

Yur-Gold

written by

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Yurgold Edition

FADE IN:

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY

It's a mundane high school chemistry class. The teacher is standing at the front of the class and is demonstrating the lab experiment. This is MR.O'MALLEY.

There are students sitting at the lab tables, some are doing the experiment and some are fooling around near the back of the room.

A student is sitting in his seat diligently scribbling notes on everything the teacher says. This is JESSE. He looks serious and is paying close attention to the teacher while readjusting his glasses.

The inattentive students sitting at his table are fooling around and messing around with the lab equipment.

Jesse turns and scowls at them.

JESSE

Hey! Can you guys PLEASE quiet down? I'm trying to listen to O'Malley.

The other students look back at Jesse and make snide faces.

RANDOM KID

(sarcastic)

HAHA, yeah okay Jesse whatever you say pal.

The snickering kid next to him is readying up a paper airplane to throw at Jesse's head. He launches the plane but Jesse unknowingly dodges by reaching down for his bag of almonds.

The plane misses and crashes right into O'Malley's face who is mixing chemicals. He accidentally pours too much of a chemical and creates an explosion.

MR. O'MALLEY

(angered)

OKAY! WHICH ONE OF YOU LITTLE CHUMPS THREW THAT?!

The rest of the students point to an oblivious Jesse who is munching on almonds.

MR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Jesse? I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm giving you a detention.

Jesse stands up abruptly in shock.

JESSE

(alarmed)

WHAT?! H-How is that even possible? I didn't...

Jesse goes to speak again but the bell cuts him off.

INT. CAFETERIA

Jesse is sitting at a table with his friends. They are sitting at a high table with a TV in front of it. On the TV is Lil Chef's Kitchen playing. CJ demonstrating how to make pasta.

All of his friends are casually eating their lunch, but Jesse is staring off into space with his eyes twitching.

JESSE

(frustrated)

I can't believe I just got a detention.

His friends stop and look at him like the world is ending.

FRIEND 1

You, Jesse White, got a detention? How could you possibly get a detention? I've literally seen you studying the student handbook rules.

JESSE

(frustrated)

I know. This is terrible! I'm gonna miss my chess tournament! The whole audience of two people are gonna miss me.

Jesse sighs and puts his head down.

All of a sudden, a bombastic ad shows up on the screen with a charismatic sounding man. This is MR. YURGOLD. He is dressed up in a suit with a flamboyant tie. It catches only Jesse's attention.

MR. YURGOLD

Hi I'm Andrew Yurgold, are you in
a state of peril?!

Mr. Yurgold gestures and points at the camera as he speaks. The poorly edited video is reminiscent of old 2000s commercials. A call number flashes at the bottom of the screen.

Jesse looks up at the TV intrigued.

MR. YURGOLD (CONT'D)

Have you ever gotten in trouble
for something you never did?
Were you wrongly given a
detention? Well, I'm here for you
Walpole High School. As they say,
you're gold when you call
Yurgold!

A curious grin begins to grow on Jesse's face. He steps away from the table to call the number displayed on the screen.

INT. MR. SALMAN'S ROOM

Mr. Yurgold is doing complex math problems at the board for fun. The phone rings and he races to his desk to pick it up.

MR. YURGOLD

You have reached the one and only
Andrew Yurgold. What has troubled
you on this fine day?

INTERCUT - INT. CAFETERIA

JESSE

Hi I'm Jesse White, I was blamed
for a bit of a paper airplane
fiasco. To be honest, I don't
understand how it happened, but I
can't have detention because I
have a Chess tournament right
after school!

INTERCUT - MR. SALMAN'S ROOM

He nods his head while examining the gunk on his shoes.

MR. YURGOLD

Hmm, sounds tough pal. Don't worry though I've got it covered. As I say you're gold.

Mr. Yurgold hangs up the phone and gets up to leave while Jesse stands a little confused with his phone in hand.

INT. DETENTION - DAY

The room is a regular looking classroom. On the white board the word "Detention" is written. Nobody is in the room.

Jesse walks in and looks around the room. He decides to sit in a chair in the front row.

In walks a intimidating looking teacher with a blank face and a water bottle in his hand and is wearing a black jumpsuit. This is MR.KAMPPER. Mr. Kampper walks to the desk to read the list for detention.

He picks up the detention list.

MR. KAMPPER

Looks like you're the only one in here today. Lucky for you, this isn't dentention today.

Kampper crosses out the word detention on the board and writes "Boot Camp"

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

You're now in boot camp.

Jesse looks terrified and slumps down in his chair and stares at the clock waiting for the hour to go by.

Seconds pass, and suddenly the door barges open. Mr. Yurgold walks in dressed in a suit and tie while holding a brief case. Mr. Kampper and Jesse look at Mr. Yurgold.

MR. YURGOLD

Hello, I need to speak with a Mr. Jesse White. Don't mind me I just need to ask him a couple questions in the hall. It won't take long I promise.

A smile begins to grow on Jesse's face and he begins to zip up his bag. Mr. Kampper almost looks angry.

MR. KAMPPER

Alright I'll give you a minute,
but he's gonna have to run an
extra lap for missing valuable
time in boot camp.

Mr. Yurgold looks at Mr. Kampper like he just figured out his entire plan. In a chaotic motion he walks up to him and bashes his brief case over Kampper's head.

Jesse looks mortified and hesitates to grab his bag. Mr. Yurgold adjusts his tie as if it was just business as usual.

MR. YURGOLD

He was on to us.

Jesse slowly creeps up and walks out with Mr. Yurgold.

INT. HALLWAY

Jesse and Mr. Yurgold walk side by side towards the door at the end of the hallway. Mr. Yurgold shows Jesse funny videos and pictures of his dog and/or his wordle streak. Confused, Jesse looks at Mr. Yurgold with concern.

JESSE

So, uh how does all of this work
anyway?

MR. YURGOLD

Well it's quite simple really,
we're gonna walk through this
door and then you are free to go.
This trick has worked every time.

They get to the end of the hallway and attempt to open the door. But it is locked. Mr. Yurgold tries to push the door open a few times and looks around like he is trying to find a new plan. Jesse starts to panic.

MR. YURGOLD (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Aw man, that might be a problem.

They look through the window of the door and see MR. IMBUSCH. He is casually walking towards the door.

Mr. Yurgold begins hastily skimming through note cards that are filled with unethical schemes as if he were deciding which one to resort to. Each card has diabolical one word tag lines.

MR. YURGOLD (CONT'D)

No... No... No... Hmm, rats these would have been fun.

Mr. Yurgold pockets the note cards reluctantly. He straightens his tie and looks forward.

JESSE

What are we going to do, If we get caught I'll never get to my chess match! My chess career is over!

Jesse starts to panic even more and starts pulling on his tie as if he is hyperventilating. Mr. Yurgold reassuringly pats Jesse on the back.

MR. YURGOLD

Don't freak out kid. I've got it under control... probably. Just act cool and go with the flow.

Mr. Yurgold pulls out a neck brace from his brief-case.

He frantically hands it to Jesse to put on.

Jesse fidgets nervously, with the neck brace badly put on his neck, next to Mr. Yurgold. Mr. Yurgold grins awkwardly but seems to keep his composure.

Mr. Imbusch unlocks the door and walks through.

MR. IMBUSCH

Oh hey Andrew, how's it going?

MR. YURGOLD

Oh not much, just doing some business before I leave for the day.

There is an awkward pause and they are just nodding at each other.

MR. IMBUSCH

So, who's this young lad?

Imbusch's attention shifts to Jesse.

JESSE

(panicking)

Uh... uhh...

Mr. Yurgold' face completely changes to a serious mood.

MR. YURGOLD

This is my student Jesse. I just had to save him from Kampper's boot-camp detention. I mean, this has to be a violation in the school policy, right?

Mr. Imbusch looks terrified.

MR. IMBUSCH

Gee, I can lose my job because of this. I'll go have a chat with Mr. Kampper right now, thank you for bringing this to my attention.

Mr. Imbusch takes a free dismissal pass from his back pocket, and slips it into Jesse's neck brace.

MR. IMBUSCH (CONT'D)

Here Jesse, just don't tell your mother about this, I'll make sure you are taken care of tomorrow. Oh by the way, Andrew, don't forget the staff meeting after school tomorrow.

Jesse and Mr. Yurgold look at each other in relief.

Mr. Imbusch frantically walks past Jesse and Mr. Yurgold.

They both look back at him walking away and sprint out the door as they're smiling and panting. They scramble up the hall with squeaky shoes. Jesse repeats gibberish as he runs. Mr. Yurgold' brief case flaps around as he scampers up the hall.

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAY

They stop outside of the main doors. A panting Jesse looks at Mr. Yurgold in disbelief.

JESSE

We did it. We got out.

A face of realization falls on Jesse.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey, wait what's going to happen with Mr. Kampper? Is he going to be fired?

Mr. Yurgold stares blankly as if the question did not phase him at all.

MR. YURGOLD

Oh right, don't worry about him, this happens every year, he isn't going anywhere.

Mr. Yurgold nods smugly with his arms crossed. Jesse looks befuddled and then checks his watch in excitement.

JESSE

Hey looks like I still have time to get to my chess match!

MR. YURGOLD

See? I told you it works every time. Now you're golden.

JESSE

Okay well hey thanks very much Mr. Yurgold. I owe you one!

MR. YURGOLD

Yeah no problem kid. Anyways, here take my business card.

Mr. Yurgold pulls out a stylized business card with him pointing at the camera and his phone number on it and hands it to Jesse.

MR. YURGOLD (CONT'D)

If you ever need anything, you know who to call.

FADE OUT.