“Mixology Certification”

Episode #209

Written by

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Directed by

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COMMUNITY
EPISODE #209

SET LIST

INTERIORS

STUDY ROOM
SHIRLEY’S MINIVAN
JEFF’S CAR
*BAR
*VESTIBULE OF BAR
*BAR HALLWAY
*HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNIE’S APARTMENT

EXTERIORS

STREET
*FLANNAHAN’S HOLE
COMMUNITY
EPISODE #209
CAST LIST

JEFF.................................................................JOEL MCHALE
PIERCE.................................................................CHEVY CHASE
BRITTA.................................................................GILLIAN JACOBS
SHIRLEY.................................................................YVETTE NICOLE BROWN
ABED.................................................................DANNY PUDI
ANNIE.................................................................ALISON BRIE
TROY.................................................................DONALD GLOVER
CHANG.................................................................KEN JEONG
BOUNCER.............................................................TBD
*BARTENDER............................................................TIG NOTARO
*NERDY GUY..........................................................PAUL F. TOMPKINS
*COMPUTER VOICE....................................................TBD
COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

All are seated around the table. They wear party hats and some have noisemakers. There is a cake on the table.

ALL
(singing)
...to youuuu!

They cheer Troy. Pierce is confused.

PIERCER
Well, that was just weird. Why did we only sing the last two words? What happened to the “Happy Birthday” part?

SHIRLEY
You know Troy is Jehovah’s Witness, they don’t celebrate birthdays.

ABED
Annie and I did our best to keep the language on the cake compliant.

TROY
(reading cake)
"Hello During a Random Dessert."
(reading more)
"The month and day of which coincide numerically with your expulsion from a uterus."
(touched)
You guys. I never cry, but...

BRITTA
All right, happy expulsion, Troy, but after cake, we cram, for realsies. Finals are coming up.

JEFF
Yeah, this group is starting to use special occasions to avoid studying. Last week we had fondue and played Boggle because Shirley’s niece took her first bath.

(CONTINUED)
ABED
With bubbles.

SHIRLEY
(to Abed)
Thank you.
(to Jeff)
It’s a milestone.

PIERCE
Funny, because my birthday was last week and nobody noticed. Or cared.

Everyone goes quiet and exchanges guilty looks. Then:

JEFF
Pierce... you don’t remember the huge party we threw you? We need to talk about those painkillers --

PIERCE
(covering)
Gotcha! I remember my party, stupid!
(chuckling, nervous)
That was some party.

Everyone sighs, relieved, and gives Jeff looks of gratitude. Abed even says “Nice” and gives Jeff a thumbs up.

TROY
(experimenting, to Pierce)
You still owe me for the keg deposit.

PIERCE
You think I don’t know that?

BRITTA
(admonishing)
Troy.

Troy looks at her and nods in recognition he went too far.

JEFF
Troy.

Troy looks to Jeff, who gives him a thumbs up.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. STUDY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Troy is opening a gift from Abed. It’s a video game. He knows what it is before he finishes opening it. So excited.

TROY
Kickpuncher: Detroit?! No way!
This is sold out everywhere!

ABED
Not everywhere. I have a cousin in Detroit, they’re not crazy about it there.

TROY
This is how you turn twenty. Thanks.

They do the Troy-Abed five. Pierce struggles with the cake.

SHIRLEY
Here, let me help --

PIERCE
I broke my legs, not my gender.

Shirley backs off. Pierce starts cutting the cake, mangling it while everyone watches in silence. Annie unfolds a paper.

ANNIE
While we’re... watching this unfold, some birthday facts to enjoy:
Troy’s birthday is tomorrow, December 4th. Also born that day: Tyra Banks, Marissa Tomei and French cinematographer Claude Renoir.

TROY
Jackpot!

ANNIE
On the Chinese calendar, Troy is a horse, like me: Purposeful, self-possessed and gregarious.

TROY
No, I’m pretty sure I’m a snake. I remember, because I’m determined, self-possessed and mendacious.

(Continued)
JEFF
Pierce, what is this, what are you doing? Explain yourself.

Pierce has mangled the cake beyond recognition.

PIERCE
Who made this crappy cake?

ABED
A cake maker. At a cake store.

PIERCE
Well, he did it wrong.

ANNIE
Troy. We’re 1990, we’re horses.

TROY
I was born in ’89.

JEFF
Then... you were born twenty-one years ago.

TROY
Which makes me twenty... because everyone is ten for two years.
   (getting concerned)
Because fifth grade is really hard... for everyone.
   (realizing)
MOM! How many lies am I living?!

BRITTA
Do you understand, at midnight, you turn twenty-one. As in drinking age?

TROY
Whoa!

JEFF
Okay, this party just became unacceptable. We’re going out.

BRITTA
Yep.

Jeff and Britta start gathering their stuff.

(CONTINUED)
ANNIE
You guys were just complaining about us having too many parties.

JEFF
Too many lame ones. This is real.

SHIRLEY
What makes it real?

JEFF
Shirley, think of it as Troy taking his first bath, only the bubbles are his manhood.

TROY
(to Shirley)
I want to bathe in manhood!

JEFF
I’m taking you to Johnny’s.

BRITTA
Ucch. You mean douchey’s?

JEFF
Oh, of course you hate cool bars. I don’t suppose you’ve even been to Johnny’s.

BRITTA
(cocksure)
Hey, I’ve never been to Beirut, either,...
(adjustment PCness)
And I...probably will go there, one day, because I’m sure it has a lot of interesting culture, --
(over their groans)
Unlike Johnny’s, which is douchey!

JEFF
Let’s hear your suggestion.

BRITTA
The Red Door.

JEFF
Oooooh, the Red Hipster?

BRITTA
It’s not hipster. Hipsters haven’t even found it, it’s underground.
SHIRLEY
Why don’t we go somewhere fun, like Peg Leg Pablo’s. They have virgin mudslides.

BRITTA
They’re milkshakes, Shirley.

ANNIE
You guys, all you think about is yourselves. Think about me. I’m nineteen, I can’t get into a bar.

JEFF
Well...

They all shrug. Annie starts to “almost cry.”

ANNIE
Okay, well... have fun...

BRITTA
Okay, I’ll get Annie an ID.

ANNIE
A fake ID?

BRITTA
It’ll be real, it just won’t be yours.
(to Jeff)
Meet you at the Red Door.

JEFF
Nice try. We’re not going to Red Poet’s Society.

BRITTA
Not going to Douchey Cologne’s.

JEFF
Fine, on the count of three, name the least offensive bar you’ve ever been to, one, two, three:

BRITTA AND JEFF
Flannahan’s Hole.

JEFF
Done. Troy, you riding with me?

TROY
You have to ask?

(CONTINUED)
SHIRLEY
Pierce, you want to come in my van?

PIERCER
I’m not a disabled, all right? I
don’t need people’s help to do
normal things, why can’t everybody
stop doting on me and leave me --

They have all left.

PIERCER (CONT’D)
Good. I’ll beat you there.

He tries to work his chair. It starts moving backwards.

PIERCER (CONT’D)
Okay, that’s not...

His chair backs out of the study room and around the corner.

PIERCER (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Stop helping me!

INT. SHIRLEY’S MINIVAN – LATER

Shirley drives. Britta in passenger seat. Annie in the
back, studying her fake ID.

ANNIE
I don’t think this girl looks very
much like me.

BRITTA
She’s a white brunette.

ANNIE
So is Anne Hathaway.

SHIRLEY
(waiting for the rest)
Go on...

ANNIE
And what is your friend doing with
a stack of other people’s IDs?

BRITTA
Don’t know. Sometimes people sell
their ID when they’re leaving the
state and need cash.
ANNIE
(studying ID)
So this girl’s a drifter. A floater. An urchin. Caroline Decker. 20067 Moonfish Lane, Corpus Christi Texas ...Texas? Do I need an accent?

BRITTA
You don’t need an accent.

ANNIE
(trying Texas accent)
I’m Caroline Decker.

BRITTA
Don’t do that.

SHIRLEY
I guar-un-tee.

BRITTA
That’s Cajun.

Britta’s phone rings. She picks it up. SPLIT SCREEN with:

INT. JEFF’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeff is driving. Troy is in the passenger seat, Abed in back. They have Britta on his car’s speaker phone.

BRITTA
What?

JEFF
Flannahan’s Hole is closed. That’s not... I’m not being clever, I mean it’s out of business.

BRITTA
Well, that’s what they get for trying to please everyone. (to Jeff)
So now what?

JEFF
There’s a place on Third and Water. It’s fun divey but not staph infection divey, it’s got either a really gross name or an ironically fancy one, possibly both --
BRITTA
Oh. The Ballroom. Good.
(to Shirley)
Go to Third and Water.

SHIRLEY
Wait, why? That wasn’t the deal.

BRITTA
Shirley’s pushing back.

JEFF
Why, because they don’t have plastic menus and milkshakes?

BRITTA
Why, because they --

JEFF
Don’t repeat it, you goon! Look, just... the women are your problem, the men are going to The Ballroom. And now I guess I am being clever.

As Jeff hangs up, the boys take over the whole screen.

TROY
So, plastic menus are bad? See, this is the kind of stuff I need to learn, plastic menus seem like a great idea to me. For when you spill something on them.

JEFF
You’re entering a new chapter of your life, Troy. Sadly, it’s the final chapter, but it’s also the longest, and if you play it right, the best. You and I are just two guys, now. Peers. Equals.

TROY
So awesome. Maybe later I can drive your car?

Jeff just starts laughing like he knows Troy is totally kidding. Troy joins in after a while as if he was. Abed joins in, imitating their laughter. Jeff’s phone rings. Jeff reads his dash display.

JEFF
Shh! Shh. It’s Chang.
(hits button)
Hello?

(CONTINUED)
SPLIT SCREEN with:

INT. STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tight on CHANG, on his phone.

CHANG
Winger. Where’s the party, man?

JEFF
No party. Finals week.

CHANG
Yeah, you’re not going out for a little study break?

JEFF
Wish we could. Hunkered down, man, gotta study, gotta study hard.

In Chang’s panel, reveal he’s in the study room.

CHANG
Uh-huh. That’s cool. You guys keep studying.

Chang’s panel takes over the full screen. He hangs up his clamshell phone while staring at the study room table in front of him. He dips a finger into the mangled cake.

CHANG (CONT’D)
(contemplating)
Birthday.

He touches his tongue to the frosting.

CHANG (CONT’D)
Still fresh.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jeff, Troy and Abed approach a BOUNCER. Troy holds out his ID.

TROY
Good evening, former enemy.

JEFF
He’s 21 at midnight. Cool?

The bouncer scrutinizes the ID, then waves him through.

BOUNCER
Happy birthday.

As Abed and Jeff present their IDs, the girls approach.

(CONTINUED)
ANNIE
(to self)
Caroline Decker from Corpus --

BRITTA
Annie, you don’t need an accent.

ANNIE
If my ID says Texas, they’ll be suspicious --

BRITTA
(confides in her)
Look, they’re not going to question your ID because you’re a hot girl. We’re good for business. The hotter you are, the more they’ll risk the fine.

SHIRLEY
I don’t like this place.

BRITTA
You’ve been clear about that, Shirley. Oy vey.

Annie walks up. Holds out her ID.

ANNIE
(half committed)
Howdy?

The Bouncer waves her in, doesn’t care. Britta holds up her ID, he takes it. Inspects it very carefully. Checks out the edges. Uses an ultraviolet light on it. He hands a devastated Britta her ID.

BOUNCER
Can’t be too careful.

Britta enters. The bouncer sees Shirley. He lights up.

BOUNCER (CONT’D)
Shirley? Hey girl! Welcome back.

He goes in to hug her. She stops him.

SHIRLEY
(severe)
You don’t know me.

She walks in.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT

It’s a dive bar. There are Polaroids of drunk patrons on the walls everywhere. Jeff, Britta, Annie, Troy, Abed and Shirley sit in a booth. Jeff and Britta each have cocktails.

JEFF
This place is all right.

BRITTA
Yeah, it’s okay.

TROY
(re: Polaroids)
These pictures must be of all the regulars. You think someday I’ll make it up on this wall?

JEFF
I don’t say this often, Troy, but dream a little smaller.

Shirley glances at the photos stapled to the wall, and does a double take when she sees:

SHIRLEY’S POV - insert of one of the Polaroids, which depicts a shit-faced Shirley holding two beers, looking corpse-like.

She puts her purse in front of it.

ANNIE
Oh no!
(gets out phone)
I forgot to text Pierce. He thinks we’re going to Flannahan’s Hole.

EXT. FLANNAHAN’S HOLE - NIGHT

Pierce is in front of Flannahan’s Hole, staring at the boarded up doors in a silent anger.

CHANG (O.S.)
This is what they think of us.

Chang emerges from the shadows, regarding Pierce.

CHANG (CONT’D)
I propose an alliance, sir.

(CONTINUED)
Pierce is clearly considering it, when his phone beeps. He looks at it, reads a text, then puts it away.

PIERCE
(to Chang)
No thanks.

Pierce turns his chair around and starts rolling away.

INT. BAR - NIGHT
At the booth, Shirley is casually trying to pull the Polaroid of herself off the wall without being seen.
The BARTENDER stops by while grabbing empties.

BARTENDER
You guys need anything?

Shirley yelps, startled, which startles everyone.

SHIRLEY
(composing herself)
I’m okay.

JEFF
Another Macallan’s, neat.

BRITTA
Vodka neat four olives.

TROY
I’m waiting til midnight.

Everyone at the table says “awww.” Troy soaks it up.

BARTENDER
(to Annie)
Sweetie?

Annie stares at her for a moment, smiling, terrified, then:

ANNIE
(Texas drawl)
Water.

BARTENDER
Oh, where’s that accent from?

ANNIE
(cautious)
Corpus Christi, Texas. 78418.
BARTENDER
What are you doing in town?

ANNIE
Not much, I reckon. Just
...driftin’. Floatin’. Spittin’
in the wind. General waywardness.

The bartender smiles politely and walks away. Annie is relieved and a bit exhilarated.

BRITTA
Annie, you made it in, you don’t
need to be from Texas anymore.

ANNIE
I don’t know how it works, I’m not
a barfly, Britta.

Shirley successfully gets her photo off the wall.

SHIRLEY
(relieved)
Oh, praise God.
(covering)
Annie’s right, Britta, you can’t
expect people like us to understand
your world.

ABED
(noticing)
They have Galaga.
(to Annie and Shirley)
Slide out?

Annie and Shirley slide out. Abed heads for the game. Shirley looks around. There’s a million Polaroids.

SHIRLEY
I’m gonna...have a look around.

She walks away. Annie looks around. Makes a decision.

ANNIE
Me too.

JEFF
Don’t accept any drinks, Annie.

BRITTA
Or invitations to the bathroom.
(to Troy)
(MORE)
So, what are you going to order for your first legal drink?

TROY
What should I get?

JEFF
Whatever you want.

BRITTA
No wrong answers.

TROY
Well, I like beer.

BRITTA
Don’t get a beer.

JEFF
You’ve had beer.

TROY
What should I get?

JEFF
What do you think you might like?
It’s your world, now.

BRITTA
Follow your heart.

TROY
Well. My Uncle Carl played a big role in my life. Taught me how to throw a football. He passed away this year. His favorite drink was a seven and seven.

A beat as this sinks in. Then:

JEFF/BRITTA
Don’t get a seven and seven /
that’s a pussy drink.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Annie approaches the bar.

ANNIE
(cautious Texan accent)
Actually, I’ll have a diet coke instead of that water.

(CONTINUED)
BARTENDER
Sure thing.

ANNIE
(gaining confidence)
Thank you kindly. Everybody’s so nice in this town.

Annie pulls up a stool. Smiles at the person next to her.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
I’m Caroline. From Corpus Christi.
(deciding)
I grew up on a trout farm.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Abed is nearby, playing a Galaga machine. A NERDY GUY seated at the bar sees Abed and walks over.

NERDY GUY
Careful. You score any higher on that thing and the Rylans are going to recruit you to fight the Ko-Dan Empire.

ABED
(not looking up)
“The Last Starfighter.” Did you get the 25th anniversary Blu Ray?

NERDY GUY
Were the Peacekeepers guardians of the Eidelons 27,000 cycles before the Scarran War? Frell yes, I’ve got Starfighter on Blu Ray.

Abed lets go of the joystick and looks at the nerdy guy.

ABED
You’re a fan of the sci-fi original series Farscape?

NERDY GUY
Can I buy you a drink?

Shirley walks by, scanning photos on the wall. Finally, she finds another of herself, looking ridiculously drunk and downtrodden, flipping off the camera. Distressed, she peels it off the wall and continues.
EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The Bouncer watches Pierce roll up in his wheelchair.

BOUNCER
You got some ID?

PIERCÉ
Very funny, punk. Get out of my way, I’ve got a study group to tell to kiss my ass.

INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR - CONTINUOUS

Pierce rolls into the bar’s tiny vestibule. He tries to roll into the bar, but it requires too sharp a turn. He bangs around in the vestibule trying to maneuver himself into a better position. He cannot.

The bouncer enters after a while.

BOUNCER
Do you need help, man?

PIERCÉ
Oh, yeah, you’d like that wouldn’t you? Little turning of the tables?

The bouncer frowns and leaves. Pierce keeps trying to negotiate the vestibule’s impossibly angled doorways. The bouncer pokes back in, confused from earlier.

BOUNCER
The turning of what tables?

PIERCÉ
I don’t know, leave me alone!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Annie is seated at the bar, sipping her Diet Coke, talking to anyone who will listen in her Texas accent.

ANNIE
So I punched her. Right in the face.

BARTENDER
Your probation officer? Didn’t you get in trouble?
ANNIE
Hell yeah I got in trouble! Wasn’t the first time, won’t be the last. I’m not exactly known for my sound judgment. Down in Corpus Christi, they call me Capricious Caroline.

BARTENDER
What’s capricious mean?

ANNIE
It probably means I’m too busy living life to learn five dollar words!

INT. BAR

Jeff, Britta and Troy. Jeff and Britta have a few empties in front of them, now. They’re getting saucy. Jeff is tutoring an eager eyed Troy in Scotch drinking.

JEFF
With an aged Scotch, never use ice.

TROY
Never use ice. Got it. Why?

JEFF
Destroys it. At most, what you want: two drops of spring water. Activates the flavor.

BRITTA
Good lord. Do they have the rules to high maintenance poser drinking on the wall at L Street?

TROY
(to Jeff, eager)
Do they?

JEFF
Poser drinking? Hey, miss “Vodka, neat, four olives?” (amused, to Troy)
What’s that called? The Too-Cool-To-Care-Tini?

TROY
(to Britta, curious)
Is it?
JEFF
I bet the forced starkness of that
drink order turns a lot of horn
rimmed heads at the Red Door.

TROY
I can’t wait to understand these
fights!

Annie comes up, puts down a round of drinks for them and
takes their empties.

ANNIE
Hey y’all, ‘nother round for ya,
everybody holdin’ up? I’ll be back
in two shakes of a rabbit’s ass!

She walks away, leaving everyone at the table puzzled.

JEFF
Who the hell was that?

Britta clambers over Troy to get out of the booth.

BRITTA
I gotta race like a pee horse.

JEFF
Classy. Way to show Troy the
ropes.

BRITTA
Shut up, L Street.

As Britta walks away, Troy and Jeff watch her.

JEFF
That woman is a hurricane.

TROY
Yeah.

JEFF
Hurricanes are bad, Troy.

TROY
(lying)
I know.

INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR – CONTINUOUS

Pierce struggles in this small space, unable to open one door
without closing the other.
INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Abed and the Nerdy Guy are seated at a table.

ABED
I always thought it’s possible the wormhole Chrichton fell through moved him across not only space, but time, which would suggest the Sebaceans could be our future selves, and Chrichton is longing for a planet that no longer exists.

NERDY GUY
You’re really nursing that beer.

Abed takes a small sip.

ABED
Which would make sense, because what kind of wormhole would it be if it could only move you from one place to another within the same galaxy on the same day?

NERDY GUY
Speaking of wormholes, suppose we used one to... teleport this conversation somewhere more private?

ABED
That doesn’t make sense. Wormholes and teleportation are two different things. That’s what I’ve been talking about this entire time.

NERDY GUY
(frustrated)
I noticed.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Annie is back at the bar.

ANNIE
I followed that band Phish, who spells it with a P-H, and I just lived in parking lots wherever they played. I don’t even like their music, just did it to see if I could do it. Guess what? I could.

(CONTINUED)
BARTENDER
So what’s next?

ANNIE
I don’t know. Even if I planned it, plans fall off me like chicken crap off an armadillo. Annie’s the one that loves plans. Not me.

(Justifying)
Annie’s my friend. She goes to school here. Thinks she’s got it alllallll figured out. She wants to major in healthcare management. What does that even mean?

BARTENDER
No idea.

ANNIE
I’ll tell you what it means. A master’s degree. Followed by an internship. She’s got the next fifteen years of her life all mapped out, all she can do is either follow it or screw it up.

BARTENDER
Another soda?

ANNIE
Actually, give me a rum and coke. I got nowhere to be, what am I, Annie?

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Abed and Nerdy guy.

ABED
First season, when you watch it the second time, it’s better than the third season. Fourth season is --

NERDY GUY
(exasperated)
Um, look, what’s your name?

ABED
Abed.

NERDY GUY
Abed: do you want to have sex?

(CONTINUED)
ABED
No thank you.

NERDY GUY
Wow. Okay. So, what’s wrong with you, that you can sit here all this time without picking up on the fact that a man is hitting on you?

ABED
I actually did pick up on it after a while.

NERDY GUY
And...?

ABED
I really, really like talking about Farscape.

The guy gets up, angry and storms away. Abed watches him go.

ABED (CONT’D)
It was a really good show.

INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR – NIGHT
Pierce clunking around. Still can’t get into the bar. A voice from his chair:

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Battery depleted.

PIERCE
What?

Pierce’s chair shuts down. He can’t move it.

PIERCE (CONT’D)
Aw, man!

He pouts.

INT. BAR HALLWAY
Shirley pulls down another photo. She has a stack in her hand. She appraises the area, content that she got them all.

INT. BAR
Britta, Jeff and Troy are laughing hysterically at something – especially Jeff and Britta, who are blotto drunk. They’re excited to see Shirley.
Hey there, whatcha been up to?

I was just praying for the poor souls in these photographs.

That makes Jeff and Britta really happy.

That’s nice, hey...you missed one.

It was hanging in the ladies room.

Britta holds up a large framed blown-up photo of Shirley at her most embarrassingly drunk. Above the photo, it says “IF YOU LOOK LIKE THIS,” and below it says “CALL A CAB.”

Jeff, Britta and Troy crack up. Shirley is mortified.

Give that to me.

Come on, don’t feel bad, this makes us like you way more.

Yeah, you just became like eight times more interesting. For a total of eight.

Are you guys enjoying this?

The tone in her voice makes the three of them stop laughing.

My husband of ten years ran away, and because I couldn’t get a job, because I hadn’t worked in ten years, he figured maybe he should take the kids off my hands. And the whole world started taking his side. I had some bad years. With a chaser. Then I picked myself up. (to Jeff and Britta)

You two might want to try it. That boy looks up to you.

Wait a minute. Screw you --
JEFF
(calming her down)
Britta, just. Hold on.
(to Shirley)
Screw you, Shirley!

TROY
(calming Jeff)
Whoa! Both of you.
(to Shirley)
Shirley. Screw you. Just kidding. Come on, the picture is funny because you always act perfect. And because you look like a zombie. But it’s not funny when you’re sad. We’re on your team. Relax, sit down, it’s my birthday.

Shirley holds her hand out for the photo. Troy shrugs and hands it over. Shirley shoves it into her purse.

SHIRLEY
I will see you all on Monday.

Shirley heads for the:

INT. VESTIBULE OF BAR - CONTINUOUS

Pierce is seated, pouting, in his deactivated chair. Shirley comes out through the bar’s door. She looks at him.

PIERCET
What?

SHIRLEY
Nothing. Get out of my way.

She moves around him to get out.

PIERCET
I can’t get out of your way, I’m stuck in this stupid -- I don’t know who designs a building --

She’s made it around him and is leaving.

PIERCET (CONT’D)
Will you help me? Please?

She stops and turns around.

PIERCET (CONT’D)
Will you please help?

(CONTINUED)
She grabs his chair and starts pulling it out the door.

PIERCES (CONT’D)
Thank you.

SHIRLEY
You’re welcome. Jackass.

INT. BAR – A LITTLE LATER
CLOSE on a clock on the wall. It’s nearly midnight.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS
Troy comes up to the bar.

TROY
I’m not allowed to drink it for another forty-five seconds, well, actually, by the time I finish saying this, thirty, but I’d like... a seven and seven.

BARTENDER
On the house. Happy birthday, kid.

She goes to make his drink. Troy looks around the bar.

Annie is hunched over a few empty shot glasses, nursing a mixer. She’s not trashed, but she’s bummed.

Abed is a few stools down from her, drinking, staring ahead.

Jeff and Britta are slumped in the booth. Britta slides her head onto Jeff’s shoulder.

CLOSE on the clock. The second hand makes its way to twelve.

The bartender returns with Troy’s seven and seven. Troy isn’t there.

He’s ushering his drunk friends toward the door. He fishes Jeff’s keys from his jacket pocket.

BARTENDER (CONT’D)
You’re a good man.

TROY
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)
BARTENDER
It’s nothing to be excited about.
That world’s gonna eat your ass alive.

TROY
What?

BARTENDER
Nothing. Don’t listen to me. I’m a bartender. I’m jaded.

Troy heads out the door. As it closes behind him, we see there is a gigantic version of the Shirley Bennett “IF YOU LOOK LIKE THIS CALL A CAB” photo mounted to the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF’S CAR - THAT NIGHT

Troy drives. Annie is in the passenger seat, looking out the window. Britta, Jeff and Abed are in the back. Britta and Abed are passed out on each other.

Long silence.

JEFF
I think I owe you a birthday, Troy.

TROY
I’m cool. I always wanted to drive this thing.

JEFF
Aw, man, is this my car? Don’t crash it.

TROY
I’m not going to crash it.

BRITTA
(stirring)
Crash it, Troy.

JEFF
Go to sleep, Britta.

BRITTA
Crash his car, Troy.

ABED
This seems like a really dark chapter in our group’s story.

BRITTA
Go to sleep, Abed.
(sees something O.C.)
Oh, see, there’s the place we should’ve gone tonight.

JEFF
(looks)
Yeah, exactly, L Street.
BRITTA
That’s the Red Door, stupid. Do you see a sign that says “L Street?”

JEFF
L Street’s too cool to have a sign. It’s called L Street after the street it’s on.

BRITTA
The Red Door is on L Street.

JEFF
L Street has a red door.

Troy slams on the brakes, screeching the car to a stop.

JEFF (CONT’D)
Hey!

Troy turns and lays into them.

TROY
It’s the SAME BAR?! You two have been calling one bar LAME and the other AWESOME all NIGHT and it’s the SAME BAR?!

Silence.

BRITTA
Well, he probably goes on Fridays, that’s the lame night --

JEFF
You wish --

TROY
STOP! Just STOP! I’ve spent the last two years thinking you guys knew more than me about life and I just found out you’re as dumb as me?!

BRITTA
Well...duh doy.

JEFF
Yeah. Duh doy.

(CONTINUED)
TROY
(resigned)
Got it. Duh doy.

Troy pulls out.

ANNIE
You can take me home first. I only live a few blocks from here.

JEFF
You do?

BRITTA
Annie, this is a terrible neighborhood.

ANNIE
Thanks.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNIE’S APARTMENT – A LITTLE LATER

A dirty hallway of an apartment building in a bad part of town. Abed walks Annie to her door.

ANNIE
This is my apartment. Thanks.

Abed nods, smiles and starts walking away.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
Abed?

ABED
Yeah.

ANNIE
I did something really weird tonight. I started pretending I was someone else.

ABED
I do that like three times a week. After I rented Hard Target, I spent an entire six weeks as Jean Claude Van Damme. Ask me why my name is Chance.

ANNIE
Why is your name Chance?
ABED
(Van Damme)*
My mama took one.*

ANNIE
(confused)*
You’re...she...

ABED
(Van Damme)*
My mama took one.*

ANNIE
Oh, your name is Chance because your mama took a chance.*

ABED
It’s from Hard Target.*

ANNIE
That’s good. How long are you going to be at Greendale?*

ABED
Til they run out of media classes. They don’t have a film degree. But I can’t afford college.*

ANNIE
I don’t know what I’m doing. I mean I know what I’m doing, but I don’t know why I’m doing it. I’m going to be twenty. Who am I?

ABED
You’re Annie Edison. You’re a highly motivated hopeless romantic. You like puzzles, lists, stuffed animals and Mark Ruffalo. You’re naturally competitive, a sore loser, easily flustered, you hold everyone to a higher standard than most, but you hold yourself to a higher standard than anyone.*

ANNIE
Do you think I’d make a good hospital administrator?

ABED
Yes. But you want to be a journalist.*

(off her silence)
(MORE)
Also, like most of us, you got a little drunk tonight, so everything seems extra dramatic. We’ll be fine on Monday. Good night, Annie.

He walks away.

INT. JEFF’S CAR - NIGHT

Jeff and Britta are full-on making out. Troy is in the front seat, staring forward, horrified.

Britta breaks off the kiss.

BRITTA
Wait, what are we doing?

JEFF
Yeah, what are we doing?

TROY
YEAH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

BRITTA
That was bad, right?

JEFF
Yeah.

TROY
YEAH.

Abed opens the door and gets in the passenger seat.

ABED
What’d I miss?

BRITTA / JEFF / TROY
Nothing.

Troy puts the car in gear and starts driving.

ABED
Cool. Cool cool cool.

Long silence.

ABED (CONT’D)
Really weird night.

BRITTA / JEFF / TROY
Yeah.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE