

MRS.  
MENDEZ

46.

DARRYL

Curse of those who live to serve others.

In a small, spontaneous moment, their eyes meet and they smile simply at each other. And quit.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Faculty Christmas party last December --  
I'd been teaching all of 4 months -- I  
didn't think anybody knew I was there.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY (ALMA DE ARTES SCHOOL)

A DOZEN FACULTY. We glimpse Security Guard Jack charming young phys. ed. teacher Camille. Darryl arranges cupcakes. MRS. MENDEZ, a veteran, peels a cupcake.

MRS. MENDEZ

Mr. Tripp. You, my young friend, are an insufferable, nay, virulent goody-two-shoes? Your youthful ideals and optimistic plans to change the world as a teacher are wholly misguided. You have not been teaching a sufficient time to devolve into cynicism and until you have, I feel you should bag it in faculty lounge when I am on break.

DARRYL

*Adde parvum parvo manus acervus erit,*  
Mrs. Mendez.

With that, Darryl pretends someone's hailing him across the room. He goes, leaving Mendez looking after him, caught in the fury of being Latin intolerant.

RESUME - INT. RV - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

AMELIA

Nobody speaks Latin.

DARRYL

I do.

AMELIA

Why?

DARRYL

Pop's idea of a true liberal arts education.

— Refuge —

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