

JUST THE TEN OF US

"The Wizard of St. Augie's"

written by

James Larry Sanders Jr.

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CAST

GRAHAM LUBBOCK.....BILL KIRCHENBAUER  
ELIZABETH LUBBOCK.....DEBORAH HARMON  
MARIE LUBBOCK.....HEATHER LANGENKAMP  
CINDY LUBBOCK.....JAMIE LUNER  
WENDY LUBBOCK.....BROOKE THEISS  
CONNIE LUBBOCK.....JO ANN WILLETTE  
J.R. LUBBOCK.....MATT SHAKMAN  
SHERRY LUBBOCK.....HEIDI ZEIGLER

GUEST CAST

FATHER HARGIS.....FRANK BONNER  
SISTER ETHEL.....MAXINE ELLIOTT  
DR. JAMES T. QUIRK.....ROBERT ENGLUND  
GAVIN DOOSLER.....EVAN ARNOLD  
BILLY GRIM.....THOM SHARP

COLD OPEN

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

GRAHAM IS TEACHING A SCIENCE CLASS POPULATED WITH ROWDY UPPERCLASSMEN.

GRAHAM

Okay, you lugnuts, back on track! Now, aluminum has many uses. Of course, it's used in aluminum foil. You know, the stuff that you use to store leftovers, and that crazy people use to make hats out of. Those big jets you see flying around, they're made of aluminum. And a little known use for aluminum: roll-on deodorant, which look a little something...like this.

GRAHAM PULLS HIS SHIRT UP OVER HIS HEAD, LEAVING ONLY HIS SHINY SCALP VISIBLE, AND MAKING HIM LOOK SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A STICK OF DEODORANT.

AS GRAHAM BURIES HIMSELF IN HIS SHIRT, FATHER HARGIS WALKS IN.

FATHER HARGIS

Hey, Lubbock; hope I'm not interrupt...ing.

FATHER HARGIS LOOKS PUZZLINGLY AT GRAHAM IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS IMPRESSION OF ROLL-ON DEODORANT.

GRAHAM  
(ensconced in shirt)

Uh, Father Hargis!

FATHER HARGIS

Lubbock, what were you doing?

GRAHAM IMMEDIATELY PULLS HIMSELF OUT OF HIS SHIRT.

GRAHAM

Oh, just doing an impression.

FATHER HARGIS

Of who? A mental patient?!

GRAHAM

No, a stick of roll-on deodorant.

FATHER HARGIS

You were doing an impression of deodorant?

GRAHAM

Yeah.

FATHER HARGIS

In a science class?

GRAHAM

Well, I was demonstrating the various uses of aluminum.

FATHER HARGIS

Mmm-hmm. How about we discuss the rest of the periodic table in my office, shall we?

GRAHAM

What about my class?

FATHER HARGIS

Oh, right, uh...class, just study on your own.

STUDENT

What should we study?

FATHER HARGIS

Uh, just pick up where Coach left off.

THE CLASS COLLECTIVELY SHRUGS AND, IN UNISON, PULLS THEIR SHIRTS ABOVE THEIR HEAD.

FATHER HARGIS (CONT'D)

Lord have mercy.

FATHER HARGIS LOOKS UP, BLESSES HIMSELF, AND ESCORTS GRAHAM OUT OF THE ROOM.

ROLL OPEN

ACT I

INT. CLASSROOM

FATHER HARGIS IS ADDRESSING ANOTHER CLASS; THIS TIME CONSISTING OF MIDDLE-GRADE BOYS, J.R. INCLUDED.

FATHER HARGIS

Okay, class. We have a bit of a change for today's class. Coach Lubbock has been relieved of his science teaching duties. Unfortunately, there's nobody else in our employ qualified to teach such a class...

JUST THEN, SISTER ETHEL APPEARS IN THE WINDOW OF THE DOOR.

SISTER ETHEL

Father Hargis! I've got the frogs ready for dissection!

SISTER ETHEL HOLDS UP A PLASTIC BAG FULL OF FROGS, NONE OF WHOM ARE DEAD.

FATHER HARGIS

Yes, Sister Ethel; just leave them by my office...now, where were we? Oh, right! I luckily found a qualified replacement. He has a doctorate in chemistry, and was recently laid off from his job at Stanford. Please welcome to the St. Augustine's family, Dr. James Quirk.

DR. QUIRK ENTHUSIASTICALLY RUNS INTO THE CLASSROOM. HE HAS A TRIMMED BEARD, AND IS WEARING A LAB COAT AND RED, HIGH-TOPPED SNEAKERS.

DR. QUIRK

Hello, science geeks!

THE CLASS LOOKS ON IN SILENCE.

FATHER HARGIS

(curt)

He said "Hello, science geeks"!

CLASS

(in unison)

Hello Dr. Quirk.

FATHER HARGIS

Do you mind telling us a bit about yourself?

DR. QUIRK

Oh yes. My name is Dr. James T. Quirk, but you can just call me Jimmy. I am a professional chemist, an amateur physicist, and for the past five years I was the host of the TV science show Dr. Quirk, The Science Jerk!

FATHER HARGIS

Science show? I thought you taught at Stanford.

DR. QUIRK

No, Stamford! We taped the show in Connecticut.

FATHER HARGIS

Yes. Well, I guess I'll leave you to it then.

THE FATHER LEAVES THE ROOM.

FATHER HARGIS (CONT'D)  
(whispers to self)

The Science Jerk?!

FATHER HARGIS CLOSSES THE DOOR.

DR. QUIRK

Anyway, I hear you've been learning  
about the elements, and I see that  
iron is next on the list. And you know  
what's chock full of iron, class?

DR. QUIRK LAYS DOWN A BEAKER OF BLOOD ON THE TABLE.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

Pig's blood!

DR. QUIRK LAYS DOWN ANOTHER BEAKER.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

And cow's blood!

DR. QUIRK LAYS DOWN ANOTHER BEAKER.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

And elk's blood!

THE CLASS GETS UP TO GET A CLOSER LOOK.

J.R.

Wow! How did you get all this?

DR. QUIRK

Well, magicians never reveal their  
secrets. And science is as close to  
magic as you will find in the real  
world.

(MORE)



DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

And if you don't believe me, answer me  
this: have you ever seen blood glow?

DR. QUIRK HOLDS UP A BEAKER AND POURS SOME IN EACH OF THE  
BLOOD BEAKERS, THE CLASS WATCHES INTENTLY.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

See, if you mix blood with the right  
kind of oxidizer...

DR. QUIRK RUNS TO TURN OUT THE LIGHTS. THE BEAKERS START  
GLOWING IN A BRIGHT BLUISH TINT.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

...you can make a crime scene light up  
like a Christmas tree!

THE CLASS IS STUNNED, J.R. ESPECIALLY. DR. QUIRK IS PLEASED  
WITH THE REACTION OF HIS CLASS.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

THE FAMILY IS GATHERED FOR DINNER, PASSING DISHES AMONGST  
THEMSELVES.

J.R.

It was the coolest thing I've ever  
seen, he poured this stuff into a  
beaker of...

WENDY

We get it, J.R.! The new science  
teacher made the blood turn blue!

CINDY

Yeah, what's so cool about that?  
Commercials do that all the time.

SHERRY

Whatever color that blood is, I don't want to hear about it. I'm trying to eat Mom's tomato soup!

MARIE  
(excited)

Speak for yourself, Sherry! What else did he do, J.R.?!

J.R.

He then gave us our vials of goat bile to take home and study. Wanna see?!

ELIZABETH

Enough! J.R., I'm glad you're actually paying attention in class for once, but can you not talk about your academic pursuits at the dinner table?!

CONNIE LOOKS OVER AT GRAHAM.

CONNIE

Dad? You've only had two helpings of everything. What's wrong?

GRAHAM

Eh, I really liked teaching science; what does this Dr. Quirk guy have that I don't?

SHERRY

That doctor part might be a hint.

GRAHAM

And if that wasn't enough, Father Hargis doesn't want me doing my impressions in class, anymore.

CONNIE

Aww, even your impression of an exploding transformer?

GRAHAM

No, he says it scares the nuns.

CINDY

Oh wow, I remember that! They caused a stampede!

MARIE

And poor Gavin, he had scuffmarks all over his face.

WENDY

How do you think I felt? I was there when he did that impression. I've never seen a person make a sound that loud with their mouth before.

GRAHAM

See, Elizabeth. Father Hargis has no regard for my accomplishments!

ELIZABETH

Oh, Graham, look on the bright side. Now you have more time to focus on your coaching.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Plus, your son absolutely loves the  
guy who took your job.

ELIZABETH CLEARS HER PART OF THE TABLE AND GETS UP. GRAHAM  
THEN LOOKS STERNLY AT J.R.

GRAHAM  
(whispers)

I have no son.

J.R. JUST SMILES NERVOUSLY.

FADE TO:

INT. ST. AUGIE'S HALLWAY

STUDENTS ARE MILLING AROUND, COLLECTIVELY PERKING THEIR NOSES  
AT WHAT SEEMS TO BE A PARTICULARLY FOUL ODOR WAFTING THROUGH  
THE AIR. THE FOUR OLDEST LUBBOCK DAUGHTERS WALK IN.

WENDY  
(wincing)

Ugh, what is that smell?!

CINDY

It smells like the Fortuna Fish  
Festival.

MARIE

I thought Father Hargis was going to  
fire the next person who cooked  
herring in the microwave.

FATHER HARGIS WALKS IN.

FATHER HARGIS

God almighty, it smells like Seattle  
in here! You girls wouldn't happen to  
know anything about this, would you?

CONNIE  
(defensive)

Why do you automatically assume it's  
us?!

FATHER HARGIS

Hey, calm down, I'm just asking.  
Sister Ethel is probably just using  
the microwave, again. Oh, I'm going to  
give her such a talking to.

DR. QUIRK WALKS THROUGH THE HALLWAY CARRYING A BUCKET.

DR. QUIRK  
(joyful)

I wonder where that fish has gone. I  
did love it so. I looked after it like  
a son, and it went wherever I did go.

MARIE

Dr. Quirk!

DR. QUIRK

Oh, call me Jimmy.

MARIE

No!

CINDY  
(disgusted)

What is in that bucket?!

WENDY

Yeah, because we have you next period,  
and I don't want to be dealing with  
that.

DR. QUIRK

Oh, never fear. I just came up with a formula for artificial chum!

FATHER HARGIS

Artificial chum?!

DR. QUIRK

Yes! Sure, it's more expensive than natural chum, and it contains a few airborne carcinogens. But I still proved it can be done!

DR. QUIRK LEAVES, BUT NOT BEFORE LETTING OUT A JOYOUS EXCLAMATION.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

Science!

FATHER HARGIS CRINGES.

CONNIE

I'm guess you're feeling some buyer's remorse on this hire, huh Father?

FATHER HARGIS

I was this close to being able to give Sister Ethel the tongue-lashing she deserved, and now that chance is gone with the tide.

SISTER ETHEL SNEAKS BEHIND FATHER HARGIS AND THE GIRLS.

SISTER ETHEL

Don't worry, Father. You're still a chum in my book.

SISTER ETHEL EXITS.

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

DR. QUIRK IS AT HIS DESK WITH A COLLECTION OF FLASKS AND BEAKERS. THE LUBBOCK GIRLS ARE IN THE CLASS, ALONG WITH DOOSLER.

DR. QUIRK  
(increasingly dramatic)

Now, sodium is not just one of the most useful elements, but also one of the most essential. You see, when you or I don't get enough sodium, it can cause our brains to swell. Swell so large that it won't even fit in our skulls! Eventually we become confused, we seize up, we become unable to function until the brain and the rest of our bodies cease all function and leave us nothing more than a lifeless husk.

MARIE STANDS UP.

MARIE  
(hysterical)

Okay, I confess! I lick the salt off of those little pretzel sticks and throw the rest away!

WENDY

Marie, sit down! What you do with pretzels is between you and God.

MARIE

That's what I'm afraid of.

DR. QUIRK

That is actually a perfect segue into my next subject: what happens when you eat too much salt. You see, when our kidneys process urine...

CINDY

Stop! I'm already dealing with the image of my brain exploding through my skull!

WENDY

No wonder J.R. likes this guy.

DR. QUIRK

No worries; I'm a flexible guy. So instead, let's do an experiment. I'll need an assistant for this...uh, you there.

DR. QUIRK POINTS AT DOOSLER. DOOSLER POINTS AT HIMSELF.

DOOSLER

Uh, me?

DR. QUIRK

Yes, you. Come on up. Just be careful, up here. Some of these beakers have some pretty noxious fumes.



CONNIE

This should be fun.

CUT TO:

INT. FR. HARGIS' OFFICE - DAY

GRAHAM IS STANDING IN FRONT OF FATHER HARGIS, TRYING TO CONVINCE HIM.

FATHER HARGIS

Look, Graham. I know you think you have a way to get through to these kids, but I'm afraid your "impressions" are going to give them the wrong...impressions, for lack of a better term.

GRAHAM

Come on, Father Hargis. Think about this. You know the issue these days with kids falling into the wrong crowd. You could scare them straight like every other school, or you can teach them how to keep those bad influences away in the first place.

FATHER HARGIS

How would you propose to do that?

GRAHAM

Just teach them to walk the right way. No one will mess with you if you go around walking like this...

GRAHAM STARTS WALKING IN A DEMENTED STUTTER-STEP, FLAPPING HIS HANDS BACK-AND-FORTH, AND BOBBING HIS HEAD FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS; ALL IN SOME KIND OF SILLY WALK.

FATHER HARGIS

If they walk like that, no one will  
mate with them, either.

GRAHAM

See, we're killing two birds with one  
stone!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

DOOSLER IS BEHIND THE DESK WITH DR. QUIRK. THEY'RE BOTH WEARING GOOGLES.

DR. QUIRK

Now Gavin, observe this piece of  
metallic sodium.

DR. QUIRK PLUNKS THE PIECE OF METAL INTO A BEAKER. HE THEN RETRIEVES ANOTHER BEAKER, SEALED WITH A RUBBER STOPPER.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

Now, allow me to open this beaker of  
dihydrogen monoxide!

DR. QUIRK OPENS THE STOPPER. DOOSLER IS STARTLED.

DOOSLER

Aaaah!

DR. QUIRK

Relax, it's just water.

DR. QUIRK HANDS THE BEAKER TO DOOSLER.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

Now, pour this water into the beaker  
with the sodium.

DOOSLER

Will something happen to it?

DR. QUIRK CASUALLY WALKS AWAY.

DR. QUIRK

You could say that.

DOOSLER BEGINS TO POUR.

CUT TO:

INT. FR. HARGIS' OFFICE

GRAHAM CONTINUES TO CHICKEN WALK AROUND FATHER HARGIS'  
OFFICE.

FATHER HARGIS

Lubbock! Enough!

GRAHAM  
(whining)

Father Hargis!

FATHER HARGIS

I'm sorry. But these schticks of yours  
are not a proper teaching method. If  
you can think of a worse way to teach  
science, I'd love to hear it.

JUST THEN, AN EXPLOSION IS HEARD, SHAKING THE OFFICE.

GRAHAM

What was that?!

FATHER HARGIS

Damn it, Lubbock! You taught one of  
the nuns that exploding transformer  
impression of yours, didn't you?

DOOSLER SLOWLY WALKS INTO FATHER HARGIS' OFFICE, HIS FACE  
BLACKENED AND THE REST OF HIS PERSON SMOKING.

DOOSLER

Father, may I receive the last rites?

DOOSLER FALLS FACE FIRST INTO THE FLOOR. FATHER HARGIS  
BLESSES HIMSELF.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

GRAHAM WALKS INTO THE HOUSE BEAMING, WITH MARIE FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND.

GRAHAM

Oh, it's a good day to be me!

MARIE

How can you say that?! An ingot of sodium blew up in Gavin's face!

GRAHAM

Hey, you take the bad with the good. And the good news is, the Coach is back in science class, impressions and all! I think tomorrow I'll skip the elements and go straight into the principles of flight!

GRAHAM STICKS A SMALL FAN ONTO HIS FOREHEAD, TURNS IT ON, RAISES HIS ARMS, AND PRETENDS TO FLY INTO THE KITCHEN.

J.R. LEADS CINDY, CONNIE, SHERRY, AND WENDY INTO THE HOUSE.

J.R.

I can't believe they fired Dr. Quirk!

J.R. JUMPS ON THE COUCH AND SULKS WITH HIS ARMS CROSSED.

CONNIE

J.R.! Think for a second! If he's blowing up Doosler on his third day in school, just think of who else was going to blow on days six and nine!

MARIE

He nearly killed Gavin! Don't you even care?!

J.R.

Since when do any of you care about Doosler?

MARIE

I care about all of God's pathetic and helpless creatures, of which Gavin is but one.

WENDY

You got the pathetic part right, at least.

SHERRY

Face it, your mentor is a menace to society. Not that I'm surprised.

CINDY SITS DOWN WITH J.R. ON THE COUCH.

CINDY

Come on J.R., cheer up. Hey, I remember a time just before you were born, we all saw Return of The Jedi, and I really wanted an Ewok for my birthday. So, I asked Daddy for an Ewok all month long. I even came up with a really clever way to ask him.

J.R.

What was that?

CONNIE

I said "Please Daddy! Can I have an Ewok for my birthday?".

J.R.

What was so clever about that?

CINDY

I made sure to say "please" first. Anyway, me and Wendy's birthday finally came. Wendy got what she wanted, a bottle of Calvin Klein's Obsession for Kids.

CINDY STARTS TEARING UP.

CINDY (CONT'D)

But when I asked Daddy if I got an Ewok. He not only told me that he didn't get me one, he told me...that... that...they all went extinct!

CINDY STARTS SOBBING.

CONNIE

Way to go, Ratboy! You've opened up an old wound for no good reason!

CINDY'S SISTERS GUIDE HER UPSTAIRS.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

She hasn't cried like this since they cancelled The People Next Door.

THE GIRLS EXIT.

J.R.

I've got to help Dr. Quirk. There's  
got to be something I can do.

FADE TO:

INT. J.R.'S ROOM - MORNING

THE SUN IS JUST COMING UP, WITH JUST A LITTLE MORNING LIGHT  
PEERING THROUGH THE CURTAINS. ELIZABETH ENTERS HIS ROOM  
CARRYING A TRAY OF BREAKFAST.

ELIZABETH

Honey, are you awake?

ELIZABETH HEARS NO REPLY.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Oh, I know you're still upset about  
your favorite teacher getting fired,  
so I made you some breakfast in bed.  
Some Cap'n Crunch and those little  
chocolate donuts? Doesn't that sound  
nice?

SOMEONE RISES OUT OF J.R.'S BED.

DR. QUIRK

Hey, that sounds great.

ELIZABETH

Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!!

ELIZABETH STAGGERS BACK IN TERROR, BARELY HOLDING ONTO THE  
TRAY, AS THIS STRANGE MAN APPEARS IN HER SON'S BED.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Who...who are you?!

J.R. APPEARS FROM THE FLOOR BESIDE THE BED, IN A SLEEPING  
BAG.



J.R.

Mom, I'd like you to meet Dr. James T. Quirk.

DR. QUIRK

But you can call me Jimmy.

ELIZABETH

The only thing I'm going to call is the police.

J.R. RUNS TO HIS MOTHER.

J.R.

Mom, don't!

ELIZABETH

There is a strange man in one of my child's beds, there is literally nothing else to do.

J.R.

Mom! I'm just giving him a place to stay until he gets back on his feet.

ELIZABETH

J.R. Apparently you've forgotten all about this family's no sleepover policy.

J.R.

Come on, Mom. So what if Wendy was hiding those two guys from the basketball team that one night, she was just doing that for herself.

(MORE)

J.R. (CONT'D)

I'm letting him stay here in my room  
because he has no other place to go.  
After all Mom, there but for the grace  
of God go I.

ELIZABETH PAUSES.

ELIZABETH

All right. He can stay until Monday.  
But in exchange...I'll have this bowl  
Cap'n Crunch to myself! Deal? Deal.

ELIZABETH LEAVES.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

THE FAMILY, MINUS GRAHAM, IS AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, WITH DR.  
QUIRK SITTING NEAR THE HEAD.

DR. QUIRK

So, nobody had ever tried having a  
platypus on television before, but I  
was determined to try.

THE REST OF THE FAMILY STARES AT DR. QUIRK IN CONTEMPTUOUS  
INCREULITY, WHILE J.R. LISTENS IN FASCINATION.

DR. QUIRK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You see, male platypi are venomous,  
but the females can lay eggs. But they  
have nipples, so they're still  
considered mammals, despite having a  
bill like a duck.

(MORE)

DR. QUIRK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I wanted to show a platypus laying an egg, a true television landmark if I could pull it off. Unfortunately, after hours of waiting, my stagehand picked it up only to get impaled with its venous stinger.

DR. QUIRK STARTS LAUGHING AND BANGING THE TABLE.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

Turned out it was a male the whole time! Ha, you could hear Steve screaming all the way from Greenwich!

GRAHAM ENTERS THE KITCHEN AND POINTS AT DR. QUIRK.

GRAHAM

Okay, what's the big idea?!

SHERRY

J.R. brought a houseguest.

GRAHAM

Exactly, a guest. I'm the head of the household, so I'm sitting at the head of the table.

GRAHAM GRABS A CHAIR AND LODGES HIMSELF BETWEEN DR. QUIRK AND CONNIE.

WENDY

How long do you plan on having this weirdo here anyway, Ratboy?

DR. QUIRK

Wait! You're the Ratboy?! I thought the Scientific American retracted that report?!

J.R.

No, that's just their nickname for me. I wish it wasn't, but it is.

DR. QUIRK

Oh no, Junior; that's a real honor! The Yale Ratboy had an I-Q of two-fifty and could speak eleven languages! Sure, he was five inches tall and only lived to be two; but it's the life in your years, not the years in your life that counts.

CONNIE

If I wasn't wedged between Dad and Wendy, I'd call the insane asylum right now. Either that or Donahue.

ELIZABETH

He'll only be here until Monday, Connie; I can assure you of that.

CINDY

Aww, I needed help with my science homework.

MARIE

Cindy! He looks like he's going to stalk me in my dreams! Can't you get help from someone who isn't insane?

CINDY

Yeah, like who?

MARIE

Well, like me!

WENDY

I thought you said to find someone who isn't insane.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

J.R. AND DR. QUIRK ARE SITTING ON THE COUCH. J.R. IS HOLDING A JOB APPLICATION.

DR. QUIRK

Where did you find this career aptitude test, anyway?

J.R.

Eh, I clipped a picture of Uma Thurman out of one of Wendy's magazines, and this was on the back. Don't worry, there are only a few more questions. So, what sounds more appealing: A walk on the beach, or a walk in Central Park?

DR. QUIRK

Hmm, how about a walk in the Oak Ridge  
Nuclear Laboratory.

J.R.

I'll put down Central Park. Next  
question, what's your favorite food:  
pizza, or salad?

DR. QUIRK

Does the pizza have anchovies?

J.R.

It doesn't say.

DR. QUIRK

Does the salad have anchovies?

J.R.

Uh, yeah, sure.

DR. QUIRK

Okay then, salad.

J.R.

One more question, and I'm not sure  
how you're supposed to answer this  
one, but just do the best you can: who  
is your dream date? Johnny Depp, or  
Harry Hamlin?

DR. QUIRK  
(enthusiastic)

Harry! Definitely Harry!

J.R. LOOKS CONFUSED.

J.R.

Okay. If we add up the numbers here,  
your next career will be...science  
teacher.

DR. QUIRK  
(disappointed)

Oh.

J.R.

Don't feel too bad, one more point and  
you would've gotten "trophy wife".

DR. QUIRK

Oh, face it, Junior! I'm an educator!  
My entire adult life, my only passion  
has been sharing my love of science  
with the next generation of geeks.  
That's all I know how to do.

J.R.

You know what? You're right! You're  
the only teacher that has ever  
actually gotten through to me. I'm  
going to get you your job back at St.  
Augie's! They just happen to be having  
a parent-teacher conference tonight;  
we'll barge in, and I'll make an  
impassioned plea for your job. If it's  
anything like in the movies, they'll  
have to rehire you.

FADE TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

FATHER HARGIS IS ADDRESSING A GROUP OF RABBLING PARENTS.

FATHER HARGIS

Okay, okay, settle down. I said we might have to have a tuition increase, might. That's only if the hole in the chemistry lab ceiling can't be repaired.

GRAHAM RAISES HIS HAND.

FATHER HARGIS (CONT'D)

Yes, Lubbock; and please make this quick.

GRAHAM

Yeah, well...

GRAHAM PULLS UP A LEAF BLOWER.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

...I was going to use this leaf blower to demonstrate the concept of lift in my principles of flight lesson, but I couldn't find any outlets to plug it into.

FATHER HARGIS

\*sigh\* Lubbock, that's a gas powered blower.

ELIZABETH SHAKES THE STARTER ROPE IN FRONT OF GRAHAM FOR EMPHASIS.

GRAHAM

Oh...right.



FATHER HARGIS

Okay, are there any real concerns that  
any of you have?

J.R. OPENS THE AUDITORIUM DOORS WITH CONFIDENT FORCE, WITH  
DR. QUIRK STANDING ALONGSIDE.

J.R.  
(forcefully)

I have a concern, Father Hargis!

GRAHAM AND ELIZABETH TURN AROUND.

ELIZABETH

J.R.!

GRAHAM

This should be fun.

J.R.

I am here to address the unjust  
termination of the most qualified  
educator to ever walk the halls of  
this fair institution. A man with a  
doctorate in chemistry, years of  
experience as an educator...

DR. QUIRK

And a Triple-A member.

J.R.

Right.

FATHER HARGIS

J.R. Would you get out of here! If you  
think I'm going to reinstate Dr. Quirk  
after what he's done.

J.R.

Father, it was an honest mistake!

FATHER HARGIS

Gavin Doosler is lying in a hospital bed getting a sponge bath!

DR. QUIRK

If I may add something, if they add a little honey to his sponge bath it will help heal his burns. It'll also make him sticky, but...

FATHER HARGIS

That's enough out of you! Forget it, J.R.; your friend here is not coming back, and that's final! Now get out of here, we have legitimate concerns to deal with.

GRAHAM IS HEARD REVVING UP HIS GAS-POWERED BLOWER. EVERYONE LOOKS AT HIM.

GRAHAM

Oh, sorry. I was just wondering if this thing still worked.

J.R.

Come on, Jimmy; let's go.

J.R. AND DR. QUIRK LEAVE.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. AUGIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

J.R. AND DR. QUIRK WALK THROUGH THE HALLS.

DR. QUIRK

You tried your best. I guess I'll just drift on to my next destination.

J.R.

I really learned a lot from you.

DR. QUIRK

Well, that's what I was born to do. I'm glad someone appreciated my efforts here.

J.R.

I guess I'll see you around, Jimmy.

DR. QUIRK

Maybe someday we will, Junior. And remember, science always has an answer.

J.R. AND DR. QUIRK SHAKE HANDS. DR. QUIRK LEAVES, AND ELIZABETH FINDS J.R.

ELIZABETH

J.R. There you are! What has gotten into you?!

J.R.

Just trying to help a friend.

ELIZABETH

I figured that, but did you have to make such a scene?!

J.R.

It was the only thing I could think of that might keep him around.

(MORE)

J.R. (CONT'D)

I guess he'll find a job somewhere,  
some place far away.

ELIZABETH

Well, not necessarily. There could be  
another job for him here in Eureka.

J.R.

In this one-horse town? I doubt it.

ELIZABETH

You know, I actually know of someone  
who could really use someone with his  
skill set. Maybe I could give him a  
call...

J.R. GIVES AN EXPRESSION OF APPROVAL.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

J.R. AND GRAHAM ARE WATCHING TV.

GRAHAM

I really hope this "staying up until  
eleven" thing isn't here to stay.

J.R.  
(interrupting)

Shhh! He's coming back on!

BILLY  
(on TV)

And now for a final check of the  
weather, here's Doctor Jimmy Quirk.

DR. QUIRK  
(on TV)

Well Billy, tomorrow's weather is  
looking a bit...

DR. QUIRK LIFTS UP A LEAF BLOWER, TURNS IT ON, AND AIMS IT  
TOWARDS BILLY.

DR. QUIRK (CONT'D)

...windy! Ah ha ha ha ha!

A STRONG GUST OF WIND HITS BILLY'S FACE.

BILLY  
(muffled)

Thank you, Jimmy. A fine forecast.

J.R. LAUGHS.

GRAHAM

He stole my blower bit!

GRAHAM TURNS THE TV OFF.

J.R.

Hey!

GRAHAM

Sorry, J.R., but it's a school night.

J.R.

At least I can still see Doctor Quirk  
every day on the TV.

GRAHAM

Yeah, but remember; teachers can come  
and go, but dads are forever. You need  
someone to explain anything to you,  
I'm always there.

J.R.

Okay, how do I get even with a bully?

GRAHAM

Simple. Just get one of those change-of-address cards at the post office.

Put down his name, then put down his address, then put down where you want his mail to go.

J.R.

Will that work?

GRAHAM

Hey, Father Hargis still doesn't know where his subscription to Sports Illustrated went.

GRAHAM AND J.R. PLAYFULLY EMBRACE.

END OF ACT II