

CLASSROOM CREATURES
PILOT: MESSY DESK PESK/ HOMEWORK GNOME

Written by

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based on his books Classroom at the End of the Hall, Math Rashes,
and Mouth Moths

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TEASER:

EXT. PLAYGROUND OUTSIDE CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL
EARLY MORNING.

FADE IN:

MR. LEEKS, school custodian, sweeps the sidewalk outside the third-grade classroom with a push broom. Children's chatter is heard. Mr. Leeks stops sweeping and looks toward camera. He scratches his whiskers and leans on the mob handle.

MR. LEEKS
Mornin', youngsters. Welcome back
to school.

He gestures toward classroom behind him.

MR. LEEKS (CONT'D)
This your classroom? Third-grade?
Eh? The classroom at the end of the
hall?

Mr. Leeks takes a few more swishes with his broom. Turns toward camera again.

MR. LEEKS (CONT'D)
Let me tell you, youngsters,
teachers say that room is haunted.
Yes, sirree. Sometimes when I'm
outside that room mopping the hall
I hear the sounds myself coming
from that room. Desks banging shut,
and pens squeaking on the
whiteboard. I hear whispers and
giggles. Gives me the willies, it
does.

Mr. Leeks sweeps some more. He looks toward camera again.

MR. LEEKS (CONT'D)
And students tell me tales as well.
Like the one Emily told me. The
story about the time she met the
Messy-Desk Pest.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-EARLY MORNING

EMILY sits at desk in front row. she wears eyeglasses. Her desk contains so much stuff the desktop doesn't close. Emily blows out cheeks and her glasses fog up.

MR. LEEKS (V.O.)

Although Emily was the tidiest girl in the classroom at the end of the hall, who had the neatest handwriting, was a careful artist, and turned in the most orderly math papers, her desk was a mess. Not once since the beginning of school had she cleaned it out. So much junk was collected inside the lid refused to come within six inches of closing. All that change one Friday during the spelling test, when she met the Messy-Desk Pest.

MESSY DESK PEST (O.C.)

(from inside desk)

Hardy-har. Hardy-har-har. Hardy-har.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND OUTSIDE CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL
EARLY MORNING.

School bell rings. Mr. Leeks stares hard at camera.

MR. LEEKS

Yes, sirree, youngsters, strange things, odd things, curious things happen in that classroom at the end of the hall. Hope you have yourselves a fine school year.

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL--EARLY MORNING

Twenty students sit in rows of desks facing the teacher's desk and a whiteboard. They chatter and horse around. Clock above whiteboard reads 8:40. TALL TEACHER sits at his desk, drinking coffee. He stands holding a spelling book and coffee mug. He takes a long slug of coffee and faces class.

TALL TEACHER

Good morning, folks. Time for our weekly spelling test. Rake out a pencil and a piece of paper. Number one to twenty.

Emily in the front row blows out her cheeks and her glasses fog up. She opens her desk and stares at the remarkable mess inside. Beside textbooks and folders, the items include wads of paper, busted crayons, unfinished math sheets, a brown apple core, an empty milk carton fuzzy with mold, three dirty socks, her bug collection, two troll dolls, bloody Band-aids, a hard Twinkies, a tennis ball, a golf ball, a moth ball, five mittens, the head of a Barbie doll, hairbands, seashells, chicken bones, a rubber rat, and a squirt gun.

EMILY

(to self)

I know there's a pencil in there somewhere. Well, here goes.

With both hands, Emily plows through the mess. at length, she raises a pencil and studies the broken tip.

EMILY (CONT'D)

How odd. I just sharpened this.

Emily races to pencil sharpener on the window sill and sharpens pencil. Tall Teacher eyes her as she returns to desk, pulls out a sheet of paper, and starts numbering.

TALL TEACHER

(reading spelling book)

First word...*there*. There are twenty words on this spelling test...*there*.

EMILY
(to self)
There. Cinch to spell.

Emily begins writing. Her desktop pops open an inch and cracks down.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Hey!

TALL TEACHER
(eyeing Emily)
Yes, Emily. What is it?

EMILY
(shaking head)
Nothing.

Emily starts writing again. Again the desktop pops open.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Hey!

TALL TEACHER
(eyeing Emily)
Next word...*their*...They sat at
their desk without making a
sound...*their*.

Emily resumes writing. She stops. Scuffling and gnawing sounds come from inside her desk. She lowers ear to desktop.

EMILY
(to self)
Something's in there. Something is
moving around. Something is eating
the things in my desk!

Emily flings open desktop. THE MESSY-DESK PETS sits on her math book staring up at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Hey!

Emily bangs down desktop. Tall Teacher frowns at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(pointing to desktop)
But there's...there's something
inside my desk.

Tall Teacher lowers spelling book. He steps up to Emily's desk.

TALL TEACHER

I agree, Emily. I know there is something in your desk. There are many, many *things* in there. You haven't cleaned out that desk once all school year. That desk mess--a Dumpster. It is a disgrace. How many times has the class had to wait while you search for something in that trash pile? So, Emily, next recess you will remain in this room, cleaning out that desk. Got it?

EMILY

(nodding)
Got it.

Tall Teacher returns to front of room.

TALL TEACHER

Third word...*they're*...They're trying to take a spelling test...*they're*.

Emily blows out breath. He eyeglasses fog up

EMILY

(to self)
Geez. For a teacher who is usually understanding, why couldn't he be understanding right now?

Emily sits at desk trying to write. Scratching tearing, and munching sound continued from inside her desk.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL--AN HOUR LATER

Bell rings. Every third-grader but Emily charges out the door for recess. Holding coffee mug, Tall Teacher picks up wastebasket and walks to Emily's desk.

TALL TEACHER

(placing wastebasket by desk)

Here you go, Emily. Start bulldozing. By the end of recess I want to see that desk tidy. Not a scrap.

Tall Teacher leaves room. Emily scoots chair back and grabs desktop with both hands. She opens it an inch and peeks inside.

EMILY

All right, you. What's going on in there?

MESSY-DESK PEST (O.C.)

Hardy-har-har! Hardy-har!

EMILY

Well, ready or not, here I come.

Emily throws open desktop. She leans forward, propping up desktop with head.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Who's in there? Who's in my desk.

Papers rustle. A ball of clay rolls to one side reveling Messy-Desk Pest. It climbs on the math book. It reaches up and squeezes Emily's nose.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(jerking head back)

Hey!

MESSY-DESK PEST

Hardy-har-har! Hardy-har!

Desk slams shut. Emily rubs nose. Angry, she reopens desk.

EMILY

Hey, you! Just what are you doing inside my desk?

MESSY-DESK PEST

(singing)

*I am the Messy-Desk Pest.
And I make myself a guest.
In any desk that is messed.*

EMILY

Well, Pest, you can't stay in here. I'll be in big trouble if this desk isn't cleaned out by the end of recess.

MESSY-DESK PEST

Hardy-har-har! Hardy-har-hoo! Too bad for you. This is my home now.

Messy-Desk Pest sticks glue bottle under its arm and squeezes.

EMILY

Uh-oh.

Glues splatters Emily's eyeglass lens. She leans back and desk slams shut.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Now what?

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-TEN MINUTES LATER

Bell rings. Third-graders enter classroom along with Tall Teacher. Students straggle to their desk. Teacher looks into empty wastebasket and frowns.

TALL TEACHER

Emily, you will not see that playground again until your desk is clean, spick-and-span, spotless. Got it?

EMILY

(nodding)
Got it.

TALL TEACHER

(to class)
Ok, class. Time for math. Please take out your math books. The assignment is on the board.

Emily opens her desk a crack. She reaches in for her math book but the Messy-Desk Pest pinches it. She pulls the book out quickly.

EMILY

(sucking on hand)
Ooch! Stop it, Pest.

Emily opens her math book and begins to work. Munching sounds continue from inside her desk. Desktop pops up messing up her work.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(whisper)
Cut it out, Pest.

Messy-Desk Pest reaches out and tickles Emily's belly.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Knock it off, pest.

Desktop rattles.

Emily blows out her cheeks. Her eyeglasses fog up.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(to self)
I'm going to catch that pest if
it's the last thing I do.

In her math book Emily designs a small cage.

FADE TO:

INT: CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL--LUNCH RECESS TIME

Emily sits in room alone. She opens her desktop. The Messy Desk-Pest sits on a book with a rubber band. It shoots it at Emily.

MESSY DESK PEST
Hardy-har-har! Hardy har-har-har!

Emily slowly closes her desktop. She looks around the room. She steps over to the art table and grabs popsicle sticks, pipe cleaners, and glue. She builds a small cage with a swinging door. She glues scrapes of paper to it.

EMILY
(admiring cage To self)
The scrapes make my trap look
extra messy. I think its ready for
action.

Emily hurries to desk.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(toward desktop)
Oh Messy-Desk Pest. I have a
present for you. I've decided to
let you stay and live in my messy
desk.

Emily opens desk. She places cage on her math book. She props the door open with a pencil with a string tied to it. She dangles the end of the string outside her desk. The Messy-Desk Pest peeks out from behind a tennis ball.

MESSY-DESK PEST
Hardy-har-har! Hardy-har!

EMILY
There you are, Pest. A nice little
home for you. Welcome to my desk.

Emily grabs a crayon. She places it in the cage.

EMILY (CONT'D)
And look, Pest. I'm putting a
crayon in your little house for you
to munch on. Enjoy yourself.

MESSY DESK PEST
Hardy-har-har! Hardy-har-har-har!

EMILY
Catch you later.

Emily grins and closes desk. The third-graders file into the
room from recess. Emily grabs end of string, leans on desktop
and waits.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(to desktop)
OK, Pest. Make your move. *****

Tall Teacher stands before class holding up a long bar
magnet.

TALL TEACHER
For science today, class, we're
going to talk about magnets. This
is a magnet. One end of it is
called the North Pole and the other
is the South Pole. Who can tell me
what you can do with a magnet?

Many hands raise. Emily lowers ear to desktop. Scraping and
ripping sounds come from within.

MESSY-DESK PEST (O.C.)
(singing)
*I am the Messy-Desk Pest.
And I make myself a guest.
In any desk that is messed.*

TALL TEACHER
(nodding to boy in back
row)
Roger?

ROGER
You can pick up metal stuff.

String jiggles in Emily's hand. She yanks it.

EMILY
(shouting)
Got-cha!

Third-graders stare at Emily. Tall Teacher give her a look.
Emily smiles.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(to self)
Now I must wait until next recess
to check my trap.

FADE TO:

INT CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL--AFTERNOON RECESS

Emily sits alone in room. She lifts desktop. Messy-Desk Pest
stands in popsicle-stick cage. Emily lifts cage and places it
on floor.

MESSY DESK PEST
Hardy-har! Hardy-hoo! What did you
do>

EMILY
No more hardy-har-hars for you,
Pest. Now I gotta work fast. First,
I must clean out *my* desk.

Emily digs into her desk. She pulls out trash and dumps it
into wastebasket. She straightens her books and folders.

MESSY-DESK PEST
My precious mess! My lovely
rubbish! My treasured trash! Hardy-
hoo-hoo!

EMILY
And now I'll make sure you won't
have any place else to go, Pest.

Emily races around room straightening up her classmate's
desks.

MESSY DESK PEST

Hardy-hoo-hoo! What are you doing with my glorious garbage? My yummy junk! Hardy-hoo-hoo!

EMILY

Now I'll clean up the messiest desk of all.

Emily steps to Tall Teacher's desk and cleans off desktop.

MESSY-DESK PEST

Hardy-hoo-hoo! Hardy-boo-hoo-hoo!

EMILY

(lifting cage off floor)
Now, Pest, it's safe to let you free.

MESSY-DESK PEST

Hardy-hoo-hoo! Hardy-hoo! But there is nowhere for me to go. Hardy-hoo! Every desk in the room is clean and tidy. Where am I going to live?

Emily carries cage over to window.

EMILY

Don't fret, Pest. I'll bet there are plenty of messy desk in other schools. All I know is that from now on I'm going to keep my desk extra clean so you'll never return.

Sounds of class returning comes from doorway. Emily opens window and dumps Messy-Desk Pest outside. She watches it scuttle across the playground.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Good riddance, Pest. I wonder where you will end up next.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT

ACT II

EXT. PLAYGROUND OUTSIDE CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL
EARLY MORNING. MR. LEEKS, LEANING ON BROOM, ADDRESSES THIRD-
GRADERS GATHERED AROUND HIM.

MR. LEEKS
(scratching whiskers)
Morning, youngsters. Care to hear
another story, some other odd,
strange, curious thing that
happened in the classroom at the
end of the hall. This story is
about a boy named Hari who hated
homework more than anything else.
But who can blame him?

Students nod.

MR. LEEKS (CONT'D)
Hari hated homework so much he
rarely turned it in. Not only did
this lead to problems with his
learning, it lead to his meeting
the Homework Gnome.

Students look confused.

MR. LEEKS (CONT'D)
Yes, you heard me right. The
Homework Gnome himself,

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-END OF SCHOOL DAY

Tall Teacher stands before class. He reads from his
assignment book.

TALL TEACHER
For homework this weekend, folks,
do math pages fifty and fifty-one.
Also complete the worksheet on
contractions, write ten sentences
using words from our spelling list,
and look up the five vocabulary
words on the board. And don't
forget that your book reports are
due.

(MORE)

TALL TEACHER (CONT'D)

Oh, yes, also work on your social studies projects, cut out news articles for Current Events, and collect some fall leaves for an art project. Did everyone get that? Good. Have a fun weekend. You are excused.

Students rise from seats. They pull their backpacks off the back of their chairs and stuff them with text books and binders from their desk. HARI in the back row heaves his loaded backpack onto his back. He totters toward the door under the weight.

HARI

This thing must weigh more than I do. My spine will be curved like an S. My shoulders will be stooped forever. I'll have back trouble before I'm ten, all because of homework!

TALL TEACHER

(from desk)

Hari, may I have a word with you?

Pulling the backpack straps with his thumbs, Hari steps to the teacher's desk.

TALL TEACHER (CONT'D)

Hari, according to my records you didn't turn in Tuesday's homework.

HARI

(shifting load on back)

Well, you see, that night I put my homework papers in my pants pocket. My mom washed my pants and my homework ended up looking like Cream of Wheat.

TALL TEACHER

(frowning)

But you didn't turn your homework in on Thursday either.

HARI

Well, you see, I did my homework on the computer that night. Our computer crashed and my homework vanished into cyberspace.

TALL TEACHER
You also didn't turn in your
homework this morning.

HARI
Well, you see ..

TALL TEACHER
(looking cross)
Hari, no more excuses. From now on
you'll get your homework done on
time. Monday morning all the
homework I just assigned will be on
my desk. Done, finished, completed.
Understand?

HARI
(nodding)
Done finished completed

Bowed forward, Hari trudges from the classroom.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY-AFTER SCHOOL

Hari trudges down empty hallway.

HARI
Homework makes no sense to me. Why
must we do schoolwork at home after
spending seven hours doing
schoolwork in school? Teachers
don't even expect kids to like
homework. That's why they call it
home ... work!

Halfway down the hall, Hari stops for a drink at the water
fountain.

HOMEWORK GNOME (O.C.)
Hey, buddy, take that load off your
shoulders. Want to make a homework
deal?

Hari looks down at a vent under the fountain.

HARI
What? Who said that?

HOMESCHOOL GNOME (O.C.)

Come down here, buddy. I have an offer you can't refuse. How would you like it if you never had to do homework again?

Hari pulls off his backpack. He drops to his knees.

HARI

(into vent)

Who are you? What did you mean by a homework deal?

The vent screen swings open. Inside the square vent sits the Homework Gnome.

HOMESCHOOL GNOME

Yes, buddy, I have a homework deal for you. That's why they call me the Homework Gnome.

HARI

The Homework Gnome? I've never heard of you. What do you do?

HOMESCHOOL GNOME

(links hands behind head)

You see, buddy, I live down in the warm boiler room of this school. I do homework for any student who's willing to pay the price.

HARI

(eyes widen)

The price? Why, I'd give anything to have someone do my homework for me.

HOMESCHOOL GNOME

The price, my boy, depends on the homework you need done. Workbook sheets are the cheapest. Social studies and science projects are a bit more. But if you want me to write an essay or book report, expect to pay a premium.

Hari unzips backpack and pulls out some books.

HARI

I have tons of homework to do this weekend, including a book report. But all I have is sixty-five cents.

HOMEWORK GNOME

Oh, I never accept money in my homework deals, buddy. I'll do all your homework if you'll lend me another type of sense, one of your five.

HARI

You mean like my seeing, tasting, feeling, hearing, and smelling? We learned about the five senses in science.

HOMEWORK GNOME

Here's the deal. You lend me one of your five senses on Monday for one hour— you choose the sense and you choose the hour—and I'll have your homework, done, finished, completed, inside your desk that morning. You say your homework makes no sense, buddy? That's why I need one sense from you to make your homework.

HARI

Well, I was running out of homework excuses. And since my teacher says I don't listen to him during math anyway, why don't you take my hearing that hour. The teacher won't suspect anything is different.

Homework Gnome stuck out a small hand which Hari shakes with thumb and forefinger.

HOMEWORK GNOME

It's a deal.

HARI

Deal

Hari puts textbooks in vent. He stands and slings empty backpack over his shoulder.

HARI (CONT'D)

Yes, homework traded for a sense. Now that is a deal.

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-MONDAY MORNING

School bell rings. Third-graders file into room. Hari walks up to desk and opens lid. His completed homework lies on top.

HARI
(inspecting papers)
The Homework Gnome does excellent work. I couldn't have done better myself.

Hari takes homework up to the teacher's desk and places it in the IN basket. He grins at Tall Teacher.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-LATER

Clock reads 9:00. Hari sits at desk staring forward. Tall Teacher writes fractions on whiteboard

TALL TEACHER
(to class)
Math time, class. Today we will learn about numerators and denominators.

Sound cuts out. Tall Teacher continues talking but we hear nothing. Hari rubs ears. He nods and smiles. He plays with eraser crumbs on desk. Clock moves forward to 10:00. Sound returns. Hari rubs ears again.

TALL TEACHER (CONT'D)
(checking clock)
Well, I see it's recess time. Clear your desks and you may go out to the playground.

HARI
(to self)
What a great deal I made with the Homework Gnome. That was the best math period I had all year. Didn't hear a thing. I'd be lucky to meet the gnome again after school.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY-AFTER SCHOOL

Hari walks down hall lugging his backpack. He stops by the drinking fountain. He drops to his knees.

HARI
(into vent)
Homework Gnome are you there?

Vent screen swings open. Homework Gnome sits in vent.

HOMEWORK GNOME
Care to make another homework deal,
buddy?

HARI
Spelling work, an essay, and math
pages. What'll it cost me?

HOMEWORK GNOME
Just one more of your senses for an
hour. You could pay through your
nose this time, buddy.

HARI
Sure, you can have my sense of
smell during spelling time. I never
need to smell while I spell.

HOMEWORK GNOME
It's a deal.

Homework Gnome holds out hand. Hari shakes it with thumb and forefinger.

HARI
Deal.

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-MORNING

Classroom works in spelling books. Hari sits at desk filling in answers. Kate in desk before him throws up on the floor. Third-graders hold noses and make gagging sounds. Hari takes a deep breath,

HARI
Can't smell a thing. Yes, the
Homework Gnome has made life a lot
easier.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY-AFTER SCHOOL

Hari kneels by the opened vent talking with Homework Gnome.

HOMEWORK GNOME
Another deal, buddy? Another one of
your senses for completed homework?

HARI
I have a social studies project due
tomorrow. I need to make a model of
a Sioux teepee. Are you any good at
making models?

HOMEWORK GNOME
Social studies projects are my
specialty. State maps made with
papier-mâché, forts from
toothpicks, or log cabins
constructed with sugar cubes, I can
do them all. Each of my projects
comes with a guaranteed A grade.

HARI
Then you can have my sense of taste
during handwriting tomorrow.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-AFTERNOON

Hari sits at desk chewing on end of pencil. A model Sioux
teepee sits on his desktop/ He removes pencil from his mouth
and smiles.

HARI
Yes, life after school has never
been better, thanks to the Home-
work Gnome.

INT. HALLWAY-AFTER SCHOOL

Hari kneels under drinking fountain talking to Homework Gnome.

HARI

If you'll do my homework tonight
you can take my sense of touch
during lunch hour tomorrow.

HOMEWORK GNOME

(holding out hand)
It's a deal

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Students fill long tables eating lunch. Hari sits with the third-graders. He sips milk through straw. Milk dribbles down chin.

HARI

My lips are numb like when I go to
the dentist. Maybe this time the
homework trade wasn't such a good
idea.

RICHARD

(next to Hari)
Hari, say *hurts doughnut*.

HARI

Hurts doughnut

RICHARD slugs Hari on the shoulder.

RICHARD

(laughing)
Hurts doughnut?

HARI

(smiling)
Didn't even hurt, Richard. Do it
again. Go ahead. Hit my other
shoulder.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY AFTER SCHOOL

Hari kneels under drinking fountain talking to Messy Desk Pest

HARI

You can have my sense of sight tomorrow during health. Last week the teacher showed a boring video called Brushing Your Teeth. I slept through the whole thing. Maybe tomorrow I won't need to see that hour either.

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-AFTERNOON

Classroom is dark. Students are watching a video projected on a screen called The Five Food Groups. Hari sits at his desk asleep.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY AFTER SCHOOL

Hari kneels under fountain talking to Homework Gnome.

HARI

Homework Gnome, this weekend I have a ton of homework. But I'm out of senses for a trade.

HOMEWORK GNOME

I know, buddy, and weekend homework is costly. But you do have another sense, one you never learn about in science.

Hari unzips his backpack. He pulls out books.

HARI

Take whatever sense you want as long as I don't have to do this homework. You can have it during Current Event time on Monday.

HOMEWORK GNOME

(holding out hand)
It's a deal

HARI

(shaking hand)
Deal

END OF MONTAGE

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-MORNING

Students sit at desk chatting with each other. Tall Teacher sits at desk drinking coffee. He stands and faces class. Hari sits at desk staring forward.

TALL TEACHER
Good morning, folks. Time for
Current Events. Who has some news
to report?

Several hands go up. Hari rubs ears, blinks, and pinches arm.

HARI
(to self)
So far everything is working. The
Homework Gnomes did my weekend
homework very well. I wonder what
sense it will cost me.

TALL TEACHER
(to Richard in second row)
Richard? What news do you have for
us this morning?

Richard walks to front of room with newspaper article. Hari again blinks, rubs his ears, and pinches his arm.

RICHARD
(reading article)
Hailstones the size of softballs
fell in Iowa City, Iowa yesterday.

Hari suddenly stands up, He climbs onto his desktop.

HARI
(shouting)
Ladies and jellyfish! I'm Hari, the
Third-Grade Daredevil. I flirt with
danger! I laugh at injury! I'll now
cross the classroom without once
touching the floor!

TALL TEACHER
What has gotten into you, Hari? Get
down from there before you topple
over.

HARI

Nonsense

Hari leaps onto Kate's desk and onto in front of that.

TALL TEACHER

Hari, have you lost your senses?
Get down from there this instant.

HARI

(spinning around)

The cow jumped over the moon! And
the dish ran away with the spoon!

Hari leaps onto another desk and another in the first row.
From there he jumps onto the Tall Teacher's desk. He reaches
up and swings from the overhead light fixture.

HARI (CONT'D)

I'm Hari, the Third- Grade
Daredevil. I flirt with danger! I
laugh at injury!

TALL TEACHER

Hari, get down from there! You're
going to fall! Use your common
sense!

HARI

My common sense. That's it. That's
what the Homework Gnome took this
hour.

Hari stops swinging. He drops onto the Tall Teacher's desk.
He pulls his homework from the IN basket and waves it in the
air.

HARI (CONT'D)

I can't use my common sense,
teacher. I traded it to a gnome who
does my homework for me! I haven't
done my own homework all week!

TALL TEACHER

We'll talk about homework later.
Right now I'm taking you straight
to the principal's office.

The Tall Teacher reaches up and hauls Hari off the desktop by
the waist. With Hari tucked under his arm, he storms from the
room.

HARI

Hurrah! I can't wait to get to the office! I can't wait to hear what the principal will say to me!

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL-AFTER SCHOOL

Hari sits at desk. Other students have left. Tall Teacher paces back and forth before him.

TALL TEACHER

Hari, homework might not make sense to you, but teachers assign it for good reason. Students benefit from the structure, organization, and self-discipline that homework requires. Understand?

Looking confused, Hari shrugs and nods.

TALL TEACHER (CONT'D)

From now on, you will do your own homework without excuses. I expect your parents to sign each homework paper you turn in. Understand?

Again Hari nods. He stands, shoulders his backpack, shuffles out the classroom door.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY AFTER SCHOOL

Hari walks past the drinking fountain. The Homework Gnome sits in the vent.

HOMEWORK GNOME

Care to make another homework deal, buddy? Want to trade your sense of humor or sense of timing? How about your sense of direction, sixth sense, or horse sense?

Hari stops and looks down. He pulls on backpack straps with thumbs.

HARI

Sorry, Homework Gnome. No more homework deals for me.

(MORE)

HARI (CONT'D)

I think I'll have the good sense to
go home and get my homework done,
finished, completed, all by myself,
no matter how torturous it is.

Hari continues down the hall smiling.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE