

(THE TEACHER)

by

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INT. PRINCIPAL ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Three teenagers huddle around a small table, their faces a mix of anxiety and forced nonchalance. JENNY THOMPSON (13) taps her fingers nervously on the wooden surface, her brown hair falling across her face as she glances at her friends.

JENNY
(whispering)
Guys, I think we might be in real trouble this time.

LUKE HARRISON (13) leans back in his chair, arms crossed, his messy blond hair catching the fluorescent light.

LUKE
(smirking)
Relax, Jenny. It's probably just about that food fight last week. I'll take the fall if I have to.

ERIC COLLINS (13) pushes his glasses up his nose, his curly black hair a stark contrast to his pale, worried face.

ERIC
(nervously)
I don't think so, Luke. This feels... different.

Jenny's eyes dart between her friends, her mind racing.

JENNY (V.O.)
Why did I let these two knuckleheads talk me into this? We should've quit while we were ahead.

JENNY
(forcing a smile)
Maybe Principal Anderson just wants to congratulate us on our... entrepreneurial spirit?

Luke snorts, trying to stifle a laugh.

LUKE
Yeah, right. And maybe he'll ask us to cater the next school dance while he's at it.

Eric fidgets with the hem of his shirt, his voice barely above a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

I knew we should've stuck to selling homemade brownies. But no, we had to go full-on fast food operation.

JENNY

(rolling her eyes)
Oh, come on, Eric. Your chili cheese fries were a hit. Besides, we were providing a valuable service to our fellow students.

LUKE

(grinning)
Yeah, saving them from the mystery meat in the cafeteria. We're practically heroes.

The door handle turns, and all three teenagers freeze, their banter cut short by the impending arrival of Principal Anderson.

The door swings open with a creak, and Principal Daniel Anderson strides in, his graying hair disheveled and his tie slightly askew. His stern expression sends a chill through the room as he takes his seat behind the desk, fixing each student with a piercing glare.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

(voice tight with barely controlled anger)
So, you three think you're clever, don't you?

Jenny swallows hard, her confident facade crumbling under Principal Anderson's intense stare.

JENNY

(stammering)
I-I'm not sure what you mean, sir.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

(slamming his hand on the desk)
Don't play dumb with me, Miss Thompson! I'm talking about your little fast food operation in MY cafeteria!

Luke's eyes widen, a mix of surprise and defiance flashing across his face.

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CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE
(leaning forward)
With all due respect, sir, that's
a pretty wild accusation.

JENNY (V.O.)
Oh no, Luke. Don't provoke him. We
need to play this cool.

ERIC
(voice barely
audible)
We were just trying to offer some
variety in meal options, sir.

Principal Anderson's face reddens, his composure
slipping.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(voice rising)
Variety? You call selling greasy
burgers and fries behind my back
"variety"?

Jenny's mind races, searching for a way out of this
situation.

JENNY
(attempting to sound
reasonable)
Principal Anderson, I think
there's been a misunderstanding.
We-

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(cutting her off)
Save it, Jenny. We have video
evidence of your little operation.
The jig is up.

The three friends exchange panicked looks as the reality
of their situation sinks in.

LUKE
(muttering under his
breath)
I knew we should've disabled those
security cameras.

JENNY (V.O.)
This is it. We're done for. All
our hard work, all our dreams...
gone in an instant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC
(voice trembling)
What... what happens now, sir?

Principal Anderson leans back in his chair, a mix of triumph and frustration etched on his face.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
Now? Now we discuss the
consequences of your actions. And
believe me, they will be severe.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(leaning forward,
voice lowering)
But perhaps... we can come to an
arrangement.

Jenny's brow furrows, confusion evident on her face.

JENNY (V.O.)
An arrangement? What is he talking
about?

LUKE
(skeptically)
What kind of arrangement?

Principal Anderson stands abruptly, pacing behind his desk.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(gesturing wildly)
This school... it's a sinking
ship. Budget cuts, declining
enrollment... We need something
big.

He turns to face the students, a manic gleam in his eyes.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
Something like... a casino.

ERIC
(stammering)
A c-casino? In a school?

JENNY
(incredulously)
You can't be serious.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(grinning)
Oh, I'm dead serious.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Think about it - slot machines in
the library, blackjack tables in
the gym...

Luke jumps to his feet, knocking his chair backward.

LUKE
(angrily)
That's insane! You can't turn a
school into a casino!

JENNY (V.O.)
This is worse than I thought. He's
completely lost it.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(eyes narrowing)
Sit down, Mr. Harrison. I'm not
finished.

Eric tugs at Luke's sleeve, urging him to comply. Luke
reluctantly sits.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
And the piece de resistance... a
fully stocked bar in the
cafeteria.

JENNY
(horrified)
But... we're all underage!

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(dismissively)
Details, details. The profit
margins on alcohol are incredible.

The three friends exchange horrified glances.

ERIC
(whispering)
We have to do something.

JENNY (V.O.)
He's right. This isn't just about
us anymore. The whole school is at
risk.

LUKE
(under his breath)
I can't believe I'm saying this,
but I almost prefer detention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JENNY
(standing up, voice
firm)
Principal Anderson, this is wrong.
We can't let you do this.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(menacingly)
And how exactly do you plan to
stop me?

The tension in the room is palpable as Jenny, Luke, and Eric share a determined look.

JENNY (V.O.)
I don't know how yet, but we will
stop him. We have to.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny, Luke, and Eric stumble out of the office, faces pale and eyes wide. They huddle together, speaking in hushed tones.

JENNY
(voice shaking)
We need a plan. Fast.

LUKE
(sarcastically)
Oh sure, let's just whip up a plan
to take down the principal. No
biggie.

ERIC
(nervously)
Guys, we're in way over our heads.
Maybe we should just--

Suddenly, a voice interrupts them.

MRS. JENKINS (O.S.)
Ahem. Is everything alright?

The trio whirls around to see MRS. SARAH JENKINS, 48, standing behind them with a raised eyebrow. Her tailored suit and short auburn hair exude professionalism, but there's a twinkle in her eye.

JENNY (V.O.)
Oh great. Just what we need -
another teacher to bust us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY
(forcing a smile)
Everything's fine, Mrs. Jenkins.
We were just...

LUKE
(blurting out)
Discussing our new business
venture!

MRS. JENKINS
(smirking)
A business venture that involves
looking like you've seen a ghost?

The students exchange nervous glances.

ERIC
(whispering)
Should we tell her?

JENNY (V.O.)
Can we trust her? We don't have
many options...

Jenny takes a deep breath and steps forward.

JENNY
Mrs. Jenkins, we need your help.
It's about Principal Anderson...

As Jenny explains the situation, Mrs. Jenkins' expression
shifts from amusement to concern.

MRS. JENKINS
(gravely)
I see. This is indeed serious.

She glances around the hallway, then leans in closer.

MRS. JENKINS (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Follow me. We can't talk here.

LUKE
(surprised)
You believe us?

MRS. JENKINS
(with a wink)
Let's just say I've had my
suspicions about our dear
principal for a while now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As they follow Mrs. Jenkins down the hall, Jenny can't help but feel a glimmer of hope.

JENNY (V.O.)
Maybe we're not so alone in this
after all.

INT. MRS. JENKINS' CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle around Mrs. Jenkins' desk, their faces a mix of determination and anxiety. The classroom is empty, save for a few quirky posters about literature and grammar adorning the walls.

JENNY
(leaning forward)
So, Mrs. Jenkins, what do we do
now?

MRS. JENKINS
(tapping her chin)
Well, you can't just accuse the
principal without solid evidence.
You need to build a case.

LUKE
(grinning)
Time for some good old-fashioned
espionage?

ERIC
(nervously adjusting
his glasses)
I don't know about this...

JENNY (V.O.)
Eric's always been the cautious
one. But we need him.

JENNY
(placing a hand on
Eric's shoulder)
Come on, Eric. We can't let
Principal Anderson turn our school
into a mini Las Vegas.

MRS. JENKINS
(clapping her hands)
Alright, team. Let's brainstorm.
What skills do you have that could
help gather evidence?

The trio exchanges glances, then Luke's face lights up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE
(excitedly)
I can do a pretty spot-on
impression of Principal Anderson!

Luke straightens up, puts on a stern face, and speaks in a gruff voice.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(as Principal
Anderson)
"You hooligans better shape up, or
I'll turn this school into a
blackjack table faster than you
can say 'detention'!"

Jenny and Eric burst into laughter, while Mrs. Jenkins tries to stifle a chuckle.

JENNY (V.O.)
Luke's always been the class
clown, but this time, his talent
might actually save us.

JENNY
(still giggling)
That's perfect, Luke! We could use
that to our advantage somehow.

ERIC
(thoughtfully)
I'm good with computers. Maybe I
could... you know... check the
school's financial records?

MRS. JENKINS
(raising an eyebrow)
Hypothetically speaking, of
course.

ERIC
(blushing)
Of course.

JENNY
And I can use my cooking skills to
create distractions if we need
them.

MRS. JENKINS
(nodding)
Excellent. Now, let's put together
a plan of action.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Mrs. Jenkins begins outlining their strategy on the whiteboard, Jenny feels a mix of excitement and nervousness bubbling in her stomach.

JENNY (V.O.)

This is crazy. We're actually going to do this. But someone has to stand up to Principal Anderson, and it might as well be us.

The scene transitions into a montage of the trio practicing their skills:

- Luke perfecting his Principal Anderson impression in front of a mirror.
- Eric furiously typing on a laptop, lines of code reflected in his glasses.
- Jenny concocting elaborate snacks in the school kitchen, creating mouth-watering aromas.

As the montage ends, the three friends stand together, looking more confident than ever.

JENNY

(with determination)

Alright, team. Operation Save Our School is officially underway.

LUKE

(grinning)

Let's show Principal Anderson he messed with the wrong students.

ERIC

(nervously but
resolutely)

I can't believe I'm saying this, but... I'm in.

They put their hands together in a team huddle, ready to face whatever challenges lie ahead.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny, Luke, and Eric stand nervously outside the teacher's lounge, eyeing the door with apprehension. Jenny fidgets with the collar of her shirt, Luke bounces on his heels, and Eric clutches a folder to his chest.

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JENNY
(whispering)
Okay, guys. Mr. Reynolds is in there. Remember the plan?

LUKE
(nods, then mimics Principal Anderson's voice)
"Why, Mr. Reynolds, have you lost weight? You're looking positively svelte!"

ERIC
(rolling his eyes)
Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

Jenny takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. After a moment, MR. REYNOLDS, a portly man with thinning gray hair and a neatly trimmed mustache, opens it.

MR. REYNOLDS
(sternly)
Yes? What can I do for you?

JENNY
(forcing a smile)
Mr. Reynolds, sir. We need to talk to you about something important. It's about Principal Anderson.

MR. REYNOLDS
(sighing)
I'm quite busy. Can this wait?

LUKE
(quickly)
It's urgent, sir. It's about... the future of our school.

Mr. Reynolds raises an eyebrow but steps aside, allowing them to enter.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The trio shuffles in, looking around nervously at the empty room.

MR. REYNOLDS
(sitting down)
Well? What's this all about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY
(taking a deep
breath)
Mr. Reynolds, we have reason to
believe that Principal Anderson is
planning to turn our school into a
casino.

MR. REYNOLDS
(scoffing)
That's preposterous. Where did you
get such an absurd idea?

ERIC
(hesitantly)
We... overheard him, sir. And we
have evidence.

He starts to open his folder, but Mr. Reynolds waves it
away.

MR. REYNOLDS
Evidence? You're children. What
could you possibly know about
school operations?

JENNY (V.O.)
This isn't going well. Time for
plan B.

JENNY
(reaching into her
backpack)
Mr. Reynolds, would you care for a
snack? I made these myself.

She pulls out a container of beautifully crafted mini-
burgers. Mr. Reynolds eyes them suspiciously.

MR. REYNOLDS
(hesitantly)
I shouldn't...

LUKE
(encouragingly)
They're amazing, sir. Jenny's a
culinary genius.

Mr. Reynolds reluctantly takes a bite, his eyes widening
in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. REYNOLDS
(mumbling through a
mouthful)
This is... quite good.

JENNY
(smiling)
Thank you, sir. We've been running
a small food operation to raise
money for the school. That's how
we found out about Principal
Anderson's plan.

MR. REYNOLDS
(swallowing)
I see. And you say you have
evidence?

Eric nods eagerly, opening his folder to show financial
records and transcripts of overheard conversations.

JENNY (V.O.)
He's listening. We might actually
have a chance.

As Mr. Reynolds examines the documents, his expression
grows increasingly concerned.

MR. REYNOLDS
(gravely)
This is... troubling, to say the
least. If what you're saying is
true...

LUKE
(earnestly)
It is, sir. We wouldn't make this
up.

MR. REYNOLDS
(nodding slowly)
I believe you. But we'll need more
than this to take action against
Principal Anderson.

JENNY
(determined)
We'll get it, sir. We just need
you to give us a chance.

Mr. Reynolds looks at the three students, a mix of
concern and admiration in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. REYNOLDS

(sighing)

Very well. I'll keep this
information confidential for now.
But I expect regular updates from
you three. And... perhaps a few
more of these excellent burgers.

The trio exchanges relieved glances, realizing they've
overcome their first major hurdle.

JENNY (V.O.)

We did it. One down, but still a
long way to go.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny leans against her locker, scanning the bustling
corridor. Luke and Eric flank her, their faces a mix of
determination and nervousness.

JENNY

(whispering)

We need more help. This is bigger
than just us three.

LUKE

(sarcastically)

What, you don't think we can take
down a corrupt principal with just
our wit and charm?

ERIC

(adjusting his
glasses)

Statistically speaking, our
chances of success increase
exponentially with each additional
ally.

Jenny spots OFFICER LISA FRANKLIN patrolling the hall.
Her eyes light up.

JENNY

(urgently)

There's Officer Franklin. She
might be our best shot.

As they approach, Officer Franklin turns, her expression
curious but cautious.

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Everything alright, kids?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY
(hesitating)
Actually, we need your help with
something... important.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
(raising an eyebrow)
Oh? And what might that be?

LUKE
(dramatically)
Only the biggest scandal this
school's ever seen!

ERIC
(quietly)
Luke, volume control.

Jenny takes a deep breath, steeling herself.

JENNY
It's about Principal Anderson.
He's planning something terrible,
and we need your help to stop him.

Officer Franklin's posture stiffens, her eyes narrowing.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
That's a serious accusation. What
evidence do you have?

JENNY (V.O.)
This is it. Our chance to bring
her on board.

JENNY
We can show you everything, but
not here. It's too risky.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
(nodding slowly)
My office. After school. And this
better not be some elaborate
prank.

As Officer Franklin walks away, the trio exchanges
hopeful glances.

LUKE
(grinning)
One badass cop, check. Who's next
on our list of merry misfits?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC
(thoughtfully)
We should consider recruiting
Marjorie from the AV club. Her
tech skills could be invaluable.

JENNY
(nodding)
Good thinking, Eric. And what
about Zack from the drama club? He
could help us with disguises if we
need to go undercover.

LUKE
(chuckling)
Oh man, I can already picture
Zack's over-the-top "secret agent"
impression.

As they continue discussing potential allies, a small
group of curious students begins to gather around them.

JENNY (V.O.)
I never thought I'd be leading a
rebellion against our own
principal. But looking at these
faces, I know we're doing the
right thing. We're not just saving
our school - we're standing up for
what's right.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle behind a large bush, peering
through binoculars at Principal Anderson's office window.

JENNY
(whispering)
Okay team, Operation Evidence is a
go. Remember the plan?

LUKE
(grinning)
Sneak in, grab the files, get out.
Easy peasy, lemon squeezy.

ERIC
(nervously)
I still think this is a terrible
idea.

Suddenly, a twig snaps behind them. They whirl around to
see MARJORIE, 13, pushing up her thick glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARJORIE
What are you guys doing?

JENNY
(startled)
Marjorie! We're, uh...
birdwatching?

LUKE
(sarcastically)
Yeah, we're on the lookout for the
rare Anderson Vulture.

ERIC
(sighing)
We might as well tell her. She's
already part of the team,
remember?

Jenny nods, then quickly explains their mission to
Marjorie.

MARJORIE
(eyes widening)
Whoa, that's intense. But I think
I can help. I've been working on a
remote-controlled drone in
robotics club.

JENNY (V.O.)
This is perfect! We can use the
drone to spy on Principal Anderson
without risking getting caught.

JENNY
(excited)
Marjorie, you're a genius! Can you
get it now?

MARJORIE
(nodding)
Meet me at the science lab in ten
minutes.

As Marjorie rushes off, the trio exchange looks of
renewed hope.

LUKE
(dramatically)
The plot thickens!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC
(rolling his eyes)
Let's just hope it doesn't thicken
into detention.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

The team huddles around a small drone as Marjorie explains its features.

MARJORIE
It has a high-resolution camera
and can fly for about 20 minutes.

JENNY
(determined)
That should be enough time to get
a look at Anderson's files.

Suddenly, the door creaks open. They freeze, only to see ZACK, 13, dramatically peek his head in.

ZACK
(in a exaggerated
whisper)
I heard there was a covert
operation afoot. How may I be of
service?

LUKE
(chuckling)
Perfect timing, drama king. We
need your expertise in the art of
distraction.

As they fill Zack in, Jenny can't help but smile at their growing team.

JENNY (V.O.)
We're like some bizarre superhero
squad. The Breakfast Club meets
Mission Impossible. But somehow, I
think we might just pull this off.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny and Luke walk side by side, their shoulders occasionally brushing. Jenny clutches a stack of papers, her eyes darting nervously.

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CONTINUED:

JENNY
(whispering)
I can't believe we're actually
doing this.

LUKE
(grinning)
Come on, Jenny. Where's your sense
of adventure?

JENNY
(rolls her eyes)
Probably hiding with my common
sense.

They round a corner, nearly colliding with a teacher.
Jenny stumbles, dropping her papers. Luke quickly kneels
to help her gather them.

LUKE
(teasing)
Smooth moves, Thompson.

Their hands touch as they reach for the same paper. Jenny
blushes, quickly averting her gaze.

JENNY (V.O.)
Why does my heart suddenly feel
like it's doing backflips?

Luke stands, offering Jenny his hand. She takes it,
feeling a spark of electricity between them.

LUKE
(softly)
You okay?

JENNY
(flustered)
Yeah, I'm fine. Just... clumsy.

They continue walking, an awkward silence settling
between them.

JENNY (V.O.)
Since when did Luke's eyes look
so... blue?

LUKE
(breaking the
silence)
So, uh, got any plans for after we
save the school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY
(surprised)
After? I hadn't really thought
that far ahead.

LUKE
(rubbing his neck
nervously)
Well, I was thinking maybe we
could, you know, grab a burger or
something?

JENNY
(teasing)
Are you asking me out on a date,
Rebel Luke?

LUKE
(flustered)
What? No! I mean, unless you want
it to be...

They both laugh nervously, the tension palpable.

JENNY (V.O.)
Is this really happening? Luke and
me?

Suddenly, Eric appears, oblivious to the moment he's
interrupting.

ERIC
Guys! I think I found something!

Jenny and Luke jump apart, both looking slightly
disappointed at the interruption.

JENNY
(clearing her throat)
Right. The mission. Let's go.

As they follow Eric, Jenny steals a glance at Luke, her
heart racing.

JENNY (V.O.)
Focus, Jenny. Save the school
first, figure out these feelings
later.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle near a row of lockers, their
faces a mix of excitement and nervousness.

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CONTINUED:

ERIC
(whispering)
I overheard Principal Anderson
talking to someone on the phone.
He mentioned a 'mole' in our
group.

Jenny's eyes widen in shock.

JENNY (V.O.)
A mole? But who could it be?

LUKE
(skeptical)
Are you sure, Eric? That's a
pretty big accusation.

Suddenly, SAMANTHA, a bubbly 13-year-old girl from their
team, approaches.

SAMANTHA
(cheerfully)
Hey guys! What's the secret
meeting about?

The trio exchanges suspicious glances.

JENNY
(cautiously)
Nothing important. Just...
discussing our next move.

SAMANTHA
(grinning)
Cool! I actually have some ideas
about that. Maybe we could-

ERIC
(interrupting)
Wait a minute. How did you know we
were having a meeting?

Samantha's smile falters for a split second.

SAMANTHA
(nervously)
Oh, I just... saw you guys huddled
here. Lucky guess?

LUKE
(accusingly)
Or maybe you're the mole!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMANTHA

(shocked)

What? Mole? What are you talking about?

JENNY

(to Luke)

Luke, calm down. We don't know anything for sure.

JENNY (V.O.)

This is bad. If we start turning on each other, everything we've worked for could fall apart.

Suddenly, TYLER, another team member, rounds the corner.

TYLER

Hey, what's with all the yelling?

ERIC

(dramatically)

We've got a traitor in our midst!

TYLER

(confused)

A traitor? Who?

LUKE

(sarcastically)

Well, if we knew that, we wouldn't be arguing, would we?

Jenny puts her hands up, trying to calm everyone down.

JENNY

Guys, let's think about this rationally. We need to-

She's cut off by the sound of Principal Anderson's voice echoing down the hall.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (O.S.)

What's going on here? Why aren't you all in class?

The group freezes, panic etched on their faces.

JENNY (V.O.)

Great. Just great. As if we didn't have enough problems already.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny, Luke, and Eric exchange panicked glances as Principal Anderson's footsteps grow louder. The other students scatter, leaving the trio alone.

JENNY
(whispering urgently)
Quick, act natural!

As Principal Anderson rounds the corner, Jenny leans against a locker, attempting to look casual. Luke pretends to tie his shoe, while Eric fumbles with a textbook.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(suspiciously)
Thompson, Harrison, Collins. What are you three up to?

JENNY
(forcing a smile)
Nothing, sir. Just... discussing our history project.

LUKE
(standing up)
Yeah, it's about... uh... the French Revolution.

ERIC
(nodding vigorously)
Lots of heads rolling. Very exciting stuff.

Principal Anderson narrows his eyes, clearly not buying it.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(sternly)
I hope you're not planning any revolutions of your own. The school board meeting is in two days, and I expect nothing but model behavior from all of you.

JENNY (V.O.)
Two days? That's sooner than we thought. We're running out of time.

LUKE
(with a hint of defiance)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, sir. We'll be on our best behavior.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

(leaning in close)

See that you are. I'd hate for anything to... jeopardize your futures here at this school.

He walks away, leaving an uncomfortable silence in his wake.

ERIC

(whispering)

Did anyone else feel like that was a threat?

JENNY

(sighing)

It definitely was. We need to step up our game.

LUKE

(frustrated)

How? We don't even know who we can trust anymore!

JENNY

(determined)

We trust each other. That's all we need.

JENNY (V.O.)

I hope I'm right about that. If we can't count on each other, we're doomed.

ERIC

(nervously)

But what if the mole tries to sabotage us at the board meeting?

LUKE

(grinning

mischievously)

Then we'll just have to be smarter. I've got an idea.

JENNY

(raising an eyebrow)

Why do I have a feeling this is going to be both brilliant and terrifying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE

(laughing)

Because you know me too well. Come on, let's find somewhere private to talk.

As they walk away, Jenny can't help but feel a mix of excitement and dread.

JENNY (V.O.)

Two days to save the school, expose a corrupt principal, and figure out who's betraying us. No pressure or anything.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle in a secluded corner of the library, surrounded by towering bookshelves. They speak in hushed tones, their faces illuminated by a single desk lamp.

JENNY

(whispering)

Okay, Luke. What's this brilliant plan of yours?

LUKE

(grinning)

Remember those old yearbooks we were looking through last week?

ERIC

(confused)

Yeah, what about them?

Luke reaches into his backpack and pulls out a worn yearbook from ten years ago.

LUKE

I kept digging and found something interesting.

He opens the book to a specific page, pointing at a photo.

JENNY

(gasping)

Is that... Principal Anderson?

ERIC

(leaning in)

No way! He looks so... happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The trio stares at a photo of a younger, smiling Daniel Anderson standing next to a group of students in chef's hats.

JENNY (V.O.)
I've never seen him look like that. What happened to him?

LUKE
(excited)
Look at the caption. "Mr. Anderson leads the school's first culinary arts program to state finals."

ERIC
(bewildered)
Principal Anderson used to teach cooking?

JENNY
(realization dawning)
Guys, this is it! This is how we can help him and save the school!

LUKE
(nodding)
Exactly. If we can remind him of his passion for teaching and cooking...

ERIC
(finishing the thought)
We might be able to stop him from turning the school into a casino!

JENNY
(determined)
And maybe even help him find a job he actually enjoys.

JENNY (V.O.)
Could it really be this simple? A reminder of who he used to be?

LUKE
(cautiously)
It's a long shot, but it's the best lead we've got.

ERIC
(nervously)
But how do we use this information without tipping him off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY
(smiling slyly)
I think I have an idea. But we'll
need to be careful...

As Jenny leans in to share her plan, a shadow falls
across their table. They look up, startled.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Anderson looms over Jenny, Luke, and Eric, his
face contorted with rage. The yearbook lies open on the
desk between them.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(seething)
What do you think you're doing?

Jenny's eyes widen, her fingers instinctively gripping
the edge of her chair.

JENNY (V.O.)
This is bad. Really bad.

LUKE
(forcing a casual
tone)
Just, uh, admiring your culinary
achievements, sir.

Eric adjusts his glasses nervously, his gaze darting
between his friends and the principal.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(voice rising)
You little rats! Sneaking around,
digging up my past!

He slams his fist on the desk, causing the trio to
flinch.

JENNY
(stammering)
We... we just thought...

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(interrupting)
Thought what? That you could
manipulate me? Stop my plans?

Luke stands up, his rebellious nature kicking in despite
the fear evident in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE

Your plans are insane! You can't
turn a school into a casino!

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

(laughing maniacally)
Oh, can't I? Watch me!

He grabs the yearbook and hurls it across the room. Jenny jumps to her feet, her determination battling with her fear.

JENNY

(pleading)
Please, Principal Anderson. This isn't you. Remember how much you loved teaching cooking?

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

(voice cracking)
That man is gone! He was weak, naive!

ERIC

(softly)
But he was happy.

The principal's wild eyes fixate on Eric, who shrinks back in his chair.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

(menacingly)
Happiness doesn't pay the bills, Mr. Collins.

JENNY (V.O.)

We're losing him. Our plan is falling apart.

Suddenly, Principal Anderson grabs a snow globe from his desk, brandishing it like a weapon.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

(shouting)
Get out! All of you! And if you breathe a word of this to anyone...

LUKE

(defiantly)
You'll what? Hit us with a snow globe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY
(urgently)
Luke, don't provoke him!

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(trembling with
anger)
I'll make sure you never graduate.
I'll ruin your futures like mine
was ruined!

