

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

40) INT. ECONOMICS CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. JOHN BUNCH, (55) ruddy-faced and round, peers through bifocals, scrawling the homework assignment on the blackboard with SQUEEKY chalk: "ADVENTURES IN ECONOMY." * *

Mid-room, Jonathan stares moodily at his desk. Beside him, Nancy's foot shakes nervously under her desk. She squirms in her seat, glancing at Jonathon. Clearly agitated, her pencil TAPS in quick succession.

In an aha moment, she flips opens her notebook and writes furtively. She RIPS the page out, catching the attention of Mr. Bunch.

Mr. Bunch glances over his shoulder suspiciously. Nancy placates him with a "what can you do?" shrug and smile.

As Mr. Bunch returns to the board, Nancy shoves the note onto Jonathan's desk. He reads it, SIGHS, then scribbles a response, passes it back. Nancy reads, writes one word, sends it back. He reads, then passes it back. As tension escalates, any attempt to keep their argument "silent" is lost. *

Nancy CRUMPLES the note in her fist.

NANCY

(aggressive whisper)

You can't just throw away your future!

JONATHON

I'm not throwing away anything. I told you I--

Mr. Bunch whirls around and verbally cuts him off.

MR. BUNCH

(sharply)

Mr. Byers! Ms. Wheeler.

The two sit bolt upright, then gradually lean away from each other as Mr. Bunch admonishes.

MR. BUNCH (CONT'D)

I run my classroom much like a demand-driven supply network: I demand your attention and you shall supply it. If you have a question related to the current topic, I would like to hear it now. Otherwise, I have no problem proposing detention for both of you. Do we have an understanding?

JONATHON
Yes sir.

NANCY
Yes sire--sir.

Mr. Bunch squints at her as he regains his composure. With a dignified turn, he resumes writing on the board.

Jonathon connects with Nancy; she shakes her head, troubled. *

CUT TO: