

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

COLD OPEN

TITLE: 4:00 PM

TITLE: On a Tuesday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Dee, Mac, and Frank are sitting at the bar drinking beers. Charlie bursts in through the doors waving his hands and shouting like a mad man.

CHARLIE

NIGHT SCHOOL! God! Night school!!
Of course, why didn't I think of it
sooner??!!

DEE

Woah okay. Slow down.

MAC

Yeah, what the hell are you talking
about?

FRANK

Charlie, why do you have to shout?

DEE

Yeah the shouting is very annoying,
Charlie.

CHARLIE

Guys!

Long beat. He stares at the gang. They are clueless.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Night school!

MAC

What about it, Charlie?!

DEE

Yeah we get it's night school, you
said it about 100 goddamn times
when you ran in here.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

CHARLIE

The Waitress is going to night school.

The gang now understands. They don't care. They go back to drinking.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So last night I was walking with the Waitress, like usual--

DEE

Were you walking with her?

MAC

Yeah. Was it side by side situation or more of a behind her without her knowing thing?

DEE

You were following the Waitress, weren't you Charlie?

CHARLIE

Okay! Okay! Goddammit! I was following her and I saw her go into our old high school. And I thought "Hmm that's strange," so I did a little bit of investigating. Turns out our school has like adult night school class things!

FRANK

That makes sense. Even in your old age, your mind keeps on growing and expanding.

CHARLIE

Shut up, Frank. So I have decided to take night school classes. I did a little bit of window crawling and I know the exact class the Waitress is in. I'm going tonight!

DEE

That's a terrible idea, Charlie.

MAC

Yeah. I gotta agree with Dee on this one. Do not do that, Charlie.

CHARLIE

No, it's the perfect idea. She'll finally understand I'm an intelligent, intellectual!

MAC

No, Charlie. She'll realize you're still stalking her.

DEE

Yeah, also I remember those classes. Sometimes when Dennis took the car and left me at school I would walk around just so I could make fun of those losers.

MAC

Yeah! I mean, what kind of idiot goes to night school, anyhow?

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "THE GANG GOES TO NIGHT SCHOOL"

TITLE: "IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the high school.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Charlie sits upright with wide eyes. He is trying to get the waitresses' attention. She has not noticed him yet.

Charlie begins to make paper planes. He throws them and they hit the other students in the class. Some students are staring at Charlie. Charlie does not notice anyone but the Waitress. He finally hits the Waitress.

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CHARLIE
(whispering)
Pssst!! Hey!

The Waitress turns around obviously furious.

WAITRESS
(angry whispering)
Charlie??!! Goddammit!! What are
you doing here??

CHARLIE
(whispering)
I'm taking classes, too! What are
the chances, I know!

The teacher, MR. CONWAY, notices the two of them talking. Mr. Conway is a well-dressed man, a little too handsome for night school. He calls on Charlie to answer a question.

MR. CONWAY
Excuse me. Mr?

CHARLIE
Kelly. The name's Charlie Kelly.

MR. CONWAY
Are you supposed to be in this
class? This is "How to represent
yourself"?

CHARLIE
Ah, yes. I am definitely supposed
to be here. I'm actually already a
bit of a lawyer myself, my good
sir.

MR. CONWAY
Oh. Is that so?

CHARLIE
I'm an expert in the field of bird
law. Finest bird lawyer in all of
Philadelphia, my good man.

MR. CONWAY
Oh well then you won't have any
trouble answering my question.

CHARLIE
Refresh me on the question, my good
chap.

MR. CONWAY

We were discussing how to go about attaining a court summons. I asked what is the best way to sue someone for an restraining order? If you've been following along with the class you would know this answer very easily, Mr. Kelly.

(Beat.)

Bird lawyer.

Charlie takes a long pause. He squints his eyes and puts his hands in a gun position up to his mouth as though he is deep in thought.

CHARLIE

Interesting...very interesting. Mr. what was it?

MR. CONWAY

Conway. My name is Mr. Conway.

WAITRESS

Mr. Conway. You don't have to entertain this guy. He's not even in the class.

CHARLIE

No. No. That's alright. I like a challenge. Now Mr. Conway, are there any *birds* involved in this case?

MR. CONWAY

No. No, Mr. Kelly there are no birds.

CHARLIE

Ah, see. That sort of is my specialty, my good sir.

MR. CONWAY

Well, in that case, you may have to leave.

CHARLIE

Objection! May I approach the bench?

MR. CONWAY

We're not in a courtroom.

WAITRESS

Charlie. You need to leave.

CHARLIE

I'll leave when every GODDAMN bird
in Philadelphia has RIGHTS!

Charlie pulls a surprise gavel out of his hoodie pocket. He begins to slam it on his table. The whole class is in shock. The Waitress puts her head in her hands.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dee, Mac, and Frank are huddled in the hallway of the night school. They're looking at a hand drawn map.

DEE

I know I said night school is for dweebs and losers but I actually am kind of interested in this stupid motivational class.

MAC

Yeah...I'm just taking this theater class to tone my already buff body. My muscles are becoming a little flabby and I think people are noticing.

FRANK

Well, I have always wanted to take night school classes. Like I said before, the adult mind is always growing and changing.

MAC

Yeah, yeah, shut up, Frank.

Mac peers down the hallway.

MAC (CONT'D)

Is that Dennis?

Mac points to Dennis down the hall. He is visibly mad that the gang is here.

DENNIS

What the hell are you losers doing here?

DEE

Us? Losers? Dennis you were scoffing at Charlie for wanting to take night school classes. But are you actually already enrolled?

MAC

Yeah, is that a name tag, dude? You go here, don't you?

DENNIS

Yes of course I do! I am bettering my mind and body. God! You degenerates could never understand the complexities of higher education.

MAC

Woah. What class are you in man?

DENNIS

I am currently in a fashion 101 class. And yes, I'm in the top of my class.

FRANK

See? An ever changing mind.

DENNIS

Are you guys even taking classes?

MAC

Well, Charlie came into the bar today. He was shouting.

DEE

Oh it was so shrill.

DENNIS

He gets shrill, yeah.

MAC

He found out the Waitress was taking classes here so he followed her here.

FRANK

And because we're continuing to expand our minds, we are also attending classes.

DENNIS

Whatever, Frank. You guys just better not ruin my rep as the sexiest, smartest student here.

DEE

The smartest student at night school? Okay, we'll try not to ruin that.

DENNIS

Just leave me! I have to get back to my studies.

MAC

Okay, man. I guess we should go to these dumb classes too.

Dennis storms off. The gang all head to their respective classes.

CUT TO:

INT. YOGA CLASS - NIGHT

Frank walks into his yoga class. It is lit only by candlelight. His glasses immediately fog up upon entry.

FRANK

Woah boy.

A sexy and toned yoga instructor named, JULIO, approaches Frank.

JULIO

Hello, Sir. Are you lost?

FRANK

I don't think so. I'm here for the yoga. It's hot as a canned pig in here.

JULIO

Aah yes. Well this is a hot vinyasa course. Will you be okay? Do you have, maybe, an emergency bracelet?

FRANK

Listen here. The elderly mind is ever changing and growing. I'm here to expand it so you better start teaching.

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JULIO

Okay, Sir. Well grab a yoga mat and set yourself anywhere in the room. We will begin when I play the first bowl.

Frank grabs a yoga mat. He sees a group of young women and places himself directly behind them. He smiles and chuckles to himself.

Julio begins to play a metal bowl with a wooden stick and speak rhythmic Hindu words. Frank is confused but starts to groove to the rhythm of Julio's voice.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Namaste class. If everyone will take the first position, we can begin.

Everyone in the class immediately enters into Warrior 1 pose. Frank looks around confused but follows everyone else's lead.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Wonderful. Now we will go from warrior 1 into an upward salute. Remember, empty your mind of your thoughts of the day. Your existence is only in this room, at this moment. Let yourself be rid of the stress of your working life. Your muscles are as light as clouds and your body is becoming--

Julio begins to trail off as he stares at Frank, who is taking off his shirt.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Sir. What are you doing?

FRANK

Oh, you can keep going. I'm just sweating my balls off in here. Gotta take off the old shirt.

JULIO

Okay, sir. Just don't disrupt the class any further.

FRANK

Got it. Keep going.

Julio closes his eyes and begins to speak more calmly to the class.

JULIO

That's right take a big breath in for one, two and out for one, two. Yoga is just as much an exercise of the mind as the body, don't forg-GODDAMMMIT.

Frank is taking off his khaki pants. He looks up with a face that says "What?? What's wrong with this??"

JULIO (CONT'D)

Put your pants back on, Sir.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Dee walks into her class. All of the people in the class turn to her. They are all smiling. They all take a breath and shout at Dee.

CLASS (IN UNISON)

Hello new classmate and best friend!!!!

Dee looks very disturbed and almost angry. She instinctively throws the closest thing to her, which is a stapler. She hits a STUDENT on the leg. The student winces for a second but goes to back to smiling.

STUDENT

That's okay!

MRS. JACKSON, the teacher, is wearing a floral dress. She has on many long wooden necklaces but the most striking thing she is wearing is her massive smile.

MRS. JACKSON

As we said before, hello new student and best friend. Why don't you sit down?

DEE

Is this the motivational, self-help class?

MRS. JACKSON

Yes, it is! What is your name, beautiful?

DEE

It's bird- No sorry, it's Dee. Sweet bird. DEE! Sweet Dee.

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MRS. JACKSON

Did you call yourself a bird?

DEE

I mean...that's what they call me. Sometimes I just get so used to it I call myself that. I wrote it on a lease once.

MRS. JACKSON

Mhm mhm.

As Mrs. Jackson pats Dee on the shoulder, she leads her to a chair in the middle of the classroom.

DEE

Why am I sitting here?

MRS. JACKSON

I feel your aura, Dee. And let me just tell you honestly. You don't love yourself.

DEE

Like goddamn hell I don't! I love myself!

MRS. JACKSON

(Whispers.)

No, Dee. You don't. But we will help you.

The whole class is staring at Dee. They are still smiling super wide.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Mac is wearing a black tank-top and tight black leggings. He sees that everyone in the class is stretching and warming up their voices, so he tries to do the same. He attempts really hard to touch his toes but keeps failing. He is getting mad and begins to punch the air.

The theater teacher, HEATHER, walks in. She is a lean but muscular woman. She has a huge water bottle and several tote bags filled with clothes and shoes.

HEATHER

Hi class! Sorry I'm a little late I was at rehearsal. I'm very excited about this project.

(MORE)

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HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's a modern take on *Fiddler on the Roof*. The matchmaker is replaced by tinder and it's all about the Israeli/Palestinian conflict.

The class makes pretentious noises as if the musical she described is interesting or good. Mac rolls his eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Oh it looks like we have a new student.

(addressing Mac)

Can you please introduce yourself?

MAC

Hi. I'm Mac. I'm currently weighing in at about 220lbs. Yes, most of it is muscle and because my muscles are so bulky and intense, it sort of stops me from being able to touch my toes or any stupid stuff like that. Just a warning.

Heather looks confused but still smiles.

HEATHER

Okay! Very good, Mac. Good to know. If everyone is warmed up mentally and physically we can begin with a few exercises. Everyone close their eyes.

Mac reluctantly closes his eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Very good. Now imagine yellow. You are yellow. What does yellow feel like to you? Does it feel like a beach ball? Does it feel like a good banana?

Mac's face looks disgusted and confused.

MAC

Excuse me, ma'am but what the hell are we doing?

HEATHER

Oh Mac. It's a theater exercise. In theater, we try to think outside the box. Just close your eyes and try again.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

Mac huffs and closes his eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Yellow. Hello? Yes it's yellow. How would yellow pick up the phone? Gooooood. Good work, Tess.

Mac gets fed up.

MAC

Okay no! No! I don't get this hippie garbage. I feel like I'm at a disadvantage and all being a new student.

HEATHER

Okay I'm sorry, Mac. I'll slow it down. We can do a new exercise?

MAC

Can we just do something cool like punches or something? I'm very skilled in the art of Karate.

Mac does a high kick. His classmates are unimpressed.

HEATHER

Well actually this is a theater class so we usually stick to just the basic mind, body, and vocal warm ups.

MAC

How's this for a mind warm up?!

Mac begins to do some roundhouse kicks.

MAC (CONT'D)

TORNADO KICK! TORNADO KICK!

The class looks on in fear at Mac. They are begin to move away from him.

HEATHER

Mac! Please stop! We are ACTORS!
PLEASE!

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Dennis sits in a classroom full of women. He is in the front row with a large sketch book. The class is already in session.

The teacher is a very fashionable looking woman named JESSICA. She has an Instagram blogger look.

JESSICA

Welcome back from break, guys. I'd like to just take some time to look at everyone's designs. The homework was to create a piece of clothing that would work in a business setting as well as in a more casual party environment. Anyone want to start. Mandy?

MANDY, a woman from the second row stands up to show the class her sketch. It is very professional and well done.

MANDY

So my article of clothing is this blouse. I think it would work really well in a modern business environment as well as--

Dennis darts up out of his seat. He is clutching his sketch book.

DENNIS

Okay Mandy. That is enough. You can sit down now. I feel as though my design needs to be shown.

Mandy is highly insulted.

MANDY

Um...dude. I was showing my blouse.

DENNIS

Your BLOUSE does not begin to pale in comparison to my article of clothing.

Dennis carefully flips the cover of his sketchbook to reveal a very graphic image. He has cut out pictures from fashion and porn magazines and just hastily glued them together.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

A robe.

Beat. Dennis closes his eyes in pure ecstasy.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

DENNIS (CONT'D)

A robe so light it feels like nothing. A robe so silky smooth you'll think you are wearing liquid. A robe truly fit for a God.

The whole class is in shock.

JESSICA

Okay Dennis please. That's the 2nd time you've interrupted a classmate and the 5th time you've show images like this.

MANDY

Yeah, dude. How would that be allowed in the workplace?

Dennis whips his head around to Mandy and stares at her with crazy eyes.

DENNIS

The occupation was not specified so I designed an outfit for a GODDESS. Not for a simpleton like you.

The class begins to shout at Dennis.

JESSICA

Everyone calm down! If you could just make that robe a little more office appropriate I can give you the credit for the homework.

Beat.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Now who wants to go next.

Jessica picks on another student, WOMAN. She shows her drawing to the class.

WOMAN

So this is my drawing. It's sort of inspired by Kendall Jenner...

The whole class is looking at her while Dennis is staring straight ahead.

DENNIS

(Like a Shakespearean
aside.)

They'll see. They'll all see.
SIMPLETONS.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

No one hears him.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Charlie and the Waitress are sitting next to each other. Charlie staring at the Waitress while she tries to type.

CHARLIE

Look at us. Educating ourselves.
Together. It really is beautiful.

WAITRESS

Okay we are not together, we've just been assigned as partners because God must have it out for me.

Charlie continues to give the Waitress love eyes. The Waitress gets close to Charlie's face so she can whisper-yell at him with no one else hearing.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Charlie. You're gonna leave this classroom. You're gonna walk out that door and never goddamn see me again because you and your gang of assholes have ruined everything in my life and you're not gonna ruin this.

Charlie looks bummed.

CHARLIE

Man...that hurts. It really does. But if that's what you really want.

WAITRESS

IT IS.

CHARLIE

You just need some time. I'll give you some time to think.

WAITRESS

I don't need to think, Charlie. I'm sure about this.

Charlie begins to leave.

CHARLIE

Okay I'll just give you some time.

Addressing the teacher.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey teach.

Beat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is for you.

Charlie throws the teacher a very wet, disgusting towel from his pants.

TEACHER

I don't want this, Charlie.

Charlie has already walked out the door.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Oh god, this is blood.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlie is downtrodden and kicks a can as he walks through the hallways of the school. Suddenly a man appears in view.

JANITOR

Hey kid.

Charlie looks up startled.

CHARLIE

Who me?

JANITOR

Yeah kid, you.

CHARLIE

Woah are you the janitor?

JANITOR

Yeah I'm the janitor of this joint.

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CHARLIE

I'm a janitor too! Well sort of I do a lot of janitoring work. Your basic wall bleaching, hole smashing, rat bashing. You get it.

JANITOR

Yes yes I sensed that in you. I called you over cause you seemed upset and well, I felt like janitorial work was in your blood so I just wanted to show you something to cheer you up.

CHARLIE

Wow man. Yeah you know, I am kinda bummed.

JANITOR

Come with me.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Janitor and Charlie stand in front of a door. Charlie stares at it in awe.

JANITOR

The contents of this room is one of the reasons why I keep doing this job. It's what keeps me going.

The Janitor opens the door. A blinding light comes through. The Janitor puts on sunglasses and Charlie shields his eyes as he walks into the room.

INT. MYSTERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They are in a room filled with junk. Milk containers, trapper keepers, pictures, socks, lacrosse sticks, YOU NAME IT!

CHARLIE

Woah. What is this place?

JANITOR

It's the lost and found. Except, the kids and teachers don't have access to it. This is for me.

CHARLIE

Oh man you're like a -

BOTH

Dragon.

Charlie and the Janitor look at each other in amazement.

JANITOR

Yeah I've always fancied myself a bit of a dragon. The most important thing to me is watching over my hoard.

CHARLIE

Oh man! I can't believe I'm meeting a real life dragon! I love dragons dude! And I can't wait for the moment they rise above the Earth's crust in-

BOTH

2042!

Charlie and the Janitor begin to laugh.

CHARLIE

Man...you're cool. You get it.

JANITOR

You too, man.

CUT TO:

INT. YOGA STUDIO - NIGHT

Frank is stripped down to just his underwear. He is mid-downward dog. He farts. Super gross situation. The rest of the class is just sitting on their yoga mats. They are all at least 3 feet away from him. There is a woman lying on the floor, passed out.

JULIO

Frank!!! Please! Janice has fainted because of you!

FRANK

Oh come on! How could I make her faint?

JULIO

You're almost completely naked. You're drenched in sweat and I think blood.

(MORE)

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

JULIO (CONT'D)

You are farting and now normally I would allow that because farting is just a natural occurrence of the body but you need help man. Like...did you eat sulfur?

FRANK

I had 15 hardboiled eggs this morning.

Julio gags.

JULIO

I just don't think that's healthy for a human to consume.

FRANK

Healthy or not, I've been doing it for about 7 years and my body is in the peak of its performance. The elderly body and mind continues to change and grow.

JULIO

Please sir. I have to ask you to leave.

FRANK

That is ageism. I am a hardworking American just like you. I may not have a fancy phone or a fancy bluetooth or whatever you kids have, but I am still a person.

JULIO

Frank, while that is true, I think your underwear is covered in mustard and that's just unacceptable.

FRANK

Well yeah it's mustard. Can't have a hardboiled egg without some mustard.

The class and Julio reacts with disgust.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fine. I'm not an idiot. I know when I'm unwanted.

