

FADE IN

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

ROWDY TEENAGERS toss insults at one another along with wads of paper. If they weren't sitting on desks, this could be a mall cafeteria. But then--

SCREECH! Fingernails are dragged across a chalkboard, demanding everyone's sudden attention.

A scrawny TEACHER (30s) stands in the front of the room. He blows CHALK DUST from his nails like it was smoke from a gun.

TEACHER

Well, hello there, y'all. My name is Mister ~~Pubbleapple~~. But you can call me Boss.

Silence. One of the students, JIM (16), starts to LAUGH. His energy is contagious and soon the whole room is in an uproar.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna count down from three. If I hit zero and I still hear noise, you will all be very, very sorry.

JIM

What are you gonna do--boke us to death?

He fist-bumps HENDERSON (16) beside him, as--

TEACHER

Three. Two. Two-and-a-half.

HENDERSON

(mimicking)

You will be sorry!

TEACHER

One. Zero.

The kids are just as loud as ever. Teacher HESITATES, then pulls out something that's been hidden behind his belt: A CLOCK 9.

Before the students can react, he FIRES into the CEILING: BLAM!!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE DAY

PRINCIPAL SCHMIDT (50s) shoots awake at his desk, reacting to the GUN SHOT.