

POKER

by

Hunter Cope & Danny Zagayer

El Camino Real High School

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POKER

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - DAY

An aerial shot of Studio City, California. We then focus in on a city block with rows of parked cars, shops and restaurants.

We come in closer to see the windshield wipers of an expensive car, where SIMON HYDE, 18, a rude, crude fast talking loud mouth, is placing NEON PINK FLYERS on the windshield.

The flyers read "NEED GLASS REPAIR? - WWW.HYDE-GLASS-REPAIR.COM"

We then see Simon gently, yet precisely crack the windshield with a small BALL POINT HAMMER. He continues casually to the next car.

Around the corner, we see TWO BICYCLE COPS with their BIKES, observing traffic.

OFFICER BANKS, a young asshole cop, is eating a large DRUMSTICK ICE CREAM cone covered in chocolate and chopped nuts. OFFICER RODRIGUEZ, an older Hispanic cop, is eating a bland, skinny CHERRY POPSICLE.

BANKS

I just don't know how you can eat that.

RODRIGUEZ

Why? It's good, and it's half the price of that crap.

BANKS

This crap is delicious. It's filling, I feel satisfied.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, but it's so much, it's such an ordeal.

BANKS

Yeah, but look what you're eating. It's just a piece of ice.

RODRIGUEZ

I happen to like ice.

BANKS

You like ice?

RODRIGUEZ

I love ice. Love it.

A giant DIESEL TRUCK passes the two cops, spewing thick, black exhaust in their faces. They both cough and fan exhaust away from their eyes.

BANKS

Fuckin' A!

Banks throws ice cream in nearby trash can.

BANKS (CONT'D)

It's contaminated.

Two YOUNG CHILDREN playfully run past the cops.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Hey-hey-hey! Slow Down!

The kids slow down, and walk away sadly. Banks nods to himself as if he's just solved a crime.

Rodriguez interrupts still eating his popsicle.

RODRIGUEZ

Kids, man. Mine are growing up too damn fast.

(sighs)

Makes you feel old.

Banks is not listening to Rodriguez, and notices a HOT BABE across the street.

BANKS

Oh! Oh! Oh! Nine O' Clock!

RODRIGUEZ

What?

BANKS

Nine O' Clock! Nine O' Clock!

Banks gestures sternly to the hot babe, and pelvic thrusts in her general direction.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Uh! Double up, Uh! Uh! Fuck-yes! That is a prime cut of mignon.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, I'm sure your wife would love to hear that.

We then see Simon come around the corner, with the stack of fliers in his left hand and the hammer in his right. He passes the two police officers, and nods.

SIMON

Top o' the morning to you, Officers.

As Simon passes the officers a flyer drops from his stack. Simon continues walking away from the officers, without noticing he dropped anything.

Banks picks up the flier, read its, and looks around the corner to see a long row of parked cars, with the same pink flyer attached to there cracked windshield.

We see all the clues connect in Banks' head, and he stiffens up.

His eyes widen, and he turns to Rodriguez. They both look at each other and then to Simon walking in the distance. They notice the hammer and fliers.

Simon turns around smiling, and sees the cops notice him, their eyes lock, Simon realizes the jig is up and takes off running.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS.

FADE OUT:
CREDITS

FADE IN:

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- MORNING

We see EUGENE SIMMONS, 18, scrawny, wears wire rimmed glasses. He is sitting on the couch in his lavish living room of his huge Calabasas, California home.

He stares into a big PLASMA SCREEN TELEVISION, watching the closing scene of Arthur Hiller's "LOVE STORY", he is crying. Sprawled out around Eugene are a slew of USED KLEENEX and an OVERSIZED BOWL OF POPCORN.

Eugene's mother, JODY, is frantically pacing around the house with a fully packed duffle bag. She is doing all the last minute packing for her trip.

JODY

Eugene, have you seen my glasses?

(pause)

I think I...I think I left them on the counter.

(pause)

Do you have your albuterol?

(pause)

Gene, do you have your inhaler?

EUGENE

(choked up)

Ye...Yeah.

(sniffles)

Yeah, I got it.

JODY

Did you call Simon?

We see Eugene mouthing the words to a famous line from "Love Story."

EUGENE
(mouthing words)
Love means never having to say you're
sorry.

JODY
Did you call Simon!?

EUGENE
Yes, mom. I called him, he knows I'm
coming over.

Jody notices Eugene is crying.

JODY
Oh honey, why are you crying?

Jody sits next to Eugene and gives him THREE PILLS and
SMALL CUP OF APPLE JUICE. Eugene takes the pills.

EUGENE
Mom...do you believe in love?

JODY
Do I believe in lo-what?

Jody begins applying ACNE MEDICATION from a SMALL TUBE
onto Eugene's face. Eugene attempts to continue watching
television, as Jody blocks his view.

EUGENE
Mom....Mom...What?....Mom...Move!

JODY
You need to take care of your face.
You're such a handsome boy.
(referring to
pimples)
And look at all these...they're
laughing at me!

EUGENE
Mom! It's cold. Stop. Move!

Jody stops, turns around and notices "Love Story."

JODY
Your watching "Love Story" again?

Jody turns off the television, Eugene reacts.

JODY (CONT'D)
Eugene...Eugene look at me, honey. You
have to pick yourself up, and stop
watching all these movies. You can't
spend your whole life watching movies.

EUGENE

But life is so much better in the movies.

JODY

Come on and get up Eugene. Grab your stuff, and let's go.

EXT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jody and Eugene walk out of the house. Jody is carrying nothing, and Eugene is stumbling along carrying Jody's DUFFLE BAG, a SUITCASE ON WHEELS, a CAMERA BAG and his own BACKPACK. He attempts to adjust his glasses with his hands full.

JODY

Just put it all in the car, honey.

Jody tosses the CAR KEYS to Eugene as she walks to the MAILBOX to check her mail, Eugene clumsily stumbles to catch the keys. Eugene begins placing the bags in the expensive SUV.

Nancy, a middle aged, overly exuberant neighbor, is gardening, and notices Jody.

NANCY

Jodddyyyyy!!!

JODY

(calmly)
Hey Nancy.

NANCY

Heyyyyy! Where you guys off to?

JODY

I'm going to meet Joe in Tucson, at the Motor Homes of America Convention.

NANCY

Ohhhhh! What do they have there?

JODY

(blankly)
Motor homes mostly...trailers too...but mostly motor homes.

NANCY

Motor homes! Are you guys getting one? You going to get one? Oh, I'd love to get one...I've always loved the idea of being able to drive in your own home.

JODY

Yeah.

NANCY

Oh, you guys are so lucky, I've always been trying to get Sam to buy one, but he says we won't use it, because I'm "mobiley inept", whatever that means.

JODY

Oh.

NANCY

(to Eugene)

So Eugene, you excited to go to Tucson?

Eugene, from the SUV, goes to open his mouth, but Jody speaks for him.

JODY

(whispering)

Actually, Eugene and Joe aren't on the best terms right now, so he's staying at his old friend Simon's house.

NANCY

Oh, he's not staying here?

JODY

(secretly to Nancy)

Eugene's got Autophobia. He tends to...well...panic when he's alone.

NANCY

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

Nancy is interrupted by the sound of a LOUD CRASH. We see the neighbor's Station Wagon crashed into the Simmons' mailbox.

The OLD STATION WAGON, with nobody driving, had been sitting in the neighbors driveway, and began rolling by itself down the driveway, across the street, and into the Simmons' mailbox. The Station Wagon is an old pile of junk that needs to have its parking brake fixed.

The mailbox is still intact, but is now bent and deformed.

DELORES, comes running out from her house noticing that her Station Wagon has rolled out of the driveway by itself.

She is screaming, mildly drunk, smoking a CIGARETTE and BREAST FEEDING her BABY in one arm.

DELORES

Oh Fuck! Ah Fuck! Fuck me god dam it!
Roger, you fucking shit for brains!
Your god damn, piece of shit station wagon rolled out of the mother fucking driveway again.

Turns to Nancy and Jody.

DELORES (CONT'D)

(calm)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I've told Roger to fix his god damn brakes.

(Screams towards house)

I've told you Roger, fix the god damn brakes.

ROGER stumbles out of the house, kicking open the screen door, holding a MUG OF COFFEE in his right hand. Roger is an unshaven, fed up, deadbeat dad.

As Roger comes towards Delores, he stumbles over a PLAYSKOOL TRICYCLE, and kicks it to the barely growing lawn, which for some reason still has a SPRINKLER shooting water onto the dead grass and mud.

ROGER

God damn it honey! You don't have to fucking scream at me! I'm not a fucking child!

DELORES

Then quit acting like a child, and fix the god damn brakes!

ROGER

I already told you I'm getting them fixed on Wednesday! You don't have to fucking chastise me in front of the whole neighborhood.

(pauses)

And put your god damn titties away!

DELORES

Damn it Roger, it's a natural thing!

ROGER

No!.. NO!.. It's not natural to be flaunting your god damn tits around the neighbors.

JODY

(interrupting)

Oh, well it's alright...

DELORES

(to Jody)

Thank you, Jody... Thank you.

ROGER

Why don't you mind your own god damn business Jody!

DELORES

(to Roger)

Don't you speak to her like that...Why don't you go make yourself useful for once, and put the blocks behind the god damn station wagon so that it won't roll out of the driveway again.

(turns to Jody)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. We'll pay for the mailbox.

JODY

Oh, don't worry about it Delores. We'll deal with it when we get back.

(pause)

Alright Nancy, I'll see you when we come home.

NANCY

Okay-Dokey! Buh-bye!

Jody gets in the drivers seat of the SUV and begins to drive off with Eugene riding in the passenger seat.

DELORES

(calling out)

And sorry about your mailbox!

The SUV drives down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - MORNING

The SUV rolls up in front of Simon's house, a dark looking suburban home in Canoga Park, California. Eugene and Jody exit the Land Rover.

Simon sits in a rickety lawn chair in the front of the house. He is wearing a pair of GOLD RIMMED AVIATORS, thick SUN BLOCK on his nose and he is sipping a beverage out of a COCONUT COCKTAIL CUP.

Simon gets up out of the chair, and excitedly goes to greet Eugene, who he hasn't seen for a good while.

SIMON

Eugene!!! What is up broheim? How are you? Shit, you look great man, get over here!

Simon gives Eugene a huge hug, Eugene gladly accepts.

EUGENE

Simon!...Oh man, you cut your hair!

Simon rubs his head.

SIMON
 Ah, it was getting shaggy.
 (to Jody)
 Heya Jody, long time no see!

They hug.

JODY
 Hey, Simon, we haven't seen you in a
 while! You look great!

SIMON
 Yeah you know, I've been running, I've
 been running..

JODY
 Oh, where you running?

SIMON
 From the police mostly.

They both chuckle.

JODY
 Aren't you two excited? You guys get
 to spend the weekend with each other?
 You two haven't done that in a while.

SIMON
 Yeah...well...

JODY
 Alright...
 (pause, to Gene)
 You got your stuff?

EUGENE
 (holding up backpack)
 Yeah. All here.

JODY
 If you get a chance, call
 me...actually, no, no, just call me.
 Alright honey, see you on Saturday.

EUGENE
 Bye Mom, I'll miss you.

JODY
 I love you Eugene.

EUGENE
 I love you too.

Gives Eugene a warm hug and kiss. Jody gets into the SUV
 and drives off.

SIMON

And the clouds parted, the thunders roared, the Heavens the Earth became one, and God said..."Fuck our parents, Fuck them up their big fat asses!"

EUGENE

Thanks Simon, I'm sure they really appreciate that.

SIMON

Pick up your shit and we'll go to my room.

Simon puts his arm around Eugene, and they walk towards Simon's doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

We see the television set playing an episode of "MARTHA STEWART LIVING." Martha Stewart is stringing together pine cones to create a hanging wall design.

We see the living room, which is eccentrically decorated with an array of awkward looking ARTS AND CRAFTS, MISC. KNICK KNACKS, FAMILY PORTRAITS and DUSTY LOOKING ANTIQUES.

We come full circle and focus in on Simon's mother, MARILYN, who is emulating the exact creation being made on television.

She is wearing an old paint stained smock, and her blonde hair is short and frazzled. She is extremely focused and concentrated on the activity.

We then see Marilyn pick up an OLD GLASS PIPE and smoke marijuana. She exhales and goes back to her work.

INT. SIMON'S ROOM - DAY

Eugene is holding a POORLY CRAFTED PICTURE FRAME, lined with beads, sequins, googly eyes and elbow macaronis. The words "SIMON AND EUGENE" are written on the frame in glitter pen.

The photograph is of Simon and Eugene as kids, about 12 years old, on a fishing trip.

Simon is holding up a HUGE THREE FOOT BASS, while Eugene totes a TINY GOLDFISH. They both have huge grins plastered to their faces.

Simon is speaking loudly on the phone while Eugene sits awkwardly.

SIMON
 (on the phone)
 I know dude, you should have been
 there, the party was sick. So many
 drunk bitches, it wasn't even fair.

Eugene puts the photograph down. He envies Simon and
 looks at his own phone. It reads "0 Missed Calls"

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Oh, you should have seen her. She got
 down with Kevin Meyer again!
 (pause)
 It was ridiculous.

Eugene then checks his Outgoing Calls, they read "MOM
 CELL, MOM CELL, MOM CELL, MOM CELL, MOM CELL, 411, MOM
 CELL...and you get the point.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Yeah, I'll may stop by on Thursday.
 What time do you play?
 (pause)
 That's chill. Well I'll probably show
 up drunk, so beware.
 (pause)
 Ha-ha. For Sure, bro. I'll hit you up
 later. Peace.

Simon closes his phone and tosses it.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Okay, Now listen Gene...Jesus spoke to
 me in a dream last night...

EUGENE
 Jesus?

SIMON
 It was a vision.

EUGENE
 I thought you said it was a dream.

SIMON
 God damn it Eugene, just listen!
 (beat)
 You and I are going to release the
 most powerful force of sheer and
 unstoppable debauchery tonight.

EUGENE
 Wait, are we going to drive a tractor
 into someone's house?

SIMON
 No, bro. We're gonna throw a party.
 The-biggest-party-ever.

EUGENE
 Where?

SIMON
23509 Dover Street

EUGENE
Oh, Now I know why you were so happy
to see me! You want throw a party at
my house.

SIMON
No! No!

EUGENE
Yes! I knew you were gonna ask me
something like this, I knew it the
minute I saw you sitting in that lawn
chair sipping that... that...
...coconut like you were the king of
the lawn.

SIMON
The king of the lawn sips out of a
fucking goblet, homie.
(pause)
Listen, there's a time in every boy's
life...

EUGENE
Shame on you Simon, Shame on you so
hard that you won't even know what to
do with your shame.

SIMON
Let me finish! There's a time for
growth and there's a time for
change...

EUGENE
And there's a time for reality, Simon.
Do you really think I haven't thought
about throwing a party myself, with
debauchery, and sex and... And magic!

SIMON
(laughing)
Magic?

EUGENE
And you know, if my dad caught me
throwing a party in that house... if
he saw one strand of confetti on that
floor... I'd be in some serious
trouble. I mean like serious trouble.
You saw "Risky Business"? Did you see
"Risky Business?" He gets in serious
trouble, like serious prostitute
trouble.

SIMON
There's not going to be any
prostitutes there.
(pause, thinking)
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

There's not going to be *many*
prostitutes there. I'm just asking a
friend of mine for a simple party.
Bitches... Brews...
(laughing)
And magic.

EUGENE

Look, look... I don't care what you
say, that's not happening.

Simon leans back in his chair and groans.

SIMON

Come on man, why don't you let loose.
Get your dick out there.
(punches Eugene
repetitively)
BITCHES ARE DOWN. . .
(beat)
Please?
(motions to groin)
Please for me...at least for my dick.

EUGENE

No. You're trying to convince me of
something I don't want to do. And
besides...my dad will...my dad...

SIMON

You are passing up a perfect
opportunity for fun. Besides, you love
parties!

EUGENE

I hate all parties!

SIMON

What! You had fun at my last party!

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We see Eugene, in a lame HAWAIIAN SHIRT, at Simon's party
standing incredibly awkwardly against a wall, as numerous
drunk teens are having a great time around him. A couple
passionately makes out about a foot away from him,
slightly moaning.

He is holding an empty RED PLASTIC CUP. We see Simon,
drunk as hell, enter screaming wildly, chugging a bottle
of Jack Daniels, everyone loves him and cheers him on. He
screams loudly in Eugene's face.

SIMON

WAAAHHHH!!!!

BACK TO:

INT. SIMON'S ROOM- MORNING

We see Simon and Eugene, as before.

EUGENE

We throw that party, I'll be *alone*...I
won't see you all night. You'll be
off...uh...screaming... or...uhh...

(uncomfortably)

...screwing...some...*bitch*.

(beat)

Realistically, when's the last time we
truly hung out...

SIMON

Bro, when... When,uh ...

Simon grasps his forehead and searches his memory.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I mean...we hang out...come on, man,
we chill.

EUGENE

The last time we "chilled" was on that
boat.

Eugene hands Simon the photograph of them as children
holding fish.

SIMON

Fine Eugene! Then what the fuck do you
want to do?

EUGENE

I...I want to hang out with you Simon.

SIMON

Well, what do you want to do?

EUGENE

Let's play a game of cards!

SIMON

Cards? What, do you wanna play fuckin'
Crazy Eights?

EUGENE

How bout Poker? I have some money!

SIMON

Me and You? A two man game? That'll be
tons of fun.

EUGENE

No...we can invite...

(thinking)

We can invite Matt and Langa!

SIMON

Matt and Langa? I haven't seen Matt and Langa since...fuck, who knows when.

EUGENE

Then we'll call them! We'll call them, and we'll invite them to a game of poker at my house! I bet they've got money, and we'll all get a good game going.

SIMON

(reminiscing)

Yeah, Alright. Matt and Langa...those guys are chill. I'd be down to get a little reunion going. Man, we all used to hang out...like really hard. Shit, we even hung out when we were little kids.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

We see YOUNG MATT, YOUNG SIMON and YOUNG LANGA building a sand castle on YOUNG EUGENE, who is buried under the sand. They are all about 8 years old.

YOUNG MATT

Wow Simon, you're really good at building sand castles!

Young Simon pulls a bloody, mangled DEAD SEAGULL from the sand.

YOUNG SIMON

Oh, we can use this dead seagull I found for the drawbridge!

YOUNG LANGA

Simon, if you're going to make a drawbridge, make sure that the width of the moat isn't greater than the depth.

YOUNG EUGENE

(very happy)

You guys are the best friends ever!!!

BACK TO:

INT. SIMON'S ROOM - MORNING

We see Eugene and Simon, as before.

We see an idea brewing in Simon's head.

SIMON

You think...you think they got money though?

EUGENE

Oh yeah! Yeah!...YEAH! And I got money! I got five hundred dollars! That's fifty thousand pennies!

Simon reaches for a SMALL JAR OF COINS by his bed, and runs his hands through it. He is staring into the nickels and dimes as if they are little bits of gold.

SIMON

(pondering)

Fifty thousand pennies? Hmmm... That's a lot of pennies.

We see Simon contemplate the idea. He looks over and posted on his wall is a POSTER for the Pasadena School of the Culinary Arts. We then see, a bulletin board filled with about THIRTY UNPAID PARKING TICKETS tacked to the board. Next to the ticket board, is a framed picture of a skinny, famished GUATEMALAN CHILD, with a caption reading "HELP JOSE'"

SIMON (CONT'D)

Alright. Great. We'll play some poker tonight.

(beat)

It's really a shame though Eugene. I hate to take all that money you earned giving hand jobs in the Carl's Jr. bath room.

EUGENE

(sarcastic)

Oh, you wish you got one.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

We see Marilyn in the kitchen preparing her coffee. She goes for the MILK CARTON sitting on the counter, and smells it. It's gone bad.

She turns to throw it away, stops and thinks, opens the refrigerator and grabs a half eaten COTTAGE CHEESE container.

She pours the remainder of the bad chunky milk into the cottage cheese container, places the container back in the refrigerator and throws the empty MILK CARTON in the trash.

INT. SIMON'S ROOM - MORNING

We see Simon and Eugene as before.

EUGENE
 (shy and innocent)
 Well Simon...since...we do have the
 house to ourselves... and... well... I
 am eighteen...

SIMON
 You want to rent a beaver pic?

EUGENE
 A What?

SIMON
 A porn.

EUGENE
 Or...or...just a movie...with boobs...
 (pause)
 Yeah, A porn.

SIMON
 (jokingly thinking
 hard)
 Hmm...hmm..a movie with boobs, whats
 that!?

Simon abruptly slams open a drawer filled with adult
 videos, an enormous collection.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 BAM! Porn City!!! DVD or Vhs?

Simon is holding up a classic laser disc porno.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 I even got a couple laser discs, if
 that's what tickles your pickle. Might
 I suggest my personal favorite, "Big
 Trouble in Little Vagina?"

EUGENE
 I thought maybe I...I could rent one.
 I did just turn 18.

SIMON
 I see what your saying, it is your
 rite of passage.
 (pause)
 You rent the porn. It's your house;
 it's your boner.

EUGENE
 Thanks Simon.

SIMON
 No problem, bro. I'll get on the
 phone, and call the boys.

EUGENE
 Oh! Great.

The boys get up and exit the room.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- MORNING

Marilyn, Simon's mother, is still working on her Martha Stewart project. Eugene and Simon enter the living room.

MARILYN

Eugene! Why didn't you say hi to me earlier!

EUGENE

Oh, you just seemed so focused on your project, I didn't want to bother you.

MARILYN

Well Hell! Get over here!

Marilyn extends her arms for a hug, and squeezes Eugene with great sensual passion. This makes Eugene uncomfortable.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

So, what are you boys up to?

SIMON

Ah, we're just going to rent some porn.

Eugene is embarrassed and surprised at Simon's honesty.

MARILYN

Oh! Great! What are you gonna get?

Eugene is shocked at Marilyn's comfort on the subject.

SIMON

Uhh...just something for my buddy Eugene here...trying to get his dick wet.

MARILYN

Oh well you know Eugene. Simon's father and I made some really great home videos back in the early 90's.

Eugene is still paralyzed at the thought.

SIMON

Ah, come on mom, nobody wants to watch you and dad in "Jurassic Cock."

MARILYN

"Jurassic Cock" was good! It was a fun little project.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We see old home video footage of there home made porn. The title "Jurassic Cock" is written in Sharpie on a piece of cardboard, which is placed in front of the camcorders lens.

We hear Marilyn poorly singing the theme song to "Jurassic Park," as she removes the cardboard title in front of the lens.

It reveals her husband, RICK, topless, wearing nothing but a SAFARI HAT and a TOWEL around his waist.

RICK

Hello, and welcome to Jurassic Cock.

Rick begins to seductively open his towel.

BACK TO:

INT. SIMON'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MARILYN

Well on your way home, can you make sure to get some liquid starch? I need some, we're doing paper mache tomorrow with the 1st graders.

SIMON

Yeah. Alright, I'll see you later mom.

Simon gives his mother a kiss on the cheek and Eugene and Simon exit the front door.

INT. BOBA SHOPPE - AFTERNOON

As we move across the Boba Shoppe we see two Hispanic gardeners sharing boba, an Asian couple laughing loudly, and Officer's Banks and Rodriguez both slurping down BRIGHTLY COLORED BOBA DRINKS. We hear them ad-lib about how fast Simon ran from them.

We also see MATT and ADAM, two teenage boys, sitting together in a booth, also drinking boba.

We hear Matt speaking off screen before the camera reaches him.

MATT (O.S.)

That's bullshit! That's fucking baloney!

We reach Matt and Adam.

MATT (CONT'D)

You're trying relate a point... uhh... to me that... that... that has so many illogical... uhh... I mean -

ADAM

(Cutting Matt off)

No! It's not illogical, Matt.
Everything that happens to you is your
own fault.

MATT

How can you say that?

ADAM

Every choice you make, voluntary or
involuntary, is your own fault.
Regardless, of... uhh...

(thinking of a word)

... uhhh...Example, example, here's an
example. You wake up at 7:15 in the
morning and walk outside your house.
At 7:17 your struck by lightning.
Dead. That is all your fault.

MATT

HOW!? How! I got struck by lightning
that's completely out of my own hands.
I didn't call upon Zeus and ... uh...
ask for a large bolt of electricity
that morning...

ADAM

It was your choice to wake up that
morning and walk out of your house at
that exact time. You could have stayed
in bed, and hit the Snooze button for
another ten minutes.

MATT

(extremely heated)

OKAY! What if...I did decide to hit
the snooze button. Hell, i decided to
stay in bed all day. At... at... at
seven...

(thinking)

Whatever... a stray bolt of lighting
comes crashing through the window and
lands upon my comforter. I'm dead. I
did not choose to die that morning.
How is this my fault?

ADAM

(calmly, smug smile)

You should have gone outside.

MATT

(yelling)

You're a disgrace!.. You sit there and
you spit bullshit rhetoric Adam!
You're -

(stops and realizes)

A-Ha! A-Ha! Okay. Here goes...I am
paralyzed, unconscious... in a coma,
laying in a hospital bed. Knock on
wood. And Suddenly, UH-OH!

(in a fiery rage)

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

A huge flaming ball of ... uhhh... hot *magma* comes flying through the sky and crashes down onto my lifeless body!.. How is this my fault? Adam. You give me one reason how I am at fault!!!

We go back and forth from Adam's and Matt's face. They both say nothing and stare at each other aimlessly. Adam has nothing to say, he is stumped. The camera cuts to Matt's cell phone vibrating on the table. Matt picks it up, it is Simon.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hello?

I/E. SIMON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

We see Simon on the phone in his car, talking to Matt on the phone.

Simon's car is a beat-up 1986 cherry red BMW 325ES. The passenger door is an off white color, not matching the rest of the vehicle. One mirror has been duct taped to the side of the car. Hanging from his mirror is every possible scent of PINE TREE SHAPED AIR FRESHENERS. Glued to his dash board is a vintage RAT FINK BOBBLE HEAD.

SIMON

Guess who?

MATT

Simon? Simon!

Simon changes lanes and cuts someone off. Eugene reacts.

SIMON

(yelling at reckless driver)

Open your eyes cheek-o!

MATT

What'd you say?

SIMON

(to Matt, on phone)

What's up, bro? How are you?

MATT

Oh, I'm great man.

EUGENE

(screaming)

Hey Matt! It's Eugene!

SIMON

Eugene says hi.

MATT

Oh Eugene! Tell that fool I said what up.

SIMON

(to Eugene)

Matt says what up.

(to Matt, on phone)

So what are you doing right now?

MATT

I'm just with Adam, waiting for Jen to get off work.

SIMON

You're still with Jen???

MATT

Yeah.

SIMON

(angry)

That's three years! You could have fucked at least thirty different bitches!

MATT

Yeah, but I got Jen.

SIMON

Look, what are you doing after that?

(pause)

You down for some poker at Gene's? We're doing a little reunion.

MATT

Oh Hell yeah, I'd be so down.

SIMON

For sure. But most importantly, how much cash you got?

MATT

I, uhhh...I'm packing heat. I got cash.

SIMON

Alright cool, cool.

He is signaling with his arm out the window because his blinkers are busted.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So like head over around 7-ish? Is that cool?

MATT

7-ish? What you're going by queer time nowadays?

SIMON

(sarcastically)

Only after sundown, sweetheart.

MATT

(remembering)
 Ahhhh, dude...I, uh, totally forgot.
 I, uh, told Serviss I'd hang out with
 him tonight. He wants to go to Ice-o-
 plex.

SIMON

Ohhh. Burn. Serviss, that creeps still
 around?

MATT

Yeah, yeah. I, uh, I promised him I'd
 chill tonight. You know he's a close
 family friend. The guy calls me every
 other day. I don't think he really
 hangs out with anyone else.

SIMON

Yeah, but didn't Ice-o-plex close
 down?

MATT

Nah, Serviss says he thinks there's
 one in Culver City.

SIMON

Isn't that like two hours away?

MATT

I know!

SIMON

You can't get out of it?

MATT

You know....

There is a long pause between the two of them. We cut
 back and forth between their simple expressions. Simon
 takes a deep breath.

SIMON

(sighs)
 Bring Serviss.

Simon abruptly closes the cellphone and tosses it in his
 center storage console.

EUGENE

I can't believe Matt and Jen are still
 together. I thought they would have
 broken it off by now.

SIMON

Yeah, well I think that's everyone's
 secret wish.

(beat)
 God, I hate Jen.

EUGENE
Why? She's really nice.

SIMON
Nice? She's the devil incarnate, bro.

EUGENE
She's a beautiful... sweet...
caring....

SIMON
Oh, okay! It looks your popping minor
chubby here for Jen, huh?

EUGENE
I just always thought she was a cool
girl. I just wish she wasn't with
Matt. That's all.

SIMON
You dig on her, don't you?

EUGENE
A little bit...well, yeah I definitely
dig on her. I remember when she -

SIMON
(sarcastically)
Oh! Sweet. Tell me later. We're here.

Simon pulls into the back parking lot of a large scale
Porn Store/Sex Shop. A huge sign reads "XXX PORN!"

EUGENE
Oh, god.

EXT. PORN STORE/SEX SHOP - DAY

We see an establishing shot of the exterior of a porno
shop, in the front is a man dressed in a large life-like
PENIS COSTUME hunched against the front entrance smoking
a cigarette. The penis man appears limp and flaccid,
until Simon and Eugene pass by, in which he stands up
straight and becomes erect to give them a "50% off all
vibrators" flyer.

Simon and Eugene take the flyer and enter the store.

INT. PORN STORE/SEX SHOP - DAY

We see Simon and Eugene walking through an aisle at the
smutty porn shop. We hear a SWEET 80'S LOVE BALLAD
playing in the background. There is a variety of SEX
TOYS, OILS, PORNOGRAPHIC VIDEOS and such. The two pass a
POSTER OF WOODY ALLEN with a quote that reads "Don't
Knock Masturbation. It's Sex With Someone You Love,"
underneath it is a shelf full of lubricants, dildo's and
"How To Pleasure Yourself" books.

In the store, we see men and women searching for porn, a promiscuous Gothic couple looking at anal oil, and a tall transvestite with an obvious mustache and hairy legs.

The store clerk ROGET, a fat Armenian man with a thick accent, sits behind the counter spit shinning a large CHROME DILDO.

SIMON

Rogggeetttt!

ROGET

Hey Simon! How's it going, my friend?

SIMON

Just lookin' for a good video for my buddy Eugene here.

Simon pats Eugene on the back, Eugene smiles uncomfortably.

ROGET

You want beaver pic, eh???

EUGENE

(aside to Simon)

Simon, let's just go, we can go rent "Mean Girls" or something?

SIMON

I think they got a version of "Mean Girls" here.

Through the front entrance, the man in the penis suit enters and walks up to the counter where Simon and Roget are talking to one and other. He takes off the top of the penis costume as he walks behind the counter.

PENIS

It's fucking hot as hell out there.

ROGET

Why you smoke in the costume? I tell you no one wants to see a penis smoking cigarette.

PENIS

Have you worn this penis before, Roget?!

ROGET

I wore dis' penis 22 years of my life!
I build empire on dis' penis!

The Penis exits into the backroom disgruntled.

ROGET (CONT'D)

(cursing in Armenian)

%#@%^?&& !!!

(pause, to Simon)

(MORE)

ROGET (CONT'D)

Ah!...Come Simon, let me show you new video. Very Good. Imported.

Simon follows Roget to the backroom, Eugene is distracted by the transvestites hairy legs. Eugene looks up, and notices Simon and Roget are gone. He is all alone. In a world of porn.

EUGENE

Simon?...Simon!

Customers look up at Eugene as he yells for Simon, he notices them staring and smiles nervously.

Eugene begins walking through the store, looking for Simon. He enters an aisle in search of Simon, but also to satisfy his curiosity.

He views a series of t-shirts with dirty phrases/images, such as a women shirt with braille imprinted across the chest and under it a caption which reads, "Can You Read Braille?" Another shirt has a picture of a giraffe with a caption reading "Deep Throat."

Eugene then walks past a shelf display of a novelty VAGINA HELMET, which when worn looks as if you are placing your head in a vagina. Above it, is a picture of a motorcycle biker sporting the helmet on his Harley.

Eugene peers around to see if anyone is looking directly at him, then proceeds to curiously put on the vagina helmet. He looks in a nearby mirror and smiles. We then hear Simon in the distance calling for Eugene.

SIMON (O.S.)

Eugene! Eugene, come here!

Eugene struggles to get off the helmet.

EUGENE

Uhh...just a second.

SIMON (O.S.)

I got the perfect flick, man.

Eugene struggles even harder, and then decides to proceed to the front to find Simon to help him. He walks to the front, trying to find ways to avoid customers looking at him.

EUGENE

I'm coming!

Customers look at Eugene oddly.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

(to the customers)

Not...not literally.

Eugene then continues following Simon's voice and then accidentally bumps into a CARDBOARD CUT OUT of a naked women. The cutout begins moaning uncontrollably and gets increasingly louder. He tries to fix it, and tear out the batteries in the back, but customers begin staring at him.

The cutout then screams orgasmically, startling Eugene. He jumps backwards and puts his hands behind him on a display shelf, to catch his fall. His entire right hand gets stuck inside of a PROSTHETIC VAGINA on display.

SIMON

Bro! Where are you?!

Eugene frantically tries to pull his hand lose, without attracting any more attention to himself. With one sharp motion, he rips the entire vagina out of the packaging, sending him stumbling backwards, the vagina still stuck on his hand. He falls back into a large BALL SACK BEAN BAG CHAIR, leaning up against a shelf with numerous dildo's of all shapes, colors and sizes displayed on it. The fall into the ball sack bean bag, knocks the dildo's off the shelf, and sends a good number of them into Eugene's lap and all around him.

With a vagina helmet strapped to his head, prosthetic pussy enclosed upon his fist, dildos in lap and sitting in a large testicle bean bag, every customer in the store turns to Eugene in shock. There is a great silence among the store.

EUGENE

(embarrassed)

Just look'n around.

CUT TO:

INT. LANGA'S ROOM - DAY

We see LANGA place a needle to a record cradled in a brown 1960'S VINTAGE RECORD PLAYER. Langa is an odd ball teen. He sports thick rimmed glasses ala Buddy Holly, and Eraserhead style hair, with thick mutton chops.

We see the record spinning and we hear Frank Zappa's "Peaches en Regalia". Langa's room is thoroughly neat and tidy, every inch vacuumed. The walls are lined with organized shelves storing books, old vinyl records and an enormous collection of CHIA HEADS AND PETS.

Every pet/head is groomed to perfection. Langa is currently tending to a special-edition A-TEAM MR. T CHIA HEAD. He is meticulously trimming Mr. T's Mohawk with TINY PRUNING SHEERS.

The phone rings in the background and Langa ignores the ring and continues trimming. The answer machine picks up.

LANGA (V.O.)

Hey Jeff, I, uh, talked to Mr. Roberson about the Super Quiz categories, and I'm relieved to say it's going to be just what we thought. The categories are as follows: Ancient Medieval weaponry, Latin folk lords, Satanic death hymns and vaginal discomforts. Oh, and by the way, I just got this verbal Rubik's cube, you got to try. It's out of this world. And remember, go over the key terms on Chapter 39.

(pause)

Oh, and if this isn't Jeff, leave a message.

The answering machine beeps and Eugene leaves a message.

EUGENE (O.S. FILTER)

Hey...Langa, how's it going?
It's...it's Eugene. I know we haven't talked in a while cause...well I don't know why, but I really think that we need to hang out. Like a little reunion with you, me, Simon and Matt. I'm having a poker game at my house tonight. Simon says be there around 7-ish?

We then hear Simon grab the phone.

SIMON (O.S. FILTER)

Oh shit Langa, I got this crazy story about Gene you'll never forget. Fucking Nutty, man.

EUGENE (O.S. FILTER)

Simon, you asshole!

Simon hangs up the phone.

EXT. DEL TACO DRIVE-THRU - DAY

Simon's car pulls into a Del Taco drive-thru line.

SIMON

Shut up about it. There's no denying that shit was hilarious.

(beat)

Now, what are you getting?

Eugene is leaning over Simon and screaming into the order box.

EUGENE

Hello...Uhhhh...Can I have...Can I get...

(pause, looks over menu)

(MORE)

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Uhhh...Let me get a Taco Del Carbon
combo.

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE

Chicken or steak?

EUGENE

Do you have fish? Can I do a fish del
carbon? Or do I have to order the fish
tacos to do that?

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE

Fish Taco Del Carbon. Mild or Medium?

EUGENE

Which one's like the Pico De Gallo?
Like with the chopped up tomatoes.

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE

Fish Taco Del Carbon with mild sauce.
What kind of drink?

EUGENE

Can you do an Arnold Palmer?

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE

Excuse me?

EUGENE

You know, half lemonade, half iced
tea.

SIMON

(Frustrated and
Sarcastic)

Wow. Honestly. A fag.

EUGENE

(to Simon secretly)

See Simon, when I order the Del Carbon
and switch the meat to fish it's
cheaper then getting the fish taco
combo.

SIMON

(un-amused)

Great Eugene, you saved a whole twenty
nine cents.

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE

Anything else?

SIMON

(right to the point)

Number Three. Large. Coke.

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE

That's one Taco Del Carbon with fish
and mild sauce, One Number Three Large
with a Coke and a...uh...

(MORE)

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
lemonade ...iced tea. That'll be ten
ninety seven at the window please.

EUGENE
That's an Arnold Palmer!

Simon drives up and waits behind a WHITE TRUCK spewing
exhaust.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Wait, did you just order a double
bacon cheeseburger at Del Taco?

SIMON
Yeah. It's dank. It's one of the best
fast food burgers I've ever had, and
I'm on the mission to find the best
one. And I think it's got to be the
Double Del.

EUGENE
That's a bold statement Simon,
especially for a restaurant that
speciliazes in south of the border.

SIMON
You'd be surprised dude. Every place
has a double bacon cheeseburger.
(letting Eugene in a
secret)
And there's even some places you
wouldn't expect that make dank Double
Bacon cheeseburgers. I'm talking
secret menus bro.

EUGENE
(sarcastically)
What...Secret Menus?

SIMON
Yup. Secret Menus. Every place has
one.
(leans in close to
Eugene)
You know Jamba Juice?

EUGENE
BULL-SHIT SIMON!

SIMON
I'm serious bro. Tuesday nights
between 11:30 and closing, you go out
back you tell them the secret password
and you'll be surprised what ya'll
find.

EUGENE
What!...Double Bacon
Cheeseburgers!?!?!?

SIMON
 (whispers)
 To the Sky.

Pause.

EUGENE
 You're lying.

SIMON
 Try me.

Simon and Eugene stare dead at each other. Simon slowly pulls up not blinking an eye away from Eugene. They are interrupted by the Del Taco Employee.

DEL TACO EMPLOYEE
 Ten ninety six.

Without turning his head or leaving his eyes which are glued to Eugene's, he hands the employee eleven bucks.

SIMON
 Thanks.

Simon collects his food and change and drives off.

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The scene opens with DOUG and BYRON sitting on the couch getting high, they are smoking a GREEN GLASS BONG. Byron and Doug are two loud, goofy and overzealous stoners.

Doug wears a Mexican knit multicolored poncho/hoodie with the words "CORONA" across the front. Byron is sporting a red shirt stating "Enjoy Weed", a spoof of the Classic Coca-Cola logo: Enjoy Coca-Cola.

Laying on the table in front of the couch is a HALF EATEN PIZZA, a three liter bottle of Albertson's knock off Root Beer and a BAG OF MARIJUANA. The TV is playing The Gem Shopping Network.

Doug just finishes smoking the bong and begins coughing heavily.

BYRON
 Dayuuuummm! Damn!
 (laughs, and catches
 his breathe)
 That was a fat rip.

Doug just coughs violently and wheezes as he passes the bong. Byron begins smoking the bong.

DOUG
 (coughing, groans)
 Ahhh. I'm done. I'm done, fool. No
 more rips off this bong.
 (MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm on the fucking log
ride at Disneyland.

Byron holds smoke in his lungs, which makes his voice
deeper.

BYRON

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

Byron releases the smoke slowly, without a cough. He
passes the bong back to Doug. Doug smokes the bong.

As he exhales, he refers to a GEM on The Gem Shopping
Network playing on television. We hear the MALE GEM
NETWORK SPOKESPERSON and his female counterpart, DIANE,
through the television.

MALE GEM NETWORK SPOKESPERSON

We got a jade pendant here. Look at
the color of this stone, Diane.

DIANE

(over-exuberance)
It's outrageous!

MALE GEM NETWORK SPOKESPERSON

Look at the color of the tanzanite in
the center. This is one-time top of
the hour special!

DIANE

It's outrageous! You're seeing the
color, you're seeing the quality,
you're seeing the remarkable
craft...this gem is outrageous!

MALE GEM NETWORK SPOKESPERSON

There is nothing finer than the
quality of this gem. We got it in oval
cuts, we got it in princess cuts.

DIANE

This gem will take you into tanzanite
heaven. You look at this gem- BLAST
OFF!

MALE GEM NETWORK SPOKESPERSON

(very serious)
Diane, how much do you think this gem
is going to go for?

DOUG

Uhhh...my speculation...uh, is...
thirty five dollars. Exactly.

BYRON

What! Dude, No Way! That won't go for
more than, uhh...twenty at least.

DIANE

This gem cannot sell for any less than
250 dollars.

BYRON

250!!!

MALE GEM NETWORK SPOKESPERSON

Diane, this will shock you, but this
gem is not 250 dollars. It's not even
150. Hell Diane, it's not 50 dollars!
It's not 20 dollars!

(beat)

It's 19.99!!!

Doug and Byron react wildly and laugh extremely hard.

DIANE

OH MY GOD!!! That is outrageous!

MALE GEM NETWORK SPOKESPERSON

Yes, that's right were practically
giving these gems away...for 19.99!

DOUG

Ah! you're wrong....you said Twenty!
You said Twenty!

BYRON

Well you said thirty five!!!

DOUG

You're not even, you're not even in
the same realm as me, man you're like
in a different...in a different...

Doug is about to sneeze. He cocks his head back and looks
up, but the sneeze does not come out.

DOUG (CONT'D)

...in a different...uhhh...

The urge to sneeze immediately comes back to him and he
once again lifts his head backward in the sneezatory
position.

BYRON

Hit this! Hit this bong, man! You have
to hit this bong!

(passing the bong
with urgency)

You have to hold the sneeze!!!

Doug holds the sneeze, and smokes the bong. He then
places the bong on the table and violently erupts with a
tremendous sneeze, shooting smoke and mucus everywhere.

DOUG

(coughing)

Ahh!

BYRON

Ahhh!!! That was the greatest sneeze.
That was the greatest sneeze ever
created. All hail Doug! Leader of the
sneeze people!

Byron hugs Doug, Doug gladly accepts and laughs. Doug is still recovering from the sneeze, sniffing and whipping his nose.

BYRON (CONT'D)

You must take a commemorative hit for
the worlds greatest sneeze in the
world!

DOUG

Ahh!

Doug is so high he can't articulate his speech. Byron grabs the bong, packs some marijuana inside. The bong is resting in Byron's lap.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG'S BACKYARD - MEANWHILE

There is a gardener outside mowing the lawn. Inside where Doug and Byron sit, the back of the couch is facing the sliding glass door. The gardener peers into the living room from the outside and sees Doug smoking the bong in Byron's lap. From the gardeners point of view, it looks as if Doug is performing oral sex on Byron.

BACK TO:

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Byron is pointing down at Doug as he smokes the bong.

BYRON

Hit it! Hit that shit! Yeah! Greatest
sneeze! World's Greatest Sneezer!
Yeah!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG'S BACKYARD - MEANWHILE

The gardener is surprised at what he sees. Doug rises from smoking the bong, and is still holding a massive amount of smoke in his mouth. To the gardener, viewing it from behind, it seems as though Doug has just finished and is holding a large amount of Byron's semen in his mouth. Doug turns and notices the gardener and waves, the smoke still in his mouth. The gardener is shocked and proceeds off camera mowing the lawn.

BACK TO:

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Doug releases the smoke and raises his fists in glory.

DOUG

I think that sneeze came down from the heavens! I think sneezing gets you higher!

BYRON

REALLY!!!???

DOUG

Yeah, man. I'm way bologna!

Doug laughs hysterically.

BYRON

Let's get some pepper!

EXT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - DUSK

We first see an establishing shot of Eugene's house. The mailbox in front is crushed and mangled. We see Simon and Eugene standing in the front door. Eugene is nervously turning the key.

EUGENE

(to himself)

My dad's going to kill me.

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - DUSK

Eugene finally slowly opens the door. It creaks open. You can hear the creaking echo throughout the house. It is dark, Simon enters and slowly brings up the light.

SIMON

This is the party house mother fuckers, let there be a mother fucking party!

Simon enters merrily, prancing around the house. He stops to do a little dance.

EUGENE

(to himself)

Oh man...my dad is going to kill me.

Simon picks up a antique skull off a marble pedestal. He tosses from his right hand to his left, and views.

SIMON

Hey, is this shit new?

EUGENE

What are you doing!? No, don't touch that! Put it down!

SIMON
(casually)
Woah, I was just looking at it, dude.
The things pretty heavy.

Simon places skull gently back on the pedestal.

EUGENE
Man, are you out of your mind?!

SIMON
Lay off. It's just a fucking skull.

EUGENE
Do you know who's skull this is?!

SIMON
Hamlet? Hamlet likes skulls.

EUGENE
No! Do you know Thomas Jefferson?

SIMON
(surprised)
This is Thomas Jefferson's skull!!!

EUGENE
No, it was his neighbor's skull.

SIMON
(not caring)
Oh. That's cool...if you're into
stupid shit.

EUGENE
Do you know how much this is worth?
One of our founding fathers'... uhh...
neighbors ...skull. It's worth a lot
of money, Simon. It's 10,000 dollars.
That's a million pennies.

SIMON
Why do you always have to relate shit
to pennies?

EUGENE
Because it makes you realize how much
10,000 dollars is worth.

SIMON
Are you going to act like this all
night?

EUGENE
Like what?

SIMON
All uptight and...and...and fussy-

EUGENE
(sarcastically)
Oh, I'm sorry... I'm sorry. I'm sorry
I told you not to break a 10,000
dollar skull. My bad.

SIMON
Alright...Alright...

Eugene puts the skull back in place.

EUGENE
Don't alright me, Simon. You don't
know how my dad is about this house.

SIMON
Your dad's not that bad!

EUGENE
You don't live with him.

SIMON
I'm sorry, Gene. Now listen, why don't
you just go calm yourself down and
relax. I mean, what relaxes you?

EUGENE
I don't know, what relaxes you?

SIMON
A cold beer and a good BJ.

EUGENE
(sarcastically)
Oh, let me go get the BJs out of the
fridge.

SIMON
Cooking relaxes you, yeah?

EUGENE
Yeah, I guess.

SIMON
Alright then, go cook up some fancy
hors d'oeuvres or some shit, while I
go out to get some party supplies.

EUGENE
Like what...party poppers?

SIMON
No, some beer.

EUGENE
(urgent)
You gonna leave me alone?

SIMON
It's about 7-ish. Someone will show up
soon. Peace.

Simon exits.

EUGENE
 (calling out to
 Simon)
 Just come back as soon as you can.
 (beat)
 Please.

Eugene takes a puff of his inhaler.

INT. MATT'S ROOM - EVENING

Matt and his girlfriend JEN are in his room. They are lying in the bed naked, covered by the sheets. Matt is turned away from Jen, laying on his back playing SNAKE on his CELL PHONE.

Jen is playing with Matt's hair and rubbing his chest trying to get his attention.

We only hear the BEEPING of Matt's cell phone as he plays SNAKE.

JEN
 Matt?

Matt is intensely focused on the game.

JEN (CONT'D)
 Matt?

Jen begins sensually kissing Matt's neck.

MATT
 Stop...stop...stop.

JEN
 Look at me.

MATT
 You know you can't take your eyes off snake.

Jen grabs the cell phone and shuts it off.

MATT (CONT'D)
 What?

JEN
 What do you mean what?

MATT
 What?!?

JEN
 How can you just sit there on your phone after...after we've had sex.

MATT

Why? I'm tired...and what, was it not good for you?

JEN

No...it's just...it's just...

(beat)

Never mind.

MATT

No, What?

JEN

It's just that...it just seem's like there's no passion in our relationship anymore. I mean, you don't look at me or kiss me when we're in bed, it seems you're so distant. You always...

Jen hesitates.

MATT

What?

JEN

You always...?

MATT

What??

JEN

You always do me from behind.

MATT

I thought you liked it. I like doing you from behind.

JEN

Yeah, I like it too, but not all the time. Why can't you be more passionate with me?

MATT

Passionate? What do you want me to do light candles and burn incenses off my balls?

JEN

Matt, don't fuck with me. You know what I mean.

Matt sits up in bed and looks at the ALARM CLOCK it reads 7:05 PM.

MATT

Oh shit, I have to go.

JEN

Wait...Why?

Matt begins putting on his pants.

MATT

I didn't tell you? I'm meeting up with all my old buddies to play Poker at Eugene's.

JEN

You can play Poker later. Your parents are going to be gone till Midnight. Don't you want to...take advantage of that time?

MATT

I would really love to but...

JEN

But nothing, you're staying here.

Jen begins kissing Matt, Matt accepts for a moment, and then denies her.

MATT

No, I have to go. If I don't go, they're going to give me the same shit about how I never hang out.

JEN

Oh come on, all your old friends are so immature.

MATT

No, they're not. They're not immature.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK

We Flashback to all the boys about 2 years ago, they are all about 16 years old.

Eugene, Matt and Langa are all crowding around Simon sitting in a LAY Z BOY CHAIR. Serviss is not paying attention and watching television.

SIMON

(excited)
Check it out, I can balance a pea on my nose.

LANGA

No, the peas just in your nose.

SERVISS

(entering the conversation late)
Who peed in your nose?

BACK TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt and Jen are in Matt's room, as before.

Matt is getting dressed.

JEN

You have to tell them you're not coming. Make something up.

MATT

But...uhhh...how would you like it if I just went and cancelled plans on you last minute?

JEN

(assertively)

That would never happen.

Matt's phone begins ringing in his pocket, he fishes it out and jumps off the bed.

JEN (CONT'D)

Don't pick it up. Matt...Don't pick that phone up.

Matt looks at his phone and sees that it's Serviss.

MATT

I got to pick it up, it's Serviss.
(picks up the phone)
Hello.

Jen becomes frustrated, puts on her clothes, and sits at Matt's computer desk, waiting impatiently.

JEN

Fuck you, Matt. Fuck you.

Matt gestures 'I'm sorry' to Jen. He continues talking to Serviss.

MATT

What's up dude?

We hear SERVISS, a lame teenage boy, through the phone. He is slurping a 7-11 Slurpee loudly.

SERVISS (O.S. FILTER)

(slurping)

Hey Matt...what's happening?

MATT

Hey man, uh, what's up.

SERVISS (O.S. FILTER)

Uh, nothing...nothing at all.

(long pause)

I'm just, you know, I'm just by myself.
Hanging out.

MATT

So, you still want to chill tonight,
right?

SERVISS (O.S. FILTER)

Uh, yeah, yeah I just wanted to see if
you're...uhhh...all set to go. You
ready to go.

(long pause)

Because I need a ride. I don't have my
car.

MATT

Where's your car?

SERVISS (O.S. FILTER)

Uh...

(pause)

...I totalled it.

Serviss slightly laughs.

MATT

(chuckling)

Oh. How'd that happen?

I/E. SERVISS' CAR - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

As Serviss narrates his car ordeal, we see what really
happened, which is a completely different story.

SERVISS (V.O.)

It was...well. Okay. I was parked
outside Best Buy, and uh I,I,I picked
up the phone to call my mom, and all
the sudden, this...this crazy lunatic,
probably doped up on...uhh, what do
you call them...uhhh...meth,
methamphetamines and crack cocaine
comes speeding out of the store with
some shopping cart, and, and, and
slams into my parked car. Like slams
it! Totally his fault. I,uh, tried to
swerve out of the way...but...uh,
well...I was parked.

(beat)

I think, I think he just bought a
computer.

(beat)

I'm...well frankly, I'm upset.

EXT. VACANT DESERT - DAY - MEANWHILE

In reality, we see Serviss stopped at a red light in an
almost vacant desert. He looks to the right, then the
left, and makes sure there are no cops watching, and
attempts to carefully run the red light. As he proceeds
into the intersection, he is slammed violently and
unrealistically by an 18 wheel truck.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We see Matt on the phone, as before.

MATT
(taken back)
Oh. Are you okay?

SERVISS (O.S. FILTER)
Oh, I'm fine. It's that...uh... crack
head who's going to pay. I got his
insurance and everything.

MATT
Oh. I'll give you a ride then.

SERVISS (O.S. FILTER)
I'll give you gas money. I swear to
god I'll give you gas money.

MATT
That's not a problem, dude. But, uh,
I'm not down for Ice-o-plex tonight.

SERVISS (O.S. FILTER)
(lamely)
Really!? I think Ice-o-plex is where
it's at!

MATT
Not exactly, but-
(pause)
Wait...where are you right now?

Matt quickly pulls open the blinds revealing Serviss standing under a street light in front of Matt's house. He is wearing a t-shirt and shorts. He is also sipping a slurpee from 7-11. The boys continue speaking on the phone.

SERVISS
Oh! I'm outside your house. Hey! I see
you!

MATT
Dude aren't you cold? Come inside.

We then see Jen, get up, adjust her hair in the mirror, and leave angrily without Matt noticing.

SERVISS
No, it's, it's, it's okay. I mean, I
don't want to bother you. I'm fine,
I'll just wait till you pick me up.

MATT
Yeah, but how can you not be cold? I
can see your breath.

SERVISS

Well, I find that drinking a slurpee
in,uh, cold weather,it,it, it's like a
double negative it cancels out the,
uh...the cold.

MATT

That's...Cool.

(fake spontaneity)

Oh Hey! I just got an idea. How about
instead of going to Ice-o-plex,
uh...we go over to my old buddy Gene's
for some Poker tonight?

SERVISS

Eugene? I remember Eugene! That guy's
a dork.

MATT

Ah, come on, he's chill.

SERVISS

Alright. I gue...I guess that'd be
cool. Over to old Eugene's, play some
poker, toss back a few brewskies or
so.

Serviss awkwardly laughs.

MATT

Cool. I'll be outside in like five
minutes. Just Chill.

SERVISS

(holds up slurpee)

I'm hot.

We see Jen get in her car outside of Matt's house, next
to Serviss who is in the street.

SERVISS (CONT'D)

Oh hey Jen!

Jen doesn't respond, she just gets in her car angrily.

MATT

Wait, Jen's leaving? Tell her to stay!

Jen drives off.

SERVISS

Uh-Oh! She looks pretty angry, what'd
you do, try to put it in her pooper!?

MATT

Serviss...What the...

(sighs)

I'll be right out.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see Eugene sitting by himself in his large empty living room. He is surrounded by a slew of HORS D'OEUVRES, all perfectly organized on SILVER TRAYS.

He has prepared pesto stuffed deviled eggs, lightly toasted bruschetta, finger sandwiches cut into stars and moons and multiple other elaborate dishes.

Eugene stares at a large GRANDFATHER CLOCK against the wall. It is 7:32.

Eugene hears an odd creaking noise, and looks around. The noise is in his imagination, but sees nothing.

EXT. LANGA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Langa exit the front door and walk towards his driveway. In his driveway is parked a large black SUV, with his dad in the front seat. Langa clicks with his car remote towards the SUV. We hear a beeping noise, but it does not come from the SUV.

Langa's dad begins to pull out of the driveway, revealing a small grey Vespa scooter parked next to the SUV. Langa waves goodbye to his father as he leaves. He hops on this scooter, places his helmet on, and backs out of the driveway.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Once again, we see Eugene in his living room by himself. He grabs a deviled egg and nibbles it sadly.

He checks the clock again. It reads 7:45.

He starts breathing heavily, and begins looking around paranoid.

Suddenly Eugene's imagination takes over and the furniture seems to move towards Eugene in an attacking manner. Eugene tries to shake off the delusions.

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT

We see Matt and Serviss riding in Matt's car. They are listening to ABBA, as Matt sings along to "DANCING QUEEN."

Serviss begins smelling himself, and sniffs his armpit. He smells bad. He begins searching through the glove compartment for a CAN OF AEROSOL DEODORANT. He finds it.

SERVISS

(to Matt)

Do you mind if I use this?

MATT

Yeah, no worries.

Serviss begins spraying under his armpits first. Then his chest, his stomach, down his pants and his hair. He takes off shoes and begins spraying them as well as spraying his socks. The car begins filling up with the spray. Matt is coughing.

MATT (CONT'D)

Fuck dude, enough!

Serviss continues spraying himself, until the can is empty. He then rolls down the window, and tosses the can outside. A POLICE CAR sees Serviss littering and flips on his lights and siren.

SERVISS

Oh man, where you speeding or something?

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eugene still sits by himself. He is now breathing extremely heavily. With his hand shaking he reaches for the bruschetta and cradles it to his mouth.

The Grandfather Clock begins thumping towards him. The couch in which he sits on, begins shaking. All the furniture around him begins moving and clunking towards him.

EUGENE

(to furniture)

No...No...Stop!

The furniture continues moving towards Eugene. Everything gets louder as the furniture screeches across the wooden floors.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop it, please!

A portrait of Eugene's mother, Jody, and father, Joe, which hangs above the fireplace begins coming to life and speaking to Eugene.

JODY

Oh look at poor Eugene, all by himself! All alone!

JOE

(with increasing creepiness)

You know Eugene, if anyone sets foot in this house...I'll rape you...to Death!!!

Eugene then freaks out and throws a large tray of hors d'oeuvres at the portrait.

He then tosses another tray at the Grandfather Clock, and finally swipes everything off the table, jumps on top of it and screams with his fists in the air.

EUGENE

You're not real!!!!!!!

The Doorbell RINGS.

Everything returns to normal as Eugene's imaginary manifestations disappear, and Eugene is left standing on the table, with food splattered all over the walls and the living room.

The Doorbell RINGS again.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

It's...it's open.

We see Langa squeak the door open, to see Eugene's disaster.

LANGA

Woah.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Simon is at the liquor store and opens the glass freezer door, and scans the different selections of beer. Simon grabs TWO CASES OF COORS, and walks to the hard liquor section to get a handle of JACK DANIELS.

We see the CASHIER peering over at Simon. When Simon reaches the cashier he places the alcohol on the counter, and flips out a noticeably fake ID, the picture on the ID is a middle age Arab man with a black thick moustache.

Simon is crookedly wearing an obviously FAKE MOUSTACHE. The cashier peers at the ID and looks at Simon. Simon smiles and slides a 50 dollar bill to the cashier, the cashier hands him his change.

Simon grabs the brews and Jack Daniels and on the way out he rips off his obviously fake moustache and smiles. The cashier notices the moustache falling to the ground.

CASHIER

(to himself)

Nice moustache.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eugene and Langa are both sipping tea sitting in arm chairs, facing each other in front of the fireplace. The room is still a complete and utter mess.

Eugene is enjoying a deviled egg and Langa is calmly smoking a old fashioned SHERLOCK HOLMES PIPE.

EUGENE
(awkwardly)
So...where'd you end up applying?

LANGA
Stanford.

EUGENE
Did you get in?

LANGA
Yup.

EUGENE
That's great man. I can't believe they're sending out acceptance letters so early.

LANGA
Yeah, I was quite pleased to get that off my plate so soon.
(beat)
When do you hear from NorthWestern?

EUGENE
Hopefully April. I should have done those early admissions. I just had such a hard time writing the essay.

LANGA
What was the topic?

EUGENE
(upset)
It wa...It wasn't even a question. It just said "Moon Pie Train Ride" I didn't even know what to write!

LANGA
"Moon Pie Train Ride"?

EUGENE
Yeah, It just said "Moon Pie Train Ride. Interpret."

LANGA
Woah, that's tough. I got "Bumblebee Apple Jack Soup"

EUGENE
Oh an easy one!

LANGA
I don't know I suppose I just lucked out.

EUGENE
Ah man, I hate college apps.
(beat)
How's your mom?

SERVISS

Hey Eugene. Long time no see. Who's ready to play some Poker?

Serviss and Eugene shake hands.

LANGA

(from the chair)

I believe I am.

Matt reaches over and shakes hands with Langa. Serviss and Eugene ad-lib hellos.

MATT

Langa!

LANGA

Matthew!

They hug.

MATT

Langa, my good friend it's a pleasure to see you.

SERVISS

Ah Good to see you, Langa. How ya holding up?

LANGA

Better than most, not as good as some.

EUGENE

It's great to see everyone! All my old pals-

Serviss interrupts Eugene.

SERVISS

Just in case you guys were wondering, I myself am great. Not only were slurpees half off tonight, because it's Wednesday, but I just got a hundred bucks to play poker from my mom. I told her I was going to take Julie out on a date.

LANGA

Julie, she's a fox man. Good for you.

SERVISS

No, it's just a fib. I made it up, uh, you know, to get this money. I'm not really going on a...I've never talked to her.

LANGA

A fox nonetheless. And it's hunting season.

MATT

(to Eugene)

Oh Hey Eugene, let me use your phone.
I...uh...I told Jen I'd call her as
soon as I got here.

Matt walks deeper into the house towards the phone. The boys all look at each other smiling. Serviss pantomimes whipping motion towards Matt.

SERVISS

That fool is so whipped, man.
(loud and lame)
A-Whick-A-Cha!

LANGA

The old ball and chain.
(pointing and calling
towards Matt)
Matthew...You're a bitch.

MATT

(pacing, on the
phone)

No, I, uh understand that it's one of
kind, but is that the only price you
can get for it.

(pause)

No, I'm not...well my paycheck doesn't
come until next Friday, and If you want
that dress for prom, we can't go to
Ruth Chris' on our half month.

SERVISS

(mocking "Roots")

My names Kunta Kentai. Your name is
Tobe! A-Whick-A-Cha!

EUGENE

Come on Serviss, Jen's a sweet girl.

SERVISS

Ohhh. Does somebody have a crush!?

All the guys laugh as the doorbell RINGS.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eugene goes to open the door.

EUGENE

That's probably Simon.

Eugene opens the door. Simon enters.

LANGA

The man of the hour has arrived!

They all greet Simon warmly. Hugs and handshakes are exchanged.

SIMON

Where's Matt?

Langa points to the hallway where Matt's pacing talking on the phone.

LANGA

In his usual reclusive state.

SIMON

What?

LANGA

Jen.

SIMON

Ah Fuck that fool! No fucking way!

(walking towards
Matt)

You better got off that phone before I
get to it.

MATT

(quickly)

I love you baby. I love you. I love
you.

Simon grabs the phone rudely out of Matt's hands.

SIMON

Is this Jen Paxton?

MATT

Ah come on man.

SIMON

(into phone)

Fuck you!

Simon hangs up the phone and tosses it on the couch.

SIMON (CONT'D)

First of all, give me a hug. What is
up.

They hug.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And second, tonight you will not speak
to Jen on that phone. Or on any phone
for that matter. Tonight the only
thing in your hand is this.

Simon hands Matt a fifth of Jack Daniels.

MATT

Ah, come on.

SIMON

One more word and I'll make you eat
the bottle.

MATT

Ah, come on man. You remember the last time I drank Jack.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - 1 YEAR AGO

Flashback to Matt on a street corner sprawled across the concrete in a TUBE TOP and a MINISKIRT and an empty bottle of JACK DANIELS in his hand.

COP #1

I think this boy is dead.

COP #2

Are you positive?

Cop #1 shakes his head yes. Cop #2 nods his head at Cop #1 and mischievously lifts Matt's miniskirt with a night stick and looks under it.

BACK TO:

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Simon and Matt walk back to the living room where Eugene, Serviss and Langa are sitting, as before.

SIMON

(remembering)

Oh yeah...Oh shit yeah...Who gives a fuck? Let's play some Poker.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

After a short poker montage, we see all the boys sitting around a poker table and Eugene seems to be winning. POKER CHIPS and MONEY are scattered around the table. The boys are playing TEXAS HOLD EM'. Simon has a noticeably small amount of chips. Langa is hiding his eyes with a pair of DARK 80'S SUNGLASSES and a HAT.

MATT

Deal the cards, deal the cards. Now who's big?

SIMON

I am.

LANGA

I'm small.

Serviss deals the cards.

SIMON

I'm in.

EUGENE

I'm in, as well.

Eugene is holding two Kings. Simon has two tens.

LANGA

I'm in.

MATT

I got jack.

Matt folds and tosses his cards in the center.

SERVISS

I am in, boys. I am in.

Serviss lays down the "river." It is a five, a King, and a ten.

LANGA

I'll check it.

Eugene has three kings.

EUGENE

I bet ten.

Simon has three tens.

SIMON

I'll see your ten, and raise you ten more.

LANGA

Wow, I didn't know I was playing poker at the Bellagio. I fold.

Langa folds and tosses his cards in. He crosses his arms.

SIMON

Serve, you in?

Serviss has a five and queen.

SERVISS

You guys, you guys drive a fast train to Louisville. And I'm on board.

Serviss puts in the twenty chips. Serviss deals the "turn" card. It's a seven.

EUGENE

I bet ten.

SIMON

I call you're ten, and raise you...
(counts his chips)
Uhh...twenty.

SERVISS

Woah. I thi-I think I got on the wrong train. Mind if I, uh...mind If I fold?

Serviss folds. Eugene stares Simon down.

EUGENE

I call.

Eugene slides in thirty chips.

SIMON

Wow Eugene big money tonight. When'd you grow a dick?

EUGENE

I was born with one.

SIMON

Aw, that's cute. Bring it.

Serviss deals the "river" card. It is a ten. Eugene now has a full house, three kings and two tens. Simon has four tens.

MATT

Oh, who's got that ten?

EUGENE

(nervously)
I bet fifty.

Everyone reacts.

SIMON

(genuinely thinking)
Shit...I'm all in.

Simon pushes all his chips in the middle. There is a huge pile of chips.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Whatchu going to do Gene? You going to call my bluff?

EUGENE

Yeah, I'm going to call your bluff.
I'm all in.

Eugene pushes all his chips in the middle, the pile doubles.

LANGA

I didn't know we had the Cincinnati Kid playing with us tonight.

SIMON

Alright, flip em'. You first.

EUGENE

(thinking)

You know...I only wish I had more chips to bet you.

SIMON

Woah, woah, woah whatchu saying there Eugene? You got yourself a little idea.

EUGENE

I don't know, I was just thinking maybe we could raise the stakes a bit more.

SIMON

Wow, Mr. Risk taker here, that dick you were born with, may actually have a pair of balls attached to it.

EUGENE

If I win this hand...

SIMON

(confidently)

What Eugene, what do you want that I could give you?

Eugene is thinking hard.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Flashback to Simon showing Eugene his porno collection. He is holding up a laser disc porno.

It is in slow motion.

SIMON

If that's what tickles your pickle.

BACK TO:

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the boys, as before.

EUGENE

If I win...I get your...entire porno collection, including the laser discs.

Everyone is shocked and stares at Simon to see what his reaction will be.

LANGA

Wait Simon, haven't you been collecting porno since third grade?

MATT
That shit must be huge.

SIMON
You don't even know, bro.

EUGENE
What's it going to be Simon?

SIMON
(sighs)
Fuck it, I'm down.

The boys react wildly. Ohh's and Ahh's!

SIMON (CONT'D)
But! If I win, you have to get drunk
for the first time. You have to give
me the satisfaction of watching you...

Grabs fifth of Jack Daniels and slams it on the table.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Chug this.

The room is silent. The boys watch in awe.

SERVISS
You gotta do it man! I'd die for that
collection!

EUGENE
(still thinking)
Okay. Fine.

The boys once again react wildly.

MATT
(laughing)
Eugene, you've never even had a beer.
How can you agree to chug that?

EUGENE
Because I'm not chugging it.

Eugene slams the cards down on the table and stands up.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Boom! Full house, kings over tens.
Ohhh! Your porno collection will look
so good hidden under my bed.

With a terrible grimace on his face Simon looks down at his cards once more, then suddenly with a boisterous overzealous eruption Simon violently slams down his cards.

SIMON
OH-OH-OH! Shacklacky!

SERVISS

DAMN!

SIMON

Four of a kind! Check it. Look. One, two, three, four tens, beats your...whatever the fuck you had.

Thank you Eugene, thank you for the immense amount of cream in my jeans.

(out of breath
racking in chips)

Oh money, money, money, money.

(catches his breath)

Now for the fun part...

Simon opens the Jack Daniels bottle and holds it out to Eugene.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(surprised at his
victory)

You have to chug this! You have to chug this!

LANGA

Come on Simon. You can't do this to him.

SIMON

No, no! He was going to take my porno collection are you kidding. I should stab this guy.

(to Eugene)

You must drink this.

EUGENE

Uhh...Okay fine Simon. But do you think I'm going to get drunk?

The boys laugh.

SIMON

Maybe just a bit.

Eugene raises the bottle, and quotes "Dead Poet's Society."

EUGENE

Carpe Diem.

SIMON

Fuckin...Bottoms up, asshole.

Eugene accepts the bottle, gives it a whiff and is taken back by the smell. He then plugs his nose and forces the whiskey down his throat. He reacts accordingly. The boys are shocked and ad-lib. Eugene finishes the bottle, and slams it down on the table and pushes it away from him. He can't even speak, the boys sit in silence and wait for him to say his first words.

EUGENE

Damn.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMONS HOUSE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

The montage is in SLOW MOTION.

1 -- Simon gladly pouring shots for the boys, and taking a swig from the bottle.

2 -- Matt shotguns a beer by shaking the can and stabbing it open with a pen. Beer shots violently at Matt's open mouth like a fire hose.

3 -- Eugene is drunkenly doing the robot with a beer can in his hand, as the rest of the boys laugh at him, and egg him on.

4 -- Serviss is pouring Jack Daniels into a 7-11 slurpee.

5 -- Langa on all fours drinking a beer with Simon riding him wildly with a cowboy hat and a bottle of beer in his hand.

6 -- Eugene rises up from throwing up, wipes his mouth and opens another beer, which he begins to chug.

7 -- The boys are all drinking around a table, laughing and fooling around.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EUGENE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Simon is looking through the refrigerator. He is still drunk. Everyone is still drunk.

SIMON

(to himself)

Fuck, what do I want? Well, a double bacon cheeseburger but, yeah know.

Matt enters.

MATT

Whatchu looking for?

SIMON

I don't know, anything good.

Matt looks in the refrigerator as well. Simon grabs a huge plate with a cold Cornish Game Hen. It is not pieces of chicken, it is a full chicken.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The chicken will suffice.

MATT

I'm surprised you got Eugene so loose tonight.

SIMON

Ah, I love the guy. I just want him to have a good time. Next thing we got to do is get him laid.

MATT

Yeah.

SIMON

We gots to gets him a fine lookin' bitch.

MATT

(uncomfortably)

Yeah.

(beat)

Listen,uh, listen bro. I've been thinking man. And I, uh, I got to tell you some important shit.

SIMON

What's up?

MATT

Well I was with Jen.

SIMON

(interrupting)

I don't want to hear it, bro. I don't want to hear shit about Jen.

MATT

No, listen man. It's just with Jen I don't-

SIMON

(cuts him off)

I honestly don't want to hear shit about her. Not tonight, bro.

MATT

But Simon! Just Listen...

SIMON

I hate the bitch!

MATT

(screaming)

I'm gay!!!

(sincere)

...I think I'm gay.

SIMON

(shocked)

What!!! What the fuck! What the fuck is wrong with you!?

MATT

I've just been noticing Jen isn't for me. She's not the right girl. There is no right girl...I'm just not interested in girls.

SIMON

How long have you felt this? This is bullshit!

MATT

Shh! Come on, don't make it a big deal. Please...please just promise me you won't tell anyone for now.

The boys enter the kitchen loudly. Simon stares at Matt, as everyone enters. He is completely shocked.

SERVISS

(noticing the hen)

Ohhh! A Chicken! Hey man, you, you, you got to, you got to...let me have some of that.

EUGENE

Are you guys eating all my food?

LANGA

(opens pantry)

Your pantry is huge.

EUGENE

You can't eat my chicken, guys.

Serviss has already dug his fingers into the bird.

LANGA

You could fit a person in here. I mean, this is like a big pantry.

Nobody is paying attention to Langa.

LANGA (CONT'D)

I'm going to chill in this pantry.

Okay?...Okay?

(agreeing with himself)

Okay.

Langa enters the pantry and closes the door behind him, nobody notices. Langa turns on the light, and is in a drunken awe at the surplus of snack food.

SERVISS

(referring to the chicken)

Oh, oh I call the dark meat.

MATT

Where not at the dark meat yet.

SERVISS

Fine, then I want a drum stick.

(beat)

Both of em.

Serviss grabs both drumsticks and tears them off simultaneously.

SIMON

Dude! Get your grimy paws off my chicken!

SERVISS

I asked if I could get some.

SIMON

Yeah some, not the whole thing you fucking bitch.

SERVISS

I just want both the drumsticks and the dark meat, I mean, is that chill?

Langa enters from the pantry holding a snow cone machine.

LANGA

Look what I found! A snow cone machine maker. Let's make a snow cone man.

Let's...let's. You guys want to make some snow cones?

The boys just stare at Langa. Serviss continues ravaging the chicken.

LANGA (CONT'D)

Anybody down for snowcones? No. Okay.

Langa walks back into the pantry and closes the door behind him.

SIMON

(laughing)

Langa is too drunk tonight.

The boys laugh.

EUGENE

I think...I think it's time to watch a porno.

INT. MINIATURE GOLF WINDMILL - NIGHT

Byron and Doug are smoking a joint inside the small space of a fiber-glass Windmill at the Miniature Golf Course. The audience cannot tell where they are, at first.

BYRON

Dude, this place is so lame.

DOUG
I'm sorry man. I thought it would be cool.

BYRON
Dude, you know what would be funny?

DOUG
What?

BYRON
You saw all those ponds out there, they got those...uhhh...koi fish in them.

A GOLF BALL rolls in the Windmill through the front opening. Byron looks at it, and tosses it back out the front opening.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINI GOLF COURSE - MEANWHILE

A MAN is standing outside the windmill with a mini golf putter, the ball rolls back out the front entrance. The man looks at the ball confused.

MAN
What the fuck?

BACK TO:

INT. MINIATURE GOLF WINDMILL - NIGHT

BYRON
Yeah, what if we fished for the koi in the pond.

They both laugh.

DOUG
Those gold fish are huge, man.

BYRON
Hey man, what's the fastest fish?

DOUG
Uhh...I don't know, a cheetah?

BYRON
(laughing)
A cheetah's not a fish, man. That's a cat.

DOUG
A cheetah fish???

They both laugh. The same golf ball rolls in, and Doug tosses it out the front entrance. We hear the same man from outside.

MAN (O.S)

What the fuck!

DOUG

Hey, man I'm down to eat some fish. I haven't eaten fish in soooo long.

BYRON

I know the best seafood place up in Calabasas. It's fucking up by, uhh...it's called Gills. It's open twenty four hours.

DOUG

Where's that at?

BYRON

It's right next to that fool Eugene's house.

DOUG

Eugene Simmons? You know that guy?

BYRON

Yah...from chemistry. We did a project together.

DOUG

Isn't that fool lame as fuck?

BYRON

Nah dude, he's a geek, but he can chill out.

DOUG

Ah, I would have never known.

BYRON

Yeah.

(beat)

So you down to go grub?

DOUG

Yeah. Let's bone out.

Doug and Byron exit from the back of the Windmill. A creepy, white trash MINI GOLF EMPLOYEE is sweeping and spots them exiting.

MINI GOLF EMPLOYEE

Hey...hey, what are you two doing in there?

BYRON

Uhh...

(confidently)

(MORE)

BYRON (CONT'D)

We were just looking for each other's balls.

The mini golf employee takes it sexually.

MINI GOLF EMPLOYEE

You guys can't...you guy's can't be in there.

DOUG

Alright, we're sorry. We're getting out.

Bryon and Doug exit laughing, clinging to each other.

MINI GOLF EMPLOYEE

(to himself)

Fuckin' queers.

The Mini Golf Employee continues sweeping.

CUT TO:

INT. EUGENE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All the boys are sitting around a couch, crowding around the television watching the porno. You can only see the flashing light of the television. They all ad-lib to each other. Food is scattered around them I.E. popcorn, candy, jello, etc. Simon sits between Matt and Serviss.

SIMON

Hey Matt...naked women...vaginal penetration...male and female intercourse...you enjoying this?

MATT

(sarcastic)

Yeah! Boobs!

Simon shakes his head in silence.

SIMON

(to Serviss)

Hey, check it out. This is considered Calista Cockhard's best anal sex scene ever.

SERVISS

Why's that?

SIMON

Well as you can see she's obviously being fucked pretty hard by Dusty Chomps right here. But what she wasn't aware of was that director, Mike Ruggie hired Tyrone "the big dick" Williams to come in for a surprise cameo. See, see, see

(pointing at screen)

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

He comes in right there through the side door.

SERVISS

(nods in
acknowledgment)

Yeah, yeah, yeah I noticed that.

SIMON

Now, check out Calista's reaction here, she has absolutely no clue that she's in for a double-dick anal session. She's never even done that in her seven year career. The whole scene was completely unscripted. Mike Rugey brilliantly captures the emotion behind Calista's surprise. Ah, it's fucking brilliant. Oh, okay, here it comes...here it comes!

All boys look away and shed there eyes at the vile scene. Simon nods in appreciation.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The man is pure genius.

SERVISS

That's pretty hot right there.

(beat)

Hey Matt, pass the jello.

MATT

(quietly and
nonchalant)

I'm eating the jello.

SERVISS

I need the jello, man. I'm hungry.

MATT

This is my jello and I'm not giving it to you.

SIMON

Shhh! They're going for triple anal!

SERVISS

No man, I need my jello.

EUGENE

Shut up guys, I'm trying to get aroused.

LANGA

Is it that hard?

SIMON

I'm that hard.

SERVISS

Pa...pass the jello. Come on now.

MATT

Don't tell me to pass the jello. I'll pass your fucking jello.

SIMON

I don't think anyone wants to see that.

MATT

Please Shut up Simon, and Serviss chill out with the jello.

EUGENE

Quiet, I'm trying to get aroused!

SERVISS

Alright you better pass the jello now! Come on. Pass it. Now.

MATT

Chill with the fucking jello.

LANGA

Just give him the jello, you selfish prick.

The argument has escalated.

MATT

This is not even a matter of how hungry I am anymore. I'm completely fucking full. It's about this fool, always mooching off me, mooching off everyone.

SERVISS

I don't mooch! I just...I just really want the jello man.

MATT

Lay off with the fucking jello!!!

SERVISS

(screaming at the top
of his lungs)
I Need the Jello to get hard!!!

Everyone stops and stares at Serviss.

There is a complete silence among the five boys. We can only hear the porn in the background. We hear DUSTY CHOMPS, the porn star.

DUSTY CHOMPS (O.S.)

You ever had three dick's in your booty?

Matt pauses the movie and peers over at Serviss.

MATT

Wait, what did you say?

SERVISS
I...I...I can't get aroused without
jello.

SIMON
What?

EUGENE
Excuse me?

SERVISS
I,I,I just enjoy jello -- on a,
uhh...a sexual level.

LANGA
So you'd say you like jello more than
a friend?

SERVISS
No, dude. It...I, well...It, it, it,
it was a dream I had.

SIMON
What the fuck are you talking about?

SERVISS
When I was...right around puberty, I
was thirteen. I, uh, I had this wet
dream, right?

EUGENE
(sarcastically)
Okay, this is a great topic of
discussion.

SERVISS
I dreamt I was in a hotel...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

In the dream sequence Serviss has a THICK BEARD, because
it is his secret fantasy to have one.

Serviss is walking through the halls of a hotel stroking
his beard. One of the doors is slightly ajar. We hear a
beautiful female voice calling from the door.

SERVISS (V.O.)
I was walking through the halls of a
hotel, when all the sudden I noticed
one of the doors was open...And, I
hear this, this beautiful voice
calling me.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN (O.S.)
Serviss. Serviss. Come here Serviss...

Serviss follows the voice to the ajar door.

SERVISS (V.O.)

So I go in the room, and I hear the voice coming from the bathroom.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN (O.S.)

Serviss. I want you.

(moans)

Serviss.

Serviss slowly creaks open the bathroom door. There is a gorgeous blonde nude women bathing in the bathtub full of RED JELLO. She is sensually dripping jello all over her face and breasts.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN (CONT'D)

Serviss.

(pointing)

I waaannnttt yooouuuu.

Serviss is confused and looks around for someone else. Then points at himself and smiles.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN (CONT'D)

I brought you something.

The Beautiful Women reaches into the jello filled bathtub and pulls out a large 7-11 Slurpee. She sensually sips the straw, and motions to Serviss to come in. Serviss ecstatically jumps in the bathtub with all his clothes on.

BACK TO:

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The boys are all listening closely to Serviss.

SERVISS

She was the most beautiful women I'd ever seen.

(beat)

And she was completely covered in jello.

SIMON

(Pats Serviss on the back)

Dude, don't stress. I know exactly what you're talking about, I actually used to have the same thing with cottage cheese.

SERVISS

Really?

SIMON

Hell No, you jello lovin' bitch! Do I look like a cottage cheese guzzling choir boy?

SERVISS

Uh, you know what, you, you...you're an asshole. Okay? All you do is insult everyone else, and make yourself look so high and mighty.

SIMON

Maybe because I am so high and mighty, you fucking bitch!

SERVISS

See, there you go again insulting everyone! Can all you say is, uhh...fucking bitch? I mean, because since I've known you, all I've heard is fucking bitch this and fucking bitch that, and you know what-
(regroups himself)
I think you're the fucking bitch!

SIMON

Me? What!? If anyone's a fucking bitch here,
(looks around)
It's fucking -- Langa!

LANGA

Whoa, hey, whoa. You know 16% of the male population are fucking bitches, and Simon, that most definitely does not include me.

EXT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From outside we see Eugene's house with all the lights on. We can hear Simon yelling, but it is barely audible.

SIMON (V.O.)

Time out, time the fuck out. Does everyone here think I'm a fucking bitch?

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There is an awkward silence and everyone looks around.

SIMON

Eugene???

EUGENE

Well I mean...you are *kind of* an asshole.

SIMON

I didn't ask if I was kind of asshole, I asked if I was a fucking bitch.

EUGENE

(with rising
confidence)

Yes! Alright! You are a fucking bitch
Simon!

(beat)

You've completely changed, man. All
of you have changed.

SIMON

What?!

LANGA

Of course we've changed, Eugene,
that's inevitable.

EUGENE

Yeah but...why do we all have to
fight? Why can't we just be friends
like we were?

MATT

Eugene, we're not eight anymore!

EUGENE

I know...I know. It's just...I thought
tonight things could go back to the
way they were.

SIMON

Well this is a great start, man. We're
all hanging out again. But you can't
make us all the way we used to be!
People grow and change. Look at
you...you got drunk. You've never
drank before in your life. Big-fucking-
change!

EUGENE

I know...I just...

SIMON

Have you had fun tonight?

Eugene doesn't respond.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Have you had fun tonight?!

EUGENE

Yeah.

SIMON

That's all that matters then, we're
having a good time.

(beat)

Even jello boy over here!

SERVISS

Oh fuck you!

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy is staring out the window at the Simmon's house. All the lights are on. She sees motion from inside the house.

NANCY

Sam...Sam honey...Can you come here?

Sam is trying to fix an espresso maker. He is reading the instructional manual.

SAM

(frustrated, with
parts in his hand)
What the hell is the three way
solenoid valve?

NANCY

(worried)
Honey, come here. I think someone is
at the Simmon's house.
(beat)
I looks like someone's broken in. All
the lights are on.

SAM

Well, what do you want me to do,
Nancy?

NANCY

Well go over there and check.

SAM

Can't you see I'm in the middle of
something important?

NANCY

I'm calling the police.

Nancy grabs the phone and picks it up and dials 911.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The five boys are all bored around the house.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Eugene is making a pyramid/castle out of beer cans on a coffee table.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Simon is intensely studying the porno.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

Serviss is sitting on the stairs with a lighter and a can of Aquanet hair spray creating a miniature flame thrower.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Langa is making a tiny snow man with the snow cone machine.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Matt is taking a lavish and elegant bubble bath surrounded by candles and incenses. He is reading a copy of "To Love Again" by Danielle Steele.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

The doorbell RINGS as Eugene is setting the final beer can, the whole castle collapses leaving beer cans all over the ground.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Jen's car quickly pull up in front of Eugene's house. She barely misses trash cans sitting out on the sidewalk. She stumbles out of her car.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a loud banging at the door. Jen is at the door, drunk as hell and horny.

JEN (O.S.)

Let me in!!! Open this fucking door
right now!

Matt comes down the stairs with a towel around his waist.

MATT

Who's there?

Eugene answers the door, and Jen stumbles in.

JEN

Matt! Where's Matt? You get your ass
over here right now!

LANGA

(clapping for Jen)
Ladies and Gentlemen, Satan,
everybody, Satan!

JEN

What's your problem?! I called you twelve times! Didn't you get my text messages marked "urgent"?

MATT

Baby...Jen...you're really drunk right now, and I need you to calm down...just relax...breathe...

JEN

Don't tell me to breathe! I've been breathing my whole fucking life!

MATT

Okay...ummm...

JEN

I am sick and tired of your bullshit, Matt!

MATT

What do you mean bullshit?

JEN

Where's the fucking passion, Matt? Where's the...What's happening to us?

MATT

Just calm down, Jen.

JEN

Don't tell me to calm down! You can't just go...and....and... leave me for your friends, and expect me to -

MATT

I didn't leave you, Jen, uh, you're not the only priority in my life.

Jen is taken back at Matt's directness.

JEN

You can't....you...you never...you can't say that to me.

MATT

I can't...I can't what?

JEN

You can't insult our relationship-

MATT

I don't think our relationship is working, Jen.

JEN

What?!

MATT
I,I,I don't think it's ever worked. Or
ever going to work...

SIMON
(smug)
And why's that?

MATT
Simon...

SIMON
Tell her, man.

JEN
Tell me what! What the fuck is going
on here???

It is completely silent among the crowd.

MATT
I'm...I'm gay.

Everyone reacts. Serviss busts up laughing.

SERVISS
Woah, Matt, you're gay?
(beat)
Oh, I knew it! You sit sooo gay, man!
I mean, I could tell.

There is another pause, Jen breaks the silence with
complete rage.

JEN
You're fucking gay!!! Oh, I should
have known... "I like doing you from
behind!"
(pause)
I'm a fucking idiot! You know what
Matt...Fuck You!

MATT
Fuck Me? Fuck You!!!

JEN
Yeah, I wish you'd fuck me.

MATT
Oh shut up Jen!!!

JEN
You fucking break my heart, Matt.

Jen then abruptly grabs for a LARGE EXPENSIVE VASE by the
doorway, and vomits in it. She looks up, embarrassed.

JEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Eugene. I think...I think I
threw up a little bit in your vase.

EUGENE

It's a vase.

JEN

I think I also through up on my pants a bit. Do you have something I can change into?

EUGENE

Yeah, up in my room. The dresser on the left. Third drawer. Under the "Cool Runnings" poster.

Jen walks up the stairs. They all stand there at the awkward moment. Simon gestures to Eugene to go upstairs.

SIMON

Dude.

EUGENE

What?

SIMON

You told me you dig her man.

Simon nods to Matt and Matt nods to Eugene.

MATT

Go for it, man.

Eugene is hesitant first. Simon pushes him up the stairs a bit, and Eugene finally accepts and runs up the stairs.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT

Eugene's room is filled with MOVIE MEMORABILIA, and the walls are covered with MOVIE POSTERS.

We see Jen sitting on the bed crying, wearing Eugene's sweatpants and a baggy CLERKS (the movie) t-shirt.

She is crying with her head in her hands.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - EUGENE'S DOORWAY - NIGHT

We see Eugene stand outside his doorway, he is about to open the door and as he puts his*-9 hand on the doorknob, he hear's Jen from inside crying.

He takes a deep breathe, builds his confidence and slowly creaks the door open.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT

As Eugene creaks open the door, he begins awkwardly singing AIR SUPPLY'S "ALL OUT OF LOVE"

EUGENE
 (singing)
 I'm all out of love, I'm so lost
 without you!

Jen brings her head up.

JEN
 What?

EUGENE
 (quickly,
 embarrassed)
 Nothing.

JEN
 I'm sorry Eugene. I didn't mean to
 ruin your night.

Eugene sits down next to her on the bed.

EUGENE
 No, not at all.

JEN
 And thanks for letting me wear these.

Jen gestures to the sweatpants and shirt she borrowed.

EUGENE
 Oh hey, don't worry about it.

JEN
 It's just...it's just Matt. I never
 thought that was the problem. I didn't
 see it coming.

EUGENE
 I don't think any of us did.
 (beat)
 Well...except for Serviss.

Jen slightly sobs a bit, and as she begins speaking we see a SEMI CLOSE-UP SHOT of a small amount of mucus hanging from her nose.

We see Eugene notice it, but not want to interrupt her or further hurt the situation.

JEN
 It seemed like we just because...we
 were just like fuck buddies. No
 passion. No heart. No love. I mean at
 first it was great, and then, and then
 I don't know what happened. I don't
 know what I did wrong.

We see a further CLOSE-UP SHOT of the mucus dangling. Eugene is slightly grossed out, but acts as if everything is normal.

EUGENE

Oh come on, it's not your fault. He was...well he's gay. That's a big deal. I mean, that's a huge deal. You can't deny that.

JEN

I know. I guess, I just always expected Matt to turn into some perfect boyfriend at some point or another.

We now see an EXTREME CLOSE-UP SHOT of the mucus. Eugene can't take it anymore.

EUGENE

I'm sorry. I just...I just got to get this real quick.

Eugene grabs a TISSUE off the night stand, and goes to wipe the mucus from Jen's nose.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Sorry...you have a little bit of...uhh...snot here.

The two are extremely close, as Eugene gently wipes the mucus away. Jen blushes and laughs a bit.

JEN

Thank you. That was sweet.

Eugene awkwardly moves away, throws away the tissue, and sits quietly. There is an odd silence between the two of them.

Jen grabs Eugene faces and kisses him. She stops herself half way through.

JEN (CONT'D)

I'm, I'm...I'm sorry.

There is a long pause, Eugene then quotes "Love Story."

EUGENE

Love...means never having to say you're sorry.

Jen smiles and looks at Eugene in a new light.

JEN

That was...that was beautiful.

They kiss again. This time much more passionately.

Jen then forcefully tosses Eugene onto his bed. She jumps on top of him, and they make out wildly.

Above his night stand is a large "Love Story" poster, with the quote "Love means never having to say you're sorry" written on it.

As Jen sits up to take off her shirt, Eugene remembers the poster on his wall. He reaches behind him, and with one quick motion he rips it down, as Jen's shirt covers her eyes.

JEN (CONT'D)
It's your first time, huh?

Eugene just stares.

JEN (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'll be gentle.

Jen forcefully pins Eugene's arms down and rips his shirt open.

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - NIGHT

The boys are all around the living room, drinking and talking. Matt is now dressed, not naked.

SERVISS
Fuck, man! Eugene got laid before I did. Fuck.

SIMON
There's a time and a place for everyone...and well, Serve, I think yours is never.

SERVISS
Oh. Hardy-Har-Har.

The Doorbell RINGS.

SIMON
Who's that?

MATT
I don't know.

SERVISS
I'll go check.

Serviss gets up and peers through the doors viewfinder/peephole.

SERVISS (CONT'D)
(urgent)
Hey...hey Guys, uhh...you got to get over here.

LANGA
What? What's wrong, Serve?

SERVISS
I think there's a cop outside.

SIMON
Don't fuck around Serviss.

SERVISS
 (utter urgency)
 I'm serious...look!

Simon peers through the doors peep hole. The doorbell rings again, and there's a heavy knock at the door. The boys huddle around the door.

EXT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

FISH EYE LENS: Officer Banks is standing outside, as viewed through the peep hole.

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - NIGHT

We see the boys huddled around the door.

MATT
 Dude, who's here?

SERVISS
 It's a fucking bike cop!

MATT
 What!?

LANGA
 At the house?

SERVISS
 Yeah, a bike cop at the house!

MATT
 (sarcastically)
 What? Are we in Venice Beach?!

LANGA
 Wait! A bike cop? Like on a motorcycle?

SERVISS
 No dude...24 speed.

MATT
 (joking)
 Does he have shocks?

SIMON
 (to Langa)
 Shut the fuck up.
 (to Serviss)
 Serviss, you got to get the door.

SERVISS
 Why me?

SIMON
 Me and the cops don't mix so well.
 (Grabs Serviss)
 You got this, bro. Everyone hide.

Simon runs and hides in the closet with Matt. Langa is left standing in the foyer by door.

SERVISS
 Langa, get rid of these bottles!

Langa urgently grabs cans and bottles. One of them being a large Jack Daniels bottle. He neglects to take one half empty beer bottle set on a pedestal next to the door.

BANKS
 (abrupt knock on door)
 L.A.P.D. Let's go, open the door.
 (knocks again)
 Open this door. This is the L.A.P.D.

LANGA
 (incredibly frantic)
 Where do I go?!?!?

Serviss violently shoves Langa into the wall and opens the door. Langa is squashed and hidden between the wall and the door. Serviss swings the door open.

SERVISS
 (fake soberness)
 Good evening officer, what seems to be the problem?

Officer Banks is standing in Eugene's doorway with a helmet still strapped to his head. We see his bike in the background.

BANKS
 Is this your place of residence, sir?

SERVISS
 Uhm...yes?

BANKS
 Can I come inside and take a look around?

SERVISS
 Uhhh...be my guest.

Officer Banks enters and looks around.

BANKS
 We got a call about some breaking and entering at this address.

SERVISS
 Breaking and Entering? What's that?

BANKS
I'm going to have to see some ID?

SERVISS
Uhhh....Sure.

Serviss *very slowly* goes for his wallet.

INT. EUGENE'S HALLWAY CLOSET - MEANWHILE

Matt and Simon in the closet squeezed together.

MATT
Hey Simon. How long have we been friends?

SIMON
Uhhh...fuck, forever.

MATT
Have you ever...uhhh...thought of you and I...of us...as...uh, well...more than friends?

Simon sort of understands where Matt's going, but mentally he doesn't want to go there.

SIMON
What...like best friends?

MATT
No...like...I love you. I'm in love with you.

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - NIGHT

Banks watches as Serviss slowly digs through his wallet. We hear Simon from the closet screaming.

SIMON (O.S.)
What the fuck?!?!

BANKS
What was that!?

SERVISS
(thinking quickly)
Ahhh...well...It's a book...on tape!
It's "Pulp Fiction"...on tape.

We hear Simon from the closet.

SIMON (O.C.)
And you know what they call a... a... a Quarter Pounder with Cheese in Paris?

Simon continues to ad-lib from "Pulp Fiction" lines and occasionally dips into a couple "Reservoir Dogs" lines.

SIMON (CONT'D)

They call it a Royale with Cheese. And yeah...I don't fucking tip waitresses.

Banks continues standing in the foyer looking around with his flashlight.

BANKS

Is anyone else in here with you?

While the cop is searching the foyer, Serviss notices a stray BOTTLE, grabs it and hides it behind his back. Unknowingly he grabs the bottle upside down, and all the beer spills out onto the floor. Neither Banks or Serviss notices.

SERVISS

Just lonely old me.

BANKS

Step aside, please.

Banks takes off his HELMET. Behind Banks, Langa slowly creaks open the door from which he is wedged behind. He is holding the Jack Daniels bottle, and pulls it back in a striking position. Serviss notices Langa behind the cop.

SERVISS

(urgency)
Langa don't!!!

Banks quickly turns around. Out of sheer panic and instinct Langa slams the bottle on Officer Banks' head. Banks loses his balance and slips on the beer Serviss spilled. He falls, and violently smashes his head into the corner of the marble pedestal holding Thomas Jefferson's neighbor's skull.

Banks falls to the floor unconsciously. Blood is running from his temple. Langa just stands there in shock at his actions.

SERVISS (CONT'D)

Simon, get in here!

Simon jumps out of closet, and points towards Matt still in the closet.

SIMON

More than friends! You're in love with me? What the fuck!

SERVISS

Simon shut up! I think this cop is dead!

Langa still stands in wide-eyed awe. Simon notices dead cop.

SIMON
Christ! What the fuck happened! What did you do!?

SERVISS
It wasn't me it was Langa. He went haywire!

LANGA
(stuttering and
stammering)
I...I,I,I...

SIMON
Shit, Langa, what did you do?!?

SERVISS
Where's Matt? Tell him to come out of the closet.

SIMON
He's already done that tonight.

SERVISS
Then where is he?

Pause.

SIMON
(screaming)
Matt, come out of the closet!

Matt runs out from the closet.

MATT
(to Simon)
I'm sorry, man. I love you.
(notices dead cop)
Holy-fucking-shit! What happened?

SERVISS
Langa went coconuts and killed a cop!

MATT
What?!

SIMON
(to upstairs)
Eugene! Eugene! Get down here!

Eugene comes down the stairs, in boxer shorts and an opened button up shirt. His hair is a mess, and he has a huge grin on his face.

EUGENE
(enthusiastic)
"I'm the King of the World!"

SIMON
 (to Eugene, urgent)
 Wait. Eugene. Where's Jen!? You can't
 let her come down here.

EUGENE
 (smiling)
 She's upstairs...Passed Out.

ALL
 Ohhhhh!!!!

EUGENE
 Yeahh!!!

Eugene notices the dead cop, and his "Yeah!" turn's into
 a scream.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 Ahhhhhhhhh! What the fuck is that?

SERVISS
 Langa went bazonkers and killed a cop!

EUGENE
 Langa, what did you did do! You killed
 a cop?...you killed a cop! What the
 hell.

Langa still holds the neck of the shattered glass bottle
 in his hand.

LANGA
 (completely
 hysterical)
 I...I don't know...I just, I just
 thought it would...I,I,I,I...

SIMON
 Langa! Chill out!...Now what happened?

LANGA
 It was an accident. I was hiding
 behind the door, and the cop came
 in...and I, and I, and I, and I
 smashed him. I didn't know what I was
 thinking. All the beer was laying
 around, and I saw myself getting
 arrested and thrown in jail.
 (beat)
 I can't go to jail man! I can't!

SIMON
 You can't go to jail
 for...uhhh...underage drinking.

LANGA
 (crying)
 I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Oh God, I fucked
 up. I'm so sorry. I... I... I...
 (pause)

(MORE)

LANGA (CONT'D)

I just wanted a night to relax. I didn't...I didn't...

(pause)

I can't go to jail! I have a future!
I'm going to Stanford!

Serviss points directly at Langa who is crying in hysterics.

SERVISS

Well you know what Langa...your SAT scores aren't going to save you now.
YOU FUCKED UP!!!

Langa screams and defends himself and all the boys uproar in a hysteric ad-lib.

Eugene's cell phone begins ringing loudly. The ring tone is BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY. Eugene looks at his phone, on the face plate it states: "CALL FROM MOM CELL"

EUGENE

Oh shit. It's my mom, it's my mom.

SIMON

QUIET! Everybody quiet! Okay. Listen, Matt, you're a sensitive gay, and now that you have that power, take Langa into the kitchen and chill him out.

MATT

What? What! Fuck you man!

SIMON

Hey fuck you! You're the one who just told me you thirst for my cock in the closet!

MATT

It's...it's not a thirst, really.

Eugene cuts them both off.

EUGENE

Now is not the time to deal with this.
Shut up! Shut up.

The boys quiet down. Eugene answers the cell phone.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. MOTOR HOMES OF AMERICA CONVENTION - CONTINUOUS

A convention hall is packed with people looking at motor homes, trailers, and motor home parts. Jody, Eugene's mother, is on the phone.

JODY

Hey Eugene! How are you?

EUGENE

(nervous)

Oh hey, hey, hey...hey...hey ma. How are you?

JODY

Oh, I'm great. So how are you and Simon holding up?

EUGENE

Uhhh...were getting along. Just watching a movie.

JODY

Good to hear. Is everything okay? You didn't call me like I asked you.

EUGENE

(fake exuberance)

Yeah! Yeah! Everything's great, couldn't be better.

JODY

Well anyway, me and your father...well...me and your father decided to buy a Motorhome. Isn't that great?

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Simon realizes that Officer Banks was one of the cops that chased him earlier that morning.

SIMON

Hey, I know this cop!

The boys all frantically gesture for him to be quiet.

JODY

What was that?

EUGENE

Oh...uhh...Simon knows the cop!

JODY

What cop?

EUGENE

From the movie!

JODY

Oh, what are you watching?

EUGENE

Uhhh... "Dirty Harry"

JODY

(surprised)

He know's Clint Eastwood?!

EUGENE

They met on a train.

JODY

Oh.

(beat)

Alright well I got to go, your dads about to make a deal. Stay out of trouble, okay?

EUGENE

I would...I would never get into any trouble, mom.

JODY

Bye honey. I love you.

EUGENE

I love you too Mom. Bye.

Eugene closes the phone, and takes a deep breathe of relief.

Langa is still pressed against the wall, clutching the bottle with both hands, staring blankly into space.

Matt grabs Langa by the hand and walks him into the kitchen. Everybody watches in silence. Simon, Eugene and Serviss huddle around the body, to figure out what they are going to do.

SIMON

Alright, we got to deal with this. We got to get rid of this body now.

EUGENE

No, we got to call the cops, Simon.

SIMON

Are you out of your mind? Langa's going to get charged with murder, bro.

EUGENE

But...the cops...we got to call the cops.

SIMON

No, man, this is our buddy Langa we're talking about.

EUGENE

Okay...okay...okay.

(thinking)

Then we got to get rid of this body.

The boys ponder for a moment. Serviss becomes struck with an idea.

SERVISS

Oh, I know. We'll cut off one of his legs, put an eye patch on him, dress him up like a pirate and throw him in the ocean...

(beat)

Everyone will think he's just some dead pirate marooned at sea.

(beat)

Yeah?

EUGENE

Are you retarded Serviss? Where do you come up with this shit? Come on seriously, think.

The boys ponder again. Once again, Serviss is struck with another idea.

SERVISS

We'll eat him! We'll eat him! We'll cut him up, we'll cook him and we'll all eat him! Oh, oh! We can even marinate him.

(beat)

No one will find him if he's in our stomachs.

Eugene and Simon both stare at Serviss.

SIMON

What the fu-

(beat)

Get out of here. Fuckin' Leave.

Simon points to den.

SERVISS

(as he exits to
Kitchen)

Hey man, just an idea. You don't have to be such a...cock about it.

Serviss exits to Kitchen. Eugene and Simon stand over the dead body, thinking.

EUGENE

Oh, oh you know that movie, "Very Bad Things"?

SIMON

The one with the dead hooker?

EUGENE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. What don't we do what they did. Chop him up and bury him in the desert?

SIMON

Do you want to chop him up?

EUGENE

Well I thought we'd get Langa to do it, since he's the one that screwed everything up.

SIMON

Langa's a fucking wreck, bro. You want to be the one who goes in there and asks him to chop up the dead cop in your foyer?

EUGENE

(sighs)
Ah, you're right.

SIMON

Oh, I have an idea. Well take him outside across the street and throw him over a fence or something, and let the neighbors deal with him.

EUGENE

(overly sarcastic)
Damn Simon, you're a real smart kid! And while where out there with our dead friend, we should have a parade and sell shawarma and cotton candy, and have the whole neighborhood dancing around, hanging out in our block party fiesta with special guest Mr. Dead cop!

SIMON

Hey fuck you man. I'm just trying to help. What other options do we have fuck tart?

EUGENE

(frantically)
Alright, fine, maybe we can take him to the neighbors yard...but we wrap him in some sheets or something?

Matt bursts in the room from the kitchen. He is in a hysterical panic.

MATT

(screaming)
Langa's lost it!!! He's got your dad's gun!!! He says we know to much!

EUGENE

WHAT!??!

MATT

(laughing)
No, I'm joshing you. He's drinking some tea in the kitchen.

EUGENE

Matt! You scared the shit out of me.

MATT

So what's the deal with the cop?

SIMON

(to Matt)

I don't know Matt, maybe he needs a blow job.

MATT

Oh, shut up man. Enough with the gay jokes. I...I thought I could tell you this, like a friend.

SIMON

I'm sorry, it's just a bit of shock to me...that...that...you're gay...and in love with me. It's kind of weird, bro. I mean we've done some pretty intimate things together.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

QUICK FLASHES:

TITLE CARD : January 1995

We see YOUNG MATT, 8, and YOUNG SIMON, 8, wrestling on Matt's race car bed. Matt is putting Simon in a wrestling position where Simon's face is between Matt's thighs.

YOUNG MATT

Power Bomb!

EXT. JACUZZI - MIDNIGHT - FLASHBACK

TITLE CARD: August 2000

We see TEEN MATT, 13, and TEEN SIMON, 13, are sitting a bit close in the jacuzzi. Matt puts his arm around Simon, very buddy-buddy.

TEEN MATT

I'm glad you're my friend.

TEEN SIMON

Me too.

They embrace.

INT. NEW YEARS EVE PARTY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

TITLE CARD: New Years Eve 2004

Matt and Simon are obviously drunk at a blaring and crazy New Years Eve party.

The music is excruciatingly loud techno music and they are surrounded by drunk partygoers. Matt has his button down shirt open, and Simon is extremely wet for some peculiar reason. They are very close, almost nose to nose.

MATT
 (drunk and
 belligerent)
 I love you man! I love you!

SIMON
 (so drunk)
 I wanna marry you!!!

INT. CANDLE-LIGHT BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

TITLE CARD: Last Night

Simon and Matt are having passionate sex on a circular purple bed. They are surrounded by candles and rose pedals. TOM JONES' "SEX BOMB" is blaring.

BACK TO:

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - NIGHT

MATT
 Yeah, but it shouldn't change our
 friendship, Simon.

Simon pauses and looks into Matt's eyes.

SIMON
 I'm sorry man! I love you. You know I
 love you!

They embrace and hold each other extremely tight.

INT. EUGENE'S KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

Serviss and Langa are sitting at the kitchen table. Langa is carefully and gently sipping a CUP OF TEA. Langa is still incredibly stressed and distraught.

Serviss is obnoxiously eating a bowl of HONEY BUNCHES OF OATS, slurping and chomping loudly. Cereal occasionally falls out of his mouth and back into the bowl.

SERVISS
 (mouthful)
 Wow, Langa, you really killed that
 cop.

Serviss swallows a giant spoonful of cereal.

SERVISS (CONT'D)
I mean you *really* killed that cop.
He's dead.

LANGA
(subtly)
Yeah, I guess.

SERVISS
I mean you really let him have it.

Serviss sloppily pours more Honey of Bunches of Oats in his bowl, spilling on the table and floor.

SERVISS (CONT'D)
You could go to jail, you know?

LANGA
(becoming uneasy)
Yeah, I know.

Serviss is shoveling cereal in his mouth.

SERVISS
You could get the death penalty. You
killed a cop!
(beat)
Ah, man. That's crazy.
(beat)
Let me get some of that tea.

Serviss gestures towards Langa's cup of tea.

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - MEANWHILE

EUGENE
Hey, wait a minute. Where's Serviss?
IS he with Langa?

SIMON
(to Matt)
Did you leave Serviss with Langa!?!

MATT
Oh, shit!

The boys run to the kitchen.

EUGENE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Langa is in the corner of the kitchen, curled up almost in fetal position. He is crying in hysterics.

LANGA
I didn't mean to do it! I don't want
to go! I don't want to go!

EUGENE
Serviss, what did you do?!

Matt rushes to Langa to calm him down.

SERVISS

I don't know...I was just eating a bowl of cereal.

SIMON

What the fuck did you say to him?

SERVISS

Nothing man! I asked if I could get a sip of his tea! And then I told him how much the cops family is probably going to miss him now that he's dead.

Simon grabs Serviss by his left shoulder, and back hands Serviss across the face. Serviss reacts.

SIMON

What's wrong with you!?

Simon then grabs Serviss and violently slams him onto the kitchen table. Serviss' shoulder smashes the cereal bowl and sends milk and cereal flying through the kitchen. Serviss looks dumbfounded and shocked.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What the fuck's wrong with you, Serve?!

Serviss is bleeding a bit from his nose, and is almost in tears.

SERVISS

I was just...I was just talking to him!

SIMON

You know what your problem is Serve? You have no social etiquette!

SERVISS

What!?

SIMON

Etiquette! Social Fucking Etiquette! You have no fucking clue how to act in social situations. You're oblivious to the way people interact with one and other.

SERVISS

(screaming and crying)

Then tell me how Simon! You tell me! Because I don't know! I don't know! I didn't grow up with friends like you, Simon. I wasn't fortunate enough to be praised by the whole god damn world like you!!!

SIMON
Oh, Fuck You Serve!!!

EUGENE
HEY!...HEY! CALM DOWN!

Eugene pulls Simon and Serviss apart. Serviss falls to the floor.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
This is not happening tonight! We have to deal with the cop! We have to deal with the dead-fucking-cop in my foyer!!!

Simon, Serviss and Eugene all stare at each other breathing heavily. There is a silence among the boys. Simon cools down and straightens himself out.

SIMON
(hard for him)
Okay, okay...I'm...I'm sorry, Serve. I didn't know.

SERVISS
It's okay. I forgive you.
(pause)
And I'm sorry Langa. I really am.

Langa nods to Serviss.

INT. EUGENE'S FOYER - MEANWHILE

We see Officer Bank's laying unconsciously on the floor, still and motionless. Suddenly, with a gasp for air his eye's shoot open. He coughs slightly, releasing clotted blood from his throat. In a daze, he grabs for something to help him up.

He reaches for the pedestal where Thomas Jefferson's neighbor's skull sits. The skull is sitting on a fancy woven clothe, which he grasps. As he pulls, the skull comes falling off the pedestal, striking him in the head, knocking him out again.

We see a CLOSE-UP of Officer Banks' finger slightly twitching. He is still alive.

INT. EUGENE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

We are back in the kitchen with the boys, as before.

We see Eugene become the focus of attention and slowly gain confidence in himself and all the boys listen intensively.

EUGENE
(with increasing confidence)
(MORE)

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Alright. We got a problem on our hands, and we got to deal with it. Each and everyone one of us is going to have to pick ourselves up, and solve this problem together. First things first, I don't want to see either of you fighting again. That's bullshit. Now, I'm going to go get some sheets, and were going to wrap him up. Then were going to take him across the street, and throw him in the neighbors yard.

(beat)

Serviss, Matt and Simon...I need you guys to help me carry him outside. Langa, you're going to have to gather yourself and keep look out on the roof.

Langa is sitting on the floor, still in shock.

LANGA

I can't. I can't.

Eugene walks over to Langa and crouches down in front of him.

EUGENE

Look at me Langa. It's going to be okay, man. You're not going to jail. I won't let you go to jail.

SIMON

Dude, none of us would let you go to jail.

EUGENE

I need you to help me Langa. I need you to focus. I need you to be the lookout.

LANGA

Okay...
(reassures himself)
Okay.

Eugene takes a deep breathe.

EUGENE

Alright, let's do this.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eugene, Serviss, Simon and Matt are carrying the dead body across the street. Cradled in Simon's mouth is a lit cigarette.

Langa is on the roof holding a HUGE FLASHLIGHT looking out at the street.

We see the boys drop the "corpse", and scurry to pick him back up.

SERVISS

Dude, this cop is leaking blood all over my hands.

EUGENE

Just deal with it, we're almost there.

SIMON

Alright, who's house are we throwing it over?

EUGENE

Uhhh...that one.

Eugene points at Nancy and Sam's house.

SIMON

Alright, alright let's do it.

EUGENE

(realizing)

No, no, no wait, wait, wait. Nancy gave me alot of money for my Bar Mitzvah.

SIMON

Alright.

(beat)

How about this one?

Simon points at another neighbors house.

EUGENE

Alright, let's do it.

The boys drag the body to the base of the fence, and attempt to lift the cop above their heads.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Alright. One, Two -

Matt is struggling to keep the body up.

MATT

This shit's heavy, this shit's heavy.

SIMON

Just lift it, man!

Matt pushes up with all his might, the boys are lifting the cop above their head.

EUGENE

Alright. One, Two, Three!

With all their might, the boys try to throw the body over the fence. The "corpse" almost makes it over the fence, yet gets caught and falls back onto the boys.

SERVISS

Get this shit off me!

Simon pulls the cop off of Serviss and it collapses to the neighbor's lawn.

MATT

Ah, fuck.

The light in the house turns on.

EUGENE

Shit, shit, shit! Run!

The boys scatter and leave the cop behind. Matt notices the "corpse" laying on the neighbor's lawn, and runs back.

He grabs the cop by the feet dragging it across the lawn, onto the sidewalk, down the curb and into the middle of the street. The sheet is now all torn up and stained with blood.

INT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Jen come down the stairs, still drunk and disheveled.

JEN

Hello? Eugene?

There is no one in the house. She walks passed the blood, not noticing it and wanders around. Suddenly, the urge to throw up consumes her. She cups her mouth, and runs upstairs to the bathroom.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The boys stand in the street with the body on the ground wrapped in the torn sheets.

MATT

This isn't going to work. We're all fucked! That was the worst idea, ever.

Simon begins kicking Officer Banks' unconsciousness body.

SIMON

(frantic)
Fuck this cop!

Simon kicks the cop on every word.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fuck - this - cop!

Simon stops kicking and just screams down at him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Why'd you have to die?!

Simon goes to kick him once more, and stops himself before, noticing he has become barbaric. He holds his head in his hands.

Serviss is struck with an idea.

SERVISS

Oh! We can cut him up and bury him in the desert, like in that movie...uhhh...

(thinking)

Uhhh?

SIMON AND EUGENE

"Very Bad Things."

SERVISS

Yeah! Yeah!

(beat)

That movie sucked.

SIMON

(sarcastically)

Well alright Serve, why don't you just go cut him up? I'll give you a knife and leave the two of you alone.

SERVISS

Alright. I get it.

(pause)

We could still eat him. Cause I'm down.

We hear Langa from the roof top.

LANGA (O.S.)

(shouting)

I'm not eating him!

EUGENE

That's not even an option, Serviss. End of story.

SERVISS

Well then what do you suggest we do?

We hear Langa screaming from Eugene's rooftop.

LANGA (O.S)

CAR!!!!

EUGENE

Is that the secret signal?

MATT

Didn't we decide on "Weeble" as the secret signal?

SIMON
No, I think it was -

We see Langa screaming and pointing at an oncoming car.

LANGA
CAR!!! THERE'S A CAR!

The boys turn to the street and see a pair of headlights approaching quickly.

EUGENE
Pick him up let's go!

The boys attempt to pick the corpse up. They all seem to have trouble.

MATT
I can't get a good grip, he's covered in blood.

The cars rolls up, it is a BEATEN UP GREY VOLVO. The windows are entirely fogged up. The boys can't tell who's inside. It drives up, begins to slow down, and stops abruptly beside them.

SIMON
Oh fuck, Get in front of him! Stand in front of the body!!!

The boys all stand in a stiff line in front of the body, attempting to cover it.

The windows roll down and a massive amount of smoke bellows out. As the smoke clears, we see Byron and Doug sitting in the car, laughing hysterically. They are higher than before.

BYRON
Euugggeennnnneeeee!!!! What's up dude!

Byron throws the door open and hobbles out running towards Eugene. He gives Eugene a huge hug. Eugene is scared stiff.

Doug just sits in the car smoking out of a LONG INDIAN PEACE PIPE. He laughs a lot.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Eugene! What's up man?

EUGENE
(so nervous)
Hey, hey, hey By-Ba-Byron.

BYRON
What are you fools doing tonight?
(to the boys)
What's up I'm Byron!

The boys ad-lib short and scared hello's.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 Ah, dude, me and Doug were just going
 over to Gill's.
 (beat)
 Twenty-Four Hour Fish!!!

Doug nods while smoking the pipe.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 Why...What...Why you all so stiff?

EUGENE
 Uhhh....

BYRON
 What are you doing standing in the
 middle of the road?

EUGENE
 Enjoying the night?

Byron looks up to the stars.

BYRON
 Yeah! It's a nice night, man.
 (to Doug)
 FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOUR FISH!

EUGENE
 (fake exuberance)
 Yeah!!!

BYRON
 Alright, I just wanted to say Hi. We
 got to go, I'm starving.

EUGENE
 Sounds good.

BYRON
 So I'll see you in chemistry, man.

EUGENE
 Yeah, yeah. You bet.
 (beat)
 Don't forget the lab on Monday.

BYRON
 Ah, fuck, I got to do that.
 (beat)
 Alright, Peace.

Byron slaps Eugene's hand giving him five. Byron notices
 the blood from Eugene's hand is wiped onto his hand.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 (looking at hand)
 Wha-What? Is this ketchup?
 (licks hand)
 (MORE)

BYRON (CONT'D)
 What the fuck? Is this blood?!
 (beat)
 What are you guys... what's chillin'
 back there?

Byron points to the dead corpse behind the boys.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 What? What is that?

EUGENE
 It's...it's a dead cop.

There is complete silence for a moment. Everyone stares at each other.

BYRON
 (bursting into
 laughter)
 Eugene!!! You're crazy man!!! You're
 soooo funny!

EUGENE
 (fake laughter)
 Yeah. Ha-ha.

BYRON
 (to Doug)
 I told you this guy was chill!!!

Doug is just laughing, he is so high his eyes are almost closed.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 OHH! That's funny, man.
 (beat)
 Alright, I'll see you...I'll see you
 on Monday.

Byron starts walking back to the car.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 (to Eugene)
 We go to blaze, man! We go to blaze
 sometime.

EUGENE
 (unfamiliar with the
 term)
 Yeah...yeah we got to "blaze."

Byron gets in the car and begins to drive off.

MATT
 Those guys are so gay.

SERVISS
 What makes you say that?

MATT
 Cause I know, I'm gay.

SERVISS

Oh.

We then see Byron's Volvo hit a neighbor's mailbox. The mailbox is bent and broken. We hear Byron and Doug laughing. The car speeds off quickly. We hear Byron's voice fading off into the distance.

BYRON

Twenty Four Hour Fiiiiisssssh!!!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF EUGENE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

All the boys sigh and ad-lib in relief.

EUGENE P.O.V. SHOT: The camera pans from the neighbor's broken mailbox to Eugene's broken mailbox.

Eugene is struck with an idea.

EUGENE

I think I have an idea. Simon...grab the bike.

EXT. ROGER AND DELORSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

We see the boys in front of Roger and Delores's house, the neighbor's whose Station Wagon earlier rolled out of the driveway into the Simmon's mailbox.

The boys have craftily placed Officer Banks with his bike in the middle of the road, they have placed his helmet back on his head. He's laying in the path of the Station Wagon, if it were to roll out of the driveway again.

Eugene, Matt, Simon and Serviss are removing the blocks from behind the wheels of the old Station Wagon.

With great force, all four boys push the Station Wagon down the driveway in a attempt to run over Banks.

The Station Wagon uncontrollably veers to the left, missing Banks' body, and only running over his arm. The Station Wagon then crashes into a parked purple Sedan. The loud car alarm begins to go off.

SIMON

(fed up)

Oh fuck. Well boys, it was nice knowing you.

The lights from the owner of the Sedan's house flick on. We hear the owner turn off his alarm with his key remote from inside the bedroom. The alarm is deactivated, and the bedroom lights flick off.

EXT. ROGER AND DELORSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The boys are now pushing the Station Wagon back up the driveway, in a second attempt to run over the dead cop.

EUGENE
(out of breathe)
Okay, one more try. One, two, three!

The boys push the Station Wagon down the drive way once again. The Station Wagon rolls down the driveway, into the street, perfectly hits Banks and his bike, and brutally drags them both.

Langa raises his hands in glory and jumps in excitement.

LANGA
Yeah!!!!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Station Wagon then smashes into the purple Sedan again. The cop and his bike are wedged in between the Station Wagon and the Sedan.

As soon as the two cars collide, Officer Banks regains conscience with a shrill scream of utter pain.

BANKS
Ahhhh!

EUGENE
Hooollly Shit! Holy shit, he's alive!

All the boys react. We see Langa completely awe struck at Officer Banks being alive. He falls to his knees.

BANKS
Help! Help Me! Somebody...HELP!

Banks begins coughing up blood.

SERVISS
(to boys)
What do we do?!

MATT
We got to help him!

SERVISS
Fuck this man, let's get the hell out of here!

BANKS
Please...please...please don't leave.
Help Me!

EUGENE
No, we're not leaving we have to help him.

Eugene rushes over to the wreckage.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

BANKS

Help get this car off me!

(pause)

Oh god, what happened?

EUGENE

You mean you don't remember?

BANKS

What?

EUGENE

(hesitant)

You...you came to my hou...

(thinking)

You came to my street...You were riding your bike and...and...and this car just rolled out of the driveway and...crashed into you.

BANKS

I don't...I don't remember any of that.

Banks grasps his chest.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Oh god, I can't breathe.

EUGENE

Everyone get over here and help me move this car!

The boys all scurry over to the wreckage. Langa is still on the roof. The boys get around the car, and begin pushing it away from Officer Banks.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Come on, push! PUSH!

The boys attempt to help a bloody Officer Banks away from the wreckage. He screams in pain.

BANKS

No,no,no! Stop! Don't move me. There's a radio...there's a radio on my belt. I can't move my arm, I think it's broken.

Banks pauses to breathe, he coughs a bit.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Call dispatch and tell them to send for help. Tell them there's an officer down.

Eugene grabs the radio from his belt, and speaks into it.

EUGENE
Hello?....Hello?...

We hear a POLICE DISPATCHER on the other end.

POLICE DISPATCHER
This is Officer Harley, what's your disturbance?

EUGENE
There's been an accident.

BANKS
Tell them it's a 10-8.

EUGENE
It's a 10-8. We have an officer down, he was...he was...he was hit by a car. A runaway vehicle. Send help to 23509 Dover Street. Immediately.

POLICE DISPATCHER
Copy that. We'll send an ambulance stat.

Eugene returns the radio.

BANKS
What's your name, son?

EUGENE
Eugene. Eugene Simmons.

BANKS
Thank you Eugene. You saved my life. All of you. You guys are heroes.

SIMON
Well...I wouldn't go that far.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The accident site is blocked off with caution tape. Police officers, paramedics and spectating neighbor's are milling about the crime scene. As Officer Banks is loaded into the back of an Ambulance, he smiles at the boys.

We then see Delores and Roger being questioned by the police about there Station Wagon. We hear Delores yelling and smacking her husband because of his incompetence.

The boys, including Langa now, are greeted by Officer Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

I wanna tell you, you boys did a hell of a thing tonight. You saved my partner's life.

EUGENE

It's the least we could do.

RODRIGUEZ

For what?

Simon cuts in.

SIMON

For the law, sir. For the love of the law.

RODRIGUEZ

(to Simon)

Do I...Have I seen you somewhere? Your face looks familiar?

SIMON

The face of justice often looks familiar, officer.

RODRIGUEZ

You're good boys. Thank you for what you've tonight. Take care.

Rodriguez walks off. The boys stand sullenly, completely relieved that the ordeal is over.

FADE TO:

EUGENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see each character as they all clean up the house.

SERVISS IS CLEANING UP BEER BOTTLES AND PLACING THEM IN A BLACK TRASH BAG --

LANGA IS WASHING DISHES --

MATT IS STRAIGHTENING UP THE LIVING ROOM TO THE WAY IT WAS WHEN THEY ENTERED. (I.E. FIXING COUCH, PUTTING REMOTE BACK, FLUFFING PILLOWS) --

SIMON IS CLEANING UP THE POKER TABLE --

EUGENE IS MOPPING UP THE BLOOD IN THE FOYER --

JEN IS DRUNK AND PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EUGENE'S BACKYARD - SUNRISE

We see the boys sitting in lawn chairs in Eugene's backyard. Eugene's backyard overlooks a beautiful view of the San Fernando Valley. The sun rises over the hills, spewing magnificent color over the horizon.

They are all staring off into the sunrise. Simon is smoking a CIGARETTE and is wearing his AVIATOR SUNGLASSES. Langa is smoking his SHERLOCK HOLMES PIPE. Serviss is sipping a 7-11 SLURPEE. They all look extremely worn-out and tired, yet they are all smiling.

SIMON

(taken back)

You know, I've never watched a sunrise before. It's gorgeous. Everything looks so...vivid and clear. It's honestly...it's honestly really breathtaking.

MATT

Wow, dude, that was really gay.

The boys share a chuckle.

SIMON

Honestly, I've just never appreciated a sunrise before. Never even taken the time to look at it. It really makes everything slow down. It's beautiful.

The boys sit in silence for a bit.

LANGA

Do you think what we did tonight was wrong?

SIMON

Well look at it this way Langa, people who commit wrongdoings go to jail...and I don't see anyone here in jail, now do you?

They all laugh.

LANGA

Hey guys.

SIMON

What?

LANGA

Hey...

EUGENE

What's up Langa?

LANGA

...Thanks. Thank you guys so much.

EUGENE

You know Langa, in the words of Curtis Armstrong in "Risky Business," sometimes you just got say "What the fuck."

We see Simon place his hand on Matt's hand, and gently rub. Matt smiles at Simon, Simon smiles back.

As we begin to pull away, we hear the boys conversation fade into the distance.

SERVISS

Soooooooo....

(long pause)

What are you guys doing tonight?

SIMON

Oh God, Serve.

SERVISS

You guys down to go to Ice-o-Plex? I think there's one in Culver City.

SIMON

Ah, fuck you Serve.

We see up over the boys heads, capturing the beautiful sunrise over the San Fernando Valley.

FADE OUT: CREDITS