

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM - LATER

We pick up on Pierce, mid-tirade:

PIERCE  
Killing and eating are two  
different things! People don't eat  
cats! So, ergo, I--

The door SWINGS OPEN, revealing Dean Pelton, dressed as a  
giant uncooked steak holding two lit fluorescent bulbs.

DEAN PELTON  
Can I get a side of--

He bounces back off the door frame. He tries again.

DEAN PELTON (CONT'D)  
Can I--

No use.

DEAN PELTON (CONT'D)  
(still in door frame)  
Dammit! "CAN I GET A THICK CUT OF  
BEEF, EXTRA DEAN!" Yes!

He begins swinging around the fluorescent bulbs in a lame  
dance as he speaks.

DEAN PELTON (CONT'D)  
Come out this weekend and watch the  
Sun's power heat my meat at  
Greendale's annual Solar Cookoff--

The bulbs HIT each other and SHATTER. Everyone SCREAMS.

JEFF  
God, Dean!

DEAN PELTON  
(frustrated, screaming)  
That keeps happening!

JEFF  
Well at least we solved the mystery  
of why the cafeteria is getting  
progressively darker...

Troy and Abed high five. Abed smokes a meerschaum pipe.

BRITTA

What do fluorescent bulbs have to do with solar--

DEAN PELTON

(still in doorway)

It's art, Britta, you don't have to explain it. Anyway, Jeffrey, while I have you...

JEFF

You don't have me.

DEAN PELTON

(to study group)

We'll just be a minute.

After a long beat, Jeff sighs and gets up.

INT. LIBRARY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff joins the Dean outside the study room, closing the door. Through the window we can see Pierce gesturing violently to make his points.

Dean puts his hand on Jeff's shoulder, gently.

DEAN PELTON

How are things?

JEFF

...Creepy? Also, your hand seems to be bleeding onto my shoulder.

DEAN PELTON

It's the glass shards. Anyway, I noticed you haven't been attending your Pre-Law class.

JEFF

What are you, my guidance counselor? Also: "Pre-Law class?" That sounds like the traffic school version of...traffic school.

DEAN PELTON

(nodding)

Which is also a class here, yes. But as your Dean, best friend, dream buddy and dare I say, mentor--

JEFF

You lost me at "Dean".

DEAN PELTON

Jeff this is the one class you need to pass to get your law degree!

JEFF

So I'll just go ace the final exam. I already know the law, I just need the degree.

DEAN PELTON

Oh, Jeffrey Jeffrey Jeffrey... We don't just hand out Law degrees like...all of our other degrees! Class participation is 90% of your grade!

JEFF

What? That makes even less sense--

DEAN PELTON

And it's going on right now.

Jeff stops, sighs, and jogs off.

INT. LIBRARY - HALLWAY - LATER

Troy and Abed walk out of the study room together, with Annie in hot pursuit.

TROY

Lisa needs braces!

ABED

Dental plan!

TROY

Lisa needs braces!

Annie wedges herself in between Troy and Abed.

ANNIE

So, Troy, I'm glad we're doing this protest together. When you think about it, we don't really need to kill animals to build awareness of solar power.

ABED

(disdainful)

Solar power. When will people learn?

ANNIE

See? Abed's on board.

ABED

You might remember me from such telethons as "Out with Gout '88" and "Let's Save Tony Orlando's House!"

ANNIE

Stop it, Abed! Nobody gets your stupid *Simpsons* references. Could you please just leave us alone?

ABED

If anybody wants me I'll be eating alone in the basement.

Abed walks off.

ANNIE

Have you thought of any clever-yet-unfunny slogans yet?

TROY

You think that would impress Angelique? I don't know. She's probably heard 'em all. Besides, I kinda want to taste one of those solar powered burgers. I bet they taste like stardust!

ANNIE

Don't worry, Troy. I'll help you bring out your inner vegetarian!

TROY

Like when I accidentally ate that veggie burger and threw up those vintage bottle caps?

ANNIE

Well, not exact--

Annie is suddenly bumped-into by Pierce.

PIERCE

Oh, pardon me. I think one of us has put on a few too many meat-pounds recently.

(points at Annie; then, to Troy:)

Did you know people who eat meat are slightly less popular among wealthy, educated liberals?

TROY  
(intrigued)  
Slightly less popular among  
wealthy, educated liberals, huh?  
That's cause for concern!

PIERCE  
You bet, friend. This pamphlet  
should fill you with all the  
necessary talking points.

Pierce hands Troy a pamphlet titled, "Meat kills...humans,  
too!" with a picture of the stomach-buster from *Alien*.  
Troy smiles: this is just what he needs.

Just as Annie finally manages to squeeze back in between  
Pierce and Troy, they part ways, and Annie falls over.

INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM - LATER

Shirley enters and is surprised to find Britta in the  
class. She sidles up to Britta at her table.

SHIRLEY  
Britta! I didn't know you were  
into cooking!

BRITTA  
I'm not, Dean Pelton just guilted  
me into signing up. I told him  
Home Ec. was sexist because it was  
just "women teaching women how to  
please their husbands." So he  
fired the old *female* teacher and  
took over himself. Which he'll  
probably get sued for.

SHIRLEY  
Well, that's his mess. I'm just  
excited to be in a class where I  
get to show off my cooking skills!

DEAN PELTON walks by with a stack of textbooks.

DEAN PELTON  
Home Economics, people, not just  
cooking. Economics of the home- or  
house-wife...or house-husband. Or  
anybody! Cooking Is For Everybody.

He passes Shirley and Britta a copy of "Cooking Is For  
Everybody," a home economics textbook with a black-and-  
white picture of a 1950's housewife serving dinner to her  
husband.

BRITTA

I actually kind of wish it *was*  
about more than just cooking. I  
feel like there are more  
substantive "easy A's" out there.  
Not just Dean Pelton teaching  
baking to a bunch of --

She looks up and notices that the room is full of very sad-  
looking MIDDLE-AGED MEN. Some of them see the picture on  
their textbooks and hug it.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

Middle-aged divorcees?

This catches Shirley's attention.

SHIRLEY

What'd you say?

This catches the attention of all the men in the room, as  
Britta realizes that she and Shirley are the only women in  
a room full of lonely, horny men. CHANG is even in the  
class.

CHANG

Seriously? You're the only two  
women who signed up? God...this is  
AOL's Love Connection chat room all  
over again...

He throws down his cooking gear and storms out.

INT. PRE-LAW CLASSROOM - SAME

Jeff is sitting in the back row of stadium-style seating,  
watching PROFESSOR WHITMAN pace back and forth in front.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN

A man...a father...cheats on his  
wife. With the babysitter.

Beat.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN (CONT'D)

Who is seventeen.

WHOLE CLASS

Illegal.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN

Correct.

JEFF  
(to himself)  
Oh please. Everyone at this school  
is gonna know *that* law.

LEONARD, sitting next to Jeff, SHUSHES him, causing  
Professor Whitman to notice Jeff.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN  
Ah, Mr. Winger! Welcome!

JEFF  
(to Leonard, angrily)  
Thanks a lot, Leonard.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN  
Perhaps you'd like to answer the  
next one?

JEFF  
(overly cheery)  
I love to participate!

PROFESSOR WHITMAN  
Excellent. Now: If a woman were  
to wear white...*after* Labor Day...

JEFF  
That would be legal.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN  
Good! Most of my homosexual  
students get that one wrong.

Jeff takes offense. Leonard edges away from him.

A GAY LAW STUDENT in front stands up.

GAY LAW STUDENT  
It's the law that's wrong!

He picks up his bag and storms out.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN  
Excellent! Make the change you  
want to see! Now...  
(thinks)  
A man...steals a loaf of bread, to  
feed his family. But...his family  
are serial rapists. Legal...or  
illegal?

WHOLE CLASS  
Illegal.

PROFESSOR WHITMAN

Ah! Good! You see, many lawyers will try to confuse you by saying things like, "Oh, it's just a loaf of bread. Everyone else in his family is a rapist!" But: HE. STOLE. A. LOAF. OF. BREAD!

In a fit of angry passion, Professor Whitman knocks some papers off the desk and collapses to his knees.

JEFF

Wow. You don't often see hypothetical examples hit home like that.

Leonard leans over.

LEONARD

After that case was over, the bread thief successfully sued him for slander and defamation.

Jeff reacts, somewhat incredulous.

Leonard opens his overcoat to reveal several baguettes; then puts a finger to his lips, winks, and returns to his studies. Jeff faces forward, kind of freaked out.

JEFF

(to himself)

That man's family is gonna rape me.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE