

Ferris Bueller's Day Off

by

John Hughes

This script is for educational purposes only.

BLACK SCREEN

MAIN TITLES

IT'S SILENT. A BEAT...AND AN EXPLOSION OF SOUND. A HOUSEHOLD IN THE MORNING. KIDS GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL. CLOCK RADIOS.

KITCHEN APPLIANCES. SHOWERS. FIGHTING. PEOPLE YELLING. DOG BARKING. APPLIANCES BUZZING. CAR HORNS. IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE YOUR HOUSE DID. STREAMS OF ROCK 'N ROLL FADE IN AND OUT. HUEY LEWIS TO LIONEL RITCHIE TO HUSKER DU. SURROUND MAKES IT FEEL LIKE YOU'RE IN THE ROOM. AN AURAL TOUR OF A HOUSE ON A SCHOOL MORNING. BEGINING IN THE KITCHEN AND MOVING UPSTAIRS.

FATHER'S VOICE (TOM)

Where's my wallet?!

SEVEN YEAR OLD BOY (TODD)

YOU IDIOT!!

TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRL (KIMBERLY)

MOM!

TODD

SHUT-UP!

EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL (JEANIE)

I NEED A TOWEL!!

TOM

JOYCE!

KIMBERLY

(whispers, sadistic)

When you turn ten, your head's going to swell up real big like a watermelon and we're going to have to put you to sleep like they do with a dog.

TODD

MOM!

TOM

JOYCE!!

JEANIE

WHO PISSED ON THE TOILET SEAT!?
MOTHER!!

TOM

Where's Mom?

TODD

Is my head going to swell up?

TOM

What?!

JEANIE
OH, MY GOD! THE TOILET PAPER'S ALL
WET!!!

MOTHER (JOYCE)
(screams)
TOM!

The house falls dead SILENT. We hear footsteps thundering through the house. A TENSE STRAIN OF MUSIC FADES UP.

TODD
What's that?

KIMBERLY
Wait! Hold still!

TODD
What?!

KIMBERLY
You heads starting to swell up!!

Todd screams. We hear the sound of Tom's footsteps running through the kitchen, down the hall, up the stairs, up the hallway. A door open.

TOM
(breathless)
What's the matter?

JOYCE
(worried)
It's Ferris!

TOM
What's wrong?

JOYCE
(snaps)
What's wrong? For Christ's sake!

Look at him!

CLOSE-UP. FERRIS

An eighteen year-old boy. He's staring lifelessly at CAMERA.

His mouth's open. His eyes are bugged-out. His tongue is fat and dry in his mouth. He's laying in bed, on his side.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

Ferris' parents, TOM and JOYCE BUELLER are standing at bedside. They're in their late forties, early fifties.

Handsome, upper-middle class parents. They're both dressed for work.

TOM

Ferris?

JOYCE

He doesn't have a fever. But he says his stomach hurts and he's seeing spots.

CLOSE-UP. FERRIS

His lifeless eyes blink.

INT. BEDROOM. PARENTS

Tom bends down and touches Ferris' forehead.

TOM

What's the matter, Ferris?

JOYCE

Feel his hands. They're cold and clammy.

Tom takes one of Ferris' hands.

TOM

(discreetly)

Should you call the doctor?

JOYCE

(whispers)

He doesn't want me to.

TOM

Why don't you want Mom to call the doctor?

Ferris exhales loudly. He tries to speak but all he can manage is a choked gasp.

TOM (CONT'D)

What?

Ferris tries again.

FERRIS

(raspy)

Don't make a fuss. I'm fine. I'll get up.

He starts to get up. Joyce gently pushes him back down.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I have a test today. I have to take it. I want to get into a good college so I can have a fruitful life...

JOYCE

You're not going to school like this.
(to Tom)
Maybe I should call the office and tell them I won't be in.

FERRIS

I'm okay, Mom. I feel perfectly...Oh, God!

He's gripped by a seizure. His body stiffens and he chokes.

His older sister, JEANIE, walks into the room. She's dressed for school. She's cute and stuck-up. A major pill.

JEAN

Oh, fine. What's this? What's his problem?

JOYCE

He doesn't feel well.

JEAN

Yeah, right. Dry that one out and you can fertilize the lawn.

TOM

That's enough, Jeanie.

JEANIE

You're not falling for this, are you? Tell me you're not falling for this.

FERRIS

Is that Jeanie? I can't see that far. Jeanie?

JEANIE

Pucker up and squat, Ferris.

JOYCE

(annoyed)
Thank you, Jeanie. Get to school.

JEANIE

(angry, defeated)
You're really letting him stay home? I can't believe this. If I was bleeding out my eyes, you guys'd make me go to school. It's so unfair.

FERRIS

Please don't be upset with me, Jeanie.
Be thankful that you're fit and have
your health. Cherish it.

JEANIE

(to herself)
Oh, I wanna puke.

She glares at Ferris. Her eyes are mascara and vengeance. She
slips out of the room. Ferris' brother, TODD and sister,
KIMBERLY peek into the room.

KIMBERLY

Myocardial infarction?

JOYCE

Get your stuff. Daddy'll be right
down.

KIMBERLY

Syphilitic meningitis? That would be
a huge family embarrassment.

TOM

Get downstairs!

KIMBERLY

If he dies, I got dibs on his stereo.

She turns sharply and exits.

TODD

(worried)
Dad? Does my head look alright?

JOYCE

Get downstairs! Now!

TODD

Just answer me one question! Is it
swelling up? Kim said it was going
to get as big as...

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

A WATERMELON!

TODD

(yells out the room)
Shut-up!

JOYCE

Get downstairs! NOW!

Todd backs out of the room.

FERRIS

I'll be okay. I'll just sleep. Maybe
I'll have an aspirin around noon.

JOYCE

(to Ferris)

I'm showing houses to the family
from California today but I'll be in
the area. My office'll know where I
am, if you need me.

TOM

I'll check it with you, too.

FERRIS

It's nice to know I have such loving,
caring parents. You're both very
special people.

CU. FERRIS

He acknowledges Tom with a pathetic flutter of his eyelids.

INT. BEDROOM. JOYCE

She strokes Ferris' hair.

JOYCE

I hope you feel better, pumpkin.

She leans down and kisses his forehead. Tom pats his shoulder.

TOM

Get some rest.

CU. FERRIS

Ferris lets out a wheeze. His glassy eyes follow his parents
to the door.

JOYCE (O.S.)

We love you, sweetie.

TOM (O.S.)

Call if you need us.

They close the door. The lock clicks. Ferris' eyes shift
from the door to CAMERA. A sly, little smile crawls across
his lips.

FERRIS

They bought it.

The MTV theme music ROARS IN.

CU. TV SCREEN

The TV at the foot of Ferris' bed. The MTV logo is playing.

INT. BEDROOM

Ferris yanks open the drapes. The pall of the sickroom disappears in the brilliant glow of morning sunlight.

FERRIS

Incredible! One of the worst performances of my career and they never doubted it for a second.

(looks out the window)

What a beautiful day!

He turns from the window.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Parents always fall for the clammy hands. It's physical evidence of illness. It's a good, non-specific symptom. Parents are generally pretty hip to the fever scams. And to make them work you have to go a hundred and one, hundred and two. You get a nervous mother and you end up in a doctor's office and that's worse than school.

He flips on his stereo and fills the room with the MTV broadcast. A NEW SONG begins.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Fake a stomach cramp and when you're doubled over, moaning and wailing, just lick your palms. It's a little stupid and childish but then so is high school. Right?

He equalizes the sound a little.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

This is my ninth sick day this semester. If I go for ten, I'm probably going to have to barf up a lung. So, I absolutely must make this one count.

He exits into the hallway.

INT. BATHROOM

Ferris walks into the bathroom. It's littered with Jean's debris. He turns on the shower water.

FERRIS

I don't care if you're fifty five or seven, everybody needs a day off now and then. It's a beautiful day. How can I be expected to handle high school?

He bends down OUT OF FRAME as he loses his briefs. He pops up.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I do actually have a test. That wasn't bullshit.

He steps into the shower. Through the pebbled glass of the shower door we see Ferris' outline.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

That I care about it was.

INT. BATHROOM. SHOWER STALL.

Inside the shower. Ferris' hair is standing straight up.

It's moulded into a fin with shampoo.

FERRIS

It's on European socialism. I mean, really. What's the point? I'm not European. I don't plan to be European. So, who gives a shit if they're socialists? They could be fascist anarchists and it still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car.

He turns the shower head around and uses it like a microphone.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

(sings)

WELL SHAKE IT UP, BABY, TWIST AND SHOUT...

INT. HALLWAY. LATER

Ferris comes out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He's drying his hair with another of a different color.

FERRIS

Not that I condone fascism. Or and "isms". "Isms", in my opinion are not good. A person should not believe in an "ism". He should believe in himself. John Lennon said it on his first solo album.

(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

"I don't believe in Beatles, I just believe in me." A good point there. Afterall, he was the Walrus.

He opens a linen closet and tosses the towel in it.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I could be the Walrus and I'd still have to bum rides off people.

He passes CAMERA and goes into his room.

FERRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm not very political? Let me put that into perspective...

INT. BEDROOM

Ferris tosses the towel he's dried hair with on the bed.

FERRIS

My uncle went to Canada to protest the war, right? On the Fourth of July he was down with my aunt and he got drunk and told my Dad he felt guilty he didn't fight in Viet Nam. So I said, "What's the deal, Uncle Jeff? In wartime you want to be a pacifist and in peacetime you want to be a soldier. It took you twenty years to find out you don't believe in anything?"

(snaps his fingers)

Grounded. Just like that. Two weeks.

(pause)

Be careful when you deal with old hippies. They can be real touchy.

He opens his door.

INT. CLOSET

The door opens and Ferris rifles through his shirts.

FERRIS

My mother was a hippie. But she lost it. She got old. If she listens to the White Album now? She doesn't hear music, she hears memories. Nostalgia is her favorite drug. It'll probably be mine, too. I hope not.

He finds a shirt he likes. He steps back from the closet and puts it on. He drops the towel.

INT. BEDROOM

He walks across the room to his dresser. He opens his underwear drawer. There's an old model of a submarine on the top of the dresser. He picks it up.

FERRIS

In eighth grade a friend of mine
made a bong out of one of these.
The smoke tasted like glue.

He pulls out a pair of underwear. He gets dressed as he speaks.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

His name is Garth Volbeck. He's a serious outsider. Not a bad guy, I like him. I'm probably his only friend. I do what I can for him. I mean, if I was him, I'd appreciate it. Do unto others, right? Anyway, his mother owns a gas station. His father's dead and his sister's rumored to be a prostitute, which is complete bullshit. She only puts out so people will hang out with her. It's sad but I don't hold it against her. Better to hold it against the guys who use her and don't care about her.

(pause)

My parents never allowed Garth over here. It was because of his family. Mainly his older brother. He's in jail. I could see them not wanting his brother here because he is a registered psycho. I wouldn't want him here. I once watched the guy eat a whole bowl of artificial fruit just so he could see what it was like to have his stomach pumped. But Garth isn't his brother. It isn't his fault that his brother's screwed-up. Alot of fights with the parents on that point. I always felt for Garth. I was sleeping at his house once and I was laying on the dark worrying that his brother was going to come in and hack me to death with an ax and I heard Garth crying. I asked him what was wrong and he said, "Nothing". ... Nothing was wrong. There was no specific thing he was crying about. In fact, he wasn't really even aware that he was crying. He just cried himself to sleep every night. It was a habit. The guy's so

(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

conditioned to grief that if he doesn't feel it, he can't sleep. How could you possibly dump on guy who has to deal with that kinda shit? My parents acknowledge the trudge of the situation and I'm sure that deep down, they do feel for him but still the guy's banned from our house.

He looks at himself in the mirror on the back of his closet door. He doesn't like what he's wearing. He continues his speech as he disrobes.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, now my parents have a legit argument. Garth doesn't need his brother to give him a rep anymore. He's getting one on his own. He's lost. It's over for him. He's eighteen. Gone from school. Gone from life. His legacy is a gas station.

INT. HOUSE. STAIRCASE

Ferris comes down the stairs. He's wearing a completely different outfit.

FERRIS

One very serious danger is playing sick is that it's possible to believe your own act.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris comes into the kitchen and crosses to the refrigerator.

FERRIS

That and boredom. Alot of people ditch and feel great for about an hour. Then they realize there's nothing to do. TV and food. I myself have ditched and gotten so bored I did homework. Figure that shit out.

He takes a sip out of a bottle of orange juice.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

You have to plan things out before you take the day off. Otherwise you get all nervous worrying about what to do and all you get is grief and the whole point is to take it easy, cut loose and enjoy.

He crosses to the pantry.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

You blow your day and at about three o'clock, when everybody's out of school, you're going to wish you'd gone to school so you could be out having fun.

He emerges from the pantry with a handful of Oreos.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Avoid the misery. Plan your day. Do it right.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Ferris walks in and flops down in an armchair.

FERRIS

There's a lot of pressure at work in my age group. And it's not always recognized.

He reaches over and picks up the telephone. He sets it in his lap.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Some guy whose hair is falling out and his stomach's hanging over his belt and everything he eats makes him fart, he looks at someone like me and thinks, "This kid's young and strong and has a full, rich future ahead of him, what's he got to bitch about?"

CU. PHONE

He punches out a number.

INT. FAMILY ROOM. FERRIS

He remote controls the TV on.

FERRIS

That's just one reason why I need a day off every now and then.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE

A sleek, modern house on a couple of deeply wooded acres. A prime house in a prime location. A telephone rings OVER.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

It's a dark, dreary sick room. Shades drawn, floor strewn with used tissues, nightstand a still-life of over the counter remedies. A high school boy, CAMERON FRYE, is laying in bed.

We don't see his face, only a silhouette with a thermometer sticking out his mouth. U2's SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY is playing. He's mumbling random words.

CAMERON
Food...shelter...no...yes...

The phone rings. His hand reaches back and hits the speaker phone button.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(weak)
Hello?

FERRIS' VOICE
Cameron! What's happening?

CAMERON
Very little.

FERRIS' VOICE
How do you feel?

CAMERON
Shredded.

FERRIS' VOICE
Is your mother in the room?

Cameron takes the thermometer out of his mouth.

CAMERON
She's not home. Where are you?

FERRIS' VOICE
Home.

INT. FERRIS' FAMILY ROOM. FERRIS

Ferris is sprawled out in the chair.

FERRIS
I'm taking the day off. Get dressed and come over.

CAMERON'S VOICE
I can't. I'm sick.

FERRIS
It's all in your head. Come on over.

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM

Cameron's insistant.

CAMERON

I feel like complete shit, Ferris.
I can't go anywhere.

FERRIS' VOICE

I'm sorry to hear that. Now, come on
over and pick me up.

Ferris disconnects. Cameron slowly hangs up the phone.

CAMERON

I'm dying.

The phone rings again. Cameron hits the speaker button.

FERRIS' VOICE

You're not dying. You just can't
think of anything good to do.

INT. FERRIS' FAMILY ROOM

Ferris hangs up.

FERRIS

If anybody needs a day off, it's
Cameron. He has alot of things to
sort out before he graduates. He
can't be wound this tight and go to
college. His roommate'll kill him.
I've come close myself. But I like
him. He's a little easier to take
when you know why he's like he is.
The boy cannot relax. Pardon by French
but Cameron is so tight that if you
stuck a lump of coal up his ass, in
two weeks you'd have a diamond.

(after-thought)

And Cameron would worry that he'd
owe taxes on it.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

We hear roll call as CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the tile floor. A
shoe's POV.

TEACHER'S VOICE

Albers?

BOY'S VOICE

Here.

TEACHER'S VOICE

Anderson.

GIRL'S VOICE

Here.

CAMERA enters a classroom. It travels past a teacher's Hush Puppies and heads up an aisle of desk past dirty yellow Reeboks, rotting Air Jordans, scuffed heels, pristine loafers...

TEACHER'S VOICE
Anheiser?

BOY'S VOICE
Here.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Busch?

GIRL'S VOICE
Here.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Bueller?

CAMERA reaches the last desk and rises slowly to reveal that it's empty.

TEACHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Bueller?

GIRL'S VOICE
He's sick.
(pause)
My best friend's sister's boyfriend's brother's girlfriend heard from this guy who knows this kid who's going with a girl who saw Ferris pass-out at 31 Flavors last night. I guess it's pretty serious.

TEACHER'S VOICE
(weary)
Thank you, Simone.

GIRL'S VOICE
(cheery)
No problem whatsoever.

TEACHER'S VOICE
Drucker?

BOY'S VOICE
What?

WOUND-OUT CAR ENGINES COME UP LOUD.

CU. TV

THE ROAD WARRIOR is playing on video cassette. The big chase at the end.

INT. FAMILY ROOM. FERRIS

He's sitting in the arm chair pretending it's Humongous' war wagon. He's wearing a hockey mask. He's steering. He reaches down and grabs an imaginary nitrous oxide valve.

CU. TV

Humongous reaches down and grabs a real nitrous oxide valve. He gives it a twist.

CU. FERRIS

He throws himself back against the chair.

CU. TV

The force of the rapid acceleration of his vehicle throws Humongous back in his seat.

CU. FERRIS

He bounces himself in the chair to simulate the bumpy high speed ride.

CU. TV

The war wagon hurtles down the road.

CU. FERRIS

He rears back in horror.

CU. TV

The war wagon is heading for a head-on collision with the tanker truck.

CU. FERRIS

Arms outstretched, head thrown back, braced for collision.

CU. TV

IMPACT!

MOZART COMES UP.

CU. FLOWERING TREE BRANCH

Outside a bedroom window. A flowering crabtree branch.

Petite pink flowers. WE PULL BACK FROM THE WINDOW INTO THE ROOM. It's Jeanie's room. A pink and powder blue pig pen.

Clothes everywhere, make-up, books, records. Ferris is sitting on her bed going through a purse.

FERRIS

This is really degrading.

He comes up with a crumpled dollar bill.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Financing my activities this way.
Very damaging to the self-image.
But, hey, I'm broke. In times of
crisis one must do what one must do.
I'll pay it back. With interest.

He comes up with a five.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Regardless of how much shit sisters
make you eat, how often they rat on
you, how gross they act or how wicked
and insensitive they can be, you
should not alienate them. Because
most likely they have cash and it's
usually very easy to get your hands
on.

He holds up a twenty and snaps it. PINK FLOYD'S "MONEY"

COMES UP.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The song plays as Ferris digs through the sofa cushions.

CU. SOFA

Ferris extracts a sticky quarter from a crevice.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM

Ferris is going through his father's pants pockets. Another crumpled bill surfaces.

CU. WASHING MACHINE TOP

A couple of stiff, hard, bleached singles that have gone through the wash lay on top of the washer. A hand scoops them up.

CU. LUCITE ENCASED PROOF SET

An obvious gift from a grandparent. A U.S. Mint proof set. A ten, a five and a single enclosed in a lucite frame. A screwdriver tip wedges between the two pieces of Lucite and pops them apart. A hand peels the bills off the backing.

CU. KITCHEN DRAWER

Hands ripping through the kitchen junk drawer. Locating a dollar bill.

CU. COIN COLLECTION

The familiar blue collector's album. One-by-one, the quarters are being popped out of their slots.

CU. VACCUUM CLEANER

The dusty, dirty contents of the bag are emptied on the floor. Fingers pick a dime out of a matted wad of filth.

CU. SNOOPY BANK

It's being shaken furiously.

CU. BIRTHDAY CARD

It's a child's card. It's slowly opened to reveal a crisp, new five.

INT. HALL CLOSET

The door opens and Ferris thrusts his hands into the pockets of the coats. He comes up with a ball of Kleenex. A roll of Tums. A squirt gun. Then a modest wad of bills. His face lights up as he counts out the cash. He closes the door.

CU. FLOOR AND BED

Ferris' face appears between the bed and the floor. His arm reaches out for a small metal bank hidden under the bed.

CU. BANK

It's on a work bench. An awl is driven in between the door and the jamb. It pries the door open. Inside are trading cards, a charred doll's head, a Zippo lighter and, finally, a five dollar bill.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris is on his hands and knees under the kitchen table.

CU. TABLE LEG

Ferris lifts the leg and removes a quarter that's been used to balance the table.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris stands up and pockets the quarter.

CU. FERRIS' BED

A shower of coins and bills rain down on the sheets. The

SONG ENDS.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE. MORNING

A suburban realty company. A cute little building in town.

INT. OFFICE

Joyce is behind a desk. Across from her are two WOMEN.

They're also real estate agents.

JOYCE

No one's going to consider a house
with a black living room. Not even
those jerks from Vermont. Let's be
realistic.

AGENT 1

Mrs. Volbeck's dead set against
putting any money into the house.

Joyce's phone intercom buzzes. She take the call.

JOYCE

Joyce Bueller.

Her eyes open wide with alarm.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry. I completely
forgot to call.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

A modern, suburban high school.

MAN'S VOICE

Are you aware that your son is not
in school today?

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

It's a passing period. The hall is clogged with students.

JOYCE'S VOICE

Yes, I am. Ferris is home sick. I
had a meeting first thing this
morning. I should have called. It
completely slipped my mind.

INT. SCHOOL. DEAN'S OUTER OFFICE

A SECRETARY is at work at her desk. We hear the dean inside the office.

DEAN'S VOICE

Are you also aware that Ferris does not have what we consider an exemplary attendance record?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. CU. DESK SIGN

It reads, EDWARD R. ROONEY. DEAD OF STUDENTS. The dean's feet are up on the desk, behind the sign. Moderately priced dress shoes.

JOYCE'S VOICE

I don't understand.

DEAN'S VOICE

I just had his file up.

INT. OFFICE. CU. DEAN

ED ROONEY is sitting behind his desk. He's tough, clean and straight as an I-beam. Short, neatly combed hair, suit and tie. He's toying with a pencil. He's confident to the point of arrogance.

ROONEY

I just has his file up, Mrs. Bueller.

Behind him is a computer terminal. He removes his feet from the desk and turns in his swivel chair.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

If Ferris thinks he coast this last month and still graduate, he's sorely mistaken.

JOYCE'S VOICE

This is all news to me.

CU. COMPUTER MONITOR

The monitor on Rooney's desk displays Ferris' records.

ROONEY'S VOICE

So far this semester alone, he's been absent nine times. Including today.

JOYCE'S VOICE

Nine times?

Under DAYS MISSED we see a number 9 suddenly change to a number 2.

INT. OFFICE

Rooney turns to the monitor. He reads off the screen.

ROONEY

I have it right here in front of me.
He's missed...

He looks closer at the screen.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

Ferris is at his Macintosh computer. He has his record up on the screen.

FERRIS

I wanted a car. I got a computer.
How's that for being born under a
bad sign?

INT. JOYCE'S OFFICE

She's still on the phone with Rooney.

JOYCE

I can give you every assurance that
Ferris is home and that he is, in
fact, very ill. I debated whether or
not I should even leave him. I can
appreciate that at this time of year
children are prone to taking the day
off, but in Ferris' case, he's truly
a very sick boy.

INT. FERRIS' BEDROOM

MUSIC BLASTS. SOLO GUITAR.

CU. SPEAKER

The grille cloth is throbbing.

CU. LED METERS

The meters on the amplifier are totally in the danger zone.

CU. TV MONITOR

We see Ferris in his room with a guitar around his neck.

He's playing.

CU. VIDEO CAMERA

A home video camera is capturing Ferris on tape.

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM

He's sitting on the edge of the bed buttoning his shirt. He sighs deeply and fall back on the bed.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

Jeanie is at her locker during a passing period. A GIRLFRIEND comes up to her.

GIRL

I'm really sorry about your brother.

JEANIE

What're you sorry for? I have to live with the trouser snake.

GIRL

No, I mean I heard he's really sick.

JEANIE

Who said he's sick?

GIRL

A whole bunch of people. They said he's like on the verge of death.

Jeanie stares incredulously at the girl.

GIRL (CONT'D)

This guy in my biology class said that if Ferris dies he's giving his eyes to Stevie Wonder? He's really sweet isn't he?

She smiles and exits. Jeanie cocks her head in bewilderment.

She kicks her locker shut.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's in bed on the phone.

FERRIS

A sample of my blood was sent to Atlanta to the Center for Disease Control. I don't know, man, I'm bricking heavily.

(point to the phone)

Freshman.

(to the phone)

Did you see Alien? When the guy had the creature in his stomach? It feels like that.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

A FRESHMAN BOY is on the pay phone. A couple of his BUDDIES are standing at his side waiting anxiously for news.

BOY
Goddamn! Are you kidding?

SECOND BOY
What?

BOY
Did you see Alien?

SECOND BOY
No.

BOY
You never rented the video cassette?

Second boy shakes his head, no.

BOY (CONT'D)
Oh. He's really wasted.

THIRD BOY
(to the Second Boy)
Who's he talking to?

SECOND BOY
Ferris Bueller. You know him?

THIRD BOY
(excited)
Yeah. He's getting me out of summer school.

BOY
Anyway, I appreciate you letting us know how you're doing. We gotta split.
(pause)
Huh?...Yeah, sure. Hold on.

SECOND BOY
(to Third Boy)
Shit. I hope he doesn't die. I can't handle summer school.

The boy snatches a passing GIRL.

BOY
Did you see Alien?

GIRL
Yeah, why?

He hands her the phone.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Hello?

(pause)

Who?

(pause)

Hi, Ferris. How's your bod?

(jaw drops)

Oh, my God! You're dying? Is it serious?

(pause)

Shiit! Are you upset?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney's comparing his computer monitor to hard copy. His SECRETARY is standing over his shoulder.

ROONEY

I don't trust this kid any further than I can throw him!

SECRETARY

With your bad knee, you better not throw anybody, Ed.

Rooney stares at her for a long beat.

ROONEY

What's so dangerous about a character like Ferris Bueller is that he gives the good kids bad ideas. The last thing I need at this point in my career is fifteen hundred Ferris Bueller disciples running around these halls.

SECRETARY

He's very popular, Ed. Sportos, motorheads, geeks, sluts, pinheads, dweebies, wonkers, richies, they all adore him.

ROONEY

That's exactly why I have to catch him this time. To show these kids that the example he sets is a first class ticket to nowhere.

SECRETARY

(impressed)

Ooo. You sounded like Dirty Harry just now.

Rooney looks up at her with a proud smile.

ROONEY

Really?

He unconsciously does an Eastwood squint.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

It's a glorious late spring day. A florist's truck drives past the house.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's on the telephone. As he speaks he does a little MacPainting on his MacIntosh. A Modigliani nude.

FERRIS

Cameron, if you're not over here in fifteen minutes, you can find a new best friend. I'm serious, man. This is bullshit, making me wait around the house for you.

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM

Cameron's back in bed.

CAMERON

I'm sick. I feel like shit. Why can't you leave me alone?

FERRIS' VOICE

You're not up for some good times? It's a beautiful day. It's almost summer. If this was Hawaii, we'd be surfing.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's growing weary of Cameron's wimpishness.

FERRIS

You want to stay home and try to have the shits? Try to barf? Try to feel worse?

CAMERON'S VOICE

I don't have to try.

FERRIS

Be a man. Take some Pepto Bismol and get dressed. You're boring me with this stuff.

The other phone line rings.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Squeeze you buns for a second. I got another call.

He puts Cameron on hold. He clears his throat and answers the second line. He sounds like he's on his last breath.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

H--hell-o?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. DOWNTOWN

A LaSalle Street office tower.

TOM'S VOICE

Ferris?

INT. TOM'S OFFICE

He's behind his desk. Nice office. Two windows. Herman Miller desk and chair.

TOM

You sound miserable.

FERRIS' VOICE

Really? Darn! I thought I was improving.

TOM

Were you sleeping?

FERRIS' VOICE

I was trying to do some homework.

CU. COMPUTER MONITOR

A closer view of the rude drawing Ferris is making.

FERRIS (O.S.)

I'm so worried about falling behind.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He leans back from the monitor and sips a Coke.

FERRIS

Dad? Can you hold on a second?

TOM'S VOICE

Sure, pal. Are you alright?

FERRIS

Just a little phlegm on the phone.
Hold on.

He puts his father on hold.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Cameron? It's my Dad.

CAMERON'S VOICE

Oh, that's just great. Are you busted?

FERRIS

It's completely cool. He's just checking up on me. Now, listen to me. I'm working on getting some heavy bucks out of him. So, the least you can do is hurry up and get over here. Bye.

He disconnects and gets his father back. He switches back to his sick voice.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Sorry, Dad. The moment before you called, I had a chest spasm and I blew lung fluid all over the place. It was making me ill looking at it. But gee, it's sure great of you to call. I'm sure there're alot of fathers who wouldn't take time out from their busy schedules to call a dumb, sick teenager.

TOM'S VOICE

Hey, pal, what was I supposed to do?

Ferris reaches out and hits a key on his computer. The screen dumps the drawing.

FERRIS

Give yourself some credit, Dad. It was a mammoth gesture. It's like those savings bonds you used to give me every Christmas.

(looks at CAMERA and smiles)

It was that kind of concern.

CU. COMPUTER SCREEN

A message is flashing: "TRANSMITTING DATA".

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He turns away from the computer and puts his feet up on the desk. He lights a cigarette.

FERRIS

You had to work hard for the money to buy those things, right?

TOM'S VOICE

Not any harder than anybody else.

Ferris mouths Tom's words as he says them.

EXT. CHICAGO LOOP. DIAMONDVISION SCREEN

Ferris' drawing suddenly appears on the billboard.

Pedestrians stop to look.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He blows a smoke ring.

FERRIS

You work so hard I'll bet you don't
even remember where those bonds are,
right?

Ferris points a finger in the air as a cue to his father.

TOM'S VOICE

Wrong.

He nods.

FERRIS

Oh, yeah? You're pulling my leg.
You're just trying to cheer me up.

TOM'S VOICE

Like hell I am. They're in a shoebox
in my closet.

Ferris smiles. He looks at CAMERA. He's gotten exactly what he wants.

FERRIS

(to CAMERA, normal
voice)

Was that a class move or what? The
guy gave it up faster than a drunk
Catholic girl. I hope my kids don't
pull this shit on me.

(thinks)

Of course, if they didn't, they'd be
dumb and abnormal and they'd probably
never move out of my house and I'd
have to support them until I die. I
take it back.

(to the phone, sick
voice)

Dad? All this talking has made me
kind of light-headed. I think I better
lie down.

TOM'S VOICE

Okay, pal. You take care. I'll call
you after lunch.

FERRIS
You don't have to, Dad.

TOM'S VOICE
I want to. Bye now.

He hangs up. Ferris sighs.

FERRIS
You win some, you lose some.

He turns his desk chair around and gets up.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
I'm so disappointed in Cameron.

Twenty bucks says he's sitting in his car debating about whether or not he should go out.

INT. CAR. CAMERON

He's sitting behind the wheel of his car.

CAMERON
We're gonna get caught. No doubt
about it.

He cuts the engine.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I'm not doing it.

He sits for half a beat.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
He'll keep calling until I come over.

He sighs and restarts the engine. Another beat.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Actually, what'll happen is I'll get
caught. Ferris'll escape.

Another beat. He stops the engine. A CRASH OF HORROR MUSIC.

CU. DRESSER DRAWER

Hands curl around the drawer pulls. The drawer is opened slowly, ominously. The hands lift a sweater out. A HERALDIC STING as we see a men's magazine beneath the sweater.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He takes out the magazine. He leafs through the pages for the pictorials as he speaks.

FERRIS

Cameron'll go on like that for a good thirty minutes. The guy is a shellfish when it comes to making a decision. The reason he doesn't feel good is, he worries about everything. He's the only guy I know who's deeply concerned that when he grows up there'll be a critical shortage of strategic metals.

He exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY

Ferris comes out of his room and heads down the hallway.

FERRIS

Cameron's also the only guy I know who knows what strategic metals are.
(waves the magazine)
Pardon moi.

He goes into the bathroom. We HEAR THE TOILET SEAT SLAM DOWN.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

(sings)
MAYBE I'M JUST LIKE MY MOTHER, SHE'S
NEVER SATISFIED...

INT. CLASSROOM. LATER

A stunningly beautiful girl, SLOANE PETERSON, is sitting at her desk in a history class. She's staring out the window as a tweedy MALE TEACHER delivers a dry, dusty lecture.

