

NAME OF THE PROJECT: CLASS 111

FORMAT: SERIES

GENRE: Comedy, Mockumentary, High School Drama

LOGLINE: Class 111 is divided by two groups: the right side, where the sporty, conservative kids are, and the left side, where the artsy, liberal kids are. They hate each other. The middle row is occupied by Jackie and Harry, a couple who would rather be smoking pot than listening to all the drama. The students face each other every single day while having to deal with the horror and existential dread of growing up in a public high school.

INT. SCHOOL - TALKING HEAD HALLWAY - DAY

Near the bathroom door, Ms. Birdie gives her interview. She is a fragile-looking 70-year-old.

MS. BIRDIE

I'm truly marveled by the idea of a documentary being shot at this school.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

With the teacher absent, the class is a complete mess.

All of the students are sitting on their tables, with the only order being the division between the groups.

Class 111 has three main groups: the sporty, rich, and conservative kids on the right side, and the alternative, leftie, and artsy kids at the left side.

The middle row is occupied by the couple Jackie and Harry, who mostly ignore the beef between the groups.

MS. BIRDIE (V.O.)

When the team approached us, we thought it would be a good way to highlight the difficulties faced by the faculty at a public school.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - TALKING HEAD HALLWAY - DAY

Ms. Birdie finishes her interview.

MS. BIRDIE

I guess I never thought it would focus on the kids... or that *that* would be the class chosen.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Ms. Birdie finishes writing a lengthy text on the school's only remaining black board.

The text on the blackboard is so extensive that Ms. Birdie's handwriting starts to get smaller to fit.

The students try to copy it, but the writing becomes so crumbled together that it's incomprehensible.

On the right side, Olivia and Daniel sit next to each other.

OLIVIA

(whispering)

Aren't you going to copy the text? She checks it.

DANIEL

No, I got my brother's old notebook.

OLIVIA

Your brother is like 36.

DANIEL

Yeah. Her class diary is probably older.

Ms. Birdie is copying the text from an ancient, almost decomposing notebook.

In the middle row, Harry plays with Jackie's locks while she tries to focus on the lesson.

HARRY
So... did you decide?

JACKIE
(uncomfortable with the question)
I don't know... I don't think my mom is gonna let me.

HARRY
Just tell her you're going to sleep at Esther's.

JACKIE
I don't like Esther.

The pale-looking, religious fanatic Esther turns when her name is mentioned.

HARRY
What? I thought you guys were friends!

JACKIE
Yeah, back in third grade, before she became that freak.

Esther scowls at the couple with an annoyed look, but they don't notice she can hear them.

HARRY
(with malice)
Does your mom know that?

JACKIE

I don't know Harry.

HARRY

So, she is not gonna question you having a slumber party with your religious childhood girlfriend.

JACKIE

Harry, can we talk about this another time, not in the middle of the class?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - TALKING HEAD HALLWAY - DAY

Harry is being interviewed. He has his a chill attitude, a perpetual high kind of guy that solely speaks on a fratccent.

HARRY

Jackie and I go back to the 5th grade, ups and downs. We are together for the past 9 months now, and things are getting serious, man. Problem is, parents are always around. My folks are getting out of town for the weekend, so I thought it would be perfect, you know?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - TALKING HEAD HALLWAY - DAY

Jackie is outraged by the question asked by the documentarist.

JACKIE

Where did you hear that?

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Harry is still trying to convince Jackie to sleep with him during the weekend.

She is very annoyed by this at this point.

He lays over her notebook, blocking her from writing.

HARRY

Babe...

JACKIE

Harry.

HARRY

Babe...

JACKIE

I don't wanna talk about this in the middle of the class. But maybe I can try to come up with something to tell my mom.

HARRY

When?

JACKIE

At lunch. I have to go home pick up my art project anyway.

Tom jumps from his seat.

TOM

Was this for today?

JACKIE

Were you eavesdropping on us?

REBECCA

Why did you think I had this Ruth Duckworth
with me?

She points at a reproduction of Ruth Duckworth sculpture made with
papier-mâché.

TOM

Duckworth? More like make-my-dick-work.

Ms. Birdie hides a silent laugh.

Rebecca gives the teacher a disapproving look.

REBECCA

Really?

Ms. Birdie coughs.

MS. BIRDIE

Language, young man.

TOM

Besides, you always have weird stuff. Your
backpack is a potato sack.

Rebecca hides her sack, offended by his comment.

REBECCA

Its kitsch.

TOM

Who you think you are, Schiaparelli?

REBECCA

It's just that... how do you know who Schiaparelli is?

Tom flinches away.

On the other side of the classroom, Augustus meddles in the conversations, how he is prone to do.

AUGUSTUS

Not me waiting to agree with Tom, but why do you have this anyway?

(referring to the sculpture)

It's supposed to be *inspired* by a vanguard movement, not a reproduction.

Ms. Birdie closes her ancient, almost decomposed notebook and attempts to regain control of the class.

MS. BIRDIE

Now, you can discuss your art projects during art class, or during break. Please focus on the matter at hand.

The students completely ignore her.

Rebecca cuts Augustus off and turns to her friends on the right side of the class.

REBECCA

Shit, what am I supposed to do now?

OLIVIA

Just throw paint at a canvas during breaks.
That's what I did.

Olivia pulls out a canvas with mixed paints in brownish tones.

ESTHER

Or put some real effort into it. Make
something that inspires you.

Esther reveals a red-coated wooden board with a Jesus doll nailed at the center. Surrounding the doll are a dozen plastic animal heads in a nightmarish composition.

Everyone looks terrified by Esther's work.

ESTHER

Like I did, with our Lord.

OLIVIA

(shocked)
Jesus Christ!

ESTHER

Yes.

DANIEL

What's all the blood surrounding him?

ESTHER

It's not blood, it's a sunset.

REBECCA

That's the creepiest thing I've ever seen.

ESTHER

It's not creepy. It's Jesus.

Ms. Birdie calmly approaches to analyze the work. She lowers her glasses and gently places her hands on Esther's shoulder.

MS. BIRDIE

It is creepy, deer.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MORNING

Jackie reads a book by herself on a bench, trying to strike dreamy poses for the camera.

JACKIE (V.O.)

I like having my alone time during break.
Guess you're never alone when you have
books.

A close-up on the book title reads "Vampire Zombie Boyfriend 5: He's Also an Angel."

INT. SCHOOL - INTERVIEW HALLWAY - MORNING

JACKIE

... I don't have many girlfriends. I just
don't fit in with them.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

A fat girl is being bullied by a group making pig noises at her.

JACKIE (V.O.)

They're all about dieting and makeup and shit like that. I hate that kinda stuff, you know? I eat what I want and just put on lipstick once in a while.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MORNING

A group of girls hangs out on a picnic blanket reading together.

JACKIE (V.O.)

I like reading and having, like, deep conversations. Most girls are just about gossip and celebrity shit. Like, who cares who Khloé Kardashians is?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC CLASSROOM - MORNING

A group of alternative kids, mostly girls, hang around the instruments eating their lunch.

JACKIE

Guess I'm too wild for today's standards. Have you ever read *women who ran with the wolves*?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW AREA - MORNING

Jackie finishes her interview

JACKIE

I think that's why I love Harry.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

JACKIE (V.O.)

Sometimes I feel like he's the only one who
actually understands me.

Harry is sitting on top of the table, hanging with his boys.

They all laugh as he makes obscene gestures simulating oral sex on a
girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - SAME TIME

Jackie is still reading by the bench when the Weird Sisters approach
her.

Jackie is not comfortable around the trio - no one is.

ALICE

Hello, Jaqueline.

JACKIE

Oh fuck, the Weird Sisters.

They stand in awkward silence for a few seconds.

ALYSON

We want to say that you shouldn't do it with Harry.

JACKIE

Harry again? Why the hell are you three always meddling in my relationship? Just because we used to be friends... And... Do what? What the hell are you talking about?

ALEX

You want to give your honey for Harry to taste.

JACKIE

Wow.

ALICE

Don't do it, Jackie. Don't stain yourself with his seed.

JACKIE

Oh my god, shut up. Where the hell have you heard this? Gosh.

ALEX

The wind whispers.

ALICE

Gossiping.

Jackie storms off.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - INTERVIEW HALLWAY

The Weird Sister are being interviewed.

ALICE

We are not opposed to sexual exploration.

ALEX

We explore each other bodies often.

They stare at the camera for a while.

ALICE

We are not actual sisters, just to be clear.

ALYSON

It's just that since she started dating this boy, she changed, for the worse.

ALICE

It's his energies. He has bad energies.

ALYSON

Yeah, like his grades.

They giggle.

ALEX

We just wanted to show out support to her.

ALICE

It's our duty as guardians of this plane of
existence.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Tom and Rebecca are arguing with the lunch lady by the kitchen
window.

LUNCH LADY

I'm not giving y'all my pot!

REBECCA

C'mon, it's for an art project!

TOM

Just gives it to us! We pay our taxes!

LUNCH LADY

NO, YOU DON'T! And what art can you possibly
make with a pressure cooker?

REBECCA

A comment over society's expectation of
young minds.

Tom glances at her, confused.

LUNCH LADY

Well, my expectation is for you two to stop
bothering me.

The lunch lady violently closes the windows.

TOM

We should just throw some paint on a canvas
and call it abstract.

REBECCA

I can't. I picked Dadaism for the theme; my
paper is all done. I need something that
fits it. Something random. Something that
happens by change.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW AREA - AFTERNOON

Tom blushes in his interviews.

TOM

She called me daddy.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

The Biology classroom has the same seat distribution as the English one, with a group sitting on the left, the other on the right and the couple Jackie and Harry in the middle.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

It's a clear division. The History teacher
says we are like the Cold War. On the left,
they are the commies, and we on the right,
the Americans.

Robotically, Rebecca marches towards the left side.

REBECCA
 (protocol-like)
 Could any of you please land me some tape?

OLIVIA (V.O.)
 I don't know how it started; it's just the way it is.

The left side stares her, evaluating the potential danger she represents.

Augustus pulls out a roll of tape and hands it to her.

She nods a silent thank you and walks away.

The serious mode vanishes one she leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW AREA - AFTERNOON

OLIVIA
 It certainly didn't start with us. I don't have anything against them.
 (She ponders a bit)
 Well, maybe we did say some stuff.
 (She thinks a bit more)
 Well, they are awkward, aren't they?

CUT TO:

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The right-side group is orbiting Olivia's desk. The subject is sex - Harry and Jackie sexual acts, specifically.

At the front of the class, the Biology teacher is giving his lecture.

OLIVIA

(to Esther)

I understand it's like your religion and stuff, but have you never felt any desire or something? For anyone?

The group laughs.

Esther keeps her sober posture.

ESTHER

That's a personal a question. But even if I did, it certainly wouldn't be for Harry!

They all laugh this time.

Mr. Garcia gets annoyed by the students not paying attention on what he's saying.

DALE

Sometimes the person is so desperate they will do it with the first one that shows up.

DANIEL

Yeah, you would now that, right?

They all laugh again.

Dale tries to mask his feeling about the joke.

Again, the laughs interrupt Mr. Garcia's explanations.

MR. GARCIA

Hey guys, can you tone it down a notch?

The right side burst into laughter, ignoring the old man.

Alyson stands up, punching down her table.

ALYSON
SHUT THE FUCK UP! HE'S TRYING TO WORK!

Mr. Garcia looks mortified by Alyson.

He waves, warning her to sit down.

She madly obeys.

The right side doesn't let the provocation go unnoticed.

DANIEL
Who do you think you are to be screaming
like that? Fuck head.

AUGUSTUS
WOW! Don't call her that, moron!

OLIVIA
Oh my god, Augustus, go find a cock to choke on!
Stop meddling all the time,bro! Get a grip!

ALICE
Guys, let's not make this a big thing; we
just want to listen to the teacher.

TOM
I trained my ears to only listen to things
that interest me; you should try the same.

ALICE

Okay, Tom, so if I call you an asshole, you wouldn't hear?

TOM

What was that?

ALICE

I said you are an asshole.

MR. GARCIA

(softly)

Guys... let's stop.

The teacher is completely walked on.

AUGUSTUS

You stink.

ALYSON

Your breath is horrible.

Surprisingly, the right side also start cursing Tom.

OLIVIA

You do have bad breath.

DANIEL

Jerk.

DALE

You smell like and old used condom.

ESTHER

You are stupid as hell. Oh sorry. You are very stupid.

MR. GARCIA

(whispering)

He does smell bad.

The students continue humiliating Tom with insults.

Tom pretends he's not listening, but he is clearly hurt.

MR. GARCIA

(imposing himself this time)

Everyone, please call down!

The class quiets down.

MR. GARCIA

In today's class, we will be continuing our lecture on...

He presses a button on the projector remote.

A huge anatomical image of a vagina covers the screen.

MR. GARCIA

Sex Ed.

Esther immediately stands up.

ESTHER

Can I be excused from this class? I already talked with the principal.

MR. GARCIA

I'm sorry, Esther. Sex Ed is mandatory; you can only be excused with a parental notice.

She sits back in her chair, annoyed.

MR. GARCIA

As you are all aware, this is the female reproductive organ. The vagina. The vagina is actually just the opening; around it, we have structures called inner and outer lips.

DALE

If they are lips, they are meant to be kissed.

The boys on the right side burst into laughter.

MR. GARCIA

This small opening here is the urethra. Be careful, guys, you don't want to mistake it.

Mr. Garcia laughs alone at his joke.

The girls in the class are incredulous.

MR. GARCIA

This small part here on the top, covered by a skin hood, is the clitoris, which is like the ladies' penis.

Alice is about to say something, but Tom talks first.

TOM
Ladies' penis?

TEACHER GARCIA
Yes, it's called that because when a woman is aroused, the clitoris engorges, like a penis.

ALICE
(whispering, angry)
Or like a clitoris.

MR. GARCIA
Talking about protection, they are necessary for avoiding STIs and pregnancy. Condoms are the most efficient way.

ALICE
Excuse me, but what about protection for same-sex intercourse?

MR. GARCIA
Why would you want to know that?

ALICE
Uh... 'cause... 'cause I'm a lesbian...
dude?

MR. GARCIA
Oh, right. I'm sorry. You are just a very pretty young lady; I wouldn't have guessed. Well, I guess... one could cut a condom to fit on the... hm...

TOM
How does it work, though?

MR. GARCIA

What?

TOM

Like, a girl with a girl. Who's the dude?

ALICE

The point is not having a dude.

MR. GARCIA

Well, that's not our subject in the class.... and..

DALE

You never watch porn, dude?

TOM

Not like gay porn, dude.

DALE

It's not gay porn if it's two girls.

ALYSON

That's offensive.

MR. GARCIA

There is nothing offensive about porn; most people watch it. Nothing to be ashamed of. Times are changing, and people are becoming more comfortable exploring their sexualities. A few years ago, it would have been a scandal to imagine a young woman going out with a boy without supervision. We called them living room dates because their parents were always there, watching on the couch. Now? Now it's not rare to see a girl spending the weekend with a boy (cont)

when his parents are out.

Everyone looks at Jackie.

She sinks on her chair.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW AREA - AFTERNOON

All the girls in the classroom just look with a shocked expression at the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

MR. Garcia puts a box on top of a bunch of desks grouped together.

MR. GARCIA

Here, I have some bananas.

He goes table to table, giving bananas and packages of condoms only to the girls.

MR. GARCIA

You will open the condom and put it on the banana.

AUGUSTUS

Excuse me? Why are you only giving it to the women?

TEACHER GARCIA

Well... it's not like men will get pregnant.

AUGUSTUS

What?

DALE

What's up dude? Wanna learn how to put it on your boyfriend?

The right side laughs.

Mr. Garcia continues distributing the bananas.

MR. GARCIA

So, all you have to do is open it up, give it a little stretch, and gently fit it on the banana.

ESTHER

I won't be exhibiting myself in front of the boys like a courtesan.

MR. GARCIA

A what?

ALICE

It's the same as a whore. And I actually agree with super bible. That's demoralizing.

MR. GARCIA

Girls, its educational.

The girls roll their eyes but reluctantly accept.

They start doing the banana demonstration.

Soon, Mr. Garcia nods, disapproving it.

MR. GARCIA

It's nicer when you give it a little bit of
a stroke.

The girls, one by one, stand up and throw their bananas in the
garbage.

Mr. Garcia looks confused.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - INTERVIEW HALLWAY

Jackie is disgusted by the class.

JACKIE

The herpes pics were very... elucidating.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - INTERVIEW HALLWAY

Rebecca is eating one of the condom bananas.

REBECCA

When you grow up at a farm, nothing truly
surprises you.

CUT TO:

INT. ART CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The Art class is the only one that doesn't have the same layout as the others.

Desks are set in a half-moon shape, with the teacher's desk at the center, leaving an open area where presentations are done.

Alyson is at the front, finishing hers.

Her work is a massive hammer shoved into a pink canvas.

MRS. JACINTO

That was very emotional, dear. I would love to keep it so we can display it at the Winter Art Show.

Alyson nods her head.

She walks back to her seat.

MRS. JACINTO

Sage, honey. I believe now it's your turn.

Sage walks to the front. Her project is a painting of My Little Melody crying blood.

While she speaks, Jackie and Harry whisper to each other.

HARRY

So... did you talk with your mom?

JACKIE

I... No...

HARRY

Hey... it's okay. I get it if you want to wait a bit longer.

JACKIE

No...

HARRY

No? So yes?

JACKIE

NO! I'm sorry. It's like a no. I'm not ready yet.

He is disappointed but hides it with a soft smile.

He gently kisses her on the forehead.

MRS. JACINTO

That was wonderful, Sage, beautiful as always.

Sage goes back to her desk.

Mrs. Jacinto adjusts her glasses.

MRS. JACINTO

Rebecca? It's your turn now.

Rebecca walks forward to the whiteboard on the wall.

She hides what she is doing with a black sheet, crafting mystery.

She steps to the right, still covering her project with the black sheet.

REBECCA

My work is about oddness. How things that are unexpected, improbable, still find themselves on the surface of this mathematical world.

Rebecca pulls down the sheet, revealing one of the condom bananas taped to the wall.

REBECCA

Like art. Like a banana taped on a wall. Random. Improbable. Still here.

MRS. JACINTO

(interrupting Rebecca)

I'm sorry, my dear. I believe I asked for a work *based* on a movement, not a reproduction.

REBECCA

It's not a reproduction, it's a banana taped to the wall!

MRS. JACINTO

Yes. Like Maurizio Cattelan did in 2019.

REBECCA

What? Someone else did this?

MRS. JACINTO

It's a very famous piece.

Rebecca thinks for a second.

She walks to the banana, untapes it, takes a bite, and tapes it back on the wall.

REBECCA
(while mushing down the banana)
Tadam!

MRS. JACINTO
(unimpressed)
Hungry Artist. David Datuna.

REBECCA
Really?

She storms back to her seat.

MRS. Jacinto sighs.

The teacher then checks her notes with the students' order.

MRS. JACINTO
Tom, dear. It's your time now.

Tom walks forward, carrying something also covered by a black sheet.

TOM
It's called: Pressure!

He pulls the sheet off, revealing a pressure cooker with a school book stuck on it.

MRS. Jacinto claps.

MRS. JACINTO
A comment on society's expectation on young minds.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - INTERVIEW HALLWAY

Rebecca is being interviews.

REBECCA
That bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - END OF THE DAY

Harry enters the bus, carrying a little play dough sculpture of a heart, his art project.

The bus is still parked, waiting for all the kids to get in.

Harry sits on his sits and start texting.

HARRY (TEXT)
Hi bb. RU free?

SPAREWHEEL (TEXT)
❤️🔥. Yes. Parents still out.

HARRY (TEXT)
Yes. 7pm?

SPAREWHEEL (TEXT)
😭

Harry smiles.

He notices the cameras and hides away the phone.

All the bus is caught by surprise with a series of high-pitched women's moans.

Everyone looks at Tom, who tries to turn off his phone.

He gives up and shoves it on his bag.

The women's moans can still be heard.

TOM

It was research.

THE END