Frank begins to put his clothes back on. He rolls up the yoga mat he was using and starts to put it back.

JULIO

No. Don't put that back. Just throw it out. Burn it.

Frank walks out of the room with the mat. The rest of the class is still in shock. They take deep breaths. Julio opens a window.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Deep breaths, class. He is gone. Sometimes in life, and yoga, we are thrown obstacles, which we must face with humility and respect.

All of a sudden, Frank slams the door open. He is holding up the yoga mat.

FRANK

Hey I just wanted to know what material this is and if it's safe for, say, tigers to consume??

JULIO

GET THE FUCK OUT!

FRANK

Okay! I'll leave. You don't gotta yell.

Frank leaves and Julio takes a long breath.

JULIO

Like I said, humility and respect.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Dee is still sitting in the middle of the classroom. She is crying and talking in a weird, sobbing voice.

DEE

And then the *third* time they crashed my car...I almost didn't go back to them. BUT I DID!

Dee breaks down into heavier sobs. The whole class consoles her.

MRS. JACKSON

I completely understand, sweetheart.

(MORE)

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

MRS. JACKSON (CONT'D)

That is the most toxic group of friends, if you can call them that, I've ever heard of. You need to cut out those relationships.

DEE

But my whole life is with them.

MRS. JACKSON

No, Dee. Your whole life is with you. You are your whole life. You are all you need in this world.

Mrs. Jackson begins to stage whisper/sing "You are the best thing" by Ray LaMontagne. The rest of the class joins in.

MRS. JACKSON (CONT'D)

You are the best thing.

WHOLE CLASS IN UNISON

You're the best thing, baby.

Dee stops crying. She wipes her tears away.

DEE

Thanks guys. Sorry. I probably look hideous. Dennis always said I was an ugly crier.

MRS. JACKSON

I have never seen a more beautiful person in my life than you right now. In this moment.

DEE

You are just incredible. I've never met people as nice as you guys. In my life. Ever.

MRS. JACKSON

That's very sad.

(beat)

Dee, I want you to promise to me something.

DEE

Anything.

MRS. JACKSON

After this class, you'll love yourself. You will surround yourself with only positive, loving people. People who will rise you up rather than tear you down.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

Long beat. Dee contemplates this.

DEE
I will. I WILL OVERCOME.

Dee raises her fists in the air triumphantly. The rest of the class cheers her on. They surround her and begin to lift her chair in the air bat mitzvah style.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER CLASSROOM - NIGHT

It's chaos. Mac is mid "tornado kick." The rest of the class is cowering in fear. Heather is holding her arms out in a protective way in front of the class.

HEATHER
Mac! Please you're scaring us!

MAC
Good! This is a classic scare tactic.

HEATHER
This is a theater class, not a self defense class!

MAC
What's the difference? If you're a nerd who does theater, you'll need to know self-defense against COOL GUYS LIKE ME.

HEATHER
Why did you take a theater class if you think it's just for nerds?

Mac slowly stops to tornado kick. He stares at Heather, then begins to punch the air.

MAC
Rule number 1. Know thine enemy. I took this theater class to scope out the nerds that are plaguing the streets of Philadelphia. Then...

Mac does a series of kicks in the air. They are not impressive but he definitely thought they were.

MAC (CONT'D)

Once I find out the enemy's weakness, I attack them at the source!

HEATHER

What are you talking about?!

MAC

I'm talking about being a badass. Being the best.

HEATHER

Look, I don't know what kind of sad, weird existence you have where you need to attack people but I need you to leave.

Mac begins to punch even harder.

MAC

FURY FIST. FURY FIST. YOU CAN'T STOP MY KICKASS MOVES.

The class is huddled together even tighter now. A CLASSMATE takes his phone out. He dials 911.

