

HOW THE YELLOW MELLOW

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FADE IN:

INT. GUNN'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

A MALLET bangs a GONG that startles everyone in the room away from their conversations. A banner that reads "FRIENDSWOOD ASIAN AMERICAN CLUB" hangs on the wall.

Everyone turns to face a CRUDELY-MADE paper mâché DRAGON covered by a RED TARP.

OMINOUS ORCHESTRAL MUSIC starts playing, followed by what appears to be SMOKE rising from a tiny machine.

The tarp crudely drops on time revealing Asian American Club president EMILY KHOO (16) clad in a RED SPARKLY CHEONGSAM with a BLONDE WIG.

She's channeling Kate Capshaw in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Yes, she went there.

EMILY

网的丝袜一看到边要拉警报今天知道,
anything goes!

The small crowd's confused to death but into it. She lands her last line before...

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ahem...

Behind her comes her VP and self-proclaimed "Blasian", JAMAL HUANG (16) and treasurer, ADRIAN SUAREZ (15). They're not in costume other than Asian CONICAL HATS.

Adrian's not into the performance but he tries to TAP DANCE his heart out. Jamal effortlessly wows the crowd.

Towards the end of the orchestral break where Emily awkwardly PLUGS IN her laptop to a projector, Jamal stalls for her by recreating the SPLITS the dancers do in the film.

ADRIAN

Oh shit, dude.

Jamal's YELPS but he rises back up to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

EMILY

So yeah, that was the opening to the iconic and underrated *Indiana Jones and Temple of Doom*. And an example of...

A POWERPOINT SLIDE overtakes the whiteboard. In BOLD COMIC SANS, the words "CULTURAL APPROPRIATION VS APPRECIATION" fly into view.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Cultural appreciation.

Emily spits hair from the wig out before tossing it away to reveal her natural straight black locks.

Emily turns to MS. GUNN (50s), disgruntled SOCIAL STUDIES teacher and Asian Club sponsor, then changes the slide.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Appreciation is learning mandarin.
Wearing accurate respectful attire.
Anything Goes is an American classic translated. The following is exploitation of Japanese culture. Cover your eyes, kids.

BASS BOOMS as Emily's younger sister, JEANETTE (15) struts in the classroom with a SPEAKER blasting "Rich Girl" by Gwen Stefani. She flashes a smile with improvised FOIL GRILLS.

Dressed like a HARAJUKU GIRL down to a BEDAZZLED SAILOR MOON OUTFIT, Jeanette dials down the music.

JEANETTE
(valley girl voice)
Am I kawaii, guys?

Adrian can't help but fawn. Emily kicks his shin before changing the slide.

EMILY
Gwen Stefani's early 2000's bangers and her posse of Harajuku girls... that's appropriation. Maybe even exploitation.

A GIANT X covers up a picture of Gwen on the screen. The crowd's getting peckish.

EMILY (CONT'D)
OK, I know why you're here. I'll wrap it up. Appropriation. Bad. Appreciation. Good. Chow time.

The students start cheering and lining up to a table where Gunn and the officers start serving food.

INT. GUNN'S CLASSROOM - LATER

The officers sit with Gunn, still in costume.

EMILY

Do you think it landed?

JEANETTE

I think we nailed it.

ADRIAN

Jamal took one for the team with that split.

JEANETTE

What split? I missed that!

JAMAL

I went through puberty again, dude. This time I might not have kids.

GUNN

You guys were amazing!

Emily sighs.

EMILY

But attendance is down from last year and everyone just wants to eat takeout. Is that what being Asian American is all about?

JEANETTE

No offense, sis but this takeout slaps. Aren't the Powerpoints just cover for keeping the club "educational?"

Emily turns to Jamal.

JAMAL

If it ain't broke, don't fix it, Emmy, the club's still going. It'll be around long after we're out.

Emily looks at the crowd, then her friends.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

You're president for a reason.

EMILY

I won by default. No one wanted to be president and I'm one of the only 4 Asian-Asian students here.

JAMAL
True, I'm only halvesies.

EMILY
Dude with your grades, you're more
than I am!

Everyone cracks up at the comment. Emily beams.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Pen hits paper. Words are immaculately SCRIBBLED in PURPLE INK. A teacher's voice calls to her.

HARRIS (O.S.)
Emily Khoo.

The pen's owner is an ASIAN GIRL. She's dressed like a GAP MANNEQUIN that's come to life, but she rocks it. She's got her headphones in. Her eyes are GLUED DOWN onto her notes.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Emily Khoo. Khoo. Khoo-Khoo-Kachoo?

The girl pays her history teacher no mind. She's finding the rhythm in her music. It's SYNTHY, she starts thrashing along to the music.

MR. HARRIS has had enough; he STOMPS his foot. The class simmers down in anticipation. All eyes are on the girl.

Harris walks over to the girl's desk, but standing behind him is *the* EMILY KHOO (now 17). She's got two ICED COFFEES.

EMILY
Um, I'm right here. I got you
decaf.

Emily stares at Harris who sheepishly takes the coffee. The Asian girl, SEO-YUN, waves at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Again? Seo-Yun and I don't even
look alike!

SEO-YUN takes off her headphones.

SEO-YUN
He mistook us again?

EMILY
Yep.

Seo-Yun puts her headphones back in. Emily leaves a coffee on Harris's desk.

HARRIS

Just start your presentation.
You're tardy.

Emily shakes her iced coffee, then dashes to her desk. She pulls out a FLASH DRIVE and plugs it in.

A POWERPOINT for the WAR OF 1812 comes up. It's typed up in COMIC SANS and covered in MEMES.

EMILY

OK, you know the drill for oral presentations.

Emily starts snickering, the class starts laughing.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Imagine finally getting over your ex. I can't. Apparently jolly ol' England couldn't either. Couldn't quit on America. She's a bit overrated, if you ask me.

Emily opens a SLIDE with pictures of "OLD WHITE DUDES".

EMILY (CONT'D)

James Madison said enough was enough to King George III. In the great words of Taylor Swift, "we are never ever getting back together... like ever."

A crudely photoshopped TAYLOR pops up in between Madison and George III. The class starts laughing.

HARRIS

Emily, this isn't a stand-up routine. History's not a joke.

Before Emily can snark back, she freezes at the sight of GORI AGRAWAL (17) at the doorway. She stammers.

GORI

Mr. Harris, Ms. Gunn sent me here to deliver some scantrons.

The bell rings. Harris walks up to Gori and collects the papers.

HARRIS

We'll pick it up, next class.

Emily and Gori exchange a glance, before they say a word. Seo-Yun's hand YOINKS Gori out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Emily walks down the hall. In just 30 SECONDS, she nearly CRASHES into a group of TROMBONE players, gets ELBOWED by a wannabe E-GIRL, and trips a SKATEBOARDER.

She's at her limit when she sees JAMAL exit a classroom. His nose is buried in an AP CALC study book. He passes by Emily.

Emily runs up to him and rips the BOOK out of his hands. Jamal's unphased, he just glares at Emily before cracking up.

EMILY

What's up, nerd?

Jamal reaches for the book. Emily keeps it at arm's length.

JAMAL

I'm not a nerd.

EMILY

You're literally valedictorian!

JAMAL

Salutatorian, by like 0.01 points!

EMILY

Wait, then who's number one?

JAMAL

Seo-Yun.

EMILY

My evil doppelgänger?

JAMAL

You two don't even look alike.
She's soft, you're punk rock.

EMILY

THANK YOU! Tell that to Mr. Harris.

Jamal FAKES OUT Emily, allowing him to steal back his book. Then he's back in it.

The two continue walking. Emily uses Jamal as a SHIELD from the chaos around her. Jamal gracefully dodges RUNNING students headed their way.

JAMAL
So how are you?

EMILY
Angry at the world, pining for the days I'm no longer a lonely lesbian in Friendswood, Texas. Same old.

JAMAL
That seems on-the-nose.

EMILY
I look over the horizons, watching two suns set like Luke Skywalker. Dreaming of the day--

JAMAL
Your family get incinerated by the Empire.

EMILY
Can it, Threepio.

A small pudgy boy runs up to the two. ADRIAN, he's still growing into his looks in his NARUTO T-SHIRT.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Oh, look, it's my R2 unit.

ADRIAN
Is she doing the Star Wars metaphor again?

EMILY
Begone, trickster! It's the Hero's Journey. Joseph Campbell?

JAMAL
Who's the nerd again?

Emily punches Jamal's arm. It barely registers.

The three turn a CORNER. Emily and Jamal keep walking, but Adrian stands still.

Emily and Jamal wave to a girl wearing SOFT PASTEL COLORS and a WARM SMILE that contrasts Emily's cool smirk.

EMILY
Baby sis! What's up?

JEANETTE walks towards them. Her hair is SWEPT by the WIND in SLOW-MOTION. She's a living INSTAGRAM DAYDREAM as she whips out her trusty SELFIE STICK for a photo.

JEANETTE

Hi Emmy! Jamal! Adrian. Uh... dude?

Adrian snaps out of his stupor. He's STIFF AS A BOARD, shoulders inward, frozen. Awkward.

ADRIAN

Hi, Jeanette.

JEANETTE

Hi, again.

EMILY

The heterosexuality of this is killing me.

Jeanette jokingly swats at Emily with the selfie stick.

JEANETTE

Ms. Gunn wanted to see you today.

EMILY

What for?

JEANETTE

Honestly, it was something important, but I forgot.

EMILY

You're literally Asian Club's secretary!

JEANETTE

Oh! She said she was retiring. Good thing it's your senior year, right?

Emily's face CONTORTS as she DASHES away from the scene. She nearly RUNS into yet another TROMBONE PLAYER.

INT. GUNN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. GUNN packs away things into boxes. She pauses when she picks up PHOTOGRAPHS of ASIAN CLUB on her desk, labeled '18, '19, and '20.

The club numbers DWINDLE year by year, but Emily and Jamal are always there with Adrian joining later on. The three are scattered around Gunn (clad in masks) for the last pic.

The door BURSTS open. Emily STOMPS in. Gunn's unflappable.

EMILY

How could you?!

GUNN

I've been waiting for this day for years. Retirement!

A PAUSE. Emily takes time to look around the classroom, how barren it looks, then looks at Gunn's eyes. They're watery.

Emily takes a deep breath, counting on her fingers. One. Two. Three. Release. Inhale. Exhale. She opens her eyes.

Emily runs up to Gunn and wraps her in a HUG.

In the doorframe, Jamal, Adrian, and Jeanette watch. Gunn waves them in. They all crowd around into a GROUP HUG.

GUNN (CONT'D)

You're crushing me.

Everyone backs off. Gunn reaches for a CAMERA.

GUNN (CONT'D)

One last photo?

JEANETTE

Is everyone here?

EMILY

Unfortunately.

Everyone groups in for a SHOT taken by the camera PROPPED up by Jeanette's selfie stick.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So who's gonna sponsor our club?

GUNN

Well, Madam President, you'll find someone. What about Ms. Stevens?

EMILY

I may have burnt down her chem lab.

JAMAL

And her eyebrows for a year.

GUNN

Mr. Antonoff?

ADRIAN

With the glass eye? And he's still under house arrest.

GUNN

Mr. Harris!

EMILY
He hates me!

GUNN
Oh Emily, we all hate you.

The bell rings. Emily and Gunn are left alone in the room.

GUNN (CONT'D)
Best of luck, Emily.

Emily waves one last GOODBYE. The door closes SHUT.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emily leans against the closed door shaking off her scowl.

EMILY
Everyone split up. Find a teacher who doesn't hate you and beg them to sponsor us next year. We need sponsor to have an Asian Club.

JEANETTE
(bad sailor voice)
Aye, captain.

JAMAL
I'll try.

Everyone goes their separate ways.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- Jeanette CHARGES through the door with her selfie stick. She's on a LIVESTREAM begging a teacher to take up Asian Club. The teacher shakes their head and leads her out. She screams "you're cancelled" as the door shuts.

- Adrian NINJA RUNS from door to door, he throws fliers with "Reasons to Save Asian Club" in each door like NINJA STARS. One of them lands in a teacher's BUSHY hair. He flees.

- Jamal's in front of a TEACHER. He's got a POWERPOINT ready. Charts, data, photos. He clicks through the slides. Within seconds, the teacher's KNOCKED OUT asleep.

- Emily SNEAKS into the TEACHER'S LOUNGE. She hits a GONG, getting everyone attention before she lifts a sign that reads "#SaveFriendswoodsAsianClub". She's ushered out.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Emily regroups with Jamal and Adrian.

EMILY
Any luck?

JAMAL
We got nothing.

EMILY
I got one last long shot.

Emily exhales. She looks at the classroom ahead of her, then walks in with her team.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Mr. Harris is packing things up at his desk. He GROANS when he sees Emily and the gang come in.

HARRIS
Emily.

EMILY
I'm actually Seo-Yun.

Harris rolls his eyes.

HARRIS
What do you want? By the way,
stellar essay, Mr. Huang.

Jamal's flattered.

EMILY
How'd I do? You know what... I'm
not here for that. Mr. Harris,
we're here to ask you--

HARRIS
To sponsor Asian club? You're that
desperate?

EMILY
Yes. Mr. Harris, you're our only
hope.

Harris chuckles.

HARRIS
How many members do you have?

EMILY

4 regulars.

JAMAL

Technically, 5. Seo-Yun showed up once for her college resume.

HARRIS

Just hang outside of school.

JAMAL

We kinda already do.

HARRIS

Aren't you two seniors?

EMILY

It's my legacy, Mr. Harris. I can't be the girl who ran Asian Club into the ground!

HARRIS

Legacy? I thought you just ate take-out.

EMILY

It's more than us eating take-out. It's about fostering relations between the student body and our tiny, tiny Asian community here.

HARRIS

You don't have a club, or even a group. You've barely got a bubble.

EMILY

Please, Mr. Harris. Don't pop it.

HARRIS

If you can get 30 people to sign up by the school year's end... maybe.

EMILY

That's impossible. We got a week left.

HARRIS

There are 800 students. Surely you can wrangle 30. Deal?

Emily looks at her friends then Harris.

EMILY

Deal.

INT. KHOO'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The officers are all gathered in the LIVING ROOM. The CLUB BANNER and a couple of POSTERS for ASIAN CLUB are set on the table.

Emily's standing over the table. Jeanette's snacking on chips, Adrian's now GLARING at a laptop, while Jamal sinks into his AP review book.

EMILY

We're gathered today to lay
Friendswood High's Asian American
Club to rest.

Emily hits PLAY on her iPhone. POORLY PLAYED BAGPIPE MUSIC PLAYS. It's AMAZING GRACE but OFF-KEY. It's loud enough to get Jamal's attention.

EMILY (CONT'D)

We hardly knew you. Years of food,
fun, and found family. Gone.

JAMAL

Bagpipes aren't even Asian.

EMILY

Jamal, I'm in grief! Aren't you?

JAMAL

AP Calc exam's in 2 days! Then
graduation's in a week! I still
haven't even written my speech.

Emily scoffs. The music is still blasting. As it CRESCENDOS, Adrian JUMPS up.

ADRIAN

The club going under might not be
so bad.

Adrian points to his laptop screen. Everyone huddles around.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

We can disburse the club funds as
"scholarships".

JAMAL

How much do we even have? Like \$5?

Jeanette shushes Jamal. She perks up and leans into Adrian. Adrian's a shade redder. Jeanette takes a sip of tea.

JEANETTE
How much do we have?

ADRIAN
About \$5000.

Jeanette SPITS OUT her tea all over Adrian.

EMILY
How the hell do we have that much?

JEANETTE
Money laundering, probably.

ADRIAN
Fundraising. We made a killing on
Chinese finger traps two years ago.

JEANETTE
Oh yeah, the school made us stop
selling those when Jamal got one
stuck on his Yinjing.

JAMAL
Nope! We're not remembering that.

ADRIAN
I'm surprised he even got it on
there. Your mom told my mom that it
left a gnarly scar.

EMILY
Guys! It didn't occur to anyone to
put that into marketing our club?

ADRIAN
You're President!

Emily paces around.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
So what do we do with it?

JAMAL
I'm throwing it into my college
fund. Not all of us are taking a
gap year, Emmy.

JEANETTE
Lame! I'm going to Singapore,
buying a nightclub, and retiring by
the beach.

Everyone looks at Jeanette then Emily, who seems TORN UP.

EMILY

Guys, shouldn't we at least try to get 30 members and keep the club going?

Everyone but her laughs for a moment.

JEANETTE

We're rich! AAAAH!

Jeanette grabs Emily's phone and plays a CLUB BANGER. Everyone's dancing and going wild. Except Emily.

EXT. MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

Adrian strolls out with FOUR CHECKS for \$1250 each. He hands one to his 3 fellow officers.

Jeanette KISSES her check and RUNS OFF laughing maniacally. The crowds around them stop to watch her disappear.

JEANETTE

BYE, SUCKERS! I'm RICH, bitches!

ADRIAN

What just happened?

EMILY

We never got allowances as kids. It's a thing.

Emily marvels at her check.

JAMAL

You should save it.

EMILY

I have a long shot of an idea...

JAMAL

I don't like this.

EMILY

We should spend the money on a last hurrah. Like a fun night out.

JAMAL

Like a dinner?

EMILY

No like one of those rapper music videos where we get a killer hotel room and live like bad bitches.

JAMAL

No. Just no. This is why we have a student loan crisis.

EMILY

That'd be predatory loaning companies and the expectation we have to go to college. We don't.

Jamal's about to rebut but...

EMILY (CONT'D)

Jamal... we're out of here in a week. We don't have much time together like this anyway.

The words hit Adrian enough for him to wince subconsciously.

ADRIAN

I'm in.

Jamal's holds his check close to him.

EMILY

You don't have to but think about it.

Jamal looks at Emily and Adrian, who put on PUPPY DOG EYES.

He looks at his check, then his AP Calc book, then at a window. He sees his dark circles under his eyes.

JAMAL

Fine, but you both have to save half of your checks.

Emily and Adrian pull him in for a GROUP HUG.

EMILY

Asians' night out!

ADRIAN

I'm not Asian, though.

JAMAL

Don't kill the vibe, man.

INT. KHOO HOUSE - AFTERNOON

FRANK AND LINDA KHOO (40s) sit together on the living room COUCH in front of a LOW BUDGET SOAP OPERA.

On the screen, a young woman RUNS into a WEDDING to interrupt it. She's too late. She sees the LOVE OF HER LIFE making out with the Bride.

There's a DRAMATIC CLOSE-UP on the woman, then the screen SHATTERS LIKE GLASS before ZOOMING on the COUPLE before SHATTERING again and ZOOMING on a random crowd member.

It's laughably bad. They're EATING IT UP.

The front door's HANDLE turns slowly. Emily's head peeks in. She slips herself through the door. Jamal follows. Adrian tries his best but FAILS as the door SLAMS.

Emily got a PILLOWCASE slung behind her back like a ROBBER.

She's halfway up the STAIRCASE with the boys when...

Frank's eyes TAKE A BREAK and catch the three. Emily's STARTLED. She hides the pillowcase behind her.

FRANK

Emmy, you... have guests.

LINDA

Boys? Huh...

EMILY

Mom, I'm still gay.

LINDA

I know. I was expecting a girl.

Linda winks very awkwardly.

FRANK

Linda, that's the Huang boy.

LINDA

Jamal! You and Emmy were just kindergartners! Now my babies are graduating!

FRANK

What are you studying, Jamal?

JAMAL

Accounting.

FRANK

Nice. Emmy doesn't even know what she's majoring in.

EMILY

I'm planning my worldwide comedy tour. Just you wait.

FRANK

That requires being funny.

EMILY

I am funny.

FRANK

Now that's funny.

LINDA

Your father means you need a backup. We're not asking you to be a doctor, not with those grades. You'd kill a patient.

Everyone chuckles at that. Emily tries to laugh with them.

EMILY

(under her breath)

I'll be the last one laughing.

FRANK

Who's your friend? We haven't met.

ADRIAN

I'm Adrian. I'm part of Asian club.

FRANK

You're that Adrian.

ADRIAN

Uh, um, what Adrian?

Frank clears his throat.

FRANK

You guys hungry? I just cooked some pansit and lumpia.

EMILY

We gotta go!

LINDA

Leave the door open! Haha, just kidding. I'm a woke mom, guys!

Emily's head's in her hands. Jamal's cracking up.

JAMAL

I love your parents so much.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emily dumps the contents of the PILLOWCASE out onto the floor. STACKS OF MONEY FALL OUT.

EMILY

OK. So we've cashed out exactly half of each of our shares, leaving us with \$1875.

Emily clears her TO-DO LIST-covered WHITEBOARD.

JAMAL

How are we going to blow that much money on one night?

EMILY

Good question. What do you guys wanna do tomorrow night?

JAMAL

Hold up. The AP exam. I can't--

EMILY

Dude, you've been studying for months. You got this. Relax.

ADRIAN

So what's there to do in town?

EMILY

Nothing. We're headed to Houston.

JAMAL

Emily... No.

ADRIAN

We could buy a giant bounce-y castle and throw a party.

JAMAL

Adrian, no. The lawsuits.

EMILY

We're not 6! Let's rent a yacht!

ADRIAN

With your driving skills? We'd crash it into the harbor. Also, I get really sea sick.

JAMAL

What if we bribe exactly 30 kids with 60 bucks to join Asian club?

EMILY

Bribery? No. It won't work. 60 bucks sucks. They won't join. Screw it, let's have a fun night out.

ADRIAN

We could fill a swimming pool with cereal and eat it all up. Like is that gross? Probably if a pube ends up in the milk.

JAMAL

Adrian, just stop talking. Please.

EMILY

How bout a night at the Four Seasons! There's a comedy festival running tomorrow night!

ADRIAN

OK, Houston... perfect. There's this Michelin restaurant. Like the plates are \$200 each.

JAMAL

Guys.

Emily's writing it down on the board.

EMILY

Jamal... you have all the money in the world.

JAMAL

I got like \$600.

ADRIAN

(chanting)

Jamal! Jamal! Jamal!

Emily joins in.

JAMAL

Fine, I wanna get a really nice fitter three-piece suit! OK?

JEANETTE

Really, Jamal? That's it?

JAMAL

When I become an accountant, I wanna show off the assets.

EMILY
Accounting is sexy?

JAMAL
Economic stability sure is.

Jeanette stands by the doorframe.

EMILY
Jeanie, what are you doing here?

JEANETTE
I can hear you down the hall! So
one last hurrah?

EMILY
You want in? I'm sure Adrian
wouldn't mind.

Adrian blushes discreetly.

JEANETTE
Sorry, 3 musketeers. I ride solo.

Jeanette SLINKS BACK into the darkness of the hallway.

ADRIAN
That's so hot.

EMILY
We got the game plan. Tomorrow,
when school ends, the night begins.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Emily checks each of the stalls. No one's there. She checks herself out in the mirror, then pulls out a SMALL MAKEUP POUCH covered in FLOWERS.

Emily zips it open... there's the MONEY. All \$1875. She LAUGHS to herself while doing a little dance.

EMILY
My precious... yes!

In the corner of her eye, she sees SOMEONE approach. She zips up her pouch and tries to act normal.

Seo-Yun walks up to the sink next to her. Not even exchanging looks, she pulls out a MAKEUP POUCH IDENTICAL to Emily's.

SEO-YUN
Oh, hey Emily.

Seo-Yun whips out SKINCARE products. Toner. Makeup-removing wipes. Sunscreen. The works.

EMILY

Seo-Yun.

Seo-Yun laughs to herself.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What's funny?

SEO-YUN

Gori told me the funniest joke in second period.

Emily freezes in place.

EMILY

Gori Agrawal?

SEO-YUN

There's only one Gori in our year.

Seo-Yun is mid-application of a SERUM when she stops and stares at Emily's bag.

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)

Sweet makeup bag! I love it.

Seo-Yun moves her bag to Emily's sink to compare the two, then HOVERS around Emily.

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)

So got any plans tonight?

EMILY

Not really.

SEO-YUN

I was supposed to go to this wedding everyone's going to but I had to give my invite to Gori.

EMILY

Wedding?

SEO-YUN

Carly and Roger's shotgun wedding. I couldn't I got my AP exams.

EMILY

Ugh, you sound just like Jamal.

SEO-YUN

How is he? We need to coordinate
our speeches for graduation.

The BELL RINGS. Voices trail in the hallway. Then girls start
to come into the bathroom.

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)

Emily, could you speak to him for
me? You're basically conjoined
twins so...

Amongst them is a TALL GRACEFUL FIGURE who smiles at Emily.
It's *the* GORI in the flesh but before she can say a word...

Emily GRABS one of the bags off the sink and RUNS LIKE HELL!

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)

What a weirdo...

EXT. FRIENDSWOOD HIGH - AFTERNOON

Adrian and Jamal sit outside on a BENCH.

ADRIAN

Dude, tonight's going to be killer.

JAMAL

I'm going to have to dip early.

