

Community
"Introduction to Haberdashery"

by
Marshall Honorof

Based on *Community* by Dan Harmon

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Marshall Honorof, 2/26/10

Marshall Honorof
9 Hillview Ave
Port Washington, NY 11050
(516) 205-5576
Mhonorol@jhu.edu

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GREENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 1

STUDENTS mill about a beautiful college campus, rife with buildings, trees, grass, and other collegiate trappings.

2 INT. GROUP STUDY ROOM - DAY 2

TROY BARNES, 18, a cocky, confident "jock"-type enters a large, comfortable room with a study table and chairs surrounded by bookshelves. He chats with ABED NADIR, 18, a mousy fast-talker with a perpetual wide-eyed stare.

Already seated at the table are SHIRLEY BENNET, 40s, a motherly woman with a big smile, and PIERCE HAWTHORNE, 50s, a friendly man who is past his prime and doesn't quite realize it yet. They continue studying.

ABED

Do you think that Señor Chang shortened his name from "Changstein" like Donna Chang in *Seinfeld*?

TROY

She wasn't actually Chinese, though. That was the joke. Señor Chang *is*.

ABED

True. Fair point. The joke is funny because Donna Chang is Jewish. Señor Chang, not so much.

Abed whips a handheld recording device out of his pocket.

ABED

Note to self. Jewish people are funny.

Troy and Abed sit at the table, Pierce and Shirley look up from their Spanish textbooks.

PIERCE

New toy there, Abed?

Abed hands the recording device to Pierce, who runs it back and forth through his hands.

ABED

I've decided to record any funny thoughts that occur to me.

TROY

He thinks they'll help with his movies.

Pierce hands the device to Shirley.

SHIRLEY

Well, I think it's a great idea. I can't tell you how often I lose track of my thoughts.

Pierce hands the recorder back to Abed.

PIERCE

It's a neat little plaything, but you want to know the real secret to keeping track of things?

SHIRLEY

No.

ABED

No.

TROY

No.

Pierce ignores them and stands up. He paces among the group and puts his hands on Abed's shoulders.

PIERCE

The trick is to keep everything locked up tight in here.

Pierce gestures to his head.

PIERCE

This melon's like a steel cage. Nothing gets out.

SHIRLEY

Or in.

PIERCE

Once I put a piece of information up there, I make a special point to keep it indefinitely. Isn't that right, Trent?

TROY

Troy.

PIERCE

Whatever.

Pierce withdraws and returns to his seat. Suddenly, BRITTA PERRY, 21, a serious and determined blonde, and ANNIE EDISON, 18, a cheerful and upbeat brunette, enter. Britta heaves and gasps for air, Annie hangs back and smiles.

BRITTA

Pigs!

ABED

None for me, thanks. Muslim.

BRITTA

Not you, Abed. Men.

TROY

You saying Abed's not a man?

ANNIE

She's not talking about the men in this room.

Annie casts a quizzical gaze at Britta.

ANNIE

Are you talking about the men in this room?

BRITTA

I'm talking about the men who let this happen.

Britta pulls a flyer out of her backpack and throws it down on the table. It lands near Shirley, who picks it up.

SHIRLEY

"This Friday, come see comedian Max Thompson. One night only at Greendale Community College." Who's Max Thompson?

BRITTA

Only the sleaziest, most arrogant womanizer in the world.

Troy jumps up and grabs the flyer from Shirley.

TROY

Oh, I know that guy! He's slept with hundreds of women and lived to tell his stories. He's just about the greatest--

Britta glares at him, Annie casts him a sidelong glance.

TROY

-- uh, bad, bad man. Has he no shame?

Pierce walks over to Troy and reads over the flyer.

PIERCE

Well now, Troy, there's, uh, no reason to jump to conclusions, right? I think that we, as responsible adults, owe it to this man to go hear his stories. Judge him fairly. Hear how he did it, maybe take down a few notes.

TROY

Right. In the interest of judging him.

PIERCE

Fairly.

Britta , trailed closely by a nervous Annie, rips the flyer out of Troy's hand.

BRITTA

I can't believe you two. We don't owe this freak our respect. We're trying to make sure he doesn't sully our campus with his misogynistic crap. Right, Annie?

Britta spins to face Annie, who jumps back a step and emits a frightened squeak.

ANNIE

Yes! No Max Thompson for us.

BRITTA

You with us, Shirley? Abed?

Shirley shrugs, Abed tilts his head sideways.

SHIRLEY

I don't know the man, and he's never bothered me. Let him say what he wants.

ABED

Similarly, I've never heard of him. How can I protest him if I've never seen his stuff? He could be incredibly funny.

Britta glares at him.

ABED

Or, of course, he could be unbelievably tasteless. Only one way to tell for sure.

SHIRLEY

Mm-hmm. Until I see his stuff firsthand, I'm staying out of this.

BRITTA

Shame on you two. We're taking action for every woman on campus, and you're sitting on the fence. Where's Jeff? He could set you straight.

Annie glances back towards the door.

ANNIE

Yes. Jeff would really help about now.

The group stares at the door for a while, but nothing happens. As soon as they all turn away, JEFF WINGER, 28, a former ace lawyer with a personality and presence to match his profession, walks in wearing an English cabbie hat.

He leans against the door, adjusts his blazer, and shoots the group a million-dollar smile.

JEFF

Miss me?

The whole group starts jabbering at Jeff, but then stops short, and bursts out laughing. They all point at the hat. Jeff examines himself.

JEFF

... Is it the blazer?

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. GREENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 3

Students start to gather around a demonstration in the quad.

4 EXT. GREENDALE QUAD - DAY 4

Jeff and Abed walk together between classes. LEONARD BRIGGS, 67, a man with a real axe to grind, walks past the two.

LEONARD

Nice cap, Winger. You dig up Rex Harrison for it?

JEFF

Bite me, Leonard.

They continue their separate ways.

ABED

So I know you must be getting asked a lot of questions about the hat. In that vein, I've decided to ask you a question about the hat. Namely, what's up with the hat?

JEFF

Can't a guy just wear a hat in peace anymore?

ABED

Everyone in the Middle East wears some kind of hat. You can see how much peace that's brought them.

JEFF

Thanks for ruining my good mood, Abed.

ABED

I yam what I yam. Popeye.

They begin to pass by the outskirts of a student protest.

JEFF

You don't get to wear hats in court.

JEFF (CONT'D)

If I don't embrace my stylish new chapeau now, I may never get another chance.

ABED

Then why did you pick one that makes you look like you just dropped Prince Charles off at the airport?

They pass by the center of the demonstration. A CROWD has gathered around. Britta, with a megaphone, and Annie stand on top of a pedestal with a big picture of Max Thompson.

BRITTA

Max Thompson is a lecherous pervert. By hosting him, Greendale is announcing its hatred for its female students. Will we stand for it?

The students in the crowd turn to each other and shrug.

CROWD

Eh, um, maybe, will we, etc.

Britta stamps her foot and shouts into her megaphone. Annie covers her ears.

BRITTA

Will we stand for it?

The crowd snaps to attention, but still mumbles halfhearted responses.

CROWD

No, I guess not, we shouldn't, etc.

Britta continues her tirade while Jeff walks up behind the pedestal and grabs Annie down.

JEFF

Annie, what's going on here?

ANNIE

Oh, hi Jeff. We're just striking a blow for women's rights.

A HORNY STUDENT in the crowd tries to look up Britta's skirt. She kicks him.

ABED

Seems like Britta's doing most of the striking.

JEFF

Come on, Annie, I know you're a woman and you like equality, but I never pictured you as the rabid feminist type.

ANNIE

Oh, I'll have you know that I've got feminism coming out of my--

She stops herself, and looks around.

ANNIE

I have a lot of, uh, feminist spirit.

The three friends look over at Britta, who is yelling and gesturing at the sobbing horny student while his friends try to console him.

JEFF

And would Britta have anything to do with this newfound well of self-respect and social progress?

Annie bites her lip and looks back at Britta, who draws devil horns and a mustache on the picture of Max Thompson.

ANNIE

Let's just say it's a lot less scary to be with her than against her on this.

JEFF

Understood. Carry on, milady.

Jeff kisses her hand. Annie curtseys.

ANNIE

Milord.

Britta stops her act of defacement and glares at Annie. Annie pulls herself together, then sticks her hand out.

ANNIE

I mean, uh, let's share this gender-neutral, non-sexually charged greeting, equal member of society.

Britta nods in approval, and Annie and Jeff shake hands. Annie rejoins Britta on the podium and Jeff and Abed keep walking.

JEFF

So has this successfully deflected
the criticism of my hat?

ABED

Not even close.

5 INT. GREENDALE HALLWAY - DAY

5

Troy exits a classroom and walks towards his destination.
Pierce, a few doors down, spots Troy.

PIERCE

Troy! Troy, m'boy!

Troy slows down. Pierce catches up with him. Troy extends his
hand in a fist. Pierce recoils at first, then pounds it with
some trepidation.

TROY

What's up, Pierce?

PIERCE

Oh, nothing much. Just "chilling,"
as the hip, young crowd would say.

They walk past a bulletin board, and Pierce stops Troy.
Pierce gestures to a Max Thompson flyer.

PIERCE

So I've been meaning to ask you.
This Max Thompson fellow. What's
his "dilly-o?"

TROY

Huh?

PIERCE

His 411, his MO. You know. Who is
he?

TROY

Only about the coolest guy who ever
lived. Check this out.

Troy opens up his backpack and withdraws a paperback book
with a picture of Max Thompson on the front.

TROY

This is it: *Hell Has an Open Bar*. It's two-hundred and sixty pages of sexual adventures, inappropriate situations, and drunken mayhem. He's got a blog, too.

PIERCE

What, like on a computer?

TROY

You know anywhere else to get blogs?

PIERCE

Of course! I was just... making sure you knew. Still, though, come on. A blog? Sounds like a tech geek to me.

TROY

Oh really. Could a tech geek do this?

Troy opens the book to a certain page and thrusts it at Pierce. Pierce takes the book and reads it.

PIERCE

Well I could... oh... actually, that's pretty impressive.

Pierce does his best to hang onto the book, but Troy eventually removes it from his hands.

PIERCE

Clearly, this guy has learned a trick or two from the Hawthorne school of wooing women.

TROY

I guess you wouldn't have any interest in seeing him, then. Since he picked up his moves from you and all.

Pierce pats Troy on the back and they continue walking.

PIERCE

Now, now, Troy, I didn't say that precisely. Maybe I could use a refresher. And I'd like to see what improvements this young upstart has made to my techniques.

TROY
Sounds good, except--

PIERCE
Except what?

TROY
Britta and Annie are going to kick our asses if we go to that show.

PIERCE
You can't let a woman's whims run your life.

TROY
I know, but this seems to mean a lot to them.

Pierce stops, takes Troy by the shoulders, and looks him directly in the eye.

PIERCE
Here's the thing about women you have to remember: they're only angry because they're inferior.

Troy thinks this over for a moment, then nods.

TROY
All right. Cool.

PIERCE
Very cool. So can I borrow that book?

6 INT. GROUP STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

6

The group filters in. The friends greet each other until all seven are settled.

ANNIE
So does anyone want to hear about how the rally went?

JEFF
Wow, guys, look at how interesting these past tense verbs are--

SHIRLEY
Oh, I want to hear about the rally.

Jeff slams his book shut and sighs.

JEFF

See, Shirley, this is what I was trying to avoid.

SHIRLEY

Why?

BRITTA

Because some of these chauvinists are dead-set on keeping the women of Greendale oppressed.

Britta gestures at Troy and Pierce. The two men immediately stand up and start defending themselves.

TROY

Oh, just because I like Max Thompson, that means I hate women?

PIERCE

Hold on now, just because you have it in for heterosexuality doesn't mean we all have to.

Annie and Shirley jump up with equal fervor.

SHIRLEY

I didn't want to start a whole thing. I just asked one innocent question.

ANNIE

It's not about Max Thompson, it's about what he represents. Guys don't get it.

Jeff and Abed sit side-by-side and exchange frustrated glances. The group continues to scream at each other until Jeff slams his palm down on the table. Everyone looks at him.

JEFF

OK, now that we're all done making fools of ourselves, maybe we can come to some kind of a consensus.

The group exchanges glances, mutters apologies all around, and resumes their seats.

JEFF

I don't know how we all got so up in arms about one guy we've never even met, but it's clear we're not going to get any Spanish study done if we don't talk this out. So let's just go one at a time and discuss this like mature adults.

Abed raises his hand.

JEFF

Yes, Abed.

ABED

So what's up with the hat again?

JEFF

Why can't people just leave the hat alone!

Abed stands up and begins a shouting match with Jeff. Jeff throws his hat on the table. This spurs the rest of the group to reopen their quarrels. After a few moments, Shirley stands up on the table.

SHIRLEY

Quiet!

Everyone looks up at Shirley, somewhat horrified. She resumes being sweet almost immediately.

SHIRLEY

I think until we settle our differences about this man, maybe we should study on our own.

ABED

I mean, it's only until Friday, right?

BRITTA

Oh, come on, Abed, whose side are you on, anyway?

ABED

Side? Whose side? I'm not on anyone's side. I'm on the side that doesn't know this guy.

SHIRLEY

Me, too.

Pierce walks up to Abed and gestures emphatically.

PIERCE

Don't let these extremists talk you down. You of all people could use a few pointers on women.

Britta approaches Shirley.

BRITTA

Shirley, black women especially have fought so hard for their rights in this country. Don't let Greendale throw them away.

SHIRLEY

I've had enough of this. Abed?

Shirley extends her arm. Abed links his arm through it, and the two of them walk out. Abed looks back once, shrugs, and exits. The rest of the group stares dumbfounded.

JEFF

Well, I never thought I'd be the one saying this, but good job *everyone who's not me*. You really messed this up.

Jeff exits. The remaining four friends stare at the door. After a moment, Jeff walks back in.

JEFF

Forgot this.

Jeff picks up his hat. Pierce opens his mouth and gestures.

JEFF

I don't want to hear it.

Pierce shuts up. Jeff exits again. Britta starts to gather her belongings.

BRITTA

Well, if that's the way you want to play it, fine. We'll stop this guy whether you like it or not.

TROY

Yeah? I'd like to see you try!

Britta storms out. Annie starts to say something, but Britta yanks her out of the room. Troy and Pierce look at the empty room, then at each other.

PIERCE

That went well, wouldn't you say?

Troy shakes his head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

7 EXT. GREENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 7

Students go about their business as DEAN CRAIG PELTON, late 30s, bald, unflappable, and slightly off-kilter, speaks.

PELTON (O.S.)

Good morning, Greendale! As you know, today is Thursday, which means we're only one day away from our exciting event with comedian Max Thompson. Remember to keep your schedules clear, and for the love of God, people, do not pants the speaker again. Don't think that I don't know who it was! I've got my eye on you.

8 INT. PROFESSOR SLATER'S OFFICE - DAY 8

Jeff sits in a small, professorial office, complete with bookshelves and a large oak desk. Across from him sits his girlfriend: MICHELLE SLATER, late 20s, an attractive, clever, no-nonsense statistics professor.

JEFF

... so now the whole group has taken sides over Max Thompson, and I'm kind of just waiting for the other shoe to drop.

MICHELLE

Hmm.

JEFF

Thoughts?

MICHELLE

Yeah. I think that Sir Ian McKellan wants his hat back.

JEFF

Really?

Michelle walks over to Jeff and massages his shoulders.

MICHELLE

Oh, relax. Besides, the group respects what you say. You know you could end this if you just come down for or against this guy.

JEFF

I don't care one way or another about his material. Should I lie?

MICHELLE

You lawyer instincts should have no problem justifying that.

JEFF

It's different, though. These people I don't hate. And they're not paying me.

Michelle swings around and faces Jeff.

MICHELLE

Poor thing. You need something to take your mind off of them.

Michelle kisses Jeff. Their kiss grows more passionate, and Michelle reaches to remove Jeff's hat. He scrambles to get his hat back on and bolts up.

JEFF

What's the matter with you?

MICHELLE

With me? Since when are you so defensive about a hat?

JEFF

I knew it. It's all the same. Everyone in the world has a problem with this!

Jeff storms out of the office. Michelle tilts her head slightly and stares at the door, more confused than hurt.

MICHELLE

Huh.

SENOR BEN CHANG, early 40s, a bitter teacher with an unpredictable streak - and an odd charm - lectures a class that includes the core group.

CHANG

Before we *terminar la semana*, I've got an assignment for the weekend.

Everyone groans.

CHANG

What's this? Are we complaining about having to do work? Oh no! You might have to put some effort into college!

Chang sidles up to Annie's desk and puts his nose up to hers, staring into her eyes.

CHANG

This isn't high school, *Señorita Edison*. Being perky and upbeat won't save you when some bruiser in Mexico decides to have his way with *la chica americana*, will it?

He begins to slink past Annie. She breathes a sigh of relief, when Chang pivots back to her and puts his nose to hers again.

CHANG

Will it?

Annie screams. Chang prowls around the rows until he comes to his next victim. He leans over Jeff's seat.

CHANG

Or how about you, *abogado*, eh? You can't talk your way out of this one with a bunch of rhetorical tongue-twisters. Nor will your *sombrero* help you.

Chang reaches for the hat. Jeff clutches it close.

JEFF

Lay off, Chang.

CHANG

Oh, *pugilístico*! But it won't save you. This Friday, our dear Dean actually got us a speaker who's worth a damn. Go see Max Thompson, and write a one-page paper about it.

BRITTA

Max Thompson? Señor Chang, that's no fair. Just by having him here, we're setting back women's rights in this country a hundred years.

Chang approaches Britta's desk and leans over her.

CHANG

Oh, all right then. Since you apparently feel very strongly about this, Señorita Perry, I'll give you a choice.

BRITTA

Really?

CHANG

Really. You can either write a paper about Max Thompson, or you can get an "F" for the course!

BRITTA

That's not fair.

CHANG

Life's not fair, either, but you don't see me complaining about it! You think anyone ever offered Señor Chang a choice?

Senor Chang walks back to the blackboard, and rests his head against it.

CHANG

No one ever offered Señor Chang anything.

After a moment, Chang turns around with a genuine smile.

CHANG

OK, what do we say at the end of class?

The CLASS responds in unison.

CHANG

Hasta luego. That's right.
Have a good weekend.

CLASS

Hasta luego.

The core group makes their way outside of the classroom. Jeff catches up with Britta.

JEFF

Hey, Britta, I was wondering if we could talk for a minute.

BRITTA

Sorry, gov'nor, I'm off to meet with Dean Pelton. Cheerio.

Britta walks past him. Annie walks by.

JEFF

Annie, don't leave me hanging.

Annie hesitates, but Britta glares at her.

ANNIE

Sorry, Jeff. She's a lot scarier than you are. Even with the hat.

Annie follows Britta. Troy and Pierce emerge from the classroom next. Jeff waves them down.

JEFF

Troy. Pierce. I should have put my foot down on this whole Max Thompson nonsense before. Let's stop it before it gets out of hand.

PIERCE

No can do, comeraderino. Those two are going to try to stop this - this American folk hero, and we won't let them.

TROY

Max Thompson is the man. We're not going to let a couple of girls tell us we can't listen to him.

Troy and Pierce follow Britta and Annie; Jeff runs a hand over his face, sighs, and follows the rest of the crowd. Abed and Shirley meet outside of the classroom.

ABED

This is getting really bad, Shirley. Like the episode of *Friends* where Rachel, Phoebe, and Joey fight over money with Monica, Chandler, and Ross. They get tickets to Hootie and the Blowfish, and have a fancy dinner, and then everything goes to hell. Except the situation is about Max Thompson.

ABED (CONT'D)

And the rest of the group is the cast of *Friends*. There was a *Friends* marathon on last week.

SHIRLEY

I have no idea what you just said.

ABED

Most of the time, even I don't know what I'm saying.

SHIRLEY

I don't see the point of getting so worked up over one comedian.

ABED

Maybe what he says really does go too far.

SHIRLEY

How would we know?

Abed thinks, then snaps his fingers.

ABED

I've got it. The only way to know whose side we should be on is to familiarize ourselves with him. We should look at his website, read his stories, and watch his routines.

SHIRLEY

Oh, good idea! When are you free?

ABED

I've got another class after this, then I'll call you.

Abed whips out his recorder.

ABED

Note to self: Call Shirley.

Out of nowhere, Chang appears behind Shirley.

CHANG

And Chang.

Shirley yelps, and puts a hand to her chest.

SHIRLEY

Señor Chang? What are you doing here?

Chang shrugs.

CHANG

I didn't want to be left out.

He grabs Abed by the shoulders.

CHANG

Please, please don't leave me out.
I have nowhere else to go this
weekend. And I'm so... so lonely.

Chang sniffles and cries into Abed's shoulders. Abed pats Chang on the back.

ABED

There, there. Shirley?

SHIRLEY

Oh, for Pete's sake.

10 EXT. GREENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 10

Students walk to and from various buildings.

11 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 11

Pelton sits behind a desk. Troy and Pierce sit across from him on one side, and Britta and Annie on another.

PELTON

So, what brings you to my office
today? Mint?

Pelton offers a canister of mints. The students decline. He pops one into his mouth, sucks it, and shakes his head.

PELTON

Yowza! That's a strong mint.
That's, ah, actually stronger than
I expected it to be. Oh well.
Soldier on, Craig. Soldier on.

BRITTA

So Dean, about this comedian.

PELTON

Yes, Max Thompson. I had to pull a
lot of strings to get him to come
here, let me tell you.

PELTON (CONT'D)

But when he heard about our new \$10,000 audio system in the auditorium, well, shall we say, it helped our case considerably.

BRITTA

It doesn't matter how hard you worked to get him here, Dean. We want him gone.

PELTON

Really? All of you?

Troy and Pierce shake their heads.

TROY

Not us.

ANNIE

We wish to argue that hosting Max Thompson would denigrate all women on campus.

PIERCE

And we wish to argue that having such a high-profile speaker would be a boost to the college's credibility.

PELTON

Ah, both excellent points! Say, where's that lawyer who's always with you? He would be instrumental in swaying me one way or another.

Jeff runs in, panting.

PELTON

Oh, nailed that one. Good show, Mr. Winger.

JEFF

Just - just give me a second.

Jeff leans against a wall and catches his breath.

BRITTA

Troy, I know that you don't hate women.

PIERCE

What about me?

BRITTA

So why do you want this guy to spout his misogynistic garbage on campus?

TROY

Hey, I find his routines funny. So do most people. That's all.

ANNIE

True, but what about the ones who take him too seriously?

PIERCE

Oh, so it's the responsibility of the college to babysit its students now?

PELTON

No, no, thank goodness. We got rid of that clause in the enrollment materials a few weeks ago.

Everyone stares at Pelton.

PELTON

Um. Carry on.

TROY

I thought you were really big on rights, Britta. So how about the right to free speech?

BRITTA

Max Thompson can say whatever he wants. I just think he should say it somewhere else.

ANNIE

Exactly.

PELTON

You go, girl. OK, Mr. Winger, thoughts?

Jeff walks into the center of the group. All eyes are on him.

ANNIE

Stand up for women, Jeff.

PIERCE

Stand up for the Constitution, Jeff.

TROY

Come on, man, whose side are you on?

Jeff looks around thoughtfully.

JEFF

Actually, I have no idea.

PELTON

Well, he's clearly on the side of good fashion sense.

Jeff snaps his fingers and points at Pelton with his fingers shaped like a gun.

JEFF

Thank you! See, someone gets it.

PELTON

Right on, Mr. Winger. Greendale.

Pelton pumps his fist in the air.

BRITTA

Well, this is useless. Come on, Annie.

JEFF

Britta, let's talk this out.

BRITTA

Talk it out, Jeff? Yeah. Let's talk out how the entire world thinks women are dispensable, and Greendale is getting right behind them.

Pierce and Troy stand up.

PIERCE

Don't be ridiculous. I don't think there's a connection here.

TROY

You are way oversimplifying this. Just give us a chance to talk.

Annie gets up and shouts back at them.

ANNIE

You can't just brush us off. This is important.

BRITTA

Talk is cheap. Let's see Dean Pelton actually do something for once.

The group continues their shouting match. Dean Pelton looks on, amused, and pops another mint into his mouth. Eventually, they run out of ammunition and stand staring at each other.

PELTON

Well, Mr. Winger, I bow to your legal deference on this issue.

BRITTA

Just like that? You're letting him decide?

PELTON

I don't want to lose money, but I've seen what angry women with legal representation can do. So it's up to him.

Everyone gazes at Jeff.

JEFF

I, uh--

PELTON

Cancel the event or keep it going?

JEFF

I - I don't know.

PELTON

Right. Event proceeds as planned, Ms. Perry is welcome to continue mounting her protests. Now, if you'll excuse me.

Pelton gets up and exits. Troy and Pierce look at Jeff, shake their heads, and exit. Annie looks back and forth, then follows Troy and Pierce. Britta stomps up to Jeff.

BRITTA

You said we were friends, and this is what we get?

JEFF

Britta--

BRITTA

You were too busy appeasing everyone to stand up for anyone.

Britta storms out. Jeff exhales and runs his hand across his face. After a moment, Britta re-enters and walks up to him.

BRITTA
Oh, and Jeff?

JEFF
Yeah?

BRITTA
Nice hat.

She yanks it off his head and grinds it under her shoe, then exits. Jeff shakes his head and retrieves his hat.

JEFF
There is no love for the hat.

PROFESSOR EUSTICE WHITMAN, late 40s, who thinks he is Robin Williams from *Dead Poets Society*, walks by the office.

WHITMAN
I like your hat, Mr. Winger!

JEFF
Get lost.

Whitman bristles, then leaves.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

12 EXT. GREENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - NIGHT 12

Students make their way towards the auditorium while a small group observes a protest.

13 EXT. GREENDALE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 13

Abed makes his way to the auditorium doors when Shirley and Chang stop him.

CHANG

Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Bigshot Filmmaker, too important to see his friends.

ABED

We're friends?

SHIRLEY

We are, and you blew me off.

ABED

I don't follow.

SHIRLEY

Yesterday afternoon, you said we would watch Max Thompson's routines and figure out if we liked him.

ABED

That sounds like something I would say.

CHANG

So what happened? I never got a call.

Abed whips out his phone and starts checking his calls.

SHIRLEY

Me, neither. You even reminded yourself in your little recorder thingy.

ABED

Ah, now I know there's been a miscommunication.

ABED (CONT'D)

Once I put something on my recorder, I never forget it. Here, listen.

Abed takes out his recorder and presses a button.

RECORDER

(In Abed's voice)

Note to self: pick up milk.

ABED

Interesting. It seems like I've been recording over everything I've recorded so far. Not unlike... someone in some TV show. Damn it. I was documenting my pop culture references on this thing, too.

CHANG

Well, now what do we do?

SHIRLEY

Do we go to the event, or the protest?

14 EXT. GREENDALE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

14

Annie rigs up a few spotlights to a generator, illuminating Britta on top of her usual pedestal. No one pays any attention to her.

BRITTA

Max Thompson has no place on the Greendale Campus.

She hands a flyer to a student, who throws it immediately into the garbage.

ANNIE

Britta, I don't think this is working.

BRITTA

We can't stop now. Boycott Max Thompson!

She hands a flyer to another student, who balls it up, and throws it back at her. It hits Britta in the head. She sighs.

BRITTA

OK, maybe this isn't working.

Annie walks up to Britta and puts her arm around Britta's shoulders.

ANNIE

Don't worry, Britta. I'm sure at least one person on this campus is going to think about women differently now.

Pierce and Troy walk by.

PIERCE

I tell you, once this pep talk is over, I'm going to have my way with so many women.

TROY

How many, exactly?

PIERCE

It's not polite to count. But let's say ten to start.

BRITTA

Oh, right, go on! Have fun at your little "No Girls Allowed" treehouse.

ANNIE

Yeah. And good luck getting any once everyone at our protest finds out you supported that man.

TROY

I think everyone at your protest already knows.

Troy and Pierce laugh and high-five each other, then keep walking towards the auditorium.

15

EXT. GREENDALE AUDITORIUM, BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

15

Jeff sits by himself on a bench, deep in thought. A MALE VOICE calls to him.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey buddy, sweet headpiece.

The voice belongs to MAX THOMPSON, early 30s, tall, thin, and blond with a cocky swagger seats himself next to Jeff.

JEFF

You mean it?

MAX
I never lie. Except to women. Max
Thompson.

Max extends his hand. Jeff shakes it.

JEFF
Jeff Winger. Charmed.

MAX
You don't mean that.

JEFF
No.

MAX
(Laughing)
Ballsy. I like you, Jeff.

JEFF
Don't you have a talk to give?

Max leans back and crosses one leg on top of the other.

MAX
We've just met and you're already
mad at me? Usually, it takes people
a minute or two, at least.

JEFF
All of my friends are mad at me
because of you. Half of them are
protesting you, and half of them
think you're God.

MAX
Really? Now I just have to get
crucified, and I may have started a
religion.

JEFF
The protest group would sure like
to see that.

MAX
Then why don't you go help them?
They're your friends, right?

JEFF
And you wouldn't be offended?

MAX
In my line of work, you can't take
things too personally.

Jeff stands up and reaches for his hat.

JEFF

You know what? The only thing I've cared about for the last few days is this hat. I've ignored the only people I like at this godforsaken college.

MAX

What's so special about it?

JEFF

It's, well--

Jeff thinks, then rips the hat off and throws it to Max.

JEFF

Nothing, that's what! Here, you take it if you like it so much.

MAX

Much obliged. Go get 'em, Jeff.

JEFF

I am *el tigre abogado!*

Jeff runs off. Max scratches his head and calls after him.

MAX

I don't know what that means!

16

EXT. GREENDALE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

16

Abed, Shirley, and Chang argue amongst themselves.

CHANG

The only thing we can do now is see him in person.

SHIRLEY

Britta and Annie wouldn't be happy about that.

CHANG

Oh, Britta and Annie. I'm so scared. What are they going to do, give me an "F"?

ABED

If memory serves, we have to write a paper about him. That alone should be encouragement enough.

CHANG

That's right. Looks like Señor Nadir here is using his head.

SHIRLEY

It just seems wrong. They'd be so upset if we abandoned them.

Jeff walks by and stops as he passes the three.

JEFF

Hey, you three. Want to do the right thing?

The three exchange glances, then shrug.

SHIRLEY

I guess so.

ABED

All right.

CHANG

Sure, why not?

JEFF

Then I say we give Britta and Annie some support.

CHANG

Well, perhaps you're forgetting your ever-so-appealing choice between Max Thompson and a semester's worth of failure. Oh! What up. Chang in the hiz-ouse.

He extends his hand for a high-five, but no one complies.

JEFF

Sure, Chang. You could give us "F"s and spend the night in that cramped auditorium with a bunch of people who hate your guts. Or you could let the paper go and spend time with people who... tolerate you.

CHANG

You make a compelling argument, Winger. Let's go.

They start towards Britta's pedestal.

Troy and Pierce sit at the outer edge of a row. The lights darken. Pelton walks onstage.

PELTON

And now, ladies and gentlemen, give a warm - but sexually appropriate - Greendale welcome to our speaker tonight: Mr. Max Thompson!

Max walks onstage, wearing Jeff's hat, as the audience cheers. Troy and Pierce clap and whistle.

MAX

Hey, Greendale, what's up? It's great to be here!

The applause eventually dies down. The audience reacts with laughter and clapping as Max delivers his punchlines.

MAX

Some guy with this *very stylish* hat told me that they're actually protesting me outside. Yeah. Crazy, huh? Two girls all by themselves. Yeah, Greendale, nice student body you've got - both of 'em! Well, hey, Max Thompson bears no grudges. They're perfectly welcome to join me tonight - one up here, and one down here!

Max makes an obscene gesture. The audience erupts into laughter. Troy and Pierce exchange troubled glances, then get up and leave.

18

EXT. GREENDALE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

18

Jeff, Abed, Shirley, and Chang approach Britta and Annie, who sit on the pedestal underneath the spotlights.

BRITTA

What now? Come to fail us personally?

CHANG

I don't even know what Max Thompson's routine is. I just thought I'd be cool if I went.

JEFF

Actually, we're here to join your protest.

ANNIE

You mean it?

Jeff, Abed, Shirley, and Chang sit with Britta and Annie.

SHIRLEY
Every word.

BRITTA
Why the sudden change of heart,
Jeff? What happened to sticking up
for your hat before your friends?

Troy and Pierce enter and sit with the rest of the group.

TROY
Turns out the hat isn't worth
sticking up for. Max Thompson hates
it.

JEFF
Bastard.

Pierce points at Britta and Annie.

PIERCE
And he isn't that fond of you two,
either. So we decided we're not
that fond of him.

ANNIE
Really?

TROY
Really.

ANNIE
Oh, Troy.

Annie hugs Troy and almost hugs Pierce, but then shakes his hand instead.

BRITTA
I'm sorry if I gave you a hard
time. But this means a lot to me.
I'm glad you came back.

JEFF
Let's not get all mushy here.
There's protesting to do.

BRITTA
Right.

A few moments pass. No one walks by.

BRITTA

You know what? Protesting sucks.
Let's get some pizza.

Everyone expresses agreement. They get up and start walking away from the auditorium. Abed takes out his recorder.

ABED

Note to self: resolution is just like the Season Four finale of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, where characters agree to disagree, but reconcile anyway. Also, buy milk. And fix recorder.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT III

TAG

FADE IN:

19 INT. GROUP STUDY ROOM - DAY 19

Troy and Abed pull various hats off a hat rack and try them on. Abed pulls out a cowboy hat and sticks his fingers at Troy like a gun.

ABED
Draw, pardner.

Troy puts on a policeman's hat.

TROY
Sorry, sir, no firearms in the building.

Abed puts on an umpire mask.

ABED
I'll argue that call!

Troy puts on a sombrero.

TROY
Amigo, no es necesario.

Jeff enters. Abed and Troy gaze at him expectantly. Jeff sighs.

20 INT. GROUP STUDY ROOM - DAY 20

Jeff wears a Darth Vader helmet and advances towards Troy and Abed, who wear a football helmet and a skullcap, respectively.

JEFF
Not even the combined strength of the NFL and a pirate king can stop the dark lord of the Sith!

The three play out the bizarre scenario.

FADE OUT.

END OF TAG