21 JUMP STREET

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LAST YEAR THERE WERE 280 BILLION INCIDENCES OF VIOLENCE ON HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUSES IN AMERICA.

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS FILM IS BASED ENTIRELY ON TRUE EVENTS.

FORTUNATELY, VERY FEW SCHOOLS ARE LIKE VALLEY HIGH...YET.

INT. '67 CORVETTE - NIGHT

Two white guys sit in a Marlboro Maroon '67 Corvette, sporting weak moustaches. SCHMIDT, 23, awkwardly applies a fake scar to his forehead with spirit gum.

SCHMIDT
Got your backstory down?

JENKO, 23, scratches his chin in chimplike fashion.

JENKO
This is a bad idea.

SCHMIDT
Look, it couldn't be easier. At no point do we even consider resorting to "Midnight Baboon".

JENKO
Shit I hope not, considering we're off duty.

SCHMIDT
We set up the buy and ask for delivery tomorrow. They leave to make the drop, bwoop! Pull 'em over in the patrol for a broken taillight. What's this? A trunkload of high grade heroin? Freeze putos, you're busted. We're heroes. We get fast tracked for a gold shield. Couple years later, we apply for S.I.S. and spend our career shooting bad guys in the face.

JENKO
S.I.S. would be tits.

SCHMIDT
Just observe my natural theatrical ability and follow my lead.

Jenko observes Schmidt. Schmidt just sits there. Jenko snorts, throws his car door open and heads for the house.
EXT. SCARY ECHO PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

Schmidt catches up with Jenko in a driveway of a scary house.

SCHMIDT
Is this the Mexican Gangbanger house from Training Day?

JENKO
Saying "Mexican" is racist.

SCHMIDT
What else am I supposed to call someone from Mexico?

JENKO
Spanish American.

SCHMIDT
You're a fuckin' idiot.

JENKO
Don't call me a fuckin' idiot.

Jenko kicks the TAILLIGHT on a '69 IMPALA in the driveway.

EXT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A beautiful CHOLITA, 19, answers the door. Schmidt stammers.

SCHMIDT
Uh...hi...um...

JENKO
Go get Domingo.

The Cholita stares at Jenko, defiant.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Now, bitch.

CHOLITA
Domingo!

Jenko winks at Schmidt.

INT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

FIVE MEXICAN BANGERS stare across the table. JESUS CRISTO, 15, spider web tattooed across his head, Atlanta Falcons jersey with "R. MEXICO" on the back, mad dogs Schmidt.

JESUS CRISTO
Ever get your shit pushed in, holmes?
SCHMIDT
Yeah. But not by a dick. Yet.

DOMINGO, 30, huge banger in an "H. SMITH" Giants jersey, nods.

DOMINGO
How much shit you need?

SCHMIDT
A shitload.

DOMINGO
What’s a shitload? 20 grams? 20 keys?

JENKO
20 grams. The more shit the better.

JESUS CRISTO
Are you fuckin' retarded?

JENKO
No!

JESUS CRISTO
20 grams is less than 20 kilos by 19,980 grams, stupid.

SCHMIDT
Look, we need two keys. That shit moves, we come back for more shit.

DOMINGO
I don't even know what shit you're talking about, fool.

JENKO
You know what shit. The shit shit, man. The shit.

Domingo and Jesus share a look. Domingo smiles.

DOMINGO
Shiiit.

INT. REALLY NARROW HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Gangsters flank Schmidt and Jenko as they walk a dark hallway lined with black velvet paintings of Saints.

EXT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Gangbangers usher Schmidt and Jenko into a huge, empty backyard. They stop next to a walled-off dogfighting ring.
SCHMIDT
You guys have dogfights?

DOMINGO
Nah, holmes. This is where we have pony rides for our kids. We only keep dogs for companionship.

Jesus clicks a remote control. A GARAGE DOOR facing the yard opens, revealing 20 cages full of SNARLING PIT BULLS.

DOMINGO (CONT’D)
Aw. I think they’re lonely.

INT. BACKYARD GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Mexican Gangbangers usher Schmidt and Jenko into the garage. The dogs growl and snap at them from behind the cages. Schmidt casually leans against a breeding stand.

DOMINGO
The dogs make love on there.

Schmidt casually pushes away from the stand. He spies a HYDRAULIC VALVE under a sign that says "NO MOLESTAR".

SCHMIDT
We were actually hoping to make the exchange in a neutral-

JESUS CRISTO
Take off your pants, bitch. Gotta search you for wires. And badges.

JENKO
Whoa, wait? You think we're cops?

SCHMIDT
That's really offensive.

DOMINGO
You motherfuckers don't sell drugs. People who sell drugs look tore up. Your face look like a shaved teenage pussy. Real sweet.

Schmidt notices they’re against a wall spattered with blood.

SCHMIDT
The baboon screams at midnight.

JENKO
Shit, really?

SCHMIDT
Man, fuck yo' mama!
Schmidt PUNCHES Jenko in the stomach. Jenko doubles over.

SLOW MOTION: Jenko comes up with a GLOCK 36 in his hands.

JENKO
(slow motion warp)
LAPD MOTHERFUCKERS, DROP IT!

Schmidt DIVES for the HYDRAULIC VALVE and turns it. Twenty dog cages fly open. The PIT BULLS leap out in slow motion.

REALTIME: The Pit Bulls quickly run out of the garage.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Dude?

SCHMIDT
I thought they’d attack their oppressors!

Domingo reaches his waistband and SHOOTS himself in the leg.

DOMINGO
I shot my leg. I shot my leg.

Jenko and Schmidt RUN. The other Bangers pull their guns.

INT. REALLY NARROW HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bullets splinter the doorway as Jenko and Schmidt dive into the house and sprint down the hallway.

EXT. SCARY EAST L.A. HOUSE, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko run out the front door and are immediately chased by six Pit Bulls. Schmidt throws his gun at a dog. They barely make it into the Corvette, slamming doors.

INT. ‘67 CORVETTE - CONTINUOUS

Jenko FLOORS it, burning rubber. Pit Bulls leap and snap at the windows. Schmidt screams into a police radio.

SCHMIDT
Officers under fire and dog attack!

INT. THE RIGHT FIELDER - NIGHT

“Pancho and Lefty” plays on the juke. Schmidt and Jenko sit at the bar in “The Right Fielder”, in mild shock.
JENKO
We almost died.

SCHMIDT
Makes you think about everything you never accomplished in life.

JENKO
Makes me want to get drunk. Hey man, two doubles of Wild Turkey.

A burly BARTENDER nods at Schmidt.

BARTENDER
I need your I.D.

SCHMIDT
I’m a cop.

BARTENDER
Sure you are.

SCHMIDT
I don’t have I.D., we were undercover.

BARTENDER
Sure you were.

The Bartender goes to grab the bottle.

JENKO
Sarge was pissed. Can’t believe he’s sending us to Dep Chief.

SCHMIDT
We’re definitely getting fired. I’d shoot myself in the head if I didn’t throw my gun at a dog.

The Bartender puts two shots on the bar. Jenko downs one. Schmidt reaches for the other, but Jenko downs it too.

The door opens. Five MANLY COPS enter and head for the pool table. WEXLER, 28, very big ears, winks at Schmidt and Jenko.

WEXLER
What up, faggots.

JENKO
What up, Rampart assholes.

WEXLER
Hey Jenko, remember that time your Dad got shot by a clown?

FLASH CUT: A mustachioed cop gets gunned down by a clown.
Jenko steps off the stool. Schmidt holds him back.

SCHMIDT
We got enough trouble.

JENKO
He wasn’t dumb. He got ambushed.

SCHMIDT
I know, man. I know.

At the other end of the bar, Schmidt sees an attractive woman make out with a gray haired man in a conservative suit.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Dude. Is that your girlfriend?

JENKO
Ha ha.

SCHMIDT
Dude, seriously. That’s Regan.

Jenko double takes. He walks over and stands behind the couple. REGAN, 26, looks up, startled.

REGAN
Oh...shit. I didn’t want you to find out this way.

JENKO
I come in here all the time, so I’m pretty sure you did.

The older gentleman excuses himself.

JENKO (CONT’D)
You’re cheating on me with your Dad?

REGAN
I’m not 18 anymore. Sex with you is great, but I’m ready to have kids.

JENKO
So am I. I told you that.

REGAN
I know, and that’s sweet. But no offense? I don’t want to have half-retarded babies. Ron’s a detective and he’s really smart. Sometimes in life you have to make hard choices, and his dick isn’t that much smaller than yours. So...
Schmidt crosses behind Jenko and Regan to a group of FEMALE COPS hanging by the jukebox. He drops a coin, makes a selection and nods to SHEILA, 24, the prettiest one.

SCHMIDT
Need to hear some bangin’ shit. I’m gonna get seriously messed up this weekend. You got any plans, Sheila?

ABBA, “Take A Chance On Me” blasts from the jukebox.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Okay, that was not my-

MOLINA, 40, the butchest female cop, towers over Schmidt.

MOLINA
Back off, bitch.

Schmidt backs off and bumps into Wexler’s pool cue, ruining his shot. Rampart cops surround him.

WEXLER
Nice moustache.

SCHMIDT
Thanks.

WEXLER
I was joking.

SCHMIDT
Sorry, I forgot your ears get big when you’re being sarcastic.

WEXLER
Don’t you think you and your butt buddy might be better off in the West Hollywood division?

SCHMIDT
Ha ha, because we’re gay. Hey, did you guys hit your monthly quota of shooting unarmed black guys?

Wexler shoves Schmidt. He trips on a stool and falls. Jenko steps over him and walks up to Sheila at the jukebox.

JENKO
Wanna go fuck in my car?

SHEILA
Yeah, whatever.

Schmidt watches them exit, turns to the Bartender.
SCHMIDT
You have to give me some alcohol.

BARTENDER
Absolutely not.

Schmidt stews. A siren begins to wail.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS, SCHMIDT’S BEDROOM - DAWN

Schmidt’s hand slams his novelty police siren alarm clock.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS, KITCHEN - DAWN

DING! Jenko pops the microwave open. Schmidt removes Hot Pockets with a shark oven mitt and puts them on paper plates. They take a bite, make disgusted faces, and exchange Pockets.

EXT. SAUSALITO ARMS - DAWN

Schmidt and Jenko exit THE SAUSALITO ARMS, a shitty Van Nuys apartment. A MEXICAN KID IN A DIAPER flips them off.

INT. DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY’S OFFICE - NIGHT

DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY (58), soft spoken, sits behind his desk. Jenko and Schmidt, in patrol uniforms, sit across from him.

JENKO
Sir, we signed up to take bad guys off the street with a show of appropriate force. We’ve been cops for four years and all we ever get are creampuff assignments. Cat in a tree, or some kid’s bike got stolen.

HARDY
You don’t get called in on hotshots because you look twelve years old. Criminals don’t respect you.

SCHMIDT
Sir, last night we had five bangers convinced we were big time dealers.

Hardy reads Schmidt’s "INCIDENT REPORT" aloud.

HARDY
"At which point suspect said: ‘You motherfuckers don’t sell drugs. People who sell drugs look tore up. Your face look like a shaved teenage pussy. Real sweet.’"
The guys sink in their chairs. Hardy stands. He's very tall.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Officer need to create fear on sight. Looking at you right now, all I see are a couple kids dressed up as cops on Halloween. In fact...

Hardy tosses Schmidt and Jenko a couple little Snickers bars. Jenko starts to unwrap his. Schmidt shoots him a look.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Normally after a night where two of my officers set free 20 pissed-off pitbulls who went on to terrorize a taco truck for three hours because the woman inside didn't have a cell phone, so she just had to scream "Ayudo me!" till someone heard her? Normally I'd terminate those officers. Or put them on a permanent desk. However.
(big sigh)
However, I have a unit in dire need of two young white males. You got boy faces, but you showed man sized balls walking into that house. That buys you this opportunity. Don't blow it. You report at 0600.

SCHMIDT
Where to, sir?

HARDY
Down on Jump Street. 21 Jump Street.

A church organ. “21 JUMP STREET” sprays across a bad graphic of a brick wall. The image shatters, and the ORIGINAL JUMP STREET THEME SONG KICKS IN for the OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE:

- Jenko and Schmidt windsurf, dragging hands in the water.

- Schmidt steps to a HARLEY METH DEALER and BITCH SLAPS him.

- Jenko and Schmidt dive out of an airplane shooting M-4 Bushmasters at SKYDIVING BAD GUYS. A surface-to-air missile streaks past them and EXPLODES the airplane they leapt from.

- Jenko and Schmidt play two player “NARC” in a donut shop.

- Jenko jumps a BMX over a slant nose Porsche 911 Targa, dropping a lit stick of dynamite into the car.

DRUG DEALER
Fuck you, asshole!

The Porsche explodes.
- Schmidt kicks Eddie Vedder in the balls.

- Jenko pilots a Sea Doo while Schmidt fires a belt fed M-60 at a Drug Dealer on a jet ski, annihilating him.

- Jenko drives his Corvette on two wheels.

  SCHMIDT
  Wake up, we’re here.

Schmidt grabs the wheel and flips the Corvette over six times. They crawl out of the wreckage, unharmed.

  JENKO
  What's your problem, man?

The ’67 Stingray explodes behind them.

INT. ’67 STINGRAY - MORNING

Jenko wakes up, drooling on the window. He looks at Schmidt.

  JENKO
  I let you drive?

  SCHMIDT
  We both agreed you were still drunk.

Jenko empties the crumbs of a Gigantor bag of COOL RANCH DORITOS into his mouth, then licks the inside of the bag. Schmidt snatches the bag and throws it out the window.

  JENKO
  Pardon me for having post traumatic stress disorder, dick.

Schmidt and Jenko head towards a DECREPIT CHAPEL in an alley.

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - MORNING

Schmidt and Jenko enter THE JUMP STREET CHAPEL. Vibrant pop cultural artifacts blend with dusty religious iconography. Instead of pews, rows of DESKS face the pulpit.

  SCHMIDT
  Feels like the first day of school.

HARRY TRUMAN JR (Asian) and JACKSON FUGAZY (white), two short guys in baggy jeans and tees, eyeball Schmidt and Jenko.

  SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
  We need to check in with a C.O.

  HARRY TRUMAN JR.
  Sergeant Flynn, under the big desk.
JACKSON
You got something on your lip.

Schmidt touches his moustache. Jenko looks around, frowns.

JENKO
This must the unit that goes undercover in high schools.

JACKSON
You must be the guy they sent over to point out really obvious shit.

Jenko takes a step towards Fugazy. Schmidt pulls him back.

JENKO
Another pussy assignment.

SCHMIDT
At least we won't get shot at by a bunch of Spanish Americans.

They walk to the BIG DESK on the pulpit, hoist themselves up and find two white legs sticking out from underneath.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Reporting for duty sir!

The man startles awake and BANGS his head under the desk.

GRADY (O.S.)
COCK SUCKING CHRIST!

GRADY FLYNN (37) stands into frame beneath a giant crucifix. Blood streams down his face from his forehead. He pulls his Battlestar Galactica nightshirt down and squints.

GRADY (CONT'D)
My bitch wife and crazy daughters are teaming up to give me one long, slow heart attack. This is the only time of the day I get any sleep. And you just made me slam my head on a rusty nail. Thanks, asshole.

SCHMIDT
Sorry sir, just looking for a senior officer.

GRADY
How exactly old do you think I am?

JENKO
Forty.
FUCK YOU. I'm 33. Ascend your ass up the stairs and see Captain Dicks in the rectory. He's chill, don't bother standing at attention. That kind of formal shit just pisses him off.

Jenko and Schmidt nod.

INT. JUMP STREET RECTORY - MORNING

CAPTAIN JOHN HENRY DICKS, 40, yells at the top of his lungs.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Motherfuckers, stand at attention when I'm talking to you! You crazy? I will shit on your face! This the Church of Dicks motherfuckers, and I will put mine in you, you pull any cowboy bullshit in my unit.

SCHMIDT
Sir I assure you we have no intention of pulling any cowboy bullsh-

CAPTAIN DICKS
I WILL SHIT. ON. YOUR FACE. YOU THINK I'M PLAYING? SIT DOWN!

Schmidt and Jenko sit down. Dicks takes a deep breath.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)
Sorry. I hate acting like Angry Black Captain. It’s a messed up stereotype. I'm embarrassed. Welcome to Jump Street. We go undercover in high schools to take down anyone endangering children. I don't like when children get endangered.

Dicks pulls down a CHART captioned “SOCIAL ILLS”.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT’D)
Lot of problems in the LAUSD. Alcoholism. AIDS. Rape. Graffiti. Teachers try’na get in they students’ booties. But of all the evil my officers encounter out there? It’s drugs fucks kids up the most. Drugs rob a young man of his soul. Drugs extinguish a young woman’s dignity. Okay, some cats can handle they shit. But those who can’t? Are fucking. For life. Think you can get down with helping me do something about that?
SCHMIDT/JENKO

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN DICKS

Need you two to go undercover at the most dangerous school in the city and infiltrate a narcotics ring.

SCHMIDT

Which school?

CAPTAIN DICKS

Valley High.

JENKO

Valley High?

CAPTAIN DICKS

YOU GOT A EAR INFUNCTION MOTHERFUCKER?

SCHMIDT

Isn't V.H.S. in a nice neighborhood?

CAPTAIN DICKS

Nice neighborhood with a lot of rich kids. One of whom just died from an overdose of a new drug called H.F.S.

SCHMIDT

What's "H.F.S"?

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - DAY

LUCY (24), Latina cop, sits next to Jackson and Harry as they update fake Twitter and Facebook profiles.

LUCY

"Holy Fuckin' Shit" is a designer drug specific to Valley High.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.

All we know is that it's extremely expensive, extremely addictive and it comes in small doses to keep users coming back for more.

LUCY

It appears to be sold in packs of ten little wafers. We've never recovered a dose because users eat them all immediately. From what we've gathered on the net, it's a short, intense rush with a little something for everyone.
JACKSON FUGAZY
For the Birkenstock assholes, it starts with a marijuana-like high, followed by some intense visuals. The tweakwhackers who prefer Charlie McWhitesniff get a meth-like rush to finish things off.

SCHMIDT
Side effects?

LUCY
Talkativeness and explosive diarrhea.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.
Jocks play on it. Nerds study on it. Kids from every race are using. White, Black, Latino, Asian, Other.

JACKSON FUGAZY
Apparently the kid who died ate a hundred doses with a street value of a thousand dollars. We don’t stop it, more Valley kids will wind up in the meat wagon on Prom night.

SCHMIDT
Why Prom night?

JACKSON FUGAZY
Because that’s obviously when kids party the hardest? I know I did.

HARRY TRUMAN JR.
God I got so fucked up at Prom.

JENKO
I think I got fucked up, but I can’t remember because I was so fucked up.

LUCY
I got fucked up and fucked hard.

Everyone laughs and looks at Schmidt for his story.

SCHMIDT
Sooo...what do we know about the kid who died?

INT. JUMP STREET RECTORY - DAY

Captain Dicks slides a POLICE REPORT to Jenko and Schmidt. They open it to find a SCHOOL PHOTO of a smiling young man.
CAPTAIN DICKS
Billiam Williams. Star of the
Valley High Theater Department.
Found dead in the boys locker room.

JENKO
His name was "Billiam"?

CAPTAIN DICKS
Yeah.

JENKO
That's messed up.

CAPTAIN DICKS
I know. I'm putting you in classes
with Billiam's friends. Hopefully
they can lead you to who he bought
the drug from. Anything you can
find out about H.F.S, I need to
know it and I need to know it now.

Dicks slides another file over. Schmidt flips through photos
of MOLLY TRACEY, green-eyed brunette with librarian glasses.

CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)
Billiam was best friends with a
"Molly Tracey". They were about to
co-star in the school play. Who
wants to join Play Production?

SCHMIDT
I can definitely handle that part
of the mission, sir. I trained as
an actor in Junior High.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Can you handle high school drama?

SCHMIDT
I'm very talented.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Pump her for info. And by "pump her,"
I do not mean with your johnson.

JENKO
You don't have to worry about that,
sir. This guy couldn't get laid in
a Chinese horsehouse.

Dicks slides Jenko a file with photos of NERDS.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Science Rodeo Club. Billiam was a
key member. Join it.
JENKO
Science Rodeo?

CAPTAIN DICKS
Two groups of highly gifted kids compete with complex experiments.

JENKO
I’m on that like stink on rice.

CAPTAIN DICKS
It’s crucial you identify the group selling H.F.S. Once you figure out who it is, drop all other activities and infiltrate them. Go write up your undercover identities.

Dicks slides over two blank dossiers.

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, LUNCH TABLE - AFTERNOON

Grady flips through Schmidt's dossier. He has written on every inch of available space, including the margins.

GRADY
Jesus pissing Christ, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT
I believe in backstory.

GRADY
Based on all your previously successful undercover work?

SCHMIDT
Based on the fact that I trained as an actor in Junior High.

GRADY
You trained as an actor?

Schmidt nods, proud.

GRADY (CONT’D)
What a fag. How about you, jackoff?

Grady looks at Jenko's dossier, blank except for one word.

GRADY (CONT’D)
You misspelled "whatever".

JENKO
Whatever.

Grady hurls their dossiers in the trash.
GRADY
Since you geniuses obviously suck
dick at coming up with identities,
lemme break it down. You are the
McQuaid brothers. The most violent
sons of bitches ever to go to school
in Northern California. You’ve been
kicked out of six schools for
infractions ranging from extreme
profanity to attempted murder.

JENKO
Why aren't we in jail?

GRADY
Because you’re bad ass. So act like
it. Bad ass from day one is your only
way to get in with the bad guys
before school's out! For the summer!

INT. TOPANGA MALL – DAY

Grady (Scorpions t-shirt) stands inside a MASSIVE MALL.

GRADY
Pop Quiz. Let’s see what your game
is like with high school students.
Doug, you’re supposed to get tight
with some theater bitch, so hit up
some quirky whores in the Apple
store and get me phone numbers.
Brad, you’re supposed to be in some
Science Rodeo bullshit, go find some
nerdy bitches in B.Dalton books and
get me some phone numbers.

A clean shaven Schmidt and Jenko nod and deploy.

INT. THE APPLE STORE – DAY

Schmidt stares at a CARRIE, a teen girl checking out iPods.

SCHMIDT
That’s basically an iPhone without
the phone. It’s pretty sick. It has
wireless and you can totally
download songs and browse the web.

CARRIE
Do you work here or something?

SCHMIDT
No.
CARRIE
Can you leave me alone then?

SCHMIDT
No.

Carrie’s suspicious MOM approaches.

CARRIE’S MOM
May I ask why you’re talking to my daughter?

SCHMIDT
No.

Carrie’s Mom drags her away.

INT. TOPANGA MALL - DAY

Jenko hustles out of BORDERS, pursued by a SECURITY GUARD.

INT. HOT DOG ON A STICK - DAY

Schmidt chuckles in line behind two SNOTTY TEEN GIRLS.

SCHMIDT
I know, my mom is such a dick too.

TEEN GIRL IN LINE
This is a private conversation?

SCHMIDT
Why do you have to be such a bitch?

TEEN GIRL IN LINE
Why do you have to be so ugly?

INT. MERRY GO ROUND - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko sit on horses next to each other on the Merry Go Round, rising up and down, up and down.

SCHMIDT
I need your extra numbers.

JENKO
Didn’t get any. Apparently intelligent girls are scared of me.

The guys stare into the middle distance...

CAPTAIN DICKS (O.S.)
10 COMMANDMENTS OF JUMP STREET, GO.
INT. JUMP STREET RECTORY - EVENING

Schmidt and Jenko stand at attention.

SCHMIDT
ONE. Never blow your cover.

JENKO
TWO. Know your backstories.

SCHMIDT
THREE. Don't get emotionally involved with students.

JENKO
FOUR. Don't go to parties, you might be pressured to do drugs.

SCHMIDT
FIVE. Don't do drugs. Have a list of excuses ready for why you can't.

JENKO
SIX. Don't carry a gun on campus.

SCHMIDT
SEVEN. Don't be good or bad students. Be average.

JENKO
EIGHT. Don't wear a watch. Kids don't wear watches, police do!

SCHMIDT
NINE. Avoid violent altercations.

CAPTAIN DICKS nods, framed by a stained glass window.

CAPTAIN DICKS
And the Tenth Commandment?

Jenko and Schmidt can't remember. GRADY chimes in.

GRADY
"Never blow your cover", dickwads.

JENKO
That's the first Commandment.

CAPTAIN DICKS
It's the first and last Commandment. Just because it's high school don't mean you won't catch a bad one if 4 Pounda's start losin' weight. Dig?
CAPTAIN DICKS
I need to know who makes this shit and I need to know it now, before it spreads to other schools. Find out who’s selling. Infiltrate the organization. Identify the supplier. Uncover this evil motherfucker’s identity so I can put the LAPD’s big black dick up his ass.

SCHMIDT/JENKO
Yes sir!

INT. THE SAUSALITO ARMS, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jenko watches “Miami Vice” on Blu-ray. Schmidt thumbs through AN ACTOR PREPARES side by side with his old YEARBOOK.

SCHMIDT
Stanislavski says “to reproduce feelings you must be able to identify them from personal experience.”

JENKO
Who the fuck is Stanislavski?

SCHMIDT
The greatest drama teacher in history.

Jenko snaps off two armpit farts.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
We need to use what we really felt in school to help our character work. For example, what motivated you to take a shit on Principal Carmen’s desk?

JENKO
That’s what she gets for suspending me for fighting in self-defense.

SCHMIDT
You started that fight. You kicked Jason Rutmanis in the head.

JENKO
That’s what he gets for calling me a fuckin’ idiot.
SCHMIDT
See, that’s good. You should use the anger you felt over being dumb.

JENKO
(angry)
I didn’t say I was angry.

Jenko grabs the Yearbook and flips some pages, landing on a PHOTO of a girl playing volleyball: "MELISSA WHISPIT". Her face has been carefully inked out with a ballpoint pen.

JENKO (CONT’D)
You know what you should use? The fact that you never learned to party and wasted four years of your life on a bitch who wouldn’t even make out with you.

SCHMIDT
Don’t call her a bitch. She was a good person.

Jenko laughs. Schmidt eyeballs him.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Just tell me now and get it over with. Did you put your dick in her?

Schmidt and Jenko share a long staredown.

JENKO
This it the last time I’m gonna say this. I did not fuck Melissa Whispit. Stop accusing me of being a bad friend just because I got shit-tanked for four years straight and had a great time.

Schmidt sighs.

SCHMIDT
I definitely should’ve partied more.

JENKO
You should’ve come to Prom. We raged.

SCHMIDT
Dude, do you have even one regret from High School?

JENKO
Yeah. Just one.
(beat)
Learning. I regret not learning.

Schmidt nods, somber. Jenko breaks into forced laughter.
JENKO (CONT’D)
You vagina, you believed me?

Jenko turns another Yearbook page:

JENKO (CONT’D)
Fuck it, man. This is what it was all about at the end of the day.

PHOTO: TEEN JENKO pretends to choke TEEN SCHMIDT. The caption reads "MOST LIKELY TO GET MARRIED", but "GET MARRIED" has been replaced with "KICK ASS!!!"

JENKO (CONT’D)
You and me, kicking much ass.

Schmidt slams the Yearbook shut.

SCHMIDT
That’s not enough. Doug McQuaid suffered unbelievable pain as a kid. He laughs it off, but inside he’s really pissed off about it. That’s what drives him to commit acts of unspeakable violence. I don’t know how to get into that state of rage.

Jenko shrugs. He re-opens the Yearbook and reads a signature.

JENKO
Dude, your Mom signed your yearbook?

Schmidt stands up like a shot.

SCHMIDT
Oh my God. I have to move in with my parents.

JENKO
What a horrible idea.

SCHMIDT
If Daniel Day-Lewis can cobble shoes, I can move in with my parents.

JENKO
I just got dumped, man. Don’t leave me solo at the Sausalito.

SCHMIDT
I gotta pack.

Schmidt exits the living room.
EXT. WOODLAND HILLS SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Schmidt stands outside a Woodland Hills home with the exact expression of fear he had outside the Training Day house.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt enters. The alarm goes off. He keys the code. A huge HANDBAG smashes into the side of his head and he goes down.

ANNIE
DAD THERE’S AN INTRUDER!

SCHMIDT
Mom, it’s me! Jesus fucking Christ!

ANNIE, 50, loud and frenzied, hits Schmidt in the head again.

ANNIE
I’m not having that kind of language in this house!

DAVID, 55, beaten down from years of abuse, walks into the foyer. Annie hits him with her bag.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
What if this had been a sexual intruder? He’d be raping me by now!

DAVID
Now, honey, I told you that Schmidt was moving home for a-

ANNIE
Oh you most certainly did not, unless you said it in that little gay mouse voice you like to use.

Annie’s scowl suddenly turns into a huge smile.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
My Schmiddy is moving home?

Annie grabs Schmidt and squeezes the life out of him.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
My Schmiddy is moving home!

Schmidt and David share a look. David shrugs and walks away.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS, BATHROOM - MORNING

THE KINKS, “Schooldays”: hands wearing multiple skull rings lace up Chuck Taylors. A vintage Bones Brigade T-shirt pulls over messy hair. JENKO mad dogs the mirror.
INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, BATHROOM - MORNING

A satin RAIDERS jacket slides over shoulders. SCHMIDT doffs a straight brim Raiders cap and mad dogs the mirror.

SPLIT SCREEN - Jenko and Schmidt give themselves hard looks.

JENKO
I’m Brad. Mess with me, I’ll punch your face so hard your nose will come out your ass. Also, I’m hella smart, which is how I make so much damn money selling drugs.

Jenko shuffles two 20's and throws them at the mirror.

Schmidt grabs his crotch.

SCHMIDT
I’m Doug. I love drinking beer and fucking bitches. I’ve had sex with twenty sluts and I’m only 18. What?

ANNIE (O.S.)
Schmiddy, hand me the box of maxipads under the sink. Quickly.

Schmidt takes a very deep breath. Jenko slowly reaches for the 20’s and pockets them.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Corvette JUMPS the curb and skids to a stop in the DEAN’S parking space. Jenko and Schmidt exit. Schmidt runs his hand over a new Porsche parked in the PRINCIPAL spot.

SCHMIDT
What kind of Principal makes enough money to buy a Porsche Carrera?

JENKO
The suspicious kind.

Schmidt and Jenko walk towards campus. A TEACHER with a bloody nose runs to his Toyota Celica and speeds away.

They continue past SHEA, a young Black man in wifebeater and khakis who rubs his knuckles and glares at Schmidt and Jenko.

They continue between PICH and BORIS, a lanky Cambodian "kid" and an intense Armenian "kid", both in wifebeaters and khakis.

SCHMIDT
Sup dawgs.
Boris flicks a cigarette butt at Schmidt’s feet. Pich blows a smoke ring from a fat blunt. Schmidt and Jenko move on. They pause under a heavily vandalized BULLSHARK statue.

**JENKO**
I sense a breakdown in authority.

**SCHMIDT**
Muthafuckas be wilding out.

**SALVADOR**, diesel built Latino "kid", brutally SHOVES a small kid out of his way and settles at the school entrance next to **CALVIN**, a massive white "kid" in wifebeater and khakis. They mad dog every kid who enters school. The BELL rings.

**JENKO**
Pretty clear what needs to be done.

Jenko takes off towards a 300 pound nerd sitting on a planter, wrapping up a fierce round of "Magic: The Gathering".

**BRYAN**
I don't see how you guys can ever survive the power of my Necropotence.

Jenko SHOVES Bryan into the planter.

**JENKO**
'The hell you looking at?

**BRYAN**
Nothing! Nothing!

**JENKO**
You calling me "nothing"?!

Jenko PUNCHES Bryan in the stomach, sending him to the ground. Bryan writhes around, wheezing. Students run over.

**BRYAN**
I can't breath he.

**BRYAN'S DORK FRIEND**
You jerk! He has asthma really bad!

Schmidt wrestles Jenko away. A WHISTLE BLOWS and they are tackled by **DEAN STANTON**, 40, ex-military, a lone man struggling to keep order in the midst of anarchy.

**DEAN STANTON**
You wanna get rough, punks?!

Dean Stanton hustles them into school past Calvin.
INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean Stanton shoves Jenko and Schmidt into a plush office.

DEAN STANTON
They parked in my spot, and tough guy in the bandana punched a kid.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN, 45, creepy smile, nods at Dean Stanton.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
I’ll take it from here.

DEAN STANTON
But-

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Thank you, Dean Stanton.

Stanton reluctantly exits. Whiteman smiles.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN (CONT’D)
The McQuaid brothers I presume.
Which one of you is "Brad"?

Incredibly long beat. Schmidt slowly looks at Jenko.

JENKO
I am.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Detention.

JENKO
Bitchin’.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Doug, would you also like detention?

SCHMIDT
No sir.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Then don’t ever put your greasy, working class hands on my Porsche again. Get out.

Schmidt and Jenko exit.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH, ADMINISTRATIVE HALLWAY - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko walk down the empty hallway.
SCHMIDT
Remember how you used to write test answers on your hand? Maybe you should do that with your name, Brad.

JENKO
If you know so much about acting, maybe you should stop acting like a giant pussy, Doug. “No sir, please don’t give me detention, wah, wah.”

SCHMIDT
I didn’t want to get in trouble.

JENKO
We’re here to get in trouble.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey there new guys!

Schmidt and Jenko stop in front of a table with a blue banner that reads: “D.A.D.”

WALT, 40, extremely nice, mans the table.

WALT
My name is Walt, let me be the first to give you a big ole Bullshark welcome...GO`SHARKS!

Walt makes a shark jaw with his arms.

SCHMIDT
What does “D.A.D.” stand for, Dumb Ass Dicksucker?

WALT
Ha ha, no, it stands for “Drugs Are Dangerous!” I know you’re just “talking smack” because it’s cool, but you’ll find me here every Friday if you ever need any advice.

Walt presses some PAMPHLETS into Schmidt’s hand.

WALT (CONT’D)
Maybe on the way to class, you’d like to read about the dangerous effects of illegal drugs!

SCHMIDT
Maybe you’d like to eat the corn out of my shit.

Schmidt throws the pamphlets. Jenko knocks the stack of bumper stickers off the table.
INT. HEALTH CLASS - DAY

Schmidt and Jenko enter a room cluttered with models of reproductive organs. They sit down. Notebooks are covered with defaced D.A.D. stickers. A sex-ed tape plays.

JEFF BRIDGES (V.O.)
Symptoms of syphilis include paralysis, numbness, blindness, loss of memory and...um...death.

The television displays a penis covered in bloody lesions.

JEFF BRIDGES (V.O.) (CONT’D)
The surest way to avoid syphilis is to abstain from sexual contact.

SCHMIDT
Fuck that!

Everyone laughs.

JEFF BRIDGES (V.O.)
The second best way to is to be in a long-term monogamous relationship with a partner who has been tested and is known to be uninfected.

JENKO
Fuck that!

Total silence. Schmidt turns to a girl sitting next to him.

SCHMIDT
Hey, where can I score some H.F.S?

The girl points out a strung out boy sitting behind them.

GIRL
Ask Evan.

Evan falls out of his chair and has a seizure.

MRS. POON
Not again.

Jenko notices a WRAPPER on the ground next to Evan. He covers it with his foot and slides it over. JEREMY and PIZ, two teen burnouts, nudge Schmidt from behind.

