

COMMUNITY

"Advanced Replacement"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY (DAY 1)

JEFF, ANNIE, BRITTA, SHIRLEY, ABED, PROFESSOR HICKEY, and CHANG gather around the study table. A meeting of the SAVE GREENDALE COMMITTEE.

CHANG

...honestly, I don't even really know math. I just kind of make it up as I go along. I just assume I'm right. I mean I'm Asian, right?

A FIGURE appears in the doorway wearing a black, 19th century style, mourning dress -- face hidden by a veil. The figure pulls back the veil to REVEAL -- DEAN PELTON, forlorn.

JEFF

Don't tell us... they finally banned you from the *Little Miss Greendale* Pageant?

Dean Pelton walks behind Jeff, embraces him.

DEAN PELTON

The appeals court granted my injunction.

JEFF

You're bound to win one of these years.

DEAN PELTON

That's one of the things I'm going to miss most. The ambiguous, tension filled snark.

JEFF

Miss about me? What, did you finally get that gig as an oil boy for the Mr. Olympia competition?

Dean Pelton puts his finger to Jeff's lips, smashing them to the side.

DEAN PELTON

Shhh.

Dean Pelton pulls out a frilly, lace handkerchief from his "bosom." Dabs his eyes, composes himself.

DEAN PELTON (CONT'D)

Jeffrey, I have bad news from the board of trustees.

SHIRLEY

Greendale has a board of trustees? Who's on it? The homeless guy who looks like a fat Ryan Gosling that sleeps in the quad?

BRITTA

Boycott!

DEAN PELTON

No. Though Jeramy is one of our graduates. Ever heard of a certain someone named Warren Buffett?

JEFF

The Warren Buffett is on the Greendale board of trustees?

DEAN PELTON

Oh. So you do know him?

JEFF

Of course. He's a financial genius.

DEAN PELTON

I know, right? Who would have thought that there would be such a huge market for soiled mattresses?

ANNIE

Yeah, I'm going to guess that's not the same Warren Buffett.

DEAN PELTON

Anyhoo, due to the budget crisis we're being forced to eliminate classes that don't meet enrollment expectations in certain target demographics. Jeffery, I'm afraid you're losing your class.

SHIRLEY

Mid-season replacements are terrible.

ABED

Except *Happy Days*. And the *Jeffersons*, *Buffy*, *All in the Family* --

JEFF

-- By target demographics you mean people stuck in the Greendale circle of hell?

Ancient LEONARD trudges past the doorway.

JEFF (CONT'D)

When do we get the signs that say, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here?"

DEAN PELTON

No, those students will be here regardless.

PROFESSOR HICKEY

He means people with medical marijuana cards.

DEAN PELTON

Exactly.

JEFF

My class is solid. It may be small but it's loyal.

CHANG

My motto on every first date.

DEAN PELTON

The class stays but the board wants to take it in a different direction.

JEFF

It's introduction to law. How many directions can it take?

ABED

I feel a *Dead Poets Society* vibe coming on.

DEAN PELTON

Jeffrey, you build on information from one class to the next. If a student misses one, they could get confused.

JEFF

This is Greendale, confusion is a constant. Like Mississippi and morbid obesity.

STARBURNS walks in with a box full of materials for a meth lab. Seeing the group, he does an about face and leaves.

DEAN PELTON

I'm so glad you understand. Once students drop a class they tend not to come back. The trustees want classes where a student can stop in and feel like they haven't missed a thing. Where thought is an afterthought. It's comforting. Like an episode of *Taxi Brooklyn*.

ANNIE

You do know that's not education, right?

BRITTA

Boycott!

JEFF

No self-respecting person would teach that kind of sham class.

ALAN CONNER (O.C.)

Jeffrey Winger.

Jeff looks over to see his former colleague and nemesis.

JEFF

You've got to be kidding me...
Actually, this kind of makes perfect sense.

DEAN PELTON

I forgot you two have met before!
And here I thought this might get awkward.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. STUDY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dean Pelton leaves, dabbing fresh tears from the corners of his eyes.

ANNIE

Jeff, what are you going to do?

ALAN CONNER

Not much with a degree from this hole.

ANNIE

Don't you work at this "hole" now?

ALAN CONNER

I hear they're looking for a third shift manager at Denny's.

JEFF

Is that where you were working before you stole my job?

ALAN CONNER

That's beside the point. And I prefer to think that I "re-appropriated" your position.

SHIRLEY

I think it's time for you to leave.

ALAN CONNER

I'm not going anywhere. Except maybe the faculty lounge. Get my Mimosa brunch on. See you there Chang?

Chang snaps his fingers and points at Alan.

Alan leaves.

BRITTA

Don't worry, Jeff, we won't let them do this. Power to the people.

Britta raises a clenched fist.

ABED

It may be time to unleash your inner Frank Underwood. Annie can be your Claire.

JEFF

I thought you were going with *Dead Poets Society*?

ABED

Thought I'd skew more modern. Keep it relevant.

SHIRLEY

I love me some *House of Cards*. Watched the whole series one episode after the other.

BRITTA

Shirley, you sat in front of your TV for twenty-four straight hours?

SHIRLEY

Andre had the boys that weekend. It was either that or clean their rooms again.

ANNIE

Awww!

SHIRLEY

Nuh-uh. Not awww. They're boys, and Elijah is getting to that age where you... find... things.

ANNIE

Ewww.

ABED

Find things like what, Shirley?

Everyone looks silently at Abed.

JEFF

(to Abed)

I'll explain later.

SHIRLEY

Professor Hickey, aren't you worried about your class?

PROFESSOR HICKEY

Are you kidding? *CSI*, *Law and Order*, *Criminal Minds*, true crime reenactment shows... as long as they exist my classes will always have wait lists.

SHIRLEY

Did you see that one about the girl who hired a hitman to kill her stock broker fiance after she found out he was a cross dressing acrobat addicted to pain pills? Police found him in a vat of acid in a storage facility. Mmmm hmmm! White people are crazy.

PROFESSOR HICKEY

See what I mean? Middle America loves murder. The only way I could have better attendance is if I taught a class on porn.

CHANG

There already is one.

BRITTA

Chang, that's disgusting.

CHANG

What? At Duke it's called women's studies. Or men's. Depends on the one you take.

ANNIE

What are we going to do about Jeff, you guys?

SHIRLEY

You have to stay. You're the only reason I stay sane in this place.

BRITTA

Hey!

CHANG

Me too!

JEFF

(standing)

Don't worry. Financially that Denny's job would actually be a vertical move. I'm sure I'll be fine.

Jeff leaves.

ANNIE

But what about us?

Sad, everyone leaves, except Abed.

ABED

(re: Camera; Southern
Accent)

What the gentleman from Greendale doesn't realize is that the dark water is already churning. All we need is for the cliches to come home to roost and Mr. Conner will be but splinters on the shore of a hackneyed, trite analogy.

Abed hits the study table twice with his knuckles.

INT. PROFESSOR HICKEY'S/JEFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Professor Hickey and Jeff enter to discover Jeff's desk cleared, replaced by Alan Connor's personal items.

PROFESSOR HICKEY

The man moves fast, I'll give him that.

JEFF

Like a brain eating amoeba.

PROFESSOR HICKEY

What are you going to do?

JEFF

Nothing.

PROFESSOR HICKEY

Spoken like a true Greendale employee.

JEFF

I'm not going to do anything because I know Alan. He leaves a wide path of destruction. His wake will inevitably suck both him and the entire school under. The dean will be begging me to come back.

PROFESSOR HICKEY

The only teacher Greendale ever brought back was the Bible school grad who taught creationism to his Biology class.

JEFF

What happened?

PROFESSOR HICKEY
He hired your lawyer friend.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Alan Conner teaches to a crowded classroom.

ALAN CONNER
Introduction to law.

GARRETT
Mr. Winger just finished reviewing
the bill of rights.

ALAN CONNER
The bill of rights is horse manure.
That's not law. If I didn't have
cotton mouth from the medical
marijuana I just smoked I would
spit on your "bill of rights."

The entire class gasps.

ALAN CONNER (CONT'D)
Now put those stupid books away and
I'll tell you what the law is
really about.

Everyone puts away their books.

Alan intentionally knocks over his mug of coffee.

ALAN CONNER (CONT'D)
Whoops. This doesn't look like a
safe situation, now does it? What
if I were to walk over this wet
floor and...

Alan walks over the spilled coffee and slips, banging his
head viciously on the floor and biting his tongue.

Alan stands, obviously in pain, and leans against the
lectern.

ALAN CONNER (CONT'D)
(with a lisp, thanks to
his bitten tongue)
Tha ith wha we caw a thlip and
fall. In tha wegal worl ith an
open an thut cath. tha-thing.

Students scribble furiously in their notebooks.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Annie and Shirley stand together. Annie tilts her head back, squeezing Visine into her eyes.

SHIRLEY

I would love to take one of Professor Hickey's criminology classes. It sounds fascinating.

ANNIE

You should come to a class with me. But it might not be what you're expecting. Real DNA analysis takes months and there's not a lot of witty banter.

SHIRLEY

Does bleach really get rid of blood? 'Cause that could come in handy.

Annie's mouth is agape.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

What? I have two boys and an ex-husband to think about.

ANNIE

Who are you?

SHIRLEY

You live with Abed. Don't act like you don't wonder if it will show up under the black lights when the 5-0 come knocking on your door.

ANNIE

Let's just say, off the record, it usually does the trick.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Alan wraps up his lecture.

ALAN CONNER

And that's how I was able to convince a jury that the so-called "Greendale Strangler" was simply committing random acts of kindness. That's all for today, folks.

Abed stands by the open classroom door.