CLASSMATE

Hello?...Yes...I'd like to report an emergency. There's a man who won't stop punching and kicking in my class.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlie and the Janitor are standing far away from each other in the hallway. They both have baseball mitts on and are playing catch.

CHARLIE

You know, I'm so glad I met you, man. You're so great. Hey! I never even asked you your name.

JANITOR

Aw man, What's in a name? The kids call me Janitor, the teachers call me Janitor. That's me. I'm the Janitor.

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CHARLIE

But didn't you have a name before?
Before you were a Janitor?

JANITOR

Who knows? Anyway it's not
important, Charlie. What's
important is this. Our connection.
Our mutual understanding of each
other and of dragons.

CHARLIE

Yeah! Whenever I try to talk to the
gang about dragons they usually
shoo me away.

JANITOR

Man that's crazy. It's like, don't
they know that with the dragon
uprising rapidly approaching,
people need to become more educated
on them and begin assembling piles
of lamb carcasses so the dragons
will be satiated and not eat
humans?

CHARLIE

As hard as it is to believe,
Janitor, some people just don't get
that.

JANITOR

(Scoffs)
Sheesh. Some people.

CHARLIE

I know, man. Some people.

The Janitor and Charlie continue to throw around the
baseball.

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The fashion room is mid-chaos. Dennis scribbles madly on the
board. The women are shouting at him. Jessica is trying to
calm the whole class down.

DENNIS

THIS IS HOW TO DRAW A WOMAN.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

He moves his body to reveal a ridiculous, plastic-surgery, fever-dream Barbie drawing.

JESSICA

No, Dennis! That is not how a woman looks! Now will you please sit down and give me back my chalk so I can teach the class I am assigned to teach??? NOT YOU!

DENNIS

No, ma'am! I will not sit down! I will not sit down until each and every one of you plebeians understands my mind.

MANDY

Oh, I understand your mind, dude. You. Are. Psychotic.

DENNIS

Psychotic? Please. I am currently living at the peak of my intelligence. I am a superhero. A Mutant. An X-man living amongst people who do not understand me. You would have me killed by the government!

JESSICA

You are getting further and further from reality, Dennis. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Dennis was staring at Mandy. He very slowly, like a possessed doll, turns his head towards Jessica. His eyes are wide but the left one is twitching.

MANDY

I don't think I've seen you blink once since you got here, man. There is seriously something wrong with you.

JESSICA

Dennis. You have to leave.

Dennis is still fixing his gaze directly on Jessica. It's terrifying. He speaks calmly. Almost too calmly.

DENNIS

Fine. I will leave. But not without my work.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

Dennis grabs his sketch book. He clutches it to his chest. He begins to slowly back out of the classroom.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I know you were all going to steal my plans. DON'T THINK I DIDN'T KNOW.

Dennis does a double take when he sees the board with his drawing. He quickly grabs an eraser and erases the drawing.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

AND THIS! You will not take my work!!!!

MANDY

Dude. We did not want that up there anyway.

JESSICA

Please go.

Dennis runs out of the classroom into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dennis runs out into the hallway. He sees Mac who is running out of his classroom.

MAC

Oh hey, dude. We should get out of here. This place sucks. My class didn't like my moves and they called the cops on me. Total narcs!

DENNIS

Yes. This place is disgusting.

MAC

Oh woah, Frank. You look sweaty, man.

Frank walks up to them in the hallway.

FRANK

Yeah, well, I was expanding my mind and working on my tight, lean elderly body but the teacher said I was disrupting the class.

MAC

Same here! I was gracing them with my skills.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

DENNIS

These people wouldn't know talent
if it cut them apart, burned their
bodies and placed their heads on a
mantle.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Okay see you later, Janitor.

INT. HALLWAY - DIFFERENT AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Janitor waves. Charlie waves back. It's like an 80s
sports movie.

JANITOR

Goodbye, Charlie. Never stop
believing in yourself and
especially in dragons.

CHARLIE

I won't!

