

TED VS. THE '90S

Written
by

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AC/DC's "BACK IN BLACK"

TED (V.O.)

What you're about to hear is quite possibly the most important story ever told...

As the undeniably awesome guitar riff kicks in, we FADE IN ON:

AN OLD BOXY 4:3 TV

The screen FLICKERS. And the word 'PLAY' appears in the upper right-hand corner.

TED (V.O.)

So stop ticklin' your dicks and listen up.

GRAINY VHS FOOTAGE. A camcorder filming from high atop the stands of a rowdy, jam-packed high school football stadium...

The date in the lower corner FLASHES: 12/12/1998.

And like an otherworldly gravitational force, we're suddenly pulled downward, *seemingly into the video...*

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT - 1998

ON-SCREEN, in thick, bulky yellow font:

SUPER: "1998 CALIFORNIA HIGH SCHOOL STATE CHAMPIONSHIP"

TED (V.O.)

You know that guy in high school; the one who everyone was sure was destined to get famous, marry a smokin' hottie, and constantly remind everyone else just how much their own lives suck total butt?

The HORN sounds, and the Sunnyvale High PLAYERS rush back onto the field, leaving behind one lone straggler--

TED "THE TAZ" MUELLER (18). "The Boz" of his high school team. A 90's small-town football God, with a bitchin' bleach blonde mullet.

TED (V.O.)

Yeah, that dude was me.

Ted stares out at the jam-packed stands--

At the poster board signs, the DIY spirit tees, the crimped-out cheerleaders riling up the crowd, an entire stadium chanting his name: "TED, TED, TED!!"

KENT (O.S.)

This is the moment you've been
working toward your whole life, Ted.

KENT MUELLER (Ted's coach and super-intense father, a real old school "man's man") refocuses Ted.

KENT (CONT'D)

The 5am wind sprints. The extra
sessions on the bench...

He stares deep into Ted's eyes.

KENT (CONT'D)

Breathe this moment in, son,
because this is the beginning of
the rest of your life.

Ted pauses, soaking in this moment. *His* moment:

--The COLLEGE SCOUTS gathered to watch him...

--In the stands, his petite MOTHER (GLENDA) and bookish younger BROTHER (MARK, 16, more on him in a moment)...

--And Ted's pretty cheerleader/girlfriend SARAH MARTIN (18) on the sidelines. She blows Ted a kiss...

KENT (CONT'D)

This is the moment where legends
are born.

And you best believe Ted knows it too.

He straps up his helmet, and with fire in his eyes, and a snarl that'd make most men shit their pants, marches back...

ONTO THE FIELD

Ted lines up over the massive LEFT TACKLE, nostrils flaring. A beast ready to pounce. He glances up at the scoreboard--

Sunnyvale trails by three to Oakdale Christian Academy. Only twelve seconds left on the clock. Time for one final play.

Oakdale Christian's quarterback (BARRY JENSEN, All-American) settles under center. Eyes scanning the defense...

BARRY

Down...

Ted inches closer to the line, a bull in heat...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Set...

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW TO A CRAWL.

The roar of the crowd DISSIPATES INTO A HOLLOW ECHO...leaving only Ted's HEAVY BREATH.

BARRY (CONT'D)

HUUUTTTT!!

The ball is snapped and Ted EXPLODES off the line like a cannon ball. He steamrolls the poor left tackle and LAUNCHES himself into the air...

BOOM!! Ted plants his face mask violently into the small of Barry's back, damn near snapping the poor boy in half!

The ball squirts loose...FUMBLE!

The crowd RISES to their feet...

Ted's right there to scoop up the loose ball... He stiff-arms a helpless running back, and races downfield toward glory...

The clock ticks away... 5... 4....

Ted pulls away from the pack...until he realizes no one is going to catch him. So he slows up, and with shades of Leon Lett in Super Bowl XXVII, he begins to prematurely CELEBRATE.

But as Ted showboats, the ball slips out of his hands...

...BOUNCES OFF THE GRASS... and ARCS towards the sideline...

Desperate, Ted dives to save the ball, but it's just out of reach. He watches helplessly as the ball rolls out of bounds.

The clock hits zero. HORN sounds. Game over. Sunnyvale loses.

Ted lays on the field. A CHORUS OF BOOS raining down as Oakdale Christian players and fans rush the field in celebration.

WE HANG ON Ted's crestfallen face, staring listlessly into the sky, the worst moment of his life. In the distance, an EXPLOSION is heard. A plume of dark smoke swirls up into the sky. The distant echo of FRANTIC SCREAMS slowly fading as the camera pulls higher and higher into the blue abyss...

The image on-screen WARBLERs, then POPS and FLASHES as the grainy VHS tape sputters and tails out.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - FOOTBALL PRACTICE - DAY

A high school team practices. Helmets and pads colliding with a tackling sled as coaches bark orders and blow whistles.

SUPER: 23 YEARS LATER

Watching longingly from beyond the far fence is...

PRESENT DAY TED (40s, his middle-aged malaise crammed into a wrinkled USPS courier uniform). The sad portrait of a man who peaked in high school and is now stuck on the hamster wheel of his own shitty life.

EXT. SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Ted's rusted-out postal truck winds through town. Up and down eyesore SUBDIVISION after eyesore SUBDIVISION... This town has seen better days. Clearly so has Ted.

EXT. MAIL ROUTE - DAY

Ted delivers a scuffed package to a WOMAN who goes full-Karen on him. Ted just stands there, sighs, taking it.

EXT. RICH NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

The postal truck pulls up outside a large McMansion in the "nice" part of town. There's a large box truck out front, movers unloading.

End of a long day, Ted grabs the final package in his truck. Heads up the long, winding driveway to the front door.

He KNOCKS, then checks the name on the package, but before he has time to register, the door swings open, revealing...

SARAH MARTIN, Ted's former high school sweetheart.

SARAH

Hi. Do I need to sign?

Ted's thrown seeing her, it's like a mirage. And then...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Ted?? Wow, is that really you?

Ted smiles, heart skipping a beat. He's spent years thinking about this woman, but before he can say anything more--

MAN (O.S.)
Honey, who is it?

Around the corner comes...BARRY JENSEN. Hanging off his chiseled arms are two gorgeous (but rowdy) TWIN BOYS (4).

Ted's heart sinks, a straight punch to the gut.

TED
I should probably get going.

He hands over Sarah's package, turns to go...

BARRY JENSEN
Hey!

Ted stops...*Shit*. Barry must've recognized him too.

BARRY JENSEN (CONT'D)
I just opened up a brand new dealership over off El Camino. Barry Jensen Ford. You ever need a new rig, you come give me a shout, champ.

He winks at Ted, shoots him a finger-gun pistol. And that's when Ted sees Barry's still wearing his high school state CHAMPIONSHIP RING.

The twins start fighting in the background.

BARRY JENSEN (CONT'D)
Shoot. I better handle that.

He rushes off to tend to the boys, leaving Ted and Sarah alone. Drowning in uncomfortable awkwardness.

SARAH
So...I should probably...

TED
Yeah, totally. These packages aren't gonna deliver themselves.

Ted turns to go, but stops. Something he needs to ask.

TED (CONT'D)
(sheepish)
You don't...ever still think about me, do you?

She half-smiles, equal parts nostalgia and pity.

SARAH

That was a long time ago, Ted.
 (then, pointed)
 Plus, Barry's brother never burned
 down the school gymnasium with my
 sister inside.

TED

It's not like he did it on purpose.

SARAH

Goodbye Ted.

She closes the door. Ted sulks back down the driveway.

After a few steps, he stops and stares back up at the MASSIVE house. At the picturesque family inside. The kids. *The wife.*

This was the life he was supposed to have.

EXT. DJ'S PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Outdated and dirty. Was probably hip 20 years ago. Ted, in his postal uniform, eats silently while scrolling through Sarah's Instagram: It's like a goddamn JC Penny catalogue.

GLEENDA (O.S.)

I met an orthodontist recently,
 through one of my apps.

Across from Ted sits his mother. The years haven't been kind to Glenda but that hasn't stopped her from fighting father-time with a few nips and tucks and way too much Botox.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

(proud)

He's younger. You'd like him. Big
 football fan.

Ted groans, continues eating.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Well what do you expect me to do,
 Ted? Sit here wasting away my
 golden years all alone?

TED

I didn't say anything.

GLEENDA

You didn't have to.

Uncomfortable silence settles back in.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
 You know, your father hadn't
 touched me in years--

Ted drops his slice onto his plate. Appetite gone.

TED
 Can we not do this, just this once?

GLEENDA
 One of these days you're going to
 quit blaming me for your father--

TED
 I forgive you. There? Are you happy?

GLEENDA
 I just don't get what we did so
 wrong. You had everything - a
 promising football career, a great
 girl - but after that game... It's
 like you were a whole different
 person out on that field that night.

Ted sighs, long defeated by the subject at hand.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
 That night ruined all of us, Teddy.
 Your father took it the hardest. And
 Mark... Well, there's no debating it
 was the saddest day in this entire
 family's life. A full ride to MIT, but
 after that science fair incident...

Ted doesn't even bother to engage, just lets her depressively
 drone on, as we CUT TO:

EXT. DJ'S PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Ted and his mother say their goodbye.

GLEENDA
 I'm sorry. I just...I worry about
 you, honey. I just don't want you
 following down the same path as
 your father, God rest his soul.

TED
 You hated Dad.

GLEENDA
 Not always. People change. One day
 you'll see that.

She lights up a cigarette, bad smoker's cough.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
I tell my patients all the time--

TED
You know I think therapy is for pussies.

GLEENDA
I wish you wouldn't use that word.
It's demeaning.

TED
Yeah, well, I think telling me I need therapy is demeaning.

GLEENDA
Your father prided himself on being a "tough man", too. And look where that got him.

TED
Dad had a heart attack. He didn't blow his head off after 'Nam.

Glenda can tell she's pushed far enough for one day, climbs into her car. Rolls down the window.

GLEENDA
You should stop by the prison and see your brother. I know he won't say it but he'd appreciate it.

Ted's lost all energy to fight anymore tonight.

TED
Ok, Mom.

GLEENDA
I swear, if that boy had just spent half as much time with girls and sports as he did with all that computer crap...

She lets it drift. Then flicks away her cigarette and hands Ted a nicely-wrapped present.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, honey.

She blows him a kiss. Drives off.

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted's lifted 4x4 pickup lurches into the driveway. This truck would've been the tits... in 1998. There's a bunch of junk-filled boxes lining the curb.

Ted shuts off the engine. Eyes the gift-wrapped present sitting on the passenger seat. Tears it open--

A self-help book: "*Men Have Feelings, Too.*" Along with an overwhelmingly large PHOTO of Dr. Glenda Mueller on the cover.

Ted chucks the book to the floor with the rest of the trash.

INT. TED'S GARAGE/CONVERTED BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The GARAGE DOOR grinds open, and Ted steps into...

... a converted garage-turned-studio apartment. He hits the garage clicker and the door closes behind him. On a far wall, the faded remnants of some sort of graffiti.

INT. TED'S GARAGE/ROOM - LATER

Ted eats a microwaved burrito while watching the old Chuck Norris classic "INVASION USA" on his tiny TV. He's attempting to Tinder on his phone. It's not going well.

We see his exchange with some WOMAN:

Her: *If you were a ghost, who would you haunt?*

Ted types something. Deletes it. Then starts typing anew:

Him: *Are you actually a dude?*

Suddenly, the door to the house opens and in lumbers GUSTO, a frail but gentle, older Hispanic man. He's got a small cupcake with a lit candle and sings 'Happy Birthday' to Ted.

TED

You're too kind, Gusto.

GUSTO

The least I could do for my friend.

TED

We're only friends because I refused to move out after you bought the house.

GUSTO

Yes. You are a shit tenant.

Ted smiles, closes his eyes, and blows out the candle.

They settle in together to watch the movie. Ted cracks open two beers, hands one to Gusto.

TED

What's with the boxes out front?

GUSTO

I decided to clean out the attic.

TED

I told you I'd do that stuff for you.

But Gusto waves him off, headstrong.

GUSTO

Didn't want to leave the mess for anyone when I'm gone.

TED

Knock it off. Your old ass is gonna outlive everyone in this damn town.

GUSTO

I found some of your family's old stuff up there. Thought you might want to take a look.

He sips his beer, motions to the corner where, sure enough, there's a stack of old, battered cardboard boxes.

But Ted ignores this, no interest. Instead, he unwraps his cupcake, breaks it into two pieces.

TED

You ever regret any of it? Y'know, things you wish you could go back and change about your life?

Gusto leans back in his chair, no thought needed, he says it as simply as one might order a burger or discuss the weather:

GUSTO

I'd go back. Reconnect with mi hija.
(then)
There's nothing more important than familia.

Ted considers this. Hands Gusto his half of the cupcake.

GUSTO (CONT'D)

You?

Ted polishes off his beer, rises to retrieve another, clearly posturing, fooling no one.

TED

Gusto, my man, there's only one way my life could possibly be any more awesome than it already is, and that's if I hadn't fumbled away that ball. Then I would've been the one who went on to be a famous college football star instead of Barry Jensen.

He opens the mini-fridge, pauses, lost in thought.

TED (CONT'D)

Probably gone on to become a famous NFL star, too. Married Sarah Martin, of course. I'dda had it good.

GUSTO

My therapist says it's never too late to take accountability. The only person who can change your circumstance is you.

TED

The only therapist I need is right here...

Ted fishes a new beer out of the mini-fridge, then turns back -- only to find Gusto slumped over in his chair.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gusto's lifeless body is lifted into the back of an ambulance and taken away. Ted watches, sadly, from the driveway.

INT. TED'S GARAGE/ROOM - LATER

Ted sits alone. Empty beer cans scattered. He stares out over the garage-turned-studio apartment. Eyes eventually landing on the old cardboard boxes from the attic--

He drags one labeled "Ted" over to the couch. Opens it.

Inside: Newspaper clippings from Ted's football heyday with the headline: *"Football's next great superstar"*.

Ted scoffs, tosses the paper aside. Pulls out his letterman jacket. An old miniDV camcorder.

And a faded PHOTO: *Ted posing on the field flanked by Sarah, his parents, and his nerdy younger brother, Mark (16.)*

Ted can't help but smile through misty eyes. *Better times.*

BARRY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Think your life sucks? Well it'd
suck a whole lot less in a brand
new F-150!

Ted looks up at the TV--

A LOCAL CAR DEALERSHIP COMMERCIAL. "Barry Jensen Ford."
Barry, front and center, the celebrity spokesperson.

BARRY JENSEN (ON TV)
But don't take it from me, take it
from a former Heisman winner.

Barry strikes the infamous "Heisman-pose", pearly whites sparkling into camera as an obnoxiously oversized Barry Jensen Ford logo splashes across the screen.

Ted angrily clicks off the TV and is met by silence.

Deep, depressive silence.

CUT TO:

A SINGLE WOODEN CHAIR

A moment later, Ted enters frame holding something. He climbs atop the chair and carefully affixes a ready-made NOOSE to the metal track of the garage door.

Finished, he places the noose around his neck and steps off the chair. The noose instantly TIGHTENS.

Ted flails, scratching at the rope around his neck. Choking horribly, he swings across the basement, feet flailing, kicking over the stack of old cardboard boxes, and in the process, revealing another cardboard box.

This one marked: "MARK'S TIME GATE. DO NOT TOUCH."

TED
(with dying breath)
Fuck. Me.

Ted desperately claws at the noose, but it's too little too late. He blacks out. It's all over.

Until-- the noose SNAPS from the shoddy plaster ceiling and Ted CRASHES to the floor.

After a moment, Ted's eyes blink open. He COUGHS, reorienting himself. His eyes resettling on the large "TIME GATE" box.

SMASH TO:

A FEW HOURS LATER

Cardboard box is ripped open. Pieces of some sort of machine spread out on the floor. Most of it looks charred and a bit nonsensical.

Using a weathered, yellow leather-bound JOURNAL as his guide (and the hand-drawn schematics inside), Ted attempts to reconstruct Mark's old science experiment/contraption.

In the background, "INVASION USA" continues playing, the final duel where Chuck Norris utters the infamous line...

CHUCK NORRIS (ON TV)

It's time.

...then he BLOWS Rostov away in slow motion.

CUT TO:

A HANDYCAM POV

Set up on a wobbly tripod. Ted enters frame, addresses the camera directly:

TED

If you are watching this video,
then I am dead... Most likely.

He takes a serious beat. Then:

TED (CONT'D)

Since no one in my family speaks to
one another, on account of my genius
brother being in prison, this is my
record to all of you.

(then)

Except for Dad. Because he actually
is dead.

This is Ted's confessional. He waits an overly dramatic beat, then continues:

TED (CONT'D)

Because of that fumble, I never
went on to play college football...

EXT. SUNNYVALE TOWN SQUARE - DAY (SOME YEARS EARLIER)

Ted lounges atop a postal truck, watching the high school football team practicing. A slew of opened packages surround Ted. He eats homemade cookies from someone else's Christmas tin while rummaging through other people's mail.

He tears open a child's birthday card. Pockets a \$20 bill.

TED (V.O.)

Though that quarterback from
Oakdale Christian Academy...

Ripping open a second envelope, Ted finds an autographed picture of BARRY JENSEN. Mid-action pose.

SNAP FLASH TO:

THE HIGH SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

Isolating on the FROZEN IMAGE of Oakdale quarterback BARRY JENSEN. At the precise moment Ted nearly snapped him in half.

TED (V.O.)

...he did go on to become a
legendary Heisman quarterback.

EXT. SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA (PRESENT DAY)

Ted, on his daily depressive mail route.

TED (V.O.)

After retiring, that Bible thumper
Barry returned to Sunnyvale a local
legend...

--Past a rundown TOWN SQUARE... with a BRONZED STATUE OF BARRY out front.

--Past the monolithic brand-new BARRY JENSEN FORD DEALERSHIP.

--Near the city limits, out past the dilapidated and deserted old Nuclear Plant, is a GIANT BILLBOARD: *"Welcome to Sunnyvale - Home of Heisman Winner Barry Jensen"*.

Below the tag, Barry poses with his gorgeous wife, Sarah, and their adorable twin boys.

TED (V.O.)

It wasn't enough that he stole away
my state championship...

Ted defaces Barry's picture with a GIANT SPRAY-PAINTED PENIS.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (SOME YEARS IN THE PAST)

Ted's father, Kent, enters for his morning dump, copy of the sports section tucked under his arm.

TED (V.O.)

Because of me, Dad never won that elusive state championship ring. A few years later, he and Mom split.

Kent's entire body suddenly SPASMS.

TED (V.O.)

The doctors called it a broken ticker.

Kent keels over and falls off the toilet. Dead on the spot.

TED (V.O.)

...Likely caused by my mother's whorish ways.

CUT TO:

GLENDIA, now a full-fledged member of the Cougar Club. Think Mrs. Robinson with too much Botox and a nasty smoker's cough.

CUT TO:

A QUICK BLAST OF IMAGES:

Ted, drunk, as we saw him earlier in the garage:

--Noose.

--Passing out.

--Crashing to the floor.

--Seeing the Time Gate box.

BACK TO:

HANDYCAM POV

Ted folds his hands over his knees, unnervingly calm. Behind him he's managed to reconstruct the ELABORATE MACHINE aka Mark's 'Time Gate'. An amalgamation of metal and wires. Hooked up jerry-rig style and held mostly together by duct tape.

TED

If this bad boy works, I plan on transporting myself back to 1998. To one week before the big game...

QUICK SHOTS:

--Ted shaves his mop of hair back into the sweet mullet of his glory days.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Where I will find my younger self,
 and warn him about the fumble.
 Thus, course-correcting my entire
 life, where...

-- Ted squeezes into a pair of faded Zubaz. Pulls on his old letterman jacket.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 ...I will be stupid rich, super
 famous, and married to the love of
 my life.

INT. TED'S GARAGE/ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Ted stares at the machine. Excitement mixed with trepidation.

TED (CONT'D)
 In case this causes my skin to peel
 off and my insides to vomit out of
 my butt, I am leaving behind this
 record. And an apology to my family.
 I'm sorry for screwing up my whole
 life, and yours too.

Then, Ted reaches inside his old letterman jacket, and pulls out a CRYSTALLIZED LIGHT PRISM.

He stares at the prism with a look of guilt and regret.

Then, carefully affixes the prism into the center console of the Time Gate. He checks the old newspaper clipping -- the FRONT PAGE a preview of the state semi-final game.

Ted tinkers with the Time Gate's knobs. Inputs into the machine: **December 5, 1998**. Then closes his eyes, and with a deep breath, FLIPS ON the power switches.

Almost instantly, the Time Gate LOUDLY WHIRS to life. Rings of colorful lights begin swirling rapidly.

Steadying himself, Ted steps precariously inside the centrifuge-like center-ring.

The lights in the garage begin to FLICKER. The walls RUMBLE. The floor SWAYS like a giant earthquake...

And then, like a blinding supernova-- *BOOM!!* A GREAT WHITE LIGHT overtakes the entire room. Once it dissipates - POOF! -

...Ted is gone.

The only thing left behind in a heap on the floor are his faded Zubaz and letterman jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S GARAGE / MARK'S CONVERTED BEDROOM - DAY (1998)

The same converted garage-turned-bedroom, only now cluttered with books about Einstein and "A Brief History of Time." Sprinkled amongst 90s emo pop-punk memorabilia.

There's a Lego replica of the DeLorean. Against a far wall, a large whiteboard intricately illustrating string theory.

And clocks. Lots of clocks in various states of deconstruction.

Suddenly, the door from the house bursts open and in rushes an excited 16-YEAR-OLD MARK. Picture teenage Doc Brown, without the outrageous amount of crazy. A child prodigy in his prime. A modern day Doogie Howser.

Mark tears into the padded envelope he's holding like it's Christmas morning. Pulls out...

A CRYSTALIZED LIGHT PRISM. Almost identical to the one we saw Ted with (because, of course, it is the same one.)

Mark excitedly hops over to the fully-constructed Time Gate, noticeably un-charred and brand-new.

He very carefully inserts the prism into position in the center of the Time Gate's console. Then, POWERS it up.

He waits with anticipation...but nothing happens. *Damn.*

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mark!

GLENDa (younger, late 30s, a natural beauty) pops her head inside the garage.

GLENDa

Hop to or we're gonna be late for kickoff.

With a grunt, Mark grabs his jacket and hurries out the door. Disappointed in his failure as we ominously HOLD ON...

The Time Gate in the empty garage...

A moment later, the machine suddenly SPARKS TO LIFE. That same bright white light overtaking the entire room. Then fading away to reveal...

A BUTT-ASS NAKED TED. Sprawled out on the floor, unconscious. Ted slowly blinks his eyes, scans his surroundings--

Pop-punk posters alongside a table of elements chart. Nearby, a brand-new 'Blondi Blue' iMac.

TED
(*this can't be real*)
Fuck...outta here.

It worked! *It actually worked!* Then, the power SURGES, knocking out the electrical grid. *But only for a brief moment.*

Ted could care less -- he's got business to attend to. He peels himself off the floor, bolts out of the garage.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ted, still naked and in disbelief, drifts through his childhood home, *literally*. On the table, the same newspaper from present day: **December 5, 1998**. Day of the big semi-final.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ted wanders the hallway, scanning the family photos that line the walls. In one, younger Ted poses with Mark in matching reindeer sweaters. Ted has the much smaller Mark in a headlock.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ted rifles through his dad's closet. Decides on a pair of dad's softball shorts.

EXT. MUELLER HOUSE - DAY

Now dressed, Ted steps outside. The neighborhood a stark contrast to the one we saw in present day. The homes newer, the yards cleaner, the trees younger.

A LITTLE NEIGHBOR GIRL rides by on her pink banana seat bike.

Ted is truly back in idyllic 1998 Sunnyvale.

The Little Girl gets closer. She BEEPS the horn attached to her handlebars -- and Ted SHOVES her off the bike.

TED
Sorry, kid. It's an emergency.

He steals the pink bike and quickly pedals off.

SERIES OF SHOTS: SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA - CIRCA 1998

This is Sunnyvale as it was meant to be seen, at its idyllic peak of suburbia:

-- Huffing and puffing, Ted peddles the pink bike through town. Past the manicured TOWN SQUARE.

A GROUP OF BURNOUTS do skateboard tricks off the decorated COURTHOUSE steps...

-- Ted tries to jump the steps on his pink bike. He wipes out.

-- Ted glides out of a Burger King parking lot, latches onto the back of a Jeep, letting it pull him along.

A few feet later, he releases his grip, swerves out in front of oncoming traffic and barely avoids a nasty collision.

-- Past the snazzy new OUTLET MALL...

-- ...and the thriving NUCLEAR POWER PLANT FACILITY...

-- Ted peddles slowly through a pastoral park, WHEEZING like a stroke victim. He dismounts and stumbles to a nearby bush, where he dry heaves. Finished, he remounts and rides off.

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Ted finally arrives at the stadium, exhausted. He ditches the bike and approaches the exterior stadium fence, to see--

ON THE FIELD

90's TED, (18, a brash, egomaniacal showboat in his prime), absolutely dominating his opponents. A man among boys.

The crowd eats it up, fawning over Ted like a goddamn rockstar.

NOTE: To avoid confusion, from now on we will denote modern day 40-something Ted as simply **TED**, and the younger 18-year-old dickhole version of himself as **90's TED**.

Ted gazes out at the real-life Technicolor vision of his past--

-- Ted's Dad, alive and well, commanding the sideline and coaching the sport he loves with fervent passion.

-- In the stands, Ted's Mom and a clearly disinterested Mark.

-- And on the sidelines, YOUNG SARAH (18) leading a group of overly-peppy cheerleaders.

ON TED, watching Sarah wistfully as the game winds to an end.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

And there's your final. Sunnyvale
is on their way to state for the
first time in school history!

Ted can't believe what he's seeing -- being back here.

Players CELEBRATE on the field. Sarah LEAPS into 90's Ted's
arms and gives him a big kiss. The entire family joins them
at midfield for a photo (the same one Ted found in the box in
the garage.) It all looks so...*perfect and happy*.

Looking on, Ted tears up, just for a moment.

EXT. DJ'S PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

The parking lot is packed. Ted rides up on the pink bike.

INT. DJ'S PIZZA PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jammed with excitable teenagers celebrating the big victory.
A total party atmosphere. Over at the buffet line, a notably
out of place Mark loads up his plate when a couple of PUNKS
(90's Ted's cronies -- BRETT & RHETT) suddenly cut the line.

MARK

Excuse me--

Brett turns to Rhett, both of them obnoxiously pretending
like they don't even see Mark standing there.

BRETT

Did you hear something?

RHETT

Must be the wind.

MARK

That's stupid, we're inside.

RHETT

(riled)

Are you trying to get smart, nerd
boy?

Mark looks away, intimidated.

MARK

No.

RHETT

No, what?

MARK

No, sir.

The punks laugh. Then...

RHETT

Hey. Y'know what goes good with
pizza?

Brett smiles, two idiots—one brain. He lifts a tub of ranch from the buffet and proceeds to pour it all over Mark's plate, "accidentally" spilling some onto Mark's shirt.

BRETT

Whoops. Our bad.

SARAH (O.S.)

Don't you idiots have something
better to be doing?

They turn-- to find a miffed Sarah behind them.

Laughing, the punks move off, intentionally bumping into Mark as they go. Mark's embarrassed as he tries to clean himself up but he's only making a bigger mess out of it all.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Here. Let me help.

MARK

It's fine. Really.

SARAH

I'm not gonna bite. I promise.

Mark relents. But he's nervous around Sarah, a social hierarchy better not crossed -- even if she is his brother's girlfriend.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Don't worry about them. They can't
help that they're idiots...or that
they have tiny dicks.

She smiles, disarming Mark who chuckles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You going to the party tonight?

Mark avoids eye contact.

MARK

Um, as much fun as that sounds I'm
pretty busy. So yeah. But next
time, fo sho.

SARAH
 (amused)
 Alright, next time. Fo sho.

With a warm smile, she walks off... Mark watching as she heads to a back-booth where 90's Ted is holding court.

Sarah immediately chastises the Two Punks seated with them.

Meanwhile, above all the music and commotion, we hear the DING of a bell... Camera following to its source as...

TED, steps inside the front door of the restaurant. He gazes out at the raucous scene, eyes quickly finding 90's Ted.

And like a missile caught in a tractor beam, Ted starts making his way through the packed crowd--

But just as Ted is about to reach 90's Ted's booth, a PIMPLY TEEN rushes inside, KNOCKING Ted out of the way--

PIMPLY TEEN
 Yo! Those Bible Thumpers from
 Oakdale Christian are here!

In a flash, 90's Ted is up out of his booth, leading the charge for the door.

EXT. DJ'S PIZZA PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

90's Ted bursts outside, chest puffed. Teammates on his six.

90'S TED
 Looks like you fuck-sticks are
 lost.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT:

18-YEAR OLD BARRY JENSEN and his Oakdale Christian teammates. The Sharks and the Jets squaring off. Tension thick.

BARRY JENSEN
 What, we can't swing by and
 congratulate our opponents on their
 big win tonight?

90'S TED
 You can congratulate this dick!

90's Ted punctuates this by emphatically grabbing his junk.

Meanwhile, Ted pushes his way through the crowd as the two rival squads start barking at each other.

Quickly people start shoving. Older Ted jostled in the fracas, knocking his wallet to the ground -- All hell about to break loose until Sarah interjects, pulling 90's Ted away.

SARAH

Would you knock it off!
 (shouts, to the crowd)
 This is stupid! All of you.

But 90's Ted can't help himself, BARKS at Barry.

90'S TED

We'll see you Saturday!

BARRY JENSEN

Looking forward to it.

90'S TED

No, I'm looking forward to it!

Always has to get the last word in.

The crowd disperses. Present Day Ted sees his window, makes his move toward 90's Ted, but before he can get there--

90'S TED (CONT'D)

Let's blow this popsicle stand and
 go get wasted!

90's Ted grabs Sarah, FRENCHES HER good, and then peels out in his pickup. The crowd CHEERS. Everyone rushing off to their vehicles to follow.

When the dust finally settles, Ted is left alone in the parking lot. 90's Ted is getting away and, worse, Ted's just lost his chance to warn himself.

TED

Mother--! Yo, anyone know how to
 get a goddamn Uber around here?!

MARK (O.S.)

What's an Uber?

Ted turns, surprised to find Mark standing behind him.

TED

It's, uh...nothing.

He quickly moves off. But Mark catches up, trailing.

MARK

Sir, I think you dropped this.

He holds out Ted's WALLET. Only, the wallet flap flips open and now Mark notices the family PHOTO inside -- a very tacky, Olan Mills-style family portrait.

MARK (CONT'D)
(confused)
What the heck...

Police SIRENS *bwoop*. A squad car of local, annoyed police pulling into the parking lot.

Anxious, Ted quickly snatches his wallet back. Heads off, attempting to get some distance between he and Mark.

But Mark's charged up now, stalks after Ted.

MARK (CONT'D)
Hey! Did you steal my brother's wallet?

Ted ignores him, continues off.

MARK (CONT'D)
That's my brother's wallet! I demand to know what's going on.

TED
Kick rocks, kid.

MARK
Either give me back my brother's wallet or I'm alerting those cops.

By now the police have taken notice of Mark and Ted.

In an effort to hush Mark, Ted slows, smiles congenially.

TED
Look, I didn't want to make a big production out of this...it was supposed to be a surprise. But...I'm your dad's estranged brother.

MARK
Dad has a brother?

TED
(feigning hurt)
Woooooow. He didn't even tell you about me? That really cuts deep.

Ted bites his fist, trying to "hold back the pain."

TED (CONT'D)

I heard about your brother's big game, and I thought what better moment to reconcile with my own brother...but I got lost along the way. Until I stumbled upon this very mediocre pizza place that would be way better if it were a CiCi's. And now I have no ride and no idea where to even go.

Mark takes the bait.

MARK

I suppose I could give you a ride to the house?

TED

Really? You'd do that for your long lost uncle?

MARK

I mean, you are family, right?

TED

(big smile)
Yes. Yes, I am.

Mark leads Ted to his car. But as they approach Mark's old hoopty, Ted discretely flips open the gas cap, before piling into the passenger seat.

TED (CONT'D)

Oh, will you look at that. Your gas cap is open.

MARK

What?

Mark checks his mirror, sure enough it is. He gets out of the car -- and Ted immediately LOCKS THE DOORS.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey. What are you doing?

TED

Must be something wrong with the child locks?

MARK

This car doesn't have child locks.

But Ted ignores him, quickly scrambling into the driver's seat and tries to drive off...

TED
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!

But the old hoopty won't turn over. *Shit!*

MARK
What are you doing? Let me in!!

TED
You don't know it yet but this is
for your own good, kid. You'll
thank me later.

Ted tries the ignition again. Finally, the engine SCREECHES to life. Like an asthmatic hiss, barely holding it together.

Ted BEEPS the horn and guns the engine, peeling out of the parking lot, and leaving Mark stranded behind.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A palatial home. Cars litter the yard. Music blasting out of the house like Outkast was giving birth inside.

Ted arrives in Mark's car. He gets out and moves up the long driveway, stopping to admire-- a LIFTED 4x4 PICKUP. His truck.

Only shiny and brand new. 'Coonskin tail tied to the antenna. Giant American flag emblem on the back window.

TED
You sexy beast. Now where is your
sexy beast of an owner?

He caresses the truck as he continues on into the house...

INT. HOUSE PARTY

A blast of awesome 90's hip hop hits Ted like a wet dream, engulfing him. Girls in belly-tee cardigans strut past. Way too many guys with frosted tips and puka shell necklaces.

TED
It's...heaven.

A few teens notice Ted, clearly confused by the out-of-place old dude at their high school party. Ted snatches a beer from one of them, downs it in a single gulp, as we SMASH TO:

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - BACK PORCH - SOME TIME LATER

A GROUP OF TEENS chanting:

GROUP OF TEENS
CHUG, CHUG, CHUG!!

A two-story beer bong in progress. Its recipient-- a shirtless Ted. Beyond plastered. He finishes, half the beer winding up on his flabby sweater vest of a chest.

TED
Woo! Get some!
(then, remembering)
Wasn't there something I was
supposed to do?

Will Smith's infamous "Gettin' Jiggy Wit It" kicks in.

TED (CONT'D)
Oh hells no, THIS IS MY JAM!!

He begins to sing along, riling up the crowd. He grabs a HOT CHICK IN A TUBE TOP and sloppily licks the side of her face.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tube Top slams Ted up against a wall. Lips smothering him.

TED
(catching his breath)
Just to confirm once more, you are
definitely 18?

She doesn't even answer, throwing open a bathroom door...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yo, fuck off, I'm droppin' a load
in here!

Tube Top tries to pull Ted away, but something stops him. Ted shakes himself free and peers inside the cracked doorway...

Sure enough, 90's Ted is inside. On the toilet. The bad ass in his prime. His confidence palpable. His sandy mullet, a thing of pure 90's beauty.

He has his eyes closed tightly, but he ain't takin' no dump. In his lap a girl with butterfly clips in her hair bobs up and down, clearly not Sarah.

Suddenly, this old memory comes flooding back to Ted:

TED
Holy crap...*I remember this!*

Hearing him, 90's Ted looks up, sees Ted gawking.

90'S TED
What the crap, geezer!?

TED
It's really you. Ted "the Taz"
Mueller. Man, you look good. *Real*
good. Even better than I remember.

90's Ted is creeped out, as anyone would be when a shirtless,
drunk 40-something eye-fucks you inside a tiny bathroom.

Tube Top tries to pull Ted away, but he wrings his arm free,
slips inside, and LOCKS the bathroom door behind him.

Butterfly Clips (JENNY WALTON) looks up from 90's Ted's lap.

TED (CONT'D)
Don't mind me. You're doing great.
I remember.

90'S TED
Yo! Get the hell out, perv!

TED
Shhh. It's okay. Because... I'm
you. You're me. We're...we.

He chuckles, conspiratorially, to himself.

90'S TED
Okay, creepy old dude, I don't
know what you want but I swear if
you don't turn my ballsack into a
coin purse you can have the girl.
No questions asked.

JENNY WALTON
Hey!

But Ted ignores Jenny, and peers deep into 90's Ted's eyes.
It's super intense, and downright ominous.

TED
I'm here for you. To warn you.
About the game. You are going to
fumble the ball away and your
entire life will be ruined.

90'S TED
Ha! "The Taz" never fumbles his
balls, old man!

TED

I can prove that I'm you! Look, we both have the same birthmark!

Ted starts unzipping his pants for visual proof, but 90's Ted is already to his feet and CHARGING out of the bathroom--

IN THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--where he runs right into Sarah! She's extra drunk and extra flirty.

SARAH

Where have you been, baby? I've been looking everywhere for you.

90'S TED

Uh nowhere.

Behind them, Ted stumbles out of the bathroom, pulling up his pants.

SARAH

Is that so? Because Karen said she saw you go into the bathroom with Jenny Walton. Which I told her was crazy talk--

She laughs, hanging onto 90's Ted, as now out of the bathroom struts Jenny, wiping at her mouth at the exact same moment 90's Ted tries to discreetly zip up his pants.

Sarah may be drunk, but she's not stupid. She turns, fuming, and storms out of the hallway and into--

THE LIVING ROOM

90's Ted chases after her.

90'S TED

Sarah, wait! It's not like we had actual sex!

SARAH

Ugh! You disgust me, Ted!

The music stops. A crowd gathering.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You know, how would you like it if I ran off and played tonsil hockey with some random guy?!

90's Ted erupts. SHOUTING at the other party-goers.

90'S TED

Don't none of you even think about it! Any of you asswipes touch my girlfriend and I'll pound your skull in!

SARAH

Yeah? Let's see you try.

She spins, and grabs the first guy she can find -- TED -- and plants one on him! Hot and steamy and with loads of tongue.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - MEANWHILE

Mark pedals up on the pink bike, sweaty and out of breath. Hears SHOUTING coming from inside the house...

MARK

Oh no.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - MEANWHILE

PIMPY TEEN

FIGHT!!

90's Ted rears back and DECKS Ted!! Ted flies backwards, toppling over a coffee table, smashing to the ground.

With that sadistic fire in his eyes, 90's Ted stomps forward, ready to finishing whooping some tail, when--

RANDOM KID (O.S.)

COPS!!

Only it's not some random kid, it's Mark!

Spooked, kids start scattering in all directions. Pure chaos.

Sarah helps Ted up, dragging him toward the front door--

EXT. HOUSE PARTY

Kids buckshot in all directions as Ted & Sarah barrel out of the house.

90's Ted, oozing vengeance, gets caught up in the swarm of fleeing bodies as he tries to chase after them--

Ted sprints for Mark's car. Sarah diving into the passenger seat as Ted scuttles for the wheel--

Mark sees them escaping, in his car, and rushes over.

MARK

Hey!

Ted tries desperately to start up the car -- but the busted-ass hoopy won't turn over, again.

Mark POUNDS on the window.

MARK (CONT'D)

Give me my keys back!

TED

Not the best time, little man.

Ted checks the REARVIEW MIRROR--

Across the lawn, 90's Ted finally spots them.

BACK ON TED

He pops the hoopy into neutral, then gets out and starts trying to push-start the car.

MARK

What are you doing?!

TED

You wanna get your face pounded in?
Then get in that fucking car!

Ted starts pushing with all his might. Confused, Mark turns--
Sees 90's Ted stomping toward the hoopy.

MARK

Oh crap.

Mark bolts for the driver's seat.

TED

Pop the clutch!

MARK

The what?

TED

The clutch!! Pop it!

The car is rolling downhill now, picking up speed.

TED (CONT'D)

NOW!!

90's Ted is almost on him now -- as Ted starts running after the rolling vehicle.

Inside, Mark POPS the clutch, and the engine ROARS TO LIFE.

But now the car's moving too fast for Ted to catch up.

And worse, 90's Ted is right on his ass. He's totally fucked.

Mark checks the rearview, and against his better judgement, SLAMS on the brakes. Sarah throws open the back-door, and Ted dives inside, just narrowly escaping 90's Ted's grasp!

INT. MARK'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Ted pops up from the backseat, out of breath.

MARK

Who the hell are you? I demand to know what the hell is going on here!

TED

Yeah, no-go, stud. Not in front of the lady.

In the front seat, Sarah is LAUGHING, extremely drunk.

SARAH

Oh my god, *what an asshole!*

She looks back at the stranger in the backseat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about kissing you, sir. But it was... so familiar? Like, I've kissed you a hundred times before.

TED

Yeah, I'm a good fuggin' kisser.

But Sarah ignores him, continues ranting about 90's Ted.

SARAH

You know what the worst part is? I know this isn't the first time he's done something like this! My girlfriends tried to tell me, but nooooo. I knew better. "Ted wouldn't do that. He's not that kind of guy." Well guess what? He's TOTALLY that kind of guy!

She suddenly stops, quickly covering her mouth, a storm brewing in her gut.

TED

I think you better pull over.

MARK

Why?

Suddenly, Sarah lurches forward and HURLS out the window. After a moment, she pulls her head back inside.

SARAH

I feel sooooo much better now.

Mark looks like he's about to hurl himself.

MARK

Maybe it's best if we just get you home.

SARAH

No! I can't go home. If my parents find out I'm drunk they'll ground me for life. Then I won't be able to go to the championship game. And if I can't go to...

She trails off, her head suddenly lolling to the side as she passes-out mid-sentence.

MARK

(starting to freak)

Uh...is she okay? Is she dead?!

TED

Relax. She's drunk. She'll be fine.

A moment, then... Sarah starts SNORING.

EXT. DO-IT-YOURSELF CAR WASH - NIGHT

Ted hoses down a still passed-out Sarah.

MARK

Tell me what the hell is going on here. For real.

TED

Yeah, I don't think that's such a good idea. This is more like a need to know kind of sitch.

MARK

Tell me now or I go straight to the cops and tell them all about the old guy who was hooking up with underage high school girls.

TED

Whoa hombre, let's remember that she kissed me. If anything, I'm the one who didn't consent here.

But Mark's not budging. He means business.

TED (CONT'D)

Fine, you fuggin' wet blanket. I'm your brother. Ok? I traveled here from the future using your nerd invention in order to stop myself from a terrible mistake that is going to ruin all of our lives. There? Happy now?

Mark can only stare, in utter amazement and complete shock.

MARK

Ted?? But you look like crap?

TED

You're not exactly Zack Morris yourself.

MARK

(still in shock)

Wait, so you're telling me my Time Gate actually works??

TED

Like a hooker on New Year's Eve. And they tried to tell me you were the smart one in the family.

CUT TO:

EXT. TICO'S TACO HUT - NIGHT

Mark's car parked out front. Sarah passed out in the backseat. There's a stack of matted napkins covering her (to dry her off, of course.)

INT. TICO'S TACO HUT - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Ted and Mark are inside eating. Mark's still reeling from the bomb Ted just dropped.

TED

I can't believe they shut this place down. It's like instant diarrhea but still, best burritos EVER!!

He tears into his burrito. Still drunk.

MARK

Ted, you have to listen to me. You cannot under any circumstance just start running around changing the past all willy-nilly. There could be catastrophic consequences.

TED

You're one to speak. You built the machine. What'd you think it was for?

MARK

Research. It was for research. Not selfish personal gain! Especially not to fix some trivial football game!

Ted SLAMS down his fist.

TED

Hey! That game is not trivial! That game is the whole reason why my life sucks hot shit in the future!

MARK

Lives don't get shitty because of one football game. They get shitty for a whole plethora of reasons. It's like science. You can't expect to make some grand discovery overnight. It takes many, many failed attempts before a successful result can be yielded. Sometimes what you thought would work doesn't, so you go back to the drawing board and attack it from an alternate angle.

TED

Are you trying to say that I should kill Barry Jensen instead?

MARK

No! Absolutely do not do that.

(getting up)

I'm going to the bathroom. When I get back, we're gonna figure out how to send you back home.

He stomps off, leaving Ted to ponder his rapidly dwindling options. But Ted's stomach GRUMBLES. He ignores it, takes another bite of burrito, when he hears--

CASHIER (O.S.)
Here you go, Señor Jensen.

Ted's eyes go wide. Head turning toward the register, where--
BARRY JENSEN is picking up a to-go order.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Break a leg next week.

A look washes over Ted. A look that we will come to know/love/fear -- Ted has an idea!

EXT. TICO'S TACO HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Barry approaches his car, when--

TED (O.S.)
Barry Jensen?

BARRY JENSEN
Yes?

Barry turns, just in time to see Ted, with a brown bag shoved over his head, charging toward him with a TIRE IRON.

TED
Tonya Harding, beeyotch!!

He tries to tackle Barry, but the spry (and much younger) Barry easily sidesteps Ted, causing the old brute to smash into the side of Barry's car.

Dazed, the brown bag now wrapped around his head, Ted wobbles back to his feet and blindly charges once more.

But, again, Barry easily manhandles Ted with a jiu-jitsu takedown, then CRACKS him in the back with the tire iron.

Ted reels in pain.

TED (CONT'D)
Holy crap, you're a ninja!

The CASHIER rushes outside.

CASHIER
Señor Jensen, is everything alright?

BARRY JENSEN
 Call the cops, Enrique! This man
 tried to rob me.

On the ground, Ted grunts, in severe pain.

TED
 Cops?!

Enrique darts inside. But when Barry turns back around, Ted has already scrambled to his feet, fleeing for Mark's car.

MEANWHILE - INSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Mark comes out of the bathroom, spots the now empty booth.

He looks out the window -- sees Ted stumbling to his car -- as Enrique rushes inside, hastily dialing 9-1-1.

BACK OUTSIDE

Ted tries in vain to start the old hoopty.

TED
 C'mon you piece of crap!

The car starts rolling slowly forward. Ted glances into the rearview, sees--

Mark, straining to push-start the car.

MARK
 Pop the clutch!

The engine ROARS to life. Mark dives into the passenger seat.

INT. MARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Out of breath, Mark digs for his inhaler, takes a hit.

MARK
 What... did... you do?

TED
 I took your advice. I tried to
 break Barry Jensen's legs.

MARK
 I clearly said not to do that!

TED
 You definitely insinuated it.

MARK
No, I did not.

TED
It was implied. You implied it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TED & MARK'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - LATER

Mark and Ted struggle to quietly carry a still very passed-out Sarah across the yard, trying not to wake anyone.

They speak in hushed whispers:

MARK
I don't get it, why come back here?

TED
I told you. I have to stop myself from fumbling that ball. If I never fumbled, then everything in my life would be like it was supposed to be. I go on to play college football, I get the love of my life back, and Barry is the one working at the post office eating shit sandwiches all day. It's how life is supposed to turn out. All we gotta do is fix that game.

Mark stumbles, accidentally drops Sarah with a heavy thud. The brothers wince, bracing themselves -- but Sarah just continues snoring. Relieved, they pick her back up.

INT. MARK'S GARAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted tucks Sarah into the bed, places a trash can in her arms. Behind them, Mark examines his Time Gate in awe.

MARK
You should know, scientifically speaking, there's no guarantee anything you do here will actually make a difference. No matter what changes you make, events are still likely to inevitably play out as they always have.

TED
That so? Well guess what, Bill Nye, tonight at that party Sarah kissed me, whereas originally she kissed Brian Bittner!

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Thus, proof that I've already changed
integral events. Boom. Brain
explosion emoji.

Mark flits around the room, powering up the Time Gate.

TED (CONT'D)

Hey, hold on. What are you doing?

MARK

What I said we were doing. We're
going to try and send you home.

Ted reaches over, powers the Time Gate back off.

TED

No-no-no! I haven't fixed the game
yet. What about the whole universe
imploding if we don't fix this me
and Sarah thing?

MARK

I think our most prudent option is
to get rid of you before you cause
any further catastrophic damage.

TED

Newsflash, little bro, but it ain't
just my future that blows back there.

Mark plugs his ears, HUMS loudly to himself.

MARK

Nope. Not hearing this. I already
know too much as it is.

TED

(louder)

Mom and Dad are divorced in the
future! Mom looks like Mickey Rourke
now, by the way. And Dad, well, he's
dead. Sorry to be blunt about it,
but it's true.

MARK

Don't punish me just because you're
still a giant dong and I end up
going to MIT and becoming a world-
renowned scientist.

Ted goes noticeably quiet. *Too quiet.*

MARK (CONT'D)

Okay, so I went to Stanford after I win the science fair? Still a really great school.

Only Ted doesn't say anything. Now Mark's growing really uncomfortable.

MARK (CONT'D)

I didn't go to Stanford either?

TED

You said don't tell you.

MARK

Well now I'm saying tell me!

TED

Which is it? Tell you or don't tell you? You're a very confusing young man--

MARK

Ted!

TED

(a breath, then)

You're in jail. They got your big brain locked up tighter than the Unabomber.

Like a shot to the gut, the color drains out of Mark's face. He stumbles backwards to the bed, takes a seat.

MARK

Jail?!... How is that even possible?

Mark can't believe what he's hearing.

MARK (CONT'D)

It doesn't make sense... If I'm in jail, then nothing I'm doing now matters. All the hours and days... No MIT. My entire life is just a giant waste.

TED

Yeah, real Hallmark tear jerker we got here, but let's stay focused, 'kay? If we fix this game then nothing I've done, not fighting myself, or making out with Sarah will matter. We'll fix everyone's future. Mom. Dad. Me. Even you.

He hesitates, pained to even say it.

TED (CONT'D)

But I can't do this without your help. I need you, Mark.

MARK

But you don't even like me.

TED

Of course I like you! You're my brother. Plus, in the future, we're totally BFF's. I visit you like every week in jail.

MARK

(skeptical)

Why should I trust you?

TED

Do you really have any other choice?

It's not the most convincing rationale but least it's honest.

MARK

Okay. But we need a plan. A real plan.

Mark moves to his whiteboard. Starts erasing stuff.

TED

I had a plan. I was simply going to warn myself about fumbling the ball...but because Sarah decided she couldn't keep her hands off this luscious man-meat, now my younger self blames me for the whole cheating on Sarah-slash-blowjob thing. So I'm afraid just warning myself may be out of the question now.

MARK

I need to know exactly what happened when Sarah originally caught you?

Ted bites his tongue.

TED

I dumped her.

MARK

Lying isn't going to help us here.

TED

Fine! She broke up with me.

(then)

I was so distraught over it all that I was more worried about getting Sarah back than about winning the game, hence the fumble. You could say I was peacocking for her.

MARK

Peacocking?

TED

Yeah, it's like shirt-cocking but you're not naked--

MARK

I'm familiar with what peacocking is. I just don't understand why you would--

(then, lightbulb)

Oh my god, that's it!

TED

I really don't think shirt-cocking is going to fix this situation, Mark--

MARK

What? No! We have to get you - the original you - and Sarah back together before the big game.

TED

Okay, yeah, that makes way more sense.

Mark draws a TIMELINE on the whiteboard. At the very end, he scribbles 'The Big Game'.

MARK

We have one week before the championship game in which to refocus your younger self's head on the game. To do this, we need 90's Ted to apologize to Sarah so they can reconcile and get back together.

TED

That's it? Pfft, fuckin' cake job.

MARK

I think you may be grossly underestimating how hard this will be.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

90's Ted won't even listen to you.
And we both know he's never going
to apologize, ever.

But Ted just smiles. A huge shit-eating grin.

TED

Then we'll just have to help him
along, won't we?

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S GARAGE ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Sarah slowly opens her eyes...immediately grimacing at her
wicked headache. She orients, and sees-

TED & MARK, staring at her.

SARAH

Jesus--!

TED

Sorry, didn't mean to spook you.

Mark holds out 2 Advils and a cup of coffee.

MARK

For the hangover.

SARAH

Thanks.

(then)

I'm sorry about last night. I had a
little bit of a moment--

TED

Totally understand. We've all been
there. I once woke up inside a Porta
Potty. Like, not inside the plastic
tube per se, but more like inside
the hole-- It's not important.

SARAH

I'm sorry...I don't think I ever
got your name?

TED

My name...Um...

Panicked, Ted doesn't know what to say. He scans the room,
eyes landing on an "INVASION U.S.A." POSTER on the wall.

TED (CONT'D)
Chuck. Norris... Chuck Norris.

He regrets it immediately.

SARAH
Like the movie star?

But he doubles-down anyway, for some reason.

TED
Yup.

SARAH
Wow. That's...like so cool.

TED
Yeah. Super cool.

SARAH
I should get going. My parents are
going to shit a brick.

She looks at Ted, something deeply subconscious drawing her toward him. Something she can't quite explain, which is currently manifesting in a look that reads somewhere between infatuated and constipated...

SARAH (CONT'D)
I don't know why, maybe it's the
hangover talking, 'cause you're,
like, not normally my type or
whatever. You're kinda old...kinda
chubby, but for some odd reason I
feel drawn to you.

Ted and Mark share a look: *Uh oh.*

TED
As flattering as all that is, I
think maybe your very athletic,
very sexy boyfriend might very much
dislike that.

SARAH
Yeah, well, after last night I
think we may be taking a much-
needed break.

TED
You never know, maybe he will
apologize.

Sarah scoffs.

SARAH

Ted doesn't think he's ever done a single thing wrong in his entire life. He's not exactly a "feelings" kinda guy. So the last thing I'd count on is some sort of apology.

Sarah gets up, gathering her things.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hell, Ted's never even taken me on a proper date before. Facts.

TED

Noooo. He took you to that arcade that one time, set the high score on Mortal Kombat.

Sarah, confused, looks back at Ted strangely.

TED (CONT'D)

(covering)

You were talking about it drunk last night.

SARAH

You're kind of a weird guy, huh?

(then)

I like weird though. Keeps things interesting.

She pecks Ted on the cheek, then heads for the door. Passing Mark on her way out.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Thanks for helping me last night, Mark. Don't worry, I won't say a word to Ted.

She 'zips her lips', and with a wink, heads out.

MARK

Well this is very, very bad.

TED

I know, what an asshole I am. Never taking her on a date?

MARK

What? No. I mean, yes, obviously. But don't you see what's happening?

Ted doesn't.

MARK (CONT'D)

She's into you. Like *into you* into you.

TED

Probably my overpowering pheromones. And the fact she has insane daddy issues.

MARK

That kiss last night is exactly the kind of chaos I was talking about. Not only is Sarah going to dump Ted, she's also coming onto you now!

TED

Can you really blame her though?

Mark just glares at him.

MARK

Clearly she's acting out. Get dressed. We have to fix this, now.

Mark starts to get changed -- when his mother enters from the house, unannounced, with a basket of clean laundry.

She sees Ted, startled by the sight of a grown man standing in her half-naked teenage son's bedroom.

GLEENDA

I'm sorry, I didn't know we had a guest.

MARK

Um, Mom, this is--

TED

Mark's science fair advisor. Mr. Norris.

She looks at Ted. Then Mark, rocking his underoos. Suffice it to say but this looks highly sketch.

GLEENDA

Norris? Like the actor?

TED

Yes. Apparently everyone remembers who Chuck Norris is. We're... distant cousins.

GLEENDA

Hmm. You look very familiar--

MARK

Alright, Mom! We got lots of boring science work to do. Bye.

He quickly ushers her back up the stairs--

GLEENDA

Not before you eat some breakfast. Have your teacher join us, *I insist*.

And she disappears back into the house, but not without one last bewildered look back at Ted.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ted and Mark come into the kitchen where Dad is reading his sports page at the table. Ted can't help but stare, mouth agape, at his living, breathing father seated across from him.

GLEENDA

Mark, honey, the microwave's on the fritz again.

MARK

Probably just another power surge, Mom. I'll fix it later.

Kent peers down from his paper, a little unnerved by the grown man still just staring at him.

KENT

(to Mark)
Something wrong with him?

TED

(tries to cover)
Sorry...Just surprised to see you alive-- er, in the flesh. Because you're a coaching legend. Of course.
(then, quickly)
Name's Chuck. Norris. But you can just call me Chuck.

GLEENDA

Like the actor. Ain't that a trip? He's Mark's science advisor.

KENT

Uh huh.

Kent, disinterested, goes right back to reading his paper.

90'S TED (O.S.)
 Woo dog, I am starvin' like a whore
 in church!

90's Ted barrels around the corner, scooping up a slice of
 bacon before he even realizes...Ted is here.

90'S TED (CONT'D)
 What the hell's this tool-bag doing
 in my house?

He snarls, ready to attack.

GLEENDA
 Ted, be nice. This is your brother's
 science teacher, Mr. Chuck Norris.

90'S TED
 You're too fat to be Chuck Norris.

TED
 It's a very common name. Totally
 different people.

Kent smacks 90's Ted across the back of the head.

KENT
 Knock the shit off and sit down.

90's Ted, neutered, does as he's told. Still simmering. But
 he refuses to take his icy glare off Ted.

GLEENDA
 So, Mark, how is the science fair
 project coming along?

MARK
 Um, you could say we've made some
 pretty big progress recently...

GLEENDA
 (to "Chuck")
 Did you know Marky read Carl Sagan
 cover-to-cover when he was four? He
 was always so obsessed with how
 things worked. Took apart the
 toaster when he was just five.

As Glenda continues, the tension between the two Ted's only
 keeps building. 90's Ted and Ted refusing to take their eyes
 off one another as they eat. Both parents oblivious.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

My own lil' Einstein. Y'know, he's gonna go to M.I.T. Change the world.

Mark beams, feeling pride from his mother talking about him.

90'S TED

(pfft)

Big whoop. I once scored five touchdowns in a Pop Warner game.

GLEENDA

Oh Ted, that reminds me, invite Sarah over for dinner tonight. Making my famous meatloaf.

KENT

That girl's a keeper, don't go doin' what you always do and screw it up.

Now Ted smiles -- relishing in 90's Ted's agony.

90'S TED

Don't worry, Sarah and I have never been better. Like peanut butter and jelly.

TED

You know, sometimes peanut butter tastes better with a little jam instead.

90'S TED

Fuck jam. Jelly could kick jam's ass, any day, any time.

Mark leans over to Ted, whispers:

MARK

What are you doing?

TED

(whispers back)

This'll help motivate me. Trust me.

Ted stares across the table, eyes locked with 90's Ted.

TED (CONT'D)

Or, maybe jelly's just jelly of a little good 'ol aged jam. Maybe peanut butter enjoys the soft, matured texture that only some deliciously preserved jam can give it.

90'S TED

If jam knew what's good for it, it'd stay away from jelly's peanut butter.

TED

Jam gonna spread itself *all over* that sweet, sweet peanut butter.

Glenda, oblivious to their very specific subtext, chimes in, eyeing her very checked-out husband as she says:

GLENDA

I'm actually reading a book for class right now that says it's really beneficial to try new and *different* things. Like maybe peanut butter and bananas?

UNDER THE TABLE,

Glenda tries to get Kent's attention by playing footsie but instead accidentally rubs her foot against Ted -- who startles and immediately jumps to his feet.

90's Ted, thinking they're about to rumble, does the same.

GLENDA (CONT'D)

Wow, you boys are really passionate about your peanut butter, huh?

90'S TED

'Cuse me. I've lost my appetite.

He storms off as Kent peers out from behind his paper.

KENT

That's just stupid. Peanut butter is only meant to be put on bread. Everyone knows this.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mark's car is the only car in the entire parking lot.

He and Ted approach the school. Ted now dressed in blocky glasses, a sweater, and khakis. Very 90's Normcore.

TED

I look like a tool.

MARK

It's called blending in.

(then)

Now look, we both realize you --
the old you -- is incapable of
winning Sarah back on his own.

TED

I'll pretend I'm not offended by
that very obviously offensive
statement.

MARK

Ted will never listen to you, let
alone anyone else's advice.

TED

Agreed. Though, I stand firm that
get Sarah flowers, have sex in the
position that she likes would
undoubtedly do the trick.

MARK

It's precisely this kind of
thinking why we must find a way to
reconcile the two of them.

They reach the school's entrance, only the lights are off and
the doors are locked. Mark pulls a key from his bag.

TED

You have keys? To the school?

MARK

Everyone agreed it was easier than
bothering teachers on the weekends.

Mark unlocks the doors as we CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Fluorescent overhead lights flicker on -- illuminating a high
school science lab. Mark pulls out the CRYSTALLIZED LIGHT
PRISM from his pocket. Shows it to Ted.

MARK

This right here is what makes my
Time Gate possible. I saved up for
two years to buy it specifically
from an optics lab in Germany.

Ted takes the prism from Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

Please be careful with that.

TED

Completely random, just curious that's why I'm asking, but if someone say, started up the machine without the prism, could it possibly, I don't know, start a fire?

MARK

Geez, that amount of concentrated energy, I only hope that's the worst that would happen.

Ted bites his lip. Noted. As Mark moves to the blackboard, starts erasing stuff.

MARK (CONT'D)

When I started building my machine, I identified a back-door into the local nuclear plant's internal network. I set up an undetectable malware in order to siphon power from the plant's grid--

TED

I once siphoned gas from the neighbor's Buick.

MARK

Sure...kinda like that.

TED

So you really are like some supersonic Iron Man nerd?

MARK

Please. Iron Man is an alcoholic sociopath with daddy issues.

TED

Yeah, but who isn't?

MARK

Look, there's no need to waste time explaining why the Time Gate works, it just does. Also you'd never understand even if I did tell you.

ON THE BLACKBOARD, Mark draws a long, straight line.

MARK (CONT'D)

But here is what you do need to know. Theoretically, a Time Gate can only travel in a singular direction. Meaning, one can only go so far back as to when, and technically where, another portal exists, and is operational.

TED

So no going back to try and ride dinosaurs, got it.

Now Mark draws a point on the timeline. Notating it as their current moment in time - 1998.

MARK

Which is also why we can't just merely send you even further back in time to correct said oversights you may or may not have already made by messing with your own self.

Then Mark draws a separate point and a line that connects the two to the year 2022, aka Ted's "present."

MARK (CONT'D)

Ergo, you traveled as far back as scientifically possible. Barring the existence of another Time Gate I'm unaware of, of course.

(then)

Which brings us to a slightly bigger conundrum. Being the Time Gate is unidirectional, in order to send you back home, we'll need to find a way to reverse the gate.

TED

Sounds easy enough.

MARK

It's not at all.

TED

But you'll figure it out.

MARK

It's going to be incredibly difficult.

TED

But you can do it.

Ted smiles. Mark sighs.

TED (CONT'D)

In the meantime, I will figure out how to get Sarah and myself back together.

(then, thinking)

I'mma need to get inside her head. Think like her. Only I gotta be honest, brosef, I can't remember anything but her phenomenal tail pipe. It's quite distracting.

MARK

That's incredibly reductive of you.

TED

(thinks it's a compliment)

Thank you.

MARK

What about a journal?

TED

I've never been much of a writer, Mark. You know this.

MARK

No, I mean Sarah's. Every girl in high school has a diary, right?

TED

Pfft. C'mon. Only chicks write about their feelings. Probably explains why you have one.

He grabs a YELLOW LEATHER-BOUND JOURNAL out of Mark's bag.

MARK

That is a journal. Einstein and Edison both kept journals. It's totally different.

(can't let it go)

For your information, it's been scientifically proven journaling reduces depression and anxiety.

TED

Yeah, so does masturbating.

Mark angrily snatches his journal back as we CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Ted and Mark crouched behind a car across the street, spying on Sarah's house.

TED
Sarah's at cheerleading practice
and her mom is at book club.

MARK
What about her dad?

But Ted just smiles, watching as --

A modest SEDAN pulls up outside the house.

MARK (CONT'D)
Is that...Mr. Horton, the shop
teacher?

The front door of the house opens and out hurries Sarah's
DAD, looking antsy. He gets into the sedan with the other MAN
and they share a quick but passionate embrace.

TED
Caught 'em once when I forgot my
backpack.
(laughing, remembering)
Man. Crazy times. Blackmailed 'em
both into paying me a hundred bucks
to not say anything.
(then)
Saying that aloud now I realize how
super messed up that probably was.

The car drives off. Ted bolts out from his hiding spot, jogs
across the street to the house. Mark hurrying to catch up.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Mark tries the backdoor. Locked. Meanwhile, Ted peers up at
an open second-story window. He turns to Mark, who instantly
knows what Ted is thinking.

MARK
No. No way.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Mark precariously climbs the unstable trellis. It's super
sketch. One of the wood pieces SNAPS -- and Mark nearly free-
falls two-stories -- but somehow holds on and struggles to
pull himself up and inside the window.

TED
See, fuggin' cake walk.

A moment later, the backdoor swings opens. Mark seething.

MARK
I hate you.

TED
Feeling's mutual.

He bull-rushes past Mark, inside the house.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM

Mark & Ted rifle through Sarah's room, in search of her diary.

TED
Any luck?

Mark pulls open a dresser drawer -- *Sarah's underwear drawer*.
He quickly closes it.

MARK
Nope. You?

TED
Blackjack!

Ted digs the DIARY out from underneath the mattress. They're just about to dive in -- when they HEAR a sound outside.

Mark rushes to the window, sees... SARAH'S CAR pulling into the driveway.

MARK
Sarah's home early!

TED
Shit!

They HEAR the front door opening. Someone moving up the stairs.

They look around, nowhere to hide. Then both hastily scramble underneath the canopy bed. It's a tight fit. They jostle.

MARK
(whisper)
Stop breathing so hard.

TED
(whisper)
I can't help it, I have sleep apnea.

The bedroom door swings OPEN, and Sarah steps inside...

The boys peer out from beneath the bed, trying to stay quiet, watching as -- Sarah peels off her top.

Ted's eyes instantly lighting up. But Mark feels bad, and like a gentleman, looks away. Ted rolls his eyes, *choir boy*.

Sarah stares at herself pensively in the mirror. All she can seem to notice are self-imposed flaws though. She sucks in her stomach. Then, with a sigh, heads into the bathroom.

We HEAR the shower turn on, and that's Mark & Ted's cue to get the hell out of there.

INT. TICO'S TACO HUT - DAY

Ted pages through Sarah's diary while mowing down a burrito.

MARK

We shouldn't have done that. That was an invasion of privacy.

TED

Sometimes a little wrong does a whole lot of good.

(then)

Ooh, here we go!

Ted starts to read:

TED (CONT'D)

"Ted's the toughest guy I know. He's never afraid of anything. All I can ever seem to think about is how scary the future is, and what my life will look like."

(to Mark)

See that? I'm a fuckin' catch.

MARK

I think you're missing the point.

Ted rolls his eyes, keeps reading.

TED

"Most days I worry I'll just end up like my mother, marrying someone but never truly being in love."

MARK

That's so sad.

TED

Blah, blah, blah. Nothing useful here.

He starts flipping through more pages.

TED (CONT'D)
 Ooh, here's a juicy one.
 (reading)
"I lost my virginity tonight. I really thought Ted would last longer--" Okay, that one's not really relevant.

Ted shuts the diary, annoyed.

TED (CONT'D)
 Look, it's very clear what we need.

MARK
 For you to be a more empathetic boyfriend who listens to the needs and fears of his girlfriend?

TED
 What? No. What we need is for Ted to make a big romantic gesture.

MARK
 Wouldn't it be better if just you went and actually *talked* to her? Remind Sarah of all the reasons why she fell for Ted in the first place?

TED
 (groaning)
 Ugh, you sound like Mom.
 (then)
 Mark, I mean this in the nicest way possible, but you obviously don't know jack crap about women. So I'mma need you to sit back and soak in the masterclass I'm about to lay down free of charge, 'kay?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Science lab. Disinterested, rowdy students paired up running through benign experiments.

Usually, this would be Mark's jam, but right now his mind is elsewhere. Buried in his notebook scribbling scientific equations, struggling to figure out how to get Ted home.

RHETT (O.S.)
 Dude, push harder!

BRETT (O.S.)
 You push harder, douchebag!

Across the lab, Brett & Rhett are playing grab-ass, laughing as they try and force two giant repelling magnets together.

Mark looks up, noticing them-- Synapses start firing. A bolt of inspiration. *That's it!*

The sound of a SCHOOL BELL takes us to:

INT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunch period. Ted enters, soaking in his old stomping grounds. He scans the cafeteria-- and spots Sarah at a nearby table with her girlfriends.

Now Sarah sees "Chuck" from across the lunch room. She starts giggling with her girlfriends as he makes his way over.

TED
 Hey there, sweet thing.

SARAH
 Hi, Chuck.

Sarah's girlfriends gather up their trays and move off, leaving the two of them alone.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 I haven't been able to stop thinking about the other night.

TED
 Really?
 (reorienting)
 I mean, look, Sarah...I've been thinking a lot about the other night, too.

Sarah gazes at Ted with strong infatuation. Which only makes what comes next all that much more difficult for Ted:

TED (CONT'D)
 The thing is, you're a great girl. Total smoke-show, obviously. And despite our advanced difference in age, what we shared was truly special...But you still have your whole life ahead of you...

Ted gently rests his hand on Sarah's, trying to ease the pain of "letting her down." A gesture that she clearly confuses as Ted just being cute and affectionate.

TED (CONT'D)

You should be with someone, y'know,
with amazing good looks. Who's
willing to admit their mistakes.
And who doesn't want you to just
turn into your mother.

Ted nods across the cafeteria, toward--

90'S TED, who's busy intimidating a NERVOUS KID into giving
up his french fries.

TED (CONT'D)

You understand what I'm saying, right?

SARAH

(with a knowing wink)

Totally!

She and Ted are obviously having two totally different
interpretations of this conversation.

Meanwhile, across the cafeteria, 90's Ted has just spotted
Ted and Sarah together. Then, sees Mark entering the lunch
room, and beelines it right for his brother, cornering him:

90'S TED

Yo. Time to come clean, ass-wipe. I
know the old dude's not your
science teacher.

He points across the cafeteria -- to Ted & Sarah.

Mark's just as surprised to see them together himself.

MARK

What the--

90'S TED

Who the fuck's old man river?

MARK

He's no one. He's just helping out
with my science fair project.

90'S TED

Newsflash, old dudes being friends
with teenage boys is creepy. He
touch you?

MARK

What? No. Jesus, Ted. He's just
trying to help.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

In fact, he's probably over there right now telling Sarah just how great of a guy you really are.

90's Ted doesn't believe a lick of it. Bores into Mark.

90'S TED

You know what I think? I think you're lying to me, broski.

He scoops up the much smaller Mark and DUMPS him headfirst into a trash can. Then, with revenge in his eyes, turns his ire right back onto "Chuck" and Sarah...

Only, "Chuck" is already gone. And Sarah's all alone again.

90's Ted heads over, turning on the charm.

90'S TED (CONT'D)

Hey there, sweet thing.

Sarah looks up, her mood instantly soured.

SARAH

What do you want, Ted?

90'S TED

I was hoping maybe we could talk.

MEANWHILE

Ted dumps over the trash bin, fishes Mark out. Quickly pulling him toward the exit.

MARK

What the hell are you doing here?

As they leave, we see YOUNG GUSTO, the school janitor. He sees the overturned trash bin, sighs, and starts cleaning.

INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

A 90's Radio Shack inside a bustling, hip mall. Mark's shopping for items. Ted's just touching everything he sees.

MARK

(excited)

I was just sitting there in class when it hit me--

TED

Usually when I was in class I was just staring at the back of girl's chairs so I could see their thongs.

MARK

I don't think you should tell people that.

(then, refocusing)

I can't believe I didn't think of it before. If my Time Gate is unidirectional, all we need to do is create a Reversed Field Pinch.

Mark might as well be speaking Japanese.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ok, have you ever tried forcing two ends of a magnet together?

TED

(laughs)

Yeah, that shit was hysterical.

MARK

Okay, so kinda like that, except if I can harness enough energy, I should be able to trigger a reverse in the Time Gate's polarity. It'll take a few days to gather the necessary parts, rig the energy source--

TED

I'mma be honest. I understood very little of what you just said but it sounds like good news.

(then)

In other good news, pretty sure I crushed the whole Sarah and Ted reconciliation. Wouldn't be surprised if they were literally getting it on as we speak.

The brothers reach the register where a cute, POP-PUNK CASHIER starts to ring them up.

POP-PUNK CASHIER

(definitely flirting)

Hey, Mark. Haven't seen you in here for a bit. I was starting to get worried you fell into a black hole.

She laughs, a little too hard at her own bad joke. Which goes totally over Mark's head.

MARK

Technically, it'd be impossible to actually fall into a black hole.

POP-PUNK CASHIER

Right. Of course.

(then)

I like your shirt. Very retro.

MARK

Thanks. I found it at a thrift shop.

POP-PUNK CASHIER

Dope. I love thrift shops. Maybe we could go treasure hunting sometime?

MARK

Why?

Ted punches Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ow. What?

Now Ted steps in, leaning lasciviously against the counter, and laying on the thick charm. Which really just feels super creepy.

TED

What my dorky yet adorable friend here meant was he'd love to try on pants with you that other people's genitals have already touched.

Now it's just gotten weird.

MARK

I'm sorry about him. Please don't call your manager.

Mark quickly pays, then hurries out of the store.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

Sbarro. Hot Dog on a Stick. All the greatest hits. The mall's been done up in Christmas decorations. There's even "Santa's Village" with a long line of parents and children.

We find Ted and Mark at a nearby table, eating.

TED

Dude. I just Goose'd that wingman job and you completely whiffed.

MARK

Doesn't Goose die in that movie?

(then)

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sure you think that was sweet of you but I can handle my own love life, thank you very much.

TED

Oh yeah?

Ted sets down his corndog.

TED (CONT'D)

Mark, let's cut the bullshit. Have you ever been with a woman before?

Mark scoffs, laughs uncomfortably.

TED (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

MARK

Okay, can we not do whatever this is about to be, please?

TED

Fine, so Radio Shack chick wasn't your type. What about her then?

Ted starts pointing out other cute girls around the mall.

MARK

Look, I'm just not really focused on women at the moment.

TED

I knew it! I knew when you didn't look at Sarah naked in her room that you were into dudes!

(then, quickly)

Not that there's anything wrong with that. I'm a total ally. I can wingman dudes, too, no problemo.

MARK

What? No, I mean I'm just into one particular girl. Ok?

TED

If you say her name is science I'm going to punch you.

MARK

It's complicated. You wouldn't understand--

But before Mark can explain himself, or Ted can pry further, Sarah sneak-attacks Ted from behind, covering his eyes.

SARAH
Guess who?

TED
Heyyyyyy, you.

SARAH
Hi Mark.

Mark chokes on his words, failing to respond with anything other than a guttural sort of burp-like noise.

TED
What are you doing here? Shouldn't you, y'know, be off with someone special right about now?

SARAH
(thinks she means him)
Ugh, I wish. My mom forced me to take my stupid sister shopping. So annoying, right?

And here comes Sarah's head-gear wearing, total little shit-kicker of a sister, WENDY (15.)

She glares menacingly at Mark, her arch-nemesis.

WENDY
Hello, Mark. How's your dumb science fair project coming along?

Mark tries to ignore her -- but Wendy pulls up a seat. Ted, on the other hand, looks like he's seeing a ghost.

TED
You're Sarah's sister?

WENDY
(to Sarah)
Is this guy retarded?

TED
You can't really say that anymore. You'll get cancelled.

WENDY
(confused)
By who?

She's bored with Ted, has more pressing matters on her mind. Like trying to intimidate her competition.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You should know that I am building a badass means by which to thwart home invasions. So don't go cryin' to your momma when this girl kicks your science project's ass.

Wendy reaches into her fanny pack -- and pulls out a NINJA STAR. She starts proudly showing it off.

TED

Whoa. That's a pretty bad-ass ninja star you got there.

WENDY

Yes it is, Mark's dad.

TED

I'm not Mark's dad.

She completely ignores Ted.

WENDY

This sucker could cut a man's sack completely in half with one swipe.

She demonstrates by easily slicing through Ted's corn dog. Then stares daggers at Mark.

TED

You're a violent little girl, aren't you?

SARAH

Chuck, could we talk? In private?

Ted and Mark share a look.

TED

(whispers, to Mark)
See, plan's working perfectly.

Ted gets up, moving off to the side, out of earshot.

SARAH

So I've been thinking about what you said in the cafeteria today. And you've really opened my eyes.

TED

I know it wasn't easy--

SARAH

And you were right, Ted's just an asshole boy. I do deserve better.

TED

I don't think that's what I was--

SARAH

--I deserve a man.

She caresses "Chuck's" arm.

SARAH (CONT'D)

That's why I told Ted we were done.
For good. Now you and I can do
whatever we want together.

DOLLY-ZOOM. GLASS SHATTERS. RECORD SCRATCH. Whatever you wanna call it, this is Ted's 'Martin Brody shark-in-the-water' moment.

Which is precisely when we hear a FAMILIAR VOICE ringing out through the mall food court:

90'S TED

CHUCK NORRIS!!

Ted turns--

Across the food court, 90'S TED. Clearly on the war path.

90'S TED (CONT'D)

I'mma 'bout to plant a tree in your mom's ass and fuck your sister in its shade, bro!

SARAH

(shouts back)

Are you following me?! We broke up, Ted!

TED

(trying to diffuse)

Maybe we all take a beat, split an Orange Julius, and hash this out?

90'S TED

Fuck you, old man!

MARK

(to Ted)

You said you handled this?

TED

I think maybe something clearly got
lost in translation!

Then, like a bullet from a gun, 90's Ted FLIES toward Ted. A mulletted, *very athletic bullet*. Tossing food court chairs and tables out of his way like he's a goddamn T-1000.

Ted, panicked, tries to keep the fuming 90's Ted at bay -- throwing anything he can get his hands on -- trays, soda cups--

SARAH

What the fuck, Ted!?

Old Ted desperately tries to get at Wendy's ninja star...

WENDY

Back off, asshole!

...to no avail. So, he takes off --

-- fleeing through the busy mall, taking out helpless patrons in his path --

90's Ted chases after him...

Ted sprints for the escape of the escalator...

...Only this is the 'UP' escalator. Ted starts shoving people out of his way as he very slowly fights the current.

TED

Excuse me! Coming through! FUCK
OUTTA THE WAY!

But the younger, more athletic 90's Ted keeps gaining.

And he's much quicker up this escalator.

Finally, Ted spills out atop the second-floor, looking like he's about to keel over --

But no time to catch his breath, 90's Ted is on him quick -- GRABS Ted by the shirt --

A struggle ensues. The entire mall looking on as Ted flails, landing a wild knee to 90's Ted's groin.

He turns to flee, but 90's Ted GRABS at him again -- Ted spins, desperately trying to free himself -- and accidentally BODYCHECKS 90's Ted OVER THE SECOND-FLOOR RAILING!

90's Ted free-falls - *Oh fuck!* - and CRASHES into the Santa's Village below, taking out a horde of plastic reindeer.

Sarah rushes to "Chuck".

SARAH
Are you okay?

But Ted, worried, peers over the railing--

Sees 90's Ted, groaning, but alive. Ted exhales, relieved.
Then, spots mall SECURITY closing in.

TED
Shit. Sorry, gotta go.

He scrambles to his feet, *time to split*. Runs away. Leaving a smitten Sarah behind, swooning.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARK AND TED'S HOUSE - DAY

Mark and a battered, and shaken, Ted arrive back at the house.

TED
Jesus Christ, I almost died. This one is clearly all your fault.

MARK
How is this remotely my fault?!

TED
You were the one with the stupid, "Just talk to her" plan. Which obviously didn't work! Now Sarah's more in love with me than ever!

Meanwhile, Glenda is in the front yard watering her plants. She sees Mark and Ted, calls to them:

GLEENDA
Hey boys! Hope you're not working too hard.

She sprays the hose playfully at them as they quickly scurry into the safety of the garage. Soon as they disappear inside, KENT storms out of the house, all fired up.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

KENT
To bail our dumbass son out.

He gets into his car, peels out of there.

EXT. BACKYARD SHED - DUSK

Mark has moved the Time Gate out of the garage and into the backyard shed.

MARK

It's imperative we keep our distance from Ted right now. Who knows what he might do in his current fragile emotional state.

TED

The answer is some pretty fucked up shit. Trust me, I would know.

Mark has rigged together power cables, stringing them from the shed, over the fence, and across the street to a large GREEN ELECTRICAL TRANSFORMER in the alleyway. The side is clearly marked: "Property of Sunnyvale Electronuclear."

TED (CONT'D)

What kind of idiot schedules a science fair the same day as a state championship game?

MARK

School board actually tried to cancel the science fair but then I threatened legal action.

(dripping with disgust)

Can't afford new lab equipment but somehow the football team gets new jerseys every year.

TED

Sounds like someone's jealous the science fair dorks don't get to wear sweet-ass uniforms.

Mark makes one final adjustment on the machine, then:

MARK

Alright. Ready to commence testing.

REVEAL: Ted has been holding a neighborhood STRAY.

He positions the cat into the center of the Time Gate along with a can of tuna.

TED

(whispers to the cat)

Don't worry, it feels kinda nice actually.

Then, he slowly backs away. The cat just plops down, licking at its crotch aggressively.

Mark hits a few keys on his laptop. The HUM OF ELECTRICAL CURRENT picks up in intensity. The rings on the Time Gate begin to FLICKER... The ground starts to RUMBLE.

And then, just like before... *BOOM!!* A GREAT WHITE LIGHT. Once it dissipates...the cat is gone.

TED (CONT'D)
(worried)
Holy. Shit. Did we just nuke a fuggin' cat??

MARK
Hold on...

Mark concentrates, tapping away on his laptop.

MARK (CONT'D)
And in 3...2...1.

Suddenly, a SHARP BLAST OF WIND shoots out from the Time Gate, along with a DEAFEANING SONIC BOOM -- and the CAT REAPPEARS. Right where we last saw it. Still licking away.

It worked! Mark celebrates!

MARK (CONT'D)
I did it! I fucking did it!

All of which is immediately followed by an orchestra of LOUD NOISES. Cracking and popping, and then a HUGE BANG that blows out the entire neighborhood's electrical circuits.

It's a total and complete overload of the power grid.

TED
That could be a problem.

MARK
Just needs some final tweaks before tomorrow's science fair. Accounting for the...
(look at Ted)
...very distinct weight difference -- we're gonna need more power.

TED
But it works?

MARK
It should...*I think.*

TED

Well then I would say this calls
for a celebration, yes?

Ted moves to the spare fridge inside the shed. Retrieves two
cans of Dad's beer. CRACKS them open, offers one to Mark.

TED (CONT'D)

Your first beer with your brother.
It's illegal to say no.

MARK

I don't think that's true.

TED

Shut up and drink it.

Mark takes a sip, hates it, but still elicits a smile. A nice
brotherly moment for once.

TED (CONT'D)

I always wondered how you did it.

MARK

It's just science and math.

TED

No, the rest of it. The way people
always label you. Making fun of you.
Don't you care what they think?

MARK

No... Should I?

Ted thinks about it.

TED

Guess not. No.
(then)
But don't you wish sometimes you
were just, y'know...normal?

Mark gets quiet. The silence speaking volumes. Then:

MARK

It's not that I don't care...but I'm
never going to be like the great Ted
"the Taz" Mueller to *these* people.
I'm the weirdo. Or the outcast.
"That nerdy kid who skipped three
grades." I guess... this felt like
my chance to finally be seen.

Ted lets this land. Seeing his brother in a whole new light.

TED

Your state championship.

Ted polishes off his beer, a look of regret, even guilt washing over him... This isn't easy for him.

TED (CONT'D)

Look, there's something you should know... That night at the party, when Sarah kissed me?

MARK

...Yeah?

TED

She didn't originally kiss Brian Bittner. She kissed you.

MARK

What??

TED

I got totally bent with jealousy. Even though she was only doing it to get back at me, but I...sorta stole your crystal thingy so you'd lose the science fair.

MARK

(getting upset)
So you sabotaged me?

TED

In my defense, I didn't know it was going to blow up the school. Or that it was a time machine.

Now Mark's on the verge of fury.

MARK

It's a nuclear reaction! What'd you think would happen?!

TED

How the fuck was I supposed to know you were messin' with nukes! You know I'm an idiot!

(then, calmer)

But that's precisely why I'm here. Now. To fix what I did. It wasn't just about that fumble. It's all of it. If I succeed -- if we succeed -- it's a second chance, for all of us.

Mark wants to be cool, to understand... He climbs to his feet, trying to restrain himself.

MARK

I should get to bed. Big day tomorrow. Maybe try not to ruin everyone's lives even more between now and then.

And he heads for the house...

TED

Look. I know you're super pissed and you have every right to be. But...I am legit sorry. For always makin' fun of you for all this computer crap. And for the future times I will make fun of you for it. You should totally stick with it. Everything's all computers in the future so you shouldn't let some dickhead like me stop you. If you want things to be different, you just have to go after what you want, regardless of who stands in your way. Especially if it's me.

Mark and Ted share a look. A lifetime's worth of angst just maybe beginning to thaw. Just a little bit.

MARK

(anger subsiding a bit)
Now if only we can find a way to get Sarah to not like you anymore.

TED

Have you seen me? Fat chance.

They both laugh. Then...

MARK

You know, I've never understood how all these girls are always so in love with you...How did you, you know, convince them to stop crushing on you?

TED

Oh you mean the uggos?
(then)
Normally I'd just be a huge dick and make sure they saw me macking on hotter chicks.

Mark's eyes widen. He has an idea.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

A livid Kent marches out of the mall, towing 90's Ted behind.

KENT

What if you'd broken your legs? You think about that, genius?

90'S TED

I wasn't thinking--

KENT

That's your goddamn problem, Ted. You never think. We've worked too damn hard for you to screw this up for us now. You wanna be a fuck up your whole life or do you wanna get your head outta your own ass?

90's Ted lowers his head, chastised, but still simmering.

EXT. MARK AND TED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A ELECTRONUCLEAR POWER CREW works across the street on repairing the blown transformer. Ted watches from the driveway. But then...*he smells something.*

Ted moves to investigate, heads around to--

THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

-- where he finds Glenda smoking a cigarette. Seeing Ted, she quickly tries to hide the cigarette behind her back.

GLEENDA

Oh Jesus, you scared me!

TED

That shit's terrible for you.

GLEENDA

Oh I don't normally...this is just an occasional stress relief.

Ted looks at her, seeing maybe for the first time an insecure vulnerability in his mother. He doesn't say anything, instead sensing her need to vent, or open up, or whatever.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

It's hard, you know...to try and go back to school when you're my age. Two kids, a husband... I'm going to be a therapist. Well, I was. I don't really know anymore.

TED

Why's that?

She shakes her head, takes a long drag of her cigarette.

GLENDA

I just...I always wanted to make a difference. Kept telling myself one day. And then one day became one of these years and...well, time goes by awfully fast. Sooner or later you look up and realize it's all just been passing you by and you didn't even know it.

She flicks her hand, dismissing the flippant thought.

GLENDA (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter much. No one in my family seems to care...certainly not my husband. Can't remember the last time he told me I was pretty. I don't know why I'm telling you all this, I don't even know you--

She takes another drag of her cigarette -- but Ted reaches out and grabs her hand. Glenda looks up... as Ted looks at her, *really looks at her*.

TED

You're very pretty. Don't ever let anyone make you feel otherwise.

It takes Glenda's breath away. No, literally, she COUGHS on the cigarette smoke as she finally remembers to exhale.

TED (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?

GLENDA

Um okay, sure...?

TED

This therapy thing, does it make you happy?

GLENDA

No one's ever asked me that before.
(then, emboldened)
I like helping people.

TED

Then that's all that matters.

Glenda smiles to herself...and then at Ted.

GLEENDA

You're a really good listener.
It's an attractive quality. My
husband never listens.

Now Ted can't tell if she's flirting with him or not. Until she starts rubbing his arm. *Yup, definitely flirting.*

Ted reacts, rips his arm away.

TED

Oh-kay. I, uh, yeah-- I gotta take
a whiz. Real bad. Ok, bye.

And he splits, speed-walking quickly back to the front of the house, leaving behind a confused but intrigued Glenda.

BACK OUT FRONT

Ted rounds the corner, practically running. He sees Mark waiting in the driveway, holding a SMALL DUFFLE BAG.

MARK

Where'd you go?

TED

(jumpy and aggressive)
Can't a man piss on the side of the
house without being interrogated?!
(then, re: the duffle)
That it?

MARK

Yep.

TED

Alright. Here goes nothing.

They climb into Mark's car -- which, of course, has a hard time starting up. Once it finally does, the guys drive off.

INT. PONDEROSA STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Small town fancy on the outside. Peanut shells on the floor inside. We find Sarah and "Chuck" tucked into a corner booth.

SARAH

How'd you know this was my favorite
restaurant?

TED

Call it a wild hunch.

And then Ted belches, a complete and total disregard for public manners. Sarah recoils a bit, but smiles through it.

TED (CONT'D)

Jesus. You believe these prices?

An OVERLY-FRIENDLY WAITRESS approaches.

OVERLY-FRIENDLY WAITRESS

Hi y'all. We thinking about some appetizers tonight?

Sarah goes to speak -- but Ted rudely cuts her off.

TED

Yeah, toots. I'm gonna go with the ribeye. Extra mash. And let's just do a simple salad for the lady. No one likes a fattie, amirite?

He laughs. The waitress definitely does not. Sarah, suddenly feeling self conscious, just musters a complacent smile.

OVERLY-FRIENDLY WAITRESS

Oh-kay then.

And Ted shoos off the flabbergasted waitress...

...but as she retreats, WE STAY WITH HER -- passing by the front entrance where -- a LEGGY WOMAN enters (though for the moment her face is obscured from view.)

Still, whomever she is has clearly caught Ted's eyes -- and he makes no bones to hide his instant infatuation.

TED

Be right back. Gotta use the can.

Sarah watches, confused, as Ted's up and makes an immediate beeline for the Leggy Woman now seated at the bar. He begins blatantly and loudly flirting.

And it's at this moment, we finally get a look at the mystery "woman's" face...which, unbeknownst to Sarah, is actually Mark in really passable drag.

ON TED & MARK

TED (CONT'D)

(forced laughter)

Is she watching? Is she buying it?

Mark steals a coy glance over Ted's shoulder, at Sarah --

--who appears completely unfazed. As if she's dated assholes her entire life and doesn't know any better.

MARK

I don't think it's working. I think you really fucked her up when you were younger.

TED

Dammit. It's clearly 'cause you're not sexy enough.

MARK

(offended)

Screw you! I'm super sexy. I even shaved my legs for this.

TED

Oh please. We both know you're as bare as a Ken doll down there.

(then)

You need to be laughing at my jokes.

MARK

You're not telling any jokes.

TED

Because we're acting, dickhead.

Now Mark loudly laughs, in a terrible high-pitched titter.

TED (CONT'D)

Better. Now stroke my muscles.

MARK

I'm not gonna *stroke* you.

TED

Give 110% or why bother at all?

Mark, annoyed, starts caressing Ted's arms.

TED (CONT'D)

Anything?

Mark steals another look -- *Nothing.*

TED (CONT'D)

Screw it. Desperate times.

Ted suddenly grabs Mark by the cheeks -- and KISSES HIM!

The most awkward, incestuous kiss imaginable. Mark tries to break away, but the stronger Ted holds their embrace.

Sure enough, Sarah - embarrassed and heartbroken - gets up, in tears, and quickly flees the restaurant.

Finally, Mark pulls himself free from Ted, ready to hurl.

MARK
What the hell?!

Mark watches as Sarah storms outside, in tears. He feels awful.

INT. MARK'S CAR - NIGHT

It's raining. Ted drives as Mark, now changed, wipes the last bit of lipstick from his face.

MARK
I still taste like chicken wings
and bad choices.

TED
That's my acid reflux.

MARK
I know what we did was ultimately
for a good reason but...Sarah
didn't deserve that.

TED
She'll live. What's important
right now is that we keep our eyes
on the prize. Now Sarah will run
right back into Ted's arms, and
then he'll win the game.

MARK
Does any part of you find this at
all incredibly insensitive?

Ted suddenly SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

MARK (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Ted points out the windshield, UP AHEAD--

SARAH, walking alone along the side of the road, in the rain.

TED
This is our chance. Closers close.

MARK
What?

TED

It means seal the deal. Offer her a ride home. Which is where you will apologize on behalf of your idiotic, emotionally-stunted brother who clearly still loves her so much.

Before Mark can even protest, Ted's already out of the car.

TED (CONT'D)

No pressure. It's only just our entire futures here. Pick me up at the stadium when you're done.

And Ted scurries off into the night, leaving Mark solo.

MOMENTS LATER

Sarah, crying, in the rain. A car whooshes past. Then, brake lights come on. Nervous, Sarah looks over, sees--

MARK

Hey. You need a ride?

INT. MARK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mark and Sarah drive in awkward silence. Sarah dries her eyes. Mark wants to say something to help ease her...but instead goes with:

MARK

So...school, amirite?

It's enough to burst the dam. Sarah breaks into tears. Mark doesn't know what to do.

SARAH

Why is it that every guy is a total and complete prick?!

MARK

Is that... Do you want me to actually answer that?

SARAH

All they want is to get girls naked and hook up with them. Are there no fucking gentlemen left in the world??

MARK

(careful, but genuine)
I know it probably doesn't feel like it right now...but I assure you, not every guy is a massive douchebag like my brother.

SARAH

You're right. You are the one nice guy in this town, Mark.

MARK

(kidding)
I'm sure there's more than one.
Maybe two.

Sarah laughs through a puff of tears. It's a small moment but it's enough to embolden Mark... Here's his chance now to really drive his and Ted's plan home, but instead:

MARK (CONT'D)

Maybe...it's time to try nice for a change?

Sarah turns, looks at Mark, quizzically.

SARAH

Mark...are you flirting with me?

Uh oh. Mark clearly just crossed a line - the ultimate betrayal - and he knows it, too.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Because, I wouldn't say no...assuming you were, that is.

And now Mark can't hide the massive Cheshire grin stretching across his entire face...

SARAH (CONT'D)

You just passed my house.

Mark instinctively SLAMS on the brakes, jarring them both. Then quickly reverses, stopping in front of the correct house.

Mark and Sarah look at each other, two awkward teens unsure of what comes next.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So...call me, I guess?

MARK

Uh. Yeah. Totally. I will. Call you that is.

Sarah gets out of the car. Mark does a victorious fist pump, which Sarah totally sees. And which Mark totally tries to play off as he tries to drive away...but the car dies.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Sarah helps push-start Mark's car as he pops the clutch and the engine roars back to life.

MARK

Thank you!!!

He waves out the window as he drives off, leaving Sarah in the road with something to finally smile about herself.

The sound of glass SHATTERING takes us to:

INT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - NIGHT

A busted glass door. A HAND reaches inside, flips the lock.

Ted scuttles inside, soaked. After a moment, he composes himself and drifts down the empty hallway. Stops to gaze at the glory shots of his younger self adorning the walls.

INT. SUNNYVALE LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Ted enters, inhaling the stale, musty air. *Ah, the old smell of nostalgia...and jock straps.*

He finds 90's Ted's locker. Stares at the neatly pressed black jersey hanging inside.

And then, Ted notices a LIGHT spilling out from one of the offices. Curious, he approaches, peeking inside at--

His father, KENT. Poring over game film while chowing down on a greasy cheeseburger and fries.

Ted watches silently for a moment as his dad works. Then, turns to leave -- but runs SMACK into the wall.

KENT

Gusto? That you?

TED (O.S.)

Sorry, no, just me. Didn't know anyone else was still here.

Ted steps into the lit doorway.

KENT
Who the hell are you?

TED
The new science advisor? We met at
your house the other day?

Kent just stares back, no recollection whatsoever.

TED (CONT'D)
Chuck...Norris?

Kent continues to stare him down with eerie silence. Then:

KENT
That's a damn fine name. Greatest
actor of his time.

TED
Yup. Pretty awesome name.

KENT
My son and I love that "Walker
Texas Ranger." We never miss an
episode.

TED
I know...Er, I mean, same here.

KENT
What's a science advisor doin'
here at this hour?

TED
Just, uh, science stuff. Computers.
Rulers. You know, nerdy crap.

KENT
I don't believe much in all that
computer fad nonsense myself. My son,
Mark, big friggin' boner over that
stuff. Waste of time, ya ask me.

TED
Well, it's not that big of a waste.
Mark's a smart kid, just--

KENT
A total pushover.

Ted can't help but laugh a little.

TED
Nothing like that other son of
yours, huh?

KENT
Ted? Friggin' chip off the old block
that one.

Ted beams.

KENT (CONT'D)
Bright future if he ever gets his
shit together. Lord knows that boy
needs all the tough love he can get.

TED
You ever think...maybe that's not
always a good thing though?

KENT
(dismissive chuckle)
Now you're startin' to sound like
my wife, Chuck.

TED
I just mean, maybe being too tough
isn't always a good thing? Maybe
some people respond better to a
lil' positive reinforcement?

KENT
Lemme tell you something, Chuck. My
job is to mold these young boys into
men. And men gotta be tough. The
real world doesn't give two flips
about their *feelings*.
(then)
Hell, we're not careful, soon this
whole country's gonna turn into a
bunch of soft, touchy-feely pussies.

TED
I've, uh, recently been informed
people may find your usage of that
word demeaning.

KENT
My point exactly.

And now Ted backs off the gas, properly chastised by his
father (the same way we've seen 90's Ted chastised.)

TED

No, yeah, you're probably right. It was a stupid thought.

KENT

There's no stupid thoughts, Chuck. Just stupid people.

An awkward pause.

KENT (CONT'D)

Well I ain't got all night to jibber-jabber. Got a game to win tomorrow. Welcome aboard, Chuck.

He extends his hand and they shake.

KENT (CONT'D)

Fine grip you got there.

TED

My father taught me you can tell a lot by a how a man shakes your hand.

KENT

Sounds like a good man.

TED

He had his good and bad. Same as anyone I suppose.

Kent heads back to his game film, and his burger.

TED (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, may wanna lay off that fast food junk. Trust me...
(pats his own gut)
Stuff'll kill ya.

KENT

(with a hearty laugh)
Then why do they sell it?

Ted offers a half-grin and leaves. Once he's gone, Kent goes in for another bite, but hesitates, sets down the burger.

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The rain has subsided. Ted wanders outside to the empty stadium, when he HEARS someone in the stands...

Ted ducks, peering out to discover 90's Ted alone, eating burritos and hyperventilating.

Ted decides to make his move. And steps out of the tunnel, revealing himself to...*well, himself.*

TED
Tough day, huh?

Startled, 90's Ted hops to his feet, instantly ready to brawl.

TED (CONT'D)
Relax. I don't have any interest in fighting you to the death. Just looked like you could use a friend.

90'S TED
Yeah, well, maybe *I* have an interest in fighting *you*.

TED
I'm sure that's probably true but maybe just for tonight we squash the beef and not try to clap cheeks?

But this only ramps 90's Ted up even more.

90'S TED
Yo, you tryna hit on me, perv?

TED
That probably means something different than I thought it did. How 'bout I just sit over there?

90'S TED
(relenting)
Whatever, bro. It's a free world.

Ted finds a seat in the empty stands, far enough away as to not spook the wild boar.

TED
(re: 90's Ted's burrito)
Best burritos in town.

90'S TED
No doubt. Eat 'em before every game.

TED
Too bad they always give you the shits at halftime.

90's Ted looks quizzically at Ted, *how's he know that?*

TED (CONT'D)

So I assume.

(quickly pivoting)

It's called anxiety, by the way. I know 'cause I get it too sometimes.

90'S TED

What?

TED

That feeling, like you can't breathe and you think your chest is caving in. Everything feeling like it's moving so fast yet so slow at the same time. I used to get that a lot when I was your age. Felt like it was just crushing me. Football, college, this town, *my dad*.

Ted's hit a raw nerve, stirring something uncomfortable inside of 90's Ted. But he still refuses to give an inch.

90'S TED

Nahh, you're wrong, bro. I'm good. I'm the fuckin' tits.

TED

Sure. 'Cause "you're tough," right? But you're also human. You keep all that crap bottled up for too long, one day it's gonna explode on you. Then you're gonna look back and wonder how it all went so wrong. Only, by then, it'll be too late for a second chance.

A beat. For a moment, 90's Ted drops the facade.

90'S TED

Sometimes I wish I could just, like, be a nobody. No one expecting anything from me...like Mark.

TED

I actually think Mark *does* have grand aspirations--

90'S TED

"Science". *Ok, suuuure.*

TED

Look, I get some days you might think you want that...but you don't actually. Trust me.

And just as quickly as it appeared, that brief glimpse of vulnerability from 90's Ted is gone again.

90'S TED

Yo, thanks for the after-school special and all, but I think I can handle my own shit thank you very much.

TED

Suit yourself. After all, you're the one whose got the whole world figured out already, right?

Ted stands to go. But not without one last piece of advice:

TED (CONT'D)

She'll take you back, y'know.

Now this gets 90's Ted's attention.

TED (CONT'D)

It's okay to be vulnerable. Even a badass tough guy like you. Might surprise yourself. Sarah too.

He turns to leave--

90'S TED

This doesn't change the fact I still hate your stupid guts!

Ted keeps walking, calls back over his shoulder.

TED

Also, cut your brother some slack. He's a good kid.

And just like that, Ted disappears back beneath the stands and into the night.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah lies in bed, beaming, the tears from earlier gone. She flips through her yearbook, paging through photos of Mark...

Suddenly, the 1997 chart-topper "*Return of the Mack*" starts BLASTING at full volume from outside.

Startled, and curious, Sarah moves to her window, sees--

TED'S 4X4 PICKUP

--parked halfway up on the front lawn, the mailbox destroyed.
And 90's Ted standing atop his hood, SHOUTING over the music.

90'S TED
Sarah Martin!

Sarah cranks open her window.

SARAH
(harsh whisper)
Go away, Ted! You're gonna wake up
my parents!

90'S TED
Not until you take me back! Listen,
it's our song! Remember?

He lip-syncs to the lyrics while pelvic thrusting at the air,
when the front door of the house flies open--

SARAH'S DAD
What the hell's going on out here?

90'S TED
(still thrusting)
Buzz off, Gerald! This is between
me and Sarah!

SARAH'S DAD
I'm getting my gun.

He retreats back inside.

90'S TED
C'mon, forgive me and let's go get
it on.

SARAH
Go away, Ted! It's over between us.
I found a new man. Someone who
treats me with respect. Someone
who's nice to me.

90'S TED
You mean that fat old geezer?!

SARAH
No...I only kissed him to make you
jealous. Which I realize now was a
totally unhealthy coping mechanism.

90'S TED
Who is it then?! What's his name,
I'll kick his ass!

SARAH

It's Mark.

90's Ted doubles-over in a fit of laughter.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(deadly serious)

I'm not joking, Ted.

Now 90's Ted stops laughing. Hurt, fury, jealousy. So many conflicting emotions swirling inside him all at once.

But he covers it all with gritted teeth.

90'S TED

This isn't over, Sarah!

Super pissed, he jumps down off the truck and grabs a shitty bouquet of flowers he's clearly just moments ago pulled straight from the garden in the front yard.

90'S TED (CONT'D)

Here, I got you flowers.

He throws the flowers at the house, then hops into the truck and peels out, totally destroying the rest of the front lawn.

INT. MARK'S GARAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark. And quiet... *Too quiet.*

Outside, we hear the SCREECH OF TIRES. A door opening and SLAMMING shut. Then, the door into the garage flies open...

90's Ted enters, with bad intentions. He tries flipping on the lights -- but the power's still out.

90'S TED

Who are you really, fat and likely imposter Chuck Norris?

He rifles through Mark's desk. Searching for *something*. Pausing with intrigue as he comes upon Mark's YELLOW JOURNAL--

Inside, intricate and detailed SCHEMATICS of the Time Gate.

90's Ted tries to make sense of what he's seeing, but it might as well all be in hieroglyphics. But he does hone in on the PRISM, clearly the integral centerpiece of Mark's machine.

Off 90's Ted, mind churning, we CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mark and Ted driving, eating burritos now themselves. Mark's riding high at the moment. He can't stop smiling.

TED

What are you so goddamn giddy for?

MARK

Uh, nothing. Just excited the plan is working out.

Ted, skeptical, stares at Mark as the car pulls into the driveway, back home.

Across the street, the power crew is still working away on the transformer, late into the night.

INT. MARK'S GARAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Ted enter, power still out, but Mark finds a flashlight and clicks it on, illuminating...

A room in total desecration. Mark's lab destroyed. Shit tossed all over the place. And the Time Gate beat to hell! And spray-painted on the garage door:

"STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL, SHITSTAIN"

Ted and Mark can only stare in utter shock at the destruction.

MARK

Why would you do such a thing?!

TED

I clearly have an unhealthy relationship with my own feelings!

(then)

God, I hate me.

The desperation is starting to sink in.

TED (CONT'D)

You can fix this though, right? All we need is a little duct tape. You have to fix this! I have to get back home to start living my new awesome life! You gotta have, like, blueprints around here somewhere?

Mark picks up his YELLOW JOURNAL from the wreckage. Or, what's left of it -- its contents shredded.

MARK

You mean *these* blueprints?

TED

This doesn't make sense. I never destroyed the machine. I only stole the crystal-thingy. Something must've happened we didn't account for.

Mark goes noticeably quiet.

TED (CONT'D)

Mark?...

Mark avoids Ted's gaze.

TED (CONT'D)

Mark...what did you do?

MARK

You're the one who told me to go and take what I wanted!

TED

WHAT DID YOU DO!?

MARK

You don't deserve her.

Ted GASPS. Then SLAPS Mark, surprising both of them.

TED

Our plan was going so well...until you had to go and fuck it up the ass!

Ted paces, his whole world spinning wildly out of control.

MARK

We can fix this. We still have time.

TED

No. You've "fixed" enough. I should've went with my gut and handled things on my own in the first place. Without your "help".

MARK

You know what, Ted, screw you. I may not know the future but I know if there's anyone on this planet who doesn't deserve a second chance, it's you!

Ted audibly gasps.

TED

You take that back. You take it back right now.

MARK

No. I mean it. You're a selfish, egotistical, self-absorbed ball of toxic masculinity. Plus you're a dickhole! Yeah, that's right! You think your entire life boils down to one bad moment, but it doesn't. It's about every moment. You took my promise away from me. You took that away before I even got the chance!

TED

I don't see why you're so mad, none of that has even happened yet!

MARK

I wish we were never brothers.

And there's the nuke that obliterates the world.

TED

You're not allowed to hate me because I hate you WAY MORE than you could ever hate me!

Ted storms for the door, but not before delivering an ominous and dark warning:

TED (CONT'D)

Stay away from Sarah. I'm not afraid to do what needs to be done. I'll handle her and Ted. You just fix your fucking machine in time.

And Ted leaves, slamming the door shut behind him.

CUT TO:

LATER

Mark works around the clock to fix the Time Gate -- but the power is still out, making it all the more difficult.

We see the power FLICKER BACK ON, just for a brief moment, before it goes right back out again.

MEANWHILE:

IN THE SHED

Ted tosses and turns in his sleeping bag, a long night ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S GARAGE ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON, an alarm clock. *FLASHING.*

CAMERA MOVES, exploring, revealing Mark passed out at his desk. Dead to the world, figuratively, of course.

MEANWHILE - IN THE SHED

Ted stirs, yawning. Then, he remembers last night. He feels bad about what happened, a pang of guilt.

But only for a moment, because when he checks his watch--

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S GARAGE ROOM

Ted BURSTS inside, pissed and panicking.

TED
Wake the fuck up!

He screams, startling Mark.

TED (CONT'D)
The game is about to start!

Now they're both up in a frantic flurry.

EXT. MARK AND TED'S HOUSE

Mark hastily loads all of the gear into the car. The power crew noticeably gone from across the street.

Ted barrels out of the house.

TED
Tell me you fixed the Time Gate?

MARK
I don't know. I didn't have any power to test it.

TED
What happens if it doesn't work?

Mark doesn't know. Worse, he's afraid to say.

But what choice do they have? They hop into the car...and of course the goddamn hoopty won't start!

TED (CONT'D)
You can build a goddamn time machine but you can't fix your piece of shit car!?

Ted looks around, panicked. *What are they going to do?*

Then-- *DING, DING!* Across the street, Neighbor Girl rides by on a brand new PINK BIKE, towing behind a RADIO FLYER WAGON.

SMASH TO:

Ted *SHOVES* the little girl off her bike, again.

TED (CONT'D)
Police emergency. Sorry.

NEIGHBOR GIRL
RAPE!!!

TED
(backing away)
Whoa! Absolutely not.

But the Neighbor Girl only yells LOUDER.

Freaked, Ted and Mark quickly pile the Time Gate into the wagon. Then Mark hops on the back pegs of the bike as they peddle off like their lives depend on it. *Because they do.*

TED (CONT'D)
If we survive this, please make sure that little girl doesn't tell people we touched her inappropriately.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ted and Mark arrive, out of breath. Mark immediately disconnects the wagon. Ted hears the ROAR of the stadium.

TED
Whatever the fuck you do, stay away from Sarah. After I fix the game, you can send me home. Or disintegrate my body into a million little pieces.

MARK
Look. I just want to say I'm--

TED

Save it. We don't have time for that Hallmark crap. Just do your job.

And Ted races off, toward the stadium, as an irritated Mark heads for the gym with the Time Gate.

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - FOOTBALL STADIUM

Championship Game. The marching band plays. Cheerleaders rile up the grandstands. Ted races inside, scanning the field --

But the players are noticeably absent. He checks the scoreboard: *It's halftime.*

TED

There's still time.

He turns, off to find his younger self, and instead runs into--

GLENDA

Chuck? What a lovely surprise!

She corners Ted, aggressive.

GLENDA (CONT'D)

My-my, aren't you glistening. Almost like you've been out there playing yourself, huh?

TED

Look, let's cut to the chase. I'm very flattered you've noticed my chiseled bod and all--

Glenda makes a face, *not exactly how she'd describe it.*

TED (CONT'D)

--but you're a married woman. So beyond many moral issues, I'mma hafta go with a hard pass here.

Glenda starts to tear up.

GLENDA

I'm such an idiot. It's just, you were such a good listener...

TED

Whoa! No-no-no. It's not you at all! Trust me. It's me.

She scoffs through a puff of tears.

GLEENDA

I'm old enough to know the 'it's
not you, it's me' line.

Ted glances back at the scoreboard - and the halftime clock
ticking down. He's running out of time.

TED

But it's not a line! It's not
because...I'm gay. Like, super gay.
(then, very quickly)
BUT, not like Priest and altar boy
kind. More like, the normal kind. With
Mai Tai's and RuPaul's Drag Race.

GLEENDA

RuPaul's what?

TED

Not important. What is important...

And Ted cringes even as he says it. Because it's just so
incredibly wrong...

TED (CONT'D)

...I would totally do you. But, alas,
I can't. Because--

GLEENDA

You're gay.

TED

Yes. Exactly.
(then, softer)
Look, maybe it's not my place to
say but...you should talk to your
husband. He's a loyal man. He just
needs to be reminded how much you
two still love each other.

Ted tries to get out of there, but Glenda grabs his arm.

GLEENDA

Promise you won't say anything? If
my kids ever found out--

TED

Trust me, the last thing I want is
to ever speak of this again.

Now Ted wrings his arm free, ready to book ass out of there
-- but then he stops, quickly retreats back to Glenda.

TED (CONT'D)

I just want you to know, you're gonna be a great therapist.

And now he's off again, leaving Glenda with some renewed optimism, as we CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - MEANWHILE

An orgy of science fair displays, beakers, and foam board. Mark rushes to set up at his empty booth.

At the far end of the gymnasium, a trio of STERN JUDGES are watching another student's baking soda volcano gone awry.

INT. SUNNYVALE LOCKER ROOM - MEANWHILE

Kent tries to rally his lifeless team.

KENT

Now I want you to get back out there
and make those Christian puss--
(catching himself)
--pansies bleed blood!

We find 90's Ted in front of his locker, intensity pulsing through his body. This boy is fired up.

The players let out of a raucous ROAR and tear out of the locker room, ready for battle... *Except for 90's Ted.*

He hangs back, stomach GRUMBLING.

MOMENTS LATER

The toilet FLUSHES. 90's Ted exits the stall and heads for the door... but it's locked.

90'S TED

What the crap?!

A man WHISTLES, and 90's Ted whips around to find...

TED, stepping out from behind a row of lockers.

90'S TED (CONT'D)

(spitting nails)

You!

TED

Halftime shit, just like clockwork.

90'S TED

You think you and my brother can
tongue my girlfriend and get away
with it?!

TED

Whoa, okay. Just hear me out a sec--

90'S TED

Sarah was super pissed at me
because of you, butthead. I had to
give her flowers and everything.

TED

I thought she was pissed because
you were getting a header in the
bathroom from Jenny Walton ...

(not helping)

But that's not totally important
right now, is it?

90'S TED

She didn't take me back and you
knew she wouldn't!

TED

I'm getting the vibe nothing I say
here is gonna tame the beast, huh?

90's Ted snarls.

90'S TED

Prepare to die, geezer.

TED

I was hoping it didn't have to come
to this.

Ted CRACKS his knuckles, ready for a brawl --

But 90's Ted lunges -- *Quicker, younger, obviously stronger.*
It's not so much a fair fight as it is an absolute bludgeoning.

90's Ted SLAMS Ted's head into a locker. Repeatedly.

Ted, woozy, slumps to the floor, forced to watch helplessly as
90's Ted escapes out a back-door.

As Ted lies reeling on the floor, his head swirls... SNAPPING
into a STYLIZED FLASHBACK as we see very clearly for the
first time exactly what happened in the original timeline...

A slew of old memories suddenly bombarding Ted:

--90's Ted sneaking into the science fair...

--Removing the CRYSTALLIZED PRISM from Mark's "Time Gate"...

--Ted fumbling the ball to lose the game...

--Without the prism, Mark's 'Time Gate' backfires, setting the school gymnasium ablaze, people screaming, chaos...

--Mark handcuffed and hauled away in a squad car...

--And 90's Ted looking on, and guiltily saying nothing as he tucks the prism inside his letterman jacket...

BACK TO:

TED

Fighting his battered body, he claws his way back to his unsteady feet, and determined, staggers after 90's Ted...

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - MEANWHILE

Mark has finished setting up the Time Gate...but he still needs power. He checks on the judges, still a few booths away. He still has time.

So he splits, with his electrical cables -- and on his way out of the gym -- passes a scowling Wendy at her own booth.

WENDY

Cutting it close, aren't we, Mueller?

She grins, teeth full of metal. Behind her, we notice her own invention...some sort of homemade medieval rocket launcher.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(taps her watch)

Tick tock.

Mark takes one look back at the judges, then rushes out of the gym...

...Just as 90's Ted ENTERS through an opposite entrance.

He sneaks down rows of booths, searching for Mark's display.

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mark drags the bulky power cables down the hallway, toward a closed door that's labeled: "Electrical Room."

Nervous, Mark scans the hallway, making sure the coast is clear, and then uses his school keys to gain access.

MOMENTS LATER

Mark hurries back out of the Electrical Room.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Mark immediately freezes and throws his hands up, *knows he's just been caught red-handed doing something illegal.*

VOICE (V.O.)

I was looking everywhere for you.

Mark slowly lowers his hands. He knows that voice. He turns around...and sees Sarah (in her cheerleading uniform.)

MARK

You were?

SARAH

Of course, silly. I snuck away at halftime so I could wish you luck.
(then, annoyed)
Plus, my mom's all up my ass about supporting my sister.

Mark would love to stay and chat but--

MARK

I really have to get back--

SARAH

I'll walk with you.

She reaches down and takes Mark's hand. Nervous, Mark keeps his eyes on a swivel, worried Ted is watching.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - MEANWHILE

90's Ted has finally located Mark's booth - only no one is around. He quickly searches his brother's machine, looking for the prism... Only it's not here.

WENDY (O.S.)

Well look who it is.

90's Ted turns, sees Wendy leering.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You know, for what it's worth, I heard about you and my sister. What a shame. Of course, Sarah's not half the woman I am.

She runs her tongue lasciviously across her braces.

90'S TED
Do I know you?

In the distance, we hear the FAINT ROAR of fans cheering. The second half of the game is starting.

90'S TED (CONT'D)
Crap.

Forced to abandon his mission, 90's Ted heads for the exit...

...and FREEZES. Time slowing to a gut-wrenching crawl as he turns the corner and sees...

...Sarah leaning in and KISSING Mark for good luck.

Meanwhile, Ted drags himself inside the gymnasium, just in time to see Mark and Sarah's steamy embrace as well.

And worse, 90's Ted bearing witness to it all.

TED
Ah shit.

Like a powder keg and a lit fuse, 90's Ted EXPLODES! He rushes at Mark, murderous intentions in his eyes--

But Ted steps in front 90's Ted's, trying to intervene...

TED (CONT'D)
Whoa, hombre--

BAM!! 90's Ted COLD-COCKS Ted, leaving Mark to fend for himself, brother vs. brother.

90'S TED
I always knew your scrawny ass was jealous of me.

He SHOVES Mark -- only Mark staggers but stands his ground.

MARK
Do whatever you want, Ted. You wanna beat the hell out of me, then do it. I don't care anymore. I'm not afraid of you. If I really am destined to spend the rest of my life locked up, at least I'm going to have this one moment with the girl of my dreams, and nothing my asshole, fuck-brain of a brother does to me can change that.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

So go ahead, pound my face in if
you have to.

From the floor, Ted stirs, looking on with a proud smile.

Buoyed with adrenaline, Mark grabs Sarah, and this time, he
plants a hot, steamy, romantic kiss *on her*.

90's Ted, seething, looks around -- at all the people watching,
the embarrassment flooding in.

And then...he SPOTS something in Mark's pocket -- the PRISM!

90's Ted lunges, ripping the prism away.

90'S TED

Good luck winning your stupid
science fair without this!

He raises his arm, ready to shatter the prism--

--when behind him, Ted suddenly rises to his feet -- Wendy's
homemade ROCKET LAUNCHER propped atop his shoulder -- and
just like Chuck Norris in "Invasion USA"...

TED

It's time.

BOOM!! -- Ted FIRES, a PROJECTILE BEANBAG explodes out of the
cannon and SLAMS with concussive force into the side of 90's
Ted's head.

The impact sends 90's Ted ass-over-head through a bunch of
science fair displays--

-- only the force of the blast also DISLODGES the prism mid-
heave -- *Sending it SAILING across the gymnasium...*

Mark barrels through on-lookers, DIVES with outstretched hands...

...and CATCHES the prism, just before it shatters on the ground!

Ted rushes over.

TED (CONT'D)

I can't believe you just did that.

MARK

(shocked)

Me either.

They exhale, then both look over -- seeing 90's Ted sprawled
unconscious amid a heap of foam board. There's a HORN from
outside. And the reverberation of an entire stadium JEERING.

The brothers share a look -- *What do we do now?* But they both know exactly what they have to do. And in a flash, they're peeling 90's Ted's body from the rubble.

A CONCERNED TEACHER tries to stop them.

TEACHER

I think he needs medical attention.

MARK

Don't worry, we're his brothers. He does this all the time.

TED

He's totally fine. Trust us.

They laugh it off, then quickly stiff-arm the teacher out of their way and flee. Leaving behind a stupefied crowd.

On their way out, they pass by Gusto, the janitor.

TED (CONT'D)

Profoundly sorry for the mess.

And they're gone. Leaving Gusto to stare out at the complete disaster zone they've left in their wake.

GUSTO

(sighs, in Spanish)

Fuck my life.

A BUCKET OF COLD WATER

SPLASHES an unconscious 90's Ted's in the face. He doesn't even flinch, as we PULL BACK to find ourselves--

INSIDE THE SUNNYVALE LOCKER ROOM

Ted & Mark tower over a comatose 90's Ted.

MARK

I don't think he's breathing.

TED

Oh my god, do you think I killed myself?!

MARK

What do we do?

With seemingly no other choice, Ted works up his nerves and dives in for mouth-to-mouth resuscitation...

He lowers his mouth, lips hovering over his own lips...just as 90's Ted's eyes flutter open. He SCREAMS! So Ted SCREAMS!

TED
NOT DEAD! I'M NOT DEAD!

Reflexes kick in, Ted PUNCHES 90's Ted in the face. Hard. Knocking him right back out.

MARK
Why the hell'd you do that?!

TED
I panicked! *Crap-crap-crap!* Now what do we do?!

MARK
There's no way he can win the game if he doesn't even play in the game!

TED
You don't think I realize that!?

Ted scans the locker room, freaking out. Then something catches his eye... That familiar look washes over Ted once more...that look we've come to know/love/fear...Ted has an idea!

MARK
Ted...no...

TED
There's no other choice.

And Mark knows it's true.

TED (CONT'D)
There's something you should know, something I never told anyone...
(off Mark's confusion)
I fumbled the ball on purpose.

MARK
What? I don't understand...

TED
I knew if we won...what I was feeling wasn't going to get better, only worse. I thought I had to be this person everyone else wanted me to be. And I...just couldn't do it anymore.

Ted, vulnerable and exposed, looks at his brother.

MARK

You don't have to do this, you know.

TED

Yeah. I do. But for me this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Kent paces the sidelines, losing his goddamn mind.

KENT

Where the hell is Ted?! Someone go check the locker room again!

But the sudden ROAR OF THE CROWD interrupts him as...

Out onto the field jogs, TED, wearing 90's Ted's uniform. Helmet. Pads. Gut-hugging black jersey. The whole nine.

KENT (CONT'D)

You alright, son? You look like a fat sack of shit.

TED

(grunts)
Bad burrito.

KENT

You and those goddamn burritos.
(then)
Well get the hell out there! We're getting our dicks handed to us.

He slaps Ted on the ass. So, Ted instinctively slaps him back. They stare at each other awkwardly for a moment before Ted turns and hurries out onto the field.

Meanwhile, Mark watches from beyond the far fence as--

The rest of the game plays out, a vicious tug-of-war back-and-forth between the two teams.

But what stands out most is just how massively outmatched older Ted truly is. He's repeatedly manhandled by the stronger, faster, *younger* players...

--The massive Left Tackle pancakes Ted on a sweep...

--Ted fills an open gap and is BLASTED by a charging Fullback...

--Ted helplessly chases after Barry...just about to make the tackle-- *WHAM!* BLINDSIDED by a blocker!

ON THE SIDELINES

An exasperated Kent calls a time-out. Checks the scoreboard:

10 seconds left to play. And just like our opening scene, Sunnyvale trails with enough time for one final play.

As the time-out breaks, Kent grabs an exhausted Ted by the face mask.

KENT

Not gonna lie, son, you've been stinkin' it up like a fart in a hot shower out there.

Ted can barely catch his breath.

KENT (CONT'D)

This here is your moment. There's no second chances in life, son.

Ted looks around the stadium, taking in the familiar scene:

--The smattering of COLLEGE SCOUTS in the stands...

--His MOTHER in the crowd...

--SARAH on the sidelines...

--And MARK, cheering louder than anyone...

Ted's waited 23 years for his chance at redemption. That old fire suddenly takes hold of him once more as with a determined GRUNT, Ted hurries back...

ONTO THE FIELD

He lines up over the Left Tackle, *just like before...*

BARRY JENSEN

Down...

And once again, TIME SEEMS TO SLOW TO A CRAWL...

The roar of the crowd dissipates into a HOLLOWED ECHO, leaving only Ted's HEAVY BREATHING. Only, time seems to both be simultaneously speeding up and slowing down.

Oh shit, he's having a panic attack.

Ted's chest pounds. Vision blurry. Feels like he's having a goddamn heart attack.

BARRY JENSEN (CONT'D)

Set...

Ted struggles to steady his breath, trying to fight through it--

BARRY JENSEN (CONT'D)

HUT!!

The ball is SNAPPED... And time slams back into real-time!

Ted CHARGES forward-- and KNEES the Left Tackle in the groin.

The Tackle goes down in a heap, leaving Ted with a clear path to the quarterback...He DIVES...

...and DEMOLISHES Barry, stripping the ball loose in the process. Scooping it up, Ted tears ass down the sideline, making sure to SECURE THE BALL, no theatrics this time.

The clock ticks down... 5... 4...

Ted refuses to slow up. Nothing but pay-dirt ahead...

Ten yards... Five... Almost to the endzo-- *BAM!!*

Ted gets taken down from behind by Barry! The clock hits zero. The horn sounds. Game over. Sunnyvale loses again.

Ted lays on the field as Oakdale Christian players and fans rush the field in celebration.

WE HANG ON, Ted's crestfallen face, staring listlessly into the sky, the worst moment of his life relived all over again.

Only this time, there's no explosion in the distance. No swirling cloud of black smoke. Just...*disappointment.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUNNYVALE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Still in his helmet and uniform, Ted sits at his locker, head hung. After a moment, Kent steps out of his office, joins him.

Neither says anything, just existing in this moment together.

Finally, Kent pats Ted on the shoulder:

KENT

You gave it your best, son. I'm proud of you.

Then he gets up, the sweet father-son moment over.

KENT (CONT'D)
 Maybe lay off the burritos this
 summer though, yeah?

And he walks out. Leaving Ted alone again.

EXT. SUNNYVALE HIGH - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Ted, finally changed, emerges out of the locker room to an empty parking lot... Finds Mark waiting with the pink bike.

TED
 I'm sorry you didn't get to win
 your science fair.

MARK
 That's okay, I think maybe the world
 isn't ready for time travel yet.
 (then)
 Can you imagine, some selfish dick
 using the machine to go back and
 change things?

They both shudder at the mere thought. Then:

TED
 At least maybe your life won't be
 so fucked up in the future.

MARK
 It's better now, and that's good
 enough for me.

Now Ted looks around, concerned.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Don't worry. I had Mom drive the
 Time Gate home so it couldn't
 accidentally burn down the school.
 (then)
 Maybe I'll heed your advice. Stick
 to the whole computers thing.

TED
 In that case, here's a tip: YouTube.
 Trust me on this. Also, PornHub.
 Which is basically just YouTube but
 for pornos.

With a smile, the brothers get up. Ted climbing atop the bike, Mark on the back pegs. They're about to peddle off--

TED (CONT'D)
 Hold up.

He hops off the bike, limps over to--

GUSTO, by the dumpsters, emptying the trash bins.

TED (CONT'D)

Hey.

Gusto turns, confused (and a little bit annoyed).

TED (CONT'D)

I know this is gonna sound super
random...but call your daughter.
She'd love to hear from you.

Then, with a wink, Ted hurries back to the pink bike. He climbs aboard, and he and Mark peddle off into the night.

INT. SUNNYVALE LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Back inside, Gusto empties the trash from Kent's office.

He spots the landline phone on the desk. Considers it. Then reaches for the receiver-- *LOUD BANGING*.

Gusto sets down the phone, moves to investigate...

BAM-BAM-BAM! It's coming from inside one of the lockers...

Gusto approaches carefully, warily unlatches the locker and--

Out spills 90's Ted, in his skivvies, hands and mouth bound with athletic tape.

EXT. MARK AND TED'S HOUSE - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A shit ton of cables snaking from the repaired electrical transformer, over the fence, and inside...

INT. MARK'S GARAGE ROOM

The Time Gate is all set up. Mark carefully places the prism inside the centrifuge. Then, turns to Ted:

MARK

On the bright side, if the world's
even more messed up than it was
before, you can always come right
back and try all over again?

TED

Don't tease me.

Mark reaches his hand out for a shake, but Ted pulls him in for a hug instead. A nice moment, just as quickly ruined:

TED (CONT'D)
 Alright, egghead. Send me home
 before I change my mind.

Ted climbs inside the centrifuge as Mark inputs the date into the machine: **December 5, 2022.**

Mark FLIPS ON the power switches-- Almost instantly, the Time Gate LOUDLY WHIRS to life. Rings of colorful lights begin swirling rapidly. The lights in the garage begin to FLICKER.

The walls RUMBLE. The floor SWAYS like a giant earthquake.

Ted looks at Mark, and WINKS, as-- THE POWER SURGES, blowing out the transformer once again, and... *BOOM!!*

A BLINDING SUPERNOVA overtakes the entire room, then -- *POOF!*

Once the white light finally dissipates, we find ourselves...

INT. TED'S GARAGE/CONVERTED BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Back where it all began. Back inside the converted garage, exactly as Ted had left it. A lonely, sad existence.

Ted sighs, *all that for nothing.* And yes, he's naked again.

He pulls on some shorts, retrieves a burrito and a beer from the mini-fridge, when someone KNOCKS on the garage--

Ted peels open the old garage door, to find...

BARRY JENSEN, on the other side, in a postal uniform. *And he's like really fat now too.*

TED
 Barry??

BARRY JENSEN
 You know I had to personally cover
 your entire route today, asshole!?

But instead of surprise, Ted just...smiles.

TED
 Y'know, all these years I thought
 you had it so much better than me.
 This big state champion, married
 to a hottie like Sarah Martin. But
 you're not better than me. 'Cuz
 I'm still kick-ass.

A beat. Then, Barry starts LAUGHING.

BARRY JENSEN

Yeah, okay, "I'm married to whoever the hell Sarah Martin is."
Have a good life, dickweed.

He shoves a stack of mail into Ted's gut, then turns, heads back down the driveway to his rusted-out postal truck.

Ted watches him go. He takes a deep breath: *Hmm, maybe some things have changed.*

He sifts through the mail, stops on a LETTER: From Mexico.

Ted tears it open-- a BIRTHDAY CARD, from Gusto. He's not dead, he's just on vacation visiting his daughter.

With a big grin, Ted grabs the garage door, pulls it back down-- only for someone to immediately pull it open again!

It's MARK, only the more mature, ADULT version of Mark.

Ted immediately wraps him in a giant bear-hug.

TED

Look at you! No more zits or anything.

MARK

Guess I'm not in prison, huh?

TED

So you remember?

MARK

I've waited 23 years for this day.
(then)
So...you ready?

TED

Ready for what?

EXT. THE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The remnants of the Time Gate have been dismantled and shoved inside a barrel, which Mark douses with lighter fluid.

TED

I gotta ask, after everything...was I still a giant doucher to you?

MARK

Even bigger than before.

TED

Yeah, no, that makes sense.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hurry up you two or we're gonna be
late for Ted's birthday dinner.

Out of the house steps... SARAH. Ted can't believe his eyes.
He turns to Mark, shell-shocked:

TED
Am I...?

MARK
Ha! Fat chance.

Mark holds up his own hand, showing off a shiny WEDDING BAND.

Behind Sarah, TWO KIDS (obviously Mark's) race outside. One's
a total nerd, the other clearly a chubby, dickhead bully.

MARK (CONT'D)
Your rent's due, by the way.

Mark STRIKES a match -- but Ted quickly holds him at bay.

TED
Hold up. If we destroy the Time
Gate, how am I gonna go back and
get Sarah to ditch you for me?

Mark laughs, then tosses the match inside the barrel, setting
it ablaze. They watch as the fire consumes the Time Gate.

INT. DJ'S PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Still a shithole, except now populated with Mom (not looking
like a plastic surgery whore-story), and a slimmed-down Dad.
And they can't keep their hands off each other.

The whole family is there -- including Sarah and the kids --
laughing and teasing each other.

Ted gazes around at his family. Maybe he didn't dramatically
improve his own stature, but those around him are happier and
healthier, and that makes Ted's life all that much better.

Then Ted leans over to his mother, whispers:

TED
Hey. I was wondering...maybe you
know someone who does what you do
for people, but like, *not you*.

Glenda offers a warm smile, pats her son on the leg, nods.

KENT

Oh Ted, almost forgot. Special teams coach got caught sending nudie photos to a student. Spot on the staff's yours if you want it?

TED

Really?

KENT

Just don't go makin' out with any high school girls.

Ted and Mark share a look.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late everyone.

Ted turns to see-- WENDY walk in. Without the headgear and the snotty, shit-kicker attitude, she's actually kind of a dish.

She and Ted lock eyes.

WENDY

Happy birthday, Ted.

An instant spark ready to ignite into a wildfire. And just when we think this is the end of our saga, we CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MARK & TED'S HOUSE - EARLIER

Barry's postal truck still parked across the street. RADIO pounding - AC/DC's "Back in Black."

INT. BARRY'S POSTAL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Barry rifles through people's mail while eating cookies from what is clearly someone else's Christmas tin. Then, he sniffs, suddenly smelling something strange, as we CUT TO:

EXT. MARK & TED'S BACKYARD

Barry, like a hound with a scent, enters to investigate... Sees WISPS OF SMOKE still rising from the barrel.

Approaching, he peers inside, and finds... the still largely-intact remnants of the 'Time Gate'.

BARRY JENSEN

What the f--

SLAM TO:

THE END (...for now)