had to sleep outside on that old trampoline-

SOPHIE

That the people before us left and you never took down.

CLARK

And weren't you glad?

She reluctantly nods.

CLARK (CONT'D)

My approach to things works out well sometimes.

SOPHIE

The automatic sprinklers came on at three in the morning - because you didn't turn them off when I told you to.

CLARK

As I remember, I got a little... distracted.

He gives her a look. She remembers... smiles.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Besides, it makes a much better story... memory *with* the sprinklers.

Sophie gives the faintest nod. ... They share a long, meaningful look. Sophie forces herself to stay in the moment.

CLARK (CONT'D)

It wasn't all bad.

Sophie stays... Clark leans in... Then Sophie pulls back.

SOPHIE

I'm seeing someone!

Clark stops, surprised.

CLARK

You never said anything.

SOPHIE

(flustered)

Well... it's not like it's your business.

That stings Clark.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I told you... and you agreed - this is just tutoring.

Clark processes... Nods his head.

CLARK

You're right. I don't want to be in "breach of contract."

An awkward silence ensues...

DIANE (O.S.)

Sophie?!?

Sophie jolts her head upward, spots Diane. Beat. Sophie pulls back from Clark.

DIANE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

SOPHIE
Uh, I'm helping Clark. He wasn't getting enough.

Diane's eyes widen! So do Clark's!

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
(to Diane: embarrassed)
Attention!
(to Clark: firm)
Attention!
(back to Diane)
The after school study session. It wasn't enough attention. I wasn't going to be his tutor. But I said I'd be his tutor. So that's what I'm... Tutoring.

Clark scoops up his book and notebook and rises.

CLARK
She's doing a great job. Tutoring. You should be proud you have a teacher with this level of commitment to her students.
(to Sophie)
See you later Soph.

He walks away from the table.

Diane sits down. Sophie watches Clark leave. Diane watches Sophie. Waits...

DIANE
Taking a break from examining life?

Sophie snaps back to see Diane's disapproving gaze. Sophie acts like a kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar. She waits. Diane makes her wait.

DIANE (CONT'D)
He's your *Ex*-husband for a reason.

SOPHIE
He needs help with Geometry.

DIANE
I saw more Chemistry than Geometry.

SOPHIE
Di, we got talking about old
times...

DIANE
Soph, that's how he operates!

SOPHIE
If you'd only known him back then.

DIANE
Yeah well, my first taste of him
was hearing what he'd done to you.

That memory sinks in for Sophie.

SOPHIE
If he would just take the serious
things seriously.

DIANE
And if scorpions didn't sting,
they'd be great pets.

Sophie gives a puzzled look. Diane nods confidently.

INT. LAW OFFICE - ADMIN AREA - DAY

Elena (Administrative Assistant) works away at her desk.
Clark pokes his head around the corner. She does not notice.
He clears his throat and she looks up.

ELENA
Clark! I thought I'd never see you
again!

CLARK
You heard about my midterm grade.

Elena shrugs, *Yeah*.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Well, don't even joke about that.

Clark clearly misses everything that goes with the firm.

ELENA
You'll be back.

Clark nods, but without any conviction. Beat.

CLARK
Big guy wants to see me.

ELENA

He already has someone in there I wasn't expecting.

CLARK

Yeah?

(beat)

Very clandestine, I guess. James Bond type of stuff.

ELENA

That would make me Money Penny.

She smiles large. Clark forces a smile and slips inside Graber's door.

INT. LAW PARTNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Graber sits behind his desk, opposite JAKE ERICKSON (60's). They look Clark's way as he enters. Both rise. Clark moves over to them.

GRABER

Clark, you remember Jake Erickson.

Graber's look to Clark says he knows Clark does not remember him, so he is letting Clark in on Erickson's name.

CLARK

Of course!

(extends his hand)

Mr. Erickson.

ERICKSON

(shakes Clark's hand)

Call me Jake.

GRABER

I told Jake about your unique situation that will preclude you from any official involvement for a couple more months, but he-

ERICKSON

Helluva deal! Going back to high school. And your old school to boot!

CLARK

It has been quite the adventure.

GRABER

Jake insisted we have an *unofficial* meeting, so you can begin to-

ERICKSON

(taps his head)

So you can get those wheels of yours spinnin'.

GRABER

Jake's father-

ERICKSON

My dad, God bless him. He was generous to a fault. Literally. It's his fault I'm here.

Graber waits this time, certain Erickson will continue. Beat.

GRABER

(tentative)

So Jake needs-

ERICKSON

I need you to contest his will. He gave away a prime piece of real estate and a chunk of money.

CLARK

Do you have grounds for contesting?

ERICKSON

Well, I figure soundness of mind's a good place to start.

CLARK

Was your father diagnosed with some condition?

ERICKSON

Like I said, he gave away a prime piece of real estate. That's crazy!

CLARK

We're probably going to need a little more-

ERICKSON

And, undue influence. That'd be another one to include.

Clark waits for more.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

He met some woman. They went out for quite a spell. She convinced him - coerced him - that's a good word to use, right?

Clark gives a cautious nod.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

She coerced him to give away that building and more money than I like to think of losing.

CLARK

Then, don't think about it.

GRABER

Rest assured, Clark will win.

ERICKSON

You're sure about that?

GRABER

Absolutely. One, because that is what he does. He wins. And two, because he knows when he does win this case, he will become the youngest partner in our firm.

Graber and Erickson smile large. Clark's is more cautious.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Sophie stands in front of the class, holding study notes.

SOPHIE

Okay. That covers everything on today's homework. As always, I'm here if you have questions. But with five minutes left, the big question: Where are you going for Spring Break in a couple weeks? Who's going the furthest?

SECOND STUDIOUS GUY

Florida!

FORWARD STUDENT

Yeah, but Disney World or...
Daytona Beach!

A few cheers for him.

ADDI
Sedona, Arizona.

SOPHIE
That's pretty far.

CLARK
Scuba diving in Belize.

Jeers from the class, as a paper wad hits Clark in the head.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I have never needed a break more in
my life.
(looking around)
No offense.

FIRST STUDIOUS GUY
And who's stuck here?

Several moans from various Students.

SOPHIE
It could be worse

SECOND STUDIOUS GUY
The saying which reinforces how bad
something is.

FIRST STUDIOUS GUY
I have never gone anywhere on
Spring Break.

