

Panhandle

"Episode II"

Written by

Cooper Johnson

&

Anthony Scodary

Timber Cave Unlimited
405 W. Elk Ave
Suite Six
Glendale, CA 91204
Timbercave@gmail.com
818.396.6395

ACT ONE

INT. THE PROFESSOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

THE PROFESSOR sits on a couch in his living room, watching TV. He is a Cuban man in his late thirties, wearing a shirt for Salsa dancing, which is open two buttons too far. He laughs in a carefree manner at the action on the TV. He snacks on a bowl of pork rinds in his lap. His novelty DOORBELL plays a SALSA TUNE.

THE PROFESSOR
Come back later! I'm very busy!

NATE (O.S.)
Professor! There's an emergency!

THE PROFESSOR
(to himself)
Every week!

EXT. THE PROFESSOR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nate stands with Bruce and Tad outside The Professor's door.

BRUCE
Nate, who is this guy?

NATE
(in awe)
He's a scholar.

TAD
A scholar of what?

The door opens violently. The Professor still holds his bowl of pork rinds, munching through his words.

THE PROFESSOR
What you want, gringo. I'm kidding.
Nate, how's it going? That couch I
got you work out?

NATE
Yeah, it's good. It had a rat in
it.

THE PROFESSOR
It was dead, no?

NATE
Yeah...

THE PROFESSOR
Very good. What do you want today,
Nate?

Nate unrolls a crude drawing of a masked egret. He points at it. The Professor nods, and retreats into his apartment, waving them in.

INT. THE PROFESSOR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Professor gestures to the couch. Nate, Tad, and Bruce sit down.

NATE
Oh, Professor, these are my old
friends Bruce and Tad.

BRUCE
Hi Professor.

TAD
Que tal, buddy.

The Professor contemplates Bruce and Tad.

THE PROFESSOR
(to Nate)
Don't you have any lady friends,
Nate?

TAD
No, he doesn't.

NATE
(pointing to the drawing)
Professor, these birds are dying
off, and I'm responsible for saving
them.

THE PROFESSOR
Oh boy, Nate. Also, you have to
understand I just teach pest
control at the community college.
My title is "Trade Instructor
Ortega." I don't know where you
come from with all this Professor
business.

Tad laughs inappropriately.

NATE
(to Tad)
What?

BRUCE

Professor, we need to save these creatures. As far as I can tell, they have the survival instinct of a stunt driver.

THE PROFESSOR

Guys, I'm an expert in *killing* animals; you understand this, yes?

NATE

Sure, but you have to have better insight into the animal mind than us.

THE PROFESSOR

Look, boys. I'll tell you what. When you have an infestation of animals, they have found two things: food and shelter. You have these things, you have life.

Nate nods emphatically.

THE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

So, normally I poison the food and I poison the shelter. I guess, you could do that, but without the poison.

NATE

Of course.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Andre, who are you talking to?

RACHEL, a very attractive college-aged blonde, walks into the room, wearing nothing but a large blue exterminator's work shirt, which has an embroidered "Andre" patch on the right breast. She walks over to the professor and puts her hands on his shoulders.

THE PROFESSOR

(slightly embarrassed)

Boys, this is Rachel, she's in my salsa class...

RACHEL

(suggestively)

Advanced salsa.

THE PROFESSOR

If you boys will excuse me now, I have some homework to grade.

Rachel giggles.

TAD

Homework for what? *Sex education?*

There is an awkward silence. The Professor eats a pork rind, his eyes locked on Tad.