PIZ
Bro, if you wanna get some shit you gotta go to detention.

JEREMY
Gotta get in trouble or they won’t sell it to you. Keeps the narcs out.
EXT. THE QUAD - MORNING

Jenko and Schmidt sit in THE QUAD, a grassy area surrounded by CLASSROOM BUILDINGS, THE GYM and the CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM. Jenko unpeels a Fruit Roll Up.

SCHMIDT
Can I have half of that?

Jenko stuffs the whole thing in his mouth, digs in his pocket.

JENKO
Check it out.

Jenko produces the WRAPPER: a colorful H.F.S. logo with a big yellow happy face saying “Bet you can’t eat just one of them shits!” A small WAFER falls into Jenko’s palm.

JENKO (CONT’D)
One dose. We give it to lab, they trace what it’s made of, we track down who’s buying the supplies.

SCHMIDT
Downtown has triple homicide DNA tests backed up from five years ago, good luck with that.

A group of kids walk past in a slow processional, carrying a huge photo of BILLIAM WILLIAMS. One plays an acoustic version of Pennywise, “Bro Hymn”. They sing in beautiful harmony.

JENKO
I smell Thespians.

The girl leading the procession wears a Day of the Dead skeleton mask. The group sits in a circle on the lawn. She pulls off her mask, revealing MOLLY TRACEY, 18. Schmidt gulps.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Whoa. She looks just like Melissa.

SCHMIDT
You stay away from her.

ZACK CORNELIUS, 15, a sketchy kid drinking a 24oz Red Bull, accidentally bumps into Schmidt as he approaches a group of ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH SOPHOMORES. He gives a rapidfire pitch.

ZACK
What up what up. Case you hadn’t noticed, it’s prison rules now at V.H.S.

(MORE)
ANY OF US COULD GET KILLED OR BUTTFucked AT ANY TIME, WHICH IS WHY I'M OFFERING THIS PEN-SIZED STUN GUN FOR THE LOW PRICE OF A HUNDRED DOLLARS. I BUY IN BULK AND PASS THE SAVINGS ALONG TO YOU, THE CONSUMER.

ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH TEEN BOY
GET OUT OF HERE, SPAZ.

ZACK
FUCK YOU GUYS.

Zack moves to another group of students. Jenko taps Schmidt.

JENKO
TROUBLE.

CALVIN marches towards them, pissed. He veers towards ZACK. Zack runs, slamming into SALVADOR. Salvador tosses Zack to Calvin, who slamdunks him headfirst into a traszcan.

SCHMIDT
Those gotta be our guys.

JENKO
Get detention, man.

The trachcan with Zack inside rolls by. The BELL RINGS.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko plays with CHEMICALS in the back of a SCIENCE CLASS. Schmidt walks in and waves to the teacher.

SCHMIDT
I'm 20 minutes late. Detention?

DR. MARCENHOLT, 50, shrugs.

DR. MARCENHOLT
Your life's inevitable failure gives me ultimate vindication. Find a lab partner. You get to cut up a pig today, should be good times for a burgeoning young sociopath.

SCHMIDT
Don't judge me. You don't know me. You don't know what I been through.

Schmidt sees MOLLY alone at a lab station. He struts down the aisle and sits next to her. She looks up, teary eyed.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Hi. I'm Doug. Are you okay?
Molly begins to nod, then shakes her head.

    MOLLY
    I miss my lab partner.

    SCHMIDT
    Billiam?

Molly nods, wiping her tears.

    SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
    Seems like he was a great guy.

    MOLLY
    He was. He's irreplaceable.

    SCHMIDT
    That sucks. I'm really sorry. If it makes you feel any better...

Schmidt holds up the PIG FOETUS.

    SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
    This piglet has a huge penis.

Molly stares at Schmidt, mouth ajar.

    SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
    Are you seeing this? For a piglet, this is serious dong. I hereby christen you "James Woods".

Molly slowly grins. She points at the pig with a scalpel.

    MOLLY
    Umbilical cord. It's a girl.

    SCHMIDT
    Oh. Are you of legal voting age?

    MOLLY
    You want to know if I'm 18?

    SCHMIDT
    I want to know if you've engaged in the American political process.

    MOLLY
    I turned 18 this month.

    SCHMIDT
    Cool. Not that it matters. We're all teenagers here, right? Heh.

Jeremy and Piz laugh hysterically at the next lab station as they make their foetal pig do the moonwalk.
MOLLY
Shitheads. So many kids are on it.

SCHMIDT
Who sells it?

MOLLY
Why are you asking me that?

Schmidt searches for an answer. Suddenly, a loud BANG!
Schmidt tackles Molly to the ground. On Jenko:

JENKO
Bitchin'.

Dr. Marcenholt grabs smoking test tubes out of Jenko's hands.

DR. MARCENHOLT
You have quite the aptitude for chemistry. Some more nitric acid, you could have incinerated this entire room and everyone in it.

JENKO
For reals?

Schmidt helps Molly to her feet.

SCHMIDT
Sorry. That’s my brother. He’s an asshole.

MOLLY
That guy is your brother?

SCHMIDT
Yeah.

MOLLY
Is he older or younger?

SCHMIDT
Younger. By four months.

MOLLY
How is that even possible?

SCHMIDT
Um...my Dad was a pimp, so we came from two of his whores. It was a good year for him. Fertility-wise. Financially, I think we pretty much ruined his life.

At the other side of the room, Jenko corners Mr. Marcenholt.
JENKO
I want to join the Rodeo.

DR. MARCENHOLT
Delroy is the student organizer.

Jenko grabs DELROY, 14, by the shirt as he walks by.

JENKO
You Delroy?

Delroy nods, gulps.

JENKO (CONT’D)
I want to join the Rodeo.

DELROY
The only spot left is the vacancy left by Billiam, but it’s a leadership position and we have some fairly rigorous entrance requirements. So...

JENKO
You saying I’m not smart enough? I almost just blew up this room and I wasn’t even trying.

DELROY
No, it’s just...

Jenko stares Delroy down. Delroy pees a little, reaches into his backpack and produces a pin with a tiny yellow lasso.

DELROY (CONT’D)
This is your Lariat of Knowledge. We meet here at lunch.

Jenko pins the Lariat of Knowledge to his shirt, pleased.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, THE QUAD – DAY

Schmidt and Molly walk towards the CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM.

MOLLY
You tackled me before I even heard the noise. Like it was a reflex.

SCHMIDT
Yeah, well. Lot of drive-by’s where I’m from. Oakland. Oak town. Been through some heavy shit I don’t really want to talk about.

MOLLY
Yeah. Me too.
SCHMIDT
Billiam?

MOLLY
Yeah.

SCHMIDT
When did he get hooked on the shit?

MOLLY
Billiam wasn’t on H.F.S. Okay?

Molly pushes through the Auditorium doors, irritated.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

MITCH HUPCAKE, 28, ponytailed drama teacher, paces the stage.

MR. HUPCAKE
That’s the problem with staging a production in the Valley, you’ve all lived boring, bullshit lives.

He squats and slaps the stage with frustration.

MR. HUPCAKE (CONT’D)
That pound of flesh represents the respect Shylock’s people have been denied by the ruling class. Billiam played Shylock with passion and anger! Somebody in this room better bring the heat, or we might as well close this production right now.

Molly raises her hand, speaks with thinly veiled sarcasm.

MOLLY
You should read Doug for the role. He’s from Oakland and apparently he’s been through some heavy shit.

Mr. Hupcake looks Schmidt up and down.

MR. HUPCAKE
For example?

SCHMIDT
For example I saw my Mom get shot in the face. By my Dad.

Mr. Hupcake covers his mouth in shock.
INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, LATER - DAY

Schmidt stands center stage, “The Merchant of Venice” in his hands. The entire class watches with rapt attention.

MR. HUPCAKE
Remember. Your daughter just abandoned you and jacked all your ducats. Antonio has literally spit on you for being a Jew.

Schmidt nods, clears his throat... and acts.

SCHMIDT
Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, do we not revenge?

Schmidt builds to a climax worthy of Day-Lewis.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Revenge. The villiany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction...

The class watches, stunned. Mr. Hupcake stands up.

MR. HUPCAKE
The show goes up in two weeks. We rehearse every day at lunch.

Schmidt catches Molly’s eye. She looks impressed. He shrugs.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko stares at four terrified SCIENCE NERDS in orange shirts with BRONCO silhouettes. At the other end of class, BRYAN works with nerds in blue shirts with BULL silhouettes.

JENKO
So. You guys knew Billiam?
DELROY
He was our Team Vaquero.

JENKO
Was he on the shit?

DELROY
No way. He was in four AP classes.

JENKO
Then why did he overdose?

Team Bronco gives a collective shrug. Jenko chuckles.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Man, you guys are so naide.

DELROY
Do you...do you mean “naive”?

JENKO
No.

GUS, a 13 year old Indian boy, pipes up.

GUS
May I ask when we can continue our experiment?

JENKO
Shut up.

GUS
Yes, sir.

JENKO
How smart are you guys? As smart as that guy in the wheelchair?

GUS
Stephen Hawking?

JENKO
No, dickhead. Professor X-man. Are you as smart as him?

Team Bronco gives a collective nod. Jenko gathers them in.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Look, I don’t want to jack fools and pimp bitches for the rest of my life.

GUS
You...pimp bitches?
JENKO
Yeah. But I’m trying to leave that behind. I want to go straight.

GUS
Seriously, do you pimp bitches?

JENKO
I want to go to DeVry Pharmacy School. I’m hella smart, but I can’t get in with my grades. I gotta get noticed.

Jenko speaks in low tones.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Let’s say I got my hands on a dose of H.F.S. Could we reverse-whatever-it to find out what it’s made of?

Team Bronco share a look.

DELROY
Two doses would be preferable, but we could possibly do it with one.

BLAKEY, 14, mildly cross-eyed, greedily rubs his sweaty palms.

BLAKEY
Surely we’d win the Golden Stetson.

JENKO
We’d win the hell out of that shit. We could get famous and get pussy. Best way to honor Billiam’s memory.

Gus nods violently. Delroy raises a finger of protest.

DELROY
I think I speak for Team Bronco when I say we are not interested in helping a criminal make his own H.F.S. How do we know you won’t abuse our intelligence?

JENKO
I swear on the Lariat of Knowledge.

Team Bronco shares a look. They give a collective nod.

GUS
I suppose we’ll be doing your work.

JENKO
I do my own work, motherfucker.

Jenko produces the crumpled packet of H.F.S. and shakes out the single dose. Team Bronco gasps.
Delroy
We’re gonna kick the hell out of Team Bull.

Blakey
More like Team Bullshit!

Team Bronco laughs it up. Bryan looks over from across the room. Jenko shoots him a look. Bryan averts his eyes.

Jenko
So. What’s the plan?

Delroy
The Lichtenstein-Gupta Cockroach dexterity experiment.

Jenko
Bitchin’.

The bell rings.

Int. Hallway – Day

Schmidt and Jenko walk down a long hallway.

Jenko
I’m the King of Science.

Schmidt
I’m the King of Shylock.

Jenko
What’s Shylock?

Schmidt
Sorry, I forgot you’re illiterate.

Jenko
Man–

Schmidt
What did you learn?

Jenko
The nerds’re gonna help me figure out how H.F.S. is made.

Schmidt
I’m sure.

Jenko
Don’t mock, they’re hella smart.

Schmidt
Dude, stop saying “hella”.

39.
JENKO
We’re supposed to be from the Bay,
I’ll say it as much as I want.

SCHMIDT
Anything else?

JENKO
They said Billiam didn’t do drugs.
But they’re hella naive.

SCHMIDT
Molly said the same thing.

JENKO
Foul play?

SCHMIDT
Feels like she knows something. I’m
gonna try to get it out of her.

JENKO
Just make sure not to put it in her.
I saw the way you clocked her at
recess. Looked like a cartoon wolf.

The tardy bell rings. Jenko and Schmidt stop outside a class.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Did you get detention yet?

Schmidt shakes his head.

JENKO (CONT’D)
6th period. Tardiness ain’t gonna cut
it, man. Too much shit has gone down
at this school. They're desensitive.

SCHMIDT
What do you want me to do, pull my
dick out in front of everybody?

Jenko shrugs and enters class. After a moment of thought,
Schmidt unzips his fly, pulls his dick out and enters.

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Whiteman stares across his desk at Schmidt.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Detention.
INT. DETENTION - DAY

Jenko and Schmidt enter a dim, moldy classroom. MR. DADIER, 67, glances up from behind a Sodoku puzzle, afraid.

MR. DADIER
They’re not here yet.

Jenko and Schmidt take a seat across from ZACK, who nervously gulps another Red Bull and clutches his backpack tightly.

ZACK
Either of you in the market for 3rd row Jonas Brothers tickets or a slightly used MP3 player? Word has it you’re unreasonably violent, can I interest you in exchanging contraband for personal protection?

Schmidt and Jenko glare at Zack. He shuts up.

THE GANG slowly enter in lock step. They sit around Zack, encircling him like lions might encircle a baby zebra. Salvador slips on CHROME KNUCKLES and raps on Zack’s desk.

CALVIN
What's in the bag. Zachary.

Boris shoots Zack in the face with a rubberband. Shea grabs Zack's backpack and shakes it. A used MP3 player falls out, breaking in half. Two concert tickets float to the floor.

SALVADOR
That don't look like our money, holmes. Look like some bullshit.

ZACK
I just need a couple days, I-

Shea explodes into laughter as he reads the concert tickets.

SHEA
This motherfucker goin' to “The Jonas Brothers.”


CALVIN
You got one day, Zachary.

JENKO (O.S.)
Yo.

Calvin looks up to see JENKO leaning against his desk.
JENKO (CONT’D)
We’re the McQuaid brothers. I’m Brad, that’s Doug.

Schmidt stands into frame, arms crossed.

SCHMIDT
We’re professional ass kickers. We want to work for you.

The Gang walks over to Schmidt and Jenko.

SCHMIDT
I’m not a narc. You’re a narc.

SALVADOR
Know who calls dudes narcs?

Pich spins a THROWING KNIFE through his fingers and touches the gleaming tip to Schmidt’s chin.

PICH
Narcs. Narc.

SCHMIDT
Unless you’re a narc, your argument just totally collapsed.

JENKO
You want to see if we’re narcs? Let’s go do some dirt.

Calvin looks them over with an unblinking gaze.

CALVIN
Meet us at the mall. 6 p.m. Macy’s.

The Gang exit. Shea throws a fake punch at Mr. Dadier.

INT. BOY’S BATHROOM - DAY

Schmidt kicks the BOYS ROOM door open. Jenko checks stalls.

JENKO
FUCK YEAH!

SCHMIDT
They’re buying it.

JENKO
Man, those guys look at least 21.
SCHMIDT
We make detective off this for sure, as long as we don’t do something incredibly stupid. Just gotta show them how hardcore we are. Remember the first and last Commandment.

JENKO
Never blow your cover.

SCHMIDT
Never blow your cover.

A FART echoes. Moments later, a toilet goes FLUSHHH. A stall door creaks open. ZACK emerges, wearing headphones. He walks between Schmidt and Jenko and washes his hands, wide-eyed.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Is it that pink, granular shit?

ZACK
Huh?

Jenko lifts Zack up and SLAMS him against the wall.

SCHMIDT
Why are you spying on us?

ZACK
I'm not! I just came in here to blow some mud!

JENKO
Why didn't I see your feet?

ZACK
I'm short!

SCHMIDT
What did you hear?

ZACK
Nothing, I was listening to music!

Zack holds up half an MP3 player. Jenko swats it away.

JENKO
You tell anyone what you heard, you get us killed. And if you get us killed? I'm gonna kill you.

ZACK
You're cops. You can’t kill me.

Jenko and Schmidt share a quick look. Fuck.
ZACK (CONT’D)
I swear to God I won't tell anyone.
As long as you settle my debt.

JENKO
What debt?

ZACK
They're taxing my black market
sales. By the way if you guys ever
need throwing stars or anything I
can totally hook that up.

SCHMIDT
How much do you owe?

ZACK
More than you can possibly imagine.

JENKO
How much?

ZACK
Three hundred dollars.

Schmidt pulls out $300 and waves it in front of Zack’s face.

SCHMIDT
Smell that? Smells like Vanessa
Hudgens’ pussy. Could be yours if
you tell us everything you know
about H.F.S.

Jenko sets Zack on the floor. Zack speaks very fast.

ZACK
The guys in detention sell it they
run the whole school they beat the
crap out of whoever they want and
they always get away with it cause
people who mess with them get killed.

SCHMIDT
How much of that did you make up?
80 percent?

ZACK
If you don't believe me, ask
Billiam Williams. Oh that's right
you can't. He's dead.

JENKO
You think they killed Billiam?

ZACK
Wow, it’s like you’re the
reincarnation of Sherlock Holmes.
Jenko picks Zack back up and slams him against the wall.

**JENKO**
Just because we can’t kill you
doesn’t mean we won’t beat the holy
shit out of you without leaving any
marks. What else do you know?

**ZACK**
They do big sales at b-ball games
and afterparties. Away games too.

**SCHMIDT**
Who makes it?

**ZACK**
Don’t know but he’s a genius. It
starts off like you’re making love to
a cloud and then it turns into the
best trip ever no spiders or demons
just naked black chicks and the face
of God and then you get a crazy rush
like you just drank ten Red Bulls
it’s such good shit. Supposedly.

Schmidt and Jenko share a look.

**SCHMIDT**
Are you a shithead?

**ZACK**
No way, Drugs Are Dangerous. Hey when
this is over can I shoot one of your
guns preferably a .38 automatic?

**JENKO**
That is never, ever going to
happen. Just keep your mouth shut.

**SCHMIDT**
You blow our cover, we’ll plant
heroin on you and send you to CYA
with 17 year old rapist killers.

**ZACK**
Cover my debt with those psychos
you got nothing to worry about.

Schmidt hands him $300. Zack holds a fist out, gets no bump.

**ZACK (CONT’D)**
So. See you guys at Flat Top?

**SCHMIDT**
What’s Flat Top?
ZACK
It’s where the party is Fryfrynay.

JENKO
What’s Fryfrynay?

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, LUNCH TABLE - NIGHT

Dicks, Grady, Jackson and Lucy debrief Schmidt and Jenko.

JENKO
Since when did "Fryfrynay" become "Friday night"?

JACKSON
Since three months ago. Y’all better hop on Urban Dictionary with a quickness.

GRADY
Jesus in a gay porn theater, you guys are the worst undercover cops since Leonardo DiCaprio. A gang of five guys? I'd have those dickbags working for me by now.

SCHMIDT
We just found out how they're expanding their market.

Jenko displays the SPORTS section of the SHARK ATTACK WEEKLY.

JENKO

Captain Dicks SLAM the pulpit with his X-Treme Gulp cup.

CAPTAIN DICKS
Motherfucker do you know how fucked this unit is if we let the shit spread to other schools?

SCHMIDT
Sir, we’re gonna get in the gang. We’re meeting them at the mall right now, probably to shoplift.

Dicks and Grady share a look.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Grady hands Schmidt a backpack full of 100 dollar bills.
JENKO
Why are you giving us 50 grand?

GRADY
They didn’t invite you to shoplift, they invited you to see if you got drug dealer money. Go spend this. You’re on the hook for everything you buy, so keep the fuckin’ receipts.

INT. TOPANGA MALL, MACY’S – EVENING

GHOSTFACE KILLAH, “Kilo”. Jenko and Schmidt stride through the mall with the Gang.

- Jenko pays 1,000 cash for Gucci eyeglasses. Schmidt spends 1,000 cash on a chain with blinged out tragedy/comedy faces.
- Cash slides across counters in one direction. Clothes and bling slide across in the other.

INT. TOPANGA MALL – EVENING

Schmidt, Jenko and the Gang stride through the mall. Jenko looks into VICTORIA’S SECRET and sees REGAN walking out.

Jenko SHOVES Regan back into Victoria’s Secret. She ricochets off two manikins and falls down. The Gang laughs it up.

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL – NIGHT

A saxophone softly plays the Jump Street theme tune. Schmidt and Jenko give Grady the merchandise they just bought.

GRADY
Receipts.

They hand over a stack of receipts.

GRADY (CONT’D)
This is everything?

SCHMIDT/JENKO
Yup.

Captain Dicks stops playing the saxophone.

CAPTAIN DICKS
If they jump you in, take a few punches but don’t act a bitch. Drop your homework off with Truman.

JENKO
I do my own homework.
Schmidt looks at Jenko. Jenko shrugs.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS - NIGHT
Jenko wears Gucci glasses, reads “The Red Badge of Courage”.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT
Schmidt wears the chain with blinged out drama faces. He stares at a row of Axe body sprays, telephone to ear.

    SCHMIDT
    Hi, is Molly there?

    MOLLY (O.S.)
    This is she.

Schmidt reaches for “Axe Instinct,” puts it back.

    SCHMIDT
    Hey it’s Doug.

    MOLLY (O.S.)
    Oh, hey. What’s up? You were really, really amazing today.

Schmidt grabs “Axe Dark Temptation,” hoses himself down.

    SCHMIDT
    Thanks. Hey, I was wondering if you were going to the game tonight?

    MOLLY (O.S.)
    Yeah, a couple friends are taking me. It’s my first night out since-

The sound of DIALING blots out Molly’s words.

    SCHMIDT
    MOM, I’M ON THE PHONE!

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS - NIGHT
Jenko hurls a CHEMISTRY book across the room. He cracks a beer and rips open a GIGANTOR bag of Cool Ranch Doritos.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - NIGHT
Schmidt creeps through the foyer. Just as he reaches the front door, ANNIE steps in and blocks it.
ANNIE
Where are you going?

SCHMIDT
Out.

ANNIE
Where did you get that necklace?
It’s tacky. Are you dealing drugs?

SCHMIDT
For Christ’s sake, Mom. I’m a cop.

ANNIE
You smell like a Hershey bar. When
are you getting home? You live here
and we still hardly see you. Stay and
watch “Deal or No Deal” with me.

David walks through the foyer.

DAVID
He’s a full grown man, Annie. He
doesn’t want to watch “Deal or No
Deal” with his Mom on a Friday night.

Annie runs up to David and punches him in the back.

ANNIE
Nobody’s asking you, David!

Schmidt runs for it. Annie yells out the front door.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
I LOVE YOU!

EXT. CAMINO GYM - NIGHT

The VISITOR side cheers, including Molly and friends in the
front row. Schmidt sits next to her, eyes coolly scanning the
gym. The ball POOMS off his face. The crowd goes "OHHHHHHH!"

MOLLY
Oh my God, are you alright?

SCHMIDT
YEP.

Blood pours from Schmidt’s nose. He stuffs it with a napkin.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
So. You’re playing Portia?

MOLLY
Yeah. Have you ever acted before?
SCHMIDT
I’ve bullshitted my way out of
getting shot a few times.

MOLLY
I couldn’t even imagine that till
this year. I used to think life was
all unicorns and frozen yogurt.

SCHMIDT
What’s life now?

MOLLY
Life is a toy for Death to play with.

Schmidt is affected. A hot dog hits him in the head.

INT. CAMINO GYM - CONTINUOUS

From the empty back row, Jenko throws another hot dog at
Schmidt, nailing him in the back. Schmidt turns around,
pissed. He stomps up and sits next to Jenko.

JENKO
Are you on a date?

SCHMIDT
No, dick. I’m on an investigation.

JENKO
(gravel)
We find these assholes and execute
the infiltration. Now.

Jenko heads down the steps. Schmidt follows.

SCHMIDT
I’m throwing away your Miami Vice
Blu-ray.

JENKO
You seriously better not.

EXT. CAMINO GYM - NIGHT

Jenko and Schmidt walk a dark, subterranean corridor in front
of the Camino Gym. THE GANG stands at the far end.

CALVIN
Shea saw you inside with that bitch
Molly. What up with that?

SCHMIDT
Nothing. Except I fucked her.
CALVIN
You really fucked her?

SCHMIDT
Yeah.

Calvin’s eyes go dark.

CALVIN
You stay away from that bitch.

SCHMIDT
Yeah, dawg. No problem.

SHEA
Y’all from Oakland? What you claim?

JENKO
We’re independent.

PICH
Why you got transferred here?

SCHMIDT
Ghost Town had contracts on us for selling rock in their schools.

SHEA
Buullllshit.

SALVADOR
Look like a couple pinche putos.

SCHMIDT
You want to see if we’re putos? Let’s start some shit. I will fuck up any motherfucker steps to me.

Suddenly, a big angry voice booms from behind:

ANGRY WHITE BOY (O.S.)
THIS IS OUR SCHOOL, BITCHES!

SCHMIDT
(under his breath)
Shit.

Schmidt and Jenko turn around to see four ANGRY WHITE BOYS: teen gang members dressed in Levi’s and white T-shirts. Schmidt looks back to Calvin, who grins and nods.

TIM, 18, leader of the AWB’s, steps forward holding NUNCHUCKS.

TIM
What up?
SCHMIDT
Are those seriously nunchuks? How old are you, twelve?

TIM
These nunchucks will kill your ass!

JENKO
The zebra shits at dawn.

SCHMIDT
He sure as shit does.

Schmidt CHARGES Tim with surprising speed. Tim raises his nunchucks but Schmidt TACKLES him through the other AWB's.

Jenko races up and PUNCHES the closest AWB in the face. POW, Jenko gets punched hard in the eye. He pulls his assailant's t-shirt over his head and pummels his stomach.

Schmidt sends overhand rights into the biggest Angry White Boy's stupefied face. Jenko drops an AWB with a chokehold.

Schmidt finishes the last AWB, savagely kicking him in the balls four times while he's on the ground. He brushes his shoulders off and holds his arms out to Calvin.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
What up?

Calvin points at Schmidt's stomach. Schmidt looks down to see a BUTTERFLY KNIFE sticking out of his torso.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Fuck. When did I get stabbed?

TIM suddenly stands behind Schmidt, nunchucks spinning. BLAMBLAMBLAM! Bullets spark off the ground.

CALVIN aims a smoking .357 MAGNUM at Tim. Everyone else in the Gang reveal guns in their waistbands.

CALVIN
Tell your homies this is why you don't bring a knife to a gunfight.

Tim drops his nunchucks. Calvin aims the .357 at Schmidt.

CALVIN (CONT’D)
You two. Meet us at Flat Top.

The Gang drifts away.

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Jenko helps Schmidt to the Emergency Room check-in counter.
SCHMIDT
Hi I have a knife sticking out of me.

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

DR. CAROLINE, 30, Indian, sanitizes the area around the knife.

SCHMIDT
From now on, we pack heat.

JENKO
"Pack heat"?

DR. CAROLINE
This will hurt. Try not to spaz.

She slowly pulls the knife out of Schmidt's midsection.

SCHMIDT
Actually not that painful. I'm just gonna pass out for a se-

Schmidt falls off the gurney and BANGS his head on a shelf.

INT. GRADY'S SUPERBEE - NIGHT

Jenko and GRADY help Schmidt into the back seat of Grady's mint condition lime green '68 SUPERBEE.

GRADY
Don't yak in my 'Bee, motherfucker. I'll kick your fuckin' ass.

JENKO
Lay off, man. He just got stabbed.

GRADY
And what happened to you? Kicked in the pussy? Sit in the back.

INT. GRADY'S SUPERBEE - NIGHT

The Superbee cruises through the Valley, passing strip malls.

GRADY
You lucky, lucky assholes. You have no idea how lucky you have it.

Grady rides hard over a bump. Schmidt winces.

GRADY (CONT'D)
That's the problem with this unit. You turn 30, it's like you're middle age Rebecca DeMornay.

(MORE)
GRADY (CONT’D)
Nobody wants you anymore. Just when you finally got it wired. And you two idiots get to be in the field while I go home to a bitch wife and two half-retarded daughters. It STINKS.

Grady punches the steering wheel and turns to Schmidt.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Did I read in your report you’re starring in the school play? How many drama geeks pushin’ weight?
(to Jenko)
And you. Team Bronco?

Grady punches the steering wheel.

GRADY (CONT’D)
I need less Anthony Michael Hall and more Judd Fucking Nelson!

SCHMIDT
Get us to Flat Top. We'll be in the Gang before the sun is up.

Grady punches the steering wheel.

GRADY
That’s how you party.

He tosses Schmidt a bottle of pills.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Oxy for your boo-boo. Don’t take ’em all, I gotta sleep tonight.

Grady stomps the gas pedal.

EXT. FLAT TOP - NIGHT
The Superbee’s tires smoke, leaving Schmidt and Jenko behind.

They stand in a cul de sac with half-constructed homes. A STUDENT exits a partially constructed home, barfs, throws a karate kick and heads back in. Jenko sighs, nostalgic.

VOICE (O.S.)
Brad, can you get us in the party?

Jenko turns to see a nervous Delroy and Gus.

DELROY
We were hoping to observe those under the influence.
JENKO
Fuck off. I'm serious.

Delroy and Gus hang their heads, wounded.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Alright, come on. But be careful.

GUS
Are you considering pimping any bitches tonight?

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY - NIGHT

Jenko, Schmidt, Delroy and Gus enter the house. Music bumps. Kids are on the shit. Two girls dance and make out.

GUS
*Xanadu.*

Jenko and Schmidt head straight for the Gang in the den.

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY, THE DEN - NIGHT

A kid buys H.F.S. from Shea. Schmidt and Jenko nod to Calvin.

SCHMIDT
We down or what?

CALVIN
Pleasure before business.

Shea presses something into Jenko's hand. Jenko opens it to find two packets of "H.F.S."

SHEA
Bet you can't eat just one of them shits.

JENKO
This isn't really a Holy Fuckin' Shit kind of party.

CALVIN
Boris gettin' righteous, let's ask him. Hey Boris. This a Holy Fuckin’ Shit kind of party?

BORIS
Shit yeah.

Jenko opens the packet and empties it into his mouth, crunching up a huge wad of H.F.S. Schmidt follows suit.
INT. FLAT TOP PARTY, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Schmidt BARFS. Jenko pulls his finger away, too late.

JENKO
You disgusting asshole, you just barfed on my finger.

Jenko wipes his finger on drywall in the bathroom.

SCHMIDT
I can't put my own finger down my throat, I know where it's been.

JENKO
Lemme show you how it’s done.

Jenko takes over at the toilet, sticks a different finger down his throat and GAGS. His face goes bright red, but no barf. He tries again and gags even harder...still no barf.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Shit!

Schmidt shock-jams his finger down Jenko's throat and quickly removes it. Jenko barfs a rainbow of Hot Pockets.

SCHMIDT
Notice there's no barf on my finger.

Jenko wipes his mouth and looks at the H.F.S. packet.

JENKO
That shit tasted familiar...

They turn on the faucet to wash hands. No water comes out.

SCHMIDT
Do you remember the order of high?

JENKO
Stoned, tripping, tweaking.

SCHMIDT
Let's party. Keep it subtle.

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION'S "Fuck Shit Up" kicks in.

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY - PARTY MONTAGE

- Jenko and Schmidt stumble around the party like they're insanely wasted. They slide to the ground heads nodding. They stare at their hands like whoaaaaah. Boris spies on them.

- Salvador spies on Schmidt as he massages his pants.
SCHMIDT
Nylon is so fucking amazing. Ha ha!

- Jenko stomp dances alone in the middle of the living room. Gus and Delroy huddle in a corner, sharing a cup of beer.

GUS
Do you think he’s shitting?

DELROY
Definitely.

GUS
We should leave.

DELROY
Fantastic idea, Gus.

Delroy and Gus stand up. Schmidt screams in their faces.

SCHMIDT
HIGH FIVE, MOTHERFUCKERS. Ha ha ha!

Delroy and Gus run away.

- Schmidt and Jenko slam dance to Bad Religion’s “Do What You Want”, working up a heavy sweat. Calvin watches them from the other room, arms crossed. The music gets louder and louder.

INT. FLAT TOP PARTY, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Molly enters the party with two girlfriends. She scans the crowd, wary. A girl falls in front of her and has a seizure.

SALVADOR
Goddamn bitch, do that in the seizure room.

Molly watches in horror as Salvador drags the girl away. A hand lands on her shoulder. She spins around, frightened.

SCHMIDT
What up Molls!

Schmidt tries to hug Molly. She backs away.

MOLLY
You’re sweating like crazy.

SCHMIDT
Just doing a little stomp dancing, breaking fools down.

MOLLY
You ditched me at the game.
SCHMIDT
Sorry, went to get some nachos and
got involved in a mild stabbing.

Schmidt lifts his shirt, flashes his bandaged wound.

MOLLY
Oh my God, are you okay?

SCHMIDT
That shit happens all the time, no
big thang. Sometimes if I’m carrying
a knife and I don’t have anywhere to
put it, I just stick it in myself so
I can have two free hands.

Jenko approaches, hands Schmidt a beer.

JENKO
Hey, Doug. Come here.

SCHMIDT
Not really, Brad.

Jenko physically drags Schmidt away from Molly.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
King Cockblock returns.

JENKO
Are you serious? Whatever the
opposite of a magnet is, that's
what you are to pussy.

SCHMIDT
I want to talk to her about
Billiam. She knows something.

JENKO
He’s watching. Act like I just told
you the funniest thing in the world.

Schmidt glances over Jenko’s shoulder: Calvin eyes them from
the other room, stone faced. Schmidt breaks into piercing
laughter and falls down, dragging Jenko with him.

Calvin cracks a grin, turns his attention elsewhere.

Molly leaves the party. Schmidt jumps up and runs after her.

EXT. FLAT TOP PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt walks down the driveway with Molly.

SCHMIDT
You’re leaving?
MOLLY
I'm not comfortable around shitheads.

SCHMIDT
Are you saying I'm a shithead?

Molly’s friend pulls her away, leaving Schmidt behind.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
I'm not a shithead.

Molly disappears down the street.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Shit.

Jenko sneaks up behind Schmidt and massages his temples.

JENKO
Do you know how hard I would fuck that girl if I was allowed?

Schmidt violently shrugs Jenko off.

EXT. ABANDONED CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

Jenko and Schmidt stand in the chaparral behind the cul de sac. They face the Gang with clenched jaws and bugged eyes.

SCHMIDT
Awesome drug.

JENKO
Hella awesome.

Boris throws Schmidt and Jenko two BLACKBERRIES.

CALVIN
You get a text, it means I need you to keep Dean Stanton away from the North side of campus. Don’t fuck up.

Schmidt and Jenko nod. The Gang disperse into the night.

JENKO
I feel the need to shoot guns and grab my dick.

SCHMIDT
I share that feeling.

MONTAGE SCORED BY A 16TH NOTE FUNK BEAT OF GUNFIRE:
EXT. DESOLATE LOS ANGELES OIL FIELD - DAWN

- Jenko and Schmidt UNLOAD guns between rusty oil derricks.
- Schmidt unloads a sawed-off shotty at old basketballs Jenko catapults from a sling. Explosions of orange fill the sky
- Jenko unloads a .45 at a Celtics clad manikin in a shopping cart as Schmidt pulls the cart with rope and pulley.
- The guys open a cooler and drain two 40’s of King Cobra.
- The guys hold two .45’s each and unload full clips at camera. They drop clips and light cigarettes off the hot barrels. They holster their guns and grab their dicks.

    SCHMIDT
    We’re Super Cops.

    JENKO
    We’re Robocops.

    SCHMIDT
    We’re Al Pacino in "Serpico".

    JENKO
    I’m Al Pacino in "Serpico". You’re
    Al Pacino in "Cruisin'".

Schmidt pushes Jenko. Jenko trips on a basketball, rolls, grabs the shotgun and BLASTS the head off the Celtics manikin. Jenko and Schmidt high five. FREEZE FRAME.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - MORNING

Fruity Pebbles rattle into a bowl, followed by milk. Puffy-eyed Schmidt sits at the breakfast table with his parents.

    ANNE
    Where were you all night?

    SCHMIDT
    Working.

    ANNE
    Till 7 in the morning? Is part of
    your job getting drunk?

Schmidt concentrates very hard on his Fruity Pebbles.

    DAVID
    Annie-
ANNIE
No, I'm sorry David, I do not understand how this is acceptable in our house. He reeks of booze and...

Annie puts her nose on Schmidt’s shirt and sniffs deeply.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
What is that?

SCHMIDT
Gunpowder.

DAVID
Annie, he’s a 23 yea-

ANNIE
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS INTERRUPTING ME?

Schmidt slowly wraps his fingers around a butter knife.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

Schmidt cuts an SFX pound of pectoral flesh from the screaming boy playing “Antonio”. He raises the bloody flesh to the sky.

SCHMIDT
I...am content!

Mr. Hupcake claps, then chews thoughtfully on his braid.

MR. HUPCAKE
It’s almost the perfect ending, but it’s missing one thing. Sex.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko stares at five GIANT MALAYSIAN COCKROACHES crawling all over each other.

JENKO
They’re totally gonna fuck.

Jenko lifts his head above the glass “EXPERIMENT ARENA” and looks at Team Bronco. Delroy, Gus and the rest of the team sit across from him with their arms crossed, glaring.

JENKO (CONT’D)
What’s wrong with you guys?

DELROY
Do you really want to know? Do you?

Gus stands up and raises his little fist.
GUS
You told us you wanted to go to
DeVry, but you are just a drug
addict like the rest of them.

JENKO
Man, that’s what I get for taking a
couple little girls into a big boy
party. I was faking, okay? I wanted
the gang to think I was shitting.

GUS
Why?

Jenko reaches behind Gus’ ear and produces an H.F.S. WAFER.

JENKO
So I could get another dose of
H.F.S. for the experiment, ya’ spaz.

Team Bronco eagerly inspects the wafer. Blakey rubs his hands.

BLAKEY
This vastly improves our chances.

JENKO
I get to name the roaches.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

Schmidt and Molly stand face to face. Mr. Hupcake circles.

MR. HUPCAKE
Portia. When Shylock cuts the flesh,
it calls to something primal deep
within you. Look into his eyes.

Molly looks into Schmidt’s eyes, nervous.

MR. HUPCAKE (CONT’D)
You think to yourself, “all Bassanio
had to do was pick the right coffin.
But this man. This sexual man. This
strong man. This man can protect me.
I find myself drawn to him.”

Molly and Schmidt’s faces draw closer together.

MR. HUPCAKE (CONT’D)
Closer and closer. Closer and closer.
And...you kiss.

Just before they kiss, Molly backs away with a start.

MOLLY
I’m sorry...
Molly runs backstage. Schmidt snaps out of it and follows.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM – DAY

Delroy and Jenko into the Experiment Arena.

DELROY
We use your first dose to feed them equal portions of H.F.S, except Colin Farrell. He gets a placebo.

JENKO
Sorry Colin.

GUS
We use your second dose to analyze the formula.

Gus and Blakey work with intense focus at their tiny lab. Gus hands Jenko a sheet of equations.

GUS (CONT’D)
This is your share of the work. Your equations are fairly linear.

Jenko scans the equations, brow furrowed.

JENKO
Yeah, no prob.

DELROY
Once we make our own dose, we’ll know we’ve succeeded if the cockroaches repeat the behavior we’re about to witness now.

Delroy feeds four cockroaches tiny portions of H.F.S.

JENKO
McSorely, Pedro Guerrero, Kareem, Magic? I want you to enjoy this.

Delroy videotapes as the cockroaches devour the H.F.S.

DELROY
It’s a frenzy. They’re attacking each other for crumbs.

JENKO
They’re trippin’ balls. Kareem’s just walking in a big spiral.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, PROP ROOM – LATER

Molly and Schmidt sit on a trunk full of tie-dyed dresses.
MOLLY
I always end up getting really close with the people I act with. But I don’t think I can do that with you.

SCHMIDT
Why? I thought we were kind of getting to be friends.

MOLLY
You’re not being honest about who you are. Like, at the party.

SCHMIDT
You think I was on the shit.

MOLLY
Were you?

SCHMIDT
Molly, I swear on my Mom’s face, I’m not a shithead. When I party, sometimes I get into a primal state of dance and it puts me in a weird place. But doing stuff like that just adds to my character. For this play.

MOLLY
Be careful around those guys. Do you know the real reason Billiam died?

SCHMIDT
No.

MOLLY
Do you want to?

SCHMIDT
Yes.

MOLLY
If you care about me, you’ll never tell anyone what I’m about to say.

SCHMIDT
I promise. I promise big time.

MOLLY
He died because he saw something.

A BLACKBERRY goes off, ringtone – DR. DRE, “Bitches Ain’t Shit”. Schmidt retrieves a text that says: “DEAN STANTON”

SCHMIDT
Sorry, sorry, what did he see?
Molly begins to speak. The ringtone goes off again. Schmidt reads another text: “RIGHT NOW”

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
My brother’s in trouble. I really want to talk more about this.

MOLLY
Forget it.

SCHMIDT
Don’t say that. I’m sorry.

Schmidt runs out. RUN D.M.C. “Raising Hell” over:

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Schmidt opens his locker. Jenko struggles with the combo, finally gets it. Their lockers are filled with NON-LETHAL WEAPONS. They grab a FLASH BANG GRENADE and PEPPER SPRAY.

They walk down the hallway. Jenko cracks the DEAN OF DISCIPLINE office door. Schmidt tosses the Flash Bang in.

BANG! White light FLASHES around the door frame.

Schmidt kicks the door open. Dean Stanton staggers around, totally blinded. Jenko unloads the pepper spray on his face. Stanton goes down screaming. Schmidt and Jenko quickly exit.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Jenko and Team Bronco pull a small wafer from a steaming test tube. Jenko gets a text message and quickly exits.

EXT. THE QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Dean Stanton walks the Quad, scanning for trouble. The blast of a firehose hits him in the head, knocking him down.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM

Schmidt and Molly’s faces get closer. They stop just before kissing and laugh. Mr. Hupcake throws a serious hissy fit.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Schmidt throws STINK BOMBS into Stanton’s office as Jenko HOSES the area in front of his door with ANTI-TRACTION FOAM.
Stanton runs out, hits the foam, slides into a trophy case and shatters it. He tries to chase them but can only run in place.

**INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY**

Four cockroaches run away from tiny doses of H.F.S.

**DELROY**

They’re running away from it.

**GUS**

I don’t get it. If our math is right, we’ve replicated every ingredient of the formula except for one.

**DELROY**

Sodium Caseinate. But it’s inactive, it can’t make you high.

**JENKO**

Maybe it does something else. Like make it taste good.

**DELROY**

Solid hypothesis, Brad. But it costs too much to make on a small scale. Based on the street value of H.F.S., I don’t see how they can use Sodium Caseinate and still make money.

Team Bronco scratch their heads. The bell rings.

**INT. DETENTION - DAY**

Calvin hands Schmidt and Jenko a stack of cash.

**JENKO**

When do we start selling?

**CALVIN**

Next year. At a different school.

**SCHMIDT**

But we’re seniors.

**CALVIN**

Big Man takes care of that.

**SCHMIDT**

When do we meet Big Man?

Calvin stares a hole through Schmidt.

**CALVIN**

When do you need to?
Schmidt shrugs lamely.

**INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, PULPIT - DAY**

Schmidt and Jenko sit in the front pew as Dicks paces the pulpit, sipping an X-TREME GULP. Grady sits behind his desk.

**GRADY**
So to sum it up, you’ve been workin’ these guys for two weeks and have exactly dick for evidence.

**SCHMIDT**
We’re getting promoted next year.

Dicks glares at Schmidt, sips hard on his X-treme Gulp.

**JENKO**
I’m on the verge of finding out how the shit is made.

**SCHMIDT**
And I’m close to finding out what really happened to Billiam. I suspect foul play, we just need more time-

Dicks throws 50 ounces of Mountain Dew in Schmidt’s face and hurls the empty X-treme Gulp cup at Jenko’s head.

**CAPTAIN DICKS**
TIME IS A LUXURY I DO NOT HAVE, MOTHERFUCKERS.

Dicks sits on the edge of the Pulpit, head in his hands.

**CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT’D)**
I apologize for the beverage. Got some heavy shit going down in the personal life.

Schmidt wipes his face off. Jenko rubs his head.

**JENKO**
We’re doing the best we can, sir.

Dicks looks up at the cross hanging over Grady’s smug face.

**CAPTAIN DICKS**
That’s not good enough.

The bell rings.

**INT. HEALTH CLASS - MORNING**

Jenko and Schmidt enter Health Class.
GRADY (O.S.)
You're late, assclowns.

The class laughs. Jenko and Schmidt turn to see GRADY at the head of the class, wearing blue jeans, a "Deep Purple" t-shirt and a sport coat with one button.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Sit.

Jenko and Schmidt sit, stunned. Grady addresses the class.

GRADY (CONT’D)
I'm Mr. Rogers, your sub for the final week. We got a guest speaker, so chill out, take a nap, whatever, just don’t talk while he's talking.

WALT nervously turns on the OVERHEAD PROJECTOR and projects a graph entitled “FUN IN LIFE VS. DRUGS.” He clears his throat.

WALT
Drugs! They really stink. Lives get ruined. Water down the sink.
Science has proven that fun in life is inversely proportional to drugs.

JENKO
I do too many drugs to understand what the hell you just said.

Kids snicker.

WALT
It means the more you use drugs, the less fun you’ll have.

SCHMIDT
That’s actually untrue. I’ve done several drugs and I can assure you it’s a great time.

WALT
I always thought you had to be alive to have a good time. And drugs can kill you, like they killed my son.

CONCERNED GIRL
How did your son die?

WALT
Lance drank a lot of beer, which is a drug. One night, he decided to urinate off the subway platform. He was instantly electrocuted.

Everyone struggles not to laugh.
WALT (CONT'D)
Let’s pow-wow. I know you have this new H.S.S. drug going around.

JENKO
H.F.S.

WALT
Did you know that this year, one in 10 million kids will die from doing drugs like H.F.S. on Prom night. One in 10 million. Are those odds you're really willing to face just to have a good time and get “laid”?

The class responds with a resounding "Hell yeah!" Walt's face turns red. He rushes the big finish.

WALT (CONT’D)
Well, remember, when in doubt? D.A.D! Drugs Are Dangerous. Questions?

SCHMIDT
All you do is make drugs sound cool. Sorry your kid was a bad drunk, but this isn’t helping. Kids do drugs so they can deal with a clueless, white-bread parents like you.

WALT
That’s more of a comment, did you have a question?

SCHMIDT
Yeah, my question is why don’t you stop preaching on shit you know nothing about, hop in your DAD-mobile and fuck the fuck off?

The class erupts in riotous cheers.

GRADY
You two. Principal’s office.

Walt gathers his stuff and beats a hasty retreat.

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN’S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Whiteman’s secretary STEPHEN J. yanks a page from a typewriter and throws it over his shoulder.

STEPHEN J.
He’s at a meeting.

SCHMIDT
We’ll wait in here.
They enter the office.

**INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS**

Schmidt and Jenko shut the door tightly.

**JENKO**
That dick is stealing our case.

**SCHMIDT**
We need evidence. Watch the door.

Schmidt rifles through files. He pulls one out.

**SCHMIDT (CONT’D)**
Calvin turns 21 next month.

**JENKO**
I knew it. I knew it.

**SCHMIDT**
Who has the power to re-enroll a senior three years in a row?

Jenko scratches his head.

**SCHMIDT (CONT’D)**
The Principal, you fuckin’ idiot!

**JENKO**
Don’t call me a fuckin’ idiot.

Footsteps approach. They dive for chairs just as Whiteman enters. He sits behind his desk, looks around the room.

**PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN**
Why are you here?

**JENKO**
We messed with the Drugs guy.

**PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN**
If you feel the need for detention, you can just ask me personally. There’s no need to harass Walt. After all, he is your D.A.D.

Principal Whiteman grins a yellow-toothed grin.

**INT. DETENTION – DAY**

BAM! Grady kicks the door open. He puts a foot on Zack’s ass kick-shoves him out the door.

GRADY
I’m teaching detention now.

MR. DADIER
Thank you, Jesus.

GRADY
No prob.

Mr. Dadier exits. Grady mad dogs the Gang. Calvin stands up.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Sit down, son.

Calvin goes for his waistband, but Grady quickdraws a COLT .45 and cocks the hammer.

GRADY (CONT’D)
That’s right, motherfucker. Teacher got a gun.

Calvin slowly sits back down.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Good idea. Now let’s make some money.

Grady throws a BACKPACK to Calvin. Calvin opens the backpack and looks inside to find it packed with CASH.

GRADY (CONT’D)
50 grand. Another 100 on deck if you deliver me 60 ounces of H.F.S. for transpo to TJ. Tell your boss I got interested parties down South could make him very rich. Comprehendo?

Calvin hands the backpack to Pich, who rapidly counts cash.

CALVIN
We’ll get back to you.

GRADY
Get me the product by 6th period tomorrow or you lose the sale.

Grady backs out, gun in hand.

INT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT – EVENING

Jenko and Schmidt stare at the bright orange BOOT on Jenko’s Corvette. Grady slowly idles by in his Superbee.
GRADY
Wonder who called that in?

SCHMIDT
Why are you here?

GRADY
Captain Dicks’ Mom died, thank Christ. He’s on leave, so I’m in charge of this bitch now.

SCHMIDT
Where’d you get all that money?

GRADY
Where do you think? I returned all your shit to the mall. By the way, you guys are short two grand.

Jenko whips his Gucci glasses off, enraged.

JENKO
We’re the ones on the hook for that cash! What if we don’t get it back?

GRADY
Grab a napkin and dab your vulva. We’ll get it back. Soon as they give me the shit, we execute a round-up and bring ‘em in.

SCHMIDT
We’ll never catch who’s making it. He’ll go underground.

CALVIN
Prom is in two days. The dealers go down before another kid dies.

Grady stomps the gas and leaves a cloud of smoke.

INT. SAUSALITO ARMS - NIGHT

Smoke curls from a cigarette in an empty bottle of Wild Turkey. Jenko reaches into a GIGANTOR sized bag of Cool Ranch Doritos. It’s empty. He starts licking the bag, freezes.

JENKO
Oh my sweet and righteous God.

Jenko sits up and reads the ingredients on the bag.

JENKO (CONT’D)
I knew that shit tasted familiar.

Jenko grabs the phone.
INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT’S ROOM - NIGHT

Schmidt’s cellphone rings. He picks it up.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Doug? They threatened me.

Static fills the line.

SCHMIDT
I’m calling you from a landline right now, pick it up.

Schmidt quickly dials his Sports Illustrated Football Phone.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Are you okay? Where are you?

MOLLY (O.S.)
Meet me at Shadow Ranch.

Click.

SCHMIDT
Molly? Molly?

Schmidt quickly re-dials.

INT. DELROY’S ROOM - NIGHT

Delroy grabs his phone, sleepy. His room has NASA wallpaper.

DELROY
Brad? It’s four in the morning.

INTERCUT with Jenko at the Sausalito.

JENKO
Cool Ranch Doritos has a shit-ton of Sodium Caseinate. It’s what makes them so goddamn delicious.

DELROY
My God. They could be utilizing flavored tortilla chips.

Call waiting beeps. Jenko clicks over.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME - NIGHT

Schmidt tucks a .45 into his waistband, talks on the phone.
SCHMIDT
Molly’s been threatened, she’s at Shadow Ranch Park. You’re closer than me, go make sure she’s okay and I’ll be there ASAP.

JENKO (O.S.)
Roger that. Hey man, you’re not gonna believe this but I think I cracked the formula for the shit.

SCHMIDT
Dude I don’t care, get over there!

Schmidt runs into the hallway.

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Annie stands in the hallway, blocking Schmidt’s passage.

ANNIE
Schmiddy, this is too serious. You call the police before you go.

SCHMIDT
I am the fucking police! Jesus Christ, Mom. Why are you listening to my phone conversations?

ANNIE
I accidently picked up and-

SCHMIDT
BULLSHIT. You are a nightmare. Why do you think I moved out when I was 16? You’ve dedicated your life to making me and Dad miserable. AAAAAH!

David pokes his head into the hallway.

DAVID
It actually doesn’t bother me that much, Schmiddy.

SCHMIDT
Dad, go back in your room. Mom, get out of my way.

Schmidt pushes past Annie, then pauses at the door.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
I love you.

Schmidt exits.
EXT. SHADOW RANCH PARK – NIGHT

Schmidt approaches a dimly lit playground to see Jenko and Molly standing face to face on a rusty carousel. Jenko touches Molly’s chin. She looks up into his eyes, smiling.

SCHMIDT
Thanks Brad, I got it from here.

Jenko hops off the carousel and winks at Schmidt as they cross. Schmidt pushes the carousel and hops on opposite Molly. They slowly spin.

MOLLY
Your brother is actually a real sweetheart.

SCHMIDT
He sure is. Who threatened you?

MOLLY
Some guy with a robot voice called and said “keep your mouth shut or you’re dead, bitch.”

SCHMIDT
Molly. What did Billiam see?

MOLLY
Billiam used to walk around school and meet different groups of kids, just to find out what they were like. He was the most curious person I ever met. He was amazing.

Schmidt pushes the carousel again. They spin faster.

MOLLY (CONT’D)
One day at lunch he was out exploring and he accidentally discovered the lab where they make H.F.S. He got out of there fast, but he was worried they saw him.

SCHMIDT
The lab is at school? Where?

MOLLY
He never said. He didn’t want to put me in danger. They made him overdose, I know it.

SCHMIDT
I promise you I’ll take care of whoever did that. But you have to stay home for the rest of the year.
Tears finally escape Molly’s eyes.

MOLLY
No! I’m not missing the performance. It was too important to Billiam. And Prom is Saturday, I’m going with friends, I’m not missing my Prom.

SCHMIDT
You won’t care about any of that shit in four years.

MOLLY
Who are you to say that?

The carousel slowly comes to a stop.

SCHMIDT
Will you at least go to Prom with me so I know you’re safe?

MOLLY
I’d love to.

Molly kisses Schmidt on the cheek. He lets it linger.

SCHMIDT
Can you hide out at a friend’s house after school?

MOLLY
Yeah.

SCHMIDT
Do that.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko use wirecutters to cut a hole in the fence.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Schmidt loiters in the hallway, crowbar in hand. Jenko exits Principal Whiteman’s office, zips up his pants.

JENKO
The whole gang is 21. Whiteman’s definitely in on it.

SCHMIDT
Why are you zipping up your pants?

JENKO
You don’t want to know.
INT. VALLEY HIGH, LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT

Schmidt uses the crowbar to pry open door after door. Jenko shines a flashlight into each room. They arrive at the last door, labelled: "SPECIAL EDUCATION".

SCHMIDT
Have you ever seen a differently-abled kid at this school?

JENKO
Negative.

Schmidt leans on the crowbar and SNAPS the door open. Jenko shines a flashlight in: the room is stacked floor to ceiling with boxes of COOL RANCH DORITOS.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, GYM - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko enter the cavernous GYM, dominated by a tortuous obstacle course.

SCHMIDT
I’m so glad we didn’t have P.E.

They slowly move through the obstacles, flashlights scanning.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, BOY’S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko search the BOYS LOCKER ROOM. They step into empty showers and stand on the large drain grate, stumped.

SCHMIDT
You think she’s lying?

JENKO
Nah, man. She’s a good girl.

Schmidt looks at Jenko. An ALARM goes off. They run.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - DAY

The bell rings. Schmidt paces backstage in full Shakespearean dress, nervous. Molly stands with him, also in costume.

SCHMIDT
I’m freaking out a little bit. There’s a lot of people out there. I haven’t been on a stage in a long time. I mean...ever.

Molly hugs Schmidt.
MOLLY
You’ll be so amazing. I’m glad we waited until the performance to kiss. It makes it more real.

SCHMIDT
Yeah...

Schmidt sweats beneath his fake beard.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM – DAY

A colorful banner reads “7TH ANNUAL SCIENCE RODEO”. Jenko and Team Bronco watch the cockroaches DEVOUR doses of H.F.S.

DELROY
Dusting them with pulverized Cool Ranch Doritos makes it addictive.

GUS
My man, you are a genius.

Team Bronco claps Jenko on the back. Mr. Marcenholt takes a look inside the Experiment Arena, nods approvingly.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM – DAY

Schmidt walks downstage right and speaks to a full house.

SCHMIDT
The pound of flesh which I demand of him is dearly bought, ‘tis mine and I will have it: If you deny me, fie upon your law!

The curtains close. The crowd breaks into applause. Schmidt soaks it in before walking offstage.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM – DAY

Team Bronco sit with their heads in their hands as Mr. Marcenholt awards the GOLDEN STETSON to Bryan and Team Bull.

DELROY
I don’t understand what went wrong.

Gus hands Jenko a piece of paper with scrawled equations.

GUS
This might explain it. Did you even double check your work?

Colin Farrell crawls up Jenko’s arm.
JENKO
I mean...not really.

Mr. Marcenholt peers into the Experiment Arena.

MR. MARCENHOLT
Maybe you should have titled the experiment “How to Kill Bugs”.

DELROY
I can’t believe we trusted you with our academic futures.

JENKO
I’m sorry you guys.


BRYAN
Have fun working at Chili’s for the rest of your life.

Jenko exits, head hung low. A moment later he comes back in and shoves Bryan, stealing the Golden Stetson.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, BACKSTAGE – DAY

Molly and Schmidt stand offstage, waiting for their cue.

MOLLY
Billiam would be really happy with your performance.

SCHMIDT
Thanks, Molly.

MOLLY
Last scene. Are you ready to kill?

SCHMIDT
I was born ready. Genetically speaking.

A sharp whistle draws Schmidt’s attention. GRADY stands at the backstage door, beckoning Schmidt over.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Be right back.

MOLLY
We’re almost on.

Schmidt jogs over to Grady, who for some reason is holding a DORA THE EXPLORER PINATA.
GRADY
Let’s go. Now.

SCHMIDT
Dude, I gotta finish this play.

GRADY
Are you fuckin’ kidding me? Is there pressing police business on that stage?

Schmidt looks over at Molly, who waves him over, panicked.

SCHMIDT
I’m not letting the class down.

GRADY
Oh, okay, no problem. Sorry I bothered you, see you later.

Grady BRUTALLY yanks Schmidt through the backstage door.

EXT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM – CONTINUOUS

Grady slams Schmidt against a dumpster, holds Dora The Explorer up to his face.

GRADY
Do you know what’s inside of this pinata? 60 ounces of Holy Fuckin’ Shit. Everything I need to arrest the Gang and bring them in.

SCHMIDT
You just gave them 150 grand?

GRADY
Get your head out of your asshole, of course I didn’t. I told them they’d get it tonight at the party.

SCHMIDT
What party?

Grady holds up a NEON PINK FLYER for a FREE BEER PARTY!

GRADY
This party. I been dropping these over the school. We do the round-up there tonight.

SCHMIDT
Isn’t it extremely dangerous having kids around during the round-up?
GRADY
No shitweed, it puts the bad guys at ease. Makes violence less likely. Let’s go, I want to sell this pinata to a Mexican.

SCHMIDT
You’re actually gonna sell that shit?

GRADY
Gonna use it to arrest a little pain in the ass I been undercover on for a year. Big day for me.

SCHMIDT
Congratulations.

Schmidt moves for the Auditorium door. Grady throws him against the dumpster again.

GRADY
You’re my back-up, asshole. Let’s go.

SCHMIDT
Can at least change?

GRADY
Absolutely not.

INT. SUPERBEE - MOMENTS LATER

Schmidt and Jenko sit in the back of the Superbee, wearing Shakespearean costume and lab coat with Golden Stetson.

Grady cracks a Colt .45 and takes a big gulp.

GRADY
This guy is hardcore. When I get out of the car, stand behind me and try not to look like a cop.

Grady burps, dials his cellphone.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Whatup J.C. Yeah, I got the shit. Straight from the Valley Boys. Yeah man, 60 ounces, like I said, shit we doin’ this or not?

Grady hangs up.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Soon as he hands me the cash, take him down. You guys look super weird, that should distract him from his gun momentarily.
Grady pulls a COLT .45 from under his seat, chambers a round.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Anything kicks off, let Officer Boo-Yah handle it.

SCHMIDT
You named your gun “Officer Boo-Yah”?

EXT. EAST L.A. HIGH - CONTINUOUS

The ‘Bee drives through a sketchy East L.A. neighborhood.

The ‘Bee rolls past the BROKEN TAILLIGHT of an IMPALA. The driver wears a Falcon’s jersey with “R.MEXICO” on the back.

Doors open. Grady, Jenko and Schmidt exit the ‘Bee and come face to face with JESUS CRISTO, who holds a black duffel bag. He recognizes Schmidt and Jenko instantly.

JESUS CRISTO
Jesus Cristo.

Jesus pulls a .38 and FIRES TWICE, blowing out a window on the 'Bee. Grady drops the Pinata. Jesus snatches it, jumps in his Impala and peels out.

GRADY
Motherfucker shot the ‘Bee.

Grady pulls Officer Boo-Yah and SHOOTS at the escaping Impala.

SCHMIDT
That kid knows we’re cops!

Everyone stares at each other for a beat.

INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

Grad HAULS ASS down the street, racing through the gears.

GRADY
Man, you guys are like a speck of dogshit in the middle of a perfectly good ice cream sandwich.

EXT. EAST L.A. STREETS - DAY

The Impala skids sideways through an intersection. The ‘Bee follows. The Impala races into an ALLEY. The ‘Bee races around the block and enters from the opposite side.
INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

Grady SLAMS THE BRAKES. The 'Bee screeches to a stop 10 feet away from the parked Impala. THREE HUGE MEXICAN BANGERS are getting into the car. One lifts an AK-47 and FIRES.

Glass showers Grady, Jenko and Schmidt as they duck down. Grady throws the 'Bee into reverse and PUNCHES IT.

The 'Bee races BACKWARDS out of the alley and straight up a LONG FREEWAY ONRAMP. The Impala follows, in hot pursuit.

EXT. EAST L.A. ONRAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Bangers in the Impala OPEN FIRE. Jenko and Schmidt RETURN FIRE through the Bee's blown out windshield.

GRADY
Hang onto your vaginas.

Grady yanks the e-brake, throwing the 'Bee into a laid out 180 slide across the freeway. They straighten out perfectly in the fast lane. Grady smokes the tires in third.

INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

Grady cackles into the rearview mirror.

GRADY
Adios, muchachos.

SCHMIDT/JENKO
STOP!

Grady looks down to see A WALL OF STOPPED CARS ahead. He locks the brakes and skids to a stop, inches behind a Kia.

GRADY
Fuck you, traffic!

Suddenly, SCREECHING TIRES. Jenko and Schmidt turn around to see the Impala skidding towards them, too fast.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! The Impala smashes into the 'Bee. The Gangbanger riding shotgun flies through the windshield.
INT. SUPERBEE - CONTINUOUS

The Banger's head SMASHES through the rear window of the 'Bee. Grady aims his Colt and SHOOTS the top of his head off, spraying Jenko and Schmidt with blood.

GRADY
Boo-Yah.

Grady KICKS the 'Bee's door open and jumps out.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY

Jesus and two Gangbangers stagger out of the Impala.

GRADY
L.A.P.D! Drop your fuckin'-

The Gangbangers OPEN FIRE WITH AK's, strafing the 18 WHEELER next to Grady, Schmidt and Jenko. They dive under the truck and crawl into the next lane of traffic.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Run run run run run run!

Schmidt, Grady and Jenko sprint down an aisle of stopped cars. Bullets whiz by as they leap into a MINIVAN.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt races the Minivan through dense traffic, brakes hard on the shoulder and lets out an OLD KOREAN WOMAN.

SCHMIDT
Sorry.

Gunfire EXPLODES the rear window of the Minivan.

GRADY
DRIVE!

Schmidt STOMPS it and races down the shoulder. Traffic clears. He pulls back onto the freeway and checks the rearview.

SCHMIDT
Shit.

Another MINIVAN pulls next to them, driven by Jesus. The side door slides open and two Gangbangers raise their guns.

Grady SHOOTS their front tire out as Schmidt SLAMS the brakes to avoid another WALL OF TRAFFIC.

Jesus’ Minivan swerves and FLIPS OVER FIVE TIMES, landing upside down on the back of a stopped SEMI CAB.
JENKO
That was basically awesome.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A Gangbanger lies dead on the pavement. Schmidt, Jenko and Grady step over him and continue towards the flipped Minivan on the Semi hitch. GUNFIRE erupts from the rear window.

Grady takes cover behind a station wagon full of kids and unloads Officer Boo-Yah.

The Minivan’s gas tank ignites and EXPLODES. Flaming hundred dollar bills float through the air.

JESUS falls out of the Minivan, on fire. He rolls around, clutching THE PINATA. Grady fires a warning shot.

GRADY
Stay down, Jesus!

Jesus stands up and PUNCHES a passing motorcyclist off his '87 KAWASAKI NINJA. He slings the Pinata over his shoulder, leaps on the Ninja and races away.

The REDNECK TRUCK DRIVER steps out of the SEMI and looks at the flaming Minivan on his hitch. He notices Schmidt and Jenko, in Shakespearean garb and lab coat.

REDNECK TRUCK DRIVER
What in the fuck?

Grady grabs the Truck Driver by his overalls.

GRADY
Gimme your keys!

INT. SEMI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Grady, Jenko and Schmidt sit in Semi Cab.

SCHMIDT
You know how to drive this thing?

GRADY
Does the Pope shit magic crackers?

Grady pops the clutch and the Semi lays rubber.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Semi hauls down the freeway, chasing Jesus on the Ninja. Jesus SWERVES to the right, racing down an OFFRAMP. The Semi Cab SWERVES to follow, but loses control.
EXT. OFFRAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Semi screeches sideways down the offramp. The Minivan falls off the hitch and rolls behind it. The Semi knocks a traffic light over and comes to rest on a STREET DIVIDER.

A HOMELESS MAN with a “Will Work for Pussy” sign watches the minivan roll by. Grady flips him a quarter and STOMPS the gas.

INT. SEMI CAB - CONTINUOUS

The Semi speeds down the divider, smashing street signs and keeping pace as the nimble Ninja weaves through cars.

GRADY
GTA Jump Street, motherfuckers.

INT. MACARTHUR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jesus swerves into MacArthur park. The Semi Cab follows, annihilating trees that get in the way. Jesus races past A SHAVED ICE VENDOR, nearly hitting him.

SHAVED ICE VENDOR
Chinga tu madre!

AIR HORN! The Vendor DIVES as the Semi CRUSHES his cart.

GRADY
Lo siento!

Jesus guns the Ninja towards a mound of grass and JUMPS over two bus benches, landing in the street. The Semi SMASHES the bus benches out of the way and pursues, relentless.

EXT. EAST L.A. ALLEY - DAY

Jesus turns down an alley and skids to a stop right next to the dead-end. He turns to see the Semi SKIDDING towards him.

JESUS CRISTO
Puto Ma-

INT. SEMI CAB - CONTINUOUS

The semi CRUSHES the motorcycle against the wall. A moment of silence as Grady, Jenko and Schmidt shake off the impact.

GRADY
Shouldn't have shot the 'Bee.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets punch through the floor of the cab, narrowly missing the guys.

EXT. EAST L.A. ALLEY — CONTINUOUS

Jesus crawls out from under the Semi, still holding Dora the Explorer. He runs, firing his .38 behind him till it's empty.

Jenko TACKLES Jesus. Dora The Explorer’s head breaks off and spills H.F.S. PACKETS everywhere.

JENKO
You're under arrest!

JESUS CRISTO
I’m a tell those Valley Boys! I’m a laugh when you get shot!

GRADY
Yeah try that from your isolation cell, lemme know how it works out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM — EVENING

Grady, Schmidt and Jenko observe Jesus through a one-way mirror. He makes a gun with his fingers and shoots it at them. A sleepy Latino L.A. SHERIFF’S DEPUTY yawns behind Schmidt.

SCHMIDT
Billiam told Molly the lab is hidden on campus. It’s stupid to do the round-up before we I.D. the supplier.

JENKO
Yeah. Remember how Captain wants to put the LAPD’s big African American dick up his ass?

GRADY
Listen assholes, I haven’t been to a good high school party in seven years. My eyes need to see some teen titty and ass that isn’t my daughter’s. Party. Tonight. That’s an order.

Jenko stares at Jesus through the glass.

JENKO
What if he gets word to the Gang?

GRADY
No way can that punk ass taquito leak information, this place is tighter than Mother Mary’s cooch.
The Sheriff’s Deputy (who has a Virgin Mary forearm tattoo) exits the observation room. Moments later he enters the interrogation room and takes Jesus into custody.

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

The Deputy escorts Jesus into an isolation cell and shuts the door. He takes off the cuffs. They exchange a complex handshake and embrace. We hear the sound of a big fart.

INT. BOY’S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS


CALVIN (O.S.)
Brascoes. All three. Big man says send a message.

SHEA (O.S.)
Let’s do that then.

Zack slowly pulls his pants up and reaches for his pocket.

CALVIN (O.S.)
One more thing. The bitch knows about the lab.

Zack drops a single Skittle on the floor. It echoes like a sonic boom. Footsteps approach. Zack ducks into the next stall. BOOM! Calvin kicks the door open.

Zack opens a different door and RUNS. Shea looks to Calvin.

CALVIN (CONT’D)
Cut him in half.

INT. VALLEY HIGH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zack runs down an endlessly long hallway. Shea gains with terrifying speed, knife in his hand. He reaches out...

Zack stops, spins and shocks Shea with the PEN SIZE STUN GUN. Shea goes down, head bouncing off linoleum. He shakes it off and looks up and down the endless hallway. Zack is gone.

INT. JUMP STREET WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Jackson racks his shotgun. Harry Truman Jr. locks and loads his AR-15. Lucy velcros her Kevlar vest. They are squeezed into the back of a small Winnebago.
GRADY
These guys are not children. They’ll
definitely be armed. They think I’ll
be in there with a 100 grand.

Grady points to a corkboard with several consecutive senior
year photos of Calvin, Shea, Salvador, Boris and Pich.

GRADY (CONT’D)
When you see these guys approach
the house, vibrate our nuts.

Grady points to the old PAGER on his belt. Schmidt and Jenko
clip on similar pagers, dressed as “Doug” and “Brad”.

GRADY (CONT’D)
We get the signal, we bust out the
front door guns up. Jackson, Luce,
Hair of the Dog, you hit ‘em from
behind. They’re down before they
get in the party.

Grady slams a clip in Officer Boo-Yah and sprays himself with
Cool Water. Jenko peeks out the window.

JENKO
Who’s house is this?

GRADY
Captain Dicks.

SCHMIDT
Dude, is it a good idea to get a
bunch of minors shitfaced at a
Police Captain’s house?

Grady cracks a can of Colt .45, takes a deep pull.

GRADY
Calm down, I put O’Douls in the
keg, it’s not like we’re getting
kids drunk. Although they will act
drunk since teenagers are retarded.

Grady let’s loose a tremendous belch.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Before you question the judgement of
your Commanding Officer, keep in
mind I’m about to make Lieutenant
off this case. Whereas once Dep
Chief reads my report, you two will
be humping Segways and writing
jaywalking tickets at Hollywood and
Highland. Nothing will go wrong as
long as everyone stays tactical.
Jackson racks his shotgun, tactical.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE - NIGHT

Grady dances on a table to POISON, “Unskinny Bop”, surrounded by teen girls, all slamming O’Douls from red plastic cups. Jenko and Schmidt watch, disgusted and jealous.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko sit in the breakfast nook, depressed.

JENKO
You think the Captain has a fridge full of 40’s in the garage?

SCHMIDT
Now who’s the racist?

JENKO
I’m just saying, the man has a taste for large beverages.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, THE GARAGE - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko open a refrigerator stocked with 40’s.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Back at the table, Schmidt and Jenko clink their 40’s.

JENKO
To Brad and Doug.

They take sips and watch kids down O’Douls and act drunk.

SCHMIDT
Good job on really getting into character and acting like a dick.

JENKO
That almost sounded annoyed.

SCHMIDT
Not at all. I just appreciate the fact you took it far enough to flirt with Molly at the park.

JENKO
Not like either of us were gonna do anything with her. Not like you could’ve anyway.
Schmidt takes a big gulp from his 40.

SCHMIDT
Yeah. Hey, also? Good job on acting
dumb enough to fuck up your Science
Rodeo experiment. Must have been
hard, pretending to be that stupid.

Jenko takes a big gulp from his 40. Schmidt stands up.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
I’m takin’ a recon.

JENKO
Don’t hurry back.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE - NIGHT
Schmidt wanders around Dicks’ house while kids party. He
spots MOLLY, sitting on the floor in a corner, nursing a
plastic cup. He sits next to her. She won’t look at him.

MOLLY
If I knew you were here I wouldn’t
have come.

SCHMIDT
I thought you were gonna hide out
at a friend’s house after school.
What are you doing here?

MOLLY
Drinking. But something’s wrong
with this beer. It’s not working.

Schmidt smiles and shakes his head, in love.

SCHMIDT
Molly, I have to tell you something.

Molly hands Schmidt her plastic cup and walks away.

INT. JUMP STREET WINNEBAGO - NIGHT
Jackson racks his shotgun. Again.

JACKSON FUGAZY
I am so ready to get it on.

LUCY
Where are these guys?
EXT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

A KEG sails over Dicks’ backyard wall and lands in some bushes. Shea and Salvador stealthily slip over the wall, pick it up and head for the house.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt downs his 40, then drinks Molly’s O’Douls. He heads for the kitchen, unaware of Shea and Salvador as they enter.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt stands in the doorway of the kitchen watching Jenko flirt with Molly in the breakfast nook. Jenko feeds her a slice of pizza. The cheese falls on her chin. They laugh.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grady has KAYLEE, a 16 year old girl, cornered in a doorway.

GRADY
Never get married, Kaylee. Getting married would be the worst thing you could do. You do not want to limit yourself sexually.

Kaylee wriggles away just as Shea and Salvador SHOVE Grady into the MASTER BEDROOM and shut the door.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt walks towards Jenko. Jenko sees him coming and winks.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shea and Salvador. Set the keg down.

GRADY
Shit guys, it wasn’t BYOB but fuck it. Let’s party.

Shea and Salvador stare at Grady in silence. Salvodor slowly slips on his chrome brass knuckles.

GRADY (CONT’D)
Right, you want the cash. That’s cool, that’s cool. Let’s go down to my safe.
SALVADOR
You live here?

GRADY
Yeah, it’s my house.

SHEA
Then who that?

Shea points to an ENORMOUS PORTRAIT of Captain Dicks and his smiling black family.

GRADY
That’s my brother. My parents adopted him from Nairobi in 19-

Grady goes for his gun, but Salvador CRACKS him in the face with the chrome knuckles. The gun goes flying. Shea picks up a vase and SMASHES Grady’s face, shattering it.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko FLIES backwards into the living room and falls onto a glass coffee table, shattering it. He jumps up, squaring off with Schmidt. A huge group of kids circle.

SCHMIDT
Still can’t let me like a girl without trying to fuck her.

JENKO
You need to calm down, bro. We were just talking.

SCHMIDT
Bullshit. You were feeding her pizza.

JENKO
Grow up, man. We’re not in high school anymore!

The crowd of kids are confused.

JENKO (CONT´D)
Almost.

Molly rushes out of the party and slams the door.

SCHMIDT
You know what, Brad? You’re a fuckin’-

JENKO
Don’t call me a fuckin’ idiot. I’m serious, man.
SCHMIDT
You are a fucking idiot. Just like your Dad. You’re a fuckin’ idiot who tries to make up for it by scamming chicks so you can feel better about yourself.

Jenko takes a slight step backwards. He smiles.

JENKO
You remember that night you came to my house crying like a little bitch because you tried to make out with Melissa Whispitt and she rejected you? I fucked her later that night. And I juiced on her back. Twice.

Schmidt PUNCHES Jenko in the face.

INT. DICKS’ HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
Grady stands up, blood pouring from his eye, punch drunk.

GRADY
Fine, let’s do this then.

Salvador PUNCHES Grady in the face. Grady hits the bed and bounces back up. Salvador PUNCHES him again.

INT. DICKS’ HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Schmidt TACKLES Jenko into Dicks’ plasma screen. It falls over and shatters. Schmidt lifts a SPEAKER and HEAVES it. Jenko rolls away as it SMASHES into the Entertainment Center.

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
Shea and Salvador kick Grady in the head a few times. Salvador rips the keg seal off and pours GASOLINE all over the Master Bedroom.

SHEA
Let’s get the other two.

INT. DICKS’ HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Shea and Salvador watch as Jenko and Schmidt brawl.

Schmidt tries to kick Jenko while he’s down, but Jenko grabs his foot and FLIPS him onto an end table, right on his spine.

    SCHMIDT
    AAAAAARGH!

Shea and Salvador share a look, shrug and exit out the back.

EXT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly walks the sidewalk, alone. A TAURUS STATION WAGON with tinted windows and a D.A.D. bumper sticker slowly rolls up.

    CALVIN (O.S.)
    Hey girl. Need a ride?

INT. CAPTAIN DICKS’ HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko throws a cup of O’Douls in Schmidt’s eyes, blinding him. Schmidt roars like a wounded bear, runs at Jenko full speed and TACKLES HIM THROUGH A PICTURE WINDOW.

INT. JUMP STREET WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Jackson, Harry and Lucy watch Jenko and Schmidt CRASH through the window and land in Dicks’ front yard.

    LUCY
    Um...

The Ford Taurus slowly cruises by the house. BORIS leans out the passenger window and HURLS a Molotov cocktail.

Jenko and Schmidt watch the flaming bottle sail over their heads and through the Master Bedroom window.

FA-FOOMF! Flames EXPLODE from the Master Bedroom. Jackson KICKS the ‘Bago door open, leaps out and drops his shotgun.

    JACKSON FUGAZY
    Shit!

Harry opens fire on the Taurus as it races away, putting a bullet in the “A” of the D.A.D. bumper sticker. Kids RUN out of the house, jumping over Schmidt and Jenko.

    SCHMIDT/JENKO
    Grady.

Schmidt and Jenko leap back through the broken window.
EXT. DICKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT: Jenko and Schmidt drag a burning Grady onto the front lawn. Dicks' house burns down behind them. Soot covers their faces. They yell "Man down! Man down!"

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Grady lies in a coma, completely wrapped in moist bandages. A ventilator hisses. Jenko and Schmidt stand at his bedside.

CAPTAIN DICKS stands on the other side of the bed.

    CAPTAIN DICKS
    I don’t say this as Angry Black Captain. I say this from the calmest place in my heart, because only a calm man can speak his mind clearly. I want your buns and gadgets before you leave this building, and then I want you to die.

Captain Dicks turns to exit, then pauses.

    CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT’D)
    You endangered children.

Captain Dicks exits. The ventilator hisses.

Blackberries go off simultaneously. Schmidt and Jenko both click "RECEIVE". Identical MMS videos begin off sync, creating a haunting echo delay.

SPLIT SCREEN OF BOTH VIDEOS: A man in a BLACK GAS MASK looks into lense. His voice is electronically deepened.

    HOODED MAN
    We have your friend.

The man steps aside, revealing MOLLY tightly bound to a chair, lit by a bright floodlight.

    HOODED MAN (CONT’D)
    You two are due for a visit to the Principal's office. Tonight. During Prom. Bring the Pinata. If you call off the dance, I will kill her. If you bring other cops, I will kill her. She’s already had several doses and seems to be enjoying it.

Molly’s head lolls from side to side in the background.

    END OF MESSAGE

Jenko and Schmidt slip their Blackberries in their pockets.
INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jenko chats up HOLLY, officer in charge of the Evidence Room.

Schmidt chills near the door. A cop exits the Evidence Room. Schmidt grabs the door as it closes and slips in. Seconds later, he emerges with the mangy DORA THE EXPLORER pinata.

INT. THE TOPANGA MALL, PENGUINO TUXEDO - DAY

Jenko and Schmidt wait at the “Penguino Tuxedo” counter.

JENKO
I'm sorry I fucked Melissa.

SCHMIDT
I don't want to talk about it.

The PENGUINO REP slides two long black boxes over the counter.

PENGUINO REP
Two Gunsteel Blue six-button longcoat tuxedos with accoutrement. Still can't say I agree with wearing a cummerbund under a waistcoat.

SCHMIDT
We like layers.

A drumbeat of locking and loading weapons kicks in:

INT. THE SAUSALITO ARMS - EVENING

TIGHT ON THE YEARBOOK: opened to the self-captioned photo of teen Jenko and Schmidt: "MOST LIKELY TO KICK ASS!!"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the yearbook resting between two GUNSTEEL BLUE TUXEDOS, laid out on either side of the couch.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jenko and Schmidt oiling and loading SEVERAL HANDGUNS and a PISTOL GRIP SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.


Schmidt finishes his bow tie in the bathroom mirror. He looks at Jenko, who struggles to pin a corsage to himself.

SCHMIDT
Here.

Schmidt pins the corsage to Jenko’s coat.
JENKO
Thanks.

They stand face to face for an awkward moment.

SCHMIDT
Will you go to Prom with me?

JENKO
I guess.

They turn to the mirror and admire matching tuxedo glory.

SCHMIDT/JENKO
Damn.

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE, "Feel Good Hit of the Summer" over:

EXT. VALLEY HIGH - NIGHT

A 1990 stretch Lincoln Continental limo jumps the curb in front of Valley High School and SMASHES through the gate, sliding to a stop in front of the Auditorium doors.

A TUXEDOED STRAGGLER sitting on a planter drops his cigarette. The limo doors open. Schmidt and Jenko step out.

They march towards the Tuxedoed Straggler with a look of cold determination. He instinctively backs away.

JENKO
Get in the fuckin’ Prom.

SCHMIDT
Now.

The Tuxedoed Straggler RUNS into the Prom, throwing the doors open. Music spills out. Schmidt watches carefree kids having the time of their lives. The door slowly closes...

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Let’s do this.

Jenko pulls a HEAVY CHAIN from the trunk and loops it through the Auditorium door, locking it with a big PADLOCK.

Schmidt pulls the Dora the Explorer pinata from the trunk. Her head is duct-taped on backwards. He cradles her like a baby.

Jenko lights one of the Tuxedoed Straggler’s cigarettes, offers one to Schmidt. They eye the eerily quiet campus. A crumpled Shark Attack Weekly blows by like a tumbleweed.

They slowly unbutton their six-button longcoats.
"He had, of course, dreamed of battles all his life - of vague and bloody conflicts that had thrilled him with their sweep and fire."

What is that?


Maybe you actually learned something at this school.

Maybe we both did.

Schmidt and Jenko head for school.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

We track with Schmidt and Jenko down a hallway, past a bright blue D.A.D. banner on the wall. They stop at their lockers, but camera continues tracking to the Principal’s Office.

Offscreen, the two lockers slam shut. Schmidt and Jenko re-enter frame, standing in front of the Principal’s Office.

The bell rings.

Final exam, bitch.

Just observe my natural theatrical ability and follow my lead.

Schmidt opens the door and steps into the Principal’s Office.

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN’S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko walk through the outer office and approach Whiteman’s private office. They slowly open the door...

INT. PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WALT sits at Principal Whiteman’s desk, resplendent in a white tuxedo, sitting behind a huge pile of H.F.S. packets.

Holy fucking shit.
Walt pops an H.F.S. wafer into his mouth.

    WALT
    Indeed.

Walt reveals a RIFLE perched on his knee, barrel pointed at Schmidt and Jenko.

    WALT (CONT’D)
    Calvin?

Calvin appears behind Schmidt and Jenko and pats them down.

    CALVIN
    Clean.

    WALT
    Go give Molly her final snack.

Calvin leers at Schmidt and exits.

    SCHMIDT
    You don’t get the Pinata until I get the girl.

Walt slowly crunches into another H.F.S. wafer. He walks up to Schmidt, placing the rifle barrel under his chin.

    WALT
    I don’t need the Pinata, asshole. I just wanted to see the look on your face when you knew it was me.

    SCHMIDT
    Happy?

    WALT
    Yes. I like to look at my shit before I flush it.

    JENKO
    That’s pretty weird, man.

    SCHMIDT
    Do you also like to talk to it?

Walt gives Schmidt a kiss on the cheek.

    WALT
    You can’t harsh my mellow, man. Don’t even try.

They watch Walt back out the door with a beatific smile.

    WALT (CONT’D)
    Milt? Time to earn that second Porsche. Do it quietly.
Walt closes the door. Schmidt and Jenko turn back around to see PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN sitting at his desk, aiming a .44 Magnum and smiling his yellow-toothed smile.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Have a seat.

Schmidt and Jenko sit. Dora rides on Schmidt’s knee.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN (CONT’D)
I’m afraid this time I’ll have to expel you boys.

Whiteman screws a big SILENCER onto the revolver.

SCHMIDT
Just so I can be extra pissed off before I die, where the fuck is the lab? We looked everywhere.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
Did you look in the boiler room beneath the showers? I’d love to see you try to get there tonight. We’ve got a ton of staff on and they all have a juvenile fascination with automatic weapons.

Whiteman cocks the hammer on the .44 Magnum.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN (CONT’D)
Walt’s making a big sales push. We’re pulling down huge margins tonight.

SCHMIDT
Dude, why work at a school if all you want is money? Why mess with kids?

Principal Whiteman smiles, wistful.

PRINCIPAL WHITEMAN
There was a time I wanted to help the youth of America. Then I got to know them. Say, which one of you took a shit on my desk?

Jenko raises a finger.

JENKO
Yo.

PFT! Whiteman shoots. Jenko flies backwards out of his chair. Whiteman aims at Schmidt.

BOOM! Dora’s head and Whiteman’s head explode simultaneously. Blood sprays Whiteman’s MASTER OF EDUCATION degree.
Smoke pours from the SAWED OFF SHOTGUN inside the pinata.

JENKO (O.S.) (CONT’D)
I can’t breathe.

Schmidt lifts Jenko into his seat. Jenko gasps a few times. He inspects the huge hole in his shirt, Kevlar beneath.

JENKO (CONT’D)
So much for the Tux deposit.

He notices Whiteman’s headless body.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Jesus, what did you load that thing with?

SCHMIDT
A big fuckin’ bullet.

Schmidt rips the pinata off the shotty and pumps it.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
Molly’s gotta be in the lab.

EXT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko jog to their lockers. Schmidt opens his, revealing THE ARSENAL. He grabs a Sig P220 and racks one into the chamber. Jenko struggles with his combination.

JENKO
Damn it!

SCHMIDT
Move.

Schmidt SHOOTS the lock off Jenko’s locker. They re-holster their huge arsenal and slowly walk down the hall. Schmidt leads with the shotty, Jenko slightly behind with a .45.

They turn a corner and face a LONG EMPTY HALLWAY.

JENKO
Not a shitload of cover.

They carefully walk down the long hallway, gripping their guns a little tighter. BAM! A door flies open. They aim.

ZACK
It’s me it’s me it’s me!

Zack pathetically holds up his Pen Sized Stun Gun.
SCHMIDT
FUCK, ZACK. YOU ALMOST JUST GOT SHOT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ZACK
I’VE BEEN HIDING IN THIS CLOSET SINCE YESTERDAY. THEY KNOW YOU’RE COPS!

JENKO
WOW, IT’S LIKE YOU’RE THE REINCARNATION OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Zack grabs Jenko by the longcoat.

ZACK
There’s been guys with guns in here all night and day. Get me out of here. I swear to God I’ll never do drugs again. I’ll never do drugs again God! Just get me out of here.

SCHMIDT
It’s safer for you to stay in the closet till this is over.

ZACK
No no no. Not without a gun.

JENKO
Forget it.

ZACK
You can’t just leave me here with a pen sized fucking stun gun!

Schmidt pulls a .38 Automatic from a belt holster.

SCHMIDT
Do not use this unless absolutely necessary.

Jenko throws his hands up in frustration. Schmidt hands Zack the gun. Zack stares at it in awe.

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
The safety is off, so don’t put any pressure on the-

BLAM! The gun fires into Jenko’s chest. He staggers backwards and hits the wall, sliding down and gasping.

JENKO
Bad judgement. Bad judgement.

Schmidt guides Zack’s hand and points the gun at the ground.
SCHMIDT
Keep your finger off the trigger
unless you’re ready to kill someone.

Schmidt helps Jenko up, again. Jenko glares at Zack.

ZACK
What? It was an accident.

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE strafes the hallway, blasting holes in
lockers. SHEA fires a Tec-9 down the hall.

Schmidt kicks Zack back in the closet and runs into
the nearest classroom. Jenko follows, firing on the run.

INT. YEARBOOK CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko take up positions at two classroom doors.
The chalkboard reads “GREAT JOB CLASS OF ’10!!!”

Schmidt holsters the shotty in the longcoat, pulls the .45.

SCHMIDT
You’re in the Yearbook. You got
voted most likely to be a huge dick.

JENKO
You got voted most likely to eat one.

They KICK the doors open and step out firing.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A furious exchange of gunfire. Jenko and Schmidt place shots
in Shea’s lower torso. They run up, guns trained. Shea
writhes on the ground.

SHEA
This ain’t happening. I got a life. I
got a daughter. I’m a human being
with a story, it can’t end like this.

Schmidt and Jenko drop clips and reload.

SCHMIDT
If you want to avoid getting killed
by me, here’s two easy ways to do
it. One, don’t sell drugs to kids.
Two, don’t fire a Tec-9 at my face.

SHEA
Man fuck you.

Shea dies. Schmidt and Jenko continue down the hall, guns up.
SCHMIDT
That’s kind of bullshit.

JENKO
What’s kind of bullshit?

They slide against the wall, taking cover on a blind corner.

SCHMIDT
He says “fuck you” and then he dies?
It’s like the ultimate last word.
Fuck him.

Jenko peeks around the corner. PICH and THREE CAMBODIAN
GUNMEN open fire with AK-47’s. Jenko ducks back as the corner
DISINTEGRATES in a hail of bullets.

Schmidt and Jenko run back down the hall and take positions
in doorwells. The Gunmen round the corner and fire. Trophy
Cases explode. School banners are shredded.

Schmidt and Jenko leap into different classrooms.

INT. GRAPHIC ARTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt slowly steps backwards past a huge PAPERCUTTER. He
shifts gunsights from door to door, waiting.

Pich crawls in the window behind Schmidt, knife in hand. He
FLICKS the knife, sinking it into Schmidt’s right shoulder.

Schmidt drops his .45 and spins around to see Pich running at
him with huge gleaming knives in either hand.

Schmidt picks up a YARDSTICK and WHIPS IT at Pich, slashing
his eye. Pich drops a knife and clutches his face. He charges
Schmidt with the other knife.

Schmidt evades, grabs Pich’s attacking hand, pins it under
the papercutter and throws his weight on the blade. SHHHHUNK.

PICH
AIIIIIIIIIIII!

Pich screams at his handless stump and collapses.

SCHMIDT
I’m sick of getting stabbed, goddamnit.

Schmidt pulls the throwing knife out of his shoulder and
unholsters the pistol grip pump. He kicks the door open.
INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gunmen pour AK rounds into the room Jenko jumped in. Schmidt aims the sawed-off at their backs, BOOM BOOM BOOM!

INT. VALLEY HIGH, SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt enters the Science room. Jenko stands up from behind a lab station, .45 in one hand, Experiment Arena in the other.

JENKO
That was gettin' hairy.

Jenko takes Colin Farrell out of the Experiment Arena.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Live free, brother.

The cockroach crawls away. Schmidt and Jenko exit the room.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BORIS and FIVE ARMENIAN GUNMEN fire Uzis at Schmidt and Jenko as they exit. They dive back into the classroom.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt blasts the shotty twice out the door.

SCHMIDT
Out!

They swap positions. Jenko fires his .45 while Schmidt reloads the shotty.

JENKO
Switch!

They swap. Schmidt fires the shotgun. Bullets spray the door.

SCHMIDT
There's too many!

Jenko steps back to reload. CRUNCH. He looks down to see the squashed body of Colin Farrell.

JENKO
You motherfuckers.

Jenko whips off his longcoat and lays it flat on a lab station. He kicks open the CHEMICAL STORAGE CLOSET.
INT. VALLEY HIGH, CHEMICAL STORAGE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jenko looks down rows of chemicals in glass bottles.

JENKO
Methyl Nitrate, Nitric Acid...

Jenko grabs several large glass containers.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt's shotgun BOOMS twice more.

SCHMIDT
Shotty's empty and they're coming in hot!

Jenko folds the longcoat around glass chemical containers.

JENKO
Open the door!

SLOW MOTION: Schmidt yanks the door open and moves aside as Jenko HURLS the coat-wrapped chem-bomb into the hallway and DIVES behind a lab table.

BA-BOOM! Both classroom doors blow off their hinges. Orange fireballs BELCH into the room, then quickly vaporize.

Jenko peeks up from behind a charred lab station. Schmidt stands between the charred doorways, wide-eyed.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Bitchin'.

Boris, engulfed in flames, runs into the room shooting rounds from a burning Uzi. Jenko and Schmidt blow him away.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jenko and Schmidt walk the hallway, silhouetted by sprinkler rain. Schmidt picks up an AK-47 with banana clip.

SCHMIDT
Time to go "Last of the Mohicans" up in this motherfucker.

JENKO
Why does Daniel Day-Lewis make your butt pussy so wet?

SCHMIDT
I don’t know, he just does.
SALVADOR quietly steps out of a classroom behind Schmidt and Jenko. He raises a .50 caliber Desert Eagle. BLAM BLAM BLAM!

Jenko and Schmidt whip around. Salvador crumples to the ground, revealing ZACK holding Schmidt’s .38 auto.

JENKO
Good shootin’.

SCHMIDT
Now get out of here. And get into drug treatment.

ZACK
I don’t need treatment. I just killed a man. Drugs will never get me as high as I am at this exact moment.

Zack runs down the hall, escaping. Schmidt and Jenko KICK open the doors to the gym.

INT. THE GYM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Jenko walk in shooting. FOUR WHITE GUNMEN with HK SL8-6’s fire back from cover within the obstacle course.

Schmidt and Jenko start running the course, firing on the run, crouch and jump.

- Schmidt blasts a guy 20 times with the AK.
- Jenko fires two .45’s on the roll, taking two guys out.
- Schmidt shoots through an obstacle, wasting another one.
- Jenko picks up a downed gunman’s HK, climbs to the top of an obstacle and UNLOADS from high ground, finishing the last.

Schmidt stands at the end of the obstacle course, huffing for breath, hands on his knees.

SCHMIDT
I’m gettin’ too old for this shit.

They head for the locker room.

INT. BOY’S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko and Schmidt enter steaming showers, but the steam isn’t coming from water…it’s coming up from the shower grate. They lift the grate and descend into the mist.
INT. THE BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An angry boiler hisses and steams next to a LARGE SCALE HFS LAB. Schmidt and Jenko drop into the room from a ladder. Two chemists in LAB COATS turn around, shocked to see them.

JENKO
Brilliant, you guys. Using hypophosphorous acid as a reducing agent in a poorly ventilated space next to a boiler that needed replaced twenty years ago? This place is a poodle fart away from exploding the entire gym. Why don't the three of us head upstairs and talk things over.

CHEMIST #1
There’s four of us you fucking idi-

BLAM! Schmidt shoots a bottle of acid that sprays the chemist in the face. He screams and flails.

SCHMIDT
Nobody calls this guy a fuckin’ idiot but me.

Schmidt aims the gun at the other Chemist’s head

SCHMIDT (CONT’D)
WHERE’S THE GIRL?

OTHER LAB COAT GUY
At Prom! At Prom!

The guy with acid on his face collapses onto the table and sends the ENTIRE LAB crashing to the ground!

EXT. THE GYM – NIGHT

Schmidt and Jenko run out of the gym in SUPER SLOW MOTION. They leap over the DAD-MOBILE, a mangled auto meant to scare kids away from drugged driving.

They land on the other side and brace for an explosion. They wait for a long time. In slow motion. Still waiting. Getting awkward now. They stand up.

JENKO
(super slow mo)
Shit. Guess I was wrong.

End slow motion as the windshield of the DAD-mobile BLOWS OUT.

Schmidt and Jenko spot WALT on the Auditorium roof, aiming his rifle. They take cover on the other side of the DAD-mobile.
JENKO (CONT’D)
I’m empty. What do you got?

SCHMIDT
Six in the revolver.

Sirens wail in the distance.

JENKO
Do we wait for backup?

SCHMIDT
Calvin’s in there with her right now.

Jenko takes a deep breath and nods to himself.

JENKO
The cheetah chases pussy at noon.

SCHMIDT
Dude...that’s a drastic option.

JENKO
Does it make us even for Melissa?

SCHMIDT
Affirmative.

JENKO
Just don’t miss.

SLOW MOTION: Jenko SPRINTS across the quad. Walt tracks with the rifle. Schmidt draws a .38 revolver from behind his cummerbund, steps out and fires 5 times...missing!

SNAP ZOOM on Schmidt as he FIRES his final bullet. Walt’s left kneecap EXPLODES. He collapses with a scream.

Schmidt and Jenko run to the Auditorium.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jenko and Schmidt enter the Prom. Music EXPLODES. A banner reads “UNMASK THE NIGHT”. Kids wear Costume Ball masks and get down on the packed dance floor in front of the stage.

JENKO
You find Molly, I’ll find Walt.

They split off. Jenko approaches the stage. DEAN STANTON steps in front of him, rolling his sleeves up.

DEAN STANTON
You think I don’t know it was you and your brother messing with me?

(MORE)
DEAN STANTON (CONT'D)
You and your pals ruined my school.
Time something got done about it.

JENKO
Look, we’re both good guys. I’m LAPD.

DEAN STANTON
Sure you are.

Jenko sighs and slips off his waistcoat.

DEAN STANTON (CONT’D)
I trained hand to hand in ‘Nam, punk. Where’d you train?

JENKO
Echo Park.

Jenko kicks Stanton in the balls and applies a chokehold on him till he passes out.

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM, DANCEFLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt sees CALVIN AND MOLLY slow dancing beneath the huge mirrorball. Molly is very obviously on the shit.

Calvin sees Schmidt and slowly pulls back his Tuxedo coat to reveal the .357 MAGNUM. Schmidt checks the cylinder on his gun. Empty. Calvin holds up an OVERSIZED H.F.S. WAFER.

SCHMIDT
No...

Calvin teases Molly with the wafer. She sticks her tongue out like it’s communion. Schmidt drops his gun and runs towards them. Calvin draws his .357 Magnum.

CALVIN
Urk...

Calvin spasms and drops the gun. JENKO stands behind him, TACTICAL KNIFE buried in Calvin’s lower back.

JENKO
This is why you don’t bring a gun to a knife fight.

Jenko uses the knife handle to quietly lead Calvin to a corner table. He sits him in a chair and cuffs him.

JENKO (CONT’D)
Your under arrest.

CALVIN
(weakly)
I need an ambulance.
JENKO
So did Billiam.

TWO REBECCAS take the stage to announce Prom Court.

REBECCA #1
Are you guys pumped for Prom Court?

ENTIRE PROM
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

INT. CANDACE CAMERON AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Molly spins under the mirrorball, oblivious, dancing with herself. She sees Schmidt and throws her arms around him.

MOLLY
I wish you were here earlier. There was a unicorn made out of rainbow sprinkles.

SCHMIDT
Molly, I have to tell you something.

MOLLY
No, I have to tell you something. It’s a secret.

Molly whisper in Schmidt’s ear.

MOLLY (CONT’D)
I love you.

Molly slowly, sensually moves in for a kiss. Schmidt stops her just before their lips touch.

SCHMIDT
Molly, I’m a police officer.

MOLLY
Shut up, silly.

SCHMIDT
My name is Schmidt. I’m an undercover cop.

Molly catches her breath.

REBECCA #1 (O.S.)
And the Class of ’10 Prom Queen is...

REBECCA #2 (O.S.)
MOLLY TRACEY OH MY GOD!

The students go crazy. Molly slowly backs away from Schmidt.
MOLLY
You fucking dick.

Tears run down Molly’s face. She stumbles up to the stage and is crowned. Jenko appears next to Schmidt.

JENKO
Let’s find the roof access.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Walt drops through a roof hatch and lands hard on the CATWALK above the stage. He stands, using his rifle as a crutch.

SCHMIDT appears one end of the catwalk, aiming an old revolver. JENKO appears at the other end of the catwalk, aiming Calvin’s .357 Magnum. Walt clenches his jaw.

WALT
You were right. I do make drugs sound cool. I come from marketing. It’s my thing.

JENKO
A dead son is no reason to put other people’s kids at risk.

WALT
I don’t have a dead son, retard. I just love making shitloads of money.

SCHMIDT
It’s over, Walt. Drop the gun.

Walt drops the rifle. Schmidt and Jenko slowly close in.

WALT

SCHMIDT
What about the kids who got hurt?

WALT
You guys just spent three weeks in a high school and you still care about the kids? Teenagers are the worst people on the planet. They spend their disposable income on absolute dogshit and fill the world with horrible things. Fallout Boy? Paris Hilton? Twilight? All because of teenagers. FUCK teenagers.
SCHMIDT
You're a bad D.A.D.

WALT
And you're a shitty actor. If you sold the weight of that prop gun a little more, I might not have shot your girlfriend.

Walt SHOOTS a compact 9mm from the hip, hitting Jenko in the vest. Jenko DROPS the .357 off the catwalk.

Walt aims his pistol towards Molly on the stage below. Schmidt GRABS Walt’s gun with one hand and PUNCHES him with the other, splitting his nose in half.

They struggle against the catwalk railing. Walt grips the pistol like a vice, pushing it towards Schmidt, jaw grinding. Schmidt uses his free hand to grab an ELECTRICAL CABLE and wrap it around Walt's neck.

Walt's face turns red and his veins pop as he muscles his gun towards Schmidt's face.

Schmidt roars with rage and throws Walt off the catwalk.

Walt JERKS at the end of the cable, hanging by the neck. The entire Prom looks up as he shits and pisses his white tuxedo.

After a moment of shocked silence, girls begin to scream. The Auditorium doors are kicked open by S.W.A.T. officers.

SWAT OFFICERS

Swat Officers fan out and evacuate the kids.

INT. VALLEY HIGH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Jenko and Schmidt walk to center stage as police officers clear out the last of the students. Schmidt watches the EMS Technicians wheel Molly out on a gurney.

She weakly lifts up her hand up...and flips him off.

JENKO
Keeping this as a souvenir.

Jenko leans over to pick up Calvin’s .357 Magnum. BANG! A bullet splinters the stage floor. Jenko whirls around to see Walt aiming the pistol with his very last shred of life.

Jenko raises Calvin’s .357 Magnum and FIRES multiple times. Walt dances like a pinata. Jenko hands the gun to Schmidt.

SUPER TIGHT on Schmidt as he aims.
**SCHMIDT**

*Drugs Are Dangerous, bitch.*

BLAM! Schmidt shoots Walt in the heart, blowing a hole in his chest big enough to see through.

**EXT. VALLEY HIGH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Jenko and Schmidt sit in the Quad.

**SCHMIDT**

Do you feel kind of bad about fucking up the entire school?

Jenko shrugs.

**JENKO**

We cured the plague.

**SCHMIDT**

At least the gym didn't blow u-

AN UNNECESSARILY MASSIVE FIREBALL blows up the gym, sending the DAD-MOBILE up into the air. Deadly shrapnel whizzes by Schmidt and Jenko's totally calm faces. DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY**

THE SUN shines brightly on Jenko and Schmidt as they ride Segways down Hollywood Blvd in geeky helmets and shorts that are way too snug. They write up a parking ticket.

**SCHMIDT**

You think I should call Molly one of these days? I mean, she'll be going to college soon.

Jenko slips a ticket under a windshield wiper.

**JENKO**

Wouldn't do that for a number of reasons. First of all, it's immoral. Second, I fucked her.

Schmidt laughs, then stops, suspicious. A lime green SUPERBEE pulls up behind them, engine rumbling.

**GRADY**

Nice shorts.

Jenko and Schmidt turn to see GRADY, whose entire face is a horrifying mess of pink scar tissue.

**SCHMIDT**

Jesus.
GRADY
It’s only because I’ve accepted Christ as my Lord and Saviour that I’m able to forgive you for taking his name in vain. Take a long look at this face.

Grady points to his unbelievably grotesque face.

GRADY (CONT’D)
This face is proof that miracles happen. I should be dead, but as I lay there smelling my own skin burn off my face, I called on the Lord and he saved my life. You should invite him into yours, on bent knee and with a contrite heart.

SCHMIDT
Dude. What do you want?

GRADY
Captain wants to see you. I’m gonna drive real slow and make you follow me on those vagina baskets, ’cause that shit is hilarious.

Grady pulls away. Jenko and Schmidt mount their Segways.

EXT. DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY’S OFFICE – DAY

Schmidt and Jenko snack on Snickers. They sit facing Deputy Chief Hardy and Captain Dicks (sipping an X-Treme Gülp).

DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY
You made sure no kids got hurt. When it comes down to it, that’s what counts. We got a serious situation at East L.A. High. Riots and violence on a scale you can't possibly imagine. You report for duty at 0600 tomorrow.

SCHMIDT
Where to, sir?

CAPTAIN DICKS
YOU KNOW WHERE TO, MOTHERFUCKER. Don’t be humiliating my unit in front of Deputy Chief. I swear to God and Moses I will literally put my foot in your asshole. I’ll put my whole leg in there, push my toes on the back of your eyeballs make you look like Steve Urkel. Shit in your mouth and seal it with duct tape.

(MORE)
CAPTAIN DICKS (CONT'D)
I’ll piss in your ear and make you
listen to The Beach Boys, you think
I’m playing?

The NEW 21 JUMP STREET THEME SONG blasts out as the NEW 21
JUMP STREET GRAFFITI sprays over the screen and credits roll.