The trio exchanges worried glances, realizing the gravity of their situation.

ERIC
(whispering)
What do we do now?

JENNY (V.O.)
This is way worse than we thought.
We're in over our heads.

As Principal Anderson continues his tirade, Jenny takes a deep breath, her mind racing to find a way out of this crisis.

Luke's hand trembles as he reaches for his phone, his blue eyes darting between Principal Anderson's unhinged ranting and his friends' terrified faces. He takes a deep breath, steeling himself for what he's about to do.

LUKE (V.O.)
This is crazy, but it's our only
shot.

He dials quickly, turning away from the others.

LUKE
(into phone, voice
shaking)
Hello? School board? You need to
come to the school right now.
Principal Anderson... he's got a
gun.

Jenny and Eric's eyes widen in shock. Principal Anderson, oblivious to Luke's call, continues his manic tirade.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(waving the snow
globe)
I'll turn this school into a
palace of sin and riches! You
can't stop me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY
(whispering urgently)
Luke, what did you just do?

LUKE
(pocketing his phone)
I had to do something. He's lost
it.

ERIC
(panicking)
But he doesn't actually have a
gun! We'll get in so much trouble
for lying!

The weight of their actions crashes down on them. Luke's rebellious facade cracks, revealing his uncertainty.

LUKE (V.O.)
What if I just made everything
worse?

JENNY
(voice quivering)
Guys, I think we really messed up
this time.

They watch helplessly as Principal Anderson paces, oblivious to the storm about to descend upon him.

LUKE
(quietly)
I thought... I thought I could fix
this. But now...

ERIC
(sinking into his
chair)
We're doomed. Absolutely doomed.

The sound of distant sirens cuts through the air, growing louder with each passing second.

JENNY (V.O.)
This isn't how it was supposed to
go. We wanted to save the school,
not destroy it.

The trio exchanges defeated looks, the weight of their actions crushing their spirits.

LUKE
(voice barely above a
whisper)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, guys. I really screwed
up this time.

As the sirens grow deafeningly close, the reality of
their situation sinks in, leaving them feeling more lost
and hopeless than ever before.

INT. ABANDONED CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle together in a dimly lit
corner, the distant wail of sirens fading into an eerie
silence. Moonlight filters through dusty windows, casting
long shadows across their somber faces.

JENNY

(sighing heavily)
How did we end up here? I mean,
really?

LUKE

(running a hand
through his messy
hair)
One minute we're slinging burgers,
the next we're... what?
Vigilantes?

ERIC

(adjusting his
glasses nervously)
Failed vigilantes, more like.

Jenny stares at her hands, her usual confidence wavering.

JENNY (V.O.)

I wanted to prove I could run a
business. Not... this.

JENNY

(voice cracking)
I just wanted to cook, you know?
Make people happy with food.

Luke places a comforting hand on her shoulder, his blue
eyes reflecting a mix of guilt and determination.

LUKE

Hey, your fries alone could make a
grown man weep. With joy, I mean.

Eric chuckles softly, the tension easing slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Remember when Principal Anderson
accidentally ate that ghost pepper
burger?

LUKE

(grinning)
Man, I thought his head would
explode!

They share a brief laugh, then fall silent again.

JENNY

(quietly)
Why are we really doing this? It's
not just about the food anymore,
is it?

LUKE

(sighing)
I... I guess I wanted to prove I
could stand up to authority. Be
more than just "Rebel Luke."

ERIC

(surprised)
You care about that?

LUKE

(defensively)
Hey, I have layers. Like an onion.
Or an ogre.

Jenny rolls her eyes, but smiles fondly.

JENNY

What about you, Eric?

ERIC

(hesitating)
I... I wanted to make a
difference. To show that even
quiet guys like me can fight
injustice.

LUKE

(punching Eric's arm
lightly)
You're a regular superhero, buddy.

JENNY

(looking at both of
them)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY (CONT'D)

We're in way over our heads,
aren't we?

LUKE

(smirking)

Probably. But hey, at least we're
drowning together.

ERIC

(sarcastically)

Oh joy.

They sit in silence for a moment, the weight of their
situation settling over them.

JENNY (V.O.)

Maybe we're not heroes. Maybe
we're just kids who got carried
away. But we're in this together.

JENNY

(standing up)

Alright, team. We messed up. Big
time. But we're not giving up.

LUKE

(raising an eyebrow)

Got a plan, chef?

JENNY

(smiling

mischievously)

Maybe. It involves food,
friendship, and a little bit of
chaos.

ERIC

(groaning)

Why do I have a feeling I'm going
to regret this?

As they huddle closer, their spirits lifting, the
moonlight seems to shine a little brighter, illuminating
their determined faces.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle near the principal's office,
their ears pressed against the door. Suddenly, Principal
Anderson's muffled voice rises to a shout.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (O.S.)
You can't do this to me! I've
given everything to this school!

The trio exchanges wide-eyed glances.

JENNY (V.O.)
I never thought I'd see the day
when Principal Anderson lost his
cool.

The door flies open, nearly knocking the students over.
Principal Anderson storms out, his face beet-red, tie
askew.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(bellowing)
This is outrageous! I won't stand
for it!

He stops abruptly, noticing the students. His eyes
narrow.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(seething)
You three. This is all your fault!

Luke steps forward, hands raised placatingly.

LUKE
Whoa, Mr. Anderson, we're just-

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(interrupting)
Silence!

Suddenly, Principal Anderson's fury transforms. He takes
a deep breath, and to everyone's shock, begins to sing.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(singing
dramatically)
♪ They think they've won, but
they don't know,

The depths to which this man can go! ♪

Jenny's eyes widen in disbelief.

JENNY (V.O.)
Is he... is he actually singing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(continuing his song)
♪ I'll turn this school into a
den of sin,

A casino where the house will always win! ♪

As Principal Anderson continues his musical tirade, Jenny notices a group of well-dressed adults approaching - the school board officials.

JENNY
(whispering urgently)
Guys, look! The school board!

ERIC
(panicking)
What do we do?

A lightbulb moment hits Jenny.

JENNY
(grinning)
We give them a taste of what
they're missing.

She pulls out a bag of their signature burgers from her backpack.

LUKE
(impressed)
You always come prepared, don't
you?

JENNY
(winking)
A good chef is always ready.

As Principal Anderson's song reaches a crescendo, Jenny approaches the bewildered school board members, holding out the burgers.

JENNY
(confidently)
Welcome to Jefferson High. Care
for a sample of our student-run
culinary program?

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium buzzes with tension as JENNY, LUKE, and ERIC stand before the SCHOOL BOARD. PRINCIPAL ANDERSON sits to the side, his face a mix of anger and fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY
(confidently)
Members of the board, what you've
heard about Principal Anderson's
plans is true.

She glances at Luke, who gives her an encouraging nod.

LUKE
(to the board)
He wanted to turn our school into
a casino. Can you believe that?

ERIC
(adjusting his
glasses)
We have evidence.

Eric fumbles with a folder, dropping papers. The board
members exchange skeptical looks.

BOARD MEMBER 1

Children, these are serious accusations.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(standing abruptly)
This is absurd! These students are
troublemakers!

Jenny takes a deep breath, steadying herself.

JENNY (V.O.)
Stay calm. We've got this.

JENNY
(to the board)
We may be young, but we care about
our school. And we have proof.

She gestures to Eric, who finally manages to organize the
papers.

LUKE
(smirking)
Plus, our burgers are way better
than casino food.

A few board members chuckle, easing the tension slightly.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(red-faced)
This is a farce! I demand-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Principal Anderson's phone rings. The ringtone: "Viva Las Vegas."

JENNY (V.O.)
Sometimes, the universe has
perfect timing.

The board members' eyes widen as Principal Anderson scrambles to silence his phone.

ERIC
(quietly)
I may have changed his ringtone
earlier.

LUKE
(grinning)
Genius move, buddy.

As the confrontation unfolds, Jenny can't help but feel a mix of determination and disbelief at the absurdity of it all.

JENNY (V.O.)
Who would've thought our little
fast food operation would lead to
this?

The scene continues with a mix of tense accusations, comical mishaps, and heartfelt pleas as the students fight for their school's future.

The school board chairman clears his throat, silencing the room.

CHAIRMAN
In light of this... evidence, I
believe we've heard enough.

Principal Anderson's face pales as he realizes the gravity of the situation.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)
Principal Anderson, you're fired,
effective immediately.

JENNY (V.O.)
We did it. I can't believe we
actually did it.

Luke reaches for Jenny's hand, squeezing it in triumph. Eric pumps his fist silently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly, Principal Anderson's demeanor shifts. His eyes narrow, face contorting with rage.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
(shouting)
You ungrateful brats! I'll show
you what happens when you cross
me!

He lunges towards Jenny, Luke, and Eric, his hands outstretched like claws.

JENNY
(gasping)
Look out!

Luke instinctively steps in front of Jenny, while Eric stumbles backward, knocking over a chair.

OFFICER LISA FRANKLIN
(entering swiftly)
That's enough!

Officer Franklin moves with practiced efficiency, intercepting Principal Anderson before he can reach the students.

JENNY (V.O.)
Thank God for Officer Franklin.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
(restraining
Anderson)
Daniel Anderson, you're under
arrest for attempted assault on
minors.

As other officials rush to assist, Jenny watches the scene unfold, her heart pounding.

JENNY
(to Luke and Eric)
Are you guys okay?

LUKE
(nodding, still
shaken)
Yeah, we're good. That was...
intense.

ERIC
(adjusting his
glasses)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Definitely not how I expected this
to end.

JENNY (V.O.)

Me neither, Eric. Me neither.

As Principal Anderson is led away, still shouting
incoherently, Jenny feels a mix of relief and disbelief
wash over her.

JENNY

(softly)

It's really over, isn't it?

LUKE

(putting an arm
around her)

Yeah, it is. We did it, Jenny.

ERIC

(joining them)

Team Fast Food for the win!

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Jenny can't
help but laugh at Eric's comment, the tension finally
breaking.

The school board members gather around Jenny, Luke, and
Eric, their faces a mix of concern and admiration.

BOARD MEMBER 1

(to the trio)

Are you three alright? That was
quite a scene.

JENNY

(nodding, still
catching her breath)

We're okay, thank you.

LUKE

(grinning)

Nothing we can't handle.

ERIC

(adjusting his
glasses)

Though I wouldn't mind if our next
venture was a bit less...
dramatic.

The board members chuckle, visibly relaxing.

BOARD MEMBER 2

Well, we owe you kids a debt of gratitude. Your bravery has saved this school from a terrible fate.

JENNY (V.O.)
Bravery? Is that what you call
serving illicit burgers and fries?

BOARD MEMBER 1
We'd like to offer our full
support for your restaurant idea.
It's clear you have the drive and
creativity to make it work.

Jenny's eyes widen, her heart skipping a beat.

JENNY
(excitedly)
Really? You mean it?

LUKE
(pumping his fist)
Yes! This is awesome!

ERIC
(smiling widely)
Our dream is actually coming true.

The trio share a group hug, their faces beaming with joy and relief.

JENNY (V.O.)
After everything we've been
through, it feels surreal to
finally have our shot.

As they break apart, Jenny notices Mrs. Jenkins approaching with a proud smile.

MRS. JENKINS
(warmly)
Congratulations, you three. You've
certainly earned this.

JENNY
(gratefully)
We couldn't have done it without
your help, Mrs. Jenkins.

LUKE
(nodding)
Yeah, you're like our Yoda, but
with better fashion sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. JENKINS
(laughing)
I'll take that as a compliment,
Luke.

ERIC
(thoughtfully)
So, what happens now?

BOARD MEMBER 2

We'll need to appoint an interim principal, of course.
But as for you three, we'd like to hear more about your
restaurant plans.

JENNY
(excitedly)
We'd love to share our ideas!

As they begin discussing their vision, Jenny feels a
surge of hope and excitement for the future.

JENNY (V.O.)
From illicit cafeteria operation
to board-approved restaurateurs.
Who would've thought?

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Jenny stands at her locker, her fingers hesitating on the
combination lock. She takes a deep breath, her eyes
scanning the bustling corridor.

JENNY (V.O.)
First day back to "normal."
Whatever that means now.

She opens her locker, revealing a small mirror inside.
Her reflection stares back, determined yet slightly
uncertain.

LUKE (O.S.)
Yo, Jenny! Ready for another
thrilling day of algebra?

Jenny turns to see Luke approaching, his trademark grin
in place. Eric trails behind, adjusting his glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY

(smirking)

Oh yeah, can't wait to solve for X. Such a change of pace from solving school-wide conspiracies.

ERIC

(quietly)

It does feel... different, doesn't it?

The trio share a knowing look, their bond palpable.

JENNY

(nodding)

Yeah, it's like we're the same, but...

LUKE

(finishing her thought)

But we're not. We're cooler now. Well, I've always been cool, but you two finally caught up.

Jenny playfully swats Luke's arm as they start walking to class.

JENNY (V.O.)

He's right, in a way. We are different. We stood up for what's right, even when it was hard.

As they pass other students, Jenny notices a few curious glances and whispers.

JENNY

(to Luke and Eric)

Is it just me, or is everyone staring?

ERIC

(nervously)

They probably heard about what happened with Principal Anderson.

LUKE

(confidently)

Let 'em stare. We're basically heroes now.

They reach their classroom door, pausing before entering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY
(taking a deep
breath)
Here we go. Back to the grind.

ERIC
(smiling)
At least we're in this together.

LUKE
(dramatically)
Into the breach, dear friends!

As they enter the classroom, Jenny feels a mix of emotions - pride, nervousness, and a newfound sense of purpose.

JENNY (V.O.)
We may be back to our normal
lives, but nothing will ever be
quite the same. And maybe that's a
good thing.

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A bustling street lined with shops and restaurants. A sleek, modern building stands out among the others, its sign reading "REBEL EATS" in bold letters.

INT. REBEL EATS RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is packed with customers. Jenny, now 21, moves confidently through the dining area, her chef's whites pristine. She pauses to admire the scene, a proud smile on her face.

JENNY (V.O.)
Three years ago, this was just a
dream. Now, it's our reality.

Luke, sporting a stylish undercut, emerges from the kitchen, balancing plates of artfully arranged food.

LUKE
(grinning)
Hey, boss lady! Table 7's order is
up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY
(rolling her eyes
playfully)
I told you to stop calling me
that.

LUKE
(winking)
Never gonna happen.

As Luke moves past, Jenny's gaze follows him, a hint of affection in her eyes.

JENNY (V.O.)
Some things never change. Luke's
still a rebel, but now he channels
that energy into creating amazing
dishes.

Eric appears, clipboard in hand, pushing his glasses up his nose.

ERIC
(excitedly)
Jenny, our new supplier just
confirmed. We're getting that
shipment of organic produce
tomorrow.

JENNY
(smiling)
That's great, Eric. Your attention
to detail is what keeps this place
running smoothly.

ERIC
(blushing slightly)
Just doing my part.

A commotion near the entrance catches their attention. A food critic is loudly complaining to a flustered hostess.

JENNY
(to Eric and Luke)
Looks like another day, another
crisis. Ready to handle this one?

LUKE
(cracking his
knuckles)
Born ready. Let's show this critic
what Rebel Eats is all about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As they move towards the situation, Jenny can't help but smile.

JENNY (V.O.)
Life's still full of challenges,
but now? We face them head-on,
together. Just like old times.

INT. REBEL EATS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle near the kitchen entrance, watching the food critic leave. The tension dissipates, replaced by relieved laughter.

JENNY
(shaking her head,
amused)
I can't believe you actually
juggled those flambéed bananas,
Luke.

LUKE
(grinning)
Hey, it worked, didn't it? He
loved the "culinary acrobatics."

ERIC
(adjusting his
glasses)
I'm just glad I remembered his
shellfish allergy before we served
the special.

They move to a quiet corner of the restaurant, collapsing into a booth. Jenny leans back, her eyes distant.

JENNY
(softly)
Remember when our biggest worry
was getting caught selling burgers
in the cafeteria?

LUKE
(chuckling)
Yeah, and now we're running our
own joint. Life's weird, man.

ERIC
(thoughtfully)
We've come a long way since
Principal Anderson and his casino
scheme.

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CONTINUED:

Jenny leans forward, her expression serious but warm.

JENNY

Guys, I've been thinking. We faced some crazy stuff back then, but look at us now.

LUKE

(sarcastically)

What, you mean we're not the same immature kids anymore?

JENNY

(rolling her eyes)

No, smartass. I mean we're... stronger. More prepared.

ERIC

(nodding)

I get it. Those experiences shaped us.

JENNY (V.O.)

It hits me then, how much we've all grown. How those absurd high school adventures prepared us for... well, life.

JENNY

(continuing aloud)

Remember when we thought we couldn't possibly pull off exposing Anderson?

LUKE

(laughing)

Oh man, and now we handle health inspectors like pros.

ERIC

(smiling)

And negotiate with suppliers without breaking a sweat.

JENNY

Exactly! We learned to stand up for what's right, to work as a team, to think on our feet.

LUKE

(mock dramatically)

Are you saying our ridiculous teenage escapades actually taught us valuable life lessons?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY
(grinning)
Shocking, I know.

They all laugh, the sound of their friendship echoing through the restaurant.

ERIC
(raising an imaginary
glass)
To learning from absurdity and
coming out stronger.

JENNY & LUKE
(joining in)
Cheers!

As they mime clinking glasses, Jenny looks at her friends, her heart full.

JENNY (V.O.)
We may not have superpowers, but
we've got something better.
Resilience, friendship, and the
ability to find humor in even the
craziest situations. Whatever
comes next, we're ready.

INT. JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

The bustling hallway is alive with chatter and laughter. Students mill about, some casting curious glances at Jenny, Luke, and Eric as they walk together.

JENNY
(whispering)
Is it just me, or is everyone
looking at us?

LUKE
(grinning)
Relax, we're basically school
celebrities now.

ERIC
(adjusting his
glasses)
I'm not sure that's a good thing.

They pass a group of younger students who immediately fall silent, eyes wide with awe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY (V.O.)
It's surreal. Yesterday we were
just three kids trying to save our
school. Today, we're... heroes?

A teacher approaches, beaming.

TEACHER
Jenny, Luke, Eric! The school
board wants to commend you at the
next assembly.

LUKE
(smirking)
Does this mean we get out of pop
quizzes?

TEACHER
(laughing)
Nice try, Luke.

As the teacher walks away, Jenny notices a poster being
put up. It shows Principal Anderson's face with a big red
'X' over it.

JENNY
(pointing)
Guys, look.

ERIC
(reading aloud)
"The tyrant is gone. Long live
democracy!"

LUKE
(chuckling)
Bit dramatic, don't you think?

JENNY
(thoughtfully)
I don't know. It feels... weird.
Like we've changed something big.

They reach their lockers, where a small crowd has
gathered.

STUDENT 1
Is it true you guys are opening a
restaurant?

STUDENT 2
Can I invest? I've got like,
twenty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY
(overwhelmed)
Uh, we're still figuring things
out...

LUKE
(jumping in)
But we'll keep you posted! Who
knows, maybe we'll need taste
testers.

The crowd erupts in excited chatter. Jenny exchanges a
look with Eric, both slightly bemused.

JENNY (V.O.)
It's like we've stepped into an
alternate universe. One where
we're not just students anymore,
but... something more.

As the bell rings, the crowd disperses, leaving the trio
alone.

ERIC
(softly)
You know, with great power comes
great responsibility.

LUKE
(groaning)
Please tell me you're not quoting
Spider-Man right now.

JENNY
(laughing)
He's got a point though. We've got
to use this... whatever it is...
wisely.

They share a moment of understanding before heading to
class, their world forever changed.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenny, Luke, and Eric enter their history class, now
taught by MS. RODRIGUEZ, a new teacher with a no-nonsense
attitude. The room buzzes with excitement.

MS. RODRIGUEZ
Settle down, everyone. Yes, we
have local celebrities in our
midst, but right now, they're
students like the rest of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY
(whispering to Luke)
Celebrities? That's a bit much.

LUKE
(grinning)
Speak for yourself. I could get
used to this.

MS. RODRIGUEZ
Today, we're discussing civil
disobedience. Perhaps our resident
rabble-rousers would like to share
their experiences?

All eyes turn to Jenny, Luke, and Eric. Jenny feels her
face flush.

JENNY (V.O.)
Great. From anonymity to case
study in one day.

ERIC
(hesitantly)
Well, we didn't exactly plan to be
civilly disobedient...

LUKE
(interrupting)
We just saw something wrong and
decided to fix it.

MS. RODRIGUEZ
And that, class, is often how
movements start. Now, who can tell
me about other historical
examples?

As hands shoot up around the room, Jenny sinks lower in
her seat.

JENNY (V.O.)
Is this how it's going to be from
now on? Everyone expecting us to
have all the answers?

The bell rings, signaling the end of class. As they
gather their things, a group of students approaches.

STUDENT 3
Hey, we're thinking of starting a
student council. Would you guys
want to run it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY
(startled)
Us? But we're just...

LUKE
(confidently)
We'll think about it. Right, guys?

Eric nods hesitantly. Jenny feels a knot forming in her stomach.

JENNY (V.O.)
When did we become the go-to
people for everything? I just
wanted to cook, not lead a
revolution.

As they exit the classroom, Jenny pulls Luke and Eric aside.

JENNY
(whispering urgently)
Are we really equipped to handle
all this?

ERIC
(adjusting his
glasses)
I don't know, but it seems like
people are counting on us now.

LUKE
(shrugging)
We took down a corrupt principal.
How hard can running a student
council be?

JENNY
(sighing)
I have a feeling we're about to
find out.

They walk down the hallway, the weight of their new responsibilities settling on their shoulders.

INT. JENNY'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Jenny, Luke, and Eric huddle around a makeshift whiteboard propped against a rusty lawnmower. The garage is cluttered with cooking equipment and half-opened boxes of ingredients.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY
(tapping a marker
against her chin)
Okay, guys. Operation "Teenage
Dream Cuisine" is officially
underway.

LUKE
(smirking)
We're really sticking with that
name?

ERIC
(adjusting his
glasses)
I still think "Scholastic Snacks"
has a nice ring to it.

Jenny rolls her eyes and scribbles "MENU IDEAS" at the
top of the board.

JENNY
Focus, people. We need to nail
down our signature dishes.

LUKE
(enthusiastically)
How about "Detention Delight
Burgers"? We could stuff them with
contraband candy!

JENNY
(laughing despite
herself)
Luke, we're trying to avoid more
trouble, remember?

ERIC
(thoughtfully)
What about "Honor Roll Sushi
Rolls"? We could use different
colored rice for different GPAs.

As they brainstorm, Mrs. Jenkins pokes her head into the
garage.

MRS. JENKINS
How's the planning going, future
restaurateurs?

JENNY
(sighing)
It's... a process, Mrs. Jenkins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. JENKINS
(smiling
encouragingly)
Remember, the best ideas often
come from unexpected places.

As Mrs. Jenkins leaves, Jenny's eyes light up.

JENNY
(excitedly)
That's it! We'll create dishes
inspired by our school subjects!

LUKE
(grinning)
"Geometry Gyros"?

ERIC
(joining in)
"Shakespeare Shakes"?

JENNY
(beaming)
Now we're cooking!

Suddenly, a loud crash echoes through the garage. They
turn to see a tower of pots and pans collapsed on the
floor.

JENNY (V.O.)
(exasperated)
Great. Just when we were getting
somewhere.

LUKE
(sheepishly)
Uh, I may have stacked those a bit
too high.

ERIC
(helping to clean up)
We should probably invest in some
proper storage before we open.

JENNY
(nodding)
Add it to the list. Right under
"Find a location that isn't my
parents' garage."

As they clean up, Jenny can't help but smile at the
chaos. It's messy and unpredictable, but it's theirs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY (V.O.)
Maybe this is exactly what
starting a dream is supposed to
look like.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The sun rises over a bustling small-town street. A colorful banner reads "GRAND OPENING: DETENTION DELIGHTS".

Jenny, now 16, stands before a quaint storefront, her eyes sparkling with excitement. She takes a deep breath and turns to Luke and Eric, both grinning ear to ear.

JENNY
(voice trembling
slightly)
We did it, guys. We actually did
it.

LUKE
(putting an arm
around Jenny)
Never doubted us for a second.

ERIC
(adjusting his
glasses)
Well, maybe for a second. Remember
the Great Ketchup Explosion of
last week?

They all laugh, the memory of their final chaotic preparation fresh in their minds.

INT. DETENTION DELIGHTS RESTAURANT - DAY

The trio enters their newly furnished restaurant. Quirky school-themed decorations adorn the walls, with menu items written on chalkboards.

JENNY (V.O.)
(overwhelmed)
Three years ago, we were just kids
in trouble. Now we're...

Her thoughts are interrupted as Officer Franklin enters, beaming with pride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER FRANKLIN
Ready for your big day,
entrepreneurs?

JENNY
(nodding confidently)
Ready as we'll ever be, Officer
Franklin.

LUKE
(playfully)
Yeah, and this time, our food
operation is totally legal!

OFFICER FRANKLIN
(chuckling)
I should hope so. I'd hate to shut
you down on opening day.

As they laugh, customers begin to trickle in. Jenny's
eyes widen.

JENNY
(whispering urgently)
Places, everyone!

The three friends scramble to their positions: Jenny at
the grill, Luke at the register, and Eric organizing the
dining area.

JENNY (V.O.)
(determined)
This is it. Everything we've been
through, every obstacle we've
faced... it all led to this
moment.

As Jenny flips the first burger, she catches Luke's eye.
He winks, and she feels a flutter in her chest.

JENNY (V.O.)
(warmly)
Who knew saving the school would
lead to... this?

The day progresses in a whirlwind of laughter, minor
mishaps, and satisfied customers. As the lunch rush dies
down, Jenny, Luke, and Eric gather near the counter.

ERIC
(grinning)
I think we can officially call
this a success.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE
(dramatically)
From detention to restaurateurs.
Hollywood, are you listening?

JENNY
(rolling her eyes
affectionately)
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.
We've still got dinner service to
survive.

They share a moment of comfortable silence, taking in
their achievement.

JENNY
(softly)
Guys, I just want to say... thank
you. For everything.

LUKE
(squeezing her hand)
Wouldn't want to be on this crazy
ride with anyone else.

ERIC
(nodding)
Agreed. Though next time, can we
maybe skip the part where we
almost get arrested?

They burst into laughter, their bond stronger than ever.

JENNY (V.O.)
(content)
Whatever comes next, I know we can
handle it. Together.

As the afternoon sun streams through the windows,
illuminating their smiling faces, Jenny feels a sense of
endless possibility. Their adventure may have started in
detention, but it was far from over.