

STURGES MERGES

written by

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INT. STURGES' ROOM - DAY

Students sit at their desks, quietly whispering to each other in a plain, drab classroom.

The bell RINGS. STURGES, a strict, organized, get-to-the-point Spanish teacher, walks in and to the whiteboard. The students immediately go silent.

At the whiteboard, Sturges writes very neatly: "Agenda: 1. Collect Homework. 2. Speaking Activity. 3. Verbal Assessment." Then, he turns around.

STURGES

Sacan Tu tarea.

Sturges walks to the first row of desks, holding a grade book. The first student shows him a completed homework sheet.

STURGES (CONT'D)

Bien.

He advances to the LAZY STUDENT's desk. It's empty.

STURGES (CONT'D)

La tarea? Dónde está?

LAZY STUDENT

I thought I...

STURGES

En Espanol.

LAZY STUDENT

Yo...pienso tiene...studio hall.

Sturges writes a "0" on his grade book and advances. But...

BAKALE (O.S.)

Señor Sturges?

Sturges turns to see BAKALE, a relaxed Latin teacher, standing in the doorway.

BAKALE

Could I speak to you in the hall
real quickly?

STURGES

Yes, of course.

Sturges walks to the doorway. He and Bakale both leave.

INT. FOREIGN LANGUAGE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The two teachers stop just outside the class.

BAKALE

Hey, Rich. I have some...good news.

STURGES

Oh, let me hear it.

BAKALE

Well, good for me. Not for you.

STURGES

Oh.

BAKALE

You're actually going to hate it to be quite honest.

STURGES

(getting annoyed)

Just...

(catches himself)

What's the news?

BAKALE

They're giving me Mr. McCluskey's old room for my new Gladiator LARPing club.

STURGES

Okay...

BAKALE

Which means you'll be merging rooms with Mr. McCluskey.

STURGES

Wha...no. This can't be.

Three students wearing Gladiator costumes walk by and enter Mr. McCluskey's room.

BAKALE

Oh, gotta go. Our first session's today.

Bakale lifts up a Gladiator helmet we didn't even know he was holding and places it on his head. He walks off.

Sturges watches Bakale, angry. Suddenly, a large figure appears behind Sturges and places his hands on his shoulders. This is MCCLUSKEY, an overjoyed, flamboyant language teacher.

MCCLUSKEY
What's up, roomie!?!

INT. STURGES' ROOM - DAY

The classroom is now split in two, with Sturges' side still being drab and empty while McCluskey's is covered in various decorations and cool items.

Sturges sits at his desk, grading quizzes. McCluskey walks in to teach a class.

MCCLUSKEY
HOLA CLASE!

CLASS
(in sync)
HOLA SEÑOR MCCLUSKEY!

MCCLUSKEY
You know the drill! Recite the
daily classroom pledge!

Sturges looks up from his desk, extremely annoyed.

The students stand up and raise their hands to pledge.

MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)
I will treat everyone with
respect.

CLASS
I will treat everyone with
respect.

MCCLUSKEY
I will abide by school rules.

CLASS
I will abide by school rules.

MCCLUSKEY
I will always try my best.

CLASS
I will always try my best.

INT. STURGES' ROOM - LATER THAT CLASS

Sturges still sits at his desk, visibly annoyed.

McCluskey and his students stand in a circle around the room.
McCluskey throws a ball to JUSTIN.

MCCLUSKEY

Justin, qué hiciste este fin de semana?

JUSTIN

Yo fui a Patriot Place con mis amigos.

MCCLUSKEY

Muy bien, Justin!

Justin throws the ball to another student across the room,
but it misses and hits Sturges in the head.

STURGES

What the hell!

JUSTIN

I'm sorry, Señor!

STURGES

(to McCluskey)

Do you have to do this with a ball!?!

MCCLUSKEY

Uh, oh. Someone's grumpy.

(turns to class)

You guys know the drill.

McCluskey begins conducting.

CLASS

(singing)

Don't be grumpy, it's okay. Don't
be grumpy, you'll have a good
day. Please be happy, and stay in
line. Please be happy, it's
Spanish time!

Bakale peeks his head in the door.

BAKALE

Oh, looks like a lot of fun in
here!

Sturges bangs his head on his desk.

INT. STURGES' ROOM - DAY

Students whisper quietly to each other. Sturges walks in and they go silent. He makes his way to the board and writes "Te gusta la playa?" He turns around.

STURGES

Hola, cl...

MCCLUSKEY (O.S.)

LUNCH TIME!

McCluskey charges in with a salad Tupperware, a fork, and a large Coke. He takes a seat at his desk.

Sturges peers over at him for a moment, annoyed. Then, he resumes.

STURGES

Hola, clase. Pregunata Del dia:
Te gusta la playa?

McCluskey opens the Tupperware and begins to MUNCH obnoxiously loudly.

Sturges looks over again, annoyed. He turns back to his class to see no one with their hands raised.

STURGES (CONT'D)

Vamos, clase. La playa, el
océano...

McCluskey takes a sip of the Coke and GULPS very loudly.

Sturges gets increasingly annoyed, and takes it out on his class:

STURGES (CONT'D)

Vamos, clase, come on!

A student JOHN raises his hand.

STURGES (CONT'D)

John.

JOHN

Me gusta la playa porque el Spike
Ball.

STURGES

Muy bien. Yo nunca jugado...

McCluskey finishes off the Coke and BURPS louder than thunder.

MCCLUSKEY

Ooh, excuse me!

Sturges slams the marker down and charges out of class.

INT. MRS. KAY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sturges charges in to meet MRS. KAY, a relaxed department head. He sits across from her. A cookbook sits on the desk.

MRS. KAY

Oh, hey Rich. What can I do for you?

STURGES

You've got to help me. Mr. McCluskey...I can't take it.

MRS. KAY

Oh, yeah. I was expecting this.

STURGES

So you'll help me?

MRS. KAY

No can do, man. I'm sorry, but Mr. Bakale's Gladiator LARPing club is a big hit.

INSERT: Bakale, decked out in Gladiator armor, takes down a student with a shield. He turns to the audience of club members.

BAKALE

Are you not entertained!?!

BACK TO SCENE.

MRS. KAY

We're hoping the proceeds can finally get us some air conditioning.

STURGES

I don't care if it gets us air conditioning, or a new school, or a cure for cancer! I need him gone!

MRS. KAY

Well, I don't know what to tell you. There's not much I can do.

Sturges looks disappointed.

MRS. KAY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm off to lunch.

Mrs. Kay stands up and leaves. Sturges continues to look disappointed, until the cookbook catches his eye.

He grabs it and lifts it up. Maniacally, he says:

STURGES

Fine. I'll do it myself.

INT. STURGES' ROOM - DAY

McCluskey walks into class and sees his students using their shirts to cover their noses.

MCCLUSKEY

What's going on?

He looks over to Sturges, who is decked out in a chef outfit and holding a cooking pot and serving spoon.

STURGES

Oh, I made an egg salad. You want some?

A student coughs. Sturges looks over, pretending to be clueless.

STURGES (CONT'D)

None of them seem to like the smell. Not sure why.

MCCLUSKEY

Oh, well luckily for me, I lost my sense of smell when I was twelve.

McCluskey walks over and grabs the serving spoon. He digs in for a bite. Sturges watches, disappointed.

INT. FOREIGN LANGUAGE HALLWAY

McCluskey walks through the hall, hearing an incredibly loud noise. Confused, he picks up his pace.

INT. STURGES' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As he enters the classroom, McCluskey sees Sturges BANGING on a drum set obnoxiously.

STURGES

Hola, Señor!

McCluskey watches with what looks like horror. He runs out of the classroom. Sturges watches triumphantly.

But then, McCluskey returns with a saxophone in his hands.

MCCLUSKEY

Finally, someone to jam with.

He begins to blast it, like the sound of a dying elephant. Enraged, Sturges punches a drum.

INT. STURGES' ROOM

McCluskey walks into class and sits at his desk. Sturges appears and places a live tarantula on the desk.

MCCLUSKEY

(shocked)

Oh my God!

STURGES

(grinning)

Yeah, I thought I'd get you a nice moving-in gift.

MCCLUSKEY

(after a pause)

I love it!

Sturges looks confused. McCluskey grabs the tarantula and starts playing with it.

MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)
(to the tarantula)
I'm going to take you on an
adventure.

McCluskey stands up and walks to the doorway. Bakale enters,
with an arrow in his neck and blood leaving quickly.

BAKALE
Would you guys happen to have any
band-aids? I just caught an arrow
in the neck.

The tarantula jumps out of McCluskey's hand and onto Bakale's
face. He falls over screaming.

Sturges watches, feeling like a failure.

END MONTAGE.

INT. STURGES' BEDROOM

Sturges sits on his bed staring at a notebook. We see various
ideas, like "Drums" and "Tarantula" crossed off. There are no
new ideas.

STURGES
(to himself)
What can I do?

Suddenly, he hears an insidious, maniacal VOICE say:

VOICE
You know what you have to do.

Sturges stands up in fear and confusion.

STURGES
Who said that!?!

THE VOICE
You know who.

STURGES
Where are you!?!

THE VOICE
Over here.

Sturges looks to a full-body mirror to his side. The man in
the mirror is like him, but not him. This is EVIL STURGES.

STURGES

What the hell!

EVIL STURGES

Hello, Richard.

STURGES

Who are you!?!

EVIL STURGES

I am you. Not the you you want to be, but the you you truly are.

STURGES

What are you talking about?

EVIL STURGES

You sit here all night, trying to think of non-permanent solutions to a permanent problem, when the real solution is right in the palm of your hand.

Evil Sturges begins to lift his hand up, a knife in his grasp. In fear, Sturges looks down at his own hand, which is also slowly rising with a knife in it.

Sturges falls back in fear, while Evil Sturges continues to stand in the mirror, beginning to laugh maniacally.

STURGES

NO! NO!

Sturges continues to cry out in fear, until his face of fear slowly shifts into the face of a maniac. Slowly, he laughs:

STURGES (CONT'D)

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, HA HA HA HA
HAAAAAAAAA!

INT. STURGES' ROOM - DAY

A tripwire extends across the floor of the room, attached to a sharp dart gun.

Sturges sits at his desk, watching the door eagerly.

But not according to plan, Bakale enters, looking misshapen and exhausted, his neck wrapped up from the arrow.

BAKALE

Hey, Rich.

STURGES

(caught off guard)

Oh, Gabe.

(trying to keep calm)

What's going on?

BAKALE

It turns out they're giving Mr. McCluskey his old room back. The Gladiator LARPing Club is done.

STURGES

Oh.

BAKALE

Yeah, it turns out the School Committee only allows so many hospitalizations before a club gets banned. Now if you ask me, they could be a bit more generous with it, but...

STURGES

(interrupting)

Oh, I'm sorry about that. Well, have a good one Gabe.

BAKALE

Oh, wait: before I go, I got you a little something to apologize for all your troubles.

Bakale begins to walk forward holding a small gift bag.

STURGES

GABE, NO!

Bakale trips the wire. Within a second, the dart passes right through the wrap and into his neck. Blood squirts out.

Sturges is terrified. Right then, McCluskey walks through the door as Bakale's corpse falls to the ground.

After taking a second to register, McCluskey faints.