TEACHER

Roosevelt's health had seriously deteriorated by the time he met with Churchill and Stalin at Yalta.
(sneezes)
Pardon me.

The classroom door opens and the school NURSE walks in. For a moment, the teacher thinks she's come in because she heard him sneeze. She crosses to him and whispers in his ear.

SLOANE

She, like the others, watches the nurse curiously.

INT. CLASSROOM. TEACHER AND NURSE

The teacher's face drops as he's delivered an obvious piece of disturbing news. He nods grimly to the Nurse. She looks at the kids.

NURSE
Sloane Peterson?

SLOANE
Sits up in her seat.

NURSE

She's a picture of compassion and understanding.

NURSE (CONT'D)
May I see you outside for a moment?
There's been an emergency.

SLOANE

A smile curls across her lips. As she gathers her books she looks to the GIRL next to her.

SLOANE
(whispers)
Dead grandmother.

INT. HALLWAY

The Nurse is gently holding Sloane's hand.

NURSE
(nods solemnly)
Dead grandmother.

CU. ROONEY

He has a suspicious look on his face.

ROONEY
Dead grandmother?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney's at his desk. His secretary is standing across from him.

SECRETARY
That's what Mr. Peterson said. I had
Florence Sparrow notify Sloane.

ROONEY
Who's this girl's going with?

SECRETARY
It's so hard to tell. I see her alot
with Ferris Bueller.

Rooney smiles. His suspicions are confirmed.

ROONEY

Could you get me Mr. Peterson's
daytime number?

As the secretary starts out of the room, Rooney's phone rings.
She stops and answers the desk phone.

SECRETARY

Edward Rooney's office.

(pause)

Yes. Can you hold? Thank you.

She puts the call on hold.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

It's Mr. Peterson.

Rooney is startled. He thinks for a beat then reaches for
the phone.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Do you still want his number?

Rooney answers her with an annoyed look. She smiles and backs
out. He punches the phone button.

ROONEY

Ed Rooney.

MAN'S VOICE

Ed? This is George Peterson.

ROONEY

How are you today, sir?

MAN'S VOICE

We've had a bit of bad luck this
morning as you may have heard.

Rooney rolls his eyes. It's so obvious it's not Mr. Peterson.

ROONEY

I heard. And, gosh, I'm all broken
up. Huh? Oh, sure. I'd be happy to
release Sloane. You produce a corpse
and I'll release Sloane. I want to
see this dead grandmother firsthand.

The secretary stops cold in the doorway. She turns to Rooney
in horror. He covers the phone.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

It's Ferris Bueller. Nervy little
punk. I'm gonna set a trap and let
his walk right into it!

(MORE)

ROONEY (CONT'D)

(to phone)

That's right. Cart the stiff in and I'll turn over your daughter. It's school policy. Was this your mother?

Rooney's other line rings.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE

She steps out of Rooney's office and picks up the other line.

SECRETARY

Ed Rooney's office.

Her jaw drops.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Hold, please.

She puts the call on hold and hangs up. She hurried into Rooney's office.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney's chewing out the person on the other line.

ROONEY

I'll tell you what, you don't like my policies, you can just come on down and smooch by big old ugly ass. You hear me?

The secretary comes in. She's waving her arms furiously.

Rooney tries to wave her away. He's angry. She stomps her foot. Rooney covers the phone.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

What!?

SECRETARY

Ferris Bueller's on line two.

CU. ROONEY'S FOOT

It freezes in mid-tap.

CU. ROONEY'S HAND

The pencils falls from his fingers.

CU. ROONEY'S FACE

A mask of horror. He glances at the phone.

CU. PHONE

The second line light is flashing.

CU. ROONEY

He blinks, cocks his head, twitches.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

He's zipping his pants, fastening his belt. The phone's cradled against his shoulder. He speaks in the same voice he used on his father.

FERRIS

Mr. Rooney? I'm sorry to disturb you at work but I was wondering if it would be possible for my sister to bring home any assignments from my classes that I may need.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. ROONEY

He's staring blankly ahead.

FERRIS' VOICE

Thank you, sir.

He nods.

CU. PHONE

Rooney's finger gingerly presses the button on the waiting call.

CU. ROONEY

He winces as he returns to the first call.

INT. FERRIS' HOUSE. KITCHEN

Cameron's on the phone in the kitchen. He's doing a deep, phoney "father" voice.

CAMERON

You oughta be sorry for Christ's sake! A family member dies and you insult me. What's the matter with you, anyway?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. ROONEY

He apologies profusely to Cameron. He's perspiring, trembling.

ROONEY

I don't know. I thought you were someone else. You have to know, sir, that I would never deliberately insult you. I can't begin to tell you how embarrassed I am.

CAMERON'S VOICE

Pardon my French but you're an asshole!

Rooney nods enthusiastically.

ROONEY

Absolutely! I most certainly am.

INT. KITCHEN

Cameron lays into Rooney.

CAMERON

This isn't over yet, buster. You just make sure my daughter's out in front of the school in ten minutes. Do you read me?

ROONEY'S VOICE

Load and clear, Mr. Peterson.

CAMERON

Call me sir, goddamn it!

ROONEY'S VOICE

Sir.

CAMERON

That's better.

Ferris strolls into the kitchen to catch the last of the conversation. Cameron covers the phone.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(to Ferris)

I'm scared shitless, Ferris! What is Rooney guesses my voice!

FERRIS

Impossible. You're doing great.

Cameron sighs and goes back to the phone.

CAMERON

(clears his throat)

I don't have all day to bark at you so I'll make this short and sweet.

Ferris gives Cameron an enthusiastic thumbs up.

FERRIS
 (mouths)
 Great!

Cameron smiles proudly.

CAMERON
 I want my daughter out in front of
 the school in ten minutes. By herself.
 I don't want anyone around...

Ferris smacks Cameron. He's said the wrong thing. He covers
 the phone.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
 What'd I do?

FERRIS
 Out in front my herself? It's too
 suspicious! He'll think something's
 up, moron. Cover it.

Cameron panics. He holds the phone out to Ferris.

CAMERON
 You do it!

Ferris waves his arms angrily.

FERRIS
 Talk!

Cameron takes a deep breath. He clears his throat and puts
 on his father's voice.

CAMERON
 I changed my mind, fella. You be out
 in front with her! I wanna have a
 few words with you!

Ferris slaps Cameron. The phone flies out of his hand.

CU. ROONEY

He winces as the phone hits the floor with a loud CLONK!

We HEAR THE BOYS SCRAMBLING TO PICK UP THE PHONE, THEN CAMERON
 CLEARING HIS THROAT.

CAMERON'S VOICE
 On second thought, I don't have time
 to talk to you. We'll get together
 soon and have lunch.

We HEAR A SLAP AND THE CALL DISCONNECTS.

INT. FERRIS' KITCHEN

Cameron's rubbing the side of his head.

CAMERON
Why'd you hit me?!

FERRIS
Where's your brain?!

CAMERON
Why'd you hit me?!

FERRIS
Where's your brain?!

CAMERON
Why'd you hit me?

FERRIS
Where's your brain?

CAMERON
I asked you first.

FERRIS
How can we pick up Sloane if Rooney's going to be there with her?!

CAMERON
I said for her to be there alone and you freaked!

FERRIS
My, God, you're so stupid!
(aside)
I didn't hit you, I lightly slapped you.

CAMERON
You hit me. Look, don't ask me to participate in your crap if you don't like the way I do it!

Ferris is incredulous at Cameron's stupidity. Cameron's anger is intensified by his embarrassment.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I was home, sick. You get me out of bed, being me over here, make me jeopardize my future, make me do a phoney phone call on a dean of students, a man who could squeeze my nuts into oblivion and then you deliberately hurt my feelings.

FERRIS
I didn't deliberately hurt your
feelings.

CAMERON
Oh, really?

FERRIS
Yeah, really.

Cameron glares at Ferris.

CAMERON
Hey, Ferris? Have a nice life.

He turns and heads out of the room. Ferris sighs.

FERRIS
Cameron?

CAMERON
Stick it up your ass, Ferris.

FERRIS
Cameron, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
jam you. It was uncalled for.

Cameron stops.

CAMERON
You're serious?

He turns around.

FERRIS
Dead serious.

Cameron smiles. He appreciates Ferris apology.

CAMERON
Thanks.

FERRIS
You did screw up through, right?
Not that is was necessarily all you
fault. Right?

CAMERON
(suspiciously)
Why?

FERRIS
To fix this situation, I'm going to
have to ask you for a small favor.

Cameron's jaw drops.

INT. GARAGE

The door opens slowly, dramatically as we hear a heraldic fanfare. Light streams in to reveal Cameron and Ferris looking at the car. Ferris is smiling with excitement and awe. Cameron is frowning with trepidation and fear.

CU. FERRARI STALLION

The prancing black stallion. We move up from the stallion to the erotic red hood of a 1958 Ferrari 250 GTS California.

CAMERON AND FERRIS

Cameron's face is ashen. The end of the world is at hand.

Ferris is in heaven.

CAMERON

(grim monotone)

1958 Ferrari 250 GTS California.
Less than a hundred were made. It
has a market value of \$265,000. My
father spent three years restoring
it. It is his joy, it is his love,
it is his passion.

FERRIS

It is his fault he didn't lock the
garage.

CAMERON

Ferris, my father loves this car
more than life itself. We can't take
is out.

FERRIS

A man with priorities so far out of
whack doesn't deserve such a fine
automobile.

CAMERON

He never drives it, Ferris. He just
rubs it with a diaper.

FERRIS

We can't pick up Sloane in your car,
Cameron. Rooney'd never believe Mr.
Peterson drives that piece of shit.

CAMERON

It's not a piece of shit.

FERRIS

It's a piece of shit. Don't worry
about it. I don't even have a piece

(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)
of shit. I have to envy yours. Look,
I'm sorry but there's nothing else
we can do.

CAMERON
He knows the mileage, Ferris. He has
it tatoood on his wrist.

FERRIS
He doesn't trust you?

CAMERON
No.

FERRIS
Alright, look, this is real simple.
He puts his arm around Cameron.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
Whatever miles we put on it, we'll
take off.

CAMERON
(suspicious)
How?

FERRIS
(big, proud smile)
We'll drive home backwards.

Cameron shakes his head, no.

CAMERON
Forget it. I'm putting my foot down,
Ferris. You'll have to think of
something else...

CU. FERRARI GRILLE
Cameron's protests are drowned out
by the distinctive roar of the twelve
cylinders.

CAMERON'S VOICE
...You're not talking me into this
one. I have to live with the man.
I'm sorry but...

The roar of the engine is overtaken by the sound of a crowded
school hallway.

INT. SCHOOL. JEANIE

She comes out of a classroom. She stops as Sloane and Rooney
walk past. Sloane has her coat on and she's carrying her
books. Jeanie watches her suspiciously.

EXT. SCHOOL

The Ferrari is parked out in front. The top is down.

INT. FERRARI

Ferris is driving. He's wearing a man's hat and sunglasses.

Cameron's in the back.

CAMERON

Are you crazy?! Put the top back up!

FERRIS

This is perfect top-down weather.

CAMERON

What about Rooney?

FERRIS

Cameron, the more obvious we are,
the less likely we are to get caught.

CAMERON

That makes no sense whatsoever.

FERRIS

The adult mind is a suspicious
machine.

(look around at Cameron)

Stay down, man.

Cameron squeezes himself lower.

CAMERON

Howcome it's my Dad's car and I'm
taking all the risk and I have to
ride back here?

FERRIS

I don't have an explanation.

EXT. SCHOOL

Rooney and Sloane come out the door.

ROONEY

Once again let me say how deeply
saddened I am by your loss.

SLOANE

Huh?

ROONEY

Were you close to your grandmother?

SLOANE

Oh. Um. Yeah. Very. She was a terrific lady. Very hip. Very old. Yeah.

DEEP VOICE

Oh, Sloane! Dear!

Sloane looks across at the Ferrari. Rooney looks.

THEIR POV

Ferris is looking out across the roof of the Ferrari. He's careful to keep his nose and mouth below the roofline.

FERRIS

Hurry along now!

EXT. SCHOOL

Rooney's suspicious. Sloane smiles and bids Rooney a hasty farewell.

SLOANE

I guess that's my Dad. Thanks. See ya.

She hurries to the car. Rooney watches her. Something does not compute for him.

INT. SCHOOL. JEANIE

She's watching out the door. She sees the Ferrari pull away.

EXT. SCHOOL. ROONEY

He can't quite put his finger on what's bothering him.

INT. FERRARI

Sloane shrieks with delight. She leans across the console and gives Ferris a kiss.

SLOANE

This is so great! I can't believe it! Right in front of Rooney!

She laughs and turns to Cameron.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Hi, Cameron. You comfortable?

CAMERON

Hi. No.

SLOANE

What a fabulous car!

CAMERON

Enjoy it quick. It' s going home.

FERRIS

It was risky, it was bold but it was totally necessary.

SLOANE

What're we gonna do?

FERRIS

The question isn't "what are we gonna do", the question is "what aren't we going to do."

CAMERON

Don't tell me we're not going to take the car home. Please.

FERRIS

(to CAMERA)

If you had access to a car like this would you take it back right away? Would you give up feeling like a ton just to ease your best friend's tension?

He smiles.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Either would I.

EXT. STREET. FERRARI

It accelerates away like a shot.

EXT. SUBURBAN BANK

A fresh, modern bank building. The clock outside read 9:53.

The Ferrari pulls into the parking lot.

INT. BANK. DOORS

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane walk in. Ferris is cocky and confident. Sloane's still intoxicated with her freedom.

Cameron's having stomach trouble. Ferris leads the way to an open teller window.

INT. BANK. TELLER

A WOMAN about seventy with a silver blue beehive. It's about four inches higher the highest beehive you're ever seen. As she moves the beehive hits a small sign over her head. She's been at the bank since they opened. She smiles when she sees Ferris.

TELLER
Ferris Bueller?

FERRIS

He's at the window. On either shoulder are Cameron and Sloane.
Ferris smiles. Cameron blanches.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
Hello, Mrs. Froeling. How are you?

TELLER

She pats the rock-solid mass of blue hair. In doing so she
locates a missing ball point pen. She withdraws it from the
hair and smiles at it's reappearance.

TELLER (CONT'D)
I passed a kidney stone Tuesday, so
I'm a little pooped but other than
that, I'm as chipper as can be.
(something occurs to
her)
Say, should you be in school?

FERRIS

He lays his savings bonds on the counter.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
Me?
(polite laugh)
I'm out of school, Mrs. Froeling.
In fact. I'm married. This is my
wife...Madonna.

Sloane suppresses a laugh.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
(to Cameron)
And this is my brother-in-law, ZZ
Top. ZZ, this is Mrs. Froeling.

Cameron isn't amused.

TELLER
(to Cameron)
Is Top a Slavic name?

CAMERON
Yeah.

FERRIS
I'd like to cash these in, please.
We're having a baby and we need the
cash for a crib, clothes, diapers,
food pellets, leash, water dish...

INT. BANK. TELLER WINDOW

Mrs. Froeling takes the bonds with a hearty smile. The latter part of the conversation sails over her like a line drive.

TELLER

A baby!
 (to Sloane)
 You must be so excited.

Cameron groans and turns away from the sham.

SLOANE

I'm thrilled, ma'am. I'm especially looking forward to wearing those jeans with the stretch panel in front.

Mrs. Froeling thumbs through the bonds.

TELLER

Are you hoping for a boy or a girl?

SLOANE

Actually, we're hoping for a car.

CU. CAMERON

He's spooked by the games playing. He scans the bank nervously. He blinks, focuses, blinks again.

HIS POV

Joyce is with a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE and their bored, sour-puss teenage son, BOYD. He's sitting in a chair with his legs slung over the sides waving a Bic lighter back and forth across his rump. The parents are Joyce's clients from Vermont. A LOAN OFFICER is discussing the local financing situation with them. His is an open office adjacent to the teller windows. Joyce's back is to the tellers.

CU. CAMERON

It's like he's just witnesses an ax murder.

CAMERON

Shit...

INT. BANK. JOYCE

Her back is to the teller windows. She's conducting her meeting. Behind her we see Cameron grab Ferris and point her out to him. He waves. Cameron slaps his arm.

INT. BANK. TELLER WINDOW

Mrs. Froeling shows Ferris the savings bonds.

