

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT. DAY.

Mr. Fairbanks rolls up to the school and gets out of his car on the first day with a camera guy in the shotgun seat of his car. He locks the car and turns to the camera guy.

Mr. Fairbanks
Welcome to Billings Central High!
Home of big dreams and unbalanced
hormones...

Camera pans up, looks at the dull building, and pans back down to look at Mr. Fairbanks, face brimming with joy and anticipation.

Mr. Fairbanks
Follow me, I'll give you a tour.

CUT TO

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY.

We are at the main entrance in senior hall.

Mr. Fairbanks
Ahhh, senior hall, I've got a few of these kids
in my film class this year and I'm psyched
to see what they can do... Or to see if
they fail miserably... there's always
that option.

CUT TO

We are walking up to Mr. Norlund's room and Mr. Fairbanks stops in front of his room.

Mr. Fairbanks
Ahhh Norlund...

He turns to the camera guy.

Mr. Fairbanks
This guy right here has been sabotaging
my lesson plans since he stepped into this
school. He is my sworn enemy, the Burr to
my Hamilton, the Hatfield to my McCoy, the
O'Donnell to my Trump. Kinda... Let's move on.

The camera zooms in on the door and we see a sign on the window that says “NO FAIRBANKS’S ALLOWED” written in sharpie.

CUT TO

Mr. Fairbanks approaches his own classroom.

Mr. Fairbanks
And this is my humble abode, the epicenter
of glory, filmography, and awesomeness!

Fairbanks starts to enter his classroom, but stops.

Mr. Fairbanks
Now, uh, before we go in I’m gonna ask
you to not speak to any of the students
and to just let the camera roll.
I’m really trying to capture the true
essence of a modern day film class.

Camera Guy
Oh yeah for sure man.

Mr. Fairbanks
Okay thank you! Agh this is gonna be
so much fun! Shall we?

Mr. Fairbanks opens the door to his classroom and the opening credits roll.

INT. FAIRBANKS’ CLASSROOM. DAY.

Mr. Fairbanks stands in front of the classroom and introduces himself.

Mr. Fairbanks
Welcome class to Film, Editing, and
Design, I am your instructor, your
friend, and if you please, Jedi
Master, Mr. Fairbanks. SHAPOW!

He clicks a button on his remote for the promethean board and a hard rock solo plays while a voice scream/sings “FAIRBANKS!!!” A brown haired girl sitting closely to the front of the class raises her hand astutely.

Mr. Fairbanks
Yes uh...

Harmony
Harmony's he name Mr. Fairbanks.
Who are these people filming our class?

Mr. Fairbanks
Ah I'm glad you brought that up!
These people are camera men. They will be
filming every movement in this classroom
and—

Suddenly one of his students in the back of the room gets up with lightning speed and bolts for the door.

Mr. Fairbanks
Hold up Swanson! This will not be
posted on the internet, it's going
to be submitted into a video contest.

Swanson scans the classroom and stares into the camera. Camera zooms in on his face.

INT. CONFSSIONAL. DAY.

Swanson
If I find out that any of this footage
finds its way onto the internet I will
hunt you down...
My name is Swanson. You can call
me Swanson and only Swanson.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

Swanson slowly walks back to his chair keeping his eyes trained on the camera.

Mr. Fairbanks
Yes, we are being documented for a video
contest that we'll submit at the end of
the semester, but in the meantime we're going
to be learning about the absolute glory of
film and photography. Now a question: What
is the purpose of this class?

Harmony and the Handraiser raise their hands astutely again and with more passion.

Mr. Fairbanks
Yes, Handraiser?

Handraiser
Oh. Uhhh. I forgot

Mr. Fairbanks
Okaaaay. Harmony?

Harmony
To learn about and explore film and
photography while gaining an appreciation
for the discipline as an art form.

Mr. Fairbanks contemplates the answer for a moment, putting his finger to his lip.

Mr. Fairbanks
... In a sense, yes. Buuuuut in a better
sense no.

CONFSSIONAL

Heather
...Who the (bleep) is this guy?
Harmony, by the way. The next great
female director and writer, yeah you
know the one.

CLASSROOM

Mr. Fairbanks
No! Good answer, but no! The ultimate
goal of this classroom, my young padawans,
is to get on...

Clicks to next slide and Nicholas Cage's "Ya Don't Say?" face plastered over a picture of Ellen Degeneres. Fairbanks gasps while the class quietly snickers. He mutters with disdain.

Mr. Fairbanks
Nordlund...

CONFSSIONAL

Mr. Nordlund
I am a Philosophy and English teacher at this
school and Fairbanks seems to believe that I
constantly try to sabotage him and his class
and there's one thing I have to say about
that... Where's. Your. Proof. Fairbanks?

CLASSROOM

Mr. Fairbanks

No, no, no this is unacceptable!

Fairbanks jogs away from his class and sprints out of the classroom to Nordlund's philosophy class. He flings open the door and it is an all girls class except for one boy sitting quietly at the front of the room.

Mr. Fairbanks

Who do you think you are Nordlund?
Defiling a beautiful face like Ellen
Degeneres's like that.

Mr. Nordlund is sitting in his swivel chair, his back turned to the camera. At the end of Mr. Fairbanks's line, he turns back around and looks menacingly at him.

Mr. Nordlund

What could you possibly mean by
that Fairbanks?

Mr. Fairbanks

You know what I mean Nordlund, you know
what I mean.

He slowly begins backing out of the classroom, but he stops at the door when he notices something familiar about the boy.

Mr. Fairbanks

Wait a second. Aren't you in my film
class?

The kid doesn't say anything, but looks at the camera and smirks as it zooms in on him.

Mr. Nordlund

The kid's been in my class the entire
time. Quit poaching on my students Fairbanks
and go do your job.

Mr. Fairbanks glares at Nordlund and shoots another look at the only guy in the classroom as he begins to walk out.

CLASSROOM

Mr. Fairbanks

Sorry about that class, I was just--

He notices the quiet boy in Mr. Nordlund's classroom sitting quietly in the middle of the pack. Mr. Fairbanks is confused and tries to figure out how it's possible.

CONFSSIONAL

Camera Guy
So how do ya do both classes kid?

The kid looks at the camera guy, into the camera, and without saying a word walks out of the room.

CLASSROOM

Harmony snaps him out of it by clearing her throat.

Mr. Fairbanks
Just, taking care of some business...
Where was I?

Mumbles
Mmmmhmmhh

Mr. Fairbanks
What's tha—

Fairbanks does a double take when he sees a kid dressed in a green skin suit.

Mr. Fairbanks
I'm sorry who are you?

Mumbles
Mhmhmmmh

Translator
He says his name is Mumbles.

Mr. Fairbanks
And you arrre—

Translator
I'm his translator.

Mr. Fairbanks looks back and forth at the two boys.

CONFSSIONAL

Mumbles
Mhmhmmmmhmmhmmh.

Translator
He says don't ask about the suit.

Mr. Fairbanks is quiet for a couple seconds with his mouth open in awe.

Mr. Fairbanks
This is surreal... Wow.

CLASSROOM

Still shocked until Harmony snaps him out of it.

Mr. Fairbanks
Ah! Thank you Harmony The ultimate goal of this
classroom is, drum roll please... to get on the
Ellen Degeneres Show!

The classroom looks around at each other with confusion.

CONFSSIONAL

Mr. Fairbanks
This is a big deal for me. Ellen is my
life blood, she is the heroine that I will
never deserve, and the thought of being able to
be on her show just— ooh, you feel that?
That, my friend, was the spirit of Ellen
passing through me.

CLASSROOM

Mr. Fairbanks
C'mon guys see the dream!

A seconds pause and, in jumbles, the entire classroom says...

Class
How is that the dream?
What is going on?
I'm hungry.
Life has no meaning.

Brian sits in the front row of the left side of the classroom relaxed as everybody questions the actual purpose of this class.

CONFSSIONAL

Brian
Hey guys my name is Brian,
I have been Mr. Fairbanks's teacher aid
for three years and for as long as I've
been his aid he has been obsessed with
Ellen Degeneres.

Show different shots of Mr. Fairbanks with his Ellen merchandise and watching Ellentube on his laptop during class.

Brian

There's a rumor going around that he has a shrine in his closet dedicated to Ellen. Do I believe it? ... Yes I do.

CLASSROOM

Brian is still laid back in his chair while he listens to the class freak out.

Mr. Fairbanks

Alright, alright everybody calm down!

The class quiets down a little bit.

Mr. Fairbanks

Now I know that the ultimate goal to get on Ellen is a daunting one which is why we have other goals like the ones Harmony mentioned.

Harmony gives a firm nod of agreement.

Mr. Fairbanks

The most important thing for you guys is to never settle for... meh. I want you to push yourselves. I want you to try new things. I want you to get your hands dirty. But above all I want you to express yourself. That's what film is all about, finding what's beautiful through your lens and sharing it with the world.

The class is silent.

CONFESSIONAL

Harmony

Oh, hell yea!

Swanson

As long as he teaches me how to change my voice and put a black bar over my eyes then I'll go with it.

Jerry Pickens
I heard there was food in here. Is
that true? No? Ah that's okay.

Jerry pulls a pringles can out of his backpack.

Jerry Pickens
Pringle?

Mr. Fairbanks
This is a big year for us, we've
got a down to earth and dedicated group
of kids who are ready to take on
big things!

Show shots of the really weird kids like Mumbles, Jerry Pickens eating his bag of
cheetos, and Creed looking aimlessly into space.

Mr. Fairbanks
I'm hoping that we can
turn this project in by the end of the year and win
enough money to kick start our bigger
projects next semester. I'm telling ya
man, it's gonna be a big year.

CLASSROOM

Focus in on a few of the main faces in particular.

Mr. Fairbanks
Ya know class, I think Otter puts it best
in the cult classic film, Animal House:
"Don't think of it as work. The whole
point is just to enjoy yourself."

Some of the class smiles, a few chuckle, and the rest stay silent. Fairbanks grins
at the class.

Mr. Fairbanks
And with that, we begin.

The title song plays as the credits role.

The Classroom:
S1. E1. Pilot