

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. HENLEY (25) sits at his desk wearing a collared button up shirt with a tie. The classroom is deserted as Mr. Henley pulls a massive sandwich from a brown paper bag. He looks ecstatic.

He dumps a bag of chips from the brown bag, picks them up and gives them a joyous shake, treating the chip bag like a maraca. He does a little dance in his seat.

Mr. Henley pops open the chip bag, sets it down, grabs the sandwich and takes a massive bite when-

LIZZIE (16) busts through the door ecstatically, holding a binder to her chest.

MR. Henley lets out an audible groan.

LIZZIE

Hi, Mr. Henley!

Over his mouthful of sandwich.

MR. HENLEY

Hello, Lizzie.

LIZZIE

What're you doing?

MR. HENLEY

Avoiding students like the plague.

LIZZIE

What a jokester.

MR. HENLEY

I meant just trying to eat my lunch. In private. Sweet, quiet private.

LIZZIE

Looks delicious. I didn't know you could cook.

MR. HENLEY

It's a sandwich, Lizzie.

LIZZIE

A Teacher and a Chef. What can't you do?

MR. HENLEY

Eat my sandwich.

LIZZIE  
Well I just wanted to check in.

Lizzie moves around the room.

MR. HENLEY  
Still here. I'll see you next  
period, Lizzie.

Mr. Henley puts his sandwich down.

LIZZIE  
Do you need help with anything?

MR. HENLEY  
Nope. All good.

LIZZIE  
Stapling?

MR. HENLEY  
Nope.

LIZZIE  
Sharpening pencils?

MR. HENLEY  
We're using pen today.

Lizzie walks over to the dry erase board.

LIZZIE  
Cleaning the board?

Mr. Henley exhales dramatically, exhausted.

MR. HENLEY  
Actually I just put that up there  
for the next class. Your class.  
Goodbye, Lizzie. I'll see you in-

He checks his watch.

MR. HENLEY (CONT'D)  
Fifteen minutes.

He escorts lizzie to the door.

LIZZIE  
Wait, wait, wait.

MR. HENLEY  
What is it?

LIZZIE

I know you're only our substitute.  
But I would be like dead. Deceased.  
Crushed. If our other teacher comes  
back to replace you.

MR. HENLEY

That seems dramatic.

LIZZIE

No... Like literally.

MR. HENLEY

I appreciate the sentiment. But  
this was only ever meant to be  
temporary.

Mr. Henley escorts her to the door again. This time with a  
bit more force, pushing her lightly out of the room.

Lizzie GASPS.

Mr. Henley stops! He pulls his hands up in a gesture of  
surrender.

MR. HENLEY (CONT'D)

Jesus, what?

LIZZIE

I had an idea! Why don't you make  
it full time?

MR. HENLEY

Teaching? I'd like to at some  
point.

LIZZIE

Why not now? I won't be in this  
grade forever. And you are hands  
down my favorite teacher.

MR. HENLEY

I just started on Monday.

LIZZIE

Feels like a lifetime.

MR. HENLEY

Three days. 72 hours.

LIZZIE

Lives can change in 72 hours.

Lizzie looks at him admiringly, longingly.

Mr. Henley sees where this is going.

MR. HENLEY

Honestly, it's been even less time.  
Maybe in total... 16 hours if we're  
going by school days, or even less!  
3 hours if we're going by class  
time!

LIZZIE

Well at least five seeing as I've  
visited you during study hall twice  
and now.

She giggles, he frowns.

MR. HENLEY

Yes, and thank you for the company,  
but I really have to insist-

LIZZIE

We could push her.

MR. HENLEY

Who?

LIZZIE

My teacher.

MR. HENLEY

What?

LIZZIE

Down the stairs.

MR. HENLEY

No! Lizzie, that's an assault and  
potential homicide.

LIZZIE

Give her some bad seafood.

MR. HENLEY

Poisoning.

LIZZIE

Make her disappear.

MR. HENLEY

Kidnapping. I'm calling your  
parents.

LIZZIE

I would do anything for love.