As several Students give fake expressions of sorrow, Clark's smile changes...

INT. SNIDER HIGH SCHOOL - COMMON AREA - DAY

Several Students gather around a corner of the coffee stand, clearly excited by something they see hanging up.

Flier: A color picture of a dome-enclosed water park.
Beneath: "Private Spring Break Party for Snider Students -
All Day Friday April 5th - Free Admission-Food-Drinks"

Students take pictures of the flier and type on their phones.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Clark and Sophie sit at a small table in the bar area.
Geometry books are off to the side. They share an appetizer.

SOPHIE
What about Belize?

CLARK
I hear it's great. Hopefully I'll
find out.

Sophie's look prods for more.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I got to thinking-

SOPHIE
Examining?

CLARK
(half-laughs)
My family never went anywhere
special on Spring Break. I was
always so jealous of the kids who
got to go to Florida or Myrtle
Beach. This is nowhere near that...

SOPHIE
But a lot of kids are going to have
a great time thanks to you.

She gives a smile, genuinely impressed. Clark gets
uncomfortable and looks away.

CLARK
You know, you're invited.

SOPHIE
Oh, no.

CLARK
C'mon. The kids love you.

SOPHIE
I'm popular *in* the classroom. Not
at a Spring Break party. They'd
think I was there to chaperone.

CLARK
Don't act like a chaperone. Just
hang out. Believe it or not, I'll
be the "authority figure."

Sophie gives him a disbelieving look.

CLARK (CONT'D)

The water park was nervous about having so many kids and just one adult.

SOPHIE

Adult-like.

CLARK

Yeah. Well, they made me sign a contract and put down a sizable deposit. I get dinged for everything from someone snapping a towel to peeing in the pool.

Sophie wonders...

CLARK (CONT'D)

They have some chemical in the water that turns blue.

SOPHIE

That's not a thing!

CLARK

(nods)

I googled it. On second thought, maybe I need to hire you as a chaperone. Might save me money!

She laughs, then opens up the Geometry book.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom is empty except for Sophie and Clark, who stands at her desk. They are looking at the textbook.

SOPHIE

The vertex is the intersection point of two sides of a plane-

CLARK

As opposed to The Vortex, which was a bad Sci-fi movie we watched that one time.

SOPHIE

I said it was going to be stupid! You could tell from the case.

CLARK

It wasn't all ba...

Sophie presses him with her look.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Yeah, it was all bad.

SOPHIE
You owe me two hours of my life
back.

CLARK
(gets an idea)
Let me make it up to you, with
interest.

Sophie shakes her head.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Hey, I gave up Belize.

He presses her with a look.

SOPHIE
I don't know-

CLARK
Exactly the reason you need to do
it.

Sophie is not sure...

INT. HIGH END RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark wood and wine bottles contrast with white tablecloths.

Clark and Sophie occupy a prime spot, next to a window with a great view of the city lights. A SOMMELIER stands over them, as Clark swirls his glass then takes a sip.... Ponders...

CLARK
That's excellent.

SOMMELIER
I thought you would like it Mr.
Funnell. Shall I place one or two
bottles in your private bin?

CLARK
Do you have three?

SOMMELIER
I think I can manage that, for you.

The Sommelier fills Sophie's glass, then Clark's. He leaves the bottle and moves away.

SOPHIE

It seems everyone here knows you.

Clark shrugs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

They know me at Walmart.

CLARK

Maybe you should have considered your career choice more.

SOPHIE

I would have come to the same conclusion.

CLARK

And you should have. You are truly special at what you do.

Sophie awkwardly accepts the compliment.

CLARK (CONT'D)

The kids love you - and that comes from someone "on the inside."

SOPHIE

Uh, how... astute of you?

CLARK

Some things don't require examination - just observation. More intuitive than analytical. My strong suit.

Sophie considers, nods. Clark hesitates... pushes forward.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question?

Sophie nods, uncomfortable.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Can there be bad examination? Or maybe I should say, examination done badly? That's a word, right?

Sophie gives a querying look, ignoring his attempt at humor.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Looking back on things... your
examination was always a little...
(hesitant)
Slanted. In your favor.

SOPHIE
Examination is examination! Just
because you always-

CLARK
Can I give you an example?

Sophie quiets, still very on the edge.

CLARK (CONT'D)
You would focus on something like
how good we each are at planning.

SOPHIE
You have to plan! How else are you
going to... to...

Sophie stops. Flustered and frustrated.

CLARK
What about, who handles chaos
better?

SOPHIE
(more defensive)
You did give us both lots of
practice with that!

CLARK
See... you can't admit the benefit
of my strong-suit. I've salvaged
something many times that looked
like it would be a total disaster.

The more she thinks about it all, the angrier Sophie gets.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I know now I should have been more
willing to deal with things, but...
the times I did try, always felt...
a little one-sided.

That's more than Sophie can handle.

SOPHIE
You didn't salvage our disaster,
Clark. And it seems like you're
saying, I caused it!

She stands quickly and strides toward the restrooms.

CLARK

Soph! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..

She is out of earshot.

LATER

Clark, sitting alone, pokes around at his salad. Sophie's sits untouched. Her napkin is neatly folded.

A WAITER passes by Clark's table and gives a questioning look. Clark shrugs.

MONTAGE

-WOMAN #1 enters the bathroom.

-Woman #1 exits, looks around, spots Clark - and gives him the finger!

-Clark's jaw drops.

-WOMAN #2 enters the bathroom.

-Woman #2 exits, looks around, spots Clark - smiles and gives him a thumbs up.

-Clark has no idea what to make of it.

LATER

Clark munches on bread as the Sommelier pours him a glass of wine, leaves that bottle and takes away the first bottle.

MONTAGE

-WOMAN #3 enters the bathroom.

-Woman #3 exits, looks around, spots Clark. She walks over to him, smiles and squeezes his forearm as she walks by.

-Clark nods awkwardly.

-WOMAN #4 enters the bathroom.

-Woman #4 exits, looks around, spots Clark. She walks over to him, smiles and - pours his water in his lap.

-Clark just sits there - in disbelief.

LATER

Clark spins his dinner knife and watches it turn.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

In the past, I would have called
that childish.

Clark jerks his head up. Sophie stands by the table.

CLARK

And now?

SOPHIE

I could see it as, easily amused.

CLARK

Is that a good thing?

SOPHIE

Mind if I sit back down?

Clark rises and pulls out her chair for her. She notices his wet pants - gives him a questioning look. He shakes it off. She sits and he returns to his seat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I thought you might think I'd left.

CLARK

Oh, I was pretty sure you were
still in there.

SOPHIE

There's a couch. Very comfortable.
I spilled my guts to four women.

CLARK

Let me guess. Two thought you
should work it out and two
emphatically told you to move on.

SOPHIE

How'd you know?

CLARK

Just a hunch... So, the deciding
vote?

Sophie looks away... takes a deep breath, then back at Clark.

SOPHIE

My examination was one-sided.

CLARK

That must have been tough to say.

SOPHIE
Not as bad as the implication.

Clark wonders...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
It wasn't all your fault.

CLARK
You thought it was all me?

SOPHIE
No... Well...

CLARK
I would admit to sixty percent my
fault, and forty percent yours.

SOPHIE
I was thinking seventy-five, twenty-
five.

Clark pulls back, clearly not agreeing.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. I can joke too.
(beat)
Though, I wouldn't go more than
seventy, thirty.

Clark waits - she cracks a smile. That lightens the mood for
Clark. Then-

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You hurt me... bad.

Clark does not know how to respond. Sophie waits - *How will
he respond?* Clark takes a deep breath... another.

CLARK
I didn't want to do that.

Sophie waits for more. Clark processes.

CLARK (CONT'D)
But not enough not to.

That realization hits Clark hard. Sophie lets him remain in
the moment.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I really just said that.

Sophie nods... then cracks a smile.

SOPHIE
Yeah, you did.

She reaches out and takes Clark's hand. That surprises him... then he realizes - He said it vs. Ignored it. They smile at each other. A clear moment. Clark leans in-

CLARK
Wait. What about the person you're seeing?

Sophie searches for an answer.

SOPHIE
About that...

CLARK
Are you seeing someone, or not?

SOPHIE
Well, technically... I do see someone. Every Monday.

That sounds strange to Clark. He waits. Sophie "breaks."

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
It's my neighbor. He's 83. His wife died. I make dinner for us.

CLARK
So, things aren't serious?

SOPHIE
That night, when I said it, I wasn't ready to...

CLARK
Are you ready now?

They stare at each other. Beat. Clark presses in for a kiss, pauses to see her response. She does not pull back. They kiss...

EXT. COVERED WATERPARK - DAY

A crowd of Students has gathered and more walk up to the entrance. Among them are Haley, Charlee, Darynn, Player One and First Studios Guy.

A large sign conveys a long list of rules. Several smaller signs around it all focus on one thing: Do not pee in the pool, with threats of the water turning blue.

An entrance door opens and Clark steps outside. Several of the Students cheer. Clark quiets them down.

CLARK

We've got the place to ourselves
for the entire day and all you can
eat and drink for free.

More cheers.

CLARK (CONT'D)

So, they have a whole list of rules
we are "duty-bound to follow."

Some groans from various Students.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Let me give you my version. First,
nothing illegal - I am trying to
get reinstated as a lawyer,
remember. Second, nothing wildly
inappropriate - same reason.

More groans.

CLARK (CONT'D)

But! That still leaves,
unforgettable! So, have at it!

Clark moves out of the way. The Students rush inside! Beat. Sophie walks up. Clark beams when he sees her.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Wasn't sure you'd come.

SOPHIE

The irony of you being in charge of
behavior was too much to pass up.

CLARK

Honestly, I would have paid more to
rent the place, so I'm viewing the
deposit as a prepayment for fun!

Sophie shakes her head.

INT. COVERED WATERPARK - MOMENTS LATER

The enormous area contains every water feature imaginable.

MONTAGE

-Students enter and emerge from enclosed waterslide tubes.

-Clark and Player One prepare to enter, clearly competing for who goes fastest. Second Studious Guy lowers his arm and they dive in. At the bottom, Player One emerges just before Clark. Player One celebrates!

-Students shoot at each other with water guns.

-Sophie and other Students float down a lazy river.

-Clark is among Students playing water volleyball. He spikes it on Player One - and celebrates!

-Students jump off a diving board. Sophie does a flawless dive. Clark does a wacky dive and hits the water with a huge splash.

-More Students dive. Then Sophie does a crazy dive - looking at Clark on the way down. When she surfaces, she looks his direction. He claps enthusiastically!

-Students relax along the edge of a pool, Clark among them. He sits in a chair with a t-shirt on, head back and eyes closed.

-Player One and three other Students come up behind him and pick up the whole chair. Clark's eyes open wide. They throw him chair and all into the pool.

-When Clark surfaces, the four jump in next to Clark, doing cannonballs and dousing him with more water.

-Several Students on the edge of the pool capture everything with their phones.

-Sophie thoroughly enjoys the moment.

-Students eat pizza, nachos, hot dogs, etc. They chat enthusiastically with each other, having a great time.

END MONTAGE

Sophie and Clark sit at a table, looking around.

SOPHIE
You did a good thing.

CLARK
Surprised?

SOPHIE
Nostalgic.

Clark takes that in.

Students reenter the pool area. More calm after eating.

CLARK

We still have over an hour. Want to wade in the pool for a while?

SOPHIE

Sounds pretty tame for you.

CLARK

I didn't say it would last.

Sophie nods. Clark rises and starts toward the pool. Sophie reaches out and flicks at his shoulder.

SOPHIE

You have something.

Clark waits for her to swipe it off.

Sophie's hand slips something into the pocket of Clark's swimsuit.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

There. Got it.

(beat)

Oh, I forgot something. Be right there.

Clark keeps going and joins several other Students in the pool area.

Soon after, the water around him begins turning blue. Clark does not notice at first, but the Students do. Looks, laughs and pointed fingers get Clark's attention. He looks down.

CLARK

No! I didn't! I swear!

He tries to push the water away, but blue keeps coming from his suit - the pocket Sophie put something in.

On the edge of the pool, Sophie stands holding her cellphone.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I did not pee in the pool!

Clark swishes at the water again. He notices the blue is coming from his pocket. He reaches in and pulls out the remains of blue dye tablets. Clark's eyes dart around...

He sees Sophie recording the whole thing... and understands.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Good one! Good one.

SOPHIE
Just good?

Clark just shakes his head and laughs.

LATER

The whole group poses in front of a water feature. Clark's legs have a blue tint. A few EMPLOYEES use various phones to take pictures of them.

EXT. COVERED WATERPARK - NIGHT

Students leave, stopping to thank Clark on their way out. He beams with joy. Sophie stands off to the side, impressed. The last Student exits. Clark pulls Sophie in close.

CLARK
I thought they'd never leave!

He leads Sophie by the hand, back inside the waterpark.

SOPHIE
What are you doing? They close in like, ten minutes.

CLARK
Not tonight.

INT. COVERED WATERPARK - CONTINUOUS

Clark leads Sophie to the beginning of the Lazy River. There is a two-person inner tube waiting.

SOPHIE
This wasn't here before.

CLARK
I had it tucked out of the way.
Hoping you'd show up.

He motions for her to take one seat. She does. He launches them and takes the other seat.

CLARK (CONT'D)
You know our real problem?

Sophie is totally unsure.

CLARK (CONT'D)
We never had a song.

SOPHIE
That was our problem?

CLARK
Every couple needs a song.

Clark picks up an iPod from a cupholder in the inner tube.

SOPHIE
So you picked a song? Shouldn't we
both be in on that?

Clark pushes play. "You and Me" by Lifehouse starts.

CLARK
I'm not saying this is the final
choice. Just putting it out there.

Clark opens the built-in cooler and takes out a bottle of wine (opened, but corked) and cups. He pours one for Sophie and one for himself. They clink the plastic cups and sip.

"'Cause it's you and me, and all of the people with nothing to do, nothing to lose. And it's you and me, and all of the people. And I don't know why, I can't keep my eyes off of you."

Eventually, Sophie looks up... Smiles. She looks over to Clark and motions up.

Their POV: The stars shine brightly throughly the clear roof.

They float along, savoring the view and the experience.

Clark turns toward Sophie. She looks at him...

CLARK (CONT'D)
Did you ever think we'd-

Sophie reaches out her hand and puts her finger on his lips. He shuts up. They stare longer - then Sophie moves in and kisses him. Sophie drops her cup into the inner tube and moves to embrace Clark. He eagerly follows suit. Beat...

CLARK (CONT'D)
I guess this is our song now.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - EVENING

Clark and Sophie occupy a small table again. Clark sits next to Sophie, flipping through pictures on his phone.

A video of Clark getting thrown in the pool.

SOPHIE

That one made several social media accounts.

CLARK

Yeah, I didn't stand much chance.

On phone: A video of Clark surrounded by blue water.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I still can't believe you did that!

SOPHIE

See what you bring out in me?

Clark stares at her...

CLARK

Yeah, I do.

Sophie smiles. Clark leans in and they kiss.

Beat. Sophie's smile fades. Clark notices. He also sees her plate is untouched.

CLARK (CONT'D)

What's up? You look like someone stole your favorite protractor. And yes, I know what a protractor is.

That gets a slight smile.

SOPHIE

In a sense, someone is trying to.

Clark waits.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That after school project I told you about.

Clark nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

A widower had dated a teacher for a couple years.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

When he got sick, he changed his will to provide for the after school center. Now some family member plans to contest it.

It all comes together for Clark. He gets a blank stare.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Clark? ... *Clark?*

CLARK

Uh, just thinking. Wills are hard to overturn, sometimes.

SOPHIE

Yeah, but you told me, it is not who is right, but who is best that wins a case.

They are both lost in their own troubled thoughts.

INT. MRS. BOGGESS' CLASSROOM - DAY

The usual group of Students sit at their desks, with Mrs. Boggess at the front of the room.

MRS. BOGGESS

We begin the most popular unit of the class: Current issues. This always results in some lively discussion. Keep it civil.

(she pauses for emphasis)

So, what should we discuss first?

CHARLEE

How about, driving gas guzzler cars? You know, how it's bad for the environment.

Charlee looks directly at Jordan and his friends.

JORDAN

Jealous much?

CHARLEE

I wouldn't drive a Porsche if I could.

JORDAN

Says everyone who can't.

MRS. BOGGESS

Okay. *Discuss.* Charlee brought up one side. Gas emissions are bad for the environment. The more gas a vehicle uses, the worse it is.

(to Jordan)

Do you want to support your position?

JORDAN

I nominate Clark to represent the pro-gas guzzler's.

Clark shrugs "sure" and slides right into the role.

CLARK

So, off the top of my head, you have the economic argument, the aesthetic argument and of course, the pragmatic.

Jordan leans back, confident in Clark. Mrs. Boggess is noticeably impressed too.

CLARK (CONT'D)

First, economic. Tens of thousands of people make their living building, selling and maintaining high end automobiles. Normal people, with families and pets and bills to pay.

Many Students are unmoved, but several nod in agreement.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Aesthetic. Fine automobiles are works of art. Expressions of true beauty. Many philosophers maintain, it is appreciation of beauty that separates us from animals, and makes us truly, human.

This brings nods from the more artistic Students.

CLARK (CONT'D)

And finally, pragmatic. Do vehicle emissions contribute to the demise of our planet? Observe the cosmos. Uninhabited planets regularly die. How much do our actions actually make an impact? And, harkening back to my last point, shall we sacrifice beauty - that which makes us human - for longevity?

There are still some holdouts, but the majority of the class is nodding to various degrees. Clark leans back, proud.

MRS. BOGGESS

I have to say, that was impressive - and terrifying. Your well-stated and eloquently delivered points have most people nodding their heads in favor of their own potentially hastened demise.

Clark's demeanor changes as that point sinks in.

MRS. BOGGESS (CONT'D)

You have quite a gift. Sort of like the ability to unleash the power of the atom.

Now Clark is clearly disturbed...

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Sophie stands at the front of her room. As she talks, she passes papers down the rows.

SOPHIE

Your final exam in this class is Monday. I am giving you a practice test so you have the weekend to work on anything you might need.

A HOPEFUL STUDENT raises his hand.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're not going to ask if the real exam will be exactly the same?

The Hopeful Student sheepishly lowers his hand.

Sophie gets to Clark, at the front of his row. She hands a stack to him, he purposefully brushes his hand against hers. She gives the faintest smile.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Okay, you have the entire class.

LATER

Clark flips through his test, checking things over. Satisfied, he sits it down. Sophie looks his direction. Raises her eyebrows. Clark answers with a confident nod.

The bell rings. Students pack up their things.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll have your tests graded by the end of the day, so you can use them to study over the weekend.

