

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

RICKY LONG, early 20's, tall, and handsome is walking towards the nightclub bathroom. Ricky opens the bathroom door. His eyes open wide and he pauses in shock.

INT - BATHROOM OF NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Two MEN stand in the middle of the bathroom. One has his pants around his ankles, but his underwear is still on. The man has an erection, causing his underwear to point out.

The two men are engaged in a passionate kiss. Ricky pauses briefly. Without saying a word, he quickly turns around and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. NIGHTLUB - NIGHT

MATT BASH, early 20's, chubby, and Ricky's best friend, is sitting at a table. On the table are a few empty beer bottles.

Matt sees Ricky walking toward the table. Matt and Ricky lock eyes and Ricky starts shaking his head.

Ricky sits beside Matt at the table.

RICKY

This might not be our type of place.

MATT

Why's that?

RICKY

Two dudes making out in the bathroom.

MATT

Two dudes?

RICKY

Two dudes.

INT. NIGHT CLUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

A half peeled banana sits on a table. Suddenly, a knife viciously chops it in half.

A BARTENDER is preparing a banana type cocktail, throwing the pieces of cut up banana in a blender. The bartender turns on the blender, liquefying the combination of alcohol and banana.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ricky and Matt sit at their table, drinking beer. The night club is playing typical pop music. There's a seating section and a dance floor, but the crowd is sparse.

Ricky and Matt sip on their beer, staring into the distance.

MATT

Why did we come here again?

RICKY

Pussy, Matt. You don't find this kind of tail at the pub. This is where the hot chicks go, so this is where we go.

MATT

Yup, look at all the smoking hot chicks.

Matt looks around seeing no hot girls.

The bartender walks up to Ricky and Matt's table, dropping off two large shots of alcohol.

RICKY/MATT

Thanks.

The bartender walks off towards another COUPLE with their banana cocktails on a tray.

Ricky and Matt both raise their shot glasses in a cheers, then down their shots. Their faces snarl from the strong taste. They wash down the shot with a swig of beer.

RICKY (V.O.)

My name is Ricky Long. The chubby guy, that's my best friend Matt. We've been friends since the 1st grade, when we first bonded over our love of nature.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Two YOUNG BOYS, Ricky and Matt, giggle while peeing on a dog. The boys and dog are separated by a chain linked fence.

The yellow streams pelt the dog on the top of the head. The dog licks at the urine running down its face.

The young boys give each other a high five.

RICKY (V.O.)

But now a days, we bond over more important things. Beer and pussy. Unfortunately for us, we usually bond more over the beer.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ricky's extremely drunk on his couch trying to play a fighting video game. He has one eye closed, trying to focus on the screen.

The lights are off, with the light from the television illuminating the room. Beer bottles are scattered on a table. Empty shot glasses and a half empty bottle of vodka also sit on the table.

Matt is passed out on a chair asleep with the controller in his hand, snoring loudly.

Ricky's player puts a beating on Matt's player, who stands motionless.

RICKY (V.O.)

We both stayed in town and went to the local community college. Not like we had many options. And we're both unemployed. Matt still lives with his parents. Luckily, well, I don't know how lucky I am, my parents died when I was ten and they left me some money. Due to bad decision making, I'm now dead broke.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A grocery CLERK scans the last couple of items placed on the conveyer belt. The total of sixty dollars and thirty cents pops up on the display screen.

Ricky swipes his card. The display screen flashes 'insufficient funds.' He swipes it one more time. Again, it's denied. The clerk looks at Ricky, waiting for a resolution. Ricky shrugs his shoulders and walks away.

RICKY (V.O.)
 Not to worry, I start my new job on
 Monday. Selling cars...

He sounds defeated about his new job.

RICKY (V.O.)
 Yup...selling cars. But at least
 we'll enjoy tonight.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ricky is sitting at their table. He looks around the club, trying to find his female prey. There's a hot WOMAN sitting at the bar by herself.

She's drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette. She's rough and tough looking, but still very attractive.

Ricky makes a bee line towards her. He pulls out a bar stool and takes a seat.

RICKY
 Can I buy you a drink?

The woman blows smoke into Ricky's face. This doesn't discourage Ricky, instead, he purposely deeply inhales the smoke cloud.

RICKY
 Menthol, huh?

Before the woman can respond, a huge, intimidating BIKER sits next to the woman, putting his arm around her.

BIKER
 No, but you can buy me one,
 princess.

Ricky nervously starts to stutter and stammer. He notices a biker gang tattoo on the biker's forearm.

RICKY
 I...uh...I meant no, uh...

BIKER
 Take a walk kid.

Ricky walks back to the table defeated. Matt laughs at him for his efforts.

MATT
 What happened there, Don Juan?

RICKY
Shut up, where's all your women?

MATT
Waiting for me at home...on the
computer.

Matt uses his right hand to make a masturbation gesture.

RICKY
That's what I thought.

MATT
Yea, looks like the same action
you'll be getting.

Ricky rolls his eyes.

Ricky and Matt continue sipping their beers, scanning the room for other women. Ricky focuses his attention on the dance floor.

One fat, early 20's WOMAN is dancing by herself. The rest of the dance floor is empty. She doesn't mind the attention, dancing while being oblivious to her surroundings.

RICKY
You see that girl. How funny would
it be if I took her home?

MATT
That's not funny, she's someone's
daughter, someone's sister...

RICKY
OK, Mr. Sensitive...lucky it's not
your sister.

MATT
Why, because you'd fuck my sister?
My sister's seven.

RICKY
It wouldn't be as funny. Your
sister's not fat enough.

MATT
Well how about I fuck your mother.

RICKY
My mother's dead.

MATT

Sorry about that, didn't know she was allergic to semen.

Ricky delicately puts down his beer. He punches Matt in the arm, causing Matt to spill his beer all over the table. Matt scrambles to pick up the spilled beer bottle.

RICKY

You're getting off lucky, I have more pressing matters.

Ricky walks to the dance floor. The overweight woman is dancing by herself feverishly, like she's on drugs. Her eyes are closed as she intensely concentrates on her movements.

She's sweating profusely, causing her makeup to run on her face. Her clothes are far too tight for her figure. At any moment, her pants could explode.

Ricky dances next to her.

The woman grinds on him and is dancing inappropriately for a public setting. Her tight shirt lifts up as she dances, exposing her belly.

Ricky looks over at Matt, who is sitting at the table. Matt shakes his head in disgust and embarrassment. Ricky smiles, and begins exaggerating his dancing moves.

The dance song ends and the woman stops dancing. Another song blasts through the speakers immediately.

The woman smiles at Ricky. She wipes the sweat off her forehead.

RICKY

My name is Ricky.

WOMAN

What?

The loud music in the club makes for a bad introduction.

RICKY

MY NAME IS RICKY!

WOMAN

Sorry, I couldn't hear you. My name's KAREN.

Exiting from the bathroom, a WOMAN, very attractive, late 20's, struts towards Karen and Ricky. She's wearing a sexy outfit that shows off her curves.

RICKY

You're quite the dancer, Karen.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Looks like you made a friend!

The woman puts her arm around Karen. She checks Ricky out, looking him up and down.

KAREN

VANESSA this is Ricky. And I need another drink. Girl, you look so hot tonight.

Vanessa and Karen gaze into each other's eyes, then kiss passionately, sticking their tongues in each other's throats.

Ricky looks on with excitement, finding it hard to pick his jaw up from the shock. He again looks over at Matt, who is just as shocked as he is.

Matt raises his hands. With one hand, he makes an O. With the other, he slides his index finger through the O, simulating intercourse with his hands.

Vanessa catches Matt making the gesture. She takes offense and turns her attention to Ricky.

VANESSA

You found a cute one! Won't you have a drink with us?

RICKY

Yes. Yes I would. I have a friend sitting over there. Let me go grab him.

VANESSA

No. We want you to ourselves.

Vanessa grabs Ricky's package. She leans in and licks his earlobe.

Ricky is shocked. Although he's a good looking guy, he's never had the prospect of two women, even if one of them was morbidly obese.

RICKY

Ok. That's ok. We can do that.

Ricky shrugs his shoulders at Matt. Matt responds with a middle finger.

Ricky follows behind Karen and Vanessa to a table across the room. They take a seat, with Ricky sitting next to Vanessa.

Ricky, looking over at Matt, gives him the 'call me later' sign with his hand. Matt raises his beer in recognition.

Matt slaps a twenty dollar bill on the table.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Matt hails a cab from the sidewalk. The streets are empty, with a few PEOPLE staggering from a long night of drinking.

A taxi stops for Matt.

MATT

Damn, how is he so lucky? That chick was smoking hot.

The CABBIE rolls down the window. He's of Middle Eastern descent and speaks with a thick accent.

CABBIE

Need a ride, buddy?

MATT

Yup, back to fucking mom and dad's.

CABBIE

You go fuck your mom and dad?

MATT

No, no, no. I'm going BACK to fucking mom and dad's.

CABBIE

What were you doing before, I don't understand.

MATT

Just take me home please.

CABBIE

Sure, no problem buddy, why didn't you just say that. I don't care who you're fucking.

Matt shakes his head and hops into the cab.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ricky and Vanessa each take a shot of liquor. Karen watches them take the shots, sipping on a glass of water. Vanessa has her hand on Ricky's thigh, rubbing him softly.

KAREN

I want a drink!

VANESSA

You can't. You have to drive us home.

Karen doesn't respond. She sits at the table, her head slightly swaying back and forth. Her eyes are glossy.

RICKY

Where is she going to drive you?
Look at her!

VANESSA

Back to your place.

Ricky smiles from ear to ear. But, it quickly vanishes when he looks at Karen and realizes that she will be driving.

RICKY

And she'll be driving.

VANESSA

She's fine, trust me. She just needs something to eat.

RICKY

Yea...looks like it. I can get us a cab, maybe that's a better idea.

VANESSA

Stop being a pussy! Don't you want to crawl in the back seat with me?

Vanessa reaches into her purse and hands over the keys to Karen. Karen fumbles the keys and they land loudly on the table.

Ricky watches on in horror.

KAREN

Oh my God, I'm starving! Let's get out of here!

VANESSA

OK honey, let me pay for the tab.
Where do you live, Ricky?

RICKY

Right down the street. I walked here, so it's only like a five minute drive.

VANESSA

Any place to eat along the way?

RICKY

Yea, there's a twenty four hour burger place.

Vanessa lays out two one hundred dollar bills on the table. She chugs the remaining beer out of the bottle and slams it down on the table.

VANESSA

Come on, let's get go.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is adjacent to the club. There's no other cars in the lot except for an exotic sports car. It has a California license plate.

RICKY

God damn, that's your car?

VANESSA

Sure is.

Karen attempts to open the car door. She struggles with one eye open to unlock the driver side door.

After several attempts, she gets frustrated.

KAREN

Damnit! Your keys don't fit!

VANESSA

Use the remote, hit the unlock button.

Karen hits the panic button on the remote causing the car alarm to ring out loudly.

There's a MAN walking by, who is startled by the loud alarm. He stops to watch.

MAN

You guys OK over there? Need some help?

Karen takes offense.

KAREN
Mind your own business, asshole!

Vanessa is embarrassed.

VANESSA
I'm sorry, she's been drink....

She catches herself halfway through the word.

MAN
She's been drinking? And you're
going to let her drive?

Vanessa struts to the man. She pulls out of her purse a hundred dollar bill and hands it to the man.

VANESSA
Here, now shut up.

MAN
I saw nothing. Have a nice evening.

The man puts the money in his pocket and walks away.

While Vanessa has been dealing with the man, Ricky is trying to help Karen, but she won't let him.

RICKY
Here, let me help.

KAREN
I've got it!

Vanessa leaps into action to assist Karen in turning off the car alarm.

VANESSA
Give me the keys.

Karen obediently hands them over and Vanessa hits the unlock button on the remote, turning off the alarm.

RICKY
Are you sure you don't want me to
drive?

VANESSA
She's fine! I can't get another
DUI, can I honey?

KAREN

Yea, I'm fine. I'm so hungry!

Ricky is hesitant to get in the car.

RICKY

I don't know, I once knew this kid
who got hit by a drunk driver...

Vanessa pulls her shirt down to expose some cleavage, then licks her lips, smiling at Ricky. Ricky forgets what he's talking about.

RICKY

And he um...he uh...

VANESSA

Come on Ricky, let's get in the
back.

Ricky can't resist, joining Vanessa in the backseat. The exotic sports car backs out of the parking lot in a herky jerky manner.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - NIGHT

Ricky and Vanessa are making out in the backseat. Ricky occasionally peeks an eye on the road, nervous about Karen's driving.

Vanessa unbutton's Ricky's pants, proceeding to take them off. Ricky assists, quickly sliding off his pants. Vanessa's head disappears, giving him a blowjob. Ricky interjects.

RICKY

Are you sure we should be doing
that here?

Vanessa's head pops up.

VANESSA

Relax, Ricky, you let me do the
worrying.

Vanessa's head disappears into Ricky's lap.

RICKY

Yea, but what if someone sees us,
or we hit a bump in the road...

Vanessa's head pops up again.

VANESSA

Do you want me to suck your dick,
or not?

RICKY

Yea, OK, sorry.

Vanessa gets back to work on Ricky.

The car swerves slightly left to right with Karen's driving, causing Ricky and Vanessa to shift side to side in the back seat.

KAREN

I'm stopping for food, I'm
starving!

Karen cuts a sharp left turn, pulling into the fast food parking lot. The swift turn sends Ricky's into the window. The stiff blow causes Ricky to rub his head in pain.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The parking lot is empty besides one old, beat up car, most likely belonging to the one employee on night shift.

Karen has the car parked at the drive thru menu. In the backseat, you can see Vanessa's head go up and down. Ricky's eyes are closed as he enjoys the moment.

EMPLOYEE

Can I take your order?

KAREN

Yes. I want two quarter pounders.
Large fries and a Diet Coke.

Ricky moans and groans with pleasure in the backseat.

EMPLOYEE

Eight thirty four please pull up to
the second window.

Vanessa continues pleasuring Ricky. Ricky is in ecstasy. So much so that he closes his eyes and ignores his surroundings.

Karen speeds to the window. She slams on the brakes. Ricky braces himself, putting his arms against the front seat. The quick stop snaps Ricky back to reality.

Ricky lets Vanessa continue.

An EMPLOYEE, a nerdy teenager, slides open the drive through window.

EMPLOYEE
Eight thirty four.

Karen hands over the exact amount.

KAREN
Can I have some extra salt and
ketchup?

EMPLOYEE
(staring into the
backseat)
Uhh...sure.

The employee observes Vanessa's bobbing head through the backseat car window. He hands over the bag of food and soda while keeping an eye on the backseat.

KAREN
Thank you so much! Oh, I'm so
hungry!

EMPLOYEE
Yea, I bet.

Karen takes offense.

KAREN
What's that suppose to mean?

EMPLOYEE
Uh...

The employee has a hard time concentrating. He watches Vanessa and Ricky. Ricky makes eye contact with the employee. He puts his index finger to his mouth, signaling a shhh.

KAREN
Well?

EMPLOYEE
Nothing. Have a good day.

KAREN
FUCKING NERD!

Ricky gives the employee a thumbs up. Karen speeds out of the fast food restaurant.

The employee just stares at the driving car, having a hard time believing what he saw.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - NIGHT

Karen unwraps her burger, devouring half of it in one bite.

KAREN
(mouth full)
Are you two done yet? Why won't you
wait for me?

Vanessa stops, wipes off her lips, and plops her body back in the seat.

VANESSA
That's all you get for now. You
have to wait.

Ricky looks at Karen with a deathly intense stare. He pulls his pants up from his ankles.

RICKY
My apartment's up here on the left.

Karen, hearing left, immediately makes a left, hopping over the center median. She's now driving the car toward a group of parked cars on the street.

RICKY
NO! UP THERE ON THE LEFT!

VANESSA
KAREN!

KAREN
I heard you.

Karen straightens out the car and is now driving on the wrong side of the road. There's no cars driving towards them.

RICKY
Ok, make a left at the entrance.

KAREN
I see it.

Karen turns into the apartment complex and a sense of relief washes over Ricky.

RICKY
Hey, good call on your friend
driving.

VANESSA
She's fine, calm down.

RICKY
(pointing)
Yea, park right here. Thank God!

Karen whips into a parking spot, parking half way between two spaces, and slams on the brakes. The sudden stop makes her Diet Coke fly out of the cup holder and spill all over the front seat.

KAREN
Oh, I'm so sorry!

Ricky looks at Vanessa.

RICKY
Serves you right. We could've gotten killed. Or killed someone else.

VANESSA
Stop being so dramatic!

Vanessa puts her arm on Karen's shoulder from the backseat. Karen is deeply regretful for spilling the soda.

KAREN
Vanessa, I'm so, so, sorry. I'll clean it. I've got it.

VANESSA
That's OK, honey. We'll clean it in the morning.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ricky's bedroom is typical for a bachelor. The walls are plain white, with nothing hanging except a mirror.

There's a pile of clothes in the corner, a desk with a computer with various scattered papers, & a TV sitting on a stand.

Ricky is making out with Vanessa in his bed, while Karen sits on the edge of the bed, finishing off her fries. Karen stares creepily, loudly chewing her food.

Ricky is so focused, he doesn't notice Karen until he gets a feeling that someone is watching him. He opens his eyes to see this fat woman staring at him and it startles him.

KAREN
Ok, I'm ready.

Karen throws the empty box of fries over her shoulder. She licks the salt off her chubby fingers.

VANESSA

Ok. Ricky, you wait here, we'll be right back.

RICKY

What are you doing?

Vanessa stands up and Ricky tries to pull her back to him. Vanessa shrugs off his attempts.

VANESSA

Just wait, we'll be right back.

The two girls close the bedroom door behind them. Their giggling can be heard through the closed door.

Ricky, excitedly, takes all off his clothes except for his underwear, and jumps back into bed. Suddenly, panic sets in.

RICKY

Shit...condoms!

Ricky opens his night stand drawers, frantically searching. He digs through his wallet, searches on his desk, until finally, he looks under his bed, and like a miracle, there's one condom lying on the floor under the bed.

RICKY

Thank you God!

There's a knock knock on the door.

RICKY

Come on in, ladies!

The door slowly opens revealing Vanessa looking very sexy in her bra and panties. Karen is also wearing her bra and panties, with her belly hanging over and stretch marks showing.

Vanessa's so pretty that she blinds Ricky to Karen's gross appearance. Vanessa is holding two full shot glasses and Karen is holding one.

VANESSA

Here, let's take a shot.

She hands Ricky the shot glass and he downs it, as do the girls.

All their faces turn bitter from the alcohol. Ricky's shot tastes different to him. He makes an odd face trying to figure out what type of liquor he just drank.

RICKY
What was that?

VANESSA
Vodka. Pretty good, huh?

RICKY
I guess. So you just carry around liquor and shot glasses?

VANESSA
We're always ready to party.

RICKY
Well then...let's party!

Ricky pulls Vanessa to him on the bed. Karen slowly follows, crawling on all fours atop the bed. With every movement her cellulite and fat jiggle.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ricky rubs his eyes, looking to his left and to his right and he notices that the girls have left. Sunlight shines brightly through the curtains. Ricky squints.

He's hungover, looking disheveled and sick. The sheets only cover his lower body. His shirt is off.

In his morning stupor, Ricky doesn't notice that there's a large bloodstain near his crotch, which blatantly sticks out on the white sheets.

He gingerly lifts himself off the bed. He's completely naked, exposing his cut off penis.

It looks like it has been cleanly chopped off, with only a little round flap of skin remaining.

Ricky is oblivious, continuing his morning routine. He smiles, thinking about the previous night.

RICKY
Ahh...shit...what a night!

He rubs his head and slowly walks to the bathroom.

RICKY (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK?!

Ricky appears from the bathroom, frantically running & screaming. He looks under the bed, in the closet, & in his drawer in a futile attempt to find his missing penis.

He picks up his cell phone off the night stand and dials Matt's number.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Matt is masturbating feverishly to porn on his computer. His room is lined with posters of half naked women. He has all the blinds down, letting no light into the room.

The only light shines from the monitor on his computer. The digital clock on his desk reads 9:30 a.m. Also on his desk are tissues and lube.

His cell phone rings, he tries to ignore it. After a few rings, his concentration is broken and he answers.

MATT
(answers phone)
God damn, dude! What do you want?!

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

RICKY
(on the phone)
MATT...MY DICK...

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATT
(on the phone)
Yea, I know, must be worn out
from...

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

RICKY
(on the phone)
IT'S GONE...THEY CHOPPED MY DICK
OFF!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATT
(on the phone)
Chopped your dick off?

Matt continues stroking in hopes that the conversation will be short.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

RICKY
(on the phone)
YES, IT'S GONE! THOSE BITCHES
CHOPPED MY DICK OFF!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATT
(on the phone)
You're shitting me.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

RICKY
(on the phone)
DUDE, DOES IT SOUND LIKE I'M
SHITTING YOU?

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATT
(on the phone)
They chopped your dick off? Like
with a knife, just chopped your
dick off?

Matt's stroking slows down.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM

RICKY
(on the phone)
I don't know...But there's blood on
the sheets. But it's not bleeding.
It's like surgically removed.

Ricky looks down and picks at his wound.

RICKY
I just have this little inny, like
a penis belly button.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM

MATT
A penis belly button?

Matt has now stopped stroking.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM

RICKY
MATT, I HAVE TO FIND MY DICK!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM

MATT
(on the phone)
Calm down and...

RICKY (O.S.)
(on the phone)
CALM DOWN?

MATT
(on the phone)
Yes, calm down. Call the police.
I'm sure they'll help you find it.
This has happened before, numerous
times, they can reattach it and...

He stopped stroking, but Matt is still surfing the porn site.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

RICKY
(on the phone)
LISTEN, the last thing I want is to
be all over the news as the guy
that got his dick chopped off. If
that happens, I'll never get any
pussy the rest of my life. Remember
John Bobbit?

MATT (O.S.)
(on the phone)
I'm sure he still gets pussy.

RICKY
(on the phone)
Yea, but think about the
embarrassment...you gotta come help
me!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATT
(on the phone)
Dude, I promise, I would, but I
don't have a car. The last time I
took my mom's car she said she was
gonna throw me out.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ricky gives an intense, long pause, staring at the wall like
a crazy man while on the phone.

RICKY
(on the phone)
I don't give a shit! If you don't
come over here and help me, I'm
gonna tell everyone about how you
piss the bed.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATT
(on the phone)
And I'll just tell them that you're
the guy with no penis.

Matt nonchalantly selects a different genre of porn. He hits
the ebony category.

RICKY (O.S.)
(on the phone)
I'll tell your mom that your little
sister thinks that's a bag of
oregano in your shoe box...in your
closet.

Ricky now has Matt's full attention.

MATT
(on the phone)
I'll be right over.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM

Ricky hangs up the phone, then immediately starts dialing another number.

RICKY
(on the phone)
Yes, Dr. Goodman, please.

He waits briefly.

RICKY
(on the phone)
Hi Dr. Goodman, how are you...good, good. Hey, I have a question, and it might seem kind of odd and I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm doing a research paper and your knowledge could really help me, well, help my paper, I mean. Let's say, oh someone I know, had their penis cut off. Uh-huh, I know that would be terrible. Um, how long until the doctor's wouldn't be able to...you know...reattach it? Two days, ok, thanks, doc. Oh, ok, and it still might not work properly. So, two days...to...reattach...

Ricky slowly repeats the words acting like he's taking notes.

RICKY
(on the phone)
What type of research paper? Uh, umm..it's a paper on...

Ricky quickly hangs up the phone.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Matt clicks off his internet browser. He throws two used tissues on the ground. He stretches in his boxers, revealing his erection.

INT. MATT'S PARENT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MRS. BASH is in a deep slumber on the recliner. She snores loudly with drool puddling on her shoulder. She's an obese woman, wearing large, baggy sweatpants and a sweatshirt.

Resting on her stomach is a half eaten sandwich. She has mustard stains on her sweatshirt.

Matt picks up his mom's keys that are sitting on a table. Mrs. Bash is awakened by the noise. Her eyes open, then immediately close.

Like a sleepwalker, she grabs the remaining sandwich resting on her belly and puts the rest in her mouth with her eyes still closed.

Matt is frozen still, watching on with the keys dangling from his hand. Mrs. Bash begins snoring again. She didn't fully chew the sandwich. Half of it rolls out of her mouth and onto her sweatshirt.

Matt quietly tip toes past his mother.

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Ricky stands outside his apartment complex with his arms crossed. It's an older brick building. The sun is disappearing behind gray clouds.

Ricky spots Matt, driving his mom's old, red minivan. Matt parks the car next to Ricky.

EXT. DOWNTOWN INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

Ricky and Matt are speed walking down the streets of downtown Indianapolis. The streets are desolate. The dreariness is amplified by the gray overcast weather.

MATT

What are we doing? Are we just going to stumble across it? We should call the police.

RICKY

No way! Look, I first met her at the club. Someone who works there will have to know who she is. I'll find out and get my dick back.

MATT

You think someone who went to the trouble of cutting your dick off is just going to hand it back to you? Oh, I'm sorry, here's your cock, didn't mean to take it. Come on, man, let's call the police.

RICKY

Wow, Matt, you're hilarious. I wish I had it back right now. I'd shove it in your mouth and shut you up.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Ricky and Matt approach the night club door. The windows are blacked out, preventing any vision into the club. Ricky pulls on the door handle. It's locked.

He pulls a few more times, to no avail. He puts his face against the glass trying to get a peek inside, but still, can see nothing. Out of frustration he kicks the door.

MATT

Closed, dude.

RICKY

Yes, yes it is.

Ricky paces nervously. There's a HOMELESS MAN walking by strolling a shopping cart filled with cans. He's an older man wearing tattered clothes and he is mouthing words to himself. He walks with a noticeable limp.

MATT

Relax. We'll find it. A few more hours of walking and we might run into it...HEY, YOU SEEN THIS GUY'S PENIS?

HOMELESS MAN

Charlies prolly took it. Fuckers took my leg in the jungle.

The homeless man lifts up his pant leg, exposing a prosthetic leg.

Matt bumps Ricky with his elbow.

MATT

See, could be worse, dude.

RICKY

Shut up. I would rather have my dick than my leg. Shit, I'd trade an arm and a leg.

MATT

Time's a ticking. Two days you said? I'm calling the cops.

RICKY
SHUT UP! Me and you, we're gonna
find it. FUCK!

Ricky takes a seat on the curb, collecting his thoughts. Matt looks up, observing a camera above the door.

MATT
Follow me.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

Ricky and Matt stand in the middle of the empty parking lot. Ricky looks around and sees nothing. He's puzzled.

RICKY
Ok, so?

MATT
Look.

Matt points his index finger to the side of the building. Perched on the side is a surveillance camera aimed at the parking lot.

RICKY
Oh shit!

MATT
Who drove you home?

RICKY
Vanessa. Actually, Karen drove, but
it was Vanessa's car. Or at least
that's what she called herself.

MATT
Now we just need to call the cops
and retrieve their footage.

RICKY
No, no, no. Fuck that. We're
breaking in.

MATT
Dude, I am not breaking in.

RICKY
Oh yes you are. We're breaking in,
taking the footage and finding out
where this bitch sleeps.

MATT
No, I'm going home.

RICKY
No, you're wrong.

MATT
You're wrong! I'm going back to sleep. I've got a god damn terrible hangover and...

RICKY
Do you want me to call your mother? Hey, Mrs. Bash, it's Ricky. Yea, your son, you know, that fat, lazy, no good friend, yea that son, well I heard that he never really graduated. Matter of fact, I think I might have helped him forge his degree.

MATT
You wouldn't fucking dare!

RICKY
Oh yes I would. We all have secrets, pal. You keep your mouth shut and I'll do the same.

MATT
You think you know someone...

RICKY
I'm desperate and I need help. Let's get this tape.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Ricky and Matt stand at the front door of the nightclub. Ricky turns his back to the door. He does a quick look in all directions, looking out for anyone on the streets.

He sees no one. Ricky lifts his leg forward, then sends it backward, shattering the glass of the nightclub's front door.

RICKY
Come on.

Ricky reaches through the broken door, unlocking it. No alarm sounds off. Matt hesitates to follow.

RICKY
NOW!

Matt reluctantly follows behind Ricky.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Ricky and Matt can't see, but above the door on the inside is a motion sensor. As they enter the club, the sensor switches from green to red and starts blinking rapidly. They have set off some sort of alarm.

Ricky runs aimlessly through the dark club, trying to find a light switch or a room containing the video surveillance equipment.

Matt calmly flips a switch turning on a disco ball. The lights from the disco ball help light up the room sporadically.

Ricky runs to the back. He spots a door and opens it. It's the janitor's closet. Ricky shuts the door.

He ventures further back and sees a door with a sign that reads 'employees only'.

RICKY

Hey, I think I found it.

MATT

OK.

While Ricky is searching the club, Matt has calmly poured himself a beer. He sips it slowly, savoring the beverage. He makes his way to the middle of the dance floor, and holding his beer, starts dancing.

RICKY

What are you doing? Come on!

Matt keeps dancing from the dance floor to the front of the 'employees only' office. He stands at the doorway, watching Ricky.

INT. EMPLOYEES ONLY ROOM - DAY

Situated in the office is a video monitor with a stack of recorded dvd's, organized by date. Ricky thumbs through the stack, finding the correct date. He snags the dvd and walks up to Matt, standing at the doorway.

MATT

You got it?

Ricky points to the DVD.

RICKY
Got it. And put the beer down, have
some respect!

MATT
Yea, maybe I'll smash in their
front door instead. Respectful...

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Ricky opens the half broken front door. Matt slams it shut behind him and the rest of the remaining glass shatters behind him.

RICKY
Smooth...

Matt shrugs his shoulders and takes a sip of his beer. Ricky notices a squad car speeding up to the club.

RICKY
Uh-oh.

Matt doesn't see the police car.

MATT
What?

RICKY
Get ready to run!

MATT
WHAT?

The OFFICER hits the brakes and jumps out of the patrol car.

OFFICER
Hold it!

MATT
We're sorry, we were just...

RICKY
COME ON, STUPID!

EXT. DOWNTOWN INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

Ricky sprints towards the alleyway. Matt looks at Ricky running, then looks back at the officers. After a split second of thinking, he joins Ricky, running as fast as he can. He still holds onto the beer he was drinking.

Ricky is about twenty yards ahead of Matt, as they run through alleyways to escape the pursuing police. Matt is out of shape and having a tough time keeping up.

OFFICER

Stop! Stop!

RICKY

Come on! Hurry up!

MATT

I'm...trying!

Matt's beer belly jiggles through his shirt as he runs.

Matt sees Ricky stop ahead of him. Ricky is waving him on, like he was the last leg of a race.

RICKY

We can lock him out, let's go!

Matt runs a little faster, desperately trying to get away from the officer. He chucks the beer behind and the glass shatters to pieces.

Matt finally makes it, running through an opened chain linked fence. Ricky gets the lock snapped just in time.

The officer yanks on the fence, trying to open it. Ricky and Matt stand face to face with the officer, with only the fence separating them.

Ricky turns around and runs. Matt stands still and stares eye to eye with the officer.

RICKY

Come on!

Matt stares at the officer for a few seconds. He gives the officer the middle finger like a child would a parent, with half commitment. He turns around and runs.

The officer calls for assistance on his walkie talkie.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ricky and Matt are out of breath, huffing and puffing. Matt is on all fours, dry heaving from the physical exertion. Ricky sits at his computer desk.

Ricky pulls out the dvd, putting it into the dvd drive on his computer.

MATT

Dude, we are in so much shit! How did I ever get talked into this.

RICKY

Calm down, would ya? Everything's gonna be just fine.

MATT

I gotta lose some weight.

Matt lifts up his sweat soaked shirt. He pinches his hands against his stomach, holding his stomach fat.

RICKY

(sarcastically)

No, you look great. Chicks dig the thirty pound belly.

Matt stands sideways in front of the mirror. He jumps up and down. His belly ripples like the ocean waves.

RICKY

What are you doing?

MATT

You know how guys like those chicks with fat asses? Like the girls who are on the music videos...

RICKY

Yea.

MATT

Maybe I can get women turned on to shaking your stomach...ya know?

RICKY

You're an idiot.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Ricky and Matt turn to each other with a look of horror on their faces.

Matt's shirt is still lifted over his belly.

MATT

(whispering)

Go see who it is.

RICKY

(whispering)

No, you.

MATT
(whispering)
I'm not.

RICKY
(whispering)
Yes you are, I'm going to get the
license plate number.

MATT
(whispering)
Fuck!

Matt tiptoes to the door. He slowly peeks through the peephole, seeing the officer who chased him and another OFFICER standing outside their door. The officers again start banging on the door.

Matt quietly walks back to Ricky's bedroom.

RICKY
(whispering)
Who is it?

MATT
(whispering)
The cops.

Ricky fast forwards the tape. He pauses the dvd once he sees Vanessa's car. He writes the license plat number on a piece of paper, then shoves it into his pants pocket.

RICKY
(whispering)
Follow me.

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT BALCONY - DAY

Ricky and Matt sneak to the outside balcony, about twelve feet off the ground. Matt accidentally leaves the balcony door open, which leads into the apartment.

MATT
I'm can't jump that far, I'll break
my ankles.

RICKY
You pussy, here, watch...

Ricky effortlessly jumps to the ground. Matt looks down in terror. The officers knock louder.

Matt's face balls up. He's fighting off a sneeze.

MATT

ACHOO!

Bam! Ricky's front door flies open and the two officers spot Matt.

The officer who Matt flipped off smiles with delight. Matt's shirt is still lifted over his big belly.

OFFICER

I've got you, fat boy! Time to shove that middle finger up your ass! Come here, boy!

MATT

Hold on...

OFFICER

Hold on? Boy, I am the law. I don't hold on.

MATT

Watch this.

Matt starts jumping up and down with his shirt still up. His belly jiggles and bounces. The two officers look at each other with disgust.

OFFICER

What is he, a fucking retard?

OFFICER 2

I think so.

The officers walk towards Matt, excited to get their hands on him. From the ground below, Ricky yells at Matt.

RICKY (O.S.)

JUMP, STUPID! HE'S GOING TO STICK HIS FINGER IN YOUR ASS!

Matt runs away, tries to jump over the balcony, and his legs clip it as he jumps. He does a front flip and lands on his back.

Matt lands hard and is in a state of shock.

RICKY

You ok?

Matt looks up at Ricky with his eyes wide open.

MATT

Yea.

The two run to Matt's mom's parked van, get in and quickly peel out of the apartment complex.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT - DAY

At a terminal, Karen and Vanessa stand around, waiting to board a plane. The terminal sign reads, 'Departing Indianapolis, Arriving in Cancun.'

Vanessa, dressed in a nurse's outfit, is carrying a donor medical ice bag for travel.

Karen is wearing pink short shorts with 'sexy' inscribed on the rear, complimented with a plain white tank top.

KAREN

Why do we have to wait so long!? My feet are killing me!

VANESSA

They'll call us in a second.

Other PASSENGERS board the plane and Karen watches with spite. One MAN in particular draws her ire. He's a nerdy looking man. She slurs her words in her inebriated state.

KAREN

Look at you, NERD! Hey, don't look at me, keep walking.

The man looks at her like she's crazy and walks by.

VANESSA

No more drinks for you.

KAREN

Oh, I'm fine!

The AIRLINE EMPLOYEE calls out for their section.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE

Rows A and B, we're ready to board.

Karen follows behind Vanessa. Vanessa hands the airline employee her ticket and the employee scans it. Karen is next in line.

KAREN

Here.

Karen flicks the ticket at the employee. The ticket drops to the ground.

KAREN

Pick it up!

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE

Ma'am, you need to calm down.

Vanessa looks back to see the disruption. She intervenes.

VANESSA

I'm so sorry. She's heavily medicated. Come on, Karen.

Vanessa picks up the ticket and hands it to the airline employee. She scans it.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE

Please keep an eye on her.

VANESSA

I will. I'm so sorry.

Vanessa yanks Karen by the arm.

The two board the plane holding hands. From behind, the 'sexy' on Karen's shorts shifts from side to side before being formed into a wedgie. She picks at the wedgie with her finger.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Vanessa and Karen walk down the aisle to their seat. Karen is visibly intoxicated, stumbling through the airplane, bumping into people as she passes.

KAREN

Get the fuck out of my way!

The passengers on the plane are shocked.

VANESSA

Shut up! Sorry everyone, she has a medical condition.

They find their seat. Karen barely squeezes her large body into the aisle section.

KAREN

They better be showing something good. If I have to watch some shitty ass movie...

VANESSA

Shh...

KAREN

Oh, go shush yourself. I'm the one getting the dick attached.

Karen picks up the ice bag containing Ricky's penis and starts swinging it around her head.

KAREN

Look, it's a penis copter!

A YOUNG BOY across the aisle stares with amazement.

VANESSA

God damnit, Karen, settle down.

KAREN

You settle down.

The alcohol is really kicking in now, as Karen appears to become more inebriated by the second.

Karen goes from laughing and having a good time to sobbing uncontrollably.

KAREN

(crying)

You're right...I'm a terrible person. You must hate me.

VANESSA

I don't hate you.

KAREN

Yes you do! EVERYONE hates me!

VANESSA

Stop it!

KAREN

And now I'm going to Mexico to get a penis attached by some doctor...

VANESSA

Would you stop it, you're embarrassing yourself.

KAREN

I don't know if I want a penis. What if I don't like it. What if want a big thick cock to ram inside me?

Vanessa shakes her head, looking down and avoids eye contact with the other passengers, who are all looking on to the spectacle created by Karen.

A STEWARDESS with a beverage cart makes her way to Karen and Vanessa's seat.

STEWARDESS

Would you like a drink? It's a cash bar, beer is five dollars, seven for cocktails.

KAREN

I'll take two.

Vanessa shakes her head, anticipating what Karen will do next.

STEWARDESS

Two of what, ma'am?

KAREN

Two cocktails...what do you think, you stupid bitch!

A collective gasp echoes from the entire plane.

STEWARDESS

Excuse me?

VANESSA

I'm so sorry, she has a medical condition. And no, she's fine, thank you.

KAREN

Medical condition? This is my only medical condition...

Karen struggles, but eventually sits up on her knees. Her butt faces the stewardess. She bends over, and points to the 'sexy' script on her shorts.

VANESSA

You...sit down! I'm so sorry, thank you for being so understanding with this sick patient.

The stewardess gives Karen a look of disgust, then moves along to the next passenger.

VANESSA

Don't fuck this up.

KAREN

I don't care!

Karen begins sobbing, then suddenly, passes out drunk. She falls asleep with her head against the window. Vanessa pulls out the magazine from the pocket in front of her and flips through the pages.

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT - DAY

Exiting the plane, you see Vanessa's head slightly appear behind some other passengers exiting the plane. Then, it becomes apparent that she's pushing someone.

It's Karen, passed out drunk, being wheeled out from the plane, pushed by Vanessa. Vanessa has the ice bag in her hand as she pushes. She walks quickly through the airport.

INT. MATT'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Ricky and Matt have eluded the police, finding safety at Matt's parent's house. They walk through the door and are met by Mrs. Bash.

She's wearing the same sweatpants and sweatshirt as earlier. The mustard stains remain on the sweatshirt. She has her hands on her hips, visibly agitated. She glares at her son.

MRS. BASH

Matt, you son of a bitch, you take my car again and I'll call the police.

MATT

I'm sorry, mom. You don't understand...

MRS. BASH

What exactly do I not understand?

MATT

Well Ricky...

She turns her attention to Ricky. She moves closer to Ricky until she's face to face.

MRS. BASH

Ricky, what the hell have you gotten my son into?

RICKY

Well, Mrs. Bash...

MATT

Ricky's penis was cut off.

Ricky glares at Matt. He had no intention of telling the truth.

MRS. BASH

Penis cut off?

MATT

Show her.

RICKY

I'm not showing her.

MATT

Just show her.

Mrs. Bash gets nose to nose with Ricky.

MRS. BASH

Show me, God dammit!

Ricky drops his pants exposing his cut off genital area. Ricky looks away with his pants down. Matt looks shocked, as this is his first time seeing it.

MATT

Oh my God, dude! Maybe it didn't fully hit me until now. Your dick is gone...like gone.

RICKY

No shit.

MATT

Man...I'm taking a picture.

RICKY

Matt, I will kick your ass.

Mrs. Bash breaks out in delayed hysterical laughter. She points at Ricky and can't help but to keep laughing in his face. She laughs so hard, she drops to her hands and knees, with tears streaming down her face.

Ricky pulls up his pants.

Ricky is angry and embarrassed. Mrs. Bash asks for no further details, content with the humor that it has brought her.

Matt looks at Ricky with sympathy.

MATT
Come on, Ricky.

MRS. BASH
Hey Ricky, want to borrow one of my
dresses?

Mrs. Bash again breaks out in laughter. Ricky and Matt head upstairs to Matt's bedroom.

RICKY
I hate your mom.

MATT
Me too, dude, me too.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Matt sits on the bed while Ricky is lying on a bean bag chair. Ricky stares at the spinning ceiling fan, looking depressed.

MATT
Sorry about my mom.

RICKY
Forget it. Man, she is one ruthless
cunt.

MATT
Enough.

RICKY
It can't be easy...a husband who
left her, a leeching son...and
what's sure to be a whore of a
daughter.

MATT
If you say one more thing...

RICKY
Not only that, but I'm sure she
hasn't been fucked in decades.

MATT
At least I have a mom.

RICKY
You son of a bitch!

Ricky jumps at Matt and the two begin to wrestle. Matt gets on top of Ricky, pinning him down with his body weight.

RICKY
I can't breathe! Get off!

MATT
Say you're sorry!

RICKY
I'M SORRY!

MATT
I'm sorry too.

Matt lets Ricky up. Ricky stands, his face flushed.

RICKY
Come on, man. I need your help.

From his pocket, Ricky pulls out the crumbled piece of paper with Vanessa's license plate number. Ricky rubs his eyes, stretches, and gains back his composure.

RICKY
So, all we need to do is go to the DMV, get the license plate number, find out where she lives, then I get my dick back.

MATT
I think it's BMW.

RICKY
Whatever.

MATT
Actually, I think you can look up an address by license plate number.

RICKY
Well, do it!

Matt slides over to his computer. He types on the keyboard with Ricky looking on.

MATT
Ok, what's the number?

RICKY
Here, here you go.

Ricky hands over the piece of paper and turns his back to the computer.

MATT

So what, are we going to fly out to California?

RICKY

If we have to. I don't know.

MATT

The doctor said you have two days?

RICKY

Two days.

MATT

How are we going to get to California? Sounds like a bad plan.

RICKY

Just shut up and find it!

Ricky nervously paces the room. He walks over to the window, looking outside. Ricky's paranoid about the police showing up.

Unknown to Ricky, he steps on the used tissues Matt threw on the ground earlier. They stick to the bottom of his sneaker.

MATT

Oh shit!

RICKY

What?

MATT

Oh, fuck, no! NO!

RICKY

What?

Matt slaps the computer with his hand. He pounds on the keyboard.

MATT

You're gonna kill me, dude.

Ricky peeks over Matt's shoulder. He sees the computer screen is blue.

RICKY

Another computer?

MATT

God damn! Every time I go to that website!

The computer is unresponsive as a result of a virus. Matt picks up the keyboard, then slams it down. The letter keys fly across the floor.

RICKY

How many computers are you going to mess up before you learn...

MATT

It's a filthy habit, I know.

Ricky notices the tissues stuck to his shoe.

RICKY

I guess so.

Ricky peels the tissues off, but half of it stays stuck on the shoe.

RICKY

You're a filthy animal.

MATT

Sorry.

Ricky wads the tissues into a ball and throws it at the back of Matt's head. Matt doesn't flinch.

MATT

It's my cum, dude. I've had it on worse areas.

RICKY

Whoa! What the hell does that mean?

MATT

There was this one time. I was jerking off and...

RICKY

Alright, alright, enough!

Matt sits on the bed.

RICKY

Alright, so now we've gotta go to the BMV. Or DMV. Whatever...

MATT

You know they close in an hour, they shut down early on Saturdays.

RICKY

Well, let's get to it. I'll meet you downstairs, I gotta tinkle.

INT. BATHROOM AT MATT'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Ricky stands over the toilet. He grunts with effort and a stream of piss flies forward in a straight line, causing urine to spray all over the toilet seat.

RICKY

Shit!

Ricky pulls off a few sheets of toilet paper. He wipes the piss off rim of the toilet seat. He sits down and pees like a girl.

Ricky looks in the bowl. There's blood in the toilet.

RICKY

That can't be good.

Ricky opens the mirror medicine cabinet. He digs through bandages, pills, toothpaste and various other items. There's a small jar with the top closed that catches his attention. He opens the jar.

RICKY

Holy shit!

In the jar is a small handgun. Ricky picks it up and looks at it from all angles.

RICKY

Might need this later.

He makes sure the gun is on safety and puts it in his pants pocket. He closes the jar.

Ricky grabs a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a roll of gauze that sit on a shelf in the mirror medicine cabinet. Ricky pops the top off the rubbing alcohol.

In preparation of the pain, Ricky pulls off a towel that's hanging on the door. He rolls it up and puts the towel in his mouth to bite on.

RICKY

Here we go.

Ricky pours the rubbing alcohol on his wound.

RICKY
AHHHHHHHHH!

Ricky immediately spits the towel out of his mouth and looks into the mirror at his screaming face.

MATT'S PARENT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt hears the screams from upstairs. He looks up at the ceiling puzzled.

INT. BATHROOM AT MATT'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Ricky is jumping up and down like a kid trying not to pee his pants. The pain subsides after a few jumps. Ricky unrolls the gauze, stretching it out about three feet.

Ricky tears off the three foot section of gauze with his teeth. He applies the gauze around his wound, wrapping it around the area like a belt.

INT. MATT'S PARENT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt sits on the couch waiting for Ricky. Mrs. Bash is laughing on the phone.

MRS. BASH
Brenda, I'm not joking, his penis
is completely gone. You've got to
see it!

Ricky appears from the hallway. He sits on the couch with Matt.

MATT
What was that?

RICKY
Had to clean the wound.

Standing on the opposite side of the room is Mrs. Bash on the phone.

MRS. BASH
Yea, yea, no dicky Ricky!

The phone conversation infuriates Ricky. He picks up the lamp next to the couch.

Ricky stands next to Mrs. Bash with the lamp in his hand.

RICKY
Is that funny to you?

Mrs. Bash continues laughing and talking on the phone.

MRS. BASH
Hold on, Brenda. Hey Ricky, I
didn't know women could move
furniture.

Mrs. Bash laughs at her own joke. Ricky glares at her, then strikes her with the lamp, knocking Mrs. Bash out cold. Ricky picks up the phone that fell to the ground.

RICKY
Brenda? Yea, she'll call you back.

Ricky hangs up the phone.

Matt just shrugs his shoulders, indifferent to his mother being knocked out.

Ricky grabs the keys off the counter.

RICKY
I hate your mom.

MATT
Me too.

INT. BAR IN MEXICO - DAY

In a bar in Cancun, Vanessa and Karen are partying. They take a stiff shot of tequila, sucking on a lemon to help chase it down. Sitting on their table is the ice bag containing Ricky's penis.

Their carry on bags from the flight are on the floor next to them, suggesting that they have not been to the hotel.

VANESSA
I'm glad you slept during the
flight.

KAREN
Yea, I don't remember a lot.

VANESSA
(under her breath)
Lucky you.

KAREN
What's that?

VANESSA
I said, 'I'm so lucky. I love you.'

KAREN
I love you too.

They give each other a kiss.

VANESSA
Just think, this time tomorrow,
you'll be a new man.

They both laugh and giggle.

KAREN
I'm nervous. I don't know if this
is a good idea.

VANESSA
Come on baby, I know you're not
having second thoughts now! We'll
be able to live out our dream.

KAREN
I'm just not sure.

VANESSA
What aren't you sure about? I
thought this is what you've always
wanted?

KAREN
I don't even understand how this
works. How can they do it?

VANESSA
Trust me, DR. SANCHEZ has been
testing this procedure for years.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

There's a female German shepherd sedated on its back on the hospital bed. Dr. Sanchez sits over the dog, working away. Next to him is a jar of penises.

The penises float in the jar, suspended in a greenish fluid.

DR. SANCHEZ
Shit!

Something went wrong and Dr. Sanchez throws the mutilated penis over his shoulder. The penis rolls on the floor. He grabs another one from the jar.

INT. BAR IN MEXICO - DAY

VANESSA

So trust me, everything will be fine.

KAREN

OK, I'll do it for you.

Vanessa and Karen give each other a kiss.

INT. SAM STEELE'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - DAY

A room full of MISFITS stand before a sleazy looking guy, SAM STEELE. Sam is a good looking man. He wears an all black suit with a silver tie. His hair is bleach blonde and spiked.

Sam has these misfits standing in a single file line facing him. He's auditioning them for his next porno film. Sam paces and stops intermittently to look the individuals up and down.

His office is lined with porn posters of movies he's produced.

One of the posters is 'Fecal Fun.' A lady is covered in what appears to be feces from head to toe. The woman is smiling, causing her eyes and teeth to shine bright through the shit.

He has various other posters, including, 'Nursing Home Nookie,' 'Prison Love 4,' and 'Nutcrushers.' The 'Nutcrushers' poster is of a high heel dripping blood.

SAM

Look at you. Look at all of you. Pathetic. Do you think I got the reputation of putting together the raunchiest porn videos by using no talent nobodies!?

Sam stops at LOBSTER BOY. Lobster Boy has some sort of mutation with his arms and hands which cause them to look like lobster pinchers. Sam stares at him briefly before pacing again.

SAM

The only one who's worth a shit here is Lobster boy, but his dick is tiny.

