

SERENITY

17 EXT. SCHOOL HOUSE - DAY 17

Olson follows Berg into the building as...

18 INT. SCHOOL HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 18

Berg shoves Olson into a darkened closet. Olson reaches for the light switch above and pulls the chain. Berg turns off the light instantly and pulls out a flashlight. He gives Olson a disapproving glare.

OLSON

Okay. Let me have it.

BERG

(reluctantly)

Alright, but you got to swear man...

OLSON

I swear, I swear, just tell me already.

BERG

Okay, here's what's going down.

Berg ruffles around in his inside pocket and momentarily whips out a photograph.

BERG (CONT'D)

This, my friend is a picture of Boggs' Cabin. Hidden from view, unknown to civilization as we know it, and unobserved by the powers to be in every aspect...almost! Every night at two o'clock on the nose, the immaculate Johanna is seen arriving at said cabin, whereby she is greeted at the door by the inestimable Mr. Boggs.

OLSON

Does Steely know?

BERG

It's not what you think. On closer inspection, it appears that the flatulent yet venerable James Prometheus Boggs...

OLSON

Prometheus?

BERG
...indeed, has been coaching the
mammari-ful...
(questions his word)
Johanna in the art of plagiarism.

OLSON
This is huge!

BERG
You're telling me?

OLSON
So what's the plan?

BERG
We are going to expose Mr. Boggs in
the most deliciously heinous way.

OLSON
Oh god!

BERG
But beware my learned friend this
mission is not for the faint of
heart.

OLSON
I'm in. Tell me where to be.

BERG
My trusted friend 'Putts' is laying
down a link as we speak from the
lake - so that the whereabouts of
the cabin are identified - through
to tomorrow's assembly meeting
video input.

OLSON
You're interrupting the assembly's
video

BERG
Correct, astute one!

OLSON
Oh, I can't take this any more.
This is too good. We got him. We
finally got the little weasel. You
are a genius, a genius.

BERG

Thank You. I try. I think after tomorrow's assembly it would be fair to say that Mr. Boggs will no longer be taking part in the amusements of Saturday detention. Meet me tonight at eight. Bring your microphone with you. At the lake. We will have to trek through the woods the rest of the way. Dress warm, or if that doesn't please you, a suitable imbibement will be proffered.

OLSON

Mr. Jack Daniels?

BERG

The very same.

They quietly exit the closet.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. BOGGS' CABIN - NIGHT

19

Berg is perched atop a nearby tree branch, his video camera in hand. Olson lies motionless underneath the cabin window, his microphone and boom in one hand and holding stereo headphones to his ear with the other.

As Berg watches on through his video camera, he slowly moves his eye away from the viewfinder and seeks Olson's eye who is in shock from what he is hearing.