Charlie continues to wave goodbye. He continues to the look
the Janitor who vaporizes into thin air.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(whispers.)

Woah. He was a ghost the whole
time.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is still in shock. He walks up to the gang.

FRANK

Oh hey, Charlie. What's wrong you
look shell-shocked.

CHARLIE

I can't explain it.

MAC

Okay whatever, man. We don't care.

Just then, the Waitresses' class lets out and her and the law
teacher, Mr. Conway, leave the class.

WAITRESS

Oh what's wrong? You douchebags get
kicked out of your classes?

DENNIS

No. We are leaving because the people who go to night school are nothing but no good plebeians.

TEACHER

Actually, I think you were all kicked out because none of you even registered for the classes. You can't just show up to a class. There is a registration process.

MAC

Well if we really registered that would've made us night school losers so we didn't.

WAITRESS

Listen, assholes. After Charlie left, Mr. Conway personally helped me file a lawsuit against you terrible people. I am suing you for all the times you ruined my life.

TEACHER

After seeing first-hand how truly awful Charlie was, I had to help her out.

The waitress hands Charlie a piece of paper.

WAITRESS

Here's a court summons, Charlie. I better see you and all you other terrible monsters there.

Beat. Charlie stares at the piece of paper. He then puts it in his mouth and begins to eat it.

MAC

Oh nice!

FRANK

Way to go, Charlie!

Charlie laughs while he eats the paper.

WAITRESS

Aww come on! What the hell, Charlie??!! GODDAMMIT!

Charlie swallows the piece of paper. He opens his mouth wide to show the Waitress and the gang that he swallowed the piece of paper.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

MAC
SUCK ON THAT.

DENNIS
That's real lawyering!

CHARLIE
Oh man, if I could breath fire
right now, I would!

MAC
What?

CHARLIE
Like a dragon!

WAITRESS
Charlie, what are you talking
about?

CHARLIE
Nothing! It doesn't matter! What
matters is I won't be seeing you in
court!

WAITRESS
Swallowing the paper doesn't mean
the lawsuit isn't still gonna
happen.

TEACHER
Yeah, you all are still very much
being sued and need to show up to
court.

MAC
NOPE.

FRANK
LOOPHOLE.

The gang begins to chant "loophole" over and over again. They
are dancing around. Charlie flaps his hands like a dragon.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The gang is still saying "loophole." Suddenly Dee walks out of her classroom. Her whole self-help class is standing beside her.

DEE
HEY ASSHOLES.

Charlie, Frank, Mac, and Dennis stop shouting. They stare at Dee. Dee walks closer to them. Dee walks right into their faces.

DEE (CONT'D)
I'm cutting you guys out.

MAC
What?

FRANK
Yeah, Deandra, what are you jabbering on about?

Dee looks at Mrs. Jackson for support. Mrs. Jackson nods her head and Dee looks more confident.

DEE
You guys are toxic friends and I need real friends who support me and raise me up.

DENNIS
Dee, I don't know what the hell you're talking about but we're gonna go drink some beers, sit on the roof, and throw rocks at the people who walk by, are you coming?

FRANK
We're gonna bust out the rock sack.

DEE
Ooh the rock sack? I've been waiting to use that!

Dee looks back at Mrs. Jackson and the rest of her self-help class. She snaps out of it.

DEE (CONT'D)
You know what, I just realized you guys are gross. Sorry boners. I gotta throw some rocks at people. Peace out, losers.

"The Gang Goes to Night School"

Dee high fives Charlie.

INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

The gang begin to leave the Night School.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Waitress calls after Charlie.

WAITRESS

You still have to show up to court!

INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

MAC

Ha! Yeah right!

CHARLIE

No paper, no court date!

FRANK

LOOPHOLE!

The gang begins to chant "loophole" again as they exit the building. The waitress is furious. Mrs. Jackson is very confused.

MRS. JACKSON

She deserves those assholes.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE