

"DIARY"

written by

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INT. AVA'S PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

JACOB enters with TWO COFFEE CUPS from Wawa. He eyes a fish tank in the office and inspects it.

JACOB

Ava, I think one of the fish died.

AVA is on her computer, preoccupied. She waves this off.

AVA

It's sleeping.

We see the fish FLOATING at the top of the tank.

JACOB

Where's the net for it? Something I can pull it out with?

Ava joins Jacob at the fish tank and eyes the coffee cups. She plucks a cup and exits without missing a beat.

AVA (O.S)

It's called your hand. Get going!

Jacob exchanges a glance with the camera.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. JANINE'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

JANINE is decorating a cork board. She dusts her hands off, satisfied. The cork board is decorated to resemble the Philadelphia Museum of Art and features self portraits from each student.

JANINE TALKING HEAD

JANINE (V.O)

We're doing self portraits this week. I like it because I can see how the students view themselves.

The camera pans to a SERIES OF POORLY DRAWN SELF PORTRAITS. One portrait features the student's ears drawn on their neck.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Sometimes the kids unknowingly highlight things that they might be insecure about.

A beat. We see another portrait, it features a student with egregiously drawn fangs.

JANINE (CONT'D)

But it's nice to see their interests too.

INT. ABBOTT ELEMENTARY HALLWAY - SAME TIME

GREGORY is saying goodbye to his students. He gives a secret handshake to the last student.

The student points down the hall behind him. Gregory turns, confused, then is delighted to see Janine on her way.

GREGORY

Hey.

JANINE

Hey. Mind if I borrow your tape?

GREGORY

Yeah, no problem.

Gregory paces into his classroom and hands Janine his tape dispenser. Janine looks around his classroom with interest. Gregory watches her with fondness... she's oblivious to this.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Cool if I walk with you?

JANINE
Oh yeah, I can show you what we're
working on.

Gregory and Janine return to her classroom.

She proudly shows him the self portrait display. She sets
down the tape dispenser and peels a piece of tape off,
carefully curling it between her fingers.

Gregory wanders around... then glances at the floor.

CAMERA PANS BELOW A DESK. A SMALL, RED COMPOSITION BOOK WITH
STICKERS is tucked under the seat. Gregory kneels to pick it
up.

GREGORY
I think one of your students left
their workbook.

Janine turns around. Gregory hands it over. Janine shakes her
head.

JANINE
No, that's not one of ours. Where'd
you find it?

Gregory turns around and gestures in the general direction of
the classroom, a bit lost. He cannot remember which desk he
found it at, they all look the same.

GREGORY
Oh.

Janine carefully inspects it. She opens the book.

JANINE
Oh?

GREGORY
What?

JANINE
I think it's a diary.

GREGORY
People still write those?

JANINE

I mean, I used to keep one but that's cause I swore I was gonna grow up and become Moesha. I never took it to school or anything but I'd lay on my bed and swing my legs back and forth. I used to write about Tariq in it.

Gregory exchanges a glance with the camera, annoyed. Janine waves the thought off.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I'll keep it at my desk and figure it out later.

Gregory stands up.

GREGORY

Wait, you don't wanna know what's inside? You could learn more about your students.

JANINE

Nope. I'm putting it away.

Janine paces toward her desk as Ava enters carrying a CANDY BOWL.

AVA

Apparently it's the reward for testing scores, but not failing is the reward. Y'all want any?

JANINE (CONT'D)

(re: the diary)
I don't need to read it to know what's up. That's how good of a teacher I am.

AVA (CONT'D)

Read what?

GREGORY

Read nothing.

JANINE

A student diary.

AVA

People still write those? Like with a quill and a pen? By candlelight? So what's in it?

Janine shrugs.

JANINE

That's not my business.

AVA
You don't have to read it.

Ava puts down the candy bowl and walks toward Janine with her hand out.

AVA (CONT'D)
I'll read it for you. Crack that bitch open, I got Reese's Cups.

Janine tightens her grip. Ava PULLS. They fumble briefly until Ava POKES Janine in the neck. Janine GIGGLES and releases her grip. Gregory takes notice of this.

Ava pries the diary and sits down on a desk.

JANINE
Ok. That's--, ok.

AVA
Catch!

Ava tosses a packet of candy toward Janine. Ava opens the diary.

AVA (CONT'D)
Let me put on my reading glasses.

She has no reading glasses, but pretends as if she does. She holds pointed fingers up to the side of her eye.

AVA (CONT'D)
DEAR DIARYYYYYYYYYY-

GREGORY
Keep it down, Streisand.

AVA
(reading)
"We went to the zoo today." Oh, look at her getting to see some animals. When I want to go to the zoo, I just come here everyday.

Gregory glances toward the camera and SNORTS. Ava flips the page and pauses to scan it.

AVA (CONT'D)
Hm. No, that looks boring.

She flips the page again.

AVA (CONT'D)
Still boring.

She flips the page again.

AVA (CONT'D)
 (nodding)
 Ooooo, she got a new dog on
 Wednesday.
 (then)
 The rest is boring.

Janine comes to her senses and stands to take the diary.

JANINE
 Ok, that's enough. Let me-

AVA
 CATCH!

Ava TOSSES the diary across the room to Gregory. He catches it as Janine makes her way toward him instead. He holds the diary up. She's too short to reach it.

GREGORY
 What if she talks about you in
 here? What if you're doing
 something wrong and the only way to
 know is in here?

AVA
 That's a good point.

Gregory sits on a desk and opens to a random page.

GREGORY
 (reading)
 "A girl in class today was like
 Jasmine-"

JANINE
 Oh! It's Jasmine's!

GREGORY
 "--can you teach me how to make a
 Cootie Catcher?"

Gregory is baffled.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
 A what?

JANINE
 Oh, it's the little... you know...

She gestures vaguely with her hand the way one would with a paper fortune teller.

JANINE (CONT'D)
One of those little paper fortune tellers.

GREGORY
You mean a chatterbox?

JANINE
No, it's a cootie catcher.

GREGORY
It's called a chatterbox.

JANINE
It's called a cootie catcher.

Gregory, feeling the tension, is taken aback. He returns his attention to the diary.

GREGORY
(reading)
"So she made one for me and I asked her who I'm gonna marry and the cootie catcher told me Andre. I'm so happy he's really cute."

Janine is sympathetic.

JANINE
Aw.

GREGORY
(reading)
"AND I wanted to hang with him on Activity Day--"

He pauses and tilts his head curiously.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
She spelled Activity with a K.

He displays the diary and points inside to show her. Ava leans forward and squints.

AVA
Yeah, that's a K. Janine, you need to do a better job.

JANINE
Ok.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"But he didn't even look at me
cause he was playing wall ball with
his friends. Then we all went back
inside..."

Gregory goes silent.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Oh... Janine?

JANINE

Hm?

GREGORY

(reading)

"I also hate Miss Teagues."

Janine is DEFEATED.

JANINE

It doesn't say that.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"-cause when we got back in she
made him sit all the way in the
hall. I hate hate hate her."

AVA

Damn. That's 3 hates.

Janine looks at both of them trying to justify.

JANINE

Ok, I made him sit in the hall but
he was telling jokes and singing
during a test.

AVA

Her crush was giving a one man show
for free and you made him sit in
hall? I'd hate your ass too.

(then)

You know what you should do? Put
her desk next to his.

JANINE

I can't do that.

AVA

She'd get to sit next to her crush,
you'd make her year! It's the least
you can do for reading her diary.

JANINE

I'm reading the diary?

Ava shrugs.

AVA

You're listening.

Gregory sets the diary on the desk. Ava picks it up and
thumbs through it.

GREGORY

She might not hate you if you did.

JANINE

She doesn't HATE me.

(then)

And you're siding with AVA?

Gregory pauses to reassess. He's mortified.

Janine hops off the desk and paces toward Ava.

JANINE (CONT'D)

That's enough. I don't think she
HATE hates me.

Gregory corrects her.

GREGORY

Hate hate HATES you.

JANINE

I think she's scared to talk to
him. Maybe she just needs a push.
There's no beef here.

Ava points to a CRUDE DRAWING inside the diary on the page
opposite the entry.

We see TWO POORLY DRAWN FIGURES. ONE WITH PIGTAILS HAS AN
ENLARGED HAND, THE OTHER, CLEARLY MEANT TO BE JANINE, IS
BEING SLAPPED.

Ava clicks her tongue.

AVA

So that's not her slapping the piss
out of you?

Janine's jaw drops. She laughs nervously.

JANINE
I look NOTHING like that.

We zoom out and see Janine's outfit. It is IDENTICAL to the drawing.

GREGORY
You cut her deep, Janine. That's...
that's real pain right there.

JANINE
I'm gonna put this back right where
it belongs.

Janine locates Jasmine's desk and tosses the journal under the chair. Gregory exchange a knowing look with the camera.

Janine turns around and dusts her hands of it. She poorly hides the hurt and shrugs.

JANINE (CONT'D)
All good in the hood.

A beat. Ava and Gregory look at her. She sheepishly wanders back over to Jasmine's desk...

JANINE (CONT'D)
(sheepishly)
And... you know what? Maybe... I'll
put this where it belongs too.

Janine pulls JASMINE'S DESK toward another desk. The LOUD SCRAPING can be heard across the hallway.

MR. JOHNSON peeks into the doorway.

MR. JOHNSON
Pipe down, Pipsqueak.

Janine is embarrassed but undeterred. She pushes the desk back in place. It SCRAPES again. Janine shakes her head.

JANINE
I'll just change the name cards in
the morning. Yeah. That's fine.

JANINE TALKING HEAD

JANINE

Not that I would brag or anything,
but come tomorrow? I'm gonna be her
Fairy Godmother.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. GRASS PATCH ACROSS FROM ABBOTT ELEMENTARY - MORNING

Jacob is digging a hole with a plastic shovel. Parents dropping off their children pass by and look at him as if he is crazy. A mother hurries her child away from him.

JACOB TALKING HEAD

JACOB

I prepped a quick burial for the fish. Zach and I made this coffin for it out of an Altoids tin last night.

Jacob shows a DECORATED ALTOIDS TIN.

On tin: "FISH 2022-2022"

Jacob nods, attempting to be cool.

JACOB (CONT'D)

And not to sound like a Spike Lee Joint, but I'm doing the right thing.

AS WE WERE

Melissa approaches and stops him.

MELISSA

The hell do you think you're doing?

JACOB

Oh, well this fish died and I--

He takes in the look of distain on her face and abruptly shuts up.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I'm doing it before school so it's out of the way.

Jacob's shovel hits a BLOCK.

MELISSA

Great, you hit a pipe. Didn't you get all of this out of your system with Boy Scouts?

JACOB
I wasn't in Boy Scouts.

MELISSA
Girl Scouts?

Jacob brushes away the dirt and leans into the hole to get a better look. Melissa raises the toe of her boot and motions as if she were going to kick him into the hole. He abruptly leans back. Melissa looks up at the sky and feigns cluelessness.

JACOB
It's not a pipe, it's a tin of some sort.

MELISSA
Let me take a look.

Melissa rolls up her sleeves, kneels and reaches into the hole. She pulls out a TIN BOX. It's locked. She studies it.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I think might be a time capsule.

Jacob's interest is peaked.

JACOB
Can you open it?

Melissa fumbles with the lock to no avail.

MELISSA
No can do.

She tosses it to Jacob, who catches it.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what, meet me during lunch and bring me a crowbar.

JACOB
Great.
(then)
Where am I gonna find that?

MELISSA
I don't know. You don't have one?

Jacob shrugs. He's never had to build anything before.

JACOB
IKEA doesn't really...

MELISSA
 IKEA? You've never been to Home
 Depot?

Jacob is silent.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
 Just find something to open it,
 yeah?

She pats him on the shoulder and heads toward the school.

JACOB TALKING HEAD

JACOB
 (singing)
 Melissa and Jacob, finally friends,
 it's happening.

MELISSA TALKING HEAD

She is unamused.

MELISSA
 He sang to you, didn't he?

INT. JANINE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The students are filing in. Janine keeps focus on Jasmine's desk, now seated beside Andre's desk.

JANINE TALKING HEAD

JANINE
 It's gonna squash the beef once and
 for all.
 (then)
 Not that I have beef with a 7 year
 old. She has beef with me. It's not
 even beef. It's... chicken?

AS WE WERE

We see JASMINE (a little bit nerdy, studious) approach her desk slowly... she is delightful when she realizes her desk is now beside Andre's.

ANDRE (class clown, the type of that wants to be a magician) enters and spots Jasmine sitting beside his desk. He sets down his backpack and lays a MAGICIAN'S WAND on his desk.

ANDRE

Looks like Miss Teagues finally did something cool.

Jasmine is ESCTATIC. Janine exchanges a proud glance with the camera. Other students file in. One student notices Andre and Jasmine's desks are next to each other, and purposely walks behind Jasmine.

STUDENT

(in a knowing way)
OoOOoo...

Jasmine turns around and waves the student away, still smiling. Her friends are happy for her.

JANINE TALKING HEAD

JANINE

Bibbidi-Bobbidi-BOOM.

AS WE WERE

Class has now started. Janine works at the whiteboard. A conversation is heard.

JANINE (CONT'D)

It's silent work, guys.

Janine turns around. Jasmine and Andre are talking, uninterested in their work.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Silent work.

They ignore her. Jasmine and Andre finish their conversation, then nod. Jasmine turns around and raises her hand.

JASMINE

Miss Teagues, can you help me?

JANINE

Of course.

Janine walks toward Jasmine's desk and KNEELS to be at eye-level. Behind her back, Andre hands Jasmine a PAPER with tape on it. Janine looks up to Jasmine, who suddenly pretends to be focused. Jasmine nods.

JANINE (CONT'D)

So what would be the answer?

Jasmine thinks... unbeknownst to Janine, she is carefully sticking a paper to her back.

JASMINE

...17?

JANINE

Yeah, you got it!

JASMINE

Thank you!

Jasmine hugs Janine, only to ensure the tape sticks to her back. Jasmine smooths her hand over the tape discreetly, but we do not see what is written. Janine melts into the hug.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You're really good at this, Miss Teagues.

Janine beams, then returns to the whiteboard.

ZOOM IN ON PAPER: It is another drawing, similar to the one seen in the diary. It isn't insulting, just a silly drawing of Janine.

Jasmine and Andre look at each other and nod, satisfied. They high five.

ANDRE

Now let's get down to the real business.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - LATER

Gregory and Barbara are sharing their lunch break. Gregory is showing Barbara a video on his phone. She keeps trying to zoom in on the video.

GREGORY

Oh, you can't zoom in. It's a video.

She attempts to zoom in on the video again. She squints and pulls his phone to her face.

BARBARA

(re: video)

You know these people?

Gregory shrugs.

GREGORY

No, it's just a video from Twitter.

BARBARA
Who are they?

GREGORY
I don't know. It's just a funny
video.

BARBARA
But you know them?

Gregory exchanges a glance with the camera. Janine enters the lounge, a bit frazzled. Feathers stick to her cardigan.

GREGORY
Hey, how's the matchmaking going?

BARBARA
Matchmaking... ?

Janine, now embarrassed, deflects. She shrugs.

JANINE
Just a classroom thing I'm doing.

Ava joins the trio in the lounge.

AVA
Did they get married yet or what?

Barbara is baffled. Janine avoids eye contact and opens the cabinet to find a mug.

Gregory gets up to help her with the cabinet but focuses on the paper taped to her back. He pulls the paper off and is greeted with a SECOND PAPER underneath it.

SECOND PAPER: Another silly drawing of Janine.

Gregory is confused.

BARBARA
Hold on a minute, Janine, what did
you do?

JANINE
I rearranged my classroom.

AVA
One of her students has a
crush on the other.

AVA (CONT'D)
She's like the bastard child of
Oprah and Cupid.

BARBARA

Oh. Well, I think it says a lot about you as a teacher if your students trust you enough to confide in you about personal matters.

The guilt is eating Janine. She hides it poorly. Gregory plucks a white feather out of her hair.

JANINE

Thank you, Barbara.

GREGORY

What's with the feathers?

JANINE

Oh. Andre wants to be a magician. So he and Jasmine, as his assistant, did a trick for us...

A beat.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Without letting me know.

Gregory blinks.

JANINE (CONT'D)

But Jasmine's happy.

GREGORY

Uh huh... I take it you accidentally created Team Rocket?

Janine's face says YES.

JANINE

No.

Jacob enters the lounge with a BASEBALL BAT and a PAPER BAG from the Philly Pretzel Factory. Ava, Janine, Gregory and Barbara pause what they are doing to watch this, dumbfounded.

Gregory's eyes shift from the bat, to Jacob, to the pretzels, then to the bat again.

GREGORY

(slowly)
...what'ch'ya got there?

Jacob shrugs.

JACOB
Melissa wanted a crowbar but I
didn't have time to find one.

This does not help his case. Like, at all.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You try finding a crowbar on your
lunch break. It's not easy.

Gregory leans down to eye-level with Jacob and shakes his
head. He puts both hands on Jacob's shoulders. A beat.

GREGORY
I don't have to do that because I
am normal.

Jacob looks around for backup.

JACOB
The bat should be fine, right?

A beat.

BARBARA	AVA
Stop talking to me right now, boy, I am being <u>so</u> serious.	You're interesting.

Ava exits. Barbara leaves. Janine and Gregory remain.

JACOB
Melissa and I think we found a time
capsule across the street.
(then)
Also I got pretzels.

JANINE
Aw, you got us pretzels?

Jacob goes quiet.

JACOB
No.

JANINE
Oh.

Janine exchanges a glance with the camera, embarrassed.

JACOB TALKING HEAD

JACOB

In my defense, I already know
Janine very well. We're friends! I
don't need to bring her a peace
offering pretzel.

A beat. He feels bad.

AS WE WERE

JANINE

That's ok, I have some work to do.

She takes off her cardigan and lays it over the chair.
Feathers fall from it. She wanders to the refrigerator.
ANOTHER PAPER sticks out from the INSIDE of her cardigan.
Gregory pulls it out.

It's another paper from Jasmine and Andre. Janine is
oblivious to this. How did they manage to do that?

INT. MELISSA'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Melissa is at her desk with SCISSORS and VARIOUS OBJECTS
scattered. The time capsule has yet to be opened.

Melissa stands as Jacob enters and approaches her desk. He
hands her a PAPER CUP full of pretzel bites.

JACOB

I got you a pretzel.

MELISSA

(nodding)

Uh huh... you got me a pretzel. One
pretzel.

JACOB

Well, pretzel bites.

Melissa SLAPS the pretzel cup out of Jacob's hand.

MELISSA

That's just one pretzel cut up!

Jacob watches the bites tumble to the floor. We zoom in on
this, then Melissa processing that with a little bit of
regret.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
 Actually I regret doing that.
 (then)
 The crowbar, hon! Where's the
 crowbar I asked you for?

JACOB
 I got a baseball bat.

Jacob hands the bat over. Melissa inspects it, weighs it in her hand... She hoists it and swings as if she were to hit Jacob with it before abruptly stopping -- he flinches. She pats him on the back.

MELISSA
 You did good, Jacob.

Jacob glances at the camera, beaming with validation.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
 Now let's pop this sucker open,
 yeah?

They pace over to her reading rug. She tosses the capsule in the air and SWINGS as if she were hitting a piñata.

Jacob is TERRIFIED. He turns around and braces for the impact. We hear a DEAFENING CLANG as Melissa HITS the tin box head on.

A beat.

MELISSA (O.S) (CONT'D)
 Jacob, turn around.

JACOB
 I'm not turning around because THAT
 is what killed Eurydice.

MELISSA (O.S)
 No, no, come look.

Melissa is now kneeling on the reading rug. She holds up the heavily dented tin box with victory and sifts through PAPER CLIPPINGS now scattered. Jacob joins her on the rug.

JACOB
 What is it?

MELISSA
 Newspaper clippings, some old
 candy... it's probably rock hard.
 Oldhead junk. Some trading cards
 I'll pawn on eBay.

She hands over a newspaper clipping and points to a man in a picture.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Hey, he's handsome.

Jacob sifts through the other clippings.

JACOB
He's in a lot of these pictures.

FOCUS ON CLIPPING: A NEWSPRINT PICTURE of a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN (LATE 20s... but in the way men in their late 20s used to look 49, SIDEBURNS, BELLBOTTOMS, REAL 70s CLASS).

Melissa's eyes widen on another picture.

MELISSA
They don't make men like this anymore.

JACOB
You're telling me.

Melissa laughs. She sits and reminisces.

MELISSA
I miss when men's biceps were the size of my head, you know? No gym, no steroids, just working in factories.

She points to the picture.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
They just don't make men like this anymore. You know why?

JACOB
Why?

MELISSA
Cause they started regulating what we eat. Growing up, the boys in my neighborhood would just eat raw steak, straight out of the freezer and they were fine.

Jacob is mildly disgusted. He exchanges a glance with the camera.

JACOB
Also I think people stopped smoking as much.

MELISSA

There's a reason every high schooler in the 70s looked 48.

They laugh. It's a rare bonding moment.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

You know, there was once a time where I could look in a magazine and find an absolute bombshell and find out that he was Hollywood's bicycle. Just hookin' up with everybody.

Jacob sorts through more clippings, more pictures of the handsome man and reads. His smile fades. Melissa, obvious to this, points at the picture.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

This is a REAL man.

A beat. Jacob nods, holding a clipping in his hand.

JACOB

That is Mr. Johnson.

Melissa GLARES.

MELISSA

Uh-uh, no way.

Jacob points to a passage on the clipping. It is from when Mr. Johnson first joined the staff. Melissa's eyes go huge.

Mr. Johnson enters the classroom and begins to sweep up.

Jacob and Melissa are startled.

MR. JOHNSON

Oh! I thought y'all were out. I'll come back and sweep later.

Melissa and Jacob, frazzled, exchange a glance.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JANINE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Feathers and plastic flowers from a magician's wand surround Jasmine and Andre's desk duo. Pure, harmless chaos. Janine stares at them as they quietly work. She looks WRECKED. She gathers herself together and stands up.

JANINE

Pencils up! Math Minute is complete.

She walks around the classroom to collect worksheets. She spots a worksheet on the floor and leans to pick it up. IT DARTS AWAY.

Janine is baffled. She reaches for it again. IT DARTS AGAIN.

We see it is taped to a STRING... that conveniently leads to Andre and Jasmine's desks. Andre is a fit of giggles. Janine has had enough.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Jasmine, could you sit out in the hall please?

Jasmine tosses the string beside her desk to rid herself of evidence, but it is too late.

The students collectively jeer.

Other classmates make the "shame on you" gesture. Jasmine quietly retreats into the hallway. Janine sets the worksheets on her desk and collects the string. The paper taped to it comically follows behind her.

She dumps the worksheets on her desk and takes a deep breath.

JANINE (CONT'D)

(to class)
I will be right back.

INT. ABBOTT ELEMENTARY HALLWAY

Jasmine is stewing in the hallway. Janine shakes her head.

JANINE

What's goin' on with you, girl?

Jasmine doesn't make eye contact. She shrugs.

JANINE (CONT'D)

You're better than this, Jasmine.
You're smart. You and Andre are
good kids. You know that, right?

Janine leans down and shrugs.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I know you hate hate... hate me but
I've been where you are before,
don't follow what someone is doing
just because you have a crush on
him.

A beat. Jasmine becomes suspicious.

JASMINE

How'd you know that?

Janine pauses, then shakes her head.

JANINE

It's not... about that.

Jasmine squints and crosses her arms.

JASMINE

How'd you know I said that?

Janine's silence is telling.

JANINE

I just... guessed?

JASMINE

You're a liar who lies.

A beat.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

And you lie.

Janine looks around and gives a Fake Smile... the one she
does when shit hits the fan and she doesn't know what else to
do. Jasmine's alarm raises.

JANINE

(stuttering)

It's just funny you mention that.
You know, I just thought it would
be nice to--

JASMINE

It is nice! I like where my desk
is. I can stay where I am, right?

Janine looks around, Jasmine bats her eyelashes.

JANINE

Well, no...

Jasmine fakes a pout.

JASMINE

Miss Teagues, please have mercy,
I'm only 7 years old... first you
read my DIARY, now you're moving me
AWAY?

She thinks she's slick! Janine gasps at her audacity. Another
teacher passing by gives Janine a dirty look.

Janine looks at Jasmine.

JANINE

That's not gonna work on me.

Jasmine pretends to clutch non-existent pearls.

JASMINE

I can't believe you did this... my
hamster just died, Miss Teagues!

JANINE

You don't even have a hamster! You
just got a dog!

Jasmine puts her hands over her mouth. Janine's been caught
red handed. She's dumbstruck.

Jasmine: 1. Janine: 0.

JANINE TALKING HEAD

Janine simmers in silence and her own disappointment in
herself. She avoids eye contact with the camera.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I have made some mistakes.

A beat. She's ashamed.

JANINE (CONT'D)
...but Jasmine and I made a
compromise.

CUT TO:

INT. JANINE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Jasmine and Andre are still seated beside each other, chatting. We see Janine at the whiteboard with her back toward the camera.

Another paper taped to her back.

FOCUS ON PAPER: I'M NOSY AND I LIE.

She looks over her shoulder to the camera, embarrassed, lesson learned.

JANINE (V.O)
I'll know better next time.

END OF ACT THREE