ADRIAN

What? No!

JAMAL

The exam!

Emily approaches the two. She pulls out the POUCH.

EMILY

Guys, get ready for the best night
of our freaking lives!

Emily opens the pouch... it's just a BUNCH OF MAKEUP.

JAMAL

Are you giving us makeovers?

EMILY

No... this can't be happening.

ADRIAN

Emily, where's the money?

EMILY
I grabbed the wrong pouch!

JAMAL
What happened?

EMILY
Seo-Yun has all our money!

JAMAL
Great, my arch-nemesis has all our money.

ADRIAN
What? How'd that happen?

EMILY
I got distracted by a girl. I'm so sorry, guys. I went full-simp.

Jamal pinches the bridge of his nose.

JAMAL
Let's just go to her house, explain things, and hope she gives us back the cash.

ADRIAN
It's \$1800!

EMILY
\$1875.

ADRIAN
We gotta steal it back like roll up to her house and rob her!

JAMAL
We can't do that.

The two boys look at Emily.

EXT. SEO-YUN'S HOUSE - LATER

Emily, Jamal, and Adrian are HIDING in a BIG BUSH in front of this modern BUNGALOW.

EMILY
(whispering)
Is she home yet?

JAMAL
Why did I agree to this?

ADRIAN
Because you're finally learning how
to have fun.

JAMAL
Guys. I can't do this.

Jamal gets out of the BUSH.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
I'm going home!

EMILY
Jamal, you can't leave us like
this. We need you!

JAMAL
I'm sorry.

Just as Jamal's about to head out, TWO HEADLIGHTS SHINE on
him. A SEDAN rolls into the driveway.

SEO-YUN gets out of the car.

SEO-YUN
Jamal Huang? What brings you here?

JAMAL
Uhhh...

SEO-YUN
Well?

JAMAL
I was wondering if we could compare
speeches.

SEO-YUN
Jesus Christ! Finally! Pardon my
outburst there.

Seo-Yun walks up to the door. The BUSH nearby RUSTLES. Jamal
stares at the BUSH, it stops.

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)
You coming in or what?

JAMAL
Uhhh...

The BUSH RUSTLES. Then he gets a TEXT: "YES! GO IN" from
Emily.

Jamal walks through the door. As soon as the door SHUTS, Emily and Adrian fly out of the bush.

ADRIAN

Do you think he can secure the bag?

EMILY

I highly doubt it. Find a window!

Adrian shakes his head as the two walk around the house.

INT. SEO-YUN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's BRIGHT, WHITE, and AIRY. There's a GIANT WELCOME MAT lined with SHOES.

SEO-YUN

Shoes off. Please.

Jamal looks down. He kicks off his shoes.

JAMAL

Cute place.

SEO-YUN

Yeah, my moms are really into garden shows. I'm surprised my name's not Ivy or Lily.

JAMAL

Or Peony. Or Daffodil. Chrysanthemum. OK. I'll shut up.

Jamal's PHONE BUZZES. It's Adrian. "Distract her."

SEO-YUN

Who's that, Mr. Popular?

JAMAL

No one.

Seo-Yun heads to the kitchen and sets down her purse on the countertop. She sets a pot of water to boil.

SEO-YUN

Jamal, I know why you're here.

Jamal clutches his phone in his hand. Seo-Yun fiddles around with her phone.

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)

We don't have to play these games.

MUSIC starts to PLAY from the speakers overhead. It's K-POP but slow enough to get the point across.

EXT. SEO-YUN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emily and Adrian watch from a nearby window. Seo-Yun walks closer to Jamal.

EMILY

Straight people are so weird. Is this a mating ritual? Jamal, get the damn bag and run!

ADRIAN

Dude... Jamal's got game.

Emily rests her arms on WINDOWSILL. It BUDGES. Music leaks out of the HOUSE. She's trying her hardest not to burst out laughing.

EMILY

(whispering)

Bruh, I found a way in.

INT. SEO-YUN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Seo-Yun grabs Jamal's hands, then they sway. Jamal's so lost that he plays along. He finds a slow groove...

Until he sees Emily in the corner of his eye. Emily's lifting the WINDOW up.

Jamal nearly DROPS his phone.

SEO-YUN

OK, butterfingers.

Seo-Yun's about to turn around when Jamal steadies her.

JAMAL

Nope. It's just so... I'm sorry.
You don't hate me? Because uh--

Jamal's trying his hardest to not STARE at Emily, who's HALFWAY between the window and the hardwood FLOORS inside.

SEO-YUN

Why'd I hate you? I don't take grades personally. Plus, I did beat you.

Jamal's eyes are on Seo-Yun. Emily's finally broken in. She closes the window SHUT.

JAMAL

By like a decimal point.

SEO-YUN

Jamal, you've got to be one of the densest guys ever. Then again, you're friends with Emily.

Emily's on the floor. She crawls until her eyes catch Seo-Yun's PURSE.

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)

Aren't you two like a thing?

Jamal throws his head back and laughs. Emily's trying to fight off a laugh herself. Seo-Yun's confused.

JAMAL

She's... uhh...

SEO-YUN

What?

JAMAL

She's like a sister to me. Also, she's gay.

Seo-Yun takes time to PROCESS that. It CLICKS when she smiles at Jamal.

SEO-YUN

Huh, that explains the whole bathroom thing today. I can't wait to tell Gori about this. I wonder if she knows.

Emily's PISSED. She's about to blow her cover when she takes a breath and GRABS the bag. She pulls Seo-Yun's MAKEUP BAG out of her POCKET.

The pot starts to SCREECH. Tea time. Seo-Yun instinctively turns around. Jamal grabs her hands to keep her from looking.

Adrian's PRESSED against the window in SUSPENSE.

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)

I have to get that.

JAMAL

Do you?

Jamal sways with her to the music. Emily SWITCHES the bags just as Jamal's backed into the same corner by Seo-Yun.

SEO-YUN
You're stiff.

JAMAL
I am?

Jamal reaches downwards but Seo-Yun grabs his arms and GETS UP CLOSE. Like *close-close*. Emily GAGS as she jumps out the window, tumbling into Adrian.

SEO-YUN
Is that a phone or?

Jamal's PHONE BUZZES just as the WINDOW closes. "Bag emoji. Secured. Get OUT."

SEO-YUN (CONT'D)
Does it feel a bit drafty in here?

Jamal bites his tongue and lets go of Seo-Yun. He sheepishly avoids looking her way.

JAMAL
I gotta go. I'm so sorry.

Jamal rises to get up. He RUNS out the front door, leaving Seo-Yun blindsided. The kennel's SCREAMING at this point.

SEO-YUN
Wait, the speech! What's the plan?

JAMAL
We'll improvise!

Seo-Yun sees BOOT MARKINGS on her kitchen floor and the window open. Her face SIMMERS as she reaches for her KEYS.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Emily and Adrian FLY DOWN suburban streets CACKLING. Jamal's not too far behind.

EMILY
I can't believe we did that.

JAMAL
Wait! Slow down!

EMILY
Let's call a getaway car.

INT. SOME GUY'S SUV - NIGHT

The trio sits in the back of the car. Adrian's counting the money while Emily watches. Jamal's reading his AP Calc book.

EMILY

So Seo-Yun...

Jamal glares at Emily who's got an infectious GRIN on.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Dude, did you see her? She's feral. Like a train for one to Busan. She wanted to eat you up for dinner.

JAMAL

Shut up, Emmy. If you weren't such a simp for she-who-will-not-be-named, we'd be at the mall already.

EMILY

Do you like her?

Jamal does an unsure nod.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ooooooh. The Tin Man has a heart after all but for the Wicked Witch?

JAMAL

And the scarecrow's being annoying.

ADRIAN

She didn't take any of the cash. It's all there.

Emily's so overcome with joy that she GLOMPS Adrian in a hug.

EMILY

Don't hate me but--

JAMAL

We had an itinerary!

EMILY

You're getting a suit! We need to crash Carly and Roger's shotgun wedding now! It makes sense!

JAMAL

They hate us. You made Carly cry in debate class.

ADRIAN
Wait, Carly Darnell? She's only 17!

JAMAL
No children out of wedlock for the
president of the God Squad.

ADRIAN
She's pregnant?! How'd that happen?

EMILY
Ask Mother Mary herself. Wait,
where's the wedding anyway?

JAMAL
Probably somewhere expensive. Seo-
Yun would know but we can't call
her.

ADRIAN
We should go!

EMILY
YES! We could beg people to join
Asian Club there!

JAMAL
I don't think we'd be attending for
the right reasons.

INT. SUIT SHOP - LATER

Emily, Adrian, and Jamal linger by the store entrance.

EMILY
We're gonna find a gift for the
wedding!

ADRIAN
You're so thoughtful.

EMILY
We're crashing, might as well get
them something nice.

TWO COPS walk up to the trio, the FAT one blows a WHISTLE.

FAT COP
Don't loiter! We've already had to
tell some skater punks to scram.

EMILY
Catch you later Jamal!

Jamal walks up to an apathetic CASHIER who lies against the cash register half-awake. He's got an EYEPATCH over one of his ELDERLY EYES.

JAMAL
Good afternoon, sir.

CASHIER
(grumbling)
I'm awake! I'm awake! What do you want, kid?

JAMAL
Something with flair but not too flamboyant. Classic.

CASHIER
You got money?

Jamal pulls out \$625.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Let's get you measured.

The cashier pulls out measuring tape and starts writing. He checks Jamal's CROTCH, accidentally TUGGING something.

JAMAL
WHOA! Hold up!

CASHIER
Extra fabric for the crotch...

INT. MALL - POTTERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Emily and Adrian browse the aisles for a gift. There's ABSTRACT sculptures around them and FRAGILE signs everywhere.

EMILY
Jamal's suit shouldn't take too long. Once that's done--

ADRIAN
Emmy--

EMILY
Did I say you could call me that?

ADRIAN
I just--

Emily shakes her head, then starts chuckling.

EMILY

It's cool.

An awkward beat. Emily picks up a sculpture in her hands.
It's this ROUND CYLINDRICAL THING with holes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't think this is appropriate.
Bong or dildo?

ADRIAN

I feel like we haven't hung out one
on one before.

EMILY

And? What's the difference?

Adrian's stammering.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm literally the same with
everyone all the time ever.

ADRIAN

I highly doubt that.

EMILY

Ask me anything. Seriously. I'm an
open book.

ADRIAN

Who's she-who-shall-not-be-named?
Is it Seo-Yun?

EMILY

That aswang?! And me?

ADRIAN

Did you just call her an ass...
wang?

Emily can't stop laughing.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I know you don't like her but damn.

EMILY

Say it with me. Ah-suh-wung.

ADRIAN

Ass-wang. What does that even mean?

EMILY

It's like bruja. She's like a witch
but like a succubus witch. It's
Tagalog. Filipino?

Emily's still laughing which causes Adrian to laugh, she's trying to set down the glass rod down on the counter.

Adrian bumps into her causing her to DROP IT, smashing it and the whole shelf to pieces.

The SHOPKEEPER pops her head out and points to a sign: "YOU BREAK IT, YOU BUY IT."

That doesn't stop the two from laughing even more. Emily takes cash out of her MAKEUP BAG.

INT. SUIT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

There's shuffling behind a CURTAIN. A sick pair of BLACK AIR FORCE ONES breaks the lining.

Jamal steps out in this SLICK GREY SUIT. He looks like a million bucks. Well, whatever \$625 can afford in Houston.

He stops on his way to the register to check himself out. He's FEELING HIMSELF.

JAMAL

Damn, I really pull this off.

CASHIER

Let's ring you up.

Jamal hands over the cash to the guy. He makes a point to count everything out carefully.

JAMAL

That should cover it.

The cashier grabs a MARKER from the register.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

What's that?

CASHIER

It's a counterfeit checker.

JAMAL

You don't need to do that.

CASHIER

Now I have to do that.

The cashier MARKS one of the BILLS. It's AMBER.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Shit, was light real or fake?

JAMAL
I don't know, man. Google it.

CASHIER
Is that sass?

JAMAL
I swear on my nainai's grave that
it's legit.

CASHIER
How would I know?

JAMAL
The pen!

The cashier gets on the LANDLINE and starts dialing. Jamal instinctively KNOCKS the phone out of the cashier's hands.

CASHIER
What the hell?

Jamal just RUNS for it in the SUIT. He DASHES out of the STORE.

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - CONTINUOUS

Emily and Adrian sit at a table.

EMILY
I can't believe we burnt \$400 on
broken bongos! We don't even smoke!

ADRIAN
At least, we got a gift!

Emily pulls out a GLASS SCULPTURE of TWO ANGELS with really silly scuffed faces. They look more like DEMONS.

EMILY
You think they'll like them?

ADRIAN
I think they're perfect.

EMILY
It's so heterosexually cursed. I
love it.

ADRIAN
So who is she-who-will-not-be-named?

Emily just stares blankly at Adrian.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Open book...

EMILY
When I was younger, I had this really cool friend.

ADRIAN
The name! What's her name?

EMILY
(sighs)
Gori. It means beautiful which she is.

ADRIAN
Wait, that Gori? Robotics club Gori? The one that's going to Yale?

EMILY
Ugh, don't remind me. We were inseparable until high school started. I got weird because I developed feelings. So I... uh... pushed her away.

Emily can't help but pause.

ADRIAN
Oh no. Wait is she... you know?

EMILY
Adrian, it's 2021. You can say lesbian. It's actually more acceptable than saying love for people our age--

ADRIAN
Not everything's a routine. You don't have to cover everything up with a joke. So is she a lesbian?

EMILY
Maybe? How am I supposed to know? It's not like I have lesbian-vision, like I can spot single vaj-loving vaj within a 2 mile radius. God, I'd kill many men for that.

ADRIAN
You could have said something.

EMILY
It's a process. You gotta be sure-
sure that they're not... you know.

ADRIAN
What?

EMILY
Straight. Then there's the whole
star-crossed lovers BS. I'm boring
you. It's pathetic. I'm pathetic.

ADRIAN
You're not. I also have a secret
crush. Everyone our age has one,
you get it with the zits.

EMILY
Secret? The whole school knows you
have a McChubby for my sister.

Adrian's face is RED.

Emily squints when she sees in the distance: Jamal RUNNING
for his life in his SNAZZY SILVER SUIT.

On his tail: the PAIR OF MALL COPS. The one that's OUT OF
SHAPE is actually faster than the one that should be an
INSTAGRAM MODEL.

JAMAL
Guys! Run!

Emily KNOCKS over the table she and Adrian were chilling at.
It CLANGS as Emily and Adrian follow Jamal's stead.

EMILY
What did you do?

JAMAL
They think the money's fake.

EMILY
Is it a... y'know?

ADRIAN
Wait, a race thing?!

JAMAL
No, the shopkeeper's just blind and
handsy!

EMILY

Well, I mean... this is Texas.

The FAT COP does some insane ACROBATICS as he parkours over the table.

The HOT COP TRIPS and FALLS. He nurses his "wounds."

FAT COP

Bro! Training!

HOT COP

Just go on without me!

FAT COP

(trailing off)

I'm docking your paaaaay!

The trio keeps pace. The distance is closing. The pressure is on. Jamal's tall enough to GLIDE, but Emily's stride isn't cutting it.

There's an INCLINE ahead. Adrian's getting exhausted.

The trio pass by SCORES of ABANDONED STROLLERS. Emily starts ROLLING them down.

EMILY

Guys, help!

Adrian starts PUSHING strollers down the incline.

The Fat Cop sees at least 5 strollers ROLL DOWN. He tries his best to DODGE them all, but he gets HIT.

ADRIAN

Score!

The trio flee.

INT. MALL - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

The Hot Cop's finally found his footing. He's searching for the trio.

He passes by a WINDOW DRESSING for an URBAN OUTFITTERS. In the window dressing are Adrian, Jamal, and Emily striking poses.

Adrian's crouching pensively. Jamal's doing his best power stance. Emily's just all over the place.

The Hot Cop turns around and looks at the display. Hot Cop takes a closer look. Everyone's moments away from cracking.

HOT COP
Damn, that's one sick suit.

STATIC comes out of his walkie talkie.

FAT COP (O.S.)
Hey, you found them?

HOT COP
Uh, we agreed to codenames.

There's indistinct grumbling coming from the walkie.

FAT COP
(butchered Spanish)
Officer Caliente.

HOT COP
Yes, Sergeant Porkchops.

FAT COP
The kids! Have you found them?

HOT COP
Nope.

FAT COP
Let's convene by the Cinnabon.

Hot Cop turns around, the kids are gone.

INT. MALL - WALKWAYS - EVENING

Emily, Jamal, and Adrian try their best to blend into the moving crowds.

Jamal's too tall, he crouches to stay low. Emily's walking on her tippy toes to keep watch.

Adrian looks at his watch. The time's 7:30 PM.

ADRIAN
Guys, we got to get out of here and onto the next stop.

EMILY
Agreed.

Someone in the crowd TAPS Emily's shoulder. She JUMPS and nearly PUNCHES...

Jeanette dressed in SICK STREETWEAR head to toe and smirking. She RUFFLES a sick PUFFER COAT.

JEANETTE
Hey sis. Jamal. Adrian.

Jamal gives her a hesitant nod. Adrian's FLUSHED red and shaking nervously.

EMILY
Have you been stalking us? What the hell are you doing here?

JEANETTE
Dad dragged me here.

EMILY/JEANETTE
(same time)
Radio Shack!

JEANETTE
So... y'all good?

EMILY
Never been better!

The group keeps going, Emily's still stealing glances around.

JEANETTE
I overheard this hot mall cop. They're looking for a short Asian girl, a tall African-American boy in a suit, and a husky lil fella.

ADRIAN
Husky?

JEANETTE
(winking)
Don't shoot the messenger.

JAMAL
We should turn ourselves in.

EMILY
No! We're not going to mall jail!

JEANETTE
Listen, I can help you guys. I know this mall inside out.

ADRIAN
Please do.

EMILY
What's the catch?

JEANETTE
Sisters can't help sisters?

Emily glares at Jeanette.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)
Shotgun for eternity. Oh, and if
you become a comedian, I get to be
your manager.

EMILY
Jeanie!

JEANETTE
I'm a young entrepreneur and you
lack focus. I have vision. Ideas.
And I'm a ruthless negotiator.

Emily sees Fat Cop approaching 10 o'clock.

EMILY
Deal! Get us out of here.

JEANETTE
There are 2 exit points. I'm
assuming they have someone posted
at each one.

EMILY
I see a guard nearby.

JEANETTE
Great. That means one exit's open.

JAMAL
Which one, though?

JEANETTE
Check your phones, I'm sending you
a map. For your sakes, split up.

The Fat Cop SPOTS the trio and CHARGES through the crowds.
He's close.

The trio immediately SPLIT UP. Emily goes west. Jamal and
Adrian go east.

Fat Cop goes east. Hot Cop goes west.

INT. MALL - WEST CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Hot Cop gets CUT OFF from the chase when a line of OLD MALL WALKERS pours out of the connected MOVIE THEATER.

He grumbles as he makes his way through the space. His eyes focus on BRIGHT FLANNEL attached to a short FIGURE.

It's an Asian girl in flannel. She's on her phone.

HOT COP

Gotcha!

Hot Cop RAMS through an angry OLD COUPLE before he manages to get to Emily.

HOT COP (CONT'D)

Ma'am. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can--

"Emily" turns around... it's JEANETTE who feigns surprise.

JEANETTE

Is there a problem, officer?

HOT COP

Yes, I'm taking you in!

JEANETTE

Sir... I don't know what you're talking about.

Jeanette WINKS at Emily, who's wearing Jeanette's sick PUFFER COAT across the room.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

You must have me mistaken.

HOT COP

Listen, I got a call for an Asian girl wearing flannel.

JEANETTE

So all Asian girls look the same?!

Jeanette stomps her feet. The crowds around the two start GLARING. Jeanette looks at Emily, she gestures to RUN.

HOT COP

I'm not saying that.

Emily slinks away.

INT. MALL - EAST CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Jamal and Adrian run into their classmate, WALLACE WU, doing SKATEBOARD tricks in the mall with his friends.

WALLACE

Hey! I was about to nail that!

ADRIAN

Wallace, we need your boards.

Wallace and his friends laugh.

WALLACE

No one rides my board.

JAMAL

I can't go to jail!

WALLACE

What are you talking about?

The Fat Cop turns the corner, he charges like a BULL towards the teens.

ADRIAN

We may have pissed off mall security.

WALLACE

Adrian, weren't you voted model citizen or some shit last year? Man, I didn't know Asian club was badass.

JAMAL

We also have great food.

WALLACE

I've heard. You still got that loud lesbian, Emily, as president? Shame she's gay, she's pretty cute.

ADRIAN

Wallace, ew! No, just help us out!

WALLACE

You got money?

Adrian pulls out a WAD of cash at least \$200 and puts it in Wallace's hands.

Wallace pockets the money and nods to his friends, they all start SKATING towards the Fat Cop.

The Fat Cop SHRIEKS in fear as each kid passes him by. He's about to pull out his WALKIE when Wallace SNATCHES it up.

FAT COP
HEY KID! GET BACK HERE!

The cop changes directions and runs after Wallace.

WALLACE
What are you waiting for? RUN,
dudes!
(then, into walkie)
Uh, can I get a number 5 large with
a side of...

Wallace makes a WET FART NOISE.

HOT COP
Uh, who is this?

WALLACE
Your mom. Over.

INT. MALL - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jamal and Adrian are running for their LIVES. No one's chasing them.

Jamal turns around and stops Adrian. The two calmly walk towards the AUTOMATIC DOORS.

Emily's already at the exit door, trying to not look suspicious.

JAMAL
Emmy!

ADRIAN
You wouldn't believe what we went
through.

EMILY
Jeanette sends her regards and this
sick jacket. She covered for me.

ADRIAN
Your sister is a saint.

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY
Let's go dorks.

ADRIAN

We might have gotten Wallace Wu to
join Asian club...

EMILY

Did he see us act like delinquents?

JAMAL

That he did.

All three of them walk through the doors. Just as they're
about to get away SCOT-FREE...

The doors SHUT on the back of Jamal's pant legs. Jamal steps
forward just enough for a RIPPPPP!

His tailored pants are RUINED. Left leg all the way up to his
KNEE. Right leg torn at the SIDES.

Top half completely intact.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!

INT. CRAPPY VAN - NIGHT

The trio enter the van and GAPE at their fellow passengers:
Mr. Harris dressed in a TUNIC and his friend, OLIVER, dressed
in DRAG as Queen Elizabeth I.

HARRIS

Why does God hate me so much?

OLIVER

(bad British accent)

Who are these rascals, my dear
Humphrey?

EMILY

Your name is Humphrey? Humphrey
Harris?

The trio takes their seats in the back and LAUGHS their heads
off to the chagrin of the Uberpool driver.

HARRIS

These are my students, Ollie.
Emily, Adrian, and Jamal.

OLIVER

Queen Elizabeth the first.

Oliver kicks Harris' leg.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 (dropping the accent)
 We have to stay in character!

HARRIS
 I'll save it for the ball, honey.

Emily perks up while Adrian and Jamal finally relax in their seats.

EMILY
 So Lizzie, Humphrey, where are you going?

HARRIS
 Where are you going?

EMILY
 A wedding we weren't invited to.
 It's a long story.

OLIVER
 We're heading to a Historical Ball.
 This dashing peasant is my escort
 and date.

EMILY
 So how pray tell did Sir Harris end
 up with such a queen?

OLIVER
 He only need ask. Honesty is the
 hearth of any good relationship.
 Whether it be with another or
 yourself.

Harris tries to scowl at Oliver but he can't. He smiles.
 Emily catches this.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 He is the driest lad in all of the
 land but he's bewitched me.

EMILY
 So you two are...

Harris looks at Emily's SMUG GRIN, he's about to answer...

OLIVER
 We're involved.

Oliver rests his hand on Harris' shaky knee.

HARRIS
 You guys do know I have a life
 outside of class, right?

ADRIAN
 Honestly, no. I'm glad you do!

Jamal's messing with his pants. Emily just RIPS the other
 trouser leg, making SHORTS.

JAMAL
 Emmy!

EMILY
 You can pass off as a fancy English
 schoolboy now! Right, Lizzie?

OLIVER
 No comment.

Harris leans into Oliver for a second to hide a laugh.

EMILY
 (to herself)
 I guess there is hope after all.

HARRIS
 What was that?

EMILY
 I was going to ask if you'd
 reconsider your earlier number. We
 actually recruited someone!

HARRIS
 29.

EMILY
 25.

HARRIS
 And an oath of silence about all of
 this.

Emily nods then fist-bumps Jamal and Adrian who are scrolling
 through their phones.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 It's nice to see you three have
 fun. I know you guys have gun
 violence, climate change, and the
 future to worry about.

EMILY
OK, boomer.

HARRIS
I'm 32. I was born in the 80's.

OLIVER
Yes, the 1580's...

HARRIS
Oh, shut up.

The car makes a sudden stop, Harris looks out his window.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.

EXT. COU DE CRAYON - NIGHT

The restaurant's PACKED. No parking to be found. The car parks in front of the entrance.

HARRIS
That's a 2 Michelin star restaurant.

OLIVER
Fit for a queen.

The three get out of the car. Emily's last. She pulls out a WAD OF TWENTIES and hands it to the awestruck DRIVER. She tosses a few to Harris.

HARRIS
Uh, bribery?

EMILY
It's not for you, it's a token of our favor for the queen.

Harris reluctantly takes the money while Oliver waves them off, the car SPURTS out smoke before it disappears.

The trio makes their way to the door. Obnoxious EDM blasts from the venue.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You sure this is the right place?

ADRIAN
This is the address.

The three STEP into the restaurant's FRONT DOOR and into a SEA OF STROBE LIGHTS.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - LOBBY - NIGHT

LACE covers the walls. There's a VAST curtain blocking the view. Emily PEEKS through. The lights are BRIGHT and blinding. There are people wall-to-wall in SUITS and DRESSES.

A bunch of them are gathered around a DANCE FLOOR, some have rhythm and flow and others are doing the CHICKEN DANCE or DABBING along to the music.

Emily SQUINTS at a sign posted by the BAR. The words on it are written in GOLD CURSIVE, making them hard to read.

EMILY

Congratulations Carly and Roger. Oh
shit, it's the wedding!

Emily's smiling to herself.

Emily walks over to a nearby window with DRAPES and YANKS them down. She starts WRAPPING them around herself to create a makeshift DRESS.

EMILY (CONT'D)

We didn't come here for nothing.
Uh, try to recruit some people if
you can, but have fun too!

Emily looks at Jamal. He's FUSSING with his TIE to look presentable.

JAMAL

Guys, it's Carly and Roger's
special day. I don't want to ruin
it.

EMILY

What's the worst that'll happen?

ADRIAN

What do I do? I'm not dressed like
y'all.

EMILY

Dude! You already blend in. Just
say you're someone's kid. Here take
the gift!

Adrian looks down at what he's wearing: a FLORAL BUTTON-UP and ironed-out PANTS. He looks like a 10-year-old trying to be 40. Emily gives him the GIFT BAG.

All that stands between them and the party is the curtain. They each step through.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Jamal's the first to try to BLEND in, but he's SWEPT along by a group of DANCERS to the dance floor.

EMILY

Jamal!

Emily tries to get to him, but she's CUT OFF by the GROOM and BRIDE and their ENTOURAGE.

JAMAL

Emmy!

Adrian's left alone. An older-looking man, KEN, walks up to him.

KEN

I haven't seen you before.

ADRIAN

I'm the groom's third cousin removed.

Ken looks towards a TALL YOUNG WOMAN with GINGER HAIR and a face that's far from Adrian's.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm adopted. Oh, here's the gift!

Adrian hands over a small bag. Ken peeks into it and sees the GLASS DEMON SCULPTURE. He JUMPS up before setting the gift aside.

KEN

I'm the bride's father. Family's family, I guess.

Adrian laughs uncomfortably.

KEN (CONT'D)

I know you're probably sick of the kids table.

Ken SIDE EYES a SMALL TABLE in the corner of the hall. Screaming toddlers, kids on their Nintendos, and teenagers on their phones populate the space.

KEN (CONT'D)

Want to sit at the adult table?

Adrian's eyes STRAY towards a group of waiters bringing out COVERED DISHES to a table lined with IMPECCABLE FANCY CUISINE.

ADRIAN

You wouldn't happen to have beef bourguignon there?

KEN

I can't even pronounce that, so probably!

Adrian follows Ken to a table. As he walks over, he passes Jamal, who's SURROUNDED by folks line dancing.

JAMAL

(mouths)

Save me!

ADRIAN

Sorry!

All the people dancing around Jamal are either WASTED or rhythmically challenged. The crowd's a mix of FRIENDSWOOD TEENS and the bride and groom's EXTENDED FAMILY.

Jamal makes the mistake of making eye contact with one of the LINE DANCERS who ropes her ARM around Jamal's.

Jamal SPINS around and DO-SI-DOES. He glances over to see EMILY trailing the bride and a gaggle of BRIDESMAIDS. She glances back at him, shocked to see him dancing.

The music SHIFTS from this weird TRAP COUNTRY INSTRUMENTAL to a SOFT MEANDERING ORCHESTRAL SWEEP.

Jamal's within earshot of Emily.

JAMAL

Emmy!

The BRIDE, Carly, turns around.

CARLY

You hear something?

Emily tries her best to look inconspicuous, she grabs the tail of Carly's dress.

EMILY

Nope!

Before Jamal can flip the bird, his hands are TAKEN, and he's SWEPT into a WALTZ.

CARLY

Thanks so much for helping me keep this dress clean, Vivian.

EMILY

No problem, Carly... wait, Vivian? Vivian Tang from AP Art History?

CARLY

Are you drunk this early? Aren't Asian friends the best?

EMILY

Yes, bestie.

Emily pushes Carly forward!

EMILY (CONT'D)

We're going to be late for the... cake cutting!

CARLY

Oh, snap! You're right!
(butchering it)
And-ale! Onwards.

The GROOM, ROGER, looks at Carly with a slight CRINGE that transforms into the WARMEST SMILE.

ROGER

You're so lucky you're cute.

CARLY

Shut up, honey bunches of oats.

Emily can't help but GAG. She follows the group as they walk towards a LONG TABLE where a GIANT WEDDING CAKE rests on its edge.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUSLY

Jamal's uncomfortably orbited by party guests. The music's shifted to a FUNKY BASSLINE that SHAKES the floor.

A DISCO BALL descends from a hidden space on the roof, its rainbow lights refract on Jamal's horrified face.

JAMAL

Can I get a drink, guys?

No one budes because the music's TOO LOUD. Jamal looks around the crowd, he jumps when he recognizes faces.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Wait, is that Karl Carmichael and Isa Rodriguez from Physics? Shit.

Jamal tries to elbow his way to freedom when someone NUDGES him. It's SEO-YUN in a SEQUINED DRESS. She's PISSED.

SEO-YUN

You left me hanging!

Jamal looks up. He gulps.

JAMAL

Seo-Yun? Wow, so nice seeing you here. I thought you were studying.

SEO-YUN

And you're crashing a wedding. I want answers. Like why was Emily in my kitchen? She's the only person I know who still wears Doc Martens.

JAMAL

It's a long story. Emily?! Help!

Seo-Yun pushes Jamal back gently. She BUSTS a move. It's a hybrid between a POP AND LOCK and a PIROUETTE.

Jamal just blankly stares back at Seo-Yun, who TAUNTS him with a little flourish.

RANDO GUEST

Yo! It's a dance fight!

JAMAL

Ah, hell nah!

The party guests start CHANTING "DANCE FIGHT". Karl and Isa peer through the crowd.

KARL

Wait, is that Jamal Huang?

ISA

What's with his suit?

KARL
I don't know but it's dope.

Isa starts WHISTLING.

JAMAL
Why you gotta pull some High School
Musical BS right now? We can talk.

SEO-YUN
You had time to talk. Now... we
dance. DJ!

The music CUTS OUT.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - HEAD TABLE - CONTINUOUSLY

Adrian's sitting by KEN and his wife DEARDRE. They're surrounded by the rest of the Bridal party.

Adrian's ENJOYING the hell out of all these pretentious FRENCH DISHES.

KEN
Slow down!

DEARDRE
Honey, he's clearly savoring the
moment.

Adrian's got his mouth STUFFED.

ADRIAN
(chewing)
I'm so sorry.

Ken watches Deardre tear into a really fancy BAGUETTE.

KEN
Foodies. Am I using that right?

ADRIAN
Yep!

Adrian goes back to his food when he spots Emily with the bride and groom. He does a double-take.

Emily sits one chair away from Adrian, and next to Carly. They face away from each other, separated by a stranger.

EMILY
You're enjoying yourself.

CARLY
Well, considering we spent \$200k, I
better be.

EMILY
(eying Adrian)
So what's next?

CARLY
I just felt a kick!

ROGER
That's great, baby!

ADRIAN
(eying Emily)
I kinda wanna head to the hotel!

DEARDRE
Dear, it's too early for that!

Emily's getting bored with the newlyweds, she turns to see
people CROWDING the dance floor. She can't see past that.

The music shifts to this K-POP BANGER that's getting LOUD.

EMILY
We gotta find a way out.

Emily looks at Adrian, their eyes meet for a second.

ADRIAN
10 more minutes, please.

Emily gets up to leave. The drape dress she wears glides
behind across the tiled floor.

She pulls out her phone and texts Jamal.

EMILY
(typing and speaking)
Bro, we gotta go! Where are you?

INT. COU DE CRAYON - DANCE FLOOR

Seo-Yun kicks off her heels. Everyone's watching.

SEO-YUN
You got Blackpink?

The music KICKS in, KOREAN WORDS BLAST OUT.

Lights descend and point at Seo-Yun, who starts BUSTING moves out of those K-POP videos. It's INSANE. The crowd's starting to talk, but the music keeps building up.

Karl and Isa pull up their phones. They're LIVESTREAMING it on INSTAGRAM.

Jamal stands his ground when the BASS DROPS!

Seo-Yun is somehow killing it. Precisely moving her body to the beat. People in the crowd don't know what the hell is going on but they're into it.

The bass keeps HITTING and Seo-Yun's showing no signs of stopping.

Then BAM! The final BASS DROP hits. Seo-Yun does a whole BACKFLIP leading into a final little NUMBER where she's down to the floor.

She points at Jamal, cheered on by an audience that's going NUTS.

JAMAL

Can I go home? I can't top that!

RANDO GUEST

BOOOO!

The crowd starts booing as Jamal walks away.

Jamal turns around. He looks at the DJ's console. There's a reflective mirror there.

SEO-YUN

Face it, Jamal. You can't beat me.

Jamal looks at his reflection, then the DJ.

JAMAL

Give me a beat!

The DJ hits a button on the TURNTABLE. The lights shift to Jamal, who BREATHES before the music starts.

It's a TROPICAL BEAT. Jamal looks lost. He's FROZEN solid. All eyes are on him.

Seo-Yun's shoots a SMUG smile. She has him beat. Probably.

Jamal keeps looking back to his reflection in the DJ's console.

He closes his eyes and winces, then his body LOOSENS...

The STEEL DRUMS in the song start building up, Jamal starts bouncing on his knees and moving his ARMS.

The crowd starts CLAPPING along with the beat. Jamal starts feeling the beat, he picks up the pace with some FIST PUMPING...

Jamal starts DABBING to the beat then he hits the WOAHH, which drives the crowd WILD.

His dancing's not THRASHING, it's smooth and slick. He's on beat even when he's not doing much.

Jamal's face has shifted from horror to just pure joy. He looks at a FLOORED Seo-Yun.

Jamal starts FLOSSING. People in the crowd go HAM! They literally don't know what they're seeing.

It's a Gen Z thing.

Then the music stops. Jamal points back at Seo-Yun.

SEO-YUN

Well, look who decided to show up.

The music shifts back to K-POP. Jamal sits back as Seo-Yun stretches a bit.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUSLY

The music's still going. Emily's walking around like a chicken with its head cut off.

EMILY

Jamal! Dude!

She sighs then leans against a nearby MARBLE COLUMN dramatically.

When she looks across the room, she sees GORI in a simple blue dress. She swoons HARD.

Gori walks towards her, but her gaze is fixed towards the crowd on the dance floor.

Emily hides behind the column and sinks DOWN LOW.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh crap, she is here.

Gori takes a moment to look at Emily's column. She leans back on it.

Emily's crouching maneuvering her way around the column to avoid Gori.

Emily's inches away from Gori's 4-inch heels. She gasps when a pair of loafers park next to Gori.

She looks up to see a BOY. Not just any boy. A white boy who could pass for a lead on the CW.

GORI

Hello there.

Emily covers her mouth before words can escape.

The BOY leans down to kiss Gori on the cheek.

GORI (CONT'D)

Keeping it PG-13 there, Nando.

NANDO

We can take it a rating up later.

Gori laughs into Nando's neck teasingly before Nando pulls her towards the crowd.

We go into FILIPINO SOAP VISION.

There's a DRAMATIC CLOSE-UP on Emily that gets TOO CLOSE before the screen SHATTERS LIKE GLASS.

WHOOSH! We ZOOM IN on the Gori and Nando moments away from kissing before the screen SHATTERS again and ZOOMING on a random crowd member EATING A BAGUETTE.

Emily's face going through a journey. The anger of a thousand suns, utter emptiness, then utter blankness as she gets up.

Emily just watches Gori and Nando before she begins trudging towards the dance floor. Then she starts RUNNING.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUSLY

Seo-Yun's doing her best to show Jamal up. Somehow she's incorporating Taekwondo into her dance moves.

She's running out of moves so she does cartwheels and sticks the landing. The crowd's SCREAMING.

JAMAL

DJ! Give me something a little old school.

An OFF-BRAND version of FERGALICIOUS comes on. Jamal looks at Seo-Yun, then the crowd that's eating this up.

He does a HANDSTAND and walks on his hands for a few seconds.

JAMAL'S POV - UPSIDE DOWN

Strobe lights illuminate dress shoes and heels not made for dancing, but they're bouncing on the floor.

Jamal sees a LONG TRAIL OF DRAPES RUN ACROSS THE FLOOR.

He calibrates himself UPRIGHT and looks around. Then he sees Emily hiding in a corner.

His eyes meet hers. Emily turns away.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUSLY

Jamal starts pushing himself against the crowd that begins MURMURING.

SEO-YUN
Running away?

JAMAL
You win! I gotta run.

SEO-YUN
No! Not this again!

Jamal nods at the DJ and takes one last look at himself in the console.

The DJ hits a button and CONFETTI FLIES EVERYWHERE, and a BASIC TOP 40 MAROON 5 BANGER plays, the crowd loses it.

Seo-Yun is swarmed by dancers and "fans". Karl and Isa put down their phones and flank Jamal.

KARL
Jamal, where'd you and Seo-Yun
learn those moves?

JAMAL
Asian club!

ISA
SICK! Karl and I'll join!

JAMAL
We're having one last meeting.

Seo-Yun breaks away from the crowd, she spots Jamal's shorts from the distance and gives chase. Jamal RUNS for his life.

Jeanette POPS OUT OF NOWHERE causing Karl and Isa to jump.

JEANETTE

So you want to join Asian Club, eh?

INT. COU DE CRAYON - RECEPTION HALL

Emily's tucked away in a corner. She's not crying. She's not catatonic. She's FURIOUS and SEETHING.

She can't tear her eyes away from Gori and Nando dancing.

The lights hit them as they bump and grind: Gori's radiant but Nando's always in the dark.

Jamal BLOCKS her view. Emily looks up at his concerned face.

EMILY

Where were you?

JAMAL

I got caught up in a dance battle with Seo-Yun.

Emily looks at him like he's gone off the deep end.

EMILY

Dude!

Jamal busts a little move to prove himself.

JAMAL

I got 2 people to sign up for Asian club. Any progress on that?

Emily's trying to look around Jamal. Jamal turns around and sees Gori and Nando, it registers for him.

EMILY

I know it's cliché, but it hurts like a bitch.

Jamal doesn't say a word, he scoops Emily in for a hug.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You smell so bad.

JAMAL

I told you I was dancing.

EMILY
You know it's my fault, right.
Don't pity me.

JAMAL
Don't say that. So that's the
infamous Gori?

Emily nods.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
She's cute.

EMILY
She's gorgeous.

Emily leans into Jamal's hug. Jamal lifts the two of them up.
Emily dusts herself off.

Just as she does, Seo-Yun appears sweaty, disheveled, and
unhinged.

SEO-YUN
Jamal Huang, I'm not done with you!

EMILY
Oh shit. You weren't joking.

SEO-YUN
I'm only here because you broke
into my house!

EMILY
To switch back makeup bags. I had
like \$1800 in mine.

SEO-YUN
You could have like talked to me
like a regular person!

JAMAL
That's what I told her!

Seo-Yun turns to Jamal.

SEO-YUN
And you! You broke my heart,
asshole!

JAMAL
You made me dance!

SEO-YUN
We had something, right?

Gori sees this conversation play out from the distance, three teens yelling at each other. She squints before walking towards them.

The music SUDDENLY cuts out. There's feedback on the mic. Everyone starts shuffling to chairs, Emily and Jamal SCRAM.

INT. COU DE CRAYON - HEAD TABLE

Carly and Roger POP open champagne. Vivian takes her seat next to Carly.

CARLY
Did you change dresses?

VIVIAN
What are you talking about?

CARLY
Your other dress was tacky.

VIVIAN
I got food poisoning from clams, I just got back.

CARLY
Then who was that--

VIVIAN
Did you mistake another Asian girl for me? Again?!

CARLY
I know what my bestie looks like.

The DJ cuts the awkward moment short by handing Carly the mic.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Thanks, everyone, for coming out tonight. I'm going to cut the crap. This is the part where people give us cute speeches. Any volunteers?

Adrian's biting into a decadent DESERT when Ken JUMPS up.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Dad!

The crowd's laughing as the DJ hands over the mic to Ken.

KEN

Carly... you're graduating high school next week as a married woman. Weird now, common in my time.

Deardre lowers herself to whisper in Adrian's ear.

DEARDRE

How many of those have you had?

ADRIAN

Like 4.

DEARDRE

Pieces?

ADRIAN

Cakes.

DEARDRE

Those were rum cakes, darling!

ADRIAN

What?

DEARDRE

We'll just wash it down.

Adrian lifts up a nearby glass and gulps it down before spitting it out.

DEARDRE (CONT'D)

Sweetie, that was Ken's vodka soda.

ADRIAN

That was champagne?! Gross!

Ken turns to his wife and Adrian, who quickly collect themselves. He smiles in their direction.

KEN

We can't wait to be grandparents!
This young... wow!

BACK TO:

INT. COU DE CRAYON - RECEPTION HALL

Jamal and Emily find a small table. Ken's speech keeps going on in the background.

Emily can't help but keep stealing GLANCES towards Gori and Nando's direction. Jamal spots Seo-Yun GLARING in the corner.

Jamal does what he does best and BLOCKS Emily's view.

JAMAL

You're not doing yourself any favors.

EMILY

Dude--

JAMAL

Emmy... we need to talk this out.

EMILY

I don't want to.

JAMAL

Are you going to confront her?

EMILY

I should be asking you that.

Jamal sighs, then laughs.

JAMAL

What are you going to do?

EMILY

(rapid-fire)

I'm not going up to her like some weirdo stalker. Like, oh, I was in the area, and I couldn't help but see you kiss some boy you never told me about at a wedding I have no business being at.

JAMAL

Breathe.

Emily complies... but only because she has to.

EMILY

Jamal, you wouldn't understand.

JAMAL

The whole hiding emotions thing? I get that.

EMILY

No, the gay thing!

JAMAL

Emmy, disappointment transcends gender, race, and identity. It's the human condition.

EMILY

I don't want to be human right now. I mean I could move to Alabama. I'd have absolutely no rights there.

Jamal laughs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I just feel stupid. I should be above this, y'know? This is some teenage bullshit.

JAMAL

No one's above teenage bullshit. Especially us.

Emily tries to sneak in a wry laugh through her sullen face.

EMILY

So how are we gonna escape?

JAMAL

We find Adrian and RUN!

The two get up.

KEN (O.S.)

Love is real. I've seen it with my wife, Deardre...

INT. COU DE CRAYON - HEAD TABLE

There isn't a DRY EYE in the house. Carly's ruining her makeup. Roger holds her hand. Vivian hands Carly a tissue.

KEN

I see it with Carly and Roger tonight and indefinitely.

The whole room bursts in APPLAUSE. Adrian's BUZZED out of his mind.

Ken's about to give the microphone over to the DJ when Adrian grabs it.

Everyone looks at him. Adrian puts the mic up to his mouth.

ADRIAN
Hi, I'm Adrian.

ISA
Is that Adrian Suarez? The kid who
ninja runs to class?

KARL
Yeah, I have him in 3rd. Is he
drunk?

Emily and Jamal sneak their way between tables, Seo-Yun
mirrors their moves. They spot Adrian shaky with the mic.

Jamal tries to WAVE attention to himself. Adrian ignores him.

ADRIAN
Carly... Roger.

The happy couple turns to the TIPSY boy. Roger and Carly
whisper to each other as he's wobbling.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm happy for you. That's corny but
love blows. It's an ass wang.
That's Filipino for witch.

There's a WHOOP in the audience, Adrian's eyes find Jeanette
in the crowd. He's SHAKING like he's seen a GHOST now.

Emily slowly circles around the head table. Everyone's just
looking at Adrian, people start cracking up.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
You make it look so freaking easy.
You like each other. You're honest
with each other. God! I wish I
could just tell the girl I like...

Adrian starts CHOKING UP. He looks over to Jeanette.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
You're magical and I like you, you
weirdo. Let's be weirdos with an s!

Emily sneaks towards Adrian, she's ready to grab him away
when...

Adrian starts walking away from his seat and pacing. The
audience's eyes follow him.

Emily backs off. Jeanette's eating this up.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Do I think you're crazy for getting married right now? Probably. But I guess you *just* know.

Emily can't help but search for Gori. She spots her. Alone. She can't help but start inching her way to her.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Roger, Carly. One of you was brave enough to say something.

Gori turns towards Emily. Their eyes meet for a FLICKER of a moment.

Emily's trying her hardest NOT to SMILE, but she does. Before Gori can react, Nando taps her shoulder. Behind Nando is Seo-Yun who starts conversing with the couple casually.

We see Emily's heart BREAK (again) in real-time.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Before it's too late.

Emily turns to Adrian. Furious. She starts CREEPING up to him.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Being early's better than being late.

Emily pauses. Adrian sighs, then BURPS.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

There's GURGLING.

KEN

Are you OK, boy?!

DEARDRE

He had 4 rum cakes and your champagne.

Ken facepalms.

ADRIAN

Yeah. I'm goo--

ADRIAN STARTS BLOWING CHUNKS. Emily JUMPS and TACKLES him in the nick of time to prevent him from SPEWING ALL OVER Carly and Roger.

It's a total NIGHTMARE. Everyone simultaneously jumps from their spot at the table.

Emily's about to grab Adrian away in her arms when he goes back to BLOWING CHUNKS.

She backs away just in time to avoid being hit.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
OK. I'm good now.

Carly spots Emily.

CARLY
Vivian, you saved my life!

Vivian elbows Carly.

CARLY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry! Wait, who are you?

EMILY
I'm Emily Khoo! 5th period? Sorry!

Gori takes a moment to escape the chaotic stampede around her and sees Emily. Emily's ashamed.

Emily grabs Adrian and runs for the exit with Jamal.

Carly turns to Vivian.

CARLY
Best bridesmaid ever. Sorry, not sorry!

EXT. COU DE CRAYON - NIGHT

The door SHUTS closed. Emily, Jamal, and Adrian stand outside. Emily immediately disassembles her makeshift dress. She's back in FLANNEL and SHORTS combo.

JAMAL
Call the Uber. I'm not risking Seo-Yun accosting us again.

Emily looks at Jamal then reaches for her phone.

ADRIAN
I got it!

Adrian's already clicked CONFIRM on his phone.

INT. SWANKY SUV - NIGHT

The trio sits in the back. Their DRIVER is a woman in her 30s who takes a HIT from her JUUL before they drive off.

ADRIAN
Vaping's really bad for you.

The Driver scowls at him through the rearview.

Emily and Adrian sit by the windows. Jamal's between the two.

Adrian looks at his friends. Emily's looking out the window. Jamal looks directly ahead. It's awkward as hell.

DRIVER
So the Four Seasons? You guys rich or something...

EMILY
Adrian. Change the route. I'm done.

ADRIAN
We haven't done your thing.

EMILY
I just want to go home.

ADRIAN
Did I do something wrong?

EMILY
YES!

The Driver cringes.

ADRIAN
What did I do?

EMILY
The speech, for one.

ADRIAN
Other than the vomit, I'd give it an 8/10...

Jamal tries to look forward. He's not turning to either side. Emily's drilling holes into the back of Adrian's skull.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
OK, a 7?

Adrian reads her scowl.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
You saw her? Did you talk to her?
Is that what happened?

EMILY
Just shut up!

ADRIAN
You're being an ass-wang. Just
chill.

Emily's PISSED now.

EMILY
I'm the aswang? Me?

ADRIAN
Right now, yeah. You are.

DRIVER
Y'all can keep going, I'm
invested...

JAMAL
You're not helping.

The driver shrugs. The car SWERVES a little. Everyone panics.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
You let go of the wheel.

DRIVER
No, I didn't.

JAMAL
We saw you!

EMILY
I don't feel safe.

ADRIAN
You're safe.

JAMAL
Are you sure?

DRIVER
Not cool, man!

The Driver raises her hands up in frustration, the car JUMPS
over a SPEED BUMP. Everyone's screaming!

EMILY
I SAW HER WITH A BOY! I GUESS I WAS
TOO LATE!

The words hang.

ADRIAN
Emily... I'm--

EMILY
What? Sorry? Again? Dude. I'm fine.
I just want to go home.

ADRIAN
But what about the festival?

DRIVER
Guys, I can't just change
directions. Y'all set a location...
so...

EMILY
Let me down.

DRIVER
I can't! Gotta drop you off!

Emily lifts the LOCK. The driver STOPS the car.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Emily gets out of the car. She MARCHES to the SIDEWALK. Jamal
hesitates to leave the SUV.

Adrian gets out next, he runs to Emily. Emily just walks off.

DRIVER
You guys have been the worst ride
I've ever had.

JAMAL
The feeling's mutual.

DRIVER
For my records, could I say I was
the one who kicked y'all out? I
need this job--

JAMAL
You can.

Jamal gets out of the car and catches up to Emily and Adrian.
Adrian pulls out his phone.

ADRIAN

We're like only 5 minutes away from the hotel.

EMILY

I'm going home. I'm walking if I have to.

JAMAL

Emmy, that's impractical.

EMILY

I don't care!

ADRIAN

Emily, it's just a girl.

EMILY

Adrian... you wouldn't get it.

ADRIAN

Um... I would.

Emily sighs an earthquake of exasperation.

EMILY

Tell me why. Why are you even here?

ADRIAN

Because of you! It was your idea to go out tonight.

EMILY

But it was you who found out about the money. You didn't even try to save Asian Club.

Adrian partially sobers up with rage.

ADRIAN

We wouldn't have to save the club if you were a better president!

Emily's tearing up, she starts walking away from Adrian who realizes what he's done.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I don't mean that. Shit. Fuck. I didn't mean that.

EMILY

Just go.

ADRIAN

Emmy... I'm being stupid. You're a great president. You and Jamal are my only friends.

Jamal looks at Adrian as if he wants to coach him through an apology but he stays silent.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You wanna know why I'm here?

Emily turns around to face Adrian.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm here because I'm fucking terrified. OK? You and Jamal are gone next year. Asian club's gone. I don't have anyone.

EMILY

You got Jeanie.

ADRIAN

Emily...

JAMAL

Bro, we'd always hang out regardless. Friends for life, right?

EMILY

I don't want to see you again.

Adrian's paralyzed when the words hit. Emily starts walking away, her back's turned to Adrian.

She's already at the street crosswalk when Adrian REBOOTS.

ADRIAN

Fine! I'm not giving up on the night!

Emily and Adrian wait for the light. Six feet apart from each other. Jamal's caught in the middle of the two.

He looks at Adrian, then Emily. The crosswalk lights hit WALK. Emily walks forward, Adrian moves to the west, Jamal's left waiting.

Jamal watches Emily disappear into the street, kicking cans on the street. He looks at Adrian walking and looking back at his friends hoping they change their mind.

The numbers go from 19 to 10, Jamal walks towards Adrian hesitating when the crosswalk light hits 9. 8. 7. 6.

At the last 5 seconds, Jamal SPRINTS the other way towards Emily. Angry waiting cars BEEP their horns as Jamal barely makes it to Emily's side of the street.

The light turns into a RED HAND. DO NOT WALK.

Adrian looks back and sees his two friends disappear into the night on his side of the street.

He feels himself gravitate their way, but he turns back towards where his phone is guiding him to.

EXT. CITY STREETS - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

Jamal finally catches up with Emily. She's going as FAST as she can.

A short person's stride is their Achilles' heel.

JAMAL

Emmy...

EMILY

I don't want to talk. Stop following me.

JAMAL

We live in the same neighborhood.

EMILY

Go another way. I want to be alone.

They're side-by-side now.

JAMAL

You know you can't run away from your problems.

Emily starts JOGGING.

EMILY

I literally can!

Jamal starts picking up his pace. He's neck-and-neck again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This isn't fair!

JAMAL

I feel like you want to say something.

EMILY

Yeah! How are you so freakishly tall?

JAMAL

You're just a dwarf.

EMILY

It's the Filipino genes!

JAMAL

I thought you were Chinese.

Emily SLOWS DOWN to look at Jamal.

EMILY

Like three-eighths!

Jamal doesn't know how to react. An ONLOOKER across the street just sees two teenagers RUNNING.

Emily tries to outpace Jamal by SPRINTING, and it works for a few seconds. She HITS a CRACK in the pavement and WIPES OUT.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch! My ankle!

Emily tries to get up off the pavement. She lifts herself up then GROANS.

Jamal approaches her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't need your help!

JAMAL

I got you.

EMILY

I'm fine!

JAMAL

Are you?

Emily tries one more time to get on her feet. She manages to get up then starts FALLING.

Jamal catches her. He glances around and sees a DISCARDED SOFA in a nearby ALLEY.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Get on my back.

Emily reluctantly does so. Jamal gives her a PIGGYBACK RIDE to the sofa and sets her down.

Emily takes a WHIFF.

EMILY
Am I in the trash?

JAMAL
You need to rest.

EMILY
It's totally fine. I'm trash.

Emily sinks into her seat and starts TEARING UP.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Look away!

JAMAL
Emmy... you're not OK. Can we just talk?

Emily's hysterically CRYING at this point. It's really bad.

EMILY
Wait a second. I've been holding this back for months, so...

JAMAL
Months?!

EMILY
(blubbering)
I'm not good with emotions.

JAMAL
But--

EMILY
Don't fucking say it! It's the 21st century! Women can be just as emotionally vacant as men!

JAMAL
That's your problem. You're always jumping to conclusions!

Emily wipes away her tears then sighs.

EMILY
Because I know how this all goes--

JAMAL
Did you even once think tonight
would go the way it did?

EMILY
No.

JAMAL
Then relax.

EMILY
That's rich coming from you, Mr. "I
got an AP exam tomorrow morning."

JAMAL
I'm so failing AP Calc.

Jamal starts laughing hysterically. Emily's lost.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
You're not the only one who's had a
rough night. You got off easy.

EMILY
Finding out the love of your life's
straight, losing your best friend,
and contracting bedbugs from a
dumpster sofa?

JAMAL
I was used as bait, got accused of
counterfeiting, dance battled Seo-
Yun, and carried your sorry ass on
my back!

EMILY
Fine. It's a draw.

JAMAL
Wait, hold up... love of your life?

Emily stares at Jamal for a moment then looks away.

EMILY
I wanna die.

Emily curls up into herself.

EMILY (CONT'D)
It's so icky... and gross.

JAMAL

Let's do an exercise. I do this in therapy.

EMILY

Dude, you never told me you went to therapy.

JAMAL

Well, I do. And I'm glad I do. Let's start sentences with "I feel", I'll go first. I feel...

EMILY

Dead inside.

JAMAL

OK. A little deeper this time.

EMILY

That's what she--

JAMAL

Emmy!

EMILY

I fucked up.

JAMAL

And that's fine.

EMILY

I got us into this trainwreck, killed Asian club, and snapped on Adrian... for some girl who doesn't even like me like that.

Emily's breathless.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Why'd you even come?

JAMAL

Because you're my best friend, dork.

Emily chuckles, her smile's contagious enough to get Jamal's going.

EMILY

But the exam!

JAMAL

I won't think about AP Calc a week from now. But tonight's forever even if it was shit.

EMILY

You really mean that?

Emily looks at Jamal who nods. She clears her throat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

JAMAL

You really want to go home? And end tonight on a bummer?

Emily shakes her head.

EMILY

I wasn't going to tell you guys, but there's a contest--

JAMAL

At the festival?

EMILY

Yeah, it's a young comics thing. I was going to do a set but--

JAMAL

But what?

Emily gestures to the surrounding area.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Is there still time?

EMILY

Registration ends at 10. It's 9:42. It's too late. I'm too late. I'm always too late.

JAMAL

Emily.

EMILY

Jamal. My own parents don't think I'm funny. It's fine.

JAMAL

You owe it to yourself to try. No regrets even if we miss it.

Emily tries getting up. She budes a bit.

EMILY
No regrets.

JAMAL
You're in no condition to walk
anywhere.

Emily pushes on. She's standing up. Then falling over...

Jamal's got her on his back.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
I'm calling a cab.

Jamal gets his phone out. Dead. Emily's phone's at 4 percent. There's a BUNCH of messages pouring through that the phone goes KAPUT.

EMILY
Shit.

Jamal starts RUNNING like there's no tomorrow. Emily SQUEALS in SURPRISE as the two race down the EMPTY STREETS.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Adrian stumbles into a BUSY lobby. People in BLACK TEES bring equipment back and forth across the room.

ADRIAN'S PHONE
You have arrived.

Adrian spots the CHECK-IN DESK and heads there when he's CUT OFF when he sees...

JEANETTE chilling in the lobby, chatting with the passing CREW MEN... and a MIME?

Adrian finds himself almost FLOATING to her but stops when she turns to face him. Everyone's gone, but these two kids.

ADRIAN
Jeanette?

JEANETTE
Adrian! Hey!

Jeanette pulls him in for a hug that Adrian sinks into. He catches himself and backs away.

ADRIAN

What are you doing here? How'd you find me?

JEANETTE

Find My Friends. The NSA's secret weapon.

Jeanette looks around.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

Where are the others?

ADRIAN

About that, I got into a fight with Emmy.

JEANETTE

Oh...

ADRIAN

Yeah, I got us kicked out of a wedding because I got drunk off rum cakes and cockblocked Emily. It's a story.

Jeanette doesn't even blink.

JEANETTE

Sounds about right. Are you OK?

ADRIAN

Yeah... you seem chill.

JEANETTE

I've had to live with Emily my whole life. She has her moments.

ADRIAN

Technically I didn't know you could get drunk off rum cake, so...

A beat. Jeanette starts cracking up. Adrian joins in.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

JEANETTE

Nothing. So my sister and Jamal... where are they?

ADRIAN

Last I saw them, they were headed home.

JEANETTE

I guess we should call it a night,
too. I'll call my dad, need a ride?

Adrian sighs.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

Did you catch the name of the girl?

ADRIAN

It's confidential.

JEANETTE

Was it Gori?

Adrian tries to WHISTLE over Jeanette's question.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

It was so her! I knew it!

ADRIAN

She never told you?

JEANETTE

Didn't have to. She should just
tell her at this point.

ADRIAN

But she's straight.

JEANETTE

Even then... I'd want to know if
someone close to me liked me.

ADRIAN

I like you.

Adrian's covering his face.

JEANETTE

So I guess we're weirdos.

Jeanette pulls him close and KISSES his cheek.

ADRIAN

With an s?

There's CLAPPING. It's one person... Adrian and Jeanette turn
to face Emily on Jamal's back... trying to start a SLOW CLAP.

There's just awkward silence.

JEANETTE

You're such a dick...

EMILY
It's my job! But seriously
congrats, you two.

ADRIAN
I thought you were quitting.

Emily gets off Jamal's back. She's limping then walking to Jeanette and Adrian. She slings her arms around them to stand.

EMILY
I may have quit on saving Asian
club but I'm not quitting on us.

ADRIAN
I'm so sorry, Emmy. I really am.

EMILY
I'm sorry! Sorry, you have to date
my sister. I'll end you if you hurt
her.

Jeanette's rolling her eyes. Emily hugs both Adrian and Jeanette.

JEANETTE
You smell.

EMILY
I know... long story. Adrian, you
still have the cash?

Adrian pulls out the POUCH. Emily grabs it and runs off.

JEANETTE
It runs in the family.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - REGISTRATION DESK - CONTINUOUSLY

Emily's huffing and puffing in front of an unimpressed BOOTH ATTENDANT.

EMILY
Is it too late to register for the
Young Comics contest thing?

The Booth Attendant checks her watch. 9:59 with seconds to spare.

BOOTH ATTENDANT
Unfortunately, no. You're right on
the dot.

The Booth Attendant gives Emily a clipboard.

BOTH ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 Registration fees \$100. Did you
 also register for a badge? I think
 you--

Emily tosses her the BAG of cash. It's EMPTY.

BOTH ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 Is this a joke?

EMILY
 I swear that had money it in.

Before they argue, Jeanette tosses the attendant a \$100 bill.

JEANETTE
 I'm her manager.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - BALLROOM - LATER

There are about 300 people in here, all squeezed together facing a stage.

A man's BOWING. He's just finished his SET. The JUDGES in front of him don't say a word.

They just jot down notes. An ANNOUNCER comes up.

ANNOUNCER
 Wow, that was the longest 3 minutes
 of my life. Well, in a surprise
 turn of events... we got one last
 person for you tonight.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE

Emily's THUMBING through NOTES on her phone of JOKES. Adrian, Jamal, and Jeanette watch her.

ADRIAN
 We'll be watching.

Adrian SALUTES Emily. Emily nods back. Jeanette runs up to HUG her sister.

JEANETTE
 Good luck.

EMILY
 I don't need it.

JEANETTE

I know you don't.

Jeanette runs off, leaving Jamal and Emily together.

JAMAL

Well, we made it.

EMILY

I can't go on tonight. Not after Gori...

A pause.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I can't even save a school club.

JAMAL

They're gonna love you. And sorry!

EMILY

Sorry? What for?

Jamal's face crooks a small smile before he PUSHES Emily through the curtain.

ANNOUNCER

Our last performer's... Emily Khoo!

INT. FOUR SEASONS - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUSLY

Emily STUMBLES onto the stage, nearly KNOCKING OVER the mic stand. She catches it before she stands on TIPPY TOES to reach the mic.

She looks out into the audience. There's gotta be at least 600 eyes on her. She smiles nervously and looks for her FRIENDS. They wave at her with... her PARENTS?!

EMILY

Dear God...

Behind them is GORI, still in her pretty dress, and SEO-YUN who smiles. Not sinisterly, but sincerely this time.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I can't do this.

Emily SHAKES before she takes the MICROPHONE in her hands.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm literally barely five feet tall.

Crickets from everyone. Especially Gori.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You know I have a friend who's like 6 feet tall. He's actually out in the audience right now. He always won tag growing up. I got baby legs. I'm like a human corgi.

People genuinely start laughing. It's like a FEEDBACK LOOP, their laughter fuels Emily.

She's BASKING in the good vibes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm apparently the perfect height for some people to lean their arm on the top of my head. Like I'm a desk.

Emily nods and starts pacing.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm also the perfect height to plant an elbow in their crotch.

The crowd goes WILD. Emily sees Gori LAUGH OUT LOUD. She anchors her eyes on her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I had a feeling you'd like that one.

Emily can't help but laugh at herself a bit.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Being short isn't the only thing funny about me at all. I'm also gay. Like hella gay.

An awkward scatter of applause.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's the same reaction I got from my parents when I came out.

People start cheering and hollering. Emily's parents cringe.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thanks! But seriously, I consider myself very lucky. I can't imagine ever falling in love with men.

The audience GASPS for a second, there's laughter. Emily's still pacing around.

EMILY (CONT'D)

My Filipino parents are film junkies. Mainly 90's and early 2000's stuff. I know it all. Thanks, Mom and Dad. Guess who their favorite actor is? Adam Sandler.

People start losing their shit.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's not the joke. I love him. Like a weird, kooky uncle.

It gets RAUCOUS. Emily's friends are having a time. Even Seo-Yun's laughing.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I only bring him up because he always has a hot girlfriend or wife even though he looks like... Adam Sandler. Hollywood, where's my hot girlfriend?

Emily looks over at Gori, they share a warm smile.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I knew I was gay by the third grade because my teacher asked me what I wanted to be for career day. You know what I said? Adam Sandler.

One of the judges SPITS out his water.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Don't even get me started on being an Asian woman. People mistake me for other Asian women. I've gotten Awkwafina, Constance Wu, a bridesmaid at a wedding I crashed earlier tonight. I wanna do a little experiment. Raise your hand if you're an Asian woman.

A few hands fly up in the crowd, including Jeanette and Gori's. Seo-Yun gives a LOUD WHOO.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry if someone comes up to you after this and tells you your set was hilarious.

Everyone loses it one last time. The ANNOUNCER comes up on stage to signal her time's up.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, that was the one and only Emily Khoo! Our judges will be tallying up their thoughts, and we'll get back to you with a winner soon!

Music plays her out. She heads down the stairs where she's SWARMED by Adrian, Jamal, and Jeanette.

ADRIAN

Holy shit, you were amazing!

JEANETTE

Damn... you're funny?

Emily punches Jeanette's shoulder. Jamal and Emily exchange a look.

Jamal rests his arm on top of Emily's head.

JAMAL

I'm risking it.

EMILY

You're allowed just this one time.

GORI

Emily, you were amazing!

Emily turns her eyes to Gori.

EMILY

Thanks...

Emily pinches Gori.

GORI

OW! You're not dreaming!

EMILY

I'm sorry, I just had to check. How'd you...?

GORI

Seo-Yun basically kidnapped me and took me here to talk to you.

ADRIAN

(pronouncing it correctly)
What an aswang.

EMILY
Where's your boyfriend?

Gori gives Emily a confused look.

GORI
So you were at the wedding! I owe
Seo-Yun an apology. I thought we
were collectively hallucinating.

EMILY
Where is she?

GORI
She went home to study.

EMILY
You're dodging.

GORI
Nando's my ex! I'm actually single.
Very single.

EMILY
Cool! I mean, same.

An awkward silence.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Would you like to hang out?

GORI
Yeah.

EMILY
But like maybe romantically.

GORI
Sure.

Emily's jaw hangs loose in shock. Adrian, Jeanette, and Jamal are watching this unfold. They're not impressed.

EMILY
So... I'm not too late?

Gori just goes for the KISS. Emily leans in too quickly causing the two to BUMP HEADS. Gori recoils.

EMILY (CONT'D)
But you like boys!

GORI

Bisexual people exist! By the way,
could any of you give me a ride
home? It's almost midnight and my
parents have a strict curfew...

The announcer SCRAMBLES back onto the stage. He pulls out a small card.

ANNOUNCER

Well, we have our winners! Our
runner-up is... Emily Khoo!

Emily FREAKS out, she's jumping up and down then RUSHES back onto the stage where she's given a SMALL TROPHY of a CLOWN.

Emily grabs the mic and POINTS to her trophy!

EMILY

Guys! It's me!

The Judges' table laughs the hardest. The Announcer grabs the mic back.

ANNOUNCER

And our winner of the night is...
Le Frou Frou Fancy!

The audience goes NUTS when a MIME runs on stage and BOWS next to Emily. A GIANT TROPHY is handed to him.

Emily goes to shake the LE FROU FROU FANCY's hand when...

The mime DROPS his hand, revealing it was a PROP.

EMILY

Oh damn! He got me!

The mime gives Emily a HUGE HUG before VANISHING IN THIN AIR.

ANNOUNCER

Where'd he go?

INT. FOUR SEASONS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Emily's with her friends. A few MEN IN SUITS pass by and hand her cards then go. She reads the cards.

EMILY

Those were agents... damn.

ADRIAN

Please still hang out with us when
you're famous.

Jeanette CHASES after the agents, collecting their cards.

JEANETTE

Emily Khoo? Known her all my life!
I'm her manager!

EMILY

Well, that was fast. I'm just glad
I got up there.

GORI

I'm pretty sure it's your calling,
Emily.

Emily and Gori exchange a look. Emily darts her eyes
elsewhere.

EMILY

I couldn't have done it without you
guys.

Emily pulls everyone in for a GROUP HUG. They all SCRAMBLE
from each other when Emily's shoulder is tapped by her
parents.

LINDA

My baby! My hilarious, brilliant,
gay...

Linda grabs Emily in her arms and sniffles.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Stinky baby?

EMILY

MOM! STOP!

Frank piles on the hug. Emily's friends watch.

FRANK

She gets it from me!

Emily and Frank share a look. It's tense before they both
erupt into laughter and hidden tears.

EMILY

Sure, dad.

FRANK

To be fair, we've never seen you so... honest, so free until we saw you up there. Was it our fault?

Before Frank and Linda can pout, Emily sighs.

EMILY

No. I just needed to give things an honest try.

Jamal smiles at Emily.

LINDA

Where's Jeanie?

EMILY

Probably getting me a Netflix special.

Emily points at Jeanette laughing and SCHMOOZING a circle of suits. Linda walks over to collect her daughter.

FRANK

Need a ride home?

GORI

I do! My parents will kill me if I don't make curfew.

FRANK

No problem!

Frank nudges Emily who's trying her best not to blush.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Jamal's in the back. He's sitting next to a Jeanette napping on Adrian who's OUT.

Emily looks over her shoulder and laughs. Gori's next to her, it's dark. She spots Gori's hand, then hesitantly reaches for it before just TAKING IT.

EXT. GORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gori searches her purse for keys as she walks to the front door. Emily walks up with her to the porch.

GORI

Good night, Emily.

EMILY
One last thing before I go.

Emily holds Gori steady in her hands and gives her a romantic KISS they both just melt into. Gori starts giggling a bit.

GORI
You smell like trash.

EMILY
Shut up.

Gori heads into her house.

GORI
See ya, Emily. Saturday, the mall?

Emily nods then walks off to her car pumping her fist in the air like Bender at the end of *The Breakfast Club*.

INT. FRIENDSWOOD HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Emily's walking alone. She's got her headphones in. Her phone CHIMES.

It's a text from Gori.

GORI
See you soon. Winky emoji.

Emily sends back a DEVIL EMOJI before she sees Jeanette and Adrian holding hands.

EMILY
Look at you two...

Jeanette and Adrian detach hands.

JEANETTE
Don't tell mom or dad.

EMILY
Adrian, I'll see you at dinner tonight.

JEANETTE
You didn't!

ADRIAN
I already met your parents.

JEANETTE
Not like this!

Emily smirks. Jeanette grabs Adrian's hand and storms off.
Emily turns around.

EMILY
See you cuties later! Dad's gonna
love you, Adrian!

Jeanette FLIPS OFF Emily, who FLIPS HER OFF BACK.

The two disappear into the crowds. Emily keeps her pace until she sees Jamal getting things out of his locker. She runs to him.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Dude!

JAMAL
Emmy!

Jamal's back in his regular duds. The suit is no more. He still looks good.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
You know I actually fell asleep
during the AP exam.

EMILY
Shit, really?

JAMAL
Yep. I don't care, though. Worth
it! I still nailed it. I'm that
smart.

Jamal closes his locker door to reveal SEO-YUN who's been waiting there for a bit.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Seo-Yun...

EMILY
Hey, thanks for talking to Gori for
me.

SEO-YUN
Gori has bad taste but you're not
too bad. Now leave us. Jamal Huang,
you owe me a date!

Seo-Yun leaps onto Jamal and MAKES OUT with him. He leans back in. Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY
Heteros...

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Emily, Jamal, and Adrian sit at a table underneath the ASIAN CLUB banner.

Across from them are Seo-Yun trying to find an angle for a selfie and Jeanette tossing PAPER PLANES at the trio.

ADRIAN

I think we should get this over with.

Emily sighs, taking her eyes off the OPEN DOOR.

EMILY

OK, everyone! Welcome to the final Asian Club meeting ever.

Emily gets up to close the door when...

Mr. Harris walks through. Emily and the gang look at each other confused.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

HARRIS

Is that anyway to speak to your new sponsor?

EMILY

Sponsor?

HARRIS

Don't make me change my mind.

Emily's on the verge of tears of joy, she jumps up and HUGS Harris.

EMILY

Thank you!

She peels herself off.

EMILY (CONT'D)

When Jamal and I leave, you'll only have 2 members!

SKRRT! Wheels stop at the door. It's Wallace (from the mall) and he's brought a group of his SKATER friends.

WALLACE

Are we late?

JAMAL

Nope! We just started.

Wallace and his crew find their seats. Adrian is about to close the door when...

ROGER

Hold up!

Newlyweds Carly and Roger pop in the room.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Carly and I wanted to come into say thanks for the wedding gift!

Roger pulls it out of his backpack, everyone SCREAMS at how creepy it looks.

CARLY

Also, I heard you got some killer Chow Mien. I've been craving some.

ADRIAN

Stay for a bite!

Roger and Carly sit down. Jeanette goes up to close the door, but Isa and Karl open up the door.

ISA

We're here to learn how to dance!

KARL

Seo-Yun, how did you do that grinding move? I need to know.

Karl and Isa swarm by Seo-Yun and start blathering.

JEANETTE

I'm just going to leave the door open.

Emily beams over Jeanette as students continue walking past the door.

EMILY

I mean, you're president next year.

Emily almost jumps in joy at the last two words.

JEANETTE

I guess I am, but Adrian's my co-president!

ADRIAN

I am?

The room's alive and bursting with chatter. Harris looks around then at Emily and clears his throat.

EMILY

Attention, everyone!

People continue.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Guys! If we don't start, we can't eat!

Everyone shuts up and looks at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Welcome to Asian Club.

FADE TO BLACK.