

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL LAB - AFTERNOON

JIMMY stands alone at a lab table, tinkers with desktop size computer gadget, the *LESSON-LEAPER*. He waves an attached wand up and down over a book's pages.

LESSON-LEAPER
(electronic voice)
Question #1: What is the symbol for oxygen? Answer: O2

JIMMY
That's fantastic.

Carl and Sheen burst into the room.

SHEEN
There you are, Jimmy! We've looked everywhere.

CARL
(giggles nervously)
I checked the girl's bathroom.

SHEEN
Once would have been enough, Carl.

JIMMY
Guys, I've been working on my newest invention - my *Lesson-Leaper* computer. Watch:

Jimmy waves the glowing arm over the workbook page. The computer makes electronic noises, then speaks.

LESSON-LEAPER
Question #2: Who was the 16th President of the United States?
Answer #2: Abraham Lincoln.

SHEEN
In the form of a question.

LESSON LEAPER

Who was Abraham Lincoln?

CARL

The actor whose picture is on the \$5 bill.

JIMMY

Guys, my *Lesson-Leaper* answers all of our homework questions --

LESSON-LEAPER

Question #3: What is pi? Answer #3: What Carl has for breakfast.

JIMMY

Uh, it's still got a few bugs to work out.

LESSON-LEAPER

And mid-morning snack.

Carl opens his lunch box and unwraps a piece of pie.

JIMMY

The point of my invention is that by having the *Lesson-Leaper* do our homework, we'll have more time -

SHEEN

To watch Ultra Lord! To worship at the feet of the high and mighty -

LESSON-LEAPER

And lunchtime appetizer.

JIMMY

The point -

CINDY (O.S.)

Is on top of your head, as usual, Nerd-tron!

Jimmy, Carl, and Sheen turn to see Cindy and LIBBY standing in the doorway.

CINDY (cont'd)

What's your latest hairball scheme? It looks like a \$500 reading lamp.

JIMMY

Girls, guys, what I've been trying to tell you is that with the

Lesson-Leaper, we won't have to do homework any more.

CARL

But Jimmy, I thought that you liked doing homework.

JIMMY

I like using my giant brain, Carl. I don't like spending hours each night regurgitating what I already learned in school that day.

LESSON-LEAPER

And after-lunch snack.

CARL

Jimmy, your computer's making me hungry.

LIBBY

Carl, air makes you hungry.

CINDY

Just how does your so-called invention work - if it does?

Jimmy beams proudly over his machine, points at the glowing arms.

JIMMY

Cindy, the light pulses given off by these sensor arms can rearrange the word order of the questions. It deciphers the probability code of which multiple choice answers will come in what order, and takes into account Miss Fowl's horoscope, biorhythms, and the day of the week-

LIBBY

What does the day have to do with it?

JIMMY

Elementary, my dear Libby. Monday, the questions are fairly simple, because everyone is still trying to get back in gear from the weekend. Tuesday and Wednesday questions are the hardest, because the weekend is too far away to think about. Thursday, things start to slow down, because it's almost Friday...and Friday, well, that's a waste of time.

CINDY

The only thing that's a waste of time
is that contraption.

JIMMY

Laugh if you want, Cindy, but tonight,
when you're wishing that your math
problems were already done, you may
wish you could use it.

LESSON-LEAPER

And after-school snack.

Carl munches with pieces of pie in each hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Cindy struggles with elaborate algebra formulae.

CINDY

(angry)

I just know it doesn't work. No way.

Knock on Cindy's window attracts her attention. She goes to
window, opens it, Libby climbs in.

CINDY (cont'd)

Libby! What are you doing here?

LIBBY

I wanted to know if you wanted to go
with me. Some of the kids are hanging
out at the soda shop.

CINDY

What? Hanging out on a Tuesday night?
Are you crazy?

Libby hops back out of the window.

LIBBY (O.S.)

I'll take that as a, "No."

CINDY

(angry)

Ohhhh. That Neutron.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Many of the kids look sleepy, red-eyed. Cindy stares angrily at Jimmy, who smiles at her.

MISS FOWL

Well, I see some sleepy faces out there. I know that you must have been up late, working on that math. I have to say that I've never seen such great homework turned in before. Whatever you're all doing - keep it up!

As Miss Fowl turns to write on the blackboard, Jimmy gives a little push to his *Lesson-Leaper*, which rolls over to Miss Fowl's books. It glows and digests the pages through their covers. Miss Fowl writes math problems on the board. Jimmy's invention aims a glowing tentacle at the board and absorbs the assignment.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

I'm so proud of the work you kids did, I'm doubling up on it tonight.

Cindy grimaces and slaps both palms against her forehead.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

You all got 100s on the work. Well, almost all of you. Speaking of which

-

Miss Fowl turns back to the class, looks at Cindy.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

Cindy, I'll need to speak with you after class, if you could stay for a little remedial session.

Cindy has daggers in her eyes as she glares at Jimmy. Miss Fowl turns back to the blackboard and resumes writing.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

The rest of the class is free to go early, as soon as you've copied the assignment down -

Everyone, including Sheen, clears out immediately, nearly emptying the classroom, behind Miss Fowl's back.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

- as a special prize for your great work. Sheen, I may need you to tutor Cindy.

Cindy breaks down sobbing. Miss Fowl turns back, sees her.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)
Cindy, you need not get so emotional.
We're all here to help each other.

SHEEN
Miss Fowl, it's not Cindy's fault
that she's a little slow. She may just
need to go to a slower class.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MALT SHOP - EVENING

Carl and Sheen are sitting at a table. Carl has four empty parfait glasses in front of him. Sheen is making paper airplanes out of his workbook pages, throwing them around.

CARL
This is great. With my homework done
for me by 4 o'clock, I've got plenty
of time to have fun.

SHEEN
C'mon, let's head over to Jimmy's.

Sheen gets up, and Carl tries to follow, but can hardly get out from behind table, as his fountain drinking has increased his size.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy is printing out massive stack of pages from his homework computer.

JIMMY
Guys, this is great! I'm already
printing out next year's homework.

SHEEN
Wow! I could get my medical degree
before I'm allowed to cross the
street.

JIMMY
This is the answer to all my worries
about not having enough time to
fulfill my potential.

CARL

(giggles)
We could be going out with college cheerleaders next year.

A knock comes on the window. Jimmy opens it and Libby hops in.

CARL (cont'd)
Uh-oh, it's a girl, here in our clubhouse.

JIMMY
Carl, this isn't your clubhouse. It's my room. Libby, why did you come in the window.

LIBBY
Do you really want your parents to see a girl coming in here at night?

JIMMY
You're right. My dad might get jealous.

LIBBY
Yeah, and then he'd have to tell us all about his escapades with the fairer sex until we all fell asleep.

SHEEN
Then your mama would come in.

CARL
That wouldn't be so bad.

LIBBY
Listen. I came here to warn you that Cindy isn't going along with this homework thing.

JIMMY
She's not?

Libby begins pulling future homework assignments from Jimmy's stack of papers.

LIBBY
Nope. Some garbage about doing it the old fashioned way, and earning it. I don't know what's wrong with her.

JIMMY
What about you, Libby?

LIBBY
Me? I'm skipping the homework and
going to launch my acting career.

SHEEN
Your acting career?

LIBBY
Sure, that way I can do my phoney PR
stay in rehab when I'm still a
teenager, so I don't have to wait till
I'm old, like Lindsay Lohan.

Jimmy puts on jacket.

CARL
Where you going, Jimmy?

JIMMY
To talk to Cindy. She could ruin the
whole thing if she talks.

Jimmy pushes them all out the window.

JIMMY (cont'd)
She just doesn't understand how not
having to do homework could really
free her from bondage.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E OUTSIDE CINDY'S WINDOW - LATER

Jimmy looks into Cindy's room, sees her with a stack of books,
working at her desk.

CARL (O.C.)
What are you doing, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Ahhhh!

Jimmy leaps into air, as Carl surprises him from behind. Cindy
hears noise and opens window.

CINDY
(angrily)
Now what Jimmy? First, you embarrass
me in class, now you're with the blimp,
peeking in my window!

Carl looks up, then spins around, back and forth.

CARL
I didn't see a blimp.

Jimmy climbs through Cindy's window, Carl follows, but his added girth pins him in window, unable to move. He flails his arms in Cindy's room.

CARL (cont'd)
Uh, Jimmy, a little help.

Cindy drops the venetian blind over Carl.

CINDY
Neutron, what's going on with the homework? What are up to?

JIMMY
Cindy, I've devised a way for us to outsource our homework to a computer, so that we can use our superior intellects for more productive things.

CINDY
Like *this*?

Cindy pulls up venetian blind, reveals Carl.

CARL
Cindy, do you have any chocolates?

Cindy drops blinds again.

CINDY
Neutron, maybe you and I could benefit, but the average brain will just fall further behind.

JIMMY
Look Cindy, if you don't want the answers, fine, but please don't blow it for the rest of us.

CINDY
What's in it for me?

Jimmy paces quickly around, stops suddenly.

JIMMY
Cindy, I've got an idea, but you'll have to trust me. Can you hold off for a couple of days?

CINDY
(Wicked Witch of West
voice)
I'll bide my time, Neutron, I'll bide
my time.
(Normal voice)
Now just get Carl out of my room.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Students are in their seats. Carl is sitting across two. Miss Fowl is passing back papers.

MISS FOWL
Class, once again, you've all amazed
me -

Looks at Cindy.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)
Well, almost all amazed me, with your
perfect homework assignments. I
think that all of your hard work is
finally paying off. Cindy, I need you
to stay after school for a little more
remedial work.

Cindy glares at Jimmy.

CINDY
Ohhhh!

EXT. NEXT TOWN OVER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL YARD - AFTERNOON

Jimmy, Sheen, and Carl mount their parked bicycles, start to ride away. Carl is sitting in a wagon being pulled by Jimmy's bike.

SHEEN
Jimmy, this was fun. But, I am
wondering why, if we're always trying
to get out of school, why we rode all
this way to get into another school.

CARL
Going to your own school is
like...going to school. Going to
someone else's school is like going on
a class trip.

JIMMY

We came here to diversify and expand our portfolios.

SHEEN

Yeah, that's what I thought.

CARL

I don't need to do any more expanding.

JIMMY

It's just a little multi-level marketing of my homework computer services.

CARL

Oh - that's much better, whatever it means.

SHEEN

It means we'll soon be platinum pin members of the company. We'll be interviewed from our Hawaiian resort by *60 Minutes* and other tabloid expose programs.

CARL

You mean we'll be wealthy like televangelists?

JIMMY

Well, maybe not that wealthy. But I've contacted a entrepreneurial student here, who will charge other kids, here, for my computer to do their homework. He gets a percentage and passes the rest on to us

SHEEN

Yeah Carl, that's what I said.

CARL

Yeah, I knew that. Where to now Jimmy?

Jimmy struggling to pull Carl.

JIMMY

We're continuing to build our empire. We're off to the Just Down the Road School. More kids. More homework. More help for the masses.

SHEEN

More money.

CARL

More effort, Jimmy. A little faster,
or they'll be out of school.

Jimmy struggles to pump the bicycle.

JIMMY

Thanks Carl.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - LATER

JUDY NEUTRON and HUGH NEUTRON sit on the couch. Judy reads while Jimmy's dad watches *Fourth Life*.

FOURTH LIFE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...you'll watch people escape into
their computer's world's computers,
and watch reality TV, as it watches
you.

The TV picture enlarges to show the back of a couple's heads in a living room. Hugh recognizes his own shirt on the man.

HUGH NEUTRON

Wait a minute.

Hugh spins around just in time to see someone pull a video camera away from his window behind the couch. On the TV screen behind him, his own face is on camera, but he doesn't see it. Judy Neutron looks up from her reading, sees Hugh on TV.

JUDY NEUTRON

Borrrrrring!

She flips the remote to *Lives of the Rich and Famous*, where Jimmy can be seen rolling Carl up a lawn towards the door of a mansion, behind ROBIN LEACH.

JUDY NEUTRON (cont'd)

Hugh, does it strike you as odd that
Jimmy has a huge clubhouse on its own
lot?

Hugh glances out the window at the gigantic home that Jimmy, Carl, and Sheen are standing in front of, with Robin Leach doing a stand up. Hugh glances down at VIDEO KID with camera below Hugh's window, waves to kid, returns to couch.

HUGH NEUTRON

He's so industrious. I've noticed that he's been getting mail from some Wall Street investment company. Should I have it forwarded to him?

Doorbell rings. Hugh goes to door, opens it. A BUTLER stands in doorway.

BUTLER

I'm here for Master Jimmy's mail.

HUGH NEUTRON

Yes, we were just talk--

Butler snatches mail from his hand and leaves.

HUGH NEUTRON (cont'd)

Something strange is definitely going on. I just can't put my finger on it, honeybunch.

JUDY NEUTRON

He's not bringing any homework books home, either.

HUGH NEUTRON

He is *such* a brain! Y'know, they say that the male's DNA passes on down to the male offspring, identically.

JUDY NEUTRON

Stop joking, Hugh. He really is your son.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Miss Fowl, beaming, passes papers back, smiles at everyone, except Cindy, at whom she wrinkles her nose.

MISS FOWL

Now class, you've all been doing such exemplary work.

Miss Fowl pauses looks at Cindy, clears throat derogatorily.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

I just know that you're all going to ace the National Knowledge Exams, tomorrow.

Door opens, LIMO DRIVER leans head in.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)
(to driver)
Jimmy will be there in a few minutes.

LIMO DRIVER
No, I'm Sheen's limo driver.

Driver and Miss Fowl look over at Sheen, who's asleep under the book *The One Minute Multi Level Marketer*.

LIMO DRIVER (cont'd)
Just tell him that Ultra Lord's limo
is running about 10 minutes behind.

Limo driver bows, ducks out, closes door hard. Sheen wakes up.

MISS FOWL
Sheen, perhaps you'd like to use that
extra time to help Cindy.

SHEEN
I'd like to, but I have to take a
meeting with the Princeton Review
Board, to discuss pending format
changes for the SAT exams. Perhaps
Ultra Lord (holds up) can help her
out--

Cindy grunts and swipes books off her desk.

SHEEN (cont'd)
Again.

Cindy puts head on desk and sobs.

MISS FOWL
Sheen, it's hard to believe that just
six months ago, you had trouble
spelling your own name.

SHEEN
Remembering it, even.

Bell rings.

MISS FOWL
Class dismissed. Keep up the good-

Class is already empty, except for Cindy, who still has her head
on her desk.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

Work.

Miss Fowl pats Cindy's head.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

Y'know Cindy, the classroom setting is not for everyone. You might consider vo-tech training, or even a leave of absence. I hear that they're always looking for help in the candy wrapping factory over on the other side of the tracks.

Cindy's head pops up.

CINDY

What! Miss Fowl, I have a 94 average!

Cindy goes to door, opens it and looks at kids in hallway, as Miss Fowl speaks to her.

MISS FOWL

(wags head)

I know dear, and you can't help that. That used to be respectable, too. But nowadays, I don't know how long I can keep alibiing to the school board to keep you in class. If you could just work a little harder...as the others are doing...

Cindy sees kids shooting dice, carrying surfboards, skateboarding on the bannisters. She spots Jimmy standing alone, tabulating on an electronic notepad, starts angrily towards him.

CINDY

Jimmy! This has gone far -

Out of nowhere, several LARGE SECURITY KIDS, wearing uniforms with JN patches emblazoned on their shirts, surround Jimmy, blocking Cindy.

CINDY (cont'd)

Enough.

LARGE KID #1

You have business with Mr. Neutron?

JIMMY

It's OK fellas. You can let Cindy through.

They part just enough to give Cindy a slight view of Jimmy. He pries them a little farther apart.

CINDY

I was *thisclose* to spilling the beans about your *Lesson-Leaper* to Miss Fowl.

JIMMY

Don't do it, Cindy!

He slides envelope out of his pocket, holds up, wags.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Or these payments would stop and those front row concert tickets would go away.

CINDY

Oh! I can't believe I've become a victim of your homework scheme.

Cindy turns, starts to walk away, hears Jimmy.

JIMMY

(Darth Vader voice)

Come with me to the dark side and together we can rule the school.

Cindy spins back.

CINDY

What was that?

JIMMY

(normal voice)

I didn't hear anything.

CINDY

I hate what this power has done to you, Jimmy.

Cindy runs outside, bumps into NICK on stairs.

NICK

Oh Cindy. I've been looking for you.

CINDY

(dreamily)

You have?

NICK

Yeah. Miss Fowl said you probably went to some candy factory.

CINDY

Oh!

NICK

Listen, I've got some great tickets for the Hannah Montana concert and-

Cindy throws her arms around Nick. Oh Nick, I'd love to go with you.

NICK (cont'd)

Oh no, babe, I'm sorry. You can have the tickets. I can't go now. I was going to take Libby, but now I'm handling collections for the man.

CINDY

Libby! Who's *the man*?

NICK

(looks around, whispers)
Yeah, you know, Mr. Neutron. J-N. The fixer. Maybe you could take Sheen to the show. Get in good with him.
(winks)

Cindy's about to explode. A limo door pops open, Sheen leans out.

SHEEN

Yo, Cindy. Ultra Lord's in the gold limo behind mine, if you need some math help.

Limo door closes, Sheen roars off. Classroom window opens, Miss Fowl leans out.

MISS FOWL

We're all just trying to help you, Cindy. (voice starts to echo) All just trying to help you. Trying to help you.

Kids pass Cindy, look at her, nod their heads.

CINDY

I'm not going to have a nervous breakdown. I have a 94 average and I'd be a top student if it weren't for

Jimmy's computer. I'm going to catch
him alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF JIMMY'S HOUSE - LATER

Cindy knocks on door. Hugh pokes out window.

HUGH NEUTRON

Oh Cindy. You're just in time. We
were about to put on Sheen's new
financial advice tape. If you're
looking for Jimmy, he's down at the
compound.

CINDY

The compound?

Hugh points down the street at the mansion, adorned by a huge
fountain and a high fence. Cindy waves, bicycles down the block.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF JIMMY'S COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Marquis sign out front reads *Welcome Hannah Montana After Party.
By Invitation Only.* Over the archway is a Mt. Rushmore-like
carving of Einstein, Edison, Tesla, and Jimmy, with their names
underneath. Under Jimmy's, it just says, *The Man.*

Cindy storms into the lobby, only to be confronted by Carl,
sitting in a giant chair, looking like Jabba the Hutt. He is
surrounded by the JN logo large security kids and GIRLS FROM THE
CLASS.

CINDY

Carl, where's Jimmy?

CARL

(Jabba the Hutt-like voice)
Sorry Cindy, you need an appointment.

CINDY

Appointment? Appointment! I'll show
you.

Cindy starts to step forward in anger, but runs into an invisible
force field, contorting her face, mimes hands along invisible
wall.

CINDY (cont'd)
Listen, blubber-boy, I've got an
appointment with the school board if
Jimmy doesn't straighten up.

Carl opens up cell phone, talks.

CARL
(to Jimmy)
Yeah, the squealer's here. Maybe
you'd better see her. Very good.
(to Cindy)
He'll see you -

Cindy plows into force field again.

CARL (cont'd)
Thursday, from 3:20-3:30. Don't be
late.

Carl waggles fingers in bye-bye motion at Cindy. Cindy backs
up, pulls out her own cell phone, opens, dials.

CINDY
You recognize this number, chubby?
932-4055.

Carl jumps up.

CARL
No! That's mama's cell-phone. You
can't call that.

CINDY
I'll have her down here in five
minutes. There's got to be a fall-guy
in this scheme and guess who it's
gonna be?

CARL
No!

CINDY
You know what they do to cute little
boys like you on the inside?

Carl pushes button on chair handle. Star Trek type electronic
sound effect is heard.

CARL
(meekly)
You can go in now.

Cindy starts to walk past Carl, pauses, turns on him.

CINDY

Don't warn him that I'm coming or I'll
make that call.

Cindy kicks Carl, but her foot gets stuck in his goo-covered side. She struggles to extract it. She walks through door.

EXT. POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy lies on lounge, wears white robe and dark shades. ASHLEY and TIFFANY are giving his head a massage. Jimmy sits up abruptly when he sees Cindy.

JIMMY

Cindy, how nice to see you. This is
Ashley and Tiffany. I'm sorry, I
can't remember who's who.

CINDY

They're all the same. Look, we need
to talk. Privately.

Cindy straight-arms the girls into the pool.

ASHLEY

Oh - you got my hair wet!

TIFFANY

Look, you got my bathing suit wet!

CINDY

Jimmy, what's happened to you? Look
at all this.

JIMMY

(looks around pool)
It's not so bad, but I'm planning to
put in a waterfall, spiff it up a
little.

Cindy spins and starts to walk slowly away. Jimmy hops up from lounge chair, wraps arm around Cindy's shoulder, walks with her. The back of his robe reads *The Man*. He snaps his fingers and a FEMALE MINION appears out of nowhere to remove his sunglasses.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Look, I know that you're taking a
beating in school on the grades. You
just have to hang on a little longer.
I'll find a place for you in the

organization. I promise. How'd you like to be the *Ambassador to Summer School*?

They turn and walk back towards the edge of the pool. Ashley and Tiffany are splashing helplessly.

ASHLEY
Jimmy, we can't swim!

JIMMY
(incredulous)
What did you call me?

ASHLEY
Mr. (struggles/gurgles) Neutron,
help!

Jimmy glances off-screen at house, snaps fingers twice, turns away with Cindy. Two POOL BOYS race out and leap in to rescue girls. Horrified, Cindy pulls away, faces him.

CINDY
Don't you remember what Lord Acton said?

JIMMY
(beams)
Absolutely. It's going to be in next week's homework. "Power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely."

CINDY
Yes, that's what I'm telling you.

JIMMY
Oh my gosh, you're right. How did I not see it? Carl is out of control.

CINDY
Not Carl! Well, him too. But I don't care about him. I'm talking about you, Jimmy. *You're* out of control.

Cindy shoves him back onto lounge into sitting position, sits next to him.

JIMMY
(powermad)
OK, I get it. I'll use all of my power, use all of the judges on my payroll to force Miss Fowl to raise your grades. If she goes to Indochina, I want a

Lesson-Leaper hiding in a bowl of rice

--

Cindy slaps him.

CINDY

Snap out of it. It's not about grades, Jimmy. It's about you. I love y -- y-- you doing well. But you got into this so that you'd have more time to devote to science, not to becoming the *Donald Trump Mini-Me*.

JIMMY

You're right. I got so swept up in my success, I lost sight of my goals. But what should I do with all this?

Jimmy sweeps arms around at mansion.

CINDY

Do just what you're planning to do with Carl's body - donate it to science.

JIMMY

Right. Well, at least I got everyone to the national exams.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Miss Fowl paces, papers in hand.

MISS FOWL

I don't know what happened to you kids. You were all doing so well. You just set all-time low scores on the National Knowledge Exams. It's like you weren't studying at all. Sheen, you spelled your name wrong. Three different ways.

SHEEN

I *knew* it started with an "S".

MISS FOWL

And Carl, your test sheet jammed the main frame computer, due to the peanut butter on it.

JIMMY

It's my fault, Miss Fowl. My tutoring program made everyone overconfident, so we didn't study enough. But that's behind us now.

MISS FOWL

Not completely. The state's taken away our school buses and given us...*these*.

She points out the window at the line of short buses.

CINDY

(whispers to Jimmy)
You didn't make students overconfident. You made them lazy.

MISS FOWL

Only Cindy got a great score on the exams.

CINDY

Thank you. I studied hard.

MISS FOWL

Yes, maybe it was that extra tutoring I recommended, with (points at Sheen) what's-his-name.

Cindy grimaces. Sheen is not even paying attention, as he controls two action figures.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

Yes, well, I'm giving you all 30 page weekend homework assignments, due back on Monday morning.

Class groans. Miss Fowl starts writing numbers on blackboard.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

Cindy, you're excused from it.

Cindy smirks at Jimmy. Miss Fowl keeps writing.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

But if anyone needs help, Cindy can assist you. Here's Cindy's phone number.

Cindy jumps up, horrified.

CINDY

But Miss Fowl, I can't take all of these calls -

MISS FOWL

I realize that, Cindy. That's why I'm giving everyone your text message number, too.

Cindy shakes fists at Jimmy who smiles, sheepishly.

MISS FOWL (cont'd)

Class dismissed. Have a nice weekend, everyone.

Everyone, except Cindy, pours out of classroom. Cindy goes to Jimmy's desk, pulls out *Lesson-Leaper* computer. She removes it from box, angrily smashes it to pieces, puts them back in box. Carl had started back into room, sees Cindy doing this. She doesn't see him. He sneaks back out.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - LATER

Carl, still huge, is running on two treadmills that are next to each other. One leg is on each belt. A fishing rod is affixed to his back, stretching a piece of pie out in front of him, just out of his reach. Jimmy walks in with his computer in box. He opens it, finds broken pieces.

JIMMY

Look at this Carl. My *Lesson-Leaper* must have exploded from too much data. Perhaps it self-destructed because it knew its own powers were being used for the wrong purpose.

CARL

(huffing and puffing)
No Jimmy, I think it twas beauty killed the beast.