

# 21 JUMP STREET

Story by  
Jonah Hill and Michael Bacall

Screenplay by  
Michael Bacall

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 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)  
 Officers 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 be 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.

GRADY

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 fucked. 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 tweakers 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 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?

SCHMIDT/JENKO

(huh?)

Yes sir.

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 is 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  
DAVID 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 breathhhe.*

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

Were 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 procession, 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)

ZACK (CONT'D)  
 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 trashcan.

SCHMIDT  
 Those gotta be our guys.

JENKO  
 Get detention, man.

The trashcan 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 naive.

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".

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 Sudoku 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."

The Gang laughs. Shea tears the tickets into pieces. Zack winces. Calvin leans in close, breathing down Zack's neck.

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.

SHEA  
 Fuck you, narc.

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 *FLUSHHHH*. 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  
V.H.S. vs. The Camino Palominos.  
Quarterfinals. Go Sharks.

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  
Bulllllshit.

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.

ANNIE  
Where were you all night?

SCHMIDT  
Working.

ANNIE  
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 with 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**

Boris sells a packet of H.F.S. to Zack. Jenko and Schmidt glare at him. He gives a tiny shrug.

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.

Jenko's RINGTONE blares. He sets Colin in the Experiment  
Arena and heads for the door. Bryan tilts his Golden Stetson.

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 SHOTS 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!

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 SHOTS 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'ma tell those Valley Boys! I'ma 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**

Zack sits in a stall, legs dangling. He swallows Skittles like pills with Red Bull. The door opens. Footsteps. Zack lifts his feet as SHEA checks beneath the stall.

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. Salvador 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 throws Jenko into the wall, denting it. Schmidt PUNCHES the wall. His hand gets stuck. Jenko HEADBUTTS Schmidt. Schmidt HEADBUTTS Jenko back, dropping him.

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  
AAAAARGH!

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 gades 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 "Penguin 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.

QUICK CUTS: *Fingers slide rounds into clips, button tuxedo shirts over body armor. Tactical knives sheathed behind shiny belts. Cufflinks and handcuffs. Clips slam into Sig Sauer P220's. A .38 tucked behind a cummerbund. A shoulder holster strapped under a waistcoat. Fingers button up longcoats.*

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.

JENKO

*"He had, of course, dreamed of battles all his life - of vague and bloody conflicts that had thrilled him with their sweep and fire."*

SCHMIDT

What is that?

JENKO

Red Badge of Courage. Book report.

SCHMIDT

Maybe you actually learned something at this school.

JENKO

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.

JENKO

Final exam, bitch.

SCHMIDT

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.

SCHMIDT/JENKO

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 breathhhe.*

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 PAPER CUTTER. 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. *SHHHUNK*.

PICH  
*AAAAAAAAAAAA!*

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  
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**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  
H.F.S. surpassed all expectations. I hit every demo. Whites. Blacks. Latinos. Asians. Others. I owned them all.

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

**LAPD!**

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 Gulp).

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.