

The Yang

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INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The camera fades in on a close-up of cereal being poured into a bowl.

A boy, SAM TERBINGTON, or TERB, stands at the kitchen table eating the cereal with one hand and finishing homework with the other.

Terb's mom appears in the doorway.

TERB'S MOM

It's almost time to go Sam. Are you done making finishing touches?

Terb scribbles an answer onto his homework and acknowledges his mom.

TERB

No worries, mom. I always make it on time. I'm just...kinda lucky that way.

TERB'S MOM

You never know, today could be different.

Terb waves her off and starts packing his backpack.

TERB

I highly doubt it.

Terb's mom smiles.

He swings his backpack over his shoulder and is halfway out the door before his mom reminds him he forgot his lunch.

TERB'S MOM

(Holding out paper bag with Terb's full name on it)

Sam, wait! You forgot your lunch!

Terb turns around. The camera follows his eyes to the lunch bag and shows his name written on it in black marker. Terb grabs it.

TERB

Thanks, mom.

TERB'S MOM

Have a good day!

TERB
You got it, dear mother. This one's
for you.

Terb gets to the end of his driveway.

TERB'S MOM
Blueberry pie when you get home!

TERB
YES!

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL

Terb approaches the front steps, looks up at the school, and sighs.

As Terb is approaching the front entrance, he looks at his watch to assure he is still making good time.

He then sees a pretty girl coming from the left, looking down at her phone. This is VALERIE SCOTTS. Terb's eyes widen and he runs to the door before she sees him.

Valerie gets to the door and Terb holds it for her nonchalantly.

VALERIE
(Looks up from phone)
Oh, thanks, uh...Terb, right?

Terb hesitantly opens his mouth as if about to respond, but is disappointed that she only knows him by his joke of nickname.

TERB
Well, it's Sam. But yeah, everyone
calls me Terb.

VALERIE
Oh, okay, sorry. Thank you Sam.

TERB
Don't mention it.

Valerie goes inside.

Terb is about to go in but he sees another student approaching and holds the door for him. This is BRET. He gets to the door and gives Terb a quick head nod.

BRET
Thanks, man.

TERB
Yeah, no problem.

Terb pulls open the door and looks at the clock hanging in the front lobby. It reads 7:15.

TERB
What the hell!?! Now I'm late!

INT. SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Terb starts to hurry inside when he hears someone calling him.

KID
(Walking on screen)
Terb! Hey, Terb! What was the math homework?

Terb sighs and reluctantly talks to the kid.

While they talk, a janitor takes down the clock and the principal instructs him on how to adjust it. This is MR.IMBUSCH.

MR.IMBUSCH
(Looking at his watch)
Yes, set it six minutes earlier and it should be the correct time.

The janitor puts the clock back on the wall displaying the time 7:09. He and Imbusch walk away.

Having finished his conversation, Terb turns to rush to homeroom. He glances at the clock and sees the adjusted time.

TERB
I'm not late anymore? Sweet!

He continues on with a swing in his step.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Terb walks into homeroom while all his classmates are still at their lockers. He sits down at a desk and his homeroom teacher suddenly perks up, noticing his punctuality. This is MR. ALAN.

MR.ALAN
Terbington! Look at you getting here early!

TERB

Early bird gets the worm, Mr. Alan.

MR.ALAN

Early bird gets the worm? How about
early bird gets -

Mr. Alan rummages around in his desk drawer and pulls out a pie and a poster.

MR.ALAN

- this cherry pie! And this signed
poster for Ferris Bueller's Day
Off!

TERB

(Pointing to poster)

That says Mr. Alan in cursive
writing.

MR.ALAN

Precisely, Terb.

The camera cuts to a close-up of the poster.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Terb and his best friend, PETER, a quirky-looking boy in a trench coat, walk from outside into the cafeteria and start to walk over to a table where some of their other friends are sitting.

Bret walks in after them alone and watches where they go, contemplating following them, but looks down and starts to walk to an empty table. Suddenly, a burly, mean-looking boy walks by carrying his lunch tray with his posse following closely behind. This is TRAVIS.

Bret accidentally bumps into Travis, spilling his lunch all over him. Bret stares at him, shocked.

TRAVIS

(Grabs Bret by the shirt
collar)

Who do you think you are, little
punk? Coming in here and spilling
food all over my new sweater! My
GRANDMA knitted this sweater, and
she's 93 with severe arthritis!
ARTHRITIS!!

BRET

(Frightened)

(MORE)

BRET (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to! I'm sorry!

TRAVIS

I asked who you think you are!

BRET

My name is Bret! I'm a new student!

TRAVIS

Well, Bret. If you want to be a student here AND stay alive, you better watch where you're going.

Bret nods frantically and Travis lets go of him. Travis picks up a french fry off his fallen tray.

TRAVIS

Now, scram!

Bret scurries off.

TRAVIS

Small fry.

Travis pops the french fry into his mouth.

Bret sits down by himself at a table. A group of kids at the table next to him look at him and whisper to themselves, snickering.

Terb and Peter watch this incident happen.

TERB

(laughing to himself)

Wow. What an unfortunate fellow.

PETER

Yeah. That was embarrassing.

They both watch Bret as he attempts to keep Travis from severely injuring him.

Neither of them notice Valerie, who comes out of the lunch line, talking to her friend. Not paying attention to where she is going, she bumps into Terb, spilling her lunch all over him. She, her friend, and Peter gasp simultaneously.

VALERIE

Oh my god, Terb. I-

Valerie puts her hand over her mouth and Terb and Peter wait for her to finish with astonished looks on their faces.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

I am so sorry, I didn't mean to do that, ugh, I'm such an idiot, how can I make this up to you?

TERB

(Wiping himself off with a napkin)

You're not an idiot, and it's not a big deal-

VALERIE

You know what? Why don't I take you...out to dinner some time?

TERB

(Pauses and looks at Peter then back at Valerie)

Uh, you don't have to-

VALERIE

No, listen. My dad's friend owns this really nice restaurant and he gave us a gift card. I'll buy dinner and try not to get it all over you this time. I'm so sorry, Terb.

TERB

Valerie, that's really nice but you-

She pulls out a pen and paper and starts writing her number down.

VALERIE

How about this Friday? You can pick me up at 7. I'll text you with my address.

Valerie hands Terb the piece of paper with her phone number on it and walks away.

VALERIE

(Over her shoulder)

See you Friday, Sam.

Valerie and her friend giggle to each other and walk away.

Terb stands there holding the paper, not knowing what to make of what happened.

Peter hits his arm, smiling at him.

PETER

Dude!

Peter laughs and holds his arms in the air excitedly.

TERB

What?

PETER

You just got a date, man! With Valerie Scotts! Oh my god!

TERB

(Looks down at paper and then back at Peter)

I did?

PETER

This Friday at 7 if I recall correctly.

Terb realizes what his friend has confirmed for him and smiles.

TERB

What did I get?

PETER

A date!

TERB

(Points at Peter)

A date with who?

PETER

Valerie!

TERB

One more time! What did I-

PETER

Okay, you smell like nachos. Do you want to-

Peter motions to Terb's dirty clothes with his hands.

TERB

Yeah, let's-

PETER

Yeah.

Peter and Terb head towards the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Terb is at his locker getting the books he needs before he goes home. He hums to himself happily.

The door to a nearby classroom opens and Bret steps out, followed by a teacher. This is MR.CASHMAN.

Terb, just out of their sight, turns his head and watches their conversation.

MR.CASHMAN

It's normal for your first day at a new school to be difficult, Bret. I'm sorry you had a bad day.

Bret looks sad and shrugs.

BRET

It will probably get better after a couple weeks. I just wish I hadn't got made fun of and those guys in the hallway hadn't stolen my sweatshirt.

MR.CASHMAN

Yes, that is too bad. But, Bret, we can fix that.

Bret looks confused. Mr.Cashman snaps his fingers and someone from inside his classroom hands him a cardigan. He holds it out to Bret.

BRET

(Taking cardigan)

A sweater?

MR.CASHMAN

Not just any sweater.

Mr.Cashman looks into Bret's eyes and puts his hand on his shoulder.

MR.CASHMAN

(Whispers)

A cardigan.

BRET

What will this do?

MR.CASHMAN

Everything.

Mr.Cashman slowly goes back into his classroom and shuts the door.

Bret walks away confused and the camera follows him showing Mr.Alan in the background holding a sign with a blazer on it that says 'Blazer It' with a red 'X' over a cardigan.

Terb is at his locker looking around the corner in a concerned way, having heard about how bad Bret's first day was. Bret passes him looking depressed.

TERB

I didn't know it was your first day.

BRET

(Turning around)

What?

TERB

(Reaching out to shake
Bret's hand)

I'm Sam, well, Terb to most people.
I guess. I'm sorry to hear you had
a bad first day here.

BRET

(Shaking his hand/
embarrassed)

Oh, well, thanks. It's no big deal.
I'm Bret.

Bret notices Terb's poster inside his locker and points at it.

BRET (CONT'D)

You like Ferris Bueller?

TERB

Oh, yeah! Do you like my poster?

Terb reaches into his locker and gets out the poster Mr.Alan gave him.

BRET

Yeah it's awesome!

TERB

(Handing it to Bret)

You want it?

BRET
(Amazed)
Whoa! How did you get this?

TERB
It doesn't matter. It's in your
hands now.

BRET
Hey, really? Thanks.

TERB
Don't mention it.

Terb turns to walk down the stairwell, but trips on his shoelace and tumbles down the stairs.

TERB
(laying on the floor)
Ow.

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Terb wakes up and looks at his alarm clock which reads 6:50 AM. He gasps at how late he is today.

TERB
(Frantically kicking
covers off)
What?!

INT. HOMEROOM - LATER

Terb walks into homeroom late looking disheveled, wearing a cardigan, and trying to sneak past Mr.Alan who is sitting at his computer, sipping coffee.

Bret sees Terb from across the room.

BRET
Hey, Terb!

Terb stops walking and flinches, knowing his cover is blown.

MR.ALAN
(Noticing Terb)
Whoa hold on there, Jethro.

Terb turns around and Mr.Alan takes a sip of coffee and then walks up to him.

MR.ALAN
Hand it over.

TERB

What?

MR. ALAN

The poster! You're late, so you've lost privileges!

TERB

(Stuttering)

Uh, I don't have the poster. I gave it away.

Mr. Alan looks devastated at this news.

At that moment, Bret appears next to Terb smiling.

BRET

Hey, I just wanted to say thanks for making me feel welcome and giving me that "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" poster yesterday. It really turned my day around.

A group of students come up to Bret and greet him, acting like they have known him for years.

MR. ALAN

I see how it is then. Bret! You like pie?

TERB

But I -

MR. ALAN

(Noticing Terb's attire)

Stop right there! Is that a cardigan!?

TERB

(realizing what he's wearing)

I, uh, ummm.

MR. ALAN

Look at me! Look me in the eyes!

Terb looks at Mr. Alan, scared to actually look at him directly in the eye. Mr. Alan holds his gaze for a solid 5 seconds before speaking. The bell rings.

MR. ALAN

We do not wear cardigans in here. Get to class.

Mr. Alan then sticks a miniature sign onto Terb's forehead reading "Blazer It".

Terb nods his head quickly then hurries off.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM

Terb walks into chemistry with the small version of Mr. Alan's 'Blazer It' sign taped to his forehead. He takes it off, frustrated, and throws it away.

Terb sits next to Peter and turns to face him.

TERB

Hey, Peter.

PETER

Salutations.

Terb sees Valerie walk into the classroom and take her seat, talking with a friend next to her.

PETER

(Sees Terb looking)

Why don't you just talk to her
Terb? Or do something nice?

TERB

I don't know, Peter. I feel
different today, like today is an
off day for some reason.

Bret walks in with a group of students laughing and smiling. He sits down next to Valerie and makes her laugh. Terb looks at them, confused and angry.

The chemistry teacher walks into the room. This is MR. MULLANEY.

MR. MULLANEY

Alright, everybody! We're doing a
lab today. I will give you partners
and then the instructions are at
your tables. Okay, Josh you will be
with Mary, Cynthia with Brian,
Matthew and Corey, Valerie, and -

Terb sits forward and watches Mr. Mullaney eagerly, hoping he and Valerie get each other as partners.

MR. MULLANEY (CONT'D)

- Bret.

Disappointed, Terb sits back in his chair.

MR.MULLANEY (CONT'D)

And Terb -

Mr.Mullaney scans the room.

MR.MULLANEY (CONT'D)

Ah, you can work with Kevin.

The camera pans out to reveal a messy-looking kid sitting next to Terb. This is KEVIN. His hair sticks out in all directions, his clothes are askew, and papers litter his desk and the surrounding floor. He wipes his nose on his sleeve and smiles crookedly at Terb. The camera cuts back to Terb who is massively disappointed.

MR.MULLANEY (CONT'D)

Remember guys, these chemicals are really dangerous, and if they touch your skin, you'll turn purple!

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bret and Valerie are at their lab table performing a perfect experiment, laughing and smiling together as Mr.Mullaney praises them.

The camera pans to Terb who is watching angrily with his arms crossed.

Bret and Valerie gaze at the chemical reaction they have created in a beaker. Terb is gazing across the room at them despondently.

KEVIN (O.S.)

I got the chemicals!!!

Kevin runs up to Terb trips, accidentally splashing the chemicals onto Terb's face.

Terb looks horrified and holds up his hands in an attempt to protect himself.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The class passes by Terb as he stands under the chemical shower, fuming.

TERB

Mr. Mullaney, I'm not purple

(MORE)

TERB (CONT'D)

anymore, can I go now?

MR.MULLANEY

Yes, go. Get out of my sight!

TERB

Can I have a pass?

MR.MULLANEY

I SAID GET!

Terb slinks out of the room, soaking wet.

INT. MANDARIN CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Terb enters, his clothes still dripping. Attempting to go unnoticed, he walks to the back of the classroom and takes his seat.

MR. STRICK

(Speaking to class)

Don't forget. Vocab quiz next class. You should all follow Bret's example and study up! Mr. Terbington! Why are you so late to my class?

TERB

(soaking wet)

Seriously? That's the question you ask?

MR. STRICK

Don't sass me, Terbington. Copy down these notes on Yin Yang.

Terb pulls out a notebook and copies down the notes.

The bell rings. Terb follows everyone out of class, lagging behind.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Still wet, Terb walks up to his locker looking melancholy due to his bad day. Peter walks up to him, attempting to act cool, and leans against the locker next to Terb's. Peter is eating a piece of pie.

TERB

Is that pie?

PETER

Yeah, want some?

TERB

No, thanks.

PETER

Wow, you look like you've had a rough day. Feel like elaborating on the fact that you are drenched right now?

TERB

Oh, not much elaborating to do. Except for some reason my life was flipped and I started having the worst luck of my life! It sucks, one day you're on top of the world, and the next you've fallen flat on your face. Tomorrow's my date with Valerie so if this bad luck continues I'm doomed.

PETER

By god! Your life was flipped you say? This must end now. Did anything unusual happen? Walk me through your day.

TERB

Well, after I gave Bret this awesome Ferris Bueller poster, I was late for the first time ever; Mr. Alan accosted me for wearing a cardigan; Bret, not me, got Valerie as a lab partner; Kevin spilled chemicals all over me, so I had to wash off under the chemical shower; and that made me late to Mandarin.

PETER

Well there you have it. You shouldn't have given Bret that poster. By doing that, he got your good luck and you got his bad luck. He's your Yang.

He takes a bite of his pie.

TERB

Peter, what the hell are you talking about?

PETER

It's like what Strick said in
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Mandarin about Yin Yang.

TERB

I missed that lesson on account of the whole chemical thing.

PETER

That's what's happening with you and Bret. You see, Yin and Yang are complete opposites of each other, but are always in balance. This applies to people, too. When one person has good luck, the other has bad luck. When one experiences a change in his or her luck, so does the other. These two would be each other's Yangs. Didn't think it was weird that your names, Bret and Terb, are exact opposites of each other?

Peter gives Terb a mischievous look.

A look of shock dawns on Terb's face.

Terb looks down the hallway and sees Bret at his locker surrounded by people talking and laughing with him, clearly having a great time.

PETER

You're like a tragic hero taking on fate! You want to have a good date tomorrow with Valerie? Meet me in the janitor's closet in the math wing first thing tomorrow morning.

INT. MATH WING - THE NEXT MORNING

Terb walks down the math wing hallway and stops in front of the janitor's closet. He looks at it for a moment. The door opens and a hand shoots out, grabs him by the sleeve, and pulls him into the closet.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The closet is dark when Terb enters. A light turns on and lights up the closet. Peter appears out of the darkness.

PETER

Welcome, friend! So you're down on your luck and you need that to change before your big date

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

tonight. Well, I have a plan.

He holds his hand up. Another hand appears out of the darkness and hands him a manila folder with "CLASSIFIED" written on the front in large red letters. He pulls out a folded piece of paper and proceeds to unfold it for a long time, revealing how large it is. He holds out the unfolded plan.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hold this up.

Hands extend from the darkness and hold the plan, a map, up against the wall. Terb has a bewildered look on his face.

Peter pulls out a telescope pointer and extends it to an obnoxiously long length then points to various places on the map, each marked with a red "X".

PETER (CONT'D)

These red X's mark the locations of each class that you have with Bret today. You need to turn the tables in your favor. Make your luck better and his luck worse.

Peter slams the pointer shut.

PETER

Off you go!

INT. MATH WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Terb stumbles out of the janitor's closet, looking even more confused. He brushes himself off, straightens his clothes, and walks away, shooting a glance back at the closet.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - LATER

Terb, Peter, and Bret are all sitting in history taking tests. Bret and Terb sit adjacent to one another and Peter is a few seats away.

Peter looks at Terb deviously and Terb nods.

TERB

(Raising hand)

Uh, Mr. Balkus?

The history teacher looks up from reading a book on Applying Military Tactics in the Classroom. This is MR.BALKUS.

MR.BALKUS
What, Private Terb?

TERB
(Pointing to Bret)
Bret is cheating off my test.

MR.BALKUS
(Standing up angrily)
BRET! YOU'RE A DISGRACE! GO SIT IN
THE HALLWAY!

BRET
What? I-

MR.BALKUS
Out! And Terb! Stellar job! Always
vigilant! I'll give you a 100 and -

Mr.Balkus shuffles around in his desk drawer and pulls out
an apple pie.

MR.BALKUS
(Placing pie on Terb's
desk)
-this apple pie!

Terb and Peter look at each other, smiling and nodding.

Terb leans over to Bret's desk and steals his textbook when
Mr.Balkus is not looking. Terb slips it into his own
backpack before Mr.Balkus turns around.

MR.BALKUS
Are we all done with the test?
Okay, Bret, get back in here!

Bret gets up and returns to his seat, not noticing his
missing textbook.

MR. BALKUS
Everybody take out your textbooks!
Turn to page 394, OR ELSE!

Bret reaches into his backpack and realizes he does not have
his textbook. Panic-stricken, he rifles through the backpack
some more, to no avail.

MR. BALKUS (CONT'D)
Bret, start reading at-

Mr. Balkus sees that Bret is not prepared for class and
looks furious.

MR. BALKUS (CONT'D)
 BRET!! HOW DARE YOU BE UNPREPARED
 FOR MY CLASS?! YOU ARE A WORTHLESS
 HUMAN BEING AND I AM ASHAMED TO
 KNOW YOU! HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITH
 YOURSELF?! YOU'RE SO VILE, I BET
 YOU GO INTO THE EXPRESS LANE WITH
 THIRTEEN ITEMS, WHEN IT CLEARLY
 SPECIFIES TWELVE OR LESS!!! DROP
 AND GIVE ME TWENTY!!!

As Bret, ashamed, starts to do push-ups, Mr. Balkus continues to rant.

The camera pans to Terb, a devious grin on his face.

MONTAGE: YIN AND YANG IN ACTION

--Terb and Bret sit in English class doing a writing assignment. Terb's pencil breaks.

--The camera pans to Bret sharpening his own pencil. He pulls it out of the sharpener perfectly pointy and smiles at it.

--Terb looks down and finds a twenty dollar bill on the floor.

--Bret pulls out his wallet and looks shocked to find that it is empty.

BRET
 Where's my twenty?!

--Terb and Bret are at lunch. Terb opens his lunch box and gasps in delight at the array of delicious foods packed inside.

TERB
 Yes! Thanks, Mom!

--The camera pans to Bret at a different table. He opens his lunch and holds up a single cracker, his entire meal.

BRET
 (Sarcastic)
 I'm full just looking at it.
 Thanks, Mom.

--Terb is in the locker room putting oil on the bottoms of Bret's sneakers. He hears Bret approaching and scurries off. Bret puts on his sneakers and he and his friends leave the locker room to head up to the gymnasium for gym class.

--Bret tries to play basketball in gym class but keeps slipping.

--Bret is in a class talking to his friends. His backpack sits on the floor behind him. The bottom of the backpack is slightly ripped. Terb sneaks up with a pair of scissors and cuts three of the four sides of the backpack, holding the bottom in place. As he retreats back to his own table, the bell rings. Bret reaches for his backpack, picks it up, and all of his books fall through the bottom of the backpack and onto the floor. He sighs, frustrated, then begins to pick up the books.

--The camera fades out on a close-up of the shredded backpack.

END MONTAGE

INT. SPANISH CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A teacher is speaking to her class in Spanish. This is SENORA SPRAGUE. Bret rushes into the room.

BRET
Sorry I'm late.

SENORA SPRAGUE
En Espanol!

BRET
Lo siento Senora. It's just that, mi mochila, it broke! And my stuff went everywhere! I didn't have enough time-

SENORA SPRAGUE
Silencio! Sientate!

She points to an empty desk.

SENORA SPRAGUE (CONT'D)
That'll be an hour after school with me.

Bret walks to his desk, hanging his head.

SENORA SPRAGUE (CONT'D)
Now, class, at this time I would like to recognize our exemplary Spanish student of the month - Sam Terbington!

Terb sits at his seat in a Spanish conquistador's outfit

with Spanish memorabilia around him. Fiesta music comes on and Spanish dancers walk in, wearing vibrant skirts, doing a dance around Terb as he shakes maracas in a celebratory fashion.

EXT. SCHOOL - LATER

Terb comes out of the front entrance and stands outside for a moment looking satisfied. He smells the air and sighs.

Peter comes outside and strolls up to Terb.

PETER

Did you succeed today? Are you ready for that date now?

TERB

You bet, Peter.

PETER

Really? Fill me in. What's the last thing that happened?

TERB

The last thing was I messed with Bret's backpack so all his books fell out and he was late to Spanish. But he arrived just in time to see me get elected student of the month in a glorious fashion. It looks like luck is once again on my side.

PETER

Good, good.

They wait for their rides, content, when a girl comes up to them holding flyers.

GIRL

Hi! Have you heard about the election for a new class president?

TERB

Heard of it? I was actually thinking about running, you might know me, I'm Sam T-

GIRL

You know about it? Well, Bret McCallister just won!

TERB
HE WHAT?!

A group of girls suddenly comes out of the front entrance chanting Bret's name.

TERB
This can't possibly-

The crowd gets more intense and approaches the stairs, enthusiastically cheering for Bret.

TERB (CONT'D)
(To Peter)
Oh, no! I thought fate was in my favor! This can't be happening! The date is tonight! There's no more time!

The chanting is extremely loud now. Bret's fan club walks toward Terb, heading for the parking lot in front of the school. Terb is trapped and curls into a ball as the mass of people runs by.

TERB
Peter! It's all ruined! I don't have the upper hand on the Yang anymore and we're out of time! What am I supposed to do?

PETER
Alright, alright. Just calm down. Just breathe. Let me consult my team.

Peter closes his eyes and holds the bridge of his nose between two fingers in an intense thinking position.

TERB
(Waiting before saying anything)
Peter, what is happening right-

Peter suddenly snaps out of his thinking pose.

PETER
Alright! I've got it all under control. Don't worry about a thing. Just go on that date, Terb. Go ON it.

TERB
He's one weird kid.

INT. BATHROOM - BEFORE THE DATE

MONTAGE: TERB GETTING READY

--Close-up of Terb running a brush through his hair.

--Close-up of him brushing his teeth.

--Close-up of Terb shaving, running a razor across his face, shaving cream lathered all over it.

--Close-up of Terb's face, freshly clean. He smiles.

TERB

You got this. You had a little bad
luck earlier, but that's okay. Fate
is still on your side.

EXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Terb and Valerie walk towards the restaurant together. Terb is smiling and Valerie is laughing.

VALERIE

(Laughs)

I never knew you had such a great
sense of humor!

Terb smiles bashfully.

TERB

Yeah, lucky me, huh?

Terb's phone goes off in his pocket.

TERB

Oh, sorry, I should check this.

Terb looks at his phone and sees Peter sent him a text.

INSERT - THE TEXT MESSAGE

"Change of plans. My team has informed me that THE YANG has
a date at the restaurant across the street. GET OVER THERE
NOW, I WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING. -Peter"

BACK TO SCENE

Terb bites his lip nervously and puts his phone away.

TERB

You know what? This place looks
closed. How strange.

VALERIE

What do you mean, there's tons of people-

TERB

That's actually a mirage because you're just so hungry, but THAT place looks open for business.

Terb points to the restaurant across the street that Peter mentioned. The letters in its neon sign are mostly out and the paint on the outside is chipped.

TERB

Let's go there, shall we?

Terb grabs Valerie by the arm and drags her along.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Terb and Valerie walk to their table. Terb successfully pulls out the chair for Valerie to sit in. After doing so, he smiles to himself and sits down.

A waiter comes over and tries to introduce himself but Peter suddenly butts in wearing a fake moustache and glasses as a disguise.

PETER

Actually, buddy, I got this one! No worries! Go take a nap or something! Treat yourself!

Peter pushes the confused waiter away.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now, what can I get for you two?

VALERIE

You know, you look extremely familiar. Do I know you from somewhere?

PETER

Me? God no! But you do know this handsome devil.

Peter points to Terb.

PETER

I mean, look at those eyebrows! He's a keeper. Anywho how about some drinks--

Peter sees something in the distance and stops short. Terb follows his gaze to another table where Bret has just sat down with a girl.

Peter and Terb and look at each other. Terb motions to Peter to go over there.

PETER
 (Quickly getting back
 into character)
 You know what? I will be right
 back. I have to go, uh, test the
 croutons.

Peter speeds off towards Bret's table.

A waiter just gets to Bret's table and Peter cuts him off.

PETER
 There's a fire in the kitchen! Go
 save the day! I'll handle things
 here!

Peter pushes away the other confused waiter and smiles at Bret and his date.

PETER
 Sorry about that, what can I get
 you?

BRET
 I will have the--

PETER
 (Interrupting)
 OH, you don't want that. No, that
 won't do. You know what you want?
 The horseradish tuna sandwich with
 a hint of garlic. Delicious!

BRET'S DATE
 Wouldn't that give someone horrible
 breath?

PETER
 That, darling, is actually a myth.
 It's a scientific fact that the
 dish actually makes someone
 instantly more attractive. Who
 knew?

Peter gets close to Bret's face. Bret looks confused and frightened.

PETER (CONT'D)
I HIGHLY recommend you order it.

BRET
No, really, it's fine. We'd both
like the ravioli.

PETER
(Annoyed)
Okay, PERFECT. Ravioli it is then.

Peter clicks a pen and pulls out a small notepad where he pretends to write down the order but the camera zooms in on him crossing off 'Make him smell bad' on a list of ways to sabotage Bret.

PETER (CONT'D)
I will be right back.

Peter walks back over to Valerie and Terb. Terb looks up from his conversation with Valerie and Peter clears his throat.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm back. The croutons were
impeccable, in case you were
wondering. Best stale bread around.
Anyways, something to drink?

VALERIE
Sure, I'll have a diet coke.

PETER
Great choice. Very unique. And for
you, sir, might I suggest something
a little safer in case it should
SPILL--

Terb looks confused and Peter nods towards Bret's table and winks. Terb understands what he is hinting at.

TERB
Oh, yes! That'd be bad, if
something were to get all over the
tablecloth--

PETER
Just ALL over it.

TERB
--ruining everything. Yes, we
wouldn't want that to happen.

PETER

Nope!

Peter laughs exaggeratedly.

PETER (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Not to you anyways...

VALERIE

What did you say?

PETER

What? Nothing! Diet coke? I'll get right on that.

Peter speeds off back to Bret's table.

PETER (CONT'D)

Wow! You two look starving! What is this?

Peter points to a waitress walking by with a steaming hot bowl of soup on a serving tray.

PETER

(Speaking to waitress)

Miss, is that heavy? Let me take it off your hands.

Peter takes the tray from the confused waitress.

WAITRESS

Do you work here?

PETER

That old woman is choking!

The waitress gasps and runs off. Peter turns back to Bret and his date. He takes the soup off the tray and gives it to Bret.

PETER (CONT'D)

And here is your soup! Ow that's hot!

He drops the soup on Bret, on purpose, but pretends it is an accident. Bret quickly slides his chair out of the way so that the soup spills on the floor.

CUT TO:

Across the restaurant, Terb slams his fist on the table,

shocking Valerie.

BACK TO SCENE

PETER (CONT'D)
 (Frustrated)
 SOOO sorry about that folks! The
 soup here is VERY hot.

BRET
 (Calmly)
 That's alright, I'll just sit over
 here.

He moves his chair around the table so that he is sitting
 closer to his date.

PETER
 I'll be right out with your
 entrees.

Peter walks up to a waiter, steals the two plates and
 pitcher of water the waiter is holding, and rushes off.

As he passes Valerie and Terb's table, Valerie calls out to
 him.

VALERIE
 Excuse me, waiter!

Peter stops and turns toward Valerie, as if taken out of a
 trance.

PETER
 Yes hi! Let me refill your waters
 for you, your food will be right
 out.

He hastily pours water from the pitcher into each of their
 glasses, almost spilling some on the tablecloth.

He walks back in the direction of Bret's table, still
 holding the two plates he stole from the waiter.

VALERIE
 They have lousy service here!

TERB
 (Not paying attention)
 Yeah, definitely...

CUT TO:

Peter walks back over to Bret's table with the food.

PETER
Don't worry folks! Your meals are
ready! Here's your ravioli!

He puts down the plates of food.

PETER (CONT'D)
Would you like some spices on that?

Bret starts to respond but Peter cuts him off.

PETER (CONT'D)
Of course you would!

He picks up random spices and starts pouring them onto their food before Bret and his date can protest. Spices should start out normal and get weirder. For example: salt, pepper, grated cheese, oils, flower petals, pine cones, etc.

He finishes and steps back.

PETER
Dig in!

Bret and his date look disgusted by the food set in front of them, and they tentatively take a bite.

As they chew, they look pleased.

BRET
This is fantastic!

PETER
(Outraged)
UGH!

He storms off.

Peter rushes back to Terb and Valerie's table where Valerie is just finishing a story but Terb is distracted by Peter.

VALERIE
And after that I never
actually...Terb! What's so
interesting over there?

Peter arrives at the table looking frantic.

PETER
Big news! Exciting news! Listen
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

closely! You'll want to hear this!

Peter is leaning in towards Terb with wide eyes.

PETER

(French accent)

We have a new dessert chef. All the way from France. You might have heard of him. His name is...Travis.

VALERIE

(American accent)

So...Travis.

PETER

(French accent)

No! Travis! Prepare yourselves for a dessert you will never forget.

He winks at Terb and leaves. Valerie starts talking again but Terb is distracted by Peter off in the distance. He sees Peter bring Travis, the bully, out of the kitchen with a large cream pie.

VALERIE

Terb! Oh my god, if you're not even gonna pay attention to me then, why am I even here?

TERB

Oh, what? Sorry, I--

VALERIE

Listen, you should stop worrying and just enjoy the present moment. I totally understand if you have something you need to take care of over there. I think you should just go say something because it looks like things are about to get messy.

TERB

You're right. I think I have to step in.

The bully looks menacing and Peter nods, leading him towards Bret. Terb's heart is pounding. Peter is laughing and rubbing his hands together like a madman. Terb gets up and walks to Bret's table, approaching him from the back. Terb gets there just as Travis is about to smack the pie into Bret's face, but Terb moves Bret to the side and it hits Terb instead.

There is a moment of silence as people watch, astonished.

TRAVIS

Hey, what's the big idea?

Terb wipes his eyes so his whole face is covered in pie except his eyes.

TERB

Sorry to interrupt your date. I just had to come over and make an apology. I started having bad days when you started having good days. and this date with Valerie was really important to me. I went out of my way to make sure your date was terrible so that mine would go well. I'm sorry, enjoy your date.

Bret looks down for a moment, thinking, and then looks back up at Terb.

BRET

Terb, if it wasn't for you I'd still be having a miserable time dealing with being the new student at a school where nobody accepted me. Don't apologize. Go enjoy your date.

TERB

Thanks, Bret. You too. Come on, Peter, let's go. I gotta go to the bathroom and wash this pie off my face.

Terb walks back in the direction of Terb's table.

TERB (CONT'D)

(To himself)

And now my date's gonna be terrible.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Terb and Valerie are finishing their meal and Terb continues to make Valerie laugh and have a good time.

TERB

I didn't think this date would go well tonight, but it did.

VALERIE
(Smiling)
I couldn't agree more.

Terb stands up.

TERB
Ready to go?

Valerie smiles and nods.

She gets up and they leave.

INT. SCHOOL - THE NEXT MORNING

Terb walks to his locker and when he opens it he sees the Ferris Bueller poster taped inside. Terb looks surprised but happy. Peter comes up to him.

PETER
Sorry I didn't catch up with you after the date last night, I was a little busy. Apparently restaurant owners only let actual employees work in their restaurants. How'd it go with Valerie?

Terb looks down the hallway and sees Bret at his locker. They make eye contact and Terb points to the poster. Bret nods and Terb nods back.

FADE TO BLACK

TERB
It was perfect.

TITLE AND CREDITS