

21 JUMP STREET

by
Michael Bacall

revisions by
Phil Lord & Christopher Miller and Jonah Hill

Revisions by
Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg

based on the awesome TV show "21 Jump Street"

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 4.6.11
BLUE PRODUCTION DRAFT 4.28.11
PINK PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.4.11

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TITLE UP: 2007

P1

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

P1

SCHMIDT (a young, nerdy Jonah Hill) walks towards his High School. He looks up and sees a big banner that reads "PROM IS THIS WEEKEND: BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW!!!"

As he makes his way to the front entrance, we see him avoiding the VARIOUS OTHER SOCIAL GROUPS. He is clearly introvert and keeps his head low. A SUPER NERDY GUY walks up.

SUPER NERDY GUY
Yo, Schmidt...did you ask her yet?

SCHMIDT
Come on, man. Don't fuckin' jinx me.

SUPER NERDY GUY
Well are you ever going to do it?
Prom's in, like, four days.

SCHMIDT
I'm gonna do it today, man.

Schmidt arrives at his locker and hears the unmistakable laughter of hot high school girls and turns to see JENKO walking down the hall. Jenko opens his locker, but Schmidt is in the way of him fully opening it.

JENKO
Out of the way, tubby.

Jenko bumps Schmidt aside and pulls his gym clothes and cleats out. Two of Jenko's jock buddies walk up.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Yo, Terry! You ready to get some at prom? I fucking am. Janet basically told me if I get her a nice corsage I can do anything I want to her.

JOCK
What are you gonna do?

JENKO
Let's just say it involves my balls and her tits.

JOCK
You're gonna rub your balls on her tits?

JENKO
Exactly. I've never done that.

Schmidt stares at Jenko, clearly jealous. Jenko notices, and Schmidt looks away, to see a CUTE GIRL (MELODIE) walking towards him. He immediately gets extremely nervous. He takes a deep breath and steps out into the center of the hall, abruptly blocking her path, causing her to bump into him.

SCHMIDT

Oh...uh, sorry.

MELODIE

No worries!

Melodie is about to continue walking.

SCHMIDT

Hey, Melodie, uh... So... listen... we've known each other a while and-

MELODIE

Oh my fucking god. You're not asking me to prom are you?

SCHMIDT

What? Fuck no. Why? 'Cuz if I did you wouldn't go, right?

Jenko and his buddies see the situation with Schmidt and Melodie unfolding.

MELODIE

I don't know how to put this nicely-

Jenko looks to his buddies, who are laughing at Schmidt.

JENKO

There's no way to put it nicely. You're a fucking nerd and Melodies hot.

(to his buddies)

Hey man, I'm just telling it like it is. Trying to save Shitty Schmidty some embarrassment.

Schmidt is absolutely crushed. He looks at Jenko, angry, then back at Melodie, heart-broken, and then runs off. Jenko and his buddies chuckle and start heading to gym class.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

(over the P.A.)

Greg Jenko to the principal's office.

Jenko sits across from the PRINCIPAL, who has a very serious look on her face.

PRINCIPAL

You clearly thought I was joking, but I wasn't, Mr. Jenko. I said, loud and clear, that if you didn't get your grades up, you aren't going to prom. Well I'm a woman of my word...

The Principal holds up a test with a F on it.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

...and this is the part where I keep my word. You, my friend, are about to pay the piper.

JENKO

What do you mean?

PRINCIPAL

You heard me.

JENKO

No, like, literally what do you mean. I don't get it.

PRINCIPAL

You're not going to prom. You're lucky you're even graduating.

The principal nods. Jenko rushes out.

P3

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

P3

Jenko walks out the front door, upset. He punches the door, denting it. He hears sniffing and turns to see Schmidt sitting on the stairs, upset. The two make eye contact for an awkward moment. Schmidt punches the wall and hurts his hand. They share another awkward look, both get up and part ways.

TITLE UP: FIVE YEARS LATER

P4

EXT. POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

P4

We see Schmidt walking into the front doors of the Academy.

P5

INT. POLICE ACADEMY - ORIENTATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

P5

Schmidt enters to see a WIDE ARRAY of young people wanting to be cops. He looks uncomfortable as he finds a seat. He looks around the room, sizing everyone up, and when his gaze lands to the desk right beside him, his eyes go WIDE. REVEAL Jenko, at the desk beside Schmidt, staring at him.

JENKO
Holy fuck! Shitty Schmidty!

SCHMIDT
Jackoff Jenko.

JENKO
They called me that?

SCHMIDT
No. I just came up with that.

P6

INT. GYM - ANOTHER DAY

P6

Jenko, Schmidt, and numerous other cadets are in gym learning how to fight from an instructor.

SCHMIDT
What the hell are you doing here?

JENKO
I, uh... I failed out of college,
so 70 grand a year to run around
with a gun and tackle motherfuckers
sounded like a sweet deal.

Jenko easily picks Schmidt up and FLIPS him onto the ground, winding him.

SCHMIDT
Ow. You're good at this.

JENKO
Yeah. I am.

P7

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

P7

The guys sit in a classroom getting tests on police procedure handed back to them.

JENKO
I think the real question is what
the fuck are you doing here? I
thought you'd be working in a lab
or like...in space, or like...a
spacelab.

SCHMIDT
I kind of got sick of studying all
the time. I started working on a
physics degree and then was just
like, what the fuck am I doing?
This is lame. What did that get me,
ya know? I wanted a job that got me
some respect.

(MORE)

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I'm sick of sitting around watching other people do shit. I want to get in on the action.

The get their tests back. Schmidt got perfect and Jenko failed.

JENKO

Fuck!

(he sees Schmidt's test)

Whoa...you're good at this.

SCHMIDT

Yeah. I am.

They look at each other for a minute, sizing each other up.

JENKO

You wanna be friends?

SCHMIDT

You bet your fucking ass I do.

MUSIC UP: POLICE AND THIEVES by THE CLASH (yeah, we know it's in the Royal Tenenbaums. Who fucking cares.)

P8 **MONTAGE OF JENKO AND SCHMIDT HELPING EACH OTHER GET THROUGH THE ACADEMY:**

- a - Jenko wakes Schmidt up early in the morning to make him go jogging. Schmidt gets really discouraged, Jenko roots him on.
- b - Schmidt and Jenko go over their police books. Jenko gets b really discouraged, and Schmidt encourages him.
- c - Schmidt and Jenko watch old cop movies late at night, c laughing and having a good time.
- d - Jenko and Schmidt run time trials for their exam. Jenko d easily completes his. He cheers on Schmidt, who just finishes in time. Schmidt is unbelievably exhausted, almost too tired to maintain his smile.
- e - Schmidt and Jenko both pass the written exam. Jenko is ine complete shock that he did it. He hugs Schmidt.
- f - They shoot guns next to each other at the shooting range.f They look over to each other and smile, becoming better and better friends.
- g - We see them graduating from the academy. g

JENKO

Dude. Get ready for a life of ass kickery.

P8

CONTINUED:

P8

SCHMIDT
Oh, I am, buddy.

1 **EXT. PARK - DAY**

1

We see Schmidt and Jenko, BORED OUT OF THEIR MINDS, dressed as Bike cops, riding through a park. They ticket a jaywalker. They help a lady with her groceries. They talk to a CHILD throwing bread to a duck.

JENKO
Sign says, no feeding the ducks, sir. Look, this is the second time. I need you to help me out here. How do we help each other out here?

SCHMIDT
I'm gonna need you to drop that bread, sir.

The child slowly and defiantly throws more bread.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Don't you..don't you...you did it.
You threw more bread.

Suddenly, Jenko's eyes go wide.

JENKO
No fucking way.

Across the park, there are five BIKERS, all of whom have "1%" tattoos.

JENKO (CONT'D)
It looks like the one percenters.

SCHMIDT
Holy shit! One percenters on our patrol! This is crazy! These guys are serious drug dealers! If we take these guys down as our first bust, we'll be off bike duty for sure!

JENKO
Let's see if they do anything we can bust them for.

One of the bikers takes out a joint and lights it.

JENKO (CONT'D)
You seeing what I'm seeing?

*

(CONTINUED)

21 JUMP STREET

PINK PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.4.11

6A.

1

CONTINUED:

1

SCHMIDT
Cannibas Sativa.

*

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (2)

1

JENKO
Let's do this thing.

They ride up, excited. Kickstands. Helmets off. They stride up to the bikers: **DOMINGO**, spider web tattoo on his head, is the leader.

KARL, a bigass biker backs him up, with **TUG** and a guy that looks like a **BEARDED DONNIE BRASCO**, and another biker, **LUIS**.

*

SCHMIDT
Gentlemen. Are we having a little party?

JENKO
Guess you must have forgotten that the use of marijuana is illegal.

The bikers just stare at him.

DOMINGO
I have glaucoma.

BEARDED DONNIE BRASCO
Insomnia.

KARL
(ice cold)
I get nervous in crowds. And I love getting high.

Jenko slaps the joint out of Domingo's hand.

JENKO
Sure you won't mind if I search the bikes.

*

DOMINGO
Won't find shit.

Jenko begins to search the bikes.

2

OMITTED

2

3

BACK TO SCENE - EXT. PARK - DAY

3

DOMINGO
Are you guys even real cops? You look like kids on Halloween.

BEARDED DONNIE BRASCO
If these guys are cops, I'm DEA!

Everyone busts up.

*

SCHMIDT

Hilarious, very clever, fellas. But guess what? We are cops. So show a little respect.

DOMINGO

Fuck you, pig.

JENKO

What? You want me to beat your dick off?

DOMINGO

Do you want to beat my dick off?

JENKO

No I meant I want to beat you until your dick falls off--

SCHMIDT

Look what he's trying to say is that he would punch you so many times around your genitals that your penis would fall off. Is his threat more clarified for you now, asshole?

JENKO

(whispering to Schmidt)
Dude...that makes it less scary.
(then)
Whoa.

Jenko sees something unusual in Domingo's bike. A false gas tank filled with METH. He draws his gun.

SCHMIDT

(whispering to Jenko)
Holy mother of God. He's got drugs.
Like, for real!

JENKO

You're under ARREST MOTHERFUCKERS!

Jenko pulls out his GUN. The one percenters all BOLT, running in different directions. Jenko chases Domingo on foot.

JENKO (CONT'D)

(yelling to Schmidt)
Chase someone!!!

Schmidt hops on his bike and chases after Karl. Due to his bike, he keeps up well, ultimately overtaking him. He SKIDS around and points his gun at KARL, who sprints right at him.

SCHMIDT

Freeze!!

Karl doesn't freeze. He keeps running. We PUSH IN on Schmidt... Sun in his eyes. His heartbeat gets faster. **THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP**... The noise around him becomes a cacophony. His finger trembles on the trigger... Karl keeps sprinting right at him, a demented look on his face. Schmidt tenses up, and... and he DOES NOT SHOOT.

Karl SLAMS into Schmidt full force, knocking him to the ground. Karl LAUGHS and keeps running, disappearing into the distance.

Meanwhile, Jenko sprints after Domingo. He LEAPS off a park bench and lands on Domingo, violently SLAMMING him to the ground. He steps on Domingo's neck. A crowd of people watch as Jenko starts to cuff Domingo.

JENKO

You have the right to... suck my dick motherfucker! I just took your ass down! I just fucked you in the ass, son!!!

Schmidt shows up, still catching his breath.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Schmidt! We got one! We fucking got one!

SCHMIDT

Our first bust!!!!!!

Schmidt and Jenko look at each other, and hug.

JENKO

WHOOOOOOOO!!!

SCHMIDT

YEEEAHHHH!!!

4

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

4

Jenko and Schmidt strut into the station, feeling on top of the world.

JENKO

We're here everybody! The heroes have arrived!

SCHMIDT

One drug cartel down, probably around four hundred thousand to go! But it's a start!

Nobody really acknowledges them, except a HOOKER (Sheila), who is handcuffed to a bench.

SHEILA

You boys want a children's rate?

Sheila laughs with a few other HOOKERS, also handcuffed.

JENKO
Shut up, Sheila.

5 INT. DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

5

DEPUTY CHIEF HARDY, 40s, sits behind his desk. Jenko and Schmidt sit across from him.

HARDY
Well, I just got off the phone with the DA, and these one percenters are literally back on the streets already. You know why?
(looks at Jenko)
Because you didn't read him his Miranda rights! The department was forced to drop the charges. Why didn't you read him his rights? What possible reason is there for not doing the ONLY thing you have to do when arresting someone.

JENKO
I'm sorry, sir. I was just...I was so excited I forgot.

HARDY
Do you even know the Miranda rights?

JENKO
Of course I do, sir.

HARDY
Let's hear it then.

JENKO
Um...well, it obviously starts with you have the right to remain silent, and then it's like...

SCHMIDT
(whispering to Jenko)
...you have the right to an attorney...

JENKO
Uh...you have the right to an attorney...and...uh...

SCHMIDT
(whispering)
...if you cannot afford-

JENKO
What?

Jenko leans in to hear Schmidt better.

SCHMIDT
(whispering)
If you cannot afford-

HARDY
Stop talking. I'm not blind.
(to Schmidt)
And you? Where were you?

SCHMIDT
Chasing my perp, sir.

HARDY
And? What happened to that?

SCHMIDT
Well...he got away.

HARDY
And why is that?

SCHMIDT
He...um...he was faster than me.
And he threw me on the ground.
Pretty hard. It actually fucked up
my elbow.

Schmidt shows Hardy a scrape on his elbow.

HARDY
Oh...can I see that?

Schmidt holds his scrape up for Hardy. Hardy leans in to see and then FLICKS it.

SCHMIDT
OW!

HARDY
Wow.

Schmidt retracts his wound.

HARDY (CONT'D)
You're his partner. You should've
been there. To make sure he didn't
screw up.
(to Jenko)
And you're his partner, and you
should have made sure he didn't
screw up, but instead, you both
screwed up.

Hardy takes a deep breath.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Fortunately for you two, this morning, as I finally realized that I can't stand having you in my department for one more day, a solution presented itself.

(beat)

We're reviving a cancelled undercover police program from the 80s and revamping it for modern times. You see, the guys in charge of this stuff lack creativity and are completely out of ideas, so all they do now is recycle old shit from the past as though we're not going to notice. Anyway, one such program relied on the use of young, immature seeming officers.

JENKO

Sir, are you sending us into a child sex slave ring?

SCHMIDT

Chief, honestly, if I have to suck someone's dick...I will, it's just... I would prefer not to.

HARDY

You idiots are perfect. You're officially transferred.

JENKO

Where do we report, sir?

HARDY

Down on Jump Street. 37 Jump Street. No, wait. Twenty...I want to say three? It might be Avenue. Cathy?! Where's that undercover detail address?!

6 **"21 JUMP STREET"** sprays across a brick wall. Then explodes!6

7 **OMITTED** 7

8 **OMITTED** 8

9 **EXT. METROPOLITAN CITY - MORNING** 9

Schmidt and Jenko cruise their town while singing along to Skee-Lo's "I wish". It's raw but beautiful. They roll up to the abandoned Korean AROMA OF CHRIST church. "21 Jump St" is spray-painted on the side.

10

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - MORNING

10

They enter **THE CHAPEL**. TEENS lounge in the pews: **FUGAZY**, confident and sexy; **JR JR**, a very young looking girl; and **SANDERS**, a super-hot hipster guy, and **BURNS**, a cute and sarcastic girl. Schmidt and Jenko are the only ones dressed in police blues.

SCHMIDT

Hi. Hey, guys. Cool.

Nothing.

CAPTAIN DICKSON (O.S.)

Y'all comfortable? Lounging in the pews and shit?

Everyone turns around to see CAPTAIN DICKSON.

CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)

MOTHERFUCKERS STAND AT ATTENTION WHEN I'M TALKIN' TO YOU! Come on. Your entire generation has terrible motherfucking posture.

Schmidt and Jenko look at each other, scared, as Dickson pulls down a CHART captioned "SOCIAL ILLS".

CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)

You will be going undercover as high school students. Lot of problems in our schools. Theft. Stabbings. Drugs. Teachers trying to get into kids' booties. Kids' lives get fucked up before they even start living. Then they have fucked up kids, and soon you have the whole fucking planet all fucked up with everybody's fucked up kids fucking everything up. And you are all here because you look young as hell. You understand me?

JUMP STREET UNIT

Yes sir!

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Good. Now, I know what you're all thinking. An "angry black captain." Isn't that just a stupid stereotype? Well guess what motherfuckers! I'm black, I've worked hard my whole life to become a captain, and I'm fucking angry sometimes, so suck my dick.

(points to Jenko)

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)
This dude's handsome and stupid.
(points to Schmidt)
(MORE)

*

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)

This dude's short and insecure, and probably good with money.

(points to Burns)

And I bet this bitch can't drive worth shit. That's fucking right. I went there. And I will continue to go there. Because all stereotypes are based are truth. Introduce your asses.

Everyone jumps to attention in a line. ANGLE ON each of them:

FUGAZY

Fugazy. Northside. 33 felony arrests.

BURNS

Burns. Also Northside. 56 arrests.

JR. JR.

Junior Junior, Easthaven. 29 felony collars.

SANDERS

Sanders. South Glen. 47 arrests.

JENKO

Jenko. Lakeview.

A long beat as everyone waits for him to say his count.

SCHMIDT

Schmidt. Also Lakeview.

(beat)

It's super nice to be here, sir.

Everyone holds back laughter and judgement.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Now, just 'cause it's high school doesn't mean this shit ain't real and that it can't get heavy. So we need y'all to be believable as teenagers. Seamlessly integrated, if you will. So get your asses to the mall, buy some fucking kiddie clothes. It's time to start teenagery yourselves!

11

OMITTED

11

12

INT. HOT TOPIC-LIKE STORE - DAY

12

*

Schmidt and Jenko are trying on teenager clothes. Jenko puts on a backwards jersey. He shows Schmidt.

(CONTINUED)

SCHMIDT

Too Kris-Kross I don't think
they're popular anymore.

JENKO

Are you joking? Why the hell
wouldn't they be?

Schmidt puts on a baseball cap and attaches a chain to his
wallet. They look at themselves in a mirror.

*

*

JENKO (CONT'D)
Alright. Let's shave our balls and wax our asses.

SCHMIDT
What? Why?

JENKO
Because. We're supposed to be high schoolers, and I have the bush of a twenty five year old man. And your ass is completely covered in hair.

SCHMIDT
Why would these people be seeing our balls?

JENKO
Gym class dude. We're gonna be showering with these kids. Our pubes could give us away.

SCHMIDT
I'll just shower with a swimsuit on.

JENKO
You do NOT want to be the weird dude who showers with his bathing suit on.

SCHMIDT
Okay, you're right.

*

13-20 **OMITTED**

13-20

21 **INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - LATER**

21

The place looks cool. THE UNIT is lined up at attention in their new outfits and hairdos. They look like teens.

CAPTAIN DICKSON
Rule #1 of Jump Street, Fugazy?

FUGAZY
Do not get expelled.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Exactly! Can't do shit if you get expelled. No one in the school system knows about you, so you got no protection on the inside. Not even the principals. No flunking out, no skipping class, you get kicked out of school, you're kicked out of Jump Street. Rule #2, Jr. Jr.?

JR JR

Do not consume or provide students with any drugs or alcohol.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

It will get me fired. And it will get you my fist in your ass. And also fired. Rule 3, Burns?

BURNS

Do not have romantic involvement with students or teachers, sir.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

(to Jenko)

I don't need to say much on this. Shit's illegal as shit. I will fuck you up. You understand me?

SCHMIDT

Captain, I know we come off as a couple of ladykillers but I promise we will be completely professional.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

I clearly wasn't talking to you, you cherub looking motherfucker! I'm talking to your partner, the handsome one!

FUGAZY

He is fucking hot. Like old-school hot. Not this like hipster I don't care about my body bullshit. His jaw is like the boy version of big boobs.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Everybody shut up! Jenko, Schmidt, my office now.

24 INT. JUMP STREET, DICKSON'S OFFICE - LATER

24

Jenko and Schmidt report to Captain's office.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

This hit the internet last month.

Captain Dickson pulls up a **YouTube video** on his LAPTOP:

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM, 16, skinny. Dorky but endearing. His room is filled with art, musical instruments, a Harold and Maude movie poster, etc.

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM

I'm Billiam Willingham for those who don't know me, which is like half the population of Sagan High. So I bought this, since it's all anyone seems to talk about. I thought I'd give it a whirl and document all its reputed "phases."

Billiam puts a **BROWN WAFER** on his tongue. Dickson hits PAUSE.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

We think it's a new synthetic drug. Goes by the street name of "H.F.S."

UNPAUSE.

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM

Holy Fuckin' Shit...

JENKO

They post this for anyone to see?

CAPTAIN DICKSON

They're teenagers. They're really stupid. You'll fit right in.

A CHYRON Billiam has added to his video reads:

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM

Phase 1: The Giggs.

Billiam can't stop laughing. Kinda like in this YouTube vid:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tVK5SgEeNkY&feature=related>

Dickson SCRUBS FORWARD:

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM (CONT'D)

Phase 2: Tripping Major Ballsack.

There's a tiny lion in my belly button. It tickles!

Dickson SCRUBS FORWARD:

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM (CONT'D)

Phase 3: Over-Falsity of Confidence! *Who wants to go to prom with me? I'm invincible!*

Dickson SCRUBS FORWARD: *Billiam SCATS, dances, and plays all kinds of instruments.*

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM (CONT'D)

Gotta Crowwwwwwwww!!!!

Dickson SCRUBS FORWARD: *He's amped. Shirt off. Breaking shit.*

BILLIAM WILLINGHAM (CONT'D)

Phase 4: FUCK YEAH MOTHERFUCKER!
WOO! WOO! WOO! WOO! WOO! WOO! WOO!

SCHMIDT

(laughing)

This kid rules.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Ruled. Parents found him OD'd in his room a few days ago.

(alt:)

A few weeks later, he OD'd and was taken out of school and put in rehab in Arizona.

Our guys are chastened.

CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)

Whatever he took, lab's never seen before. It's crazy addictive. And as you can see, he was white. So people actually give a shit.

SCHMIDT

I would give a shit if he was black. I just want to share that...

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Shut the fuck up.

SCHMIDT

Got it.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Right now HFS is localized at Sagan. But by the time the drug trickles down to dorky kids like this one, it's a matter of weeks before it hits another school. Once the drug breaches containment, it's a matter of days until it goes viral, and then we can't do shit.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)

Jenko, I looked at your old transcript, and you weren't much of a student, so I enrolled you in photography, ceramics, drama, ecology and remedial shit like that. Get in with the burnouts and the cool kids and find out who's selling this stuff. We'll get someone to do your homework for you, don't worry.

JENKO

I can do my own homework--

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Schmidt, you were a virgin all through high school so-

SCHMIDT

It says that?

CAPTAIN DICKSON

No! I just assumed that, based on your number of honors classes and your membership in the Juggling Society. The school has missing chemistry equipment; might have been used to cook drugs. I'm enrolling you in honors chemistry to investigate that lead. Get in with those nerds. It shouldn't be hard for you.

(beat)

Here are your new identities. Brad and Doug McQuaid. Know them cold.

Jenko looks at the names on their bios.

JENKO

We get to be brothers?!

Schmidt and Dickson stare at Jenko.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Infiltrate the dealers. Find the supplier.

Bullpen is empty. Schmidt gathers his things and begins to exit. He stares at a bloody KOREAN JESUS. No one's looking.

SCHMIDT

Hey, Korean Jesus. I don't know if you only cater to Korean Christians or not, or if you even exist, no offense, but-- I'm kind of... kind of really freaked out about going back to high school. It was so fucking hard the first time around, I was such a loser, and now I have to do it again? I mean, what the fuck? Is this is like some sick joke or something?

(deep breath)

I can already feel the anxiety of the first day of school. It's been almost a decade and I'm still a pussy... damn it. Korean Jesus, please help me out. I just... I don't want to fuck this up. Sorry for swearing so much. The end.

He really means it. Super vulnerable. Then, SNICKERING. Reveal Jenko has been listening. He busts up laughing!

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Shut up! You should be praying too.

Captain sticks his head out of his office.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Hey! Stop sucking Jesus' Asian dick and get to your momma's house.

SCHMIDT

What?

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Read the bio's motherfuckers. You're teenagers now. We can't have you all living in your own apartments like a couple of emancipated train wreck Disney Channel stars. Both of you idiots are gonna be living with Schmidt's parents for the duration of this assignment.

JENKO

(to Schmidt)

Awesome! I love your parents!

SCHMIDT

What? You only met my parents once at graduation. And I know my Mom's not gonna be cool with this, Captain.

CAPTAIN DICKSON
 Wrong, motherfucker. I talked to
 Annie this morning, she couldn't be
 more excited for you and your
 "brother" to get home.

A26 INT. SCHMIDT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

A26

ANNIE, 47, opens the door and HUGS Schmidt into the house.

ANNIE
 My baby is home! I don't care how
 grown up you say you are, to me you
 will always be my sweet little
 infant angel child.

DAVID
 There's my guy!

Schmidt's Dad, **DAVID** joins in the big warm hug.

SCHMIDT
 (fake)
 Hey, it's so great to be here...

Jenko gets in on the hug, dying to be part of the family.

JENKO
 Schmidt Family!

ANNIE
 How are you doing, gorgeous? How's
 your mom?

JENKO
 Fine, yeah, thanks. You look great.
 (re: her hair)
 This is new.

ANNIE
 Thank you! Got a new stylist.
 Lesbian. Into me. I think it makes
 her do a better job.

SCHMIDT
 (mumbles to himself)
 Mom, stop talking about yourself.

ANNIE
 So I made up the air mattress.
 We've been using your room as a
 workout area, so hope you don't
 mind the elliptical. Oh Jenko,
 don't play with that. We just
 brought it back from Sedona. *Very*
expensive.

*
 *
 *
 *

(CONTINUED)

SCHMIDT
 (to himself in pain)
 Don't tell people things are
 expensive. Ughh.

*

Jenko admires their hideous collection of southwestern art,
 including a COYOTE LETTER OPENER and a KOKOPELLI SCULPTURE.

JENKO
 It's lovely. So spiritual.

Schmidt's over at a wall of his drawings, report cards,
 diploma, and embarrassing pictures of him as a kid.

SCHMIDT
 Guys, you have to take this stuff
 down. It looks like I died in a car
 crash and you haven't moved on.

DAVID
 If we take it down we'll have to
 stop bragging about you!

SCHMIDT
 This is a participation medal for
 fourth grade soccer. This is worse
 than if I had gotten no medal. It's
 a medal for sucking.

DAVID
 No! It's a medal for trying. You
 were always a great try-er!

DING DONG!

*

ANNIE
 Oh, that's Phyllis from down the
 street. She's dying to see you,
 Schmidty.

*

*

*

SCHMIDT
 No! Mom! You told Phyllis I was
 here? She's gonna tell the whole
 neighborhood, Mom. We're on a
 seriously important undercover
 mission--

*

*

*

*

*

ANNIE
Undercover! How adorable!

SCHMIDT
 Alright, we're going upstairs.
 Thank you.

Schmidt leads Jenko upstairs.

*

21 JUMP STREET
A26 CONTINUED: (2)

PINK PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.4.11

23A.
A26

ANNIE

Okay. So great to have you here.
We're so proud of you.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
You're doing just great. Before you
were doing great too. But now
you're super great.

And Phyllis walks in... *

SCHMIDT
(muttered, to Jenko)
Ughh. They're such dicks. Sorry.

26 INT. SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT'S ROOM - NIGHT 26

Schmidt tries to study his identity. Jenko lays out his
clothes for the next day.

SCHMIDT
Dude, you gotta study this stuff.

JENKO
Dude, this identity is bullshit. It
says I was held back a year.

SCHMIDT
But you were held back. Two years!

JENKO
I know, but even though it's just
backstory doesn't mean it doesn't
hurt my feelings. FUCK! These socks
don't go. I have to start all over
now.

Schmidt opens his old yearbook. It has dorky pictures of
Schmidt and handsome, slick pictures of Jenko.

SCHMIDT
Man...going back to high school. *
What do you think? Pretty nuts huh? *

JENKO
Honestly, at first I was thinking *
it would suck real hard. But then I *
was like: it won't. *

SCHMIDT
That's very insightful. But what do *
you have to be worried about? When *
we were in high school, you played *
three sports, you were invited to *
all the parties, you had sex with *
basically every girl I dreamed of *
even speaking to. I mean, this *
should be pretty fucking easy for *
you. I'm the one who should be *
freaked out about it. *

JENKO

Dude, you should not be freaked out. You should be so pumped about this.

*
*
*

SCHMIDT

Why should I be pumped?

*

JENKO

Remember Back to the Future II? When Biff had the almanac? He knew all the sports scores because he had been to the future, and he got super rich and rode a floating skateboard and got with Marty's mom and everybody loved him.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SCHMIDT

That is an interesting takeaway from that film.

*
*
*

JENKO

You have the almanac. You know how high school works. You don't have to worry about that shit anymore.

*
*
*
*

SCHMIDT

I guess. We didn't really...get along that well in high school. You don't... you don't think that'll happen again, do you?

*

JENKO

No way, dude. We're adults now. And we're like best buddies. There's no way that'll happen.

SCHMIDT

You're right. Good. Pop quiz: what's your name?

JENKO

Jenko.

SCHMIDT

No, your undercover name.

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

JENKO

Fuck this. I hate tests.

SCHMIDT

It's Doug. Your name is Doug.

27

OMITTED

27

*

28

INT. SCHMIDT HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

28

They eat pancakes. Jenko loves it. Annie makes them lunches in lunch bags with their undercover names on them. They throw on their backpacks and they walk out.

JENKO

(re: backpack)

Whoa, dude. Are you two-strapping? We don't want to look like losers on our first day. I know you gotta get in with the nerds, but you can't embarrass me. I need to be seen with you. You gotta one-strap it. I'd go no straps if it was even possible. No effort, dude. No matter how much effort you're actually putting in, don't show it. That's the key.

SCHMIDT

What makes you the expert?

JENKO

I was cool in high school and you weren't.

SCHMIDT

Right. Makes sense. Continue.

JENKO

Thank you. Ready? The three keys of coolness in high school, by Jenko. 1: Don't try hard at anything. 2: Make fun of people who try. 3: Be handsome. 4: If anyone steps to you, clock 'em in the face, and 5: Drive a kickass car.

They look outside at their shitty Mustang.

JENKO (CONT'D)

It's time we get some real wheels.

OFFICER JUDY HOFFS walks our guys past impounded cars to a **#28 CAMARO.**

*
*

JENKO

That one.

She hands them keys with a GUN KEYCHAIN.

OFFICER JUDY HOFFS

Just don't drive it like teenagers, revving the engine and shit.

SCHMIDT

Of course not.

JENKO

We have more respect than that.

Schmidt revs the engine and shit inside the Camaro. Jenko stands one hundred yards away.

*

JENKO

Go!

Schmidt drives the Camaro right into him. He does a stunt roll over the hood. They both laugh.

*

SCHMIDT

Yes! Now do me.

JUMP CUT: Jenko drives the car into Schmidt. It looks way more serious and Schmidt looks way more hurt. Jenko runs out.

JENKO
You okay, man?

SCHMIDT
(in a lot of pain)
I'm not as good at that as you are.

31

EXT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

31

They pull into the parking lot under a sign that says: "**SAGAN HIGH, HOME OF THE BULLSHARKS. GO SHARKS!**" Jenko pulls into a HANDICAPPED SPOT, revving the engine and shit.

SCHMIDT
What did my mom pack in your lunch?
I have an apple, turkey sandwich,
and a fruit roll-up.

Jenko finishes his lunch, balls up the bag and tosses it.

JENKO
Uch, she's the best. But we're
seniors. We gotta eat off-campus.
That's what cool people do.

SCHMIDT
Really? It makes so much more sense
to have your mom just pack you
something nice.

JENKO
Look, you gotta look like you've
been out all night partying and you
didn't have time to have a 45
minute lunch discussion the night
before with your mom. You gotta
look like food is a total
afterthought to beer and chicks.

SCHMIDT
Oh. Okay. I get it.

JENKO
On another note, can I have that
fruit roll up?

SLOW MOTION: They make squinty handsome faces, get out of their car, and strut through the lot. Schmidt gets increasingly nervous as he watch everyone judge him.

SCHMIDT
Everyone's two-strapping, dude. And
they brought their own lunches.

JENKO

Keep the one strap!

SCHMIDT

Everyone's two strapping! What should I do?

JENKO

Just ride it out?

They keep walking, but Schmidt can't take it. He puts on the other strap.

JENKO (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Don't succumb to peer pressure.

SCHMIDT

You're supposed to use two straps! One strap is peer pressure!

The guys take it all in. Jenko notices the jocks and stoners, Schmidt spots the nerds and hip hop kids, but then they start noticing an assortment of unfamiliar social groups, which clearly makes them uncomfortable:

- Hipsters.
- Harajuku girls (crazy looking anime style girls).
- Emo kids.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Man, high school people are weird these days.

JENKO

I'm so confused right now.

We meet **ERIC MOLSON, 18**, eco-friendly, who hangs out with **AMIR, 16**, some **ATTRACTIVE TEENS** on CUSTOM HIPSTER BICYCLES.

ERIC

Is that your car? I saw you guys roar in this morning. What's that get? Ten miles to the gallon?

JENKO

(proud)
Try seven. You?

Eric nods to Amir, who leans on the Mercedes, hardcore.

AMIR

Biodiesel, dawg.

SCHMIDT
Smells like egg rolls.

ERIC
Yeah it does. Runs on leftover fry
oil from Hunan Palace. But we try
to ride bikes if we can. Global
crisis and whatnot.

JENKO
Whatever, man. I don't care about
anything.

Jenko winks at Schmidt. Amir steps to Eric's side, ready to
throw down.

ERIC
(to Jenko)
You don't care about the
environment? Kinda fucked up, man.

Schmidt quickly backpedals.

SCHMIDT
I care about the environment. I
don't flush like, ever.

JUARIO
Guys, History test second period.
I'm trying to study, okay?

JENKO
Ha ha. He's trying! Nerd.

JUARIO
Who you calling nerd?

Juario puts the book down and steps to him. Jenko punches
Juario to the ground.

JENKO
Now turn off that gay ass music.

JUARIO
You punched me because I'm gay?

Everyone in the parking lot stops and stares. Schmidt takes a
step away from him, embarrassed.

JENKO
No. What? Come on.

SCHMIDT
(to Jenko)
That's not cool, man.

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

ERIC

He's right. That is not okay.

JENKO

No! I didn't punch him because he's gay! I punched him and he happened to be gay, afterwards.

JUARIO

I was gay when you punched me.

32 **OMITTED**

32

33 **INT. SAGAN HIGH, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

33

PRINCIPAL DADIER is having a hard day. He reviews their TRANSCRIPTS. Behind him are LAME POSTERS and a picture of his heroes, GEOFFREY CANADA and MORGAN FREEMAN in *LEAN ON ME*.

PRINCIPAL DADIER

I see you met our student body president, Juario. I'm Principal Dadier, and unlike every other adult you'll meet in your young lives, I am going to level with you. I'm no different than you. I mean, now you guys are young, but you'll be in your mid to late twenties someday and you will look around and be like where's the grown-up in this room. And it's going to be you. It's crazy.

SCHMIDT

I can't imagine.

JENKO

Must be nuts.

PRINCIPAL DADIER

This education thing is so much more messed up than you could possibly imagine. About a third of my teachers are awful and they can't be fired. A kid died the other day and nobody's doing anything, and now you guys show up with like a month left of school and cause trouble. If I have one more thing go wrong, I just think I'm going to basically lose it. I will have a straight up breakdown.
(beat)

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

PRINCIPAL DADIER (CONT'D)

What I'm trying to say is that I don't want to expel you guys, but I'm hanging on by a very thin thread, so don't be the straw that broke the camels back, got me?

Jenko nods, but clearly doesn't understand.

PRINCIPAL DADIER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now which one of you is Doug?

Incredibly long beat. Schmidt looks slowly at Jenko and
CLEARS HIS THROAT.

JENKO

No dude, I'm Brad.

Schmidt can't believe it.

PRINCIPAL DADIER

(to Schmidt)

That makes you Doug. Great. Here are your class schedules... funny, I wouldn't have made you for the brainy type. Although you being a drama geek is far less surprising.

*

34

INT. SAGAN HIGH, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

34

Jenko and Schmidt walk to class amid Billiam remembrance posters and signs that read "D.A.D. - DRUGS ARE DANGEROUS!"

SCHMIDT

You didn't study your backstory! Now we have the wrong identities, dumbass! I'm terrible at drama! It's girly and embarrassing!

JENKO

Relax, man, who cares? I can fake my way through band practice and App Chemistry for a few weeks.

SCHMIDT

A.P. Chemistry. So, no, you fucking can't, because you don't even know what it's actually called. Shit! We fucked up! It's our first day on the case and we fucked up!

JENKO

No we didn't! It's fine. Just go to my classes and I'll go to yours. It doesn't make a difference.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENKO (CONT'D)

We're both adults so high school
will be easy.

(MORE)

JENKO (CONT'D)

And we won't get in trouble if we solve the whole fucking case, right?

SCHMIDT

Oh, we're gonna solve this son-of-a-bitch. Let's hit it.

35

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

35

MR. GORDON, the worst drama teacher in the world, stands on stage. Schmidt sits near Molly and **FRENCH SAMUELS.**

MR. GORDON

So we are going to hold auditions for the Peter Pan part today. Billiam would have wanted the show to go on. None of you will be as good as him but it's not like I have a choice.

Mr. Gordon drones on over the following...

SCHMIDT

So sad. He was so talented. I heard.

MOLLY

So if he wasn't talented it'd be less sad?

SCHMIDT

Oh. That sounds really bad. I guess I just didn't know what to say. It's so hard to say goodbye to yesterday.

MOLLY

I'm just busting your balls, man.

SCHMIDT

(laughing)
I knew it. My balls did feel as if they were being busted.

MOLLY

Why are you laughing? A kid died.

They stop laughing.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Busting your balls again.

SCHMIDT

(laughing, weirded out)
Oh...I guess making weird jokes is
one way to cope with tragedy!

(then)

So, are people still doing that
stuff after what happened to him?

MOLLY

Yeah, everyone's saying Billiam
just had a heart murmur. Pretty
much everyone I know does it. It's
not my thing but--

SCHMIDT

So pretty much everyone knows where
to get some or whatever?

MOLLY

Yep. Pretty much.

SCHMIDT

Cool...cool...

(beat)

So, like- I mean, I'm not into it
or anything, I was just
wondering...who would I talk to if
my buddy wanted to get some?

MOLLY

Number's graffitied all over the
place. Look. If you want it.

He leans to look at the number but plays like he's not.
Schmidt sits back and texts the number: "**HFS whereRU?**"

MR. GORDON

New person! Since you have so much
to say to Molly, let's find out if
you can be Peter to our Wendy. You
look like you might have a little
Peter inside of you.

Molly goes onstage. She's playing Wendy. It's too much
pressure for Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Oh, I can't, actually. I'm happy
just being a tree or something.

MR. GORDON

Can't is not a word we use in this
room.

SCHMIDT

Yes it is. We both just used it and
understood its meaning. So it is.

MR. GORDON

Doug. Anyone can do anything. Have you heard of *Law and Order*? Have you heard of that show? Well I was on season 7, episode 12, loading crates, recognizing a photo of a hooker. My point is, you never won't know what you can't achieve before you don't achieve it. And my other point is, you have to. Everyone auditions for Peter.

SCHMIDT

Well... I guess if it's something that expected of the...uh... average high school student... Then I will do it!

36

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, A.P. CHEMISTRY - DAY

36

MS. GRIGGS, 23, Teach for America, tries to inspire her students. **ZACK**, the kid from the van, stands in front of class, wearing an H₂O SHIRT, with foam balls glued to it.

ZACK

My favorite molecule is water. I'd marry it unless it were my daughter. Three simple atoms with a polarized charge, H₂O is living large. Its solid form floats on its liquid form. Which makes it far outside the norm. It allowed life to form on ancient Mars, and we use it to wash our cars. H₂...Oh yeah.

MS. GRIGGS

Nice! Anyone else have something for Molecule Mondays? Extra Credit y'all? No? Come on, guys!

JENKO

Hey. You have balls on your shirt.

Zack gives an odd courtesy smile to this terrible joke.

MS. GRIGGS

Fantastic. Okay. Okay. Let's do a Pop Quiznos.

JENKO

A what now?

MS. GRIGGS

Oh, Brad is it? Wow, look at you.
Um, Pop Quiznos, whoever finishes
first with 100% gets a \$10 gift
certificate to Quiznos.

ZACK

That's like, two and a half
sandwiches. They're toasted?
(beat, then)
You look super old.

JENKO

No I don't... How old do you think
I am?

ZACK

Really really old. Like... twenty.
Were you held back, or--

JENKO

No. I went to middle school in...
France. They do like two extra
years of middle school there, so.

ZACK

Ah, Français est la langue d'amour.

SUBTITLE: "Ah, French is the language of love."

JENKO

It's nice to meet you also.

Griggs puts a quiz down in front of Jenko. He gets nervous.

MS. GRIGGS

Okay, ready...

37

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, THEATER - DAY

37

MR. GORDON (O.S.)

...begin!

A student plays accompaniment. Schmidt stands under a hot
SPOTLIGHT, sweating. He can't see the audience. Inside his
head we hear his super-fast beating heart: THUMPTHUMPTHUMP...

Schmidt takes so long the ACCOMPANIST has to loop the intro.

SCHMIDT

(timid)
I gotta crow. I gotta brag. I got--

We see Molly laughing her ass off at him. He catches sight of
this and barely manages to contain his laughter.

MR. GORDON
Hmm... Okay. Maybe do one cooler?
And faster. And louder. And less
insecure and more just cool.

Schmidt's phone BUZZES. Return text from HFS: **Yrbook. 5 mins.**

SCHMIDT
Okay! Great notes. I'm just going
to go out in the hallway and
prepare for about ten minutes.

MR. GORDON
If that's your process, but, that's
not how I would do it.

38

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, A.P. CHEMISTRY - DAY

38

Jenko squints at the Pop Quiznos and the words **CHANGE:**

How is a covalent bond different from an ionic
bond?

- a) YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
- b) NO, I'M NOT.
- c) YEAH YOU ARE, DUMBASS.
- d) FUCK YOU, QUIZ.

He looks around at Zack and others who are turning in their
quizzes and talking. Are they talking about Jenko? He circles
D, then picks answers randomly. He turns in the quiz.

MS. GRIGGS
(flustered)
Wow. You're fast. I mean you're
ready to go. No, not ready to go as
in like... Let me just check you
out here-- check out your chest.
Test.

Jenko's PHONE buzzes. A text from Schmidt: **"HALLWAY. NOW."**

JENKO
Can I go take a dump?

MS. GRIGGS
Thank you, yes. Just we have a
hurry back rule so be back in six
minutes or I have to send you to
the principal.

JENKO
Six minutes? To dump? That's
insane. I'm a ten minute man. Eight
minimum.

MS. GRIGGS

Rules are rules, I guess it'll have
to be a quickie.

She hands him his pass. Their hands touch. Rrrrrrrrr.

39

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

39

Schmidt and Jenko run down the hallway.

JENKO

Where's Yearbook class?

SCHMIDT

That way I think!

They round a corner and run into ROOM C-235, then they
suddenly, quickly get casual, and open the door gingerly.

40

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, YEARBOOK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

40

Reveal ERIC doing yearbook alone. Schmidt and Jenko come into
the room.

SCHMIDT

Heyyyy!

ERIC

Hang on, I'm finishing a layout.

SCHMIDT

I'm Doug, and this is my brother--

JENKO

Brad! Nice to meet you. Oh, and
hey... sorry about Juario, I--

ERIC

Don't worry about it. Juario can be
kind of a dick.

SCHMIDT

You're the dealer.

Eric smiles.

ERIC

So, how many you want? Twenty bucks
a pop.

SCHMIDT

We'll each have one please.

ERIC

You're not narcs, are you?

Schmidt and Jenko both look nervous. Eric is quick to laugh; clearly is joking around, but neither of them picks up on it.

JENKO
(defensive)
What? We're not narcs.

SCHMIDT
Yeah, maybe you're a narc.

ERIC
(joking)
You know who calls people narcs?
Narcs, narc.

SCHMIDT
Your argument sort of just
collapsed on itself. Cause you
called us narcs, and I called you a
narc, so--

ERIC
Come here.

A tense beat as Eric goes from friendly to super serious. He looks straight at Jenko, testing him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Does this look too even?

He motions to one of the yearbook pages he's working on.

JENKO
Uh...no? I dunno it looks normal.

SCHMIDT
I personally love it, Eric. I think
the choice of Century Gothic is
amazing. I like to think I have a
bit of a design eye.

Eric holds a BAGGIE. Inside are BROWN WAFERS.

ERIC
Alright dudes.

SCHMIDT
Do you actually make this stuff
yourself?

ERIC
No way. What do I look like? A
fuckin' scientist or something? I
just sell it. Keep this shit on the
downlow, and if anyone catches you
with it, you didn't get it from me.
(sizing them up)
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Actually why don't you take it in front of me so I know you're cool.

JENKO

Right, we actually were going to do it tonight in private--

SCHMIDT

We have to go back to class.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's the last period, just skip it. Take the shit now or bail. I gotta finish girls volleyball.

Jenko and Schmidt look at each other and put them on their tongues like communion wafers.

JENKO

Wow. These dissolve fast.

41

INT. BOYS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

41

Jenko and Schmidt take turns DRY HEAVING in a doorless stall.

JENKO

I can't barf! We're going to get so fucking fired!

SCHMIDT

Dude we might die! That kid Billiam had a heart murmur. What if we have heart murmurs? We have to throw up! Think of something really gross!

JENKO

Uh...Making out with a dead dude, and a bug crawls out of his mouth.

SCHMIDT

Nope. Not gross enough.

JENKO

Well what do you have?!

SCHMIDT

Uh, uh...your grandma's vagina!

JENKO

Dude, what the fuck?

SCHMIDT

It was the grossest thing I could think of. Sorry, I'm trying here!

JENKO

Fuck! Let's just finger each other in the mouth.

41

CONTINUED:

41

They finger each other's mouths. THE JANITOR enters.

SCHMIDT

Okay, okay.

JENKO

What are you doing? Trying to find my fucking g-spot? Just stick your finger in there!

SCHMIDT

Let's see your awesome technique.

They finger each other's mouths harder. It hurts.

JENKO

Oh God...oh God...OH GOD!

SCHMIDT

Oh God...oh God...OH GOD!

The guys collapse, un-be-barfed.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Why isn't this working?! Is it me?!

JENKO

I'm sorry! I just can't sometimes!

The janitor leaves, changed.

42

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

42

The guys run to class. They nearly flatten **MR. WALTERS**, a lazy P.E. coach, feasting on COOL RANCH CORN CHIPS.

MR. WALTERS

Whoa whoa whoa! You got a pass for running around like dingalings?

They don't realize they're holding them. Walters grabs them.

MR. WALTERS (CONT'D)

Aw, crap. You're late. Now I gotta take you to the principal's office.

(beat)

Shit. That's gonna take forever. Plus I'm so thirsty, and I was just on my way to get a Fierce Melon Gatorade and the video I popped in for my freshman health is going to run out any sec. This sucks.

(then, to Jenko)

Whoa. You have exceptional muscle tone. Wow. Waitaminute.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WALTERS (CONT'D)
(reading pass)
McQuaid? Are you Doug McQuaid? I
read your file. You got a lot of
special going on with you, young
man.

*
*

Schmidt raises his hand to speak.

MR. WALTERS (CONT'D)
Don't raise your hand at me I
consider that a threat.

SCHMIDT
I'm Doug, actually.

MR. WALTERS
You're Doug? You're the new kid who
was all county in track?

SCHMIDT
Yes. I am Doug. The track star. And
he's Brad. The science prodigy.

Jenko and Schmidt are BRIGHT RED trying to fight off...

"PHASE 1: THE GIGGS"

JENKO
You should see him run, he's really
fast. Prefontaine fast.

MR. WALTERS
Are you messing with me?
(then, re: Jenko)
Come on. He's obviously the track
star. Look at these gams! He's like
a centaur. Or a Minotaur. I bet you
could crack a walnut between those
thighs!

JENKO
I can.

SCHMIDT
I know...it seems weird, but I am
in fact the one who is the fast
runner.

They burst out laughing again.

MR. WALTERS

You think this is funny? This year, our team's full of physically incapable rejects. I mean, if it wasn't me, it'd be funny how spastic they are, but it is me, so it isn't. I need you. You know what I mean.

SCHMIDT

I don't.

Schmidt and Jenko slowly go wide-eyed...FROM THEIR P.O.V. Walters now has the head of a CRACKED OUT PANDA BEAR.

"PHASE 2: TRIPPING MAJOR BALLSACK"

PANDA WALTERS

Tell you what. We need an anchor for the 4x400. You promise to suit up and run today, I'll sign those passes.

SCHMIDT

(reluctant)

Um...you know I kind of need some time to prepare normally. I haven't been training.

PANDA WALTERS

Training? This is high school. Just run fast, stupid. Don't make me take you to the principal, man.

SCHMIDT

Okay Panda Man.

PANDA WALTERS

Okay, great. Are you guys on drugs?

JENKO

No.....

PANDA WALTERS

Dammit, I gotta go. See you at track. Remember, drugs are dangerous!

Jenko and Schmidt, confused, keep going.

French Samuels auditions, pretty well. Gordon is impressed. Molly is on stage with him.

FRENCH

Gotta croooooowww--

Schmidt bursts in the door, wearing sunglasses and finishing a Capri Sun. He crumples and tosses it aside.

"PHASE 3: OVER-FALSITY OF CONFIDENCE"

Schmidt hits the stage and edges out French. He finger-guns the accompanist, and *performs*. On key. Well acted. Humor. Heart. It ROCKS. Midway through, he serenades Molly.

SCHMIDT

Conceited? Not me. It's just that I am what I aaam. And I'm me! / When I look at myself, and I see in myself / All the wonderful things that I see / If I'm pleased with myself, I have ev'ry good reason to be. I've gotta crow!

Molly is blown away.

44

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, A.P. CHEMISTRY - SAME TIME

44

Jenko, at the dry-erase board, balancing a complex chemical equation. In the zone. All are agog.

JENKO

One particle of unobtanium has a nuclear reaction with a flux capacitor, carry the two, changing its atomic isotoner into a radioactive spider...

The board is covered with crazy equations. Also, the word "BOOBS" with two molecules as the OO's.

45

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, THEATER - SAME TIME

45

Schmidt finishes up.

SCHMIDT

...I've gotta crowwww!

APPLAUSE.

MR. GORDON

Welcome aboard, Peter.

MOLLY

Ew! His nose is bleeding!

SCHMIDT

Yeah it does that sometimes when I
get really excited!

It is. Really badly. BELL.

46

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

46

Schmidt and Jenko walk out into the hallway, elated.

"PHASE 4: FUCK YEAH MOTHERFUCKER!!!"

SCHMIDT

We fucking did it! We found one of
the dealers!!

JENKO

Not even God could beat me at
anything!!! AHFFF!!!

SCHMIDT

Woo!! Yeah!!! Fuck!!! Blaaah!!!

JENKO

Let's go back to Jump Street!

SCHMIDT

I can't! Shit! I have track. I
can't fucking run against
teenagers!

JENKO

Fuck me! Band practice! I don't
play anything!

They start running down the hall, giving each other advice.

JENKO

Raise the legs. Pump the
arms. And watch the baton
thing. People always fuck
that up.

SCHMIDT

Cover the finger holes
completely. And don't blow
into it. Blow through it. And
don't blow too hard.

They part ways and run in different directions.

47-54

OMITTED

47-54

55

EXT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, TRACK - DAY

55

BAM! Starter pistol. Schmidt is on the track. He's the last
leg of the relay. There is a sparse crowd. Sagan is really
far ahead. Walters is yelling at all the students.

MR. WALTERS
LET'S GO MCQUAID!

He looks up in the stands. There's Molly and Eric and the cool kids, hanging out, not really watching. Molly points Schmidt out to Eric and waves slightly.

SCHMIDT
RARRR!!! BLARGH!!!

Schmidt jumps up and down, screaming with excitement as he awaits the baton...and the pass goes off without incident. Schmidt runs as fast as he possibly can. He looks great. Until we REVEAL he is running HALF THE SPEED of the other runners. Sagan's lead instantly disappears.

56 **CUTAWAY TO:** BAND PRACTICE, where Jenko blows as hard as he can into a recorder. It sounds awful. He blows too hard, propelling the recorder into the back of a nerdy girl's head. Zack and Delroy and Roman judge him.

57 **BACK TO SCENE:** 57

As runners pass, Schmidt WHACKS the batons out of their hands. As a last ditch, he throws his baton across the finish line, "winning." SCHMIDT CELEBRATES, then notices the ref.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Disqualified?! Are you kidding me?

MR. WALTERS
You said you were a track star you lying shit!

SCHMIDT
They ran a good race. I'll give 'em that.

58 **EXT. SAGAN HIGH, PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON** 58

Schmidt and Jenko walk back to their car. Eric and Molly walk over to Eric's car with assorted popular kids.

ERIC
Hey dude-- that was awesome how you sabotaged that track meet. Organized sports are so fascist.

Schmidt has the biggest smile we could imagine. Jenko looks like "what the fuck?"

SCHMIDT
Thanks. That's just what I do.

The cool kids drive off.

JENKO

I don't get this school.

59

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, BULLPEN - EVENING

59

All the Jump Streeters are there. Fugazy and Jr Jr in Cheerleader outfits. The dudes show Dickson a perp chart they made on poster board.

JENKO

The dealers are the popular kids. Except they're not like normal popular, they're like crunchy granola dudes who have convinced everyone they're cool. It's absolutely backwards and insane, Sir.

SCHMIDT

Lead dealer is Eric Molson, alpha dog, killer steeze, sick chicks. He did the AIDS run, he's totally getting into Berkeley early admish. And he definitely gets me.

Jenko rolls his eyes. As they pin pics of Eric, Amir and Juario on the perp board next to "DEALERS," Dickson points to the "?" above them.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Who's the supplier?

SCHMIDT

We don't know.

JENKO

But he's crazy smart. Knows how to cover his tracks. We suspect it's someone with chemist-ricular knowledge, and I am...infiltrating that group quite well.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

(to Schmidt, incredulous)

So...you falling in with the cool kids,

(to Jenko)

And you falling in with the nerdy kids?

(beat)

The drugs have clearly fucked up the minds of these little motherfuckers more than I thought. We really gotta get this shit off the street.

SCHMIDT

We will, sir. We promise.

Schmidt and Jenko walk towards the front door. Fugazy and Jr Jr call out to them.

FUGAZY

(sarcastic)

Sounds like you guys cracked the whole case! Good job! You're on fire.

SCHMIDT

Oh, and you're doing much better?

FUGAZY

Yeah. Wayyyy fucking better. Just brought down a group of wannabe thugs stripping down cars in the Garfield High metal shop. Gonna be a federal.

JR. JR.

We're basically killing it. Meanwhile you two are standing around fingerblasting each other's assholes.

SCHMIDT

Wow! A couple of hot girls in slutty cheerleader outfits were able to convince a bunch of horny teenage dudes to tell them stuff? That takes real skill.

FUGAZY

I'm not going to apologize for being hot as shit. God has blessed me and I just work with what he gave me.

(to Jenko)

I suggest you do the same.

JENKO

I'm trying! They don't respect handsomeness anymore!

60

OMITTED

60

A61

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A61

Schmidt and Jenko watch Eric, Molly and the cool kids from afar.

JENKO

I don't get it. This shit used to be so easy for me. Like everything I used to think was awesome isn't anymore. Things that are geeky are somehow cool now.

SCHMIDT

I know, right? Comic books are cool, being tolerant, environmental awareness. Fuck. If I was just born ten years later I'd have been the coolest guy around.

JENKO

It's total bullshit. And I totally know who to blame. Glee. Fuck you, Glee. Ruining America one song at a time.

LONG BEAT.

SCHMIDT

Man...it's kind of exciting. It looks like I can maybe actually get in with the cool kids.

JENKO

Why is that exciting?

SCHMIDT

'Cause it's good for the case.

JENKO

Well...I guess. Wouldn't it be better if we both infiltrated the cool kids?

SCHMIDT

Honestly, no. We need to cover as much ground as we can. It's a good thing only the nerds like you. It's good for the case.

JENKO

Yeah, yeah...I guess you're right.

SCHMIDT

Hey, remember Christopher Chu?

JENKO

Peed his pants in third grade, everyone called him Pisstopher.

SCHMIDT

Until his parents went out of town
and he threw that epic house party
junior year-

JENKO

Oh yeah! That was the best party
ever!

SCHMIDT

I wasn't invited, I just heard
about it, but that doesn't matter;
The point is that Christopher Chu
went from being Pisstopher Poo, to
being Chu Chu Party Train. Coolest
kid in school.

They get up and put their trays away, and walk out.

JENKO

Are you saying we throw a party?

SCHMIDT

I'm saying we throw a party. I
invite Molly, she invites Eric.
It's the fastest way to get popular
and bro down with him.

JENKO

And then, once you're in with him,
you tell him we want to make a few
extra bucks and start selling for
him. And then we find the supplier.

SCHMIDT

Exactly. We blow it out. Weird
Science and House Party 2 *combined*.

JENKO

Word. But we probably shouldn't
actually use either of those
references because none of the kids
will get them.

61-72 OMITTED

61-72

73 **INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT'S ROOM - NIGHT**

73

Schmidt dials a land line.

SCHMIDT

(into phone)
Hey, is Molly there?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Molly talks on a Tara McPherson-skinned iPhone.

MOLLY
Speaking.

SCHMIDT
Hey, how's it going? It's Schmidt.
Schmug. Doug. Doug Schmidt Schmug
McQuaid. From Theater.

MOLLY
Dude! You called me on the phone.
It's weird, I pretty much text
unless it's with a super old
relative or something. That's
crazy. So did you mean to call me
or was it an accident?

SCHMIDT
No, I totally meant to. Got the ol'
number off Facebook.

MOLLY
OK, so what's up, stalker?

SCHMIDT
That was a crazy drama class,
right?

MOLLY
Yeah, totally. Mr. Gordon is such a
fucking weirdo.

LOUD DIALING obliterates the conversation.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Hello? Hello?

SCHMIDT
Mom! Hang up the phone! Dammit!

ANNIE (O.S.)
*I'm sorry...Doug. My teen son. Love
you Dougie! Bye Douglas. McQuaid.*

SCHMIDT
MOM! Seriously!

Annie hangs up.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
My Mom is such a dick.

MOLLY
Oh my God, mine too.

SCHMIDT

My Mom buries me with affection,
and makes me feel like a five year-
old.

MOLLY

Wow, you're a sharer. I dig that.
Cut yourself open and pull out your
gooey emotions.

SCHMIDT

I'm an open book. She literally
bought me 43 stuffed animals in one
month. My doctor was afraid I'd
spontaneously grow a vagina. That
didn't happen though. Just to be
clear.

MOLLY

Cause you already had one.

SCHMIDT

Exactly.

MOLLY

You should consider yourself lucky.
I never even got one stuffed
animal. Actually, that's not true.
My Dad gave me a stuffed puppy the
night he bailed on us.

SCHMIDT

Oh...wow, yeah, I didn't mean-

MOLLY

I'm just fucking with you.

SCHMIDT

Ha ha, whew. That was almost--

MOLLY

He did walk out on us, though.

Jenko walks in, in his underpants, brushing his teeth.

SCHMIDT

Well, not all guys are jerks. Some
guys you can trust. Maybe you're
just hanging with the wrong people.
Speaking of which, I'm having a
party this weekend. My parents are
out of town, so.

MOLLY

Are you going to be dishonest to
your parents? Douglas.

SCHMIDT

Ha. Maybe a little. Invite whoever you want. You know...Eric, Juario...those guys.

MOLLY

Tell you what. I'm gonna invite all my Facebook friends to your party.

SCHMIDT

Cool, cool. Hey, out of raw curiosity, how many Facebook friends do you have?

MOLLY

Four hundred eleven. ~~Is~~ Is that cool?

SCHMIDT

(gulp)
Absosmurfly. Why would I say that?
(then)
See you tomorrow!

They hang up. Schmidt sighs.

74

INT. SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

74

Schmidt and Jenko are in their beds. Lights out.

SCHMIDT

Dude. Are you awake?

JENKO

No.

SCHMIDT

Did you see Leah Friedman making out with Will Gluck in the hall today? I did not see that one coming. Will Gluck looks like a fucking Avatar. He literally must be blackmailing her.

JENKO

I don't give a fuck about stupid shit like that and neither should you.

SCHMIDT

I know! I was joking. You fell for it. I don't care.

JENKO

Good night, dude.

SCHMIDT

Night.

A beat.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

So like if you can understand Leah and Will Gluck together you could probably see like Molly with someone who wasn't as classically hot, right?

JENKO

Are you trying to hook up with her?

SCHMIDT

No! No. It's not like that. She just needs someone in her life she can trust.

JENKO

Someone like an undercover cop who's lying to her so he can arrest her friends?

SCHMIDT

I'm just saying, we have a palpable connection, and we're co-stars of a play together. And drama people, you know, it's like summer camp. There's no rules with these people.

JENKO

Well there are rules about having sex with high school girls. One rule, actually. It's illegal.

SCHMIDT

Super illegal. I know. Totally.

Beat.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

But-- We're in our 20s, but our characters are 17. See how that is like, a gray area?

JENKO

I kind of see what you're saying, actually. Like what if since we have to get popular, we *have* to sleep with hot girls, to keep our cover?

SCHMIDT

Like it's suspicious if we *don't* sleep with them.

JENKO

And we'd be doing it *in order to keep kids off drugs*. So that's a good thing, right?

SCHMIDT

Kings used to marry, like, 14 year olds.

JENKO

That's true!

Beat.

SCHMIDT/JENKO

We can't. We can't. We can't. /I was kidding./ Me too.

SCHMIDT

Night, man.

Beat.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

But if it's only third base, like, is that bad if it's going to--

JENKO

That's a total gray area.

SCHMIDT

Coo. Coo.

75 OMITTED 75

76 **INT. SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT'S BATHROOM - MORNING** 76

They SHAVE! PRACTICE MIRANDA RIGHTS! Jenko still doesn't finish. Schmidt rolls his eyes.

77 **INT. SCHMIDT HOME, KITCHEN NOOK - MORNING** 77

Annie cooks PANCAKES!

JENKO

I brought you all something.

He unveils a huge embarrassing picture of himself to go alongside Schmidt's pictures. Schmidt is annoyed.

ANNIE

Awwwwwwww.....

SCHMIDT

(sotto)

Are you, like, trying to move in on my family?

JENKO

(sotto)

No, it's for the case. Just to keep our cover. And so is this...

Jenko hands Annie a BROCHURE FOR A SHITTY WINERY.

JENKO (CONT'D)

As a thank you for letting me stay here, I got you guys this. Deer Heap Vineyards. This weekend. You two. Romance. It's gonna be amazing.

ANNIE

My sweet Jenko. You two are the most loving, honest, soft-faced, generous, trustworthy, perfect, honest kids in the world.

SCHMIDT

I have to go now.

They leave for school and wave.

JENKO

Love you!

SCHMIDT

What?

Jenko walks past the Chem classrom. Shadows moving inside. Door's locked. So he KNOCKS.

*

*

DELROY (O.S.)

Password?

Jenko wrestles the door open from Delroy.

Jenko bursts in the room. He sees a bunch of nerds hanging out, playing games, studying. Zack has a stack of cell phones he has taken apart.

JENKO

What the fuck are y'all doing in here?! How do you have a key?!

ZACK

Ms. Griggs gave us one so we can work and tutor and deal Bakugon in here during free periods.

JENKO

Bakugon! You're Bakugon dealers? Where do you get your shit?

DELROY, black, skinny, plays Bakugon with ROMAN.

DELROY

From the Wizard's Beard hobby shop. You want to play?

Jenko now sees they are playing a nerdy battle card game.

JENKO

Not at all.

(beat)

So that's it? No illegal stuff?

DELROY

Just downloading porn. And music. And movies. So, no.

ZACK

Alright. So...what are you doing here?

JENKO

Oh, I...um...I came here to...study.

ZACK

Good. You could use it.

JENKO

No I couldn't.

ZACK

Really? What's a covalent bond?

Jenko gets in Zack's face.

JENKO

Fuck you. I know, I don't need to tell you.

He angrily knocks over a piece of science equipment.

ZACK

No offense, seriously, I didn't mean to be rude, but you don't try in class, you got an F on your Pop Quiznos, and you seem to get mad anytime anything gets remotely hard for you. If you want help in class you should maybe be less defensive.

JENKO

I'm not defensive!

Jenko immediately realizes he's being defensive.

JENKO (CONT'D)

So what bullshit do they say about covalent bonds at this school?

ZACK

Well, I'd be willing to help you out and tutor you for the test, but if you want my services, it's going to cost you big time.

JENKO

How much?

ZACK

Ten.

JENKO

Dollars?

ZACK

Yes.

JENKO

Deal.

Jenko pulls out his wallet and hands Zack a ten. Only then does he notice that Zack has tons of disassembled phones laid out in front of him.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Wait a second, what the fuck are you doing with all those phones? You are doing shady shit!

Jenko steps forward and gets in Zack's face.

ZACK

Um, well...I kind of...crack and jailbreak kids' phones to try and pay for college. Switch their wireless carriers, get restricted apps...

He shows a phone with all the icons changed up- looks cool.
Jenko's eyes go wide.

JENKO

Wow! That's fucking awesome. You could really fuck with someone's shit, huh?

ZACK

Uh...yeah. I mean, one guy didn't pay me and I made it so he was sexting his mom for like three days.

JENKO

No way! Can you listen in on calls and stuff?

ZACK

(sarcastic)
No, I can't install spyware to remotely monitor calls or anything the mic picks up. I can't do that at all. Definitely cannot do that.

JENKO

Are you being sarcastic?

ZACK

(sarcastic)
No. I'm not being sarcastic.

JENKO

So, you can do it, right?

ZACK

Yes. I was being sarcastic.

JENKO

Like, could you do it to Eric?

DELROY

Eric Molson!?

JENKO

Yeah.

ZACK

Why?

DELROY

It's obvious why, Zack. Think about it, two brothers, the same age, coming to the same school. It's an equal playing field, they enter the intimidating new social arena;

(MORE)

DELROY (CONT'D)
one falls in with the most coveted
social group, the so-called "cool
kids", and the other-
(points at Jenko)
-is here with us. He's jealous of
Eric and wants to take him down.

Jenko fully realizes that this is indeed what is happening
for the first time.

JENKO
So, could you?

ZACK
Would love to take him down. If you
can get me his phone

JENKO
I can do that.

ZACK
How?

JENKO
I got one for you? Do you like to
party?

ZACK
We've never been to a party.

JENKO
Well, that's about to change.

80

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - EVENING

80

Captain Dickson stares at Jenko and Schmidt.

CAPTAIN DICKSON
Y'all having a party?

JENKO
What?

CAPTAIN DICKSON
There's rumors. In the
tweetosphere. And if two of my
officers got caught serving alcohol
to minors, they might find
themselves in prison with snorkels
duct taped to their mouths while I
shit down the snorkel tubes.

SCHMIDT
That's extremely vivid. Thank you.

80

CONTINUED:

80

CAPTAIN DICKSON
No parties. No alcohol.

SCHMIDT AND JENKO
No parties. No alcohol. Got it.
Totally.

Dickson stares at them. They stare back.

81

INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

81

*

...leading us to opening riffs of a SONG WE CAN AFFORD!

Schmidt and Jenko wave goodbye to the Schmidts.

SCHMIDT/JENKO
Byeeeeeee. / Have fun. Love you.

They shut the door and spring into action!

a

- DIMMER DOWN! PILLOW FLUFFED! CHIPS BOWLED!

a

*

SCHMIDT
(sarcastic)
Wait. Shit. Who are we going to get
to buy us alcohol?!

JENKO
(sarcastic)
Oh no! I don't have a fake ID!

They LAUGH SUPER HARD. SMASH TO:

aa

EXT. BIG LOT LIQUOR STORE - DAY

aa

SLOW MOTION: They roll out with a TON OF BOOZE, **laughing.**

JENKO
Man, I wish I was an old guy in
high school the first time.

SCHMIDT
That doesn't make sense but I get
it.

BACK TO THE HOUSE:

b

- KEGS TAPPED!

b

c - THEY PUT OUT TEN BOTTLES EACH OF TEQUILA. RUM. SUNNY D. c
THESE ARE MIXED INTO A MEGAPUNCH TOPPED WITH RAINBOW SHERBET.

SCHMIDT

Wait. How are going to get drugs
for the party?

(CONTINUED)

JENKO

Oh no!

*

They laugh.

A82 INT. POLICE EVIDENCE LOCKER - NIGHT A82

Schmidt stands watching lookout by the door. Inside, Jenko rummages around.

JENKO

A pound of coke?

SCHMIDT

No! We want to show them a good time, not ruin their fucking lives.

JENKO

Ok. Ok.
(keeps looking)
Booyah.

He grabs a HUGE BRICK OF WEED and shows it to Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

This is gonna be the best party ever.

They run away.

B82 BACK AT THE HOUSE: B82

- a - They set up the pot in one of Annie's serving dishes. a
b - They throw some dirt in a garbage can and put on a handmade sign: "COMPOST". b
c - They cheer and take a shot of tequila. Gross. c

C82 DING DONG! C82

Someone has arrived. Schmidt excitedly opens the front door only to see Zack and his nerdy buddies.

ZACK

Hi! Zack Lipovsky. You must be Doug. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Schmidt pulls Jenko aside as Zack and co. go to the liquor.

SCHMIDT

Whoa, wait, what? You invited these guys?

JENKO

Are you telling me who I can and
can't invite? This is for the case.

SCHMIDT

Well, the whole point of this party is to make my character look cool, and that's gonna be hard if there's a bunch of fucking losers.

JENKO

Well, my character is friends with Zack and those guys, and if we're brothers, then my parents are out of town too, and my character would invite his friends over to party.

SCHMIDT

Well, my character would probably tell your character that this whole party was his idea and that your character's friends can't come. My character might even say that he didn't want you at the party.

JENKO

You mean, want my character at the party.

SCHMIDT

Yeah. Exactly.

82

INT. SCHMIDT HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER

82

The house is full of geeky teenagers.

JENKO

Do we have enough chips? Is this playlist too dancey? It feels too dancey to me.

Some GEEKS knock over the Kokopelli vase in front of Schmidt. He GRABS it before it hits the ground.

SCHMIDT

No prob dudes, just my Mom's Kokopelli vase she stares at for hours to give her peace. Don't give it a second thought.

Jenko indicates Eric, Molly, Juario, Lisa and Amir entering. Jenko gives Zack a nod. Zack nods back: Copy that. Jenko and Schmidt intercept Eric et al.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Paul Blart Molly Cop, how hangs it?

MOLLY
(laughing)
That was bad, Doug. You guys know each other, right?

ERIC
Right. From yearbook. And the parking lot. What's up?

SCHMIDT
Eric Molson. Sup, my main man. That shirt is out of control cool. I swear, I almost wore that but at the last sec, I totally didn't. Great call, bud.

JENKO
What's up, man?

Eric doesn't even acknowledge Jenko.

MOLLY
Your art is very...Native American.

SCHMIDT
Yeah, our family is very passionate about Native Americans and their connection to the earth and such.

ERIC
Your landscaping is exceptionally lush.

JENKO
Yeah, we love the earth and her plants.

ERIC
You should tell your parents to get plants that subsist on drip irrigation and not waste so much water.

JENKO
I know! We are always getting on our dad about that.

SCHMIDT
I know, it's like "fuck you, dad", right? BTW, If you have any perishables, they go in the compost out there. In the *compost area*.

Zack, Delroy and Roman bowl past Eric, BUMPING HIM. Jenko quickly swipes Eric's phone from his pocket and the covers:

JENKO
Watch it Zack!

He chases after them and slyly hands them the phone. Schmidt sees and gives Jenko a pissed look.

JUARIO
This is butt. There's like no hot
guys here.

AMIR
Let's bounce.

SCHMIDT
What? You just got here. Let me
give you the tour, come on... Molly
want a cracker? Parrot joke, sorry.

MOLLY
Yikes. Yeah, a tour. Sure.

UGHHHHHHH Eric and crew drag their feet and come along.

83

INT. SCHMIDT'S BEDROOM -- SAME TIME

83

Jenko is in Schmidt's bedroom with Zack on his laptop. Zack drunkenly attempts to put Eric's SIM card into the reader. Roman and Delroy are there like nurses in surgery.

ZACK
Screwdriver. Tweezlers.

JENKO
Come on, come on, hurry. Have you
ever been drunk before?

ZACK
Nope. Can we get some bitches up in
here, please?

Jenko peers out the door, nervous. He grabs the bottle of Hot Damn from Zack and takes a swig.

84

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

84

Schmidt leads The Popular Kids on a tour.

SCHMIDT
This is my parents' bedroom...and
that is a really gross three-way.

Schmidt opens his parents door to REVEAL two naked girls and a naked guy in a disturbing position. Schmidt quickly closes the door.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Drama geeks are surprisingly
sexual, huh?

ERIC
I've heard that.

MOLLY
(laughing)
Shut up! I'm not a drama geek!

SCHMIDT
(laughing but crying)
You two...

Juario approaches Eric, showing him a text.

JUARIO
Yo, warehouse rave in Ellsworth.

ERIC
Alright. Moll, let's roll.

Molly feels bad. She starts to leave.

MOLLY
Sorry. It was a really nice party.

Jenko, peeks around a corner, a look of panic in his eyes. He runs over to Schmidt's bedroom door.

JENKO
Is it ready?

ZACK
I need another minute.

JENKO
Damn it! We're too fucking late!
The op's a bust.

ON SCHMIDT: Seeing Eric to the door, a little disappointed.

SCHMIDT
Well, I'm glad you were able to pop
by. I wish you could have stayed
longer but I totally understand. We
should definitely do this again
though. Should we set a date?

ERIC
Uh...no. I'll just see you at
school.

Zack runs up and gives Jenko Eric's phone.

JENKO

It's too fucking late! We're
fucked!

As Eric walks to the door, REVEAL **THREE KIDS FROM ANOTHER SCHOOL** in the foyer. Eric stares down a short kid, **SCOTT**, who pumps the keg. Molly pulls Eric's arm. Eric steps to the keg. Room goes quiet.

JENKO (CONT'D)

(to Zack)

He's not gone yet! Keep doing it!
Hurry! We've still got a shot!

ANGLE ON: Eric, Schmidt and Scott and his buddies.

ERIC

Why you here, Scott? Kennedy High
isn't having any parties tonight?

SCOTT

I heard you've been partying with
something new. Thought maybe you
can tell me who your hookup is, so
we can get in on it.

ERIC

No thanks. Got other commitments on
that front, so, you know.

SCOTT

Yeah, I'm not asking, dude.

SCHMIDT

You threatening one of my guests?
At my party? He's just trying to
enjoy a nice time with friends. And
now I would like you to leave.

SCOTT

You're kicking me out? Who are you?

SCHMIDT

My name is Doug. Who are y--AWW!

Scott has suckerpunched Schmidt in the neck, knocking the
wind out of him.

JENKO

Schmi-doug!

Jenko hustles towards the fight. Kids gather around Scott and
Schmidt and cheer. Schmidt, embarrassed, lunges at Scott and
lands a punch.

SCHMIDT

Fuck! My hand! That kills!

Jenko approaches, and Scott's friends try to stop him. One of them tries to punch Jenko, who bats it aside with ease. Another one lands a punch. It barely affects Jenko.

JENKO

Get out of my house, NOW!!!

He turns around, punches one dude in the face, and as another rushes him, cracks a dude's back with a BAYING WOLF SCULPTURE, then clocks the last guy with a HOPI SUN DANCER.

SCHMIDT

Really? The Hopi Sun Dancer?

Jenko has taken out all three guys with ease. Scott suddenly jumps on Schmidt and starts pummeling him. Scott runs Schmidt into the wall, right between two NATIVE AMERICAN PAINTINGS. Schmidt puts them back on-axis.

Jenko moves to aid Schmidt, but Eric stops him.

ERIC

No dude. It's a fight. One on one.

ZACK (O.S.)

Brad!

He turns to see Zack on the staircase, with Eric's phone.

ANGLE ON: Schmidt, looking at everyone looking at him.

ERIC

Come on, Doug!

ZOOM INTO SCHMIDT'S EYE: a really nice FIREPLACE ignites!

Schmidt rushes Scott, who instantly TACKLES Schmidt into a coffee table! Schmidt is pinned against the KOKOPELLI VASE.

SCHMIDT

Fuck it.

Schmidt grabs the vase and knocks it over Scott's head, making a spectacular SMASH! Scott is knocked out.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

That's right, bitch! Run!

Crowd **CHEERS!**

Jenko looks back to Zack again. Zack throws the phone, and Jenko barely manages to catch it. He walks up to Eric.

ERIC

(to Jenko)

Who would have thought your bro was the tough one, huh?

JENKO
Yeah. He's scrappy.

Jenko slips the phone in Eric's pocket.

Then, the crowd STOPS and stares, shocked. Eric points to Schmidt's pec. The COYOTE LETTER OPENER sticks out of it.

SCHMIDT
Shit. When did I get stabbed?

85 OMITTED

85

86 INT. THE SCHMIDT HOME, FOYER - NIGHT

86

Schmidt sits on the stairs. THE ENTIRE PARTY stares up at him. Schmidt swigs a bottle of Malibu.

SCHMIDT
Pull it out.

JENKO
Dude...

SCHMIDT
Pull it out! Pull it out!

Eric starts chanting "Pull it out!" Everyone JOINS IN. Jenko grabs the knife handle and PULLS IT OUT.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D) ENTIRE PARTY
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Schmidt pours Malibu on the wound. Molly slaps a paper towel bandage on, then duct tapes it.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
I think shots are in order.

- Schmidt does shots with Eric and Molly and their friends. They smoke weed. Across the party, Jenko does shots with his nerdy buddies and some nerdy girls.

JENKO
You fuckin' did it, dude.

ZACK
(super drunk)
I'll drink to that.

Jenko looks over at Schmidt and is jealous.

87 - "I Wish" by Skee-Lo comes on. Jenko starts dancing to it87
No one knows the song and is confused.

JENKO

Come on you guys! How are you not
into this?! Doug! Come on!

Schmidt looks at him, shaking his head in disapproval. Eric
and others start laughing and Schmidt joins them.

ERIC

Your brother is truly one of the
biggest losers I have ever met.

SCHMIDT

(sotto)

Hah! I have to live with the guy.

Jenko, drunkenly dances while making a fool of himself. The
nerds start to join him and they all dance together dorkily.

88 - **OUTSIDE:** David and Annie drive up to see their house filled
with kids, music blaring.

89 - Schmidt dances in a scrum (to a current song) with Molly89
They get up on some super serious dance moves and burst into
laughter. Drinks fly. Jenko and the Chem Nerds drink as they
play video games while everyone parties around them. Schmidt
is the center of attention, and having the best time ever.

ANNIE walks in, furious.

ANNIE

Get out! Out! I'll kill you all!

SCHMIDT

RUUUUUUN!

EVERYONE RUNS!

ANNIE

Where's my lying piece of shit
son?!

90 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER**

90

Schmidt, with Eric, Juario, and Amir, stops running.

ERIC

That was so crazy. That was one of
the best parties I've been to in
years.

SCHMIDT
I know, right? It was so
liberating! I do that type of stuff
all the time, though.

Eric moves in close to Schmidt.

ERIC
(to Schmidt)
I tell you what. You're cool as
shit. You want to make a little
extra money? Meet me in the
parking lot tomorrow morning.

Schmidt smiles so wide.

SCHMIDT
Cool. That's awesome.

Eric holds out his fist for a bump: Jenko shows up just in
time to witness: an Eric/Schmidt *FIST BUMP! Schmidt's IN.*

*
*

ERIC
Thanks for having us, Brad.

*

Molly pulls up. Eric jumps into Molly's car. They drive away,
leaving Jenko and Schmidt alone. After a beat, they smile.

Puffy-eyed and hungover, Schmidt and Jenko are getting
lectured by Annie and David. They do not feel great.

ANNIE
We're very disappointed in you.

DAVID
Very disappointed.

They start to protest--

ANNIE

I don't care if you're
undercover or not, if you
want to live here, you'll
have to live by our rules.
You pay for all the damage.
You do all the dishes, mow
the lawn, fold the laundry,
take out the trash...

DAVID

(echoing her lamely)
Our rules. All the damage.
Dishes. Lawn. Laundry.
Trash...

Schmidt TUNES OUT what they are saying. He looks at Jenko,
and smiles.

92

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

92

Schmidt and Jenko fire away at targets.

SCHMIDT

Oh. My. God. That could not have
gone better. I'm in. I'm fucking
in!

JENKO

You have no idea how in we are.
During the party I took Eric's
phone and had Zack put a monitoring
device in it. We're gonna hear
everything that little schmuck is
up to.

SCHMIDT

Dude, I don't know if that was a
good idea. I mean, do you have any
idea what would have happened if
you got found out? Fucking with the
coolest guy in school's phone? We'd
become the ultimate social rejects.

JENKO

But it worked! No one busted me.
We're in deeper than deep. This is,
like, the smartest move I've ever
pulled. Why are you getting mad at
me?

SCHMIDT

I'm not getting mad at you. I'm
glad you've got something to do
since I'm the one that has to do
the emotionally draining job of
infiltrating the cool kids. I'm
happy for you. It's good.

JENKO

Good.

21 JUMP STREET PINK PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.4.11 72.
92 CONTINUED: 92
BLAM BLAM BLAM!

93 OMITTED 93

94 INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, YEARBOOK ROOM - NEXT MORNING 94 *
Schmidt walks in, to find Eric, Juario and Amir. *

ERIC
So, you in?

SCHMIDT
Absolutely. What're we doing?
Whatever it is, I'm in.

ERIC
Well here's the thing, I can't sell
all this shit alone, but it's gotta
be people I trust. I like you.
You're sincere. So I want you to
start pushing for me. You do good,
maybe we'll bring you in on the
operation, introduce you to the
boss. Cool?

SCHMIDT
You want me to sell drugs to kids?

Eric nods.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
I have no problem with that. Let's
do it.

MUSIC UP: GANGSTA GANGSTA by N.W.A.

97

CONTINUED:

97

JENKO
(beat)
Not that I can think of that would
make sense.

98

EXT. FIELD BEHIND SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

98

Jenko, Zack and the nerds, in goggles and lab coats, mix
chemicals in 2-liter bottles.

ZACK
Aluminum foil in Ammonium
persulphate.

They shake it and run back. BOOM! It explodes!

JENKO
(laughing)
Awesome.

Jenko, having a ball, HIGH FIVES Zack and the nerds.

99-101

OMITTED

99-101

102

INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

102

Prom committee. Schmidt, Eric, Juario, Lisa. It's tense in
there. Juario bangs the gavel repeatedly.

*

SCHMIDT
Obviously, the centerpieces should
be sombreros. The theme is Cinco de
Mayo!

*

*

*

LISA
I still like Vegas Night.

SCHMIDT
You would, Lisa.

Schmidt and Juario and Eric laugh and high five.

*

A103 OMITTED A103 *

103 **INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, A.P. CHEMISTRY ROOM - LATER** 103

Zack tutors Jenko with a Chemistry book as Jenko and the nerds play Magic the Gathering.

ZACK
Which ion has the largest radius?

JENKO
(into the game)
A Jace, the Mindsculptor! No way!

104 OMITTED 104 *

105 OMITTED 105 *

106 **OMITTED** 106

107 **EXT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - DAY** 107

Jenko waits at the Camaro, alone. He gets a text from Schmidt: "Don't wait up-- out with Eric.:)" *

108 **INT. MALL, SHOE STORE - DAY** 108

Schmidt hangs with Eric, Amir and Juario, checking out shoes. Schmidt texts.

ERIC
You texting Molly?

(CONTINUED)

SCHMIDT

Woah what? No. Not at all. Who, Molly? No. I mean...maybe.

ERIC

It's cool! Come on, I'm not some '50s letterman who pins a girl. We hooked up a few times and that's it. We're all free to do what we like and who we like. I don't believe in possession, ja feel?

SCHMIDT

Ja feel. Ja definitely feel.

PHYLLIS (O.S.)

Schmidy?! Schmidy!

Suddenly, **PHYLLIS**, 55, jewelry, approaches Schmidt LOUDLY from across the store. Schmidt runs over to cut her off.

SCHMIDT

Phyllis! Shit. Shit. Shit.
(to Phyllis)
Phyllis. Now is not a--

PHYLLIS

How's my favorite police officer?
Your mother says you're *undercover*.

Eric notices the commotion.

SCHMIDT

Well I'll tell my Mom you say "Hi!"
(sotto)
Shut the fuck up, Phyllis! You are endangering my life right now!

PHYLLIS

(too loud whisper)
Oh! Are you *undercover* right now? Are those the *bad guys*? I have to call Annie she's going to die. I heard that Jenko boy is your partner. Is his mom still in rehab?

SCHMIDT

(sotto)
Phyllis, you are seriously fucking things up for me right now. Shut the fuck up or I will punch you in the face. Straight up face punch. I will fucking die if you don't get the fuck out here right now. Get the fuck away from me.

PHYLLIS

How dare you say that to me. That comes from your mother.

Schmidt shoves her into a shoe display, knocking it over. Eric runs up, alarmed.

SCHMIDT

She tried to grab my junk.

PHYLLIS

Urhhhhghhhh my face.

SCHMIDT

Yeah! I hope your face hurts you perverted old lunatic!

Schmidt runs off with Eric et al, laughing, as security arrives.

109

EXT./INT. ERIC'S PLACE - EVENING

109

A garish Megaterranean home. Eric, Juario, and Amir enter with Schmidt who carries bags of tacos.

SCHMIDT

Whoa. No wonder you didn't want to party at my house...what does your dad do again?

ERIC

He's a Doctor...

SCHMIDT

Wow.

ERIC

...Pepper distributor. Getting kids hooked on corn syrup-based beverages. I actually live back in the casita...

Out back is Eric's freestanding POOL HOUSE. Handmade looking. Solar panels. Hanging herb gardens. Ping pong!

SCHMIDT

And your parents are cool with having everyone over whenever?

ERIC

Yeah, no. They're out most nights. Pretty laissez-faire about the whole thing.

109 CONTINUED:

109

SCHMIDT

Man, you're so lucky your parents
don't give a shit about you.

ERIC

Right? Ha. Yeah.

(then)

Hey!

Eric greets the Hot Senior Girls warmly. Molly gives Schmidt
THE BEST HUG HE HAS EVER RECEIVED IN HIS LIFE. She then
greet's Eric, who kisses her on the mouth. It's kinda weird.

INTERCUT WITH:110 **INT. ZACK'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - SAME TIME**

110

Zack, Delroy and Roman play a sex RPG; a robot and a demon
double-team an elf girl. KNOCK. KNOCK. Delroy opens the door.
Jenko steps up dramatically with a case of Full Throttle.

JENKO

(pissed)

That eco-pussy is going down.

*

111 **AT ERIC'S:**

111

Schmidt plays spin the bottle out by the pool. Schmidt spins,
Molly smiles at him, and it lands on Juario. An
uncomfortable beat. Everyone laughs.

*

*

*

112 **AT ZACK'S:**

112

Zack, Jenko, Delroy, Roman are set up like The Wire. Roman
wears ENORMOUS HEADPHONES.

DELROY

I'm sending his phone an app that
makes the phone call us but looks
like it's off. Then the mike is
live and we can hear how the other
half lives.

JENKO

Sweet.

*

113 **AT ERIC'S:**

113

Everyone's lounging around outside.

(CONTINUED)

113

CONTINUED:

113

ERIC

...the Drug War is a big pile of
propaganda. Drugs aren't as bad as
they want you to think.

Meanwhile, Eric's phone is charging in his bedroom. It lights
up for one second.

114

AT ZACK'S:

114

Everyone listens.

114 CONTINUED:

114

JENKO
I don't hear anything.

ROMAN
Maybe he's not near his phone.

ZACK
Wait, I hear a door opening.

115 **AT ERIC'S:**

115

Schmidt goes into Eric's room and looks around, opening Eric's laptop, while everyone else hangs out outside.

*
*

MOLLY (O.S.)
Whatcha doin'?

SCHMIDT
This room is fucking awesome. Eric has perfect taste. Literally perfect. I mean, what the fuck? Could I be happier?

MOLLY
Doug, can I ask you something?

SCHMIDT
Of course. You just did, actually.

She rolls her eyes and they plop on a HUGE beanbag. Eric's phone charges on his desk.

MOLLY
Will you and Eric be careful with whatever you guys are getting involved in?

SCHMIDT
Yeah, I promise. I will.

MOLLY
It would suck if something happened to you. You're a good guy.

SCHMIDT
So are you. But a girl.

116 **ZACK'S HOUSE:**

116

They are drinking, playing video games, and listening as Zack throws NINJA stars at a photo of ZOD (Superman 2). They clang off. CLANG. CLANG.

(CONTINUED)

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116 CONTINUED:

79A.
116

JENKO
(re Schmidt)
What an incredible vagina, man.

117 **ERIC'S HOUSE:**

117

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

I'm so excited for the play to go on Monday. Does that make me such a nerd?

SCHMIDT

No, not at all.

ZACK'S HOUSE: Jenko teaches Zack to throw a throwing star.

JENKO

She is not a nerd. Trust me, he has no chance with her.

MOLLY (O.S.)

So...You're on prom committee, you think prom's gonna be fun or lame?

*
*

JENKO/DELROY/ROMAN/ZACK

NO! / She did not bring up Prom! / What is she doing? / She's trying to get him to invite her.

ERIC'S HOUSE:

SCHMIDT

Yeah. Totally. Seems like it's gonna be awesome.

ZACK'S HOUSE:

ZACK

That's B.S. Prom eats a dong.

JENKO

Anyone who says they don't care about prom actually secretly does. Come on, picture it: You roll up in a white limo with fine-ass honeys. Step out dressed to the nines with your best buds. Doves fly out behind you in slow motion.

ZACK

Doves?

JENKO

I've given this a lot of thought.

ERIC'S HOUSE:

MOLLY

I guess if someone actually fun asked me, maybe I'd go.

SCHMIDT

Wait, you're not going with Eric?

MOLLY

Not that I know of.

PUSH onto Schmidt's frightened eyes. THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP

ZACK'S HOUSE:

JENKO

He's going to totally choke. Watch.
He always chokes.

ERIC'S HOUSE:

SCHMIDT

Uh...yeah. Well...do you...want to
maybe...go with me?

Molly looks at him. Smiles.

MOLLY

Are you asking me to prom?

SCHMIDT

Yeah. I totally am.

MOLLY

I'd love to go with you.

SCHMIDT

Put 'er there.

He shakes her hand.

ZACK'S HOUSE:

Jenko can't believe it.

ZACK/ROMAN/DELROY

Crazy!/ He did it!/ He's the man!!!

118

ERIC'S HOUSE: ERIC and the others come in the room.

118

ERIC

There you are guys! We were looking
for you.

LISA

Hey, Doug, settle an argument. Is
your brother adopted? You guys look
nothing alike.

SCHMIDT

Yeah. He was adopted. We suspect
from a pretty lame family.

LAUGHS.

MOLLY

What's he doing tonight?

SCHMIDT

I don't know, probably at home, trying to figure out how yellow and green make blue. Or out with those weird tools he hangs out with...

More LAUGHS. Schmidt is loving the attention.

ZACK'S HOUSE: Jenko listens to the laughter, clearly hurt.

DELROY

Your brother's kind of a dick.

JENKO

Yeah, I guess he kind of is.

ERIC'S HOUSE:

AMIR

That makes so much sense! You seem so much smarter and cooler than him.

SCHMIDT

You know how Tom Cruise is always getting pissed off at Rain Man? That's my life, except Brad is really shitty at math.

He's expecting a laugh, but gets blank stares.

JUARIO

Who's Rain Man?

SCHMIDT

It's an old movie. Way before our time. Nevermind.

Schmidt feels guilty for making a cheap shot.

ZACK'S HOUSE: Zack turns it down.

ZACK

Don't listen to that stuff, man.

JENKO

Whatever. Don't give a fuuuuck.

Jenko flicks a throwing star right between Zod's eyes. THUNK!

119

ERIC'S HOUSE: Eric answers a call. Schmidt's too busy telling jokes to notice, or follow. Eric goes out to speak privately.

ZACK'S HOUSE:

DELROY

Incoming call!

He hits a couple keys and we hear Eric's phone convo:

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Okay, kid. We'll meet in the place
we talked about. You ready to show
me your stuff?

ERIC (O.S.)

I'll stuff you up a piñata like you
asked.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Alright. See you when I see you.

Click. Beat. Whoa.

ZACK

That was all code for sex, right?

JENKO

I can't see how it's not.

120 **OMITTED**

120

121 **INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - MORNING**

121

Jenko and Schmidt bump into Fugazy and Jr., dressed in
Kennedy High Marching Band gear.

FUGAZY

Hey guys, Great news. We just
closed down our third high school
operation. Feelin' pretty great
about myself at this moment, have
to say.

SCHMIDT

(sheepishly)

No one likes people who brag.

FUGAZY

You know who doesn't like people
who brag? People who never get to
brag. Because people who do stuff
that is braggable know how fucking
enjoyable it is and can appreciate
it when other people are bragging.

JENKO

It's true. I miss that feeling.

Jr Jr flashes a bag of H.F.S. WAFERS! Crap.

JR. JR.

And check what we found at Kennedy. Looks like we're gonna have to do your job for you. Your drug's spreading to different schools now.

JENKO

Yeah we know. That's actually part of our plan or whatever.

Burns, nearby, pipes in.

BURNS

Really? It's part of your plan to have your school expand selling their drug out to other schools.

JENKO

It's a thousand percent part of our plan. Yup. All falling into place.

122 **INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 122

Our guys sit in front of Dickson, wiped.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

You failed to contain the outbreak! And you have NO LEADS.

JENKO

Um, I overheard Eric talking on the phone to someone about meeting up with a stuffed piñata.

Schmidt turns. Really?

CAPTAIN DICKSON

A piñata. Really. Amazing. That's a great frickin' lead. I want to suck both your dingalings now that you got such amazing motherscratchin' evidence. I suppose you're wondering about my language. Well, I made a promise to my daughter. No cursing. Can you flippin' handle that baloney? You got no more than a few days before this goes outbreak viral-style like a YouTube of a kitten sneezing, and if you can't, my person of color, I will poo in your Visine. You'll be putting poo poo drops in your eye every time you get hay fever. Now find the supplier or I will be...

(MORE)

21 JUMP STREET PINK PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.4.11 85.
122 CONTINUED: 122
CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)
extremely agitated towards you
both!

123 INT./EXT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS 123
We travel with them through the bullpen and out to their car.
SCHMIDT
Piñata? Really?
JENKO
When you were having the time of
your life last night I was
listening in on the wire. There was
a call and some dude was talking to
Eric about a piñata.
SCHMIDT
That's all you heard?
Thinks.
JENKO
Uh-huh.
SCHMIDT
Nice lead. Sounds like that wiretap
is working out really well for ya.
They get in the Camaro. DOOR SLAM! *

124-135 OMITTED 124-135

136 INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, DRESSING ROOM - DAY 136
Schmidt and Molly have their costumes on, and put on makeup.
MOLLY
Crapballs I'm so nervous. In a
couple hours we're premiering in
front of the whole school. If I
barf on you onstage, apologies in
advance.
SCHMIDT
Don't be nervous. I'm not. That's
why they call me Doug Ice. Too cold
to freeze. Plus I literally cannot
barf.
MOLLY
(laughs, then)
I was bulimic last year.

(CONTINUED)

SCHMIDT

Oh.

MOLLY

Busting your balls.

SCHMIDT

That is a not good strategy for making people not nervous around you.

MOLLY

Sorry. It's kind of my go-to bit.

SCHMIDT

No, I know. It's good. Keeps me on my toes.

MOLLY

It's just, people are so full of shit, you know? So I like to keep people guessing. But you, you're different. You're real. You're exactly who you say you are.

SCHMIDT

Yep. That is me. Doug.

THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP.

THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP.

Jenko stands in front of class wearing a "**KNO₃ - Potassium Nitrate**" costume. Little ping pong balls are attached all over it. He reads from a paper. In the style of slam poetry.

JENKO

Potassium Nitrate. Don't hate. It's great. It can act as an oxidizer. I didn't know that but now I'm wiser. It has a crystalline structure. If you can't respect that, you're a buttmuncher. It's a key ingredient in gunpowder. Louder and louder. K'no-three, don't give no grief, it can be used to make corned beef. It is also known as saltpeter--

*

Zack nods at Jenko, proud. Jenko smiles, until out the window, he sees Eric and Juario heading for the exit... Juario is holding a PINATA!!!

*

*

*

MS. GRIGGS

Wow. Extra credit where extra credit is due. Anyway, um... Pop Quiznos!

Jenko gets nervous as he gets his quiz... until he looks up. Out the window, he sees ERIC and JUARIO heading for the Mercedes... Juario is holding a PIÑATA!!!

JENKO

Shit! Shit shit shit shit shit!

Jenko RUNS out of class.

MS. GRIGGS

Brad where are you going?

138 **INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER** 138

Jenko runs down the hall, looking out the window as Eric and Juario load the Piñata into the trunk of the Mercedes.

139 **INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, THEATER BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME** 139

Jenko marches through the theater and BURSTS backstage, murdering a close moment between Schmidt and Molly.

MOLLY

Hey! Brad. What the hell are you wearing?!

JENKO

We gotta go. Now.

SCHMIDT

Now's not a good time.

JENKO

(whispers)
They're leaving the parking lot with a piñata. Let's go.

MOLLY

Are you kidding me? The play starts in like an hour and a half. We're about to start warm ups.

Schmidt is really torn. It makes Jenko and Molly *furious*.

SCHMIDT

I'll be right back. I have to help Brad with something super fast. I'll make curtain, I promise.

Jenko and Schmidt run out. Molly watches, stunned.

140 **EXT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - DAY** 140

Jenko and Schmidt run into the parking lot. Jenko sees Eric's Mercedes turn the corner and get on a freeway ON-RAMP!

The guys RACE to the CAMARO. Schmidt SLIDES across the hood and gets in the driver's seat. This looks extra amazing because he's still wearing the PETER PAN COSTUME and Jenko's still wearing his Potassium Nitrate foam ball t-shirt. *

141 **INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS** 141 *

They jump in, fire up the engine and PUNCH IT. The car lurches forward then SLAMS to a halt with screeching grind.

142 **EXT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS** 142

They jump out to see a PARKING BOOT on the Camaro's wheel. *

JENKO

You said to ignore the tickets.

SCHMIDT

I thought they made us look cool!

JENKO

That's right, all you give a shit about is being "cool".

SCHMIDT

Let's not get into this now!

WHIP PAN to a beat up DRIVER'S ED FORD FIESTA idling as an instructor sets up some orange cones.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I'm still driving by the way.

They jump in and Schmidt PUNCHES IT. It sputters along.

143 **EXT. SKETCHY WHARF - DAY** 143

Schmidt parks on a lookout road as Eric gets out of his car. DEAFENING exhaust. FOUR BIKERS head towards Eric and Juario, on GLEAMING CUSTOM CHOPPERS.

SCHMIDT

Holy fuckin' shit.

JENKO

Those can't be l%ers. Too crazy.

It is, and they are. DOMINGO from before is there, plus bros.
Eric talks to a skeptical Domingo.

Eric opens the trunk and hands THE PIÑATA over to Domingo. They shake hands. Eric and Juario leave.

SCHMIDT

They just gave it to them? What the hell's in the piñata?

JENKO

Money, drugs? They could be the suppliers, or a new buyer, I don't know, but we have to follow and find out.

Domingo straps the piñata to his back and leaves with the other bikers. Schmidt puts the car in gear and they poke along after the bikers. Schmidt checks the clock.

SCHMIDT

Okay but let's make it fast.
Curtain's in 30!

Schmidt punches the gas. SCREECH! The Fiesta brakes hard.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Did you just hit the teacher brake?

JENKO

You're driving too close, man.
They're gonna make us.

SCHMIDT

We're in a Driver's Ed car, I gotta drive fast to keep up!

JENKO

How are you the angry one? I have so much more to be angry about!

SCRITCH!

SCHMIDT

I will seriously Whack-a-Mole you in the balls if you do that again.

Schmidt stops right behind the choppers at a light.

JENKO

Dude? Back it off when the light changes. I couldn't be seriouser.

Schmidt idles forward, taunting Jenko. Jenko slams the teacher brake again, jerking Schmidt in his seatbelt.

Schmidt floors it. Jenko pushes his brake. The engine smokes. The light turns green. Schmidt whack-a-mole punches Jenko in the balls. Jenko doubles over and releases the brake.

The Driver's Ed car peels out and SMASHES into the rear chopper, mangling it and sending **KARL** on the hood! Schmidt and Jenko watch wide eyed as Karl rips off the Drivers Ed roof placard and SMASHES the windshield.

JENKO (CONT'D)

I think it's time to go. Go go go!

Schmidt STOMPS the gas, sending Karl tumbling.

144

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - CONTINUOUS

144

The Taurus FLIES up the on-ramp. Three bikers in pursuit.

SCHMIDT

We'll lose them on the freeway!

As they crest the ramp, BUMPER TO BUMPER in both directions. SCHMIDT STOMPS the brake. They spin towards A WALL OF CARS, stopping just shy of a minivan full of CHEERING KIDS.

JENKO

Great plan! Who's the dumbass now?

The Bikers ease through traffic like chrome barracudas. Jenko and Schmidt bail out and **RUN**.

SCHMIDT

I shouldn't have listened to you. I should have just stayed at school.

JENKO

That's your takeaway from this?
(then)
Porsche!

Traffic picks up. Our guys stop a man on his phone in a PORSCHE BOXSTER.

SCHMIDT

Police business, midlife crisis
douche!

He flicks them off. Schmidt BREAKS his middle finger. Jenko tosses him and gets in. They peel out. **BIKER #1** pulls a COLT 45 out of a secret compartment in the bike and begins firing.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Check the Danny Glover for a gun!

Jenko rifles the glove compartment. He finds golf balls. He finds a tennis racket in back and serves golf balls at the biker. One hits the biker's face and knocks him off his chopper, which SLAMS into a small truck of PROPANE TANKS.

CLOSE UPS ON: **HAZARD SIGN! DANGER! FLAMMABLE! WINCING!**

CUT WIDE, and... ...nothing happens.

JENKO
Huh.

SCHMIDT
Lookout!

Schmidt SLAMS the brakes behind another WALL OF TRAFFIC.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Get out get out get out.

145 **INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, THEATER BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME** 145

Dressed as Wendy, Molly looks around impatiently, and peeks out the curtain to the filling up theater. She grabs her phone and starts texting. She seems heartbroken.

146 **EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS** 146

Schmidt and Jenko run. Schmidt gets a text from Molly: **"Where the hell are you!!?"** He texts back **"Be right there!)"**

JENKO
Are you texting someone?!

SCHMIDT
No!

JENKO
AGGH!! I'm so mad at you!

SCHMIDT
I'm so mad at you--
(texting)
Hold on one sec--

JENKO
I'm fucking driving.

The guys dash into--

147 **INT./EXT. 2001 VW BEETLE WITH THE FLOWER VASE - CONTINUOUS** 47

Jenko pulls a YOUNG WOMAN out of the car, pushes Schmidt into the passenger seat, and lays rubber in 3rd.

DOMINGO and the **Biker #2** ride up on either side with guns. Biker #2 takes DEAD AIM at our guys, but Schmidt throws a laundry basket out the window at him and he SLAMS into a HUGE OIL TANKER next to them.

They cringe and wait... ...and it DOESN'T BLOW UP.

JENKO AND SCHMIDT

Huh.

CRASH! Domingo fires his .357, blowing the side window.

JENKO

Check the Danny!

SCHMIDT

Really?!

Schmidt skeptically opens the glove compartment, revealing a **BABY EAGLE COMPACT 9MM PISTOL.**

JENKO

Shoot! I'm not dying in a pink car!

Schmidt FIRES at Domingo. Hits the PIÑATA, exploding DRUGS into the air. Jenko CRASHES into the car in front of them as the TRAFFIC STOPS AGAIN. They jump out and face Domingo, who races at them and pulls a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN out of a secret bike compartment. AIMS...

SCHMIDT AIMS BACK. **THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP !**

Jenko takes the gun out of his hand and fires! Domingo's front tire BLOWS, sending him sliding under a CHICKEN TRUCK. BOOM! The chicken truck is engulfed in the LEAST SATISFYING EXPLOSION IN MOVIE HISTORY. It's mostly just feathers.

Schmidt, pissed, gets in the driver's seat and GUNS IT.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Whoa. Wow. That was so crazy.

SCHMIDT

Why'd you take my gun away?

JENKO

You weren't shooting. You were choking. I saved us.

SCHMIDT

I was going to shoot. You always do that. Now let's go back to school or I'm gonna miss the fucking play and Molly is gonna freak out and not go to prom with me!

JENKO

Fine.

Schmidt squeals down the off-ramp. Jenko throws his hands up.

148 **EXT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

148

The pink VW Beetle skids hard and stops right in front of the Theater entrance. Schmidt jumps out and runs for the backstage door. Jenko pursues, pissed.

JENKO

Look at yourself! You're in too deep!

SCHMIDT

You know what you sound like? A jealous fucking nerd.

JENKO

Maybe I am a bit of nerd, but at least I still know who I am! Yesterday I found a college application on your desk!

SCHMIDT

I don't know how long this case will go! Eric is gonna get into Berkeley and I honestly think I could get in too and we could be roommates! And who knows? I could ride this thing out! I could be a doctor or something!

JENKO

You've lost your fucking mind. You fucked up the investigation.

SCHMIDT

I fucked up the investigation? At least I know the Miranda rights, idiot.

Before Jenko can respond, Schmidt shoves open the door leading backstage. Jenko follows, furious.

149 **INT. SAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, THEATER, STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

149

Schmidt shows up backstage, Jenko right behind him. Schmidt sees French Samuels already on-stage performing Peter. He pushes French out of the way and begins to clip himself into French's ropes. The audience is super confused.

SCHMIDT

It's alright everyone. I have returned. I know I missed the first few scenes, and I'd really like to thank French Samuels for ably backing me up. But I think we can just roll right into this. Molly, I mean Wendy? And...

MOLLY

What the hell are you doing?

SCHMIDT

Just go with this. *

Jenko comes out from the wings, on the far side of the stage. *

Molly is agog. Schmidt's anger boils over. He runs at Jenko. Jenko runs at Schmidt. Schmidt flies ass over teakettle, tangled in wires. Molly runs off. Audience LAUGHS. *

JENKO

You think I was a bully? Guess what? You're a bully!

SCHMIDT

You just can't stand it that I'm finally having my own moment! That I didn't need you!

Jenko runs at Schmidt! Schmidt does a Peter Pan "flying" move and escapes him. Jenko grabs his leg and tries to pull him down.

JENKO

You fucked me over because you didn't want to share the glory of being popular!

SCHMIDT

You already got to be cool once! I was a fucking loser for four years. You couldn't take for five minutes!

Jenko throws a prop at him. Schmidt does a wire-assisted leap onto Jenko's back and CHOKES Jenko. It's awkward. *

149 CONTINUED: (2)

149

Jenko punches Schmidt across the stage and into a set flat. They run at each other and fall off the edge of the stage and land in a pain ball. They look up to see Molly in tears, Eric shaking his head, and PRINCIPAL DADIER.

MOLLY

I never want to see you again.

*

She runs off, crying.

PRINCIPAL

Well, I think it goes without saying, you guys are very much expelled. Like REALLY expelled.

150 OMITTED

150

151 INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, DICKSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

151

Jenko and Schmidt sit. Dickson stares at them. Their EXPULSION NOTICES are on his desk, as is a newspaper which reads "17-CAR PILEUP ON INTERSTATE."

CAPTAIN DICKSON

(very calm)

I'm not even angry right now. I'm just sad. Because you two couldn't get over your stupid problems from ten years ago, we got nothing. We had an opportunity to stop what could be a narcotic epidemic.

SCHMIDT

It's not that bad a drug...I mean...it's actually kind of fun.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Do you know what that shit does to a developing brain? Clearly you don't, because if you did, you wouldn't have just said that stupid stupid, thing you just said.

*

He looks at them for a very long, disappointed beat.

JENKO

You're not gonna yell at us? Curse us out?

(CONTINUED)

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151 CONTINUED: 151

CAPTAIN DICKSON
Nope. I'm just gonna fire you.
That's it. Give me your guns and
badges.

*

152 OMITTED 152 *

A153 EXT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL - NIGHT A153

Jenko and Schmidt both walk out the front doors of Jump
Street, and go their separate ways.

*

*

153 OMITTED 153 *

154 OMITTED 154

JENKO (CONT'D)

We don't act the same, we don't
look the same and we sure as fuck
don't friend the same.

SCHMIDT

Friend the same?

JENKO

You know what I'm talking about,
fuck you.

Up rolls ERIC'S MERCEDES.

ERIC

Get in. Now. Both of you.

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157 CONTINUED: (2) 157

JENKO
Why should I?

ERIC
Get in. Now. *

Amir opens the door and ushers them in.

158 OMITTED 158 *

159 **EXT. SKETCHY ALLEY - CONTINUOUS** 159

The Mercedes screeches to a stop. They all exit the car. *

ERIC
Some messed up shit went down
yesterday. After we dropped off
that pinata to our potential new
business partners, they got
followed by some cops. *

SCHMIDT JENKO
Really? That's strange-- Whoa whoa what?

ERIC (CONT'D)
And it got me thinking, am I being
sloppy? Too trusting?

Eric holds TWO GLOCK .45s. He walks towards them menacingly.

ERIC (CONT'D)
These are Glock .45s. Police issue.
Very powerful guns. Ever use one?

SCHMIDT/JENKO
(of course they have)
We're not gun people. / Not really.

ERIC
A lot of things have made me wonder
about you guys. Your taste in
music, the fact that you look like
a fucking forty year old man, but
after that schoolyard shit-show in
the theater last night, I thought,
there's no way you could be cops.
Right? Right?!

(CONTINUED)

JENKO
That's what people always
tell us.

SCHMIDT
Ha ha! Fuck the police,
right?

He hands them each a gun and points to some jars and bottles.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Here. I need some muscle for this
deal. Doug, I know you can handle
yourself, and Brad, you're big and
scary, and I need you.

JENKO/SCHMIDT
Ohhhhhhhhh...

ERIC
Oh, did you think I was going to
kill you? I probably should've led
off with the point of bringing you
out here.

JENKO
Why the fuck would I help you?
You've been a dick to me since day
one. I might be big, but my
feelings are normal sized.

*
*

ERIC
You're right, and I'm sorry. I
think it was my own self
consciousness causing me to lash
out. I'm talking about it with my
therapist. Now get used to holding
a weapon. Shoot those cans or
something.

Jenko and Schmidt blow a peanut butter jar to pieces.

ERIC (CONT'D)
That's really good. Way better than
Amir.

SCHMIDT
Beginner's luck.

JENKO
Guess we're just naturals.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Supplier wants to do the deal at
Prom. There's going to be all these
heavies there, but as long as you
guys back me up, we should be fine.

*
*

Jenko and Schmidt look at each other.

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159 CONTINUED: (2) 159

SCHMIDT
Yeah. We'll back you up. No
problem, broham.

160 **OMITTED** 160

161 OMITTED 161 *

162 **INT. SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT'S ROOM - EVENING** 162

Jenko and Schmidt load a SHIT TON of guns.

QUICK CUTS: Fingers slide rounds into clips, button tuxedo shirts over body armor. Tactical knives sheathed behind shiny belts. Cuff links and handcuffs. Clips slam into Sig Sauer P220's. A .38 tucked behind a cummerbund.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Schmidtty! Chore time!

SCHMIDT
Mom! We don't have time for chores!

ANNIE (O.S.)
If you stay in this house, you have
time for chores!!!

163 **SPLITSCREEN:** Jenko mows the lawn in his tux. Schmidt does 163
dishes in his tux. They still have to do chores!

164 **INT. SCHMIDT HOME, SCHMIDT'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 164

Schmidt finishes his bow tie in the bathroom mirror. He looks at Jenko, who struggles to pin a boutonniere to himself.

SCHMIDT
Here.

(CONTINUED)

JENKO

Thanks.

Schmidt pins it. They're face to face. An awkward moment.

SCHMIDT

Look, I just want you to know...
that...I think that we both...

JENKO

Let's just deal with it later.

SCHMIDT

Okay. Okay.

Beat.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Jenko? Will you go to Prom with me?

Jenko melts a bit, but keeps his stern, pissed of demeanor.

JENKO

I guess.

SCHMIDT

Are we really going to take down a
whole drug operation by ourselves?

JENKO

I have a few contacts who can
help...

THE FOLLOWING IS TO BE SHOT LIKE A BADASS FANTASY SEQUENCE:

165 **EXT. FREEWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT**

165

Schmidt and Jenko look out the sunroof of A WHITE STRETCH
limo as they approach the city. GUNS AND ROSES, "Paradise
City."

166 **EXT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL - NIGHT**

166

SLOW MOTION: Limo pulls up. Out step Jenko and Schmidt and
ZACK AND CREW, looking cool as shit. Sheila and the
prostitutes are the nerds' dates. All stride into the hotel
in bad-ass lockstep. Doves fly out.

167 **INT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

167

BACK TO REGULAR SPEED: A STUDENT TICKET TAKER tries to stop
them. They flick him off and stride into the prom.

(CONTINUED)

JENKO
Pretty good tough guy act for a
kid.

*
*
*

ZACK
Pretty good dumb guy act for a cop.

*
*

JENKO
Thanks again for helping us, guys.

*
*

ZACK
No problem, man. Anything for
you... whoever you are.

JENKO
I'm Jenko.

167 CONTINUED: (2)

167

ZACK
I'm still Zack.

JENKO
Cool. Alright. And Sheila--
handjobs only.

SHEILA
Aw, man.

168 INT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL, BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

168

They all enter THE PROM. The music is SO LOUD. Everyone dry humps on the dance floor. DJ **Ay Papi** plays an irritating sample of his name. Principal Dadier stalks the dance floor, keeping couples from grinding on each other too hard.

PRINCIPAL DADIER
Okay. That's just actual sex.

Jenko and Schmidt spot Molly, who dances alone to a slow jam.

JENKO
Dude... No...

SCHMIDT
It's alright.

Jenko nods and moves on. Molly opens her eyes to see Schmidt right in front of her. She giggles.

MOLLY
Hi, pumpkin man...

*

SCHMIDT
Molly. You're on that shit?

*

MOLLY
So what if I am? Everyone's full of
shit anyway, so why not fill
yourself with shit?

SCHMIDT
I can see how that would sound
poetic to a high person, but Molly,
nothing in high school is worth
hurting yourself over. At least
trust me on that.

JENKO, looks on near the dance floor. Griggs approaches.

MS. GRIGGS
Brad. You're here. My god. I
thought you weren't allowed in to
prom...
(whispers)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MS. GRIGGS (CONT'D)

But I have to say, it's exciting
that you're willing to get in
trouble for me.

JENKO

I'm twenty seven years old, Ms.
Griggs. I graduated from high
school seven years ago.

Griggs looks at him, for a moment.

MS. GRIGGS

So...you're older than me?

JENKO

I guess.

MS. GRIGGS

That's disgusting!

She walks off. Dadier sees Jenko walking to Schmidt from
afar.

BACK WITH SCHMIDT AND MOLLY: She puts her arms on Schmidt's
shoulders, swaying to the music. He doesn't know what to say.
Eric, sees them and motions for Schmidt to join his table.

SCHMIDT

Molly. Some dangerous shit is about
to go down. I don't want you to get
hurt.

MOLLY

I've been hurt. I don't care, Doug.

SCHMIDT

My name isn't Doug. It's Schmidt.
I'm a cop. I don't want you getting
hurt or busted, so just get out of
here.

MOLLY

(laughs)

You're a-- Don't play like that,
come on.

Eric approaches, waves Schmidt over.

ERIC

Penthouse. Now. Supplier's waiting.

Schmidt and Molly exchange glances as he EXITS. We linger on
Molly as her face goes from confusion to rage. Dadier walks
up, just missing them.

171 INT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 171

The elevator doors open. Eric, Jenko and Schmidt walk to the penthouse door and open it with a key.

172 INT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL, PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 172

As Jenko and Schmidt walk into the penthouse...

VOICE (O.S.)
Holy fuckin' SHIT!

They see a man's head blocking the genitals in a pay-per-view porno. He turns around with a shit-eating grin. **IT'S MR. WALTERS!!!** Eating Cool Ranch. A dozen **PINATAS** on the bed.

MR. WALTERS
Look how fat this guy's dong is!

JENKO
Mr. Walters?

MR. WALTERS
Brad! What's up, motherfucker!?
Call me Walt. We're not at school.

JENKO
You're the supplier? But you were nice to me, you were--

MR. WALTERS
Stuck on a teacher's salary, yeah.
I teach all day and coach track and I still can barely pay alimony.
(re: TV)
Seriously though, look at that thing! It's like four cans of tuna in a nylon sock.

Awkward nods of agreement.

SCHMIDT
So you-- how did you--

MR. WALTERS
It's not like you gotta be Mr. Wizard, man. I stole some of that Bunsen crap from the chem lab and I just melted some shit together, tasted like crap so I dropped some of these babies in, and boom.

FLASHBACK: Walters steals supplies, mixes some shit together, and pours Fierce Melon Gatorade and Cool Ranch in.

MR WALTERS

One day I catch Eco Buttmunch here smoking a JJ behind the fieldhouse, and I'm like, you want to make some coin? Seriously if you guys just apply yourselves a little more, you'll be sittin' where I am.

CUTAWAY: Zack and his friends (and the prostitutes) are huddled in a hotel restroom, listening in on their wire tap.

MR. WALTERS (THROUGH TAP)

About to make some real money without having to do shit.

ZACK

We got him by the balls now.

BACK TO SCENE

FOUR KNOCKS.

MR. WALTERS

Is that my quesadilla?

Eric lets in 7 1&ERS. **BEARDED DONNIE BRASCO** and **TUG** guard the front door. **KARL** brings in a scale with 3 other bikers. **DOMINGO**, burn marks on his face, arm in a cast, eye covered in a **RATTLESNAKE HEAD EYE PATCH**, enters with a backpack. Schmidt and Jenko try to stay out of Domingo's eyeline.

JENKO/SCHMIDT

(sotto)

I thought he was dead! / Did you see that chicken truck explode?!

MR. WALTERS

(chipper)

You guys look crazy scary! How many of you are there?!

ERIC

Domingo, this is Walters. He made the stuff.

DOMINGO

Your shit's good. With my crew, we can take this all over the state and everybody makes money. As long as there's no more amateur bullshit.

ERIC

I'm sorry about that, it won't--

DOMINGO

Shut up, I'm talking.

ERIC

Okay. No problem.

Domingo gets a glimpse Jenko and Schmidt out of his good eye.

DOMINGO

Who the fuck are those two?

ERIC

It's cool, man. They're my boys.

DOMINGO

Are they? I don't like strangers.

ERIC

Well, how do you ever expect to make any new friends with that attitude. Everyone's a stranger until you give them a chance, man.

DOMINGO

Shut the fuck up!

Domingo looks at them, cocks his head. Jenko and Schmidt try to hide their faces.

DOMINGO (CONT'D)

You look familiar to me. Do I know you?

SCHMIDT

Hah. This is funny, actually. People constantly think they know me because I was in a french fries commercial when I was a kid so I've just, you know, got one of those faces.

Domingo laughs and opens his BACKPACK of cash. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Bearded Brasco looks through the peephole.

MR. WALTERS

Is *that* my quesadilla?

MOLLY (O.S.)

I know you're in there Doug or whatever your name is! I'm gonna kill you, YOU STUPID FUCKING COP!

FISH-EYE FREEZE FRAME ON MOLLY:

"PHASE 4: FUCK YEAH MOTHERFUCKER!"

Schmidt and Jenko take a step back. Uh-oh.

SCHMIDT

That girl just called me a stupid
fucking cock. Pretty rude.

MOLLY (O.S.)

DICKHEAD NARC MOTHERFUCKER!

JENKO

Did she just say nickhead dark
motherfucker? That's straight-up
racist.

DOMINGO

Wait a sec-- I know these guys.
Your boys are cops!

Domingo pulls his .357 as Jenko and Schmidt reach into their
longcoats and DRAW THEIR .45's.

JENKO/SCHMIDT

POLICE, GET ON THE GROUND!

DOMINGO

YOU GET ON THE FUCKING GROUND!

SCHMIDT

WE ASKED YOU FIRST!

ERIC

You're cops? YOU'RE COPS?! WE
PARTIED TOGETHER! YOU BOUGHT US
TACO BELL!

SCHMIDT

THAT WAS A SINCERE GESTURE! I
HONESTLY REALLY LIKE YOU!

ERIC

I let you into my world--

JENKO

(to Eric)

He's not really your friend. He was
just pretending.

DOMINGO

SHUT THIS KID UP!

Karl HEADBUTTS Eric's nose. Eric screams and goes down.

MR. WALTERS

(freaked out, to Domingo)

WHOA I SWEAR I DID NOT KNOW THEY
WERE COPS! I'M WITH YOU GUYS!

Eric tries to sneak out the front door but Molly bursts in,
knocking him over, and goes after Schmidt!

MOLLY
I FUCKING HATE YOU!

Walters YANKS her by the hair, putting his gun to her head!

SCHMIDT
MOLLY!

MR. WALTERS
DROP THE GUNS OR I'LL SPRAY HER
BRAINS ALL OVER THE ROOM!

DOMINGO
YOU'RE TAKING A HOSTAGE? YOU SEE
THAT ON SOME GODDAMN TV SHOW?

MR. WALTERS
I DON'T KNOW! I'M TRYING TO HELP!
I'VE NEVER DONE THIS SHIT BEFORE!
(to Jump Streeters)
COME ON, DROP THE GUNS OR SHE'S
DEAD!

Molly is ASLEEP. Stage 5 of HFS.

JENKO
She looks dead already!

MR. WALTERS
No, wait, I hear her breathing.
She's just passed out from the
drug, we're good. DROP THE GUNS!

Jenko and Schmidt seem to be the only guys with their head straight. Jenko takes command of the room.

JENKO
OKAY! Okay. Just everyone relax.
We're putting the guns down, and
you're going to let these kids go,
and no one's going to die.

Schmidt and Jenko put their guns down. Walters looks pointedly to Domingo. Molly, asleep, snuggles up to Walters, who has a hard time holding the gun and a floppy Molly.

DOMINGO
(to Walters)
Put that gun away, you're going to
hurt yourself.
(then, re: Jump Streeters)
D.B., shoot these motherfuckers.

SCHMIDT
That's so unfair! We laid our guns
down in good faith!

Brasco aims two guns at the guys. It's sobering.

BEARDED DONNIE BRASCO

Shit!

Brasco AIMS at Domingo and RIPS his beard off to reveal...

TOM HANSON

TOM HANSON, D.E.A! ON YOUR KNEES!

DOMINGO

WHAT THE FUCK?!

DOUG PENHALL

Dammit! DOUG PENHALL, DEA. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

Reveal **OFFICER DOUG PENHALL**, aka TUG of the bikers!

MR. WALTERS

COME ON!

JENKO

Holy shit! Nice!!!

TOM HANSON

Shut up! You two fuck heads just ruined a 5-year investigation!

DOUG PENHALL

Next week we were going to take down their nationwide organization!

DOMINGO

DB, but... you played saxophone at my sister's wedding...

TOM HANSON

I know man. I'm sorry.

(to Jenko/Schmidt)

You fucking idiots! You two know how hard it is to infiltrate a gang like this? You know how much time I spent away from my family? Look at this solid gold tooth! You think I wanted this shit? We had to get tattoos on our dicks!

JENKO

We know what it's like being undercover, man. We're Metro Police, Jump Street division--

TOM HANSON

Whoa whoa whoa you're Jump Street? Get the hell out of here! I was--

He absentmindedly lowers his gun for a second and **A BULLET TEARS THROUGH HANSON'S NECK!** Domingo's gun is smoking.

JENKO/SCHMIDT/ALL

OH MY GOD!

DOUG PENHALL

TOMMY!!!

TOM HANSON

Doug, I'm hit.

Domingo's whole crew **PEPPERS HANSON WITH BULLETS!** Walters ducks for cover, taking Molly down with him. Schmidt and Jenko expertly run to cover. Walters dives in the kitchenette with Molly. ON PENHALL staring at Domingo. They both shoot. Penhall gets shot in both knees and eats it. He falls behind an end table.

DOUG PENHALL

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

TOM HANSON

Phenghallglglgl!!!

Hanson tries to shoot back. His wrist and elbow are so wrecked he can't hold the gun right. He fires willy-nilly as he gets **RIDDLED WITH EVEN MORE BULLETS.**

MR. WALTERS

This is crazy!

MOLLY

(sleep-talking)

Will you get me a water?

Penhall and Hanson lie on the floor together, both firing at bikers lamely. Doug hits Domingo in the arm. Schmidt and Jenko pull out extra guns and fire back.

Walters, still with Molly, grabs the bag of cash, and looks over to Eric.

MR. WALTERS

(sotto to Eric)

Bro! Let's get the hell out of here while these suckers all kill each other.

MOLLY

(sleep-talking)

I'll play my music as loud as I want...

Eric thinks then dashes out with Walters, Molly and the cash while Schmidt and Jenko gunfight with Domingo and bikers.

Schmidt and Jenko fire at the bikers as they watch Hanson and Penhall ON THE FLOOR:

TOM HANSON

Penhallgh. I knowwgh I get a lot of the attenghtion. And girlsgh and am just generagglly fugkkin awesomeghh. But wellh, you'gll nevher believghe it, but I was alwaysh jealous of yough.

DOUG PENHALL

What? I was always jealous of you.

Jenko and Schmidt listen and look at each other.

JENKO

That's how I felt!

SCHMIDT

No, that's how I felt!

Hanson and Penhall cry a little.

TOM HANSON

I wantgh you to knowhh that I lo-
AWWGHHRAIIIEEE!

A FINAL SHOT TO THE HEAD KILLS HANSON! Penhall looks stunned. Our guys are horrified.

173 OMITTED

173

174 **BACK TO SCENE**

174

DOMINGO

Where's the kid? Where's the cook?
Where's my fucking money?!

Domingo, Karl and the other biker start to bail from the room. On Schmidt and Jenko nod to each other: **Let's do this.**

SCHMIDT

Let's make a baby.

JENKO

What?

SCHMIDT

I wanted to say something cool,
nevermind, let's go.

They jump out from cover and kick fucking ass, dodging bullets and firing weapons. Jenko shoots a 1%er dead. Schmidt gets tripped up and Jenko kills the last one.

21 JUMP STREET PINK PRODUCTION DRAFT 5.4.11 112.
174 CONTINUED: (2) 174

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
You just killed those guys!

JENKO
Yeah. Feels different than I expec-

Jenko THROWS UP. So does Schmidt. Schmidt and Jenko run after, leaving Penhall alone, kneecaps blown off.

175 OMITTED 175 *

176 INT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 176

Walters and Eric carry Molly towards the lobby. Walters turns and heads towards Prom. Domingo and the 1%ers run after them, guns drawn. Jenko and Schmidt exit the elevators.

177 INT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL, BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS 177

Schmidt and Jenko burst into Prom. A YEARBOOK SLIDE SHOW plays to Vitamin C "Graduation: Friends Forever."

Schmidt and Jenko chase them through the prom. INTERCUT WITH *
slideshow pics of students, including Schmidt and Jenko, *
hugging and smiling. Our guys notice the pic of themselves in *
better times as they chase the bad guys and Walters drags *
Molly through a SERVICE EXIT. *

178 **EXT. PANORAMA GATEWAY HOTEL, SERVICE EXIT - CONTINUOUS** 178

A limo screeches out. Domingo closes the door on another limo, chasing the first. Jenko and Schmidt run out towards their WHITE LIMO.

*
*

JENKO
Wanna drive?

SCHMIDT
I do, actually.

They double hood slide over their limo, SWITCHING PLACES. They get in the front and PEEL OUT! No boot this time!

179 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS** 179

Schmidt drives hard, chasing Domingo, who fires out of his sunroof at Walters, who fires back.

DOMINGO
Give me my fucking money!

180 **INT. WALTERS' LIMO - CONTINUOUS** 180

Walters drives. Eric and Molly are in back.

MR. WALTERS
Dude, shoot back at them!

Eric pops up then immediately ducks down, scared.

ERIC
This is so fucked up! I can't do this. I'm supposed to go to Berkeley!

WALTERS
I'm sorry, man! You can move to Mexico with me! It'll be fun. I don't know anyone there anyway!

181 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS** 181

Suddenly Lisa pops out of the white limo's sunroof, clutching a bottle of PEACH SCHNAPPS. Domingo looks back, super annoyed. She takes a picture. FLASH!

LISA
Best night of our lives! Lemme take a picture! You guys! Get closer!

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

SCHMIDT

Fuck! Did she pass out in here?

Jenko struggles to crawl through the divider window.

JENKO

(scolding a child)

Lisa! No. No!

LISA

WOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BLAM! DOMINGO shoots her bottle with his .357 MAGNUM.

LISA

Shut up! This is my jaaam!

Jenko yanks Lisa down, takes her place and RETURNS FIRE! Lisa turns up the radio and punches Jenko in the leg. They slow down to SHOVE Lisa out, then peel out.

182 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS**

182

Schmidt and Jenko exchange gunfire with Domingo's limo. *

JENKO

We're running out of ammo! We're fucked! *

SCHMIDT

No we're not! We're only fucked when we don't work together, man! Look, I'm sorry I ditched you. I'm sorry I called you Rain Man. I got so wrapped up in being liked by everyone, I forgot what was more important...

(beat)

Being loved by someone.

JENKO

(firing)

Well. I've never seen Rain Man, so I'm not sure if I was even offended.

(beat)

I'm sorry I picked on you in high school.

SCHMIDT

I've been waiting a long time for you to say that. Friends?

JENKO

Friends. You got any shells left? *

SCHMIDT

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

Schmidt tosses him a few from his pocket. Jenko opens a bottle of PEACH SCHNAPPS and pours some out. Then he opens Lisa's CAMERA and rips out the batteries and drops them in the Schnapps bottle.

JENKO
Lithium batteries react with potassium nitrate. It makes a covalent bond.

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM! Domingo keeps firing at their car. Jenko opens the shells and pours GUNPOWDER into the Schnapps.

JENKO (CONT'D)
That's when two atoms share electrons. Each needs what the other's got and they join forces. It makes them stick together. And another thing about a covalent bond. It's got a shitload of energy.

SCHMIDT
You're saying we got a covalent bond.

JENKO
What? No. We're not atoms, dude. *

Jenko HURLS the SCHNAPPSATOV COCKTAIL into Domingo's sunroof. SLOW MOTION. TRIUMPHANT MUSIC... and NOTHING.

JENKO (CONT'D)
Man! It's supposed to make this whole big--

BOOOOOM! An enormous fireball EXPLODES the limo. The other limos crash into a pipe and fire hydrant and skid out in the middle of the sketchy, lonely street.

183 **INSIDE WALTERS' SKIDDING LIMO:** 183

Molly wakes up like a princess after a long slumber.

MOLLY
What's for breakfast HOLY SHIT!!!!!!

184 **OUTSIDE:** 184

As they all come to a stop, the street is SLICKED DOWN and the air fills with SMOKE. Domingo's limo in flames. Schmidt and Jenko rush over Domingo's charred corpse to Walter's *

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

limo. MR. WALTERS appears from behind his limo, arm around Molly's throat, .38 held to her head. Our guys are not holding guns. Eric stays cowering behind the limo. *

MR. WALTERS
(freaking out)
COME ON YOU GUYS! DON'T MAKE ME DO
THIS! DON'T MOVE UNTIL I'M GONE!

Schmidt takes a step towards Molly. Walters raises his gun. Jenko dives in the way. BLAMBLAMBLAM! Walters SHOOTS Jenko THREE TIMES in the vest. Jenko falls back and gasps, the wind knocked out of him. Walters barfs a bit. *

SCHMIDT
What?! Jenko! What the fuck?!

Jenko is down for the count. He rips off his shirt and feels around his vest. It stopped two bullets but he is still bleeding from a hit to his shooting arm. *

MR. WALTERS
Holy crap! That was so crazy! I'm
sorry! I-- I said "don't move",
didn't you hear me?

SCHMIDT
You took a bullet for me...

Jenko looks to Schmidt from the ground, wincing. *

JENKO
I'm a little ambivalent about that
now. But mostly, I just wish I'd
taken more for you when we were in
school the first time. Thanks for
having my back, man. *

SCHMIDT
But, I didn't! I let you get shot!

JENKO
No...thanks for *having...my...back*.

Jenko looks meaningfully at Schmidt. Winks. Schmidt doesn't get it for a second. Finally Jenko subtly gestures to a **TINY GUN** hidden behind Jenko's back. Ohhhh... A police helicopter puts a **SPOTLIGHT** on Schmidt. He's on stage.

IN SCHMIDT'S HEAD: THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP cacophony all around. He sweats. Looks at Walters. Molly. Jenko.

JENKO (CONT'D)
You got this.

He winks.

*

MOLLY
Doug!

QUIET. Tha-thump. Tha-thump. Normal heartbeat. Smile.

SCHMIDT

(nails it, spoken)

I've got to let go... and crow.

(alt)

You peaked in high school.

*
*

Schmidt rolls over to Jenko's back and pulls the tiny GUN from Jenko's cummerbund. Walt wheels on him-

SPLITSCREEN - SNAP ZOOM ON WALT AND SCHMIDT: **BANG!**

Schmidt shoots the gun out of Walters' hand and then shoots Walters in the BALLS.

WALTERS

You shot me in my dick! What the fuck man?! Shit! I think it went out my asshole! This is gonna fuck up so many of my bodily functions!

Schmidt literally SWEEPS MOLLY OFF HER FEET before she falls. He puts Molly down, smiles, puts a hard knee in Walters' back and CUFFS HIM.

*
*
*

SCHMIDT

You are under arrest! You have the right to remain silent! Anything you say can and will be held against you in a...

(sobs)

...in a court of...this is just so amazing...

*

Schmidt LOSES IT, sobbing.

JENKO

...Law! You have the right to an attorney! If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you! Do you understand these rights-
(sobbing more)

As they have been read...to...you?
This is the best moment of my life!

They're both crying. Schmidt's impressed. They embrace. They break the hug and look into each other's eyes.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Dude, you're a goddamn stud. You gotta know that. You're awesome.

SCHMIDT

You're intelligent and thoughtful
and sincere and loyal and I fucking
cherish you.

JENKO

I totally get you.

SCHMIDT

I totally get you too.

360 shot around the guys as the most emotionally satisfying
HIGH FIVE of all time echoes like a NUCLEAR BOMB.

Jenko rushes over to Domingo's dead burnt body and pulls out
his cuffs. *

JENKO *

You're under arrest, too. I don't
care if you're dead or not. *

(starts to cuff him) *

Aw. Fuck, that's so gross. But
still worth it. *

185 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATER**

185 *

Red and blue lights flicker across Jenko and Schmidt,
stripped down to their vests as Medics treat their wounds.
ERIC is pushed into a patrol car, glaring at our guys.
MOLLY's in a parked ambulance, with an EMT. Schmidt walks up.

SCHMIDT

Molly. I'm so sorry. You wanted
someone to trust, and I wanted to
be that person, and I let you down.
Multiple times. But everything I
ever said to you, other than my
name, was true. And it's good you
are mad at me. You should be mad at
more guys. You deserve a guy to
treat you well and not lie to you.
Don't settle for less than that,
because I swear, there really are
good guys out there. Not everyone
is as big an asshole as me.

She stares at him coldly, then breaks.

MOLLY

Thanks for saving my life, asshole.

They hug. It lasts a while. The EMT gets uncomfortable.

EMT

Um, I'll come back later.

186

INT. JUMP STREET CHAPEL, DICKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

186

Schmidt and Jenko walk in the front doors, Fugazy, Jr Jr, Sanders, and Burns all clap. They approach Dickson, who walks over to the guys, looking pissed.

CAPTAIN DICKSON

Good job. You stupid, rule
breaking, vigilante motherfuckers.
You got your first arrests, and you
took down the biggest biker gang in
the state.

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

186

CONTINUED:

186

He smiles and gives them their first arrest report, framed.
He shakes their hands.

CAPTAIN DICKSON (CONT'D)

Alright. Fun time's over everybody.
We got a new assignment. You two
cockfaces like to drink booze,
smoke weed with kids, fuck the shit
out of everything with some titties
that comes your way? Well guess
what. I'm sending you to the one
place that's allowed.

(beat)

You guys are going to college.

"21 JUMP STREET" and the BRAND NEW JUMP STREET THEME SONG
kicks in. It's by Ice Cube, Vampire Weekend, and the Beatles.

*

187

CUE HILARIOUS END CREDIT SEQUENCE!

187