Students place their tests on Sophie's desk as they leave. Clark is the last one to do so.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So, our study sessions paid off?

CLARK

Your red pen will have the final say, but I think there will be cause for celebration tonight.

SOPHIE

I'll get yours done by the end of your last class and meet you outside the gym.

Sophie reaches out and grabs Clark's hand.

INT. GYM HALLWAY - LATER

Clark waits, at the usual spot where Sophie passes by. He glances down at his watch. Looks around... The hall has very few students. The bell for class rings.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - MINUTES LATER

Sophie sits at her desk, amidst an empty room. She doodles— on a piece of paper, with various shapes.

CLARK (O.S.)

Avoiding me?

Sophie looks up. Clark is smiling. She is clearly distressed.

CLARK (CONT'D)

What's up?

Sophie doesn't look him in the eye.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Soph, what's wrong?

Sophie looks at him, but remains silent.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 My test? I thought I did okay.
 Even, good.

Sophie's expressionless look says otherwise. Clark moves over to her desk.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 How bad?

Sophie turns over a test.

Test - It has Clark's name and "83" written on it.

Clark takes it in. Beat.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 That's ten points shy of what I need to pass. I don't suppose I could clean your whiteboard for extra credit?

SOPHIE
 Clark, I'm sorry.

She has guilt written all over her face.

CLARK
 Hey, like you said, this isn't figure skating. I got what I deserved.
 (thinking about it)
 That never turns out well for me.

Sophie opens her mouth - part of her wants to tell him. Clark takes a deep breath... settles himself.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Well, at least we have the entire weekend. I've prepared for trials in less time. Of course, I didn't have to know how to figure out the relationships between triangles and the sines of their angles.

Sophie gives a half-hearted laugh.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 I learned the verbiage. Just don't know what it all means.
 (beat)
 I really should have said something twenty years ago... Soph.
 (MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

I gotta pass this test. What would I do if...

SOPHIE

There's just a few parts you had trouble with. We've got more than two days.

CLARK

I owe you so big.

SOPHIE

I know how you can pay me back. I need a good lawyer.

Clark is surprised.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Not me personally, though, it is very personal. That after school program. A motion has been filed. The will is being contested. We, I, need you to represent our side.

Clark's jaw drops. Sophie is looking off and does not notice.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I don't think it will be much of a challenge for you. He is making all kinds of false allegations against his own father. Can you imagine?

Clark nods slightly.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I guess the son is a real piece of work. The head of our project, Amy, said he is as polite as he is conniving.

CLARK

(muttering)

Yeah, that's him.

SOPHIE

What'd you say?

Clark shakes his head.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Do you know him?

Clark just stares off. Sophie gets more suspicious.

CLARK

I was just about to get partner
before all this happened.

SOPHIE

If all this hadn't happened, this
(looks at him and her)
Wouldn't have happened.

Clark takes that in. Nods. Even gives a small smile.

CLARK

Still, of all the times for them to
update their records.

Sophie's demeanor totally changes. She looks guilty. Clark
notices, ponders...

CLARK (CONT'D)

Every time I mention having to go
back to school, you get a weird
look.

Sophie shakes her head weakly, but Clark is not buying it.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Soph, I know that look. You were
clearly surprised when I showed up
in your class that first day. But
ever since... Ever since you
stormed out and talked to your
friend Diane.

Sophie cannot hide her distress.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Spill it Soph.

He stares her down. Beat. She breaks.

SOPHIE

If you hadn't bragged about it so
often. And then that night at
Roselli's - you were your... usual
self. I mentioned it to Diane. I
had no idea-

CLARK

Your friend Diane did this!?

SOPHIE

She was trying to...

CLARK
Put me in my place?

Sophie just shrugs.

CLARK (CONT'D)
My life was upended... my career
put in jeopardy, to get even?

SOPHIE
I didn't know anything about it!

CLARK
Maybe not initially.

Sophie looks away.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Were you ever going to tell me?

She does not know what to say...

CLARK (CONT'D)
I'm three days away from failing a
class I shouldn't even be in!

Sophie starts to speak-

CLARK (CONT'D)
I was a junior in high school and I
got the chance to skip a class I
knew I would never use!

SOPHIE
That's true! You don't need
Geometry to represent whoever pays
you the most.

They lock eyes, with an equal mix of anger and sadness.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - DAY

Clark drains a shot of whiskey and motions to the Bartender.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
This isn't the way you're going to
pass that final.

CLARK
I've studied for the past seven
weeks, and that hasn't worked.

JUSTIN
(takes a seat next to him)
This is only funny if you pass.

CLARK
Could you pass high school
Geometry?

JUSTIN
I probably could if I'd been in a
Geometry class for twelve weeks.

Clark starts to object, just shakes his head.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
No more help from Sophie?

CLARK
Not for a variety of reasons.

JUSTIN
What about your legal aides?

CLARK
That's not the problem. I still
don't see how it all fits together,
so I can't remember it.

JUSTIN
You know, I've asked you a hundred
times and you never give me a
straight answer - How do you put it
all together for trials? Your aides
do the leg work? Then what?

CLARK
What the heck. What's it matter if
I tell you now.

Justin waits.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I turn the key elements into plays.

JUSTIN
Knowing you, you're not talking
about Shakespeare.

CLARK
Sports plays. Football. Basketball.
Whatever fits. But the material for
a court case has more of a flow, a
theme. Geometry makes no sense.

JUSTIN

I don't remember many details about the "theme" of Geometry, but I'll bet there's more of a flow than you think.

Clark's still not sure. Justin shakes his head.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You were a lousy lawyer anyway.

Clark knows what Justin's trying to do. He's still not sure.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's time you let your aides in on your secret. They can help you put it into plays.

Clark thinks about it... Nods his head... It might work!

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - OPEN AREA - NIGHT

The center of the dining table is covered with geometry books and notes. Around it sit Clark, Jessica and Stephanie, who dig into Chinese takeout boxes.

JESSICA

So, you turn the material we give you into... sports diagrams?

CLARK

Plays.

JESSICA

And that works for you?

Clark shrugs at the obvious answer.

STEPHANIE

But since you don't know geometry, you need us to help you turn geometry principles into plays?

CLARK

Exactly. So, let's get at it.

JESSICA

There's a problem with your... plan. I've never watched a sports contest... game?, in my life.

That dumbfounds Clark. He looks over to Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

I watch football all the time.

Clark is optimistic.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

With my Dad. It's how we bond.

CLARK

Great, then-

STEPHANIE

But, I never knew they had plays. I thought they just threw the ball around.

Clark's optimism vanishes. He turns his head over to-

Justin - sitting off to the side, using chopsticks to pick up some rice from a takeout box.

JUSTIN

I knew this was going to be good!

Clark takes a deep breath. He grabs a football and a basketball.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You know, I'd narrow the focus, in this situation.

Clark nods, considers, looks at Stephanie, then throws aside the basketball.

MONTAGE

-Clark draws football plays on a whiteboard, using X's and O's, and explains them to Stephanie and Jessica. He pauses to see if they understand. They look at each other blankly, then back to Clark and shake their heads 'No.'

-Justin throws back his head and laughs.

-Clark puts terms on the white board and explains them...
(Run Play, Pass Play, Touchdown, Field Goal)

-Jessica thinks she understands something - tells it back to Clark, with extreme gesticulations. Stephanie nods in agreement... Clark shakes his head, defeated.

-Justin laughs hard again - but gets up.

-Chairs are lined up opposite each other, mimicking a reduced number of football offensive and defensive linemen.

Justin has the football, standing next to Jessica on their side of the line. Clark and Stephanie are on the other side.

-Justin fakes a handoff to Jessica and motions her to go to the other side of the line. He motions Clark to "rush" him and Stephanie to guard Jessica. Justin throws the ball to Jessica and she catches it.

-She celebrates her achievement, as does Stephanie (giving her a high five) - while Justin frantically urges Jessica to run further and Clark motions for Stephanie to wrap his arms around her and stop her.

-They don't understand - Jessica stays put - and Stephanie gives her a hug. Clark and Justin throw their heads back.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - OPEN AREA - NIGHT

Stephanie and Jessica sprawl out on couches, sound asleep. Clark and Justin sit at the dining table, sipping beers.

JUSTIN

How many nights do you have in a lifetime you will never forget?

CLARK

I just hope *they* don't forget. It took us - thank-you, by the way - the entire first night to explain plays. So now, I have tomorrow for them to translate geometry principles into football strategy and Sunday for me to learn them.

JUSTIN

Don't tell me you haven't cut things closer.

Clark smiles. Beat.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Why wouldn't you ever tell me this is how you prepared for trials?

Clark shrugs, looks off.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

The "dumb jock" thing?

Clark gives a half nod.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
You're the best trial lawyer around
- You didn't hear that from me.

Clark laughs.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
So who cares how you do it?

CLARK
"Dumb jocks" don't make partner.

JUSTIN
Listen, if your firm is willing to
put up with your other fifty-three
immature and annoying habits-

Clark looks up: *Really?*

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
This one won't even be an issue.

Clark shakes his head and laughs.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Most of the Students are at their desks, looking over notes.
Sophie is busy with some work at her desk.

Clark enters, heads to his seat. He glances at Sophie. She
looks up, sees him and turns her head.

The bell rings.

LATER

Students work away on the final.

Clark reads a question... Raises his head with a look of
confusion and anxiety... reads it again.

He uses a notepad to draw out a football diagram. He draws
the quarterback handing off to the running back, who runs
through the line - and writes Congruent Compliments.

He isn't sure.

Clark draws the quarterback passing (with a dashed line) to a
wide receiver and then the receiver running downfield - and
writes Congruent Supplements. Beat. He puts a big question
mark between the two.

Clark looks up, more anxious. He spots Sophie looking at him. Clark strains to regain his confidence. She looks away.

LATER

Clark continues to solve problems. He nods his head, more confident now.

Sophie stares at him. His head moves upward. She quickly looks away, hopefully before he can see her. He watches her, unsure if he saw her look away.

LATER

Written on the whiteboard behind Sophie's desk: "Results of your Final available after 3rd period."

Clark flips through the test, checking his work. He takes a deep breath, lets it out, rises, walks to Sophie's desk, places the test on the corner and leaves. Their determination not to look at each other is noticeable.

INT. SOPHIE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Students fill the hallway between classes. Some go in Sophie's classroom as others walk out, final exams in hand.

A sheet of paper hangs on Sophie's doorframe. Clark makes his way toward her classroom. He spots the paper.

Paper: "Clark Funnell - Your test is available at the front office"

Clark looks inside-

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

She sits at her desk, interacting with various students.

INT. SOPHIE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clark shakes his head, rips down the note and shuffles off.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - LATER

Things are hectic, with various Students and Office Staff scurrying around. In the midst of it all is Jean, looking harried. She looks up to see Clark enter the office.

JEAN
Do you intentionally pick the
busiest days to come in?

CLARK
I get to see you at your best.

JEAN
Surrounded by chaos?

CLARK
Overcoming chaos.

That brings a smile to her face.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I was told--
(considers)
No, that would be too personal--
directed to come here to pick up my
final. For Geometry.

She gives a puzzled look.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I'm... special.

JEAN
That can mean famous or infamous.

Clark laughs. She looks around on the counter. Finds the
test, reads something on it. Hands it to Clark.

JEAN (CONT'D)
In this case, I'm guessing
infamous.

Clark takes it. There is a sticky note covering the grade.

Note: "Be VERY glad this wasn't figure skating." There is a
drawing below of a scorecard with "0.5" On it.

Clark looks up at Jean.

CLARK
A little running joke we have.

She does not buy it. Clark puts his hand on the note.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Well here goes. Just in case, you
wouldn't happen to be hiring an
assistant?

JEAN

Do ya' think you could handle the pressure?

Clark laughs... takes a deep breath... pulls off the note.

Test: 94%

Clark beams! Pumps his fist!

CLARK

Yes! Purgatory has ended!

JEAN

For one of us.

Clark looks at her name badge.

Name badge: Jean

CLARK

Jean, I could kiss you.

JEAN

Well, I ain't stoppin' ya'.

Clark laughs at that - then plants a kiss on her.

That draws attention from the Students and Office Staff.

Jean looks around... proud as can be!

CLARK

No offense Jean, but I hope we never meet like this again.

He turns and strides out the door.

INT. SOPHIE'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Sophie sits at her desk, hands on keyboard, but staring off.

A clock on the wall reads 4:11.

DIANE (O.S.)

Why are you still here, peach?

SOPHIE

He passed.

DIANE

I heard. Or rather, assumed from what I heard.

Sophie looks up, curious.

DIANE (CONT'D)
You had him pick up his test at the
front office?

Sophie gives a slight nod.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Good for you. Well, he kissed Jean
Robillard when he saw his grade.

Sophie shakes her head and laughs.

DIANE (CONT'D)
She's telling everyone. Happiest
I've seen her in... ever.

SOPHIE
Everyone loves Clark.

DIANE
Everyone who doesn't know Clark,
loves Clark.

SOPHIE
I thought...

DIANE
He had changed. I wish he had.

Diane waits. Sophie just stares at her. Beat. Shrugs.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Alright, enough. I'm guessing you
haven't pushed a key on that
keyboard for-
(sizes her up)
Twenty-three minutes and seventeen
seconds.

Sophie laughs.

DIANE (CONT'D)
So let's do something...
productive.

SOPHIE
Getting drinks is productive?

DIANE
Getting your mind off Clar- he who
shall no longer be named - honey,
that is productive.

SOPHIE

As long as we don't go to
Roselli's. I'm sure he's
celebrating there tonight.

INT. ROSELLI'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - LATER

The usual people (Stephanie, Jessica, Mabry, Lawyers,
Friends) surround Clark. They are jubilant. Clark smiles, but
something is missing.

Jessica sits next to Clark. She finishes her beer. He sees
it, but nothing registers. Stephanie and Jessica both wait...

STEPHANIE

I see an empty glass. What's that
mean?

ALL IN UNISON

Another round!

That snaps Clark out of his blank stare.

JESSICA

(to Clark)
C'mon. We did this for you.

CLARK

And I am very thankful.

He gives a weak smile, then rises and moves off to a corner.

Beat. Justin enters... makes his way to Stephanie and
Jessica. He talks to them. Jessica points toward Clark, then
she and Stephanie speak some to Justin.

Clark scrolls on his phone.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

I wouldn't have thought anything
could have spoiled this
celebration. You've had it pretty
rough the last four months.

Clark raises his head, looks over to Justin.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You know, I did not have the least
regret - not one iota - for not
getting you out of this. I haven't
laughed so hard since... that night
we swore to never talk about.

That brings the faintest smile from Clark.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

But, I never would have done it if
I had thought this would happen.

Clark gives a questioning look.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

The flame got relit.

CLARK

I don't know what you're talking
about.

JUSTIN

Objection not sustained.

Clark starts to speak again - stops. He drops his head and doodles on the bar top with his finger.

CLARK

We tried it before. It didn't work
out. Nothing's changed.

He looks up. Justin still isn't buying it.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(with no conviction)

She's teaching high school. I'm
about to make partner. We're both
better off.

JUSTIN

If you made an argument that weak
in my courtroom - I'd hold you in
contempt.

CLARK

(still sullen)

I'm not paying for your drinks.

Justin laughs it off.

INT. LAW PARTNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Clark sits opposite Graber at his desk.

GRABER

I will not go so far as to state I
missed you.

Graber waits for a smile. Clark forces a small one.

GRABER (CONT'D)
But, it is good to have you back.
Now you can make up for lost time -
and revenue. Winning Jake
Erickson's case will go a long way
toward that.

Clark snaps to attention at that, but with a noticeably
distressed expression. Graber notices.

GRABER (CONT'D)
Out of practice being around
adults?

CLARK
(shakes out of it)
No. Sorry. Yeah, I guess. Maybe.

Graber reaches into a drawer and pulls out a small gift-
wrapped box. He hands it to Clark.

GRABER
Consider this a graduation present.

Clark opens it and takes out a door sign similar to Graber's.

C/U on sign: Clark Funnell - Partner.

GRABER (CONT'D)
I know I said this would happen
after you win the Erickson case,
but if we're truly sure you are
going to win, it makes sense to
give it to you now.

Graber waits for Clark's reaction. There is not much of one.

GRABER (CONT'D)
Is there somewhere else you would
rather be?

Beat. Deep breath. Clark forces himself to snap out of it.

CLARK
No. No! Not at all. Just...
overwhelmed.

Graber shakes his head - he's not buying that.

CLARK (CONT'D)
(lackluster)
This is exactly what I've wanted.

Beat. Clark takes a deep breath. Beat. He "flips a switch," and returns to his usual demeanor.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Think of the past few moments as like, jet lag. Being in back in school took a toll on me. That's all over now!

(stands)

I've wanted this partnership - and all that comes with it - more than... *anything*.

Graber smiles at the "old" Clark returning. They shake hands.

INT. LARGE VENUE - DAY

The area is set up for a graduation ceremony. The stage holds some chairs, a podium and tables full of diplomas.

Some FAMILY MEMBERS already occupy seats, as more file in. Justin, Stephanie and Jessica take their seats.

JUSTIN

I can't believe he's going through with this.

JESSICA

This was our reward for helping him study. He had to walk in the ceremony.

STEPHANIE

I'm going to make it special!

Justin and Jessica exchange a quasi-nervous look.

INT. LARGE VENUE - SIDE AREA - CONTINUOUS

HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS fill the area. Some help each other straighten caps. Others stand in groups, chatting and laughing. Several take selfies with each other.

Sophie is one of a few TEACHERS helping out as needed. She finishes securing a GIRL's cap.

Clark chats with Jordan and others. He looks over at Sophie.

She looks up and spots him; holds his gaze. Beat. Sophie shakes her head, but still stares. Clark looks away.

INT. LARGE VENUE - LATER

As processional music plays, the TEACHERS file in and take their seats. Sophie walks proudly among them.

LATER

The High School Seniors enter in similar style.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
(loud scream)
Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Go Clark!

Clark looks that direction. He spots Stephanie and gives her a big thumbs up.

LATER

Diane stands behind the podium.

DIANE
Snider High School has again produced another stellar class of graduates. One of those is Valedictorian Andy Haberly, who is going to give his address.

Diane moves off as ANDY HABERLY approaches the podium.

LATER

Vice Principal Wilson stands behind the podium.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
I now have the privilege to announce the 2024 graduates of Snider High School. As I do, each will cross the stage and receive their diploma and a handshake from Principal Walter. I urge you to withhold your cheers and applause until the final name is called.

Jessica looks at Stephanie, who gives a mischievous grin.

LATER

Vice Principal Wilson still stands behind the podium. A few feet away, next to a table filled with diplomas is Diane. A FEMALE STUDENT receives her diploma from Diane and moves off.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILSON
This next name is not your typical student.

(MORE)

VICE PRINCIPAL WILSON (CONT'D)

Twenty years after appearing to graduate, he makes it official this time. Clark Funnell.

Clark, standing at the front of a group of Students, starts across the stage. An airhorn sounds several times. All heads on stage turn that direction.

Stephanie lowers the airhorn. Jessica elbows Stephanie, who shrugs, "What?" Justin shakes his head.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILSON (CONT'D)

(looking that direction)

Please refrain from cheering or... anything else until the last name has been read.

Clark reaches the Vice Principal.

CLARK

I'm so sorry. I'll be sure to dock her pay.

The Vice Principal does not know how to respond. Clark moves past, toward Diane. She stares at him coldly. He sighs.

Clark looks away, to where the Teachers are seated.

Sophie shakes her head slightly, with a look of disappointment over what could have been.

Clark looks back at Diane, who gives him a cocky grin: *I was right about you*. Clark takes his diploma - but does not move. He looks back at Sophie, who wonders what he is doing.

Vice Principal Wilson watches, waiting to call the next name.

Jessica and Stephanie look at each other: *What is he doing?*

Justin senses something. He nods, willing Clark on.

Clark remains motionless, still staring at Sophie.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

Uh, Clark.

A grin grows on Clark's face as he shakes his head. He turns around, and moves back toward Vice Principal Wilson, who is totally confused now.

Clark reaches the podium and takes the microphone out of its holder.

CLARK

Vice Principal Wilson. You don't mind if I say a few words, do you?

Vice Principal Wilson starts to speak-

CLARK (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Clark turns toward the audience.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. What's a forty year-old guy doing up here? Well, this is what they do to you if you don't return your library books.

That brings some laughs.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Actually, I didn't finish something, two things, I started.

Sophie stares intently at him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm here, walking across this stage, getting one of these
(holds up diploma)
Because I didn't finish high school. I was one class short. I knew I hadn't really finished. The school didn't know that, until recently.

He glances at Diane, who looks back wide-eyed.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Geometry. I didn't think it was important. I had no interest in it. But, it was required. Essential.

Clark takes a deep breath.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm *standing* on this stage, hijacking the graduation ceremony - Sorry, but you gotta admit, I am making it memorable - I'm doing this because I didn't finish something else I started.

He looks at Sophie. She holds his gaze, amazed. He looks back at the audience.

CLARK (CONT'D)

And, it was for the same reason. I didn't want to do it. Part of me knew it was important, but I didn't like it. It wasn't "fun." But it was essential too.

Sophie hangs on every word.

CLARK (CONT'D)

"The unexamined life is not worth living." Socrates said that twenty-five hundred years ago. Thanks Socrates. I used to think examining life meant you weren't really living life. I was wrong.

Clark looks back at Sophie. Her mouth hangs open. She can't believe it.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Examining life is essential for a life worth living. Personally, and definitely when you're living it with someone else.

(looks back at audience)

So, I've decided to focus my efforts as a lawyer on accepting the best cases, the right cases, not just having the best argument. That means I'm turning down a partnership at my current firm.

Jessica and Stephanie look at each other, incredulous. Justin nods in approval.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I am starting my own firm.

(light-hearted tone)

Any business you can give would be very appreciated. Since I just made that decision

(looks at his watch)

Two minutes ago.

(more serious again)

But, my first case, will be ensuring that an after school program receives the building and grant it was deservedly promised.

Sophie goes wide-eyed. Clark turns to her.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Soph, I'm going to do that no matter what. And I know I'm not giving you much time to think this over, but I promise, we can have a life worth living.

Clark and Sophie stare at each other. Clark hoping. Sophie's mind racing. A long wait... Clark gives up. He turns and hands the mic to Principal Wilson.

Sophie is still trying to process everything that has happened. She is clearly flustered... overwhelmed.

Clark looks her way... waits.

All throughout the Audience, eyes are on Sophie.

Clark shrugs and schleps toward the end of the stage.

Sophie's eyes dart around... to Diane - who shakes her head. To Students - who smile and encourage her. To miscellaneous Audience Members - who will her on.

To Clark - walking off the stage, not looking her direction.

She stops looking around... takes a deep breath - then jumps up and runs toward the steps at the far end of the stage!

The Audience erupts in applause and cheers!

Clark turns his head to see Sophie running. He waits as she bounds up the stairs. She stops right in front of him. They lock eyes. Beat.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You sure this is the life you want?

SOPHIE

Do you want me to think about it some more?

Clark pulls her in close. They kiss, resulting in more cheers from the Audience.

And several blasts of the airhorn by Stephanie. Then she and Jessica hug. Justin smiles large.

Students cheer on Clark and Sophie.

Teachers smile - except for Mr. Stauffer, who rolls his eyes.

Principal Wilson smiles large.

Diane deliberates... then gives a slight smile and nod.

Clark and Sophie continue their kiss.

FADE OUT

Credits Sequence - While Van Halen's *Hot for Teacher* plays

INT. LARGE VENUE - DAY

MONTAGE

At various spots in the room, Clark poses for pictures with:

-Students from Sophie's Class

-Students from Mrs. Boggess' Class

-Students from Gym Class

-Clark extends his hand to Mrs. Boggess, seeking a picture with her. She obliges. Clark unexpectedly plants a kiss on her cheek as Darynn takes their picture. Mrs. Boggess playfully slaps at him.

-Jean seeks out Clark for a selfie. He agrees. She pushes the side of her face into his as she takes the picture.

-Mr. Stauffer stands off by himself. Clark approaches, with one hand behind his back. Mr. Stauffer is on guard... Clark moves his hand into view. He holds a plaque.

-Plaque: There is a whistle on a lanyard attached to the wood. The inscription reads: Actual whistle used in the 1987 NCAA Championship game between the Indiana University Hoosiers and the Syracuse Orangemen.

-Mr. Stauffer is speechless, bordering on tears. Clark enjoys the moment.

-Clark takes a selfie with Mr. Stauffer, who smiles large.

-Clark seeks out Diane... He approaches her. She whispers in his ear. He pulls back, nervous. Clark nods dramatically. Diane gives a confident smile.

-Clark and Sophie find each other in the crowd. That brings a special smile to both of their faces. Beat. Clark kisses her, for a long time...

-Several Students take their picture.