

INT. A52 HIGH, CLASSROOM. CONTINUOUS

The classroom is lined with ALIENS of all shapes, sizes and colors. EYE STALKS, COMPOUND EYES, SLIT EYES, and everything in between stare back.

The Secretary walks in. While her bottom half is definitely humanoid, her top is MARTIAN; a bizarre mix of lizard and what is that, a vacuum cleaner?

The teacher, MISTER GREY is LANKY with PALE SKIN and enormous inky BLACK EYES. His lecture is aided by images projected from the HOLOGRAPHIC HELMET he's currently wearing.

MISTER GREY

...of course peace didn't last long. The Sriracha wars would devastate the Taco Belt and see the royal family in hot oil...

Noticing that he's lost the class' attention, his lecture trails off.

Giddy with excitement, the Secretary whispers into Mister Grey's ear-slot.

MISTER GREY (CONT'D)

(listening, mumbling)

Hmm? This is the human boy? How intriguing!

SECRETARY

And there will be NO probing.

Mister Grey pauses and looks at the Secretary.

MISTER GREY

Stereotypes like that are hurtful.

In the back row, the COOL KIDS shoot SPIT-WADS. The ringleader, CHAZ, is a HUMANOID BRUTE with dull BLUE skin, and developing TUSKS that give him a slight LISP. He has the face of a pug that finally caught the car it was after.

CHAZ

Human? Looks more like a larva.

SKAGS

(giggling)

Tiny bug.

SLURPING NOISES draw Will's attention down. A CRUSTACEAN CUSTODIAN mops and sweeps with its many arms. It obsessively cleans the spilled drink, shoving bits into its mandibles.

WILL

Sorry.

The Custodian's MANY EYES stare back. Mouth-parts clack and it resumes cleaning the mess.

The Secretary whispers to Will as she leaves.

SECRETARY

Anyone tries to probe you, you just say 'No thank you!' Ya hear?

Will nods 'yes.' Her face makes what is probably a smile to her kind, and she's off.

MISTER GREY

Class, please welcome our first ever human student!

(looking at a note)

Mister 'Aaaauugh!' Am I saying that right?

The teacher's mental projector broadcasts a rough schematic of HUMAN ANATOMY and characteristics behind him.

CLASS

(in unison)

Welcome Mister Aaaauugh.

WILL

'Will' is fine.

MISTER GREY

Have a seat...

Mister Grey scans the classroom. The class shifts in their seats, making everything appear occupied. The lone seat is up front, next to a NERDY-looking SQUAT PURPLE ALIEN with the expression of a betrayed otter.

MISTER GREY (CONT'D)

...right there.

Will sits down and turns to GLENJAMIN.

WILL

(whispers)

Hi, I'm human, what are you?

Glen glances at Will's outstretched hand and turns INVISIBLE.

WILL (CONT'D)

This is going super.

MISTER GREY

Back to The Great War. Will, how
much did your last school cover?

Mister Grey's mental projector emits a GREAT SPACE battle.

WILL

World War One or Two?

The class laughs. Will acts like his question was a joke.

CHAZ

Larva probably doesn't even know
when the Earth was built!

GLENJAMIN

(to Chaz)

Do you?

Chaz fires a SPIT-WAD at Glen. The gooey mass STOPS in midair
before DROPPING. A swirling VORTEX flashes, the spit-wad
shooter TELEPORTS out of Chaz's puckered mouth.

CUT TO- The tip of Mister Grey's long index finger GLOWS.
Another flash! The spit-wad shooter appears in his hand.

He tosses the toy into a DRAWER of CONFISCATED ITEMS
alongside everything from fake mustaches to 'GROW YOUR OWN
EXTINCTION-LEVEL-EVENT' capsules.

MISTER GREY

Masterful shot, Chaz. Detention.