TELLER

These bonds aren't mature. If you hold onto them another two years you'll get an additional four dollars...

FERRIS

I'm aware of that.

TELLER

You're throwing away four dollars.

FERRIS

No, ma'am, I'm giving it to the government. They need it. Do you know what an aircraft carrier's going for these days?

INT. BANK. JOYCE

She concludes her meeting. She shakes hands with the loan officer and stands. The Vermont Couple stands. Boyd scrapes the bottom of his shoe on the desk, leaving a glob of mud behind and he stands. Joyce turns into the bank. Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are gone. She escorts her customers out.

INT. BANK. DOOR

Joyce and the Vermont Couple approach the doors. Boyd lays a luggie in the drinking fountain. Mrs. Froeling passes with the savings bonds. She stops when she sees Joyce.

JOYCE

Mrs. Froeling, how are you?

MRS. FROELING

I passed a kidney stone Tuesday.
(shifts gears, to
Joyce)
Say, you must be very proud.

Joyce doesn't know what she's talking about.

MRS. FROELING (CONT'D)

(whispers)
I met Madonna.

She pats Joyce on the arm.

MRS. FROELING (CONT'D)

She told me everything. Keep me posted, I'll want to send a gift.

She toodles on her way. Joyce and the Vermont Couple are completely baffled.

EXT. BANK

Joyce and the Vermont Couple walk along the side of the bank, heading for the parking lot. Boyd's tagging along behind. He picks up a stone and hurls it into the parking lot.

JOYCE

My son's home sick today. If you wouldn't mind, on our way back to the office, I'd like to just run in and check up on him.

We HEAR A METALLIC PING! as Boyd's missile hits a car.

MOTHER

Of course.

They pass a show window. As they pass, we hold on the window. It's promoting saving for college educations. A mannequin father is congratulating his mannequin son in a mortar and gown as a stiff Sloane, Ferris and Cameron look on proudly.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

His secretary is dialing a number for him.

SECRETARY

This is the Peterson's home.

She hands the phone to Rooney.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Watch your mouth this time.

Rooney glares at her.

ROONEY

Ferris Bueller's behind this. There's no doubt in my mind. That's what I was saying this morning. Why he has to be stopped. He's got Sloane Peterson involved in this thing now. See?

The secretary nods.

SECRETARY

And her grandmother, too.

CU. PHONE ANSWER MACHINE

It clicks on. We hear a grieved woman's voice. It sounds an awful lot like Sloane.

SLOANE

We can't come to the phone right now.

We've had a death in the family. If you need to reach us we'll be at the following number...

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney quickly takes down a number.

EXT. CAMERON'S HOUSE

His answering machine clicks on. We hear Cameron's voice.

CAMERON'S VOICE

You have reached the Coughlin Bros.

Mortuary. We are unable to come to the phone right now but if you'll leave your name and number...

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

Rooney hangs up the phone.

ROONEY

Something's going on, goddamn it.

The secretary's looking at a newspaper on Rooney's desk.

She's not listening to him.

SECRETARY

There's a railroad strike.

ROONEY

And I'm going to stop it!

SECRETARY

My brother-in-law'll appreciate it.

Rooney looks at her, puzzled.

ROONEY

What?

SECRETARY

My brother-in-law rides the train to work.

Rooney stares at her like she's crazy.

ROONEY

Who gives a good goddamn?

EXT. EDENS EXPRESSWAY

The major thoroughfare into the city of Chicago from the suburbs. The Ferrari streaks past. In the distance we see the Sears Tower, the Hancock Building and the Standard Oil Building.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

Jeanie's walking down the hall. She's stopped by a KID with a Coke can.

KID

Yo. We're collecting money to buy Ferris Bueller a new kidney.

Jeanie stares at him. She's flabbergasted at the proportions her brother's scan has reached.

KID (CONT'D)

They run about fifty g's so it you could help out...

JEANIE

Go piss up a flagpole!

KID

Huh?

She knocks the can out of his hands and storms down the hall.

The kid yells after her.

KID (CONT'D)

Hey, babe! Some day you might need a favor from Ferris Bueller!

Then where'll you be?!

He reaches for the can.

KID (CONT'D)

Heartless wench...

EXT. CHICAGO LOOP. PARKING GARAGE

The Ferrari pulls into a large parking garage.

EXT. GARAGE

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron get out. Cameron's having fits.

CAMERON

We can't leave the car here!

FERRIS

Why not?

CAMERON

Because we can't! I want it back home where it belongs!

SLOANE

What could happen to it?

CAMERON

It could get stolen, wrecked,
scratched, you name it.

FERRIS

I'll give the guy a five to watch
it.

CAMERON

What guy?

CU. PARKING ATTENDANT

He smiles with relish at the car. 6'6", 240. An IQ that equals
his hourly wage. Shoulder-length hair stuffed into a hairnet
Gold teeth. Earring. Goatee.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The Attendant swaggers over to the car. Ferris slips him a
give.

FERRIS

You speak English?

ATTENDANT

Since I was three.

FERRIS

Great. I want to you take extra
special care of this vehicle, okay?

He pats the Attendant on the arm. He smiles.

ATTENDANT

Like it's a beautiful woman.

FERRIS

I appreciate it.

The Attendant very gingerly gets into the car. Ferris turns
to Cameron. The Ferrari pulls into the lot very slowly, very
carefully. No squealing tires, no revving engine.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

See what a finski can do to a person's
attitude? He's going to treat it
like a beautiful woman.

CAMERON

Yeah, sure. Whip it with a stick and
piss on the hood.

SLOANE

Oh, please, Cameron. Do you have to
be so graphic?

She heads down the street.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

This is so right!

Ferris nudges Cameron on. They exit the garage and head after Sloane. A long beat and the Ferrari creeps down the exit ramp of the garage. It's gone in the entrance and out the exit. Another attendant jumps in the passenger side.

He's skinny, tall, with a huge knit hat willed with dreads.

He lets out a spirited laugh and the Ferrari peels out of the lot. It heads down the street away from Sloane, Ferris and Cameron.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Joyce's care pulls in the driveway. She gets out and heads up the house.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

It's dark. There's a figure in the bed. We hear soft snoring. A wire runs from under the bed covers to the closet door to the door to the room itself.

INT. ROOM. DOOR KNOB

The wire is tied to the doorknob. It's taut. Downstairs, we hear a door open and close.

INT. HOUSE. STAIRWAY

Joyce quietly walks up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE. HALLWAY

Joyce comes up the stairs and crosses to Ferris' room. She listens at the door. WE HEAR THE SNORING.

CU. DOORKNOB

Joyce slowly turns the doorknob and pushes the door open a crack.

HER POV

The door opens and the figure-like lump in the bed moves.

CU. JOYCE

She smiles and closes the door.

INT. ROOM. CLOSET

The closet door is open. The wire from the bedroom door is strung over the top of the closet door. A trophy is attached to the end of the wire and it's resting on a yard stick. As the bedroom door closes, the trophy lifts up off the yardstick and the lump in the bed goes back down to it's original position.

CU. FERRIS' SYNTHESIZER

Little LED's are lighting up to the rhythm of the snoring. The snoring is simulated.

INT. HALLWAY

Joyce listens at the door another beat. She smiles with relief and affection.

EXT. SEARS TOWER. LATER

HELICOPTER SHOT moves in on the world's tallest building. As it passes we see three figures pressed against the windows.

FERRIS (V.O.)

This is the world's tallest building. From our vantage point here on the 103 floor, we are provided with a view of four states.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Do you think the car's alright?

FERRIS (V.O.)

Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and my personal favorite, Indiana.

INT. SEARS TOWER OBSERVATION DECK

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are standing against the window.

CAMERON

I don't feel good, Ferris. Are we gonna stay long?

FERRIS

Take a step back...

Ferris steps back. Sloane and Cameron follow suit.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Now, lean against the glass. Like this...

He leans forward, putting all his weight on his forehead.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

And look down.

Sloane leans forward. Cameron follows, reluctantly.

SLOANE

Oh, shit!

HER POV

The street far, far below. A dizzying view.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK

The three are leaning against the glass.

SLOANE

What if the glass gives?

FERRIS

Death.

SLOANE

Cool.

CU. CAMERON

He's looking down.

CAMERON

I think I see my Dad.

EXT. STREET LEVEL

A middle-aged man, Cameron's father, HORACE FRYE, is standing on the street corner. He's lean, clean, tough and humorless. He's wearing a puzzled look on his face.

CAMERON'S FATHER

I think I see my car.

HIS POV

The Ferrari screams down the avenue and disappears down the underground ramp.

INT. SEARS TOWER LOBBY

Ferris and Sloane bound down the escalator. Cameron follows glumly. They dance past the giant Calder mobile. They're singing.

FERRIS AND SLOANE

I BEEN ALL 'ROUND THIS GREAT BIG
WORLD AND I'VE SEEN ALL KINDS OF
GIRLS YEAH, BUT I COULDN'T WAIT TO
(MORE)

FERRIS AND SLOANE (CONT'D)
 GET BACK IN THE STATES BACK TO THE
 CUTEST GIRLS IN THE WORLD I WISH
 THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA I WISH
 THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA

EXT. STREET

Ferris and Sloane burst out the doors garnering the annoyed stares of the business people busily going in and out of the building. Cameron politely waits his turn to exit. Ferris and Sloane head down the street. Cameron follows.

FERRIS AND SLOANE
 I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA
 GIRLS!

EXT. CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE

Giant old monolith.

INT. CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE. TRADING ROOM

Traders are frantically buying and selling commodities.

INT. GALLERY

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are sitting in the gallery watching the proceedings.

SLOANE
 Do you love me?

FERRIS
 Do you love me?

SLOANE
 I asked you first.

FERRIS
 Yes. You?

SLOANE
 Yes.

FERRIS
 Would I trash a day of education to
 be with you if I didn't love you?

SLOANE
 Yes.

FERRIS
 Would I risk damaging a deep and
 wonderfully enriching relationship
 with my parents if I didn't love
 you?

SLOANE

Yes.

FERRIS

Would I have introduced you as my wife if I didn't love you?

SLOANE

Wait a minute. That was a lie.

FERRIS

True.

Ferris puts his arm around Sloane.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Would you want to get married? I mean if I wasn't an asshole.

SLOANE

Sure.

FERRIS

(serious)

Today?

Sloane stares at him. Is he serious.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I'm game.

SLOANE

No way!

FERRIS

I'll do it, if you will.

Cameron suddenly adds his two cents.

CAMERON

You need a blood test.

Ferris looks around at him.

FERRIS

Huh?

CAMERON

If your blood's not compatible, you could produce a pinhead. The state requires a blood test.

FERRIS

So?

CAMERON

So, you can't get married today.

FERRIS

Tomorrow?

CAMERON

If you get a blood test today.

SLOANE

I'm not getting married.

CAMERON

I'm with you, babe.

FERRIS

Why not?

SLOANE

What do you mean, why not? Think about it.

FERRIS

Besides being too young and your father hating my guts and not having any place to live and feeling awkward about being the only cheer-leader with a husband, give me a good reason why not.

CAMERON

I'll give you two. My mother and father.

Ferris and Sloane look at him curiously.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

They're married and they hate each other.

(to Ferris)

You've seen them. Am I right?

FERRIS

You're father's a toad and your Mom's always wired out, but so what? They're old. That's natural.

CAMERON

It makes me puke. Seeing people treat each other like that. It's like the car. He loves the car. He hates his wife.

SLOANE

My parents are divorced. So what? It's not like it doesn't happen ten thousand times a day.

CAMERON

Just because it happens doesn't make it right. Are you comfortable with it?

SLOANE

No. It's not something I can get comfortable with. I've tried. Are yours divorced?

CAMERON

They may as well be.

SLOANE

Do you think they're staying together because of you?

Cameron hasn't seen it that way. He shrugs.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Do they like you?

It hasn't occurred to Cameron that his parents might not like him. That parental love might not be a given.

CAMERON

Yeah. Sure.

SLOANE

Consider this...my father canned me and my brother and my Mom for a twenty five year old dipso with fake tits. He dropped us like a rock. Everything was cool at our house. I thought so. We all thought so. Then BLAM! It's over.

FERRIS

(to CAMERA)

This is all news to me. She keeps a pretty good secret.

SLOANE

(to Cameron)

It was pure selfishness. When I have a kid, I don't care how much I want something, if it's gonna screw-up the kid, forget it.

FERRIS

(to CAMERA)

She's not lying.

CAMERON

You could change.

SLOANE

Yeah. But I'm gonna try not to. I'm gonna think about it. I'm gonna try to prevent it.

FERRIS

This is optomism. It's a common trait with my age group. Adults think it's cute, it's like a charming quick that infests youth. But it's a cool thing and I think, deep down, crusty old shits wish they had some. They wish they had her, too.

(points to Sloane)

Sorry. She's taken.

CAMERON

I'd rather not have my family break apart, thank you.

SLOANE

Well, you know what? It ain't up to you. It's out of your hands.

CAMERON

So, I in other words, I should just sit back and watch it crumble?

SLOANE

You're merely an inhabitant in their universe.

FERRIS

Frightening choice of words.

SLOANE

They call the shots. When you split from them, you call the shots.

CAMERON

So, you're saying I should run away?

FERRIS

No. She's saying it's time for lunch.

SLOANE

What?

FERRIS

Let's go feed Cameron.

They stand up and head out. Ferris hangs back a moment. He cups his hands to his mouth. He yells at the top of his voice.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

BUY!

And he exits. Cool and casual.

INT. CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE. TRADING FLOOR

It explodes with activity in response to Ferris' shout.

We HEAR A RADIO ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER

Commodity prices rose sharply today
in unusually heavy trading...

EXT. RESTAURANT

A French restaurant on the Gold Coast. It's noon.

INT. RESTAURANT

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron are standing in the restaurant.

Ferris is looking at the maitre 'd's reservations book.

HIS POV

His fingers runs down to a party of three for 12:00.

INT. RESTAURANT

The maitre'd returns.

MAITRE'D

(to Ferris)

May I help you?

FERRIS

Yes. I'm Abe Frohman. Party of three
for 12:00.

The maitre'd looks at Ferris curiously.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Is there a problem?

MAITRE'D

You're Abe Frohman?

FERRIS

I'm Abe Frohman.

MAITRE'D

(chuckles)

I'm sorry, son. I'm very busy right
now. If you have trouble finding the
door...

Sloane tugs Ferris' sleeve. He ignores her.

FERRIS

Are you suggesting that I'm not who
I say I am?

MAITRE'D

Shall I call the police?

CAMERON

Let's go...Abe.

FERRIS

I'm not going anywhere.
(to the Maitre'd)
Call the police. Go ahead. Better
yet...
(grabs the phone)
...I'll call myself.

Cameron chokes. Sloane grits her teeth. The maitre'd smiles
smuggly.

CU. PHONE

Ferris punches out a number. A beat
and the restaurant's second line
lights up and the phone rings.

INT. RESTAURANT

The maitre'd motions for the phone so that he can answer the
call. Ferris waves him off angrily.

FERRIS

You touch me and I yell "rat!"
There's another phone around here.
Find it.

The maitre'd backs off.

CAMERON

Ferris, let's split, please?

SLOANE

Cameron's right. We're gonna get
busted.

FERRIS

Not a chance in the world.

He hands the phone to Sloane.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Ask for Abe Frohman.

INT. RESTAURANT. LATER

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron are seated in the restaurant. The
maitre'd is hovering over Ferris.

MAITRE'D

I appreciate your understanding.

FERRIS

Don't grovel, Charles. Just leave us to our repast and all will be forgotten.

MAITRE'D

Enjoy your luncheon.

FERRIS

Thank you.

The maitre'd backs away. Ferris smiles. Sloane is impressed. Cameron is flushed with nerves.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Darling, you were wonderful.

SLOANE

Oh, but I had a wonderful teacher.

FERRIS

Cameron, dear friend?

Cameron looks to Ferris.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

And you thought we wouldn't have any fun. Shame on you.

Ferris disappears behind his menu.

EXT. SCHOOL

We HEAR HALLWAY SOUNDS AND JEANIE.

JEANIE (V.O.)

Ferris Bueller's days are numbered.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM

Jeanie's sitting on a bench in a field hockey uniform. She's talking to a FRIEND.

JEANIE

(mean, vicious)

I'm gonna bust his buns.

FRIEND

Why? What's the point?

JEANIE

Why?

(MORE)

JEANIE (CONT'D)

Because I'm sick of the little dope.
He manipulates my parents, he does
whatever he wants, whenever he wants
and he never gets nailed.

(wicked pause)

Well, babe, today I'm the hammer.

She yanks angrily on the velcro strap on her sneakers. The
straps rip off in her hand.

FRIEND

I think he's cute.

JEANIE

Sweetie, it's an established fact
that you have no taste. Ferris is
not cute. He's not charming. He's
not nice. He's not a wonderful person.
He's an ignorant mule and the sooner
everybody in this school comes to
that realization the better off we'll
all be.

She displays the velcro straps to her friend.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

See? My brother strokes you, you
sympathize with him, I get pissed
off and this is what happens!

Jeanie tosses the straps on the floor.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something. I study
hard, I work hard, I'm polite, I'm
considerate, I'm friendly and fair
to all kinds of people. Except morons.
I try to be everything a good, decent
person should be and you know what?

FRIEND

Everybody thinks you're an asshole.

Jeanie freezes with her next sentence pinned to her tongue.

JEANIE

Excuse me?

FRIEND

I don't think you're an asshole.

JEANIE

Who does?

Her friend smiles sheepishly.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

Rachel?

Jeanie's friend shrugs, wags her head, does everything but verbally confirm.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

Rachel's a dirt bag. Who else?

FRIEND

I don't know. Just forget it.

JEANIE

Forget that everybody thinks I'm an asshole? Would you like everybody to think you're an asshole?

FRIEND

Not everybody thinks you're an asshole. Mr. Rooney likes you.

JEANIE

Oh, hey. That's exciting. A fat fifty year old clod with B.O. likes me.

Jeanie shakes her head in disbelief.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

Would everybody be happier if maybe I were to die in a flaming car accident or something?

FRIEND

Maybe if you didn't cat like and asshole...

JEANIE

Am I acting like an asshole?

FRIEND

I didn't mean it that way.

JEANIE

I this a conspiracy to shit all over me or something? Is my brother behind this? Tell me if he is or I'll sock your tits.

FRIEND

You really do have a problem, Jeanie.

JEANIE

Me? I have a problem?

FRIEND

Somebody who threatens to sock people's tits has a problem.

JEANIE

Alright. How about if I sock your face?

Jeanie's friend gets up.

FRIEND

Take a walk, Jeanie.

Her friend exits.

JEANIE

(yells after her)

If it means anything to you, I have my period! MY BODY'S RIDDING ITSELF OF OLD EGGS, GODDAMN IT!

She snarls and slumps against the lockers.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

He's gone. He's over. He's monkey meat.

INT. MEN'S ROOM. CHEZ PAUL

Ferris is standing at the urinal.

FERRIS

She's a person who views life as an ordeal that must be endured. Her body is a transport vehicle for her anger. I don't know where she gets this shit. Basically, the family's pretty cool.

He looks down at the urinal.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I wonder if everybody shoots at cigarette butts in urinals? Probably not many women.

(continues)

I used to think that my family was the only one that had weirdness in it. It used to worry me. Then I met Cameron and I saw how his family functioned.

He zips this trousers and steps away from the urinal.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Cameron's home life is really shit. He wasn't lying. That's why he's sick all the time. It really upsets him. What he said about his parents hating each other?

(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I refuse to sleep over at his house. His parents fight all the time. Even when I'm there. Is there anything worse than being at somebody's house when their parents are fighting? It's the absolute height of social discomfort.

He checks his hair in the mirror.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

When they go after each other, Cameron tightens up. It's scary. He gets so wadded-up, you couldn't pry his buns apart with a crowbar. The thing with taking his old man's car? It's good for him. It teaches him to deal with his fear. Plus, and I must be honest here, I love driving it. I highly recommend picking one up.

He exists the men's room. We hold a beat. A toilet flushes.

Another beat and Tom walks out of the stall. He crosses to the sink.

INT. RESTAURANT

Cameron and Sloane have been served their lunches. They're staring at the plates.

CAMERON

What is it?

SLOANE

I don't know. But it looks like it's already been eaten and digested.

CAMERON

I knew it was a mistake letting Ferris order for us.

Ferris slides over to the table and drops into his seat.

FERRIS

What are you doing?

Cameron looks at Ferris.

CAMERON

What is this shit?

FERRIS

You got me. I don't speak French.

He puts his napkin in his lap and smells his plate.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I think it's a land-based beefoid creature.

He takes a bite. He savors the taste.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Splendid.

CAMERON

Really?

FERRIS

Superb.

Cameron and Sloane try theirs. They chew tentatively.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Good?

Sloane and Cameron shrug. It's not bad. A WAITER passes.

Ferris stops him.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Yo, Clouseau!

The waiter stops and looks at Ferris indignantly.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I have a growth on my brain that causes memory lapses. Could you tell me what we ordered here?

The waiter glances at the plates.

WAITER

Sweetbreads.

FERRIS

Uh, huh. And what might that be?

WAITER

Pancreas.

FERRIS

As in the gland that has important functions in digestion and metabolism?

CU. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They stop chewing. They're holding their sweetbreads in their mouths.

CU. FERRIS

He continues his questioning.

FERRIS

...That secretes a thick, colorless
fluid containing digestive enzymes?
The home of the world famous isles
of Langerhans?

CU. WAITER

He nods broadly, knowing that he's spoiling the kids' meal.

CU. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They look at each other.

CU. FERRIS

He pats his mouth with his napkin. He looks to Cameron and
Sloane. He raises a finger, holds it a beat and gives a cue.

CU. WAITER

He turns away as Sloane and Cameron spit out their food.

CU. FERRIS

He watches Sloane and Cameron then glances at the waiter.

FERRIS

Check, please!

EXT. RESTAURANT

Tom and his two GUESTS are standing at the curb, talking. A
cab is waiting. The door's open. In the B.G. Ferris, Sloane
and Cameron come out of the restaurant. They approach the
cab. Tom's back it to Ferris. Ferris stops cold.

FERRIS, SLOANE, CAMERON

They turn on cue at Tom, now in the B.G., turns toward the
restaurant.

FERRIS

40,000 restaurants in the downtown
area and I pick the one my father
goes to.

CAMERON

We're gonna get nabbed, for sure.

FERRIS

No way, Cameron. Only the meek get
nabbed. The bold survive. Let's go.

He turns to the cab. Sloane and Cameron turn slowly.

EXT. STREET. CAB

Tom and his party are still jawing at curbside. Ferris, Sloane and Cameron slowly approach the cab. Behind the backs of the men, Ferris scoots Sloane into the cab. Cameron dashes in. The Ferris hops the cab.

INT. CAB

Ferris slams the door.

CU. CAB DOOR HANDLE

A man's hand reaches for the handle as the cab pulls away.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Tom and his guests watch in bewilderment at their cab takes off. MUSIC COMES UP.

EXT. MUSEUM OR SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

The grand old Chicago museum.

INT. MUSEUM. OVERHEAD SHOT

The main gallery is crowded with school kids.

INT. MUSEUM. FLOOR

A class of kids walking along holding hands. Among the second graders are Ferris, Sloane and Cameron, holding hands looking like giant grade schoolers.

INT. MUSEUM. DISPLAY CASE

Baby chicks are hatching in a huge, round incubator. Sloane, Ferris and Cameron are intently watching the process.

INT. MUSEUM. COAL MINE

Sloane, Ferris and Cameron ride in the coal train in the coal mine replica. Ferris and Sloane are making out.

INT. MUSEUM. INDUSTRIAL DISPLAY

Sloane operates a metal press to produce a tin ashtray.

INT. MUSEUM. HEART REPLICA

A giant, walk-thru replica of a human heart. Ferris staggers out of it, clutching his heart, feigning a massive heart attack.

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT

Ferris is examining the controls of the captured U-Boat. He checks to see if he's being watched then he presses a button and pulls a lever.

CU. PROPELLER

For the first time in forty years, the screw turns.

CU. HUMAN FETUS IN A BOTTLE

The famous stages of life display which features bottled fetuses. The ninth month. A tiny human being in a jar.

CU. SLOANE, FERRIS, CAMERON

Sloane wants to cry. Cameron's stomach is in his throat.

Ferris is lost in thought. The MUSIC ENDS.

SLOANE
(remorsefully)
I wonder if he has a name?

FERRIS
(blank)
Ninth Month.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER. LONG, HIGH SHOT

From the Merchandise Mart, looking down the fetid, green swath of water. A boat is rolling up the man-made canyon.

CAMERON (V.O.)
Are you guys worried about nuclear war?

FERRIS (V.O.)
Cameron, it's a beautiful day, we've won our freedom, we're traveling down one of American's most scenic polluted waterways and you have to bring up nuclear war?

SLOANE (V.O.)
It is kind of raggy subject, Cam.

CAMERON (V.O.)
Regardless. It's with us every day. The possibility of global destruction.

SLOANE (V.O.)
Don't you think it's an issue because people need something to worry about?
(MORE)

SLOANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They have to like, have some major problem that puts all their little bullshit into some kind of persepective?

CAMERON (V.O.)

Maybe.

FERRIS

They used to have Viet Nam. They used to have the oil crisis stuff and Iran. That's over and people have to have their big issue. It's not like somebody came up with the nuclear holocaust yesterday at noon, you know.

SLOANE (V.O.)

To answer your question...No, I'm not worried about it at all.

FERRIS (V.O.)

We don't know when the bombs going off. We do know, however, that college starts in the fall.

CAMERON (V.O.)

(dramatic, deadly serious)

Do you know what a nuclear winter is?

Long beat.

SLOANE (V.O.)

Yeah. Everybody's dead, it's real cold and the skiing's for shit.

The boat makes the turn in the river and CLEARS FRAME.

EXT. BOAT DOCK

The three are sitting on the aft deck of the tour boat.

Their feet are up on the railing. Very casual, very relaxed.

Discussing the end of the world.

SLOANE

My step-father's always going off about how when he was young he was committed to all these causes.

FERRIS

He's full of shit. All the old hippies are full of shit.

SLOANE

He says I don't care about things
like he did.

FERRIS

What's he care about now?

SLOANE

Baldness, fatty meats and money.

FERRIS

I rest my case.

CAMERON

What's spooky is they still control
everything. They took over when they
were young and they never gave it
up.

FERRIS

One of the most frightening
experiences of my young life has
been observing my parents and our
neighbors playing the Baby Boom
Edition of Trivial Pursuits. It's
chilling to see people crazed with
the minutia of their past.

CAMERON

It's human nature to like what you
had better than what you have.

SLOANE

Agreed.

A loud speaker on the boat identifies a point of interest.

LOUDSPEAKER

TO YOUR LEFT IT THE WORLD'S TALLEST
BUILDING...

The three look to the left.

The Sears Tower.

CAMERON

You know, this is all very interesting
but I'm starving.

FERRIS

An hour ago you wanted to yack.

CAMERON

I feel better now.

FERRIS

Lean over and grab a fish.

Cameron looks over the side of the boat. An obtuse thought flashes through Sloane's brain.

SLOANE

What comes after a nuclear winter?

FERRIS

Nuclear spring.

EXT. SCHOOL

Meanwhile...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DEAN'S OFFICE

Jeanie is having a small moral debate with herself.

JEANIE

It's reprehensible to squeal on your own flesh and blood...but it's for his own good. His cavalier attitude will get him into trouble later in life...and it'll continue to piss me off and I'll get so wadded-up that it'll cause cervex cancer and he'll ruin my life. Screw him.

She slips into the Dean's outer office.

INT. DEAN'S OUTER OFFICE

Rooney's secretary is behind her desk. Jeanie walks in. The secretary looks up and greets her with a weary smile.

SECRETARY

Hello, Jeanie. Who's bothering you now?

Jeanie scowls at her.

JEANIE

Is Dean Rooney in?

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, he's out. Can I help you?

JEANIE

(condescending)

I seriously doubt it. When's he back?

SECRETARY

I don't know. He left the grounds on personal business.

EXT. STREET. CU. CURB

A car tire rolls into FRAME and stops. Slide across to the sidewalk. Rooney's dress shoe steps out onto the pavement.

Move up to reveal Rooney standing at the door of his bile-green LeBaron. Rooney peels off his shades and looks around like he's Dirty Harry. In his mind he is Dirty Harry.

CU. FIRE HYDRANT

Rooney's dress shoe on the hydrant. He ties his lace and pulls up his sock.

EXT. STREET

Rooney straightens his tie and jacket and slips into a rowdy hot dog joint.

INT. HOT DOG STAND

It's jammed with construction workers, secretaries, suburban businessmen. It's loud and confusing. Rooney pushes his way in and scopes the crowd.

HIS POV

A young person is playing a video game in a far corner.

CU. ROONEY

He suspects it's Ferris. It looks sort of like Ferris. He smiles and cuts into the crowd.

CU. THE BACK OF THE VIDEO PLAYER'S HEAD

MOVE IN on the player.

ROONEY (O.S.)

I've been waiting a long time for this.

The player looks up.

ROONEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Your ass is mine.

The player turns around. It's a GIRL.

CU. ROONEY

The blood evacuates his face. He stares at the girl.

CU. GIRL

She stares at him. She picks up her Coke. She puts the straw to her lips and sucks.

CU. ROONEY

He's still staring. He can't think of anything to say.

CU. GIRL

Holding the straw in the mouth, she draws it out of the cup.

She raises it, pointing it directly in Rooney's face.

CU. ROONEY

He squints

CU. GIRL

She blows a strawful of Coke in Rooney's face.

CU. NAPKIN HOLDER

A hand yanks a napkin hold.

INT. HOT DOG STAND. SERVICE COUNTER

Rooney wipes his face. Behind him is the kitchen and a grease-covered TV set broadcasting a Cubs baseball game.

There's a long foul ball. The TV camera follows the ball into the stands. A kid makes a stab at the ball. Rooney wipes his suit off. The TV camera zooms in on the boy triumphantly holding the foul ball aloft. It's Ferris.

He does a little celebration dance. Rooney wads up the napkin and tosses it in a trashbin. The TV camera returns to the game. Rooney glances at the screen.

ROONEY

What's the score?

HOT DOG MAN

Zero to zero.

ROONEY

Who's winning?

HOT DOG MAN

Cubs.

Rooney nods and exits.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD. STANDS

Ferris sits down with the baseball. He shakes his stinging paw. On either side of him are Cameron and Sloane. Cameron's scarfing nachos.

FERRIS
I think I broke my thumb.

SLOANE
Can we leave now?

FERRIS
You want to leave? We just got here.

SLOANE
You got a call, you broke your thumb,
what's left to do?

Cameron offers his nachos to Sloane. She looks at them with disgust.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
No wonder you're always sick.

Ferris leans back, puts his hands behind his head and turns his face to the bright sun.

FERRIS
Do you realize that if I played by
the rules, right now I'd be in gym?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. PLAYING FIELD

A boy's gym class is doing laps. A blue Fiat pulls into the shot.

INT. FIAT

Jeanie's at the wheel. She sneaks a glance at the school.

JEANIE
I can't believe my brother's making
me put myself in a position where I
could get expelled. Selfish little
moron.

(pause)
Ferris? You've overshadowed me long
enough. I'm gonna get you, buddy.

She puts the car in gear and drives out of the shot.

EXT. STATE STREET

A parade is underway. Floats and politicians. Marching bands, drum and bugle corps, soldiers, school kids. Figure skating club in outfits and skates performing their routines on pavement. It's GERMAN-AMERICAN APPRECIATION DAY.

EXT. STATE STREET. FLOAT

Riding atop on a float is Ferris. He's waving to the crowd.

He and half a dozen homely German-American Beauty Queens.

He's leading the girls in singing, "DANKE SHOEN".

EXT. STATE STREET. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They're watching Ferris go by. They wave to him.

SLOANE

I love him.

CAMERON

It's hard not to.

Cameron breaks a smile. As worried as he is about the day and getting caught, he has to admire Ferris for his lack of inhibitions. Cameron mumbles a few words.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Stop...water...want...

SLOANE

Do you believe in reincarnation?

CAMERON

Huh?

SLOANE

Do you believe that you lived before?

CAMERON

Yeah. Sort of.

SLOANE

Do you ever wonder what you were?

CAMERON

I don't have to wonder. I know.

Sloane looks at him with amazement.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I was a tractor tire.

EXT. STATE STREET. FLOAT

Ferris is on his knees, reaching down from the float, shaking hands with people in the crowd.

FERRIS

Guten tag, dude!

EXT. STATE STREET

Sloane and Cameron continue their conversation.

CAMERON

What were you in a previous life?

SLOANE

I'm not sure but I think I know who Ferris was.

CAMERON

Hannibal.

SLOANE

From the A-Team?

CAMERON

No. The guy who rode the elephants into Switzerland.

Sloane laughs at herself. They step out of the crowd and head down the street in the direction the parade's heading.

SLOANE

I think if he was anybody, he was Magellan. You know, the guy who went around the world.

Cameron nods.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

I could see him ignoring popular belief and taking off on some impossible mission.

CAMERON

Yeah. As long as I've known him, everything works for him. There's nothing he can't handle. I can't handle anything. School, parents, the future. Ferris can do anything.

EXT. STATE STREET. FLOAT

Ferris is playing "TWIST AND SHOUT" on the accordian. The girls on the float are singing.

FERRIS

WELL, SHAKE IT UP, BABY, NOW!

GIRLS

SHAKE IT UP, BABY

FERRIS

TWIST AND SHOUT!

GIRLS

TWIST AND SHOUT!

FERRIS
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON, BABY ON!
COME ON AND WORK IT ON OUT!

GIRLS
WORK IT ON OUT!

EXT. STREET. SLOANE AND CAMERON

They continue their conversation.

SLOANE
The future's worse for a boy, isn't
it?

Cameron doesn't understand what she means.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
A girl can always bail out and have
a baby and get some guy to support
her.

CAMERON
That's a pretty grim thought.

SLOANE
True, but it's an option. No options
is worse.

CAMERON
I don't know what I'm gonna do.

SLOANE
College.

CAMERON
Yeah, but to do what?

SLOANE
What are you interested in?

CAMERON
Nothing.

SLOANE
Me either.

They walk on for a few beats. We HEAR "TWIST AND SHOUT"

GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER. The song is taking over all the
other tunes in the band. It's infecting the entire parade.

CAMERON
What do you think Ferris is gonna
do?

EXT. STATE STREET. MARCHING BAND

They're playing TWIST AND SHOUT.

EXT. STREET. MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER

He's singing.

POLICE OFFICER
YOU KNOW YOU LOOK SO GOOD!

EXT. STREET. PUNKS

A band of PUNKS are dancing on the roof of a news kiosk.

PUNKS
LOOK SO GOOD!

EXT. STREET MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN

A WOMAN and her two TODDLERS sing along.

WOMAN
YOU KNOW YOU LOOK SO FINE!

TODDLERS
LOOK SO FINE!

EXT. STREET. BLACK TEENAGER

He's wearing a shower cap and a maroon overcoat.

TEENAGER
COME ON AND TWIST A LITTLE CLOSER!

EXT. STREET. OLD NEWSPAPER SELLER

He singing along.

NEWSPAPER SELLER
TWIST A LITTLE CLOSER!

EXT. STREET. CHOIR GROUP

They're marching down the parade. They're singing in their
angelic voices.

CHOIR
AND LET ME KNOW THAT YOU'RE MINE!

EXT. STREET. STREET CLEANERS

With their brooms ready...

STREET CLEANERS
KNOW THAT YOU'RE MINE!

EXT. STREET. DECK

The entire parade is singing and playing "TWIST AND SHOUT".

EXT. STREET. VIEWING STAND

The POLITICIANS and their WIVES stand up.

POLITICIANS AND WIVES

AH!

EXT. STREET. VIEWING STAND

The CLERGYMEN stand.

CLERGYMEN

AH!

EXT. STREET. VETERANS

Marching in formation and in WWII uniforms.

VETERANS

AH!

EXT. STREET. FLOAT

Ferris leads the Beauty Queens in the rousing finale.

FERRIS

AH!

EXT. STREET. WIDE AND HIGH

The entire parade is at frenzy pitch.

PARADE

AHHHHH!

The SOUND OF THE VOICES blends with the SOUND OF A RED-LINED
HIGH PERFORMANCE ENGINE.

EXT. CALUMET CITY

The Port of Chicago. Grim, gritty waterfront. Suddenly,
Cameron's father's car flies OVER CAMERA. Like the opening
shot in Star Wars. The Starship Ferrari. SLO-MO.

CU. FERRARI UNDER-CARRIAGE

It travels past to reveal a beautiful blue sky. SLO-MO.

CU. PARKING ATTENDANT

His eyes are wide with exhilaration. Mouth open, tongue out.

Maniac at the wheel. SLO-MO.

CU. RASTAMAN

His eyes are closed. Big smile. SLO-MO,

EXT. STREETS. KIDS

They're looking up in the air, following the car as it flies over them. Broad, excited smiles. The car's shadow passes over them. SLO-MO.

CU. CAR GRILLE

It fills the frame and stops. We MOVE UP to reveal Rooney behind the wheel of his car.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Rooney gets out of his car. He looks at the house, looks up and down the street, then crosses to Ferris' house.

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

Rooney's at the front door. We see him peek in a window at the top of the door. The doorbell rings.

INT. HOUSE. FERRIS' ROOM. COMPUTER

It acknowledges the doorbell.

CU. CASSETTE PLAYER

It clicks on.

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT PORCH

The house intercom activates. We HEAR FERRIS' VOICE.

FERRIS

Who is it?

Rooney presses the intercom.

ROONEY

This is Ed Rooney, Ferris. I'd like to have a word with you.

FERRIS' VOICE

I'm sorry I can't come to the door right now. I'm very ill and I'm afraid that in my weakened condition, I could take a nasty spill down the stairs and subject myself to further school absences.

There's a pause. Rooney presses the intercom again.

ROONEY

B.S. Come down here.

FERRIS' VOICE

You can reach my parents at their places of business. Thank you for stopping by. I appreciate your concern for my well-being. It will be remembered long after this illness has past.

His voice clicks off. Rooney presses the intercom again.

ROONEY

I'm not leaving until you come down and talk to me.

FERRIS' VOICE

Have a nice day.

Rooney presses the intercom.

ROONEY

I'm not leaving, Ferris.

There's no response. Rooney rings the doorbell again. The pre-recorded litany starts over.

FERRIS' VOICE

Who is it?

Rooney doesn't realize that he's listening to a recording.

ROONEY

Don't get smart with me Ferris!

FERRIS' VOICE

I'm sorry I can't come to the door right now. I'm very ill and I'm afraid that in my weakened condition...

Rooney leans back from the door. He can't quite figure out what's going on. But it's highly suspicious.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM

Rooney steps through the hedges and peeks in the windows. We HEAR FERRIS' VOICE inside.

FERRIS' VOICE

You may reach my parents at their places of business.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN

Rooney tries to peak in the kitchen window.

FERRIS' VOICE

I appreciate your concern for my well-being. It will be remembered long after...

EXT. HOUSE. BACKDOOR

A black rubber doggie door. The type that allows a dog to come and go as it pleases. Rooney is crouched down. He lifts the doggie door and peeks in the house.

HIS POV

Along the kitchen floor. Through the kitchen, into the dining room. We hear a LARGE DOG GROWL.

CU. ROONEY

He's peaking through the door. He hears the dog. His face freezes.

FERRIS

Have a nice day.

EXT. HOUSE. DOGGIE DOOR

A Rottweiler bursts through the doggie door in a fury of gnashing teeth and foam.

CU. LARGE BREASTS

Tassled pasties twirl like airplane propellers.

CU. CAMERON, FERRIS AND SLOANE

They're sitting in a booth in the garish, nearly deserted strip joint. Cameron's mouth is open in amazement. Sloane is embarrassed and revolted.

CAMERON

How does she do that? One goes one way, one goes the other.

FERRIS

She's probably schizophrenic.

SLOANE

Ferris, this is nauseating me. Really. I'm losing respect for you by the bucket.

FERRIS

You don't think it's amazing that we got in?

SLOANE

Who wants to get in?

FERRIS

Cameron looks like a toddler, for Christ's sake. I'm talking about a major achievement in false identification.

SLOANE

I'm not interested in watching someone jiggle their mammary glands.

FERRIS

Point well taken. But consider why she does it. Why she does it and you don't.

SLOANE

I'm not a tramp.

FERRIS

Maybe her life fell apart. Maybe she lost somebody. A lover. A boyfriend. A parent. A child...

(to CAMERA)

This kind of thing makes me a little depressed. You may think because I'm the age I am that I'm a sex maniac. That sex is all I think about. But that's not true. I'm a romantic. I think alot of people my age are. We think about love and matters of the heart. And SAT scores and acne aside, we worry about loneliness. It's a terrible thing. And we feel it. I feel it.

He flips his collar up, curls his lip and affects an Elvis impression. A sappy, do-wop track FADES UP. The club lights go down. Cameron and Sloane disappear into darkness. Ferris stands up from the booth. He strolls slowly through the empty club as the stripper bumps and grinds in a pool of blue light.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

You know, someone said the world's a stage and each must play a part. Fate had me playing in love, with you as my sweetheart. Act one was when we met. I loved you at first glance. You read your lines so cleverly and never missed a cue. Then came act two. You seemed to change. You acted strange. And why, I've never known.

He climbs up on the little runway. The stripper disappears in darkness as Ferris takes over the spotlight.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Honey, you lied when you said you loved me and I had no cause to doubt you. But I'd rather go on hearing your lies than to go on living without you. Now, the stage is bare and I'm standing there with emptiness all around and if you won't come back to me, then they can bring the curtain down...

Elvis fades up. The original recording. Ferris lip synchs with the big, dramatic flourish that was the King's trademark ballad sign-off.

ELVIS

IS YOUR HEART FILLED WITH PAIN?
SHALL I COME BACK AGAIN?
TELL ME DEAR, ARE YOU LONESOME
TONIGHT?

Ferris drops his head. Like the King would.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. CAMERON'S CAR

Cameron's father is looking at the car. He's studying it. It looks terribly familiar. He leans into the open car and reaches for the glovebox to see if the contents will confirm if it's his. He freezes. He looks up slowly.

HIS POV

The Attendant and the Rastaman are glowering at him. They're holding bags of fried chicken.

ATTENDANT

You looking for something in my car?

CU. CAMERON'S FATHER

He shakes his head, no.

CAMERON'S FATHER

No.

EXT. FERRIS' TOWN. JEANIE

Jeanie's standing at her car. She's staring incredulously into the distance. Her mouth's open. She's shaking her head slowly.

HER POV

Spray-painted on the town water tower in gigantic black letters -- SAVE FERRIS BUELLER.

CU. JEANIE

She's furious.

JEANIE

I'm gonna microwave his nuts...

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE

Afternoon traffic.

INT. TAXI CAB

Ferris, Sloane and Cameron in the backseat of a checker.

Ferris is on one window, Cameron on the other. Sloane's in the middle. Ferris is talking to the DRIVER.

FERRIS

So...

He leans forward and reads the driver's name off the city license.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

So, Yuri, how long have you been in America?

DRIVER

One year.

FERRIS

What's your overall impression?

DRIVER

It's very good here.

FERRIS

Better than Russia?

DRIVER

Much better here than in Russia.

FERRIS

Clearly you've never been to an American high school.

Ferris sits back. He puts his arm around Sloane.

CAMERON

It's getting late, Ferris. I have to get the car home. I know you don't care, but it means my ass.

FERRIS

You think I don't care?

CAMERON

I know you don't care.

FERRIS

That hurts, Cameron.

SLOANE

Jump back, Ferris, Cameron's been a good sport.

FERRIS

Cameron, what'd you see today?

Cameron looks at him.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

You saw four states, a submarine, a giant heart, seventy five dollars worth of cooked pancreas, two of the most incredible breasts ever to come out of modern plastics, major league baseball and...

(quizzical look)

Are you gonna chuck your nachos?

Cameron's staring past Ferris. He's frozen. Ferris realizes he's looking at something out the window. He turns. He freezes.

HIS POV

In the gridlock traffic, their cab is squeezed tight alongside another cab. In that cab is Tom. He's about a foot from Ferris. He turns and looks right into CAMERA.

TOM'S POV

Ferris' frozen face.

FERRIS' POV

Tom glances back at his paper. He pauses. Looks up. Thinks.

Turns back to CAMERA.

TOM'S POV

Sloane is sitting where Ferris was. She's wearing sunglasses, looking bored. She turns and glances out the window. Fakes a yawn.

HER POV

Tom stares at her. He's baffled. He looks away.

INT. CAB. FLOOR.

Cameron and Ferris are on the floor. On their asses, with their backs to the back of the front seat, feet up on the seat.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

(to Sloane)

What's he doing?

SLOANE

(revolted)

He's looking at me and he's licking the glass and making obscene gestures with his hands.

FERRIS

What?!

Sloane bursts out laughing.

SLOANE

Roast!

She licks her finger and touches Ferris knee. She makes a sizzling sound. She collapses on the seat in hysterics.

INT. TOM'S CAB

Tom's looking into Ferris' cab.

HIS POV

Sloane's bouncing up and down.

CU. TOM

He can't quite figure out what's going on. He turns and slowly raises his newspaper over his face. We see on the back of the paper a small story with the headline: COMMUNITY RALLIES AROUND SICK YOUTH.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE. BACKYARD. DOG

The Rottweiler's chewing on a shoe. Tearing it apart.

EXT. BACKYARD. ROONEY

He's standing outside the fence. He's missing a shoe. His suit pants are torn from the crotch to the knee. His suit coat pocket is torn off. His hair's messed and there're grass-stains on his knees and elbows. He's looking in at the dog.

ROONEY

That's a \$28.00 dress shoe, you worthless mutt!

HIS POV

The Rottweiler leaps at CAMERA.

EXT. CITY STREET

Ferris is leading the way down Michigan Avenue. He's hustling through the crowd. He has Sloane by the hand. She's jogging to keep up. Cameron's a few steps behind. He keeps bumping into people. Ferris and Sloane make the turn at Wacker Driver and disappear into the Stone Container Building. Cameron follows, mumbling again.

CAMERON

Money...tits...please...

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT

A florist truck pulls up in front of the house. A DELIVERY MAN gets out iwth a huge floral arrangement. He heads up to the house.

EXT. HOUSE. PORCH

Rooney's sitting on the porch patting a bloody knee with his handkerchief. The delivery man hops up on the steps. Rooney looks up at him. He greets Rooney cheerily.

DELIVERY MAN

Howdy!

He presses the doorbell. A beat and we hear Ferris' recording.

FERRIS' VOICE

Who is it?

The Deliver Man presses the intercom.

DELIVERY MAN

Focus on Flowers. I have a delivery.

FERRIS' VOICE

I'm sorry but I can't come to the door right now. I'm very ill and I'm afraid...

ROONEY

It's a recording, asshole.

FERRIS' VOICE

...that in my weakened condition, I could take a nasty spill and subject myself to further school absenses...

DELIVERY MAN

What's your problem?

ROONEY

(pause)

He's one of my students.

FERRIS' VOICE

You can reach my parents at their places of business. Thank you for stopping by. I appreciate your concern for my well-being. It will be

DELIVERY MAN

Little bugger's dying.

ROONEY

What?

FERRIS' VOICE

Remembered long after this illness has passed.

DELIVERY MAN

As I heard it from our mailman he was supposedly born with only half a kidney.

FERRIS' VOICE

Have a nice day.

DELIVERY MAN

(to the intercom)

Thank you.

(continues)

I don't know the details. But my boss had to send to Milwaukee to get more orchids. He's very popular.

Rooney is flabbergasted.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

Nobody's home here?

ROONEY

No.

DELIVERY MAN

You gonna be around for awhile?

ROONEY

I imagine so.

DELIVERY MAN

You wanna keep an eye on these?

Rooney looks at the flowers. Then he looks at the Delivery Man.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

(happy sigh)

It really touches me that so many
people are rallying behind this guy.
I guess there's hope for the human
race afterall.

He hands the arrangement to Rooney.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

Gotta run.

He bounds off the porch and trots to the truck. Rooney looks
incredulously at the arrangement. He opens the attached card.

ROONEY

(defeated)

Oh, Christ...

CU. CARD

It's signed:

ALL OUR BEST FOR A SPEEDY RECOVERY THE ENGLISH DEPT. FACULTY
AND STAFF

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO

The number one afternoon FM rock'n roll D.J. is sitting behind
his microphone.

D.J.

I don't know who that was or what
they were playing but I apologize
for it nonetheless.

(pause)

I have a guest with me today...

INT. STUDIO. FERRIS

He put his headphones on.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Jeanie's car pull in the driveway. We hear her car radio.

D.J.

His name is Ferris Mueller.

FERRIS

Bueller. Ferris Bueller.

INT. CAR. JEANIE

She goes into shock. Her eyes blink, her head cocks.

D.J.
Sorry about that.

FERRIS
It's cool.

Jeanie draws back and punches out her radio.

CU. CAR ANTENNA

The impact of her blow to the radio shoots the antenna in the air.

INT. STUDIO

Ferris leans forward and adjusts the microphone.

D.J.
He has an incredible story.

Ferris turns to CAMERA.

FERRIS
I'm going to tell a massive lie here.
It's going to be very thick and very
steamy. I think radio's a fascinating
medium, it challenges the imagination.
Unlike television which provides the
images, radio...

(pause)

You know this. Anyway, it's always
been a dream of mine to be on the
radio. I have what I consider to be
an excellent broadcast voice. I
practise it in the bathroom all the
time. I used to play records and do
introductions to them. But I've
never had the chance to sit behind a
microphone and try it out for real.
This is a 50,000 watt outlet. I'm
going out to several million people
so let me just say, I'm in a very
pleasant groove right now.

(clears his voice,
speaks into the mike,
affects a "radio"
voice)

Well, Steve, you and your listeners
are probably not going to believe
this but...

INT. SCHOOL

A group of kids are sitting around a blaster.

FERRIS' VOICE

...I'm the first Chicago area youth to be selected to participate in a space shuttle mission.

INT. STUDIO

Ferris turns from the mike to CAMERA.

FERRIS

I was going to say I knew Springsteen's home phone number and I was going to give out the number of the New Jersey State Police but I thought I might get busted. After I got flunked in driver's ed for sideswiping a mail box, which was not in any way, shape or from my fault. I was putting out a cigarette, like I was told. It was weird. I'm so used to getting in a car and lighting up, because I'm not allowed to smoke at home, that I got in the driver's ed. car and spaced completely, pulled out of the lot, lit up a 'boro and Mrs. Heller looked at me like I'd just pulled a bunny out of my nose or something and I realized what the hell I was doing and I went to put it out and hit the mail box. Anyway, I was so pissed off at her reaction to the whole thing that I considered running an ad in a sleaze magazine for a school teacher that does phone sex and I was gonna use Mrs. Heller's home number but it cost too much. I took it again and passed. But I had to work at Burger King to get the cash to pay for the driver's ed. car. The car got fixed in auto shop for nothing and I think Rooney pocketed the cash. But I can't prove it? I'm in high school, remember?

He turns back to the DJ.

D.J.

How did you get picked for this.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

It's kind of a long story but I've been doing alot of programming for NASA.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY

A even larger group of kids is listening to the blaster.
They're cheering him on.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE. BACKYARD

The Rottweiler is laying unconscious on the lawn. The flower arrangement is scattered all over the yard and the ceramic vase the flowers were in has obviously struck the dog. The broken pieces are all around the dog's head.

EXT. FERRIS HOUSE. BACKYARD. ROONEY

He's smiling with great satisfaction.

ROONEY

Sleep tight, pooch.

He hears something in the house. His head snaps around. He drops down and peek in the windows.

HIS POV

A glimpse of a fleeting figure.

CU. ROONEY

His eyes dance in anticipation of revenge.

INT. HOUSE. FERRIS' ROOM

Jeanie kicks the door open. The yardstick flings the covers and the pillows beneath them in the air. She stomps in and turns off the snoring synthesizer.

JEANIE

I knew it!

She grabs the phone and sits down. She dials a number.

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT

Rooney sneaks around the side of the house. He slinks up on the porch. The front door's open. He peeks in.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

Jeanie's on the phone.

JEANIE

Is Mrs. Bueller there? Where is she?
This is her daughter. Do you know
where she is? Do you know when she'll
be back? Do you know anything?

She slams the phone down.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

The worm has luck like clams have
body odor...

She's startled by a noise downstairs. A smile spreads across her face. He's back and she's going to nail him.

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

Rooney sneaks into the house. He looks around the foyer and heads into the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jeanie tiptoes down the stairs.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN

Rooney sneaks through the kitchen into the den.

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

Jeanie comes down the stairs into the foyer.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN

Rooney comes out of the den, back into the kitchen. He crosses back toward the foyer.

INT. FOYER

Jeanie sneaks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Jeanie and Rooney come face-to-face. Jeanie squeals in horror. She doesn't recognize Rooney as himself but as an intruder. She drops into a karate stance and kicks Rooney in the face. He hits the deck. She flees back up the stairs.

INT. CAR

Boyd is sitting in the backseat of Joyce's car listening to the radio.

FERRIS' VOICE

My input on the Star Wars defense
plan was pretty substantial so I
guess this is their way of rewarding
me. I'm pretty flattered.

EXT. CAR

Joyce and her clients leave a show house and head toward the car.

INT. CAR

Boyd looks out the window as his parents and Joyce appear.

D.J. VOICE

Can you stay around and take a few
phone calls?

FERRIS' VOICE

I'd really like to but I have a kidney
operation in about an hour.

EXT. CAR

Joyce and her clients take one last look at the house.

JOYCE

If you're willing to commit a little
time and a little money to this place,
you can really have something to be
proud of. Don't let the black living
room throw you off.

She opens the car door.

INT. CAR

The door opens.

D.J. VOICE

I wish you the best of luck.

FERRIS' VOICE

Thanks, Steve.

D.J. VOICE

A very interesting guy, Ferris
Bueller.

Joyce gets in. The clients get in the other side. A song
starts.

JOYCE

(to the kid)

Well, Boyd, how are you bearing up?

The kid stares at her.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Did I tell you I have a son your
age?

BOYD

Twice.

JOYCE

His name is Ferris. I think you'd like him.

Boyd sits up in the seat at the mention of Ferris' name.

BOYD

Is he going up in the space shuttle in September?

Joyce looks around at Boyd. She gives him a curious look.

JOYCE

Not that I know of.

BOYD

I knew he was bullshitting.

MOTHER

Watch your mouth.

BOYD

How do you watch your mouth?

JOYCE

Do you know my son?

FATHER

Don't pay any attention to him. He thinks it's cute to bait adults.

BOYD

I don't think it's cute. I think it's fun.

Joyce give him a puzzled smile and starts the car.

INT. FERRIS' ROOM

Jeanie's on the phone. She's in a panic.

JEANIE

This is not a phoeny phone call. There's an intruder, male caucasian, possibly armed, certainly weird, in our kitchen.

(pause)

My name is Bueller.

There's another pause. Jeanie's face drops.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

It's real nice that you hope my brother's feeling better but I'm in danger, okay?

(MORE)

JEANIE (CONT'D)

I'm very cute, I'm very alone and
I'm very protective of my body. I'd
rather not have it violated or killed.
I need help!

INT. KITCHEN

Rooney's plugging his bloody nose with paper towel. The intercom goes on.

JEANIE'S VOICE

Excuse me. If whoever's in the house
is still in the house, I'd like you
to know that I have just called the
police. If you have any brains
whatsoever, you'll get your ass out
of my house real quick.

Rooney stiffens with fear.

JEANIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I'd also like to add that I have my
father's gun. And a scorching case
of herpes.

EXT. STREET

Rooney's car is hooked to a tow truck. It's parked in front of a fire hydrant and the windshield is decorated with parking citations. In the distance SIRENS WAIL.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The three are waiting for the Ferrari. We HEAR TIRES SQUEALING, AN ENGINE REVING-OUT. Then the Ferrari pulls down the ramp and jams to a frightening stop. A BLACK GUY jumps out. Ferris hands him the parking stub.

FERRIS

Just out of curiosity, what was your
top speed coming down the ramp?

BLACK GUY

(matter-of-fact)
About 60.

FERRIS

Stunning!

He hands him a buck and opens the door and pulls the passenger seat forward for Cameron.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

This is probably the last time you'll
have to ride back here. Keep that in
mind.

Cameron gives him a look and squeezes in.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

The Ferrari cruises through traffic.

INT. FERRARI

Sloane's in the passenger seat. Ferris is driving and Cameron is crammed in the back.

SLOANE

What's next.

CAMERON

Nothing. We return the car.

SLOANE

We could go to my house. My parents aren't coming home until late.

FERRIS

We have enough cash left for a quick flight to Peoria and back.

CAMERON

Very funny.

Ferris looks in the mirror and changes lanes. He glances down at the speedometer, then to the road. And back to the speedometer.

FERRIS

Cameron? How many miles did you say this thing had when we left?

CAMERON

One hundred and twenty six and halfway between three and four tenths. Why? How many miles are on it now?

He glances down at the speedometer.

CU. SPEEDOMETER

The odometer reads 432.7.

FERRIS

(to CAMERA)

Here's where Cameron goes berserk.

EXT. TRAFFIC

The Ferrari pulls up at a stop light. We HEAR A THUNDERING, MUFFLED SCREAM.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY

The Ferrari is buzzing through traffic.

INT. FERRARI

Sloane turns in her seat and looks at Cameron. Her gesture is one of genuine support.

SLOANE

You okay?

CU. CAMERON

His eyes are frozen in a mindless, vacant stare.

CU. FERRIS

He looks at Sloane. He's concerned.

FERRIS

Hey, Cameron. It's okay. We'll fix it.

CU. CAMERON

He's still holding the stare. He starts to breathe heavily.

He's trembling.

CU. SLOANE

She whips around in the seat and grabs his arms.

SLOANE

Cameron! Cut it out! What's wrong?! Ferris!

CU. FERRIS

He shoots Sloane a look.

FERRIS

Cameron, are you okay? It's no problem, really. Your old man won't know a thing. It's completely fixable.

INT. FERRARI

Sloane fires an angry look at Ferris.

SLOANE

Shut-up! It is a problem! For him it's a problem. Nothing's a problem for you. But it's a problem for him! So, just shut-up.

She turns back to Cameron.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
What can I do, Cameron?

CU. FERRIS

Eyes front. He knows what he's doing.

INT. FERRIS' HOUSE. FOYER

The doorbell rings. The Ferris' tape is activated.

FERRIS VOICE
Who is it?

We hear a MALE VOICE over the intercom.

VOICE
Anybody home?

FERRIS' VOICE
I'm sorry that I can't come to the
door right now...

The tape continues as Jeanie hurtles down the stairs.

JEANIE
I'm saved! Thank you, God!

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

She jumps the last few stairs and slides to the front door.

She whips it open.

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR

The door swings open.

JEANIE
Thank...you...

Her jaw goes slack. She blinks her eyes.

HER POV

The Delivery Man and a young ASSISTANT are standing at the door with floral arrangements. Spread all around them are more flowers. A sexy singing NURSE and a BALLOON MAN steps up on the porch.

NURSE
(sings)
WE HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER WE
HOPE YOU'RE FELLING FIT WE...

The door slams shut.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

Rooney's walking down the street. A school bus is crawling alongside him as kids hang out the windows. From inside we hear SHOUTING and seventeen different SONGS PLAYING ON BLASTERS. A top forty montage.

KID

Hey, Mr. Rooney! What're you doing?

Rooney doesn't respond.

ANOTHER KID

Did you get in a fight?

Rooney keep walking. The bus doors open. The DRIVER calls out to him.

DRIVER

You want a lift?

Rooney takes a few more steps. He stops. The bus stops.

Rooney takes a deep breath. He climbs aboard the bus.

INT. BUS

The bus is jammed with WONKS and WEINERETTES. The passengers are silent as they watch Rooney shuffle down the aisle and take an empty seat next to a skinny, myopic GIRL.

CU. GIRL

She looks at Rooney and smiles. She pushes her Coke bottle glasses up on her nose.

CU. ROONEY

He looks vacantly at her.

CU. GIRL

She holds her smile.

GIRL

I'll bet you never smelled a real school bus before.

CU. ROONEY

He stares at her.

CU. GIRL

She holds up a candy package.

GIRL
Gummi Bear?

CU. ROONEY

He stares at her.

CU. GIRL

She puts one in her mouth.

GIRL
They've been in pocket. They're real
soft and warm.

CU. BOY

A rotund FRESHMAN BOY sitting across from Rooney is staring
at him.

CU. ROONEY

He looks across to the kid.

CU. BOY

He leans forward.

FRESHMAN BOY
It's kind of like being in the belly
of the beast isn't it?

CU. ROONEY

He turns his eyes to the front. The bus jerks forward and
pulls away.

EXT. BUS

It grinds through the gears as it heads down the quiet street.
The BLASTERS go back on, the SHOUTING RESUMES.

EXT. PARK

Cameron's laying on a picnic table. Sloane's sitting beside
him on the table. She's stroking his hair. Ferris WALKS INTO
THE FOREGROUND. He addresses CAMERA.

FERRIS
This may very well be for real. I
think Cameron might have blown a
micro-chip or two. He's always been
a little keyed-up. All I wanted to
do was give him a good day. We're
gonna graduate in a couple of months.
(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Then we have the summer. He'll work and I'll work. And we'll see each other at night and on the weekends but then he'll go to one school and I'll go to another. And basically that'll be it. As much as we like each other, the process of growing up will separate us.

He begins to walk. We follow him.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Sloane's a bigger problem. She still has another year of high school. How do I deal with that? I was serious when I said I'd marry her. I would. This isn't just teenage infatuation. That's what my parents call it. What do they call what they have? If that's love, I'll take infatuation.

CU. CAMERON

His eyes are closed. Sloane's stroking his hair.

FERRIS (V.O.)

Cameron's never been in love. At least no one's ever been in love with him. He's gonna marry the first girl he lays. And she's gonna treat him like shit because he's gonna kiss her ass for giving him what he's built-up in his mind as the end-all, be-all of human existence. She won't respect him because you can't respect someone who kisses your ass. It just doesn't work.

CU. SLOANE

She's studying Cameron's face. She looks away.

SLOANE

Ferris?

CU. FERRIS

He looks to the picnic table. Then back to CAMERA.

FERRIS

I'm being tested here.

He starts back to the picnic table.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

My best friend has flipped-out.
 Conventional wisdom would suggest a
 visit to the nearest trauma center.
 I wouldn't fault anybody for doing
 that. My, personally, I think this
 calls for something new, something
 bold, something wet and wild.

CU. JACUZZI JET

UNDERWATER SHOT. A hyrdojet spews a gush of air bubbles.

CU. BLASTER

A finger pushes the PLAY button on the cassette. MUSIC COMES UP.

CU. BEER CAN LID

The finger pops a beer.

CU. OREO PACKAGE

A painted fingernail pierces the cellophane wrapper.

INT. JACUZZI

Ferris and Sloane are in Sloane's parents' Jacuzzi. Their clothes are tossed around the deck. Cameron's been placed in a patio chair at the edge of the Jacuzzi. He's still catatonic. He's mumbling softly. Ferris is drinking a beer.

Sloane's eating Oreos.

FERRIS

You feeling any better, Cameron?

SLOANE

The water's really nice. I wish you'd come in.

CU. CAMERON

Staring into space.

CAMERON

Surgery...fire...move...

CU. SLOANE AND FERRIS

They look at each other. She offers him a cookie. He offers her his beer.

FERRIS

Cameron?

(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Do you think this because of the car
or is it a combination of everything
shitty in your life?

CU. CAMERON

He doesn't respond.

CAMERON

Music...kiss...attack...

CU. SLOANE AND FERRIS

Sloane sips the beer.

FERRIS

You just can't deal with anymore
shit? The car took you into the red
zone? Time for a reality check?

SLOANE

Cameron? I could flip real easy,
too. There's nothing wrong with it.
At one time or another, everybody
goes to the zoo.

FERRIS

Maybe he was actually sick. Maybe he
wasn't bullshitting himself.

CU. CAMERON

No response.

CAMERON

Gesundheit...God...mercy...

EXT. BACKYARD

Ferris and Sloane watch their catatonic friend.

CU. CAMERON

He smiles.

CU. SLOANE

She leans forward and stares at
Cameron.

CU. FERRIS

He cocks his head, wondering what
Cameron's up to.

CU. CAMERON

He keels over forward.

EXT. BACKYARD

Cameron falls out of the chair and splashes down, face-first, into the water. Sloane screams. Ferris leaps for him.

UNDERWATER

Ferris struggles with Cameron's lifeless bulk.

CU. SLOANE

She's screaming. Ferris thrashes around in the water.

UNDERWATER

Ferris grabs Cameron's collar and rips him out of the water.

EXT. BACKYARD

Ferris sits Cameron on the edge of the Jacuzzi.

FERRIS

CAMERON!

CU. CAMERON

His eyes are closed. He's lifeless.

CU. FERRIS

His face is a mask of terror. He shakes Cameron.

CU. SLOANE

She's screaming.

CU. CAMERON

A smile spreads across his face.

CU. FERRIS

He sees the smile. He stops shaking Cameron.

EXT. JACUZZI

Ferris and Cameron are looking at each other. Sloane's still screaming. She realizes that Cameron's okay. She stops screaming.

SLOANE

What?

FERRIS

(Cameron)

You asshole!

Cameron's smiling.

SLOANE

What?

Ferris starts to laugh. Cameron explodes with laughter.

Sloane's bewildered.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

INT. POLICE STATION. WAITING ROOM

Jeanie's sitting on a wooden bench with a WASTED TEENAGE BOY in a Triumph t-shirt, long hair, torn jeans, creepers, studs and chains. He's studying her.

BOY

Drugs?

JEANIE

No, thank you. I'm straight.

BOY

I meant, are you here for drugs?

Jeanie stares at him.

JEANIE

Why are you here?

BOY

Drugs.

JEANIE

I don't know why I'm here.

BOY

Then why don't you go home?

JEANIE

Why don't you put your thumb up your butt?

The boy stares at her.

BOY

You want to talk about your problem?

JEANIE

With you? Are you serious?

BOY

Yeah, I'm serious.

JEANIE

Blow yourself.

Jeanie turns away. The boy crosses his legs. Jeanie looks back at him.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

You really want to know what's wrong?

The boy shrugs.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

Alright. If you've got the time, I've got the troubles. In a nutshell, I hate my brother. How's that?

BOY

That's cool. Did you shoot him or something?

JEANIE

No, not yet.

The boy nods. He understands the emotion.

JEANIE (CONT'D)

I went home to confirm that the shithead was ditching school and a guy broke into the house and I called the cops and they picked me up for making a phoney phone call.

BOY

What do you care if your brother ditches school?

Jeanie stares at the boy.

JEANIE

Why should he get to ditch school when everybody else has to go?

BOY

You could ditch.

JEANIE

I'd get caught.

BOY

So, you're pissed at him because he ditches and doesn't get caught?

JEANIE

Basically.

The boy nods knowingly.

BOY

Then your problem is you.

JEANIE

Excuse me?

BOY

Excuse you. You oughta spend a little more time dealing with yourself and a little less time worrying about what your brother does. It's just an opinion.

Jeanie stares angrily at him. Partly because he's so bold and partly because he's so right.

BOY (CONT'D)

There's somebody you should talk to.

Jeanie stares at him threateningly.

JEANIE

If you say Ferris Bueller, you lose a testicle.

BOY

You know him?

CU. JEANIE'S HAND

It curls into a fist.

CU. FERRARI TIRE

It's spinning rapidly.

CU. ACCELERATOR

A brick's resting on the accelerator, holding it down.

INT. CAMERON'S GARAGE

Ferris, Cameron and Sloane are sitting in the garage. The Ferrari is jacked up. The wheels are turning. The engine's racing.

CAMERON

The whole time I was just thinking things over. I was like, meditating. I was thinking about the future. And I realized it doesn't make any difference if the present goes to shit.

FERRIS

I have to agree with you there.

SLOANE

Really.

CAMERON

I've been thinking all day that if you could only have the use of one word, what would it be?

FERRIS

Sloane is naked before your eyes and you're thinking about words?

SLOANE

God bless you, Cameron.

CAMERON

Thank you, Sloane. If you guys only had one word, what would it be?

FERRIS

I can't believe you'd think up something like with a naked girl in a jacuzzi right in front of you.

SLOANE

Come on, Ferris, answer his question.

FERRIS

Bathroom.

SLOANE

I'd say...

She thinks.

FERRIS

Cash.

CAMERON

It's the only word you could ever use.

FERRIS

Hello.

SLOANE

Love.

FERRIS

And what if you loathe somebody? Are you going to say "love" every time you see them?

SLOANE

It's better than "hello".

FERRIS
Hello's generic.

SLOANE
You wanna be generic?

CAMERON
It's help.

Cameron smiles at his wisdom. Ferris and Sloane think about it. It's a good choice. Cameron gets up and walks to the Ferrari.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
The word is help.

Cameron peeks in the window.

CU. ODOMETER

Nothing's happening.

INT. GARAGE

Cameron pulls his head out of the car.

CAMERON
Ferris? It's not working.

Ferris looks up.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
The miles aren't coming off, running
it in reverse.

FERRIS
I thought that might be a problem.
Let's crack open the odometer and
roll it back by hand.

Cameron shakes his head.

CAMERON
I got a better idea. It's cool.

He walks back around behind the Ferrari.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Seventeen years and I've never taken
a stand. Now, I'm gonna do it. I'm
taking a stand against my father,
against my family, against myself,
against my past, my present and my
future. I will not sit idly by as
events that affect me unfold to change
the course of my life. I will take a
(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

stand and I will defend it. When my father comes home tonight, he's finally going to have to deal with me. Good or bad, I'm taking a stand.

CU. FERRIS

He turns to CAMERA.

FERRIS

This is a big U-2 fan.

CU. SLOANE

She smiles proudly at Cameron. She applauds him.

CU. CAMERON

He's serious and determined. He has made up his mind and it appears that it won't be changed by anyone but himself.

CU. TIRES

It's spinning wildly.

CU. MERCEDES BUMPER

Cameron's foot rests on the bumper. A beat and it gives a mighty shove.

CU. TIRE

The spinning tires slam down on the cement.

INT. GARAGE

Cameron has kicked the Ferrari off the jack. It squeals out of the garage in a cloud of blue tire smoke. A \$265,000 unmanned investment heading backwards down a driveway.

CU. SLOANE AND FERRIS

They're in shock.

EXT. HOUSE

The Ferrari shoots down the driveway.

INT. GARAGE

Cameron watches the car go. He's strangely placid about the impending disaster. Ferris and Sloane are bewildered.

THEIR POV

The Ferrari travels down the driveway, across the street, over the curb into the wooded property opposite the house.

CU. TREE

The Ferrari's brief journey ends as it smacks a tree trunk.

INT. GARAGE

Ferris and Sloane exchange baffled looks. They look at Cameron. He's proud and bold.

FERRIS
What was that about?

SLOANE
This has to be a dream.

FERRIS
Cameron? One quick question. Why'd you do that?

Cameron holds his proud posture for a beat. Then a look of bewilderment comes over his face. He shoots a look to Ferris. A puzzled look.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
You trashed the car.

Cameron looks across the street.

SLOANE
Why?

CAMERON
I took a stand.

FERRIS
No, Cameron. You wrecked a car.

Cameron thinks for a moment. Then he regains his confidence.

CAMERON
It's okay.

Ferris looks across the street at the car.

FERRIS
I have an idea. If you're interested.

Cameron looks at him. He shakes his head.

CAMERON
I'm gonna handle it.

FERRIS

I think this could work.

CAMERON

No, thanks. I want to deal with it by myself.

SLOANE

What about your one word?

CAMERON

You already did it. If I need it again, I'll use it.

He smiles. He raises an impish eyebrow.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

It's cool. I'm loose.

INT. POLICE STATION. OFFICE

Joyce is talking with the juvenile officer. Outside the office, on the bench, we see Jeanie and the boy making out.

JOYCE

She's never been in trouble before. This is a shock to me. First, I don't know why she wasn't at school. Second, I don't know why she'd call you with this story about a rapist.

OFFICER

For whatever reasons she did it, I think she'd had a good scare.

JOYCE

I hope so. I appreciate your calling me. I can assure you that her father and I will have a long talk with her.

She gathers her purse and jacket and stands.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

OFFICER

Oh, by the way, I hope your son's feeling better.

Joyce looks at the officer curiously.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Tell him, all the guys at the station here are pulling for him.

INT. POLICE STATION. WAITING ROOM

Jeanie quickly breaks the embrace with the boy as Joyce steps out of the juvenile officer's room. She's still a little bewildered that everybody knows Ferris was ill.

Jeanie wipes her lips and sits up straight. The boy adjusts his pants to better hide his passion.

JEANIE

(to the boy)

If you keep this to yourself, I think we can probably get it on pretty good.

BOY

For sure.

Jeanie stands up.

JEANIE

Hi.

JOYCE

Don't "hi" me, young lady. Get your stuff.

Jeanie reaches down for her purse.

BOY

What's your name?

JEANIE

Jean. What's yours?

BOY

Garth Volbeck.

EXT. SLOANE'S BACKYARD

Sloane and Ferris are standing at the back fence.

SLOANE

I had a great time today.

FERRIS

Yeah. It was pretty cool.

SLOANE

You think Cameron's gonna be alright?

FERRIS

Sure. He had to do it, I guess. His old man had it coming. He'll be okay. I'd be worried if he'd taken my idea.

Sloane smiles knowingly.

SLOANE
You didn't have an idea, did you?

FERRIS
Not a glimmer.

SLOANE
You're so smart.

FERRIS
No. I'm just real loose.

He kisses her.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
I'll call you tonight.

Sloane nods. Ferris jumps the fence and takes off across the backyards. Sloane watches him go. A huge smile spreads across her face.

SLOANE
I LOVE YOU!

She backs away from the fence. MUSIC FADES UP.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
He's gonna marry me. I know it.

She turns and runs into the house.

EXT. BACKYARD

Ferris sprints across a backyard. He jumps a plaster elf.

EXT. ANOTHER BACKYARD

Ferris vaults a fence. He runs directly for a swimming pool.

He's approaching it from the side. He leaps, hits the diving board, springs off, does a flip and lands on the grass on the other side of the pool.

CU. BEDSPREAD

Neatly bundles stacks of bills and rolled coins. A significant amount of cash.

CU. SLOANE

She's writing.

CU. PIECE OF PAPER

We see a portion of the typewritten letter as she signs it.

"...in the amount of \$1,765.33. It gives us great pleasure to assist you in performance of your worthy and much needed survives to those so desperately in need.

Sincerely, Sloane Peterson Executive Director The Ferris Bueller Foundation"

EXT. FERRIS' STREET

He's running down the middle of the street. A car honks.

Ferris moves to the side. The car pulls around him.

INT. CAR.

Tom's at the wheel. He glances in the mirror. He does a take.

HIS POV. MIRROR

We see Ferris cut across a front lawn and into a house.

CU. TOM

He realizes it couldn't be Ferris.

INT. HOUSE

Ferris runs through the kitchen, past a WOMAN, fixing dinner and out her backdoor. The Woman looks up curiously.

EXT. FERRIS' HOUSE

Tom pulls in the driveway. He parks and gets out. Joyce pulls in from the other direction.

EXT. HOUSE. BACK PORCH

Ferris tries the door. It's locked. He reaches down and lifts the doormat.

CU. PORCH

The outline of a key in the dirt under the mat. The key's gone. The toe of a chewed-up dress shoe steps INTO FRAME. An OMNIOUS CHORD IS STRUCK.

CU. FERRIS

He stares up in horror.

HIS POV

Rooney's looking down at him. He's holding the house key.

EXT. PORCH

Ferris stands up. He smiles.

ROONEY
Looking for this?

FERRIS
Yes.

ROONEY
I got you, Ferris. This time I finally
got you.

Ferris is caught. There's no way out. Rooney gloats severely.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
How does another year of high school
sit with you?

Suddenly, the backdoor opens. Jeanie looks out. She feigns
joy and relief. She rushes Ferris and hugs him.

JEANIE
Thank God, you're alright! We've
been worried sick!

CU. FERRIS

A moment of curiosity. Then it dawns on him what's happening.
He smiles.

CU. ROONEY

His eyes dart from Ferris to Jeanie to Ferris. His victory
is evaporating.

EXT. PORCH

Jeanie breaks the embrace.

JEANIE
(to Rooney)
Thank you for bringing him home, Mr.
Rooney.
(to Ferris)
You better get up in bed tight now.

Ferris limps into the house.

JEANIE (CONT'D)
Can you imagine someone as sick as
Ferris trying to walk home from the
hospital?
(shakes her head)
Kids!

CU. ROONEY

He's dumbfounded.

CU. JEANIE

She raises her hands and strikes a karate pose. A huge smile passes over her face.

CU. ROONEY

A look of terror as he realizes that it was Jeanie who kicked him and that Jeanie knows it was he who she kicked.

EXT. PORCH

Jeanie steps into the house.

INT. HOUSE

The door closes on Rooney's defeated, lost, dejected, bewildered face. Not only has he lost Ferris again, he has Jeanie to deal with next year.

EXT. YARD. CU. DOG

The click of the door wakes him up. His head pops up off the grass.

CU. ROONEY

He senses new danger. We hear AN O.C. GROWL. Rooney squeezes his eyes shut.

INT. KITCHEN

Kimberly and Todd are sitting at the kitchen table watching TV and eating cereal. They look up at Ferris as he comes in from outside.

TODD

Ferris? Does my head look like it's getting bigger?

Ferris leans against the counter as he tries to catch his breath. He looks at his little brother.

FERRIS

No, but Kimberly's is.

He crosses to the refrigerator and opens it. Kimberly feels her head.

KIMBERLY

(to Todd)
Is he serious?

TODD

I think so.

KIMBERLY

Oh, shit!

Ferris takes out a bottle of orange juice out of the refrigerator and drinks straight from the bottle. Jeanie comes in.

FERRIS

Thanks, Jeanie.

JEANIE

No problem.

FERRIS

By the way, I borrowed some cash from you. I'll pay you back.

JEANIE

You don't have to.

FERRIS

I want to.

JEANIE

You don't have to. I've been ripping off your wallet for years.

Ferris gives her a proud smile.

EXT. HOUSE

Joyce and Tom head up to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Ferris and Jeanie exit the kitchen as Joyce and Tom enter.

JOYCE

(to Todd and Kimberly)

Hi, guys.

KIMBERLY

Is my head swelling up?

INT. HOUSE. FOYER

The foyer is jammed with floral arrangements, plants and gifts. Ferris and Jeanie step gingerly through the flowers and head upstairs.

JEANIE

I'm sorry I've been riding your buns for so long.

FERRIS

It's completely cool.

JOYCE (O.S.)

Ferris!

Ferris continues up the stairs. He affects a sickly voice.

FERRIS

Upstairs, Mom!

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Ferris and Jeanie stop.

JEANIE

Do you know a guy named Garth Volbeck?

FERRIS

Vaguely.

JEANIE

Is he cool?

FERRIS

He's cool. But stay away from his brother.

Ferris walks into the room, brushes the crumbs off his hands and peels off his shirt. He climbs into bed. No sooner are the covers over him than the bedroom door opens and Joyce and Tom walk in. They walk over to the bed. Joyce sits down.

JOYCE

Honey?

CU. FERRIS

The same deathly face he had in the morning. Tongue out, eyes bulging.

TOM (O.S.)

Ferris? How do you feel?

He pulls in his tongue to speak.

FERRIS

(deathly gasp)
150% better, thank you.

INT. BEDROOM

Tom and Joyce hover over him with deep concern.

FERRIS

I'm much better, really. Please, don't make me stay home again. I want to go to school. I'm graduating in June and I...

TOM

Ferris. You're sick. There's no point pushing yourself and making it worse.

FERRIS

Maybe you're right, Dad.

TOM

I know I'm right.

Joyce leans over and kisses him forehead.

JOYCE

How did you get so sweet?

FERRIS

Years of practice.

Tom pats Ferris on the rump. He and Joyce exit.

CU. FERRIS

The hideous face. A beat and we HEAR THE BEDROOM DOOR CLOSE.

Ferris looks at CAMERA.

FERRIS

(happy sigh)

Yeah, life is a carousel. A great big crazy ball of pure living, breathing joy and delight.

He rolls over on his back and puts his hands behind his head.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

You gotta get one.

He smiles.

MUSIC UP BIG

END TITLES

THE END