A GUY with no arms, a WOMAN in a wheelchair, a down syndrome LADY, a GRANNY with tattoos covering her entire body, and lobster boy stand before Sam, taking the verbal assault.

SAM

Now, as some of you may know,
business has been struggling
lately. Unfortunately, the internet
is FUCKING UP MY MONEY! NO ONE IS
BUYING DVDS!

Sam paces over to the man with no arms and slaps him across the face. The man with no arms does nothing. He takes the abuse.

SAM

Come on, hit me back!

The man with no arms looks at his shoulders where his arms would be.

SAM

Oh...that's right.

Sam laughs. He paces again.

SAM

In order for us to MAKE
MONEY...I've gone to extreme
measures to acquire new talent.
Something none of you have.

The group looks dejected.

SAM

All of you, get the fuck out of my
office.

Lobster boy raises his hand. His pinchers click as he waits to be called on.

LOBSTER BOY

You still like me though, right?

SAM

Get out! Security!

Two enormous black gentlemen escort the group out of Sam's office. Sam flings himself on his couch with despair. He pulls out his cellphone. He dials Vanessa, his girlfriend.

INT. BAR IN MEXICO - DAY

Karen and Vanessa are at the same table still drinking. Karen is attacking an order of nachos. Vanessa calmly sips on a beer.

Vanessa's telephone rings.

VANESSA

Oh, it's my mother. Hold on, I'll be right back.

KAREN

Ok, hurry back. I'm ready to eat.

VANESSA

You're eating right now.

KAREN

Yea, but I'm ready to EAT EAT.

Vanessa rolls her eyes and excuses herself from the table, walking away from Karen to take the call.

EXT. BAR IN MEXICO - DAY

Vanessa stands outside the bar on the phone.

VANESSA

(on the phone)

Oh my God, Sam, I can't take this anymore! Now she's talking like she doesn't want it.

INT. SAM STEELE'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - DAY

SAM

(on the phone)

Look, I don't care what she says. The talent pool is dry. I had a guy with lobster arms here today. Fucking lobster arms. You do whatever it takes. The public needs a butch chick with a dick ramming hot girls...or...oh, there's an idea, she could fuck lobster boy! Listen, just ease her mind a little bit...

EXT. BAR IN MEXICO - DAY

VANESSA

I've got it. I can't guarantee it, though.

INT. SAM STEELE'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - DAY

SAM

I don't want excuses, just get it done! The surgery's scheduled for tomorrow, then you two catch the first flight back here.

EXT. BAR IN MEXICO - DAY

VANESSA

It'll be fine. I'll be in touch.

INT. SAM STEELE'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Sam hangs up the telephone. He sits up in on his couch. Sam claps his hands twice and in come running are two MIDGETS.

Both are carrying stools. They are both dressed identical to Sam.

The first midget places his stool in front of Sam's feet. Sam plops his Italian leather dress shoes on the stool.

The second midget runs behind the couch that Sam sits on. He sets the stool down, then stands on it.

The first midget removes Sam's shoes. He massages Sam's feet while the other rubs Sam's shoulders.

INT. BMV - DAY

Matt sits in the crowded lobby. He avoids eye contact with the other CUSTOMERS and does so awkwardly. There's an enormous, intimidating black MAN staring at Matt.

Matt pretends to not notice.

BLACK MAN

You look good, boy.

Matt is naive to his advances.

MATT

Thanks.

Matt stares at his feet.

Ricky is second in line. They are the only two white people in the BMV.

The customer in front of him is finished and walks away. Ricky approaches the counter. The WOMAN servicing him is an overweight, loud, and aggressive black woman. Her hair is an outrageous weave of black and blonde color.

BMV WOMAN
Can I HELP you?

RICKY
Yes you can. I need to find out where this person lives.

Ricky slams the piece of paper on the counter that has Vanessa's license plate number written.

BMV WOMAN
I can't just do that.

RICKY
Why not? Just put the number in and tell me.

BMV WOMAN
No, no, no. I can't do that. CHARLENE, can I do that?

Charlene is the other woman serving people. She shakes her head no.

BMV WOMAN
See. Is there anything ELSE I can help you with?

RICKY
No, only this. Tell me where she lives.

BMV WOMAN
She? What, did she break your heart and you wanna find out where she lives?

RICKY
JUST TELL ME WHERE SHE FUCKING LIVES.

BMV WOMAN
Whoa, hold on there Dahmer.

Charlene laughs. When she does so, she exposes a front gold tooth.

BMV WOMAN
So what, you some type of stalker?

RICKY

No.

BMV WOMAN

So what then?

RICKY

I can't say.

BMV WOMAN

You know what...you're taking up too much of my time. NEXT!

Ricky isn't fazed.

RICKY

Tell me where she lives.

BMV WOMAN

Sorry, can't help ya. NEXT!

Ricky stares with pure hate. Slowly, but smoothly, he reaches into his pants. He brings his hand back up. He's holding the gun he stole from Matt's parents house. He points the small handgun at her.

RICKY

NOW TELL ME WHERE SHE LIVES!

Ricky hops over the counter. He grabs the BMV woman by the front of her shirt and puts the gun in her face.

BMV WOMAN

And what'cha gonna do with that?
Put an eye out?

Ricky points the gun at the ceiling and fires off a round. The entire lobby clears out. Debris from the gunshot falls around them. Ricky looks at her name tag. The woman's name is LATONYA.

Matt jumps out of his chair at the sound. He watches in shock.

RICKY

Listen, LaTonya, enter this number and give me the information.

LATONYA

You mothafucka...son of a...

RICKY

NOW!

LaTonya enters the number on her computer. She prints a sheet with the information. LaTonya begrudgingly hands the sheet over to Ricky.

LATONYA

There! Now get out of my office!

RICKY

No. You're coming with us!

LATONYA

The hell I am. You can just shoot me.

RICKY

Matt, get over here, help me.

LaTonya sees Matt walking towards them and is struck with love. She's breathless by the sight of him.

LATONYA

Ok, I'll come.

MATT

Where the hell did you get a gun?

RICKY

Stole it from your mom. Had a feeling we might have trouble.

MATT

YOU ARE MAKING THE TROUBLE!

EXT. BMV - DAY

LaTonya is driving Matt's van out of the BMV parking lot. Matt sits in the passenger seat. Ricky is sitting behind LaTonya, with the gun pointed at her back.

Police cars drive past them without any suspicion.

INT. MATT'S VAN - NIGHT

LATONYA

Man, you mothafuckas fucked up!
They gone lock yo ass up!

RICKY

I don't care. If you only knew...

LATONYA

What? Did the bitch cheat on you?
You better not be taking me to kill
this girl.

RICKY

No, I'm not going to kill her. I
just want what's mine.

LATONYA

Oh yea, and what's that?

RICKY

My dick. The bitch has my dick.

LATONYA

Has your dick? Boy, you need to get
yourself another woman, that's all.

RICKY

No, you don't understand. She
physically has my dick.

LaTonya stares at Ricky through the rear view mirror.

LATONYA

What kind of sick shit are y'all
into?

She turns her attention to Matt.

MATT

Don't look at me, I've got my
penis.

LATONYA

I know you do, honey.

LaTonya winks at Matt and licks her lips in a seductive
manner. Matt finds it awkward. He turns his head to stare out
of the window.

RICKY

This girl, Vanessa...it's a long
story. Basically, she cut my penis
off.

LATONYA

Oh shit, why didn't you just tell
me that, I would've given you what
you wanted.

MATT
See, you idiot! Good thing you
brought the gun!

RICKY
Too late. Now we're in the shit.

MATT
I hate you.

RICKY
Shut up.

Ricky pulls out the piece of paper.

RICKY
The car's registered to a Sam
Steele. Why does that sound
familiar?

MATT
Sam Steele...Sam Steele...holy
shit, Sam Steele. He's that porno
guy!

RICKY
Porno guy?

MATT
Yea, he has like chicks with dicks,
chicks with no arms, all sorts of
weird shit.

LATONYA
No arms?

MATT
In one of them, a girl ate an
entire turd.

LaTonya dry heaves. She swerves slightly then straightens out
the car. Ricky isn't bothered. He's too distracted by the
piece of paper.

MATT
Yea, sick shit.

LaTonya gathers herself.

RICKY
So why would Vanessa be driving Sam
Steele's car?

MATT

Maybe she's one of those chicks
with a dick. Dude, did you sleep
with a dude?

Ricky shoots Matt a look like he's retarded.

LATONYA

Or maybe that's her boyfriend. Give
me that address, I can do a reverse
search to look up the phone number.
And what was that bitch's name?

RICKY

Vanessa.

Ricky hands the sheet to LaTonya, who enters it on her
Iphone. She looks up the information while driving with her
knees.

Matt watches her drive effortlessly with no hands.

MATT

Impressive.

LATONYA

That's not the only thing I can do
with no hands.

Matt is embarrassed again. LaTonya dials the number.

LATONYA

(on the phone)

Hi, is Vanessa there? Oh she is?
When do you expect her back? Oh,
OK. Thank you.

LaTonya hangs up the phone. Ricky waits for her to say what's
going on. LaTonya has a face of disappointment.

RICKY

Yea, so...

LATONYA

Bad news baby. She's in Cancun
Mexico.

RICKY

How the hell am I going to get to
Cancun? I'm broke!

The trio thinks quietly for a second.

RICKY
Pull over, I'm driving.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

LaTonya pulls the van over. Ricky and LaTonya swap places.

INT. MATT'S VAN - NIGHT

MATT
What's the plan?

RICKY
I'm not sure.

MATT
Great. Sounds foolproof.

RICKY
OK. You really want to know?

MATT
I really want to know.

RICKY
I've got this gun. I'm robbing the
Wal-Mart.

MATT/LATONYA
The Wal-Mart?

LaTonya and Matt look at each other confused.

MATT
There must be better options than
Wal-Mart.

RICKY
Like what?

MATT
Maybe a place that has a lot of
cash. Like a bank.

RICKY
Banks are closed.

MATT
Yes they are. But they don't take
the money home.

RICKY
No, but they lock it up.

MATT
So, you break the locks, grab the money.

RICKY
Too complicated. Wal-Mart it is.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is half full at the Wal-Mart. Ricky pulls the big red van into an empty parking spot.

INT. MATT'S VAN - NIGHT

RICKY
Ok, I'll be back.

MATT
Are you sure you want to do this?

RICKY
No, but I have to.

LATONYA
They have cameras at the entrance and in all the aisles. Keep your head down.

RICKY
How do you know?

LATONYA
Worked there for six months. Cheap bastards...

RICKY
Ok. I'll be back.

Ricky opens the car door. He steps halfway out.

MATT
Good luck, man.

RICKY
Thanks, I'll be fine.

LATONYA
Oh, isn't that sweet.

Ricky glares at LaTonya. He slams the door.

LATONYA
(coughs)
Homo!

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Ricky keeps his head down while walking through the aisle. Sweat drips from his forehead. He nervously paces up and down various aisles. Ricky stops at the jewelry aisle, near the checkout.

Ricky picks up a pair of cheap earrings, acting like he's interested while he scopes out the checkout lanes. One particular checkout lane catches his attention.

An ELDERLY LADY handing cash back to a customer sticks out as easy prey. While he observes, a LADY working in the jewelry section approaches Ricky.

JEWELRY LADY
Can I help you sir?

Ricky is startled. He nearly jumps out of his shoes.

RICKY
Wow, you scared me.

JEWELRY LADY
I'm sorry, sir. How may I help you?

RICKY
Can I pay for these up there?

Ricky flashes the earrings to her. She smiles at Ricky.

JEWELRY LADY
You sure can.

RICKY
Thanks.

Ricky lowers his head, adhering to LaTonya's advice and steps in the line with the elderly checkout lady.

INT. MATT'S VAN - NIGHT

Matt's old, red van is parked outside the Wal-Mart. LaTonya and Matt sit in an awkward silence, waiting for Ricky to return.

MATT

So...how long have you worked at
the BMV.

LATONYA

Three years...boy, you are too
cute.

LaTonya rubs her fingers over Matt's face. Matt looks at her
like she's a weirdo.

LATONYA

And your lips...umm...damn you're
fine!

Matt awkwardly sits there, not knowing how to react.

LATONYA

Come here, let me just...

LaTonya grabs Matt by the head and gives him a kiss. Matt
surprisingly enjoys it. LaTonya pulls back for a moment and
now Matt has the look of love in his eyes. They both open
their mouths and meet in the middle with an obscene tongue
kiss.

LaTonya is now in a full on heat. The two stop making out
briefly.

LATONYA

Get over here!

LaTonya tries to pull Matt towards her. Matt desperately
fights her off.

MATT

Wait, hold on.

LATONYA

Hold on for what?

MATT

For Ricky.

LATONYA

Shiiit...Ricky's a big boy.

Matt thinks for a second.

MATT

Yea, I guess you're right.

LATONYA

Get over here, sugar!

LaTonya jumps on Matt, smothering him.

The minivan bounces up and down and side to side.

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Ricky waits in line like a statue. His head is down and he nervously waits for the CUSTOMER in front of him to check out. The customer is a middle aged woman. She has dozens of coupons laid out.

The customer begins a dispute with the elderly clerk.

CUSTOMER

Right here...it says two twelve packs of soda for four dollars.

ELDERLY CLERK

Yes, but when I scanned it, it said it was expired.

CUSTOMER

Well, check again.

The elderly clerk scans the coupons again. They come up as expired. Ricky is losing his patience.

ELDERLY CLERK

I'm sorry. They're expired.

CUSTOMER

Fine.

The elderly clerk scans a bottle of shampoo.

CUSTOMER

Hold on. Saw one for that.

The customer opens a newspaper to the coupon section. Ricky has finally had enough.

RICKY

Alright, that's it!

CUSTOMER

That's it, what? Have some patience young man.

The customer reaches into her purse. She pulls out a pair of scissors and clips out a coupon.

Ricky pulls the gun out of his pocket and holds it at his hip. He quickly thinks better of it and puts it back in his pocket.

The open register looks inviting, with a stack of twenties just waiting to be stolen.

Ricky loses it. He pushes the customer to the side. With the register open, he luges over the counter to grab as much cash as he can. The elderly clerk responds by immediately smacking him on the head repeatedly.

Ricky runs toward the exit, stuffing what little cash he stole into his pocket.

ELDERLY CLERK
SOMEBODY GET HIM!

From about forty yards away, a fat SECURITY GUARD drops a donut he was eating and sprints to catch Ricky.

EXT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

The front automatic doors slide open. Ricky sprints through the parking lot. Chasing behind him is the fat security guard. Ricky scrambles to Matt's van.

The windows of the van are fogged. Ricky tries opening the door. It's locked. He gives it a couple more tugs. With the fat security guard getting closer, Ricky slams his hands frantically on the van windows.

RICKY
Matt! Open the door!

SECURITY GUARD
Stop! I'll lose my job!

The security guard is exhausted and is now walking.

With still no response from Matt, Ricky runs around to the driver side. Using his elbow, he slams into the window, smashing a hole and unlocks the door. Ricky speeds out of the parking lot.

The fat security guard huffs and puffs for air. He watches the van escape.

INT. MATT'S VAN - NIGHT

In the back seat, Matt and LaTonya are rearranging their clothes. They both are flustered. Sweat rolls down LaTonya's face.

RICKY

What the fuck was that about? I almost got caught!

MATT

Yea sorry dude.

RICKY

You got some lipstick right there.

Ricky points to Matt's neck. Matt licks his finger and rubs it off.

MATT

So, what happened?

RICKY

No, what happened with you two.

LATONYA

You shut up Ricky. We're in love.

Matt rolls his eyes at LaTonya.

MATT

Seriously, what happened?

RICKY

Didn't work out as planned. I've got a total of...

Ricky counts the crumbled dollar bills.

RICKY

Forty three dollars.

MATT

Big score.

RICKY

Matt, I'm afraid you're not gonna like Plan B.

MATT

Whatever you want to do man, I'm in. Seriously.

RICKY
Good. We'll swing by your house.

MATT
For what?

RICKY
To rob your mother.

MATT
Wait, wait, wait...

RICKY
Time for Plan B.

EXT. CANCUN STREET - NIGHT

The streets are moderately busy. Loud music blares from the clubs. Karen props herself on a streetlight to keep from falling.

Vanessa stands beside her with her arms crossed, visibly irritated. On the ground beside Vanessa are their carry on bags and the medical ice bag containing Ricky's penis.

A CAB DRIVER waits in his car, parked by the streetlight.

VANESSA
He won't let us in the cab if you're going to puke.

KAREN
Just give me a second.

VANESSA
I have to get this bag in the fridge. Come on!

KAREN
OK, just hold on!

VANESSA
Here, open your mouth.

Karen opens her mouth wide. Vanessa jams two of her fingers down Karen's throat. Karen spews vomit on the sidewalk.

VANESSA
So, can we go now?

Vanessa looks at the cab driver. He waves them in. Karen stumbles to the back door of the cab and throws herself in. The cab driver gets out to help Vanessa with the luggage.

The cab driver tries taking the ice bag.

VANESSA
I'll hold on to this one...thanks.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Vanessa opens the door and sees Karen lying across the back seat. She's snoring.

VANESSA
Hey, sit up.

Karen is unresponsive and motionless.

VANESSA
Shit.

Vanessa sits on top of Karen for the ride.

INT. MEXICO HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The HOTEL RECEPTIONIST at the front desk is on the phone. The lobby is sparse with only a few PEOPLE walking around. The front hotel doors swing open.

Vanessa walks through the doors, rolling Karen on a luggage cart. Karen is passed out on top of the luggage. Vanessa holds the ice bag in her hand. She approaches the front desk.

The receptionist looks puzzled. She hangs up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST
Hola! How can I help you?

VANESSA
Checking in.

RECEPTIONIST
Your name?

VANESSA
Vanessa Steel.

Karen's snoring patterns are disturbing. It sounds like she's choking.

RECEPTIONIST
Is she okay?

Vanessa looks at Karen with disgust.

VANESSA

She's fine.

The receptionist hands Karen the room key cards.

RECEPTIONIST

Room 305. Let me know if you need anything else.

VANESSA

Thanks.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you need help for her?

VANESSA

No.

INT. ROOM 305 - NIGHT

The door opens and Vanessa struggles to keep the door open, push the cart, and hold the ice bag. She gets the cart through the doorway and shuts the door. She abandons the cart and walks to the refrigerator. She throws in the ice bag.

VANESSA

Karen, get up.

Karen doesn't move.

VANESSA

I need to get my luggage. Get up!

Karen is still unresponsive. She continues snoring.

VANESSA

Fine.

Vanessa loses her patience. She rolls Karen off the cart. She hits the ground with a loud thud. Vanessa grabs her bag and quickly changes into a sexy pair of pajamas. She also grabs a book from the bag.

She hops on the bed and starts reading a book on the subject matter of manipulating people.

INT. MATT'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ricky and Mrs. Bash sit across from each other at a table. Mrs. Bash's head is bandaged from the knockout blow Ricky delivered earlier in the day.

Their hands are interlocked in the arm wrestling position. Matt holds both hands, playing the role of referee. LaTonya watches on.

MATT

Ok, go!

The two begin the arm wrestling battle. Ricky's face turns red from the exertion. He has Mrs. Bash's arm close to being pinned. She doesn't struggle at all, displaying a calm demeanor.

MRS. BASH

Come on, Ricky. That's all you got?

Ricky pushes as hard as he can but still can't pin her arm down.

MRS. BASH

Alright, game over.

With ease, she pushes her arm forward and pins Ricky's arm to the table.

MRS. BASH

Whoooo! Whoooo!

Mrs. Bash struts around the table like a pro wrestler. She flexes her arm. Ricky rubs his shoulder in defeat.

MATT

Mom, just give him the money.

MRS. BASH

A deal is a deal. Now get down there and rub my feet.

Mrs. Bash sits down. She takes off her shoes and socks. Her feet are gross. Her toenails are green from fungus and corns stick out between her toes.

Ricky stares at her feet with dread.

MRS. BASH

And you're lucky this is all I make you do. After you hit me with a lamp, break my van window...

RICKY

Not my fault.

MRS. BASH

You're lucky I don't whip your ass.

Ricky looks at her disgusting feet.

RICKY
I can't do this.

LATONYA
A deal's a deal.

MRS. BASH
That's right. Get to rubbing.

Ricky gets on his knees. He puts Mrs. Bash's feet in his hand.

RICKY
Nope, can't do it.

MATT
Just give him the money, mom. He'll pay you back.

MRS. BASH
How much you need again?

RICKY
Three hundred should cover it.

MRS. BASH
Three hundred? Better get to rubbin'!

Mrs. Bash laughs.

MRS. BASH
Boy, for three hundred, you better rub me til I come!

MATT
Mom!

MRS. BASH
Shut up, Matt. This is between me and Rick here.

Ricky looks at Matt.

RICKY
I'm sorry, dude.

MATT
Sorry for what?

Ricky pulls out the gun and points it at Mrs. Bash.

MATT/LATONYA

NO!

RICKY

Give me the money.

MRS. BASH

You don't have the balls, or the
dick!

Mrs. Bash laughs.

MRS. BASH

Is that my gun?

RICKY

I'm not asking. Give me the money.

MRS. BASH

Over my dead...

BANG! Ricky fires a shot that hits Mrs. Bash in her thigh.
Blood drips from the bullet hole.

MATT

DUDE!

LaTonya shakes her head in disapproval.

RICKY

Give me the money!

MRS. BASH

OK, OK. Matt, go get my purse.

Matt exits the room. Ricky keeps the gun pointed at Mrs.
Bash. Matt reappears and hands Mrs. Bash her purse.

Mrs. Bash digs through the purse and grabs three one hundred
dollar bills. She hands them to Ricky.

MRS. BASH

I let the lamp thing slide, but I
will be calling the police.

RICKY

Oh, will you?

Ricky yanks the phone off the wall.

RICKY

Matt, grab her cell phone.

Matt takes his mom's cell phone and hands it to Ricky. Ricky puts it on the floor and stomps on it until it breaks.

RICKY

Alright, everyone back in the van.

MRS. BASH

Ricky, I will get your ass. Trust me. I will.

RICKY

Blah, blah, blah. Thanks for the cash you old hag.

INT. MATT'S VAN - NIGHT

Ricky is driving the van. Matt is in the passenger seat and LaTonya is in the back. Ricky breaks the awkward silence.

RICKY

Sorry about your mom.

MATT

You're an asshole.

RICKY

Come on, man. I had to.

MATT

YOU HAD TO SHOOT MY MOM!?

RICKY

Yes, I did.

MATT

This is all going to come back on you.

RICKY

I don't care. If I have to take a shot in the thigh to get my dick back, I will.

MATT

She will shoot you.

RICKY

So be it.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS HIGHWAY - NIGHT

In the distance, you can see a few cars stopped and road flares shining brightly. A few police cars stand in the way, with their blue and red lights illuminating the street.

INT. MATT'S VAN - NIGHT

RICKY

Oh shit, it's a checkpoint.
LaTonya, get in the front.

LATONYA

Why?

RICKY

Just do it!

She struggles, but eventually her and Matt successfully swap places. Ricky observes LaTonya, then rips off her wig. He puts it on, looks in the mirror and makes a minor adjustment to straighten it.

LATONYA

What the...you must be out of your
mind!

RICKY

Shut up. Listen, your name is Tony,
OK?

Ricky puts the wig on. Without the wig, LaTonya's features resemble that of a man.

RICKY

Alright, everyone be cool. Matt,
hide in the back. Oh, take the gun,
in case they search me.

Ricky passes the gun back to Matt.

Matt situates himself between the backseat and the front seat, lying down. He finds a blanket on the floor and covers his body with it.

Ricky is sitting in the front with LaTonya's wig firmly planted on his head.

Traffic moves slowly, with an OFFICER in the middle of the road signaling Ricky to stop. Ricky slowly stops and rolls down the window.

Ricky and LaTonya look at each other nervously as the officer approaches the driver side window. The officer's boots crunch the pebbles on the side of the road.

The officer shines his bright flashlight on the two. The officer spits on the ground and brings his head up to see the occupants in the van.

OFFICER

License and regi...what the hell do we have here?

He again spits on the ground. A hunk of chewing tobacco in his mouth makes his lower lip protrude.

He moves the flashlight slowly over LaTonya and Ricky, carefully observing.

Ricky stares at the officer blankly. His hands are stuck on the steering wheel.

OFFICER

Huh? What's your story, boy?

The officer's intimidating presence cripples Ricky. He is unable to properly form a sentence.

RICKY

Well, we were, uh, ya know, umm...

LaTonya notices Ricky's affliction.

LATONYA

(in a man's voice)

Who you callin' boy? What's your name, officer?

LaTonya leans her head closer to the driver's side window. She gives the officer an intimidating stare.

OFFICER

I'm OFFICER STEVENSON. I didn't mean any disrespect, sir.

LATONYA

(in a man's voice)

Disrespect? I think that was a racist remark. Why did you pull us over, because I'm black?

The officers spits a combination of saliva and tobacco on the street.

OFFICER
We're searching for a missing
person.

LATONYA
Well, ain't nobody missing here.

OFFICER
It's a black woman named LaTonya
Richards.

LATONYA
(in a man's voice)
Does anyone here look like a black
woman to you?

OFFICER
Well, no, but...

LATONYA
(in a man's voice)
But what? The only woman in here is
her. Show 'em your goods, baby.

OFFICER
That's not necessary.

LATONYA
(in a man's voice)
No, you need to see this. Because I
have a feeling that not only are
you a racist, but you hate gays,
too.

OFFICER
No, no, no, we're just doing our
job, sir.

LATONYA
I don't care, this man right here
is my transgendered lover, ok?
What, you don't believe me?

OFFICER
I never said...

LATONYA
Show him, now!

Ricky pulls down his pants. The gauze he applied at Ricky's house has a few spots with blood. Ricky opens the gauze to show the officer.

The officer sees it, then vomits all over Ricky. Ricky's hands are still stuck to the wheel.

LATONYA

(in a man's voice)

OH NO YOU DID NOT! I want to talk to your superior. What's your badge number? Are you ok, baby?

Ricky is stunned, with bits and pieces of vomit rolling down his face.

RICKY

Never been better.

The officer wipes the corners of his mouth and collects himself.

OFFICER

Umm...I'm gonna level with you here, I can't really afford any sort of trouble.

LATONYA

(in a man's voice)

Oh yea, so you can just make racist remarks and throw up on my baby? You never seen a cut off dick before?

OFFICER

I'm extremely sorry.

Ricky sits still.

LATONYA

(in a man's voice)

What's your badge number.

OFFICER

Sir, please, I've got a family to support. The lieutenant said I'm on my last strike here.

Ricky still says nothing, with the officer's vomit covering his face, with bits and pieces of vomit plastered sporadically.

LaTonya has broken down Officer Stevenson's intimidating persona to that of a down trodden, disgruntled, fearful, and struggling employee.

LATONYA
(in a man's voice)
I'll tell you what,
Stevenson...today's your lucky day.
Gimme your shirt.

LaTonya reaches over, grabbing the officer's shirt.

LATONYA
Let's get that off your face.

She wipes the vomit off Ricky's face. The officer doesn't put up a struggle and lets LaTonya use his shirt.

Officer Stevenson, with his head down, walks away embarrassed.

RICKY
What just happened?

LATONYA
Now give me my hair back, you
little bitch!

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Ricky hops out of the van. His shirt and pants have stains from the vomit. LaTonya is in the driver's seat and Matt is now in the passenger seat.

RICKY
Let me get your shirt.

MATT
Nope.

RICKY
You better give me that shirt.

Matt brandishes the gun that Ricky previously had.

MATT
Nope.

RICKY
Shit.

MATT
Do you have enough money?

RICKY

I've got a little over three hundred, should be enough for a one way ticket.

LATONYA

You give us a call when you make it. I know you'll find your penis, Ricky.

Ricky runs into the airport.

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - NIGHT

The faucet is running a steady stream of water. Ricky is looking into the mirror, scrubbing the vomit off of his shirt and pants. He tosses the paper towel into the trash can.

While standing in front of the mirror, Ricky drops his pants. The gauze is still applied to his wound. He unwraps the gauze.

Ricky dampens a paper towel and cleans the area.

While he's cleaning, a MAN walks into the bathroom. He sees Ricky looking into the mirror, cleaning his wound, with his pants down.

MAN

YES! THERE IS SOMEBODY I'M BIGGER THAN!

Ricky doesn't say a word. He glares at the man, who proceeds to relieve himself at the urinal. Ricky reapplies the gauze.

Ricky takes one last look at himself in the mirror. The vomit is gone but his clothes are soaking wet.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT TICKET CLAIM - NIGHT

Ricky is at the counter, trying to purchase a one way ticket to Cancun, Mexico. It's after midnight and the clock is ticking.

EMPLOYEE

Our last flight to Cancun leaves in forty minutes.

RICKY

Ok, I'll take it.

EMPLOYEE
Alright, that'll be two hundred and
ninety six dollars.

Ricky takes out his money and gives it to the employee.

EMPLOYEE
Will you be checking any bags?

RICKY
Nope, no bags.

EMPLOYEE
So, you'll be traveling with no
luggage? Ok...

The lady hands Ricky back his change.

EMPLOYEE
Ok, here you go sir. You're all
set.

She circles two spots on the ticket. She points to the two
places she circled.

EMPLOYEE
This is your terminal and this is
your gate.

RICKY
Thanks.

Ricky walks away. The employee gets on a walkie talkie hand
set.

EMPLOYEE
Yes, we have a gentlemen,
caucasian, t-shirt and jeans, about
six foot, coming your way. He's
traveling international one way
with no bags, might want to check
him out.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
Roger.

EMPLOYEE
And he smelled like vomit.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
Roger that.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT SECURITY AREA - NIGHT

Ricky approaches the security checkpoint at the airport. He files into the back of the large line.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a SECURITY EMPLOYEE approach him.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE
Sir, we need to talk to you.

RICKY
About?

SECURITY EMPLOYEE
Sir, come with us.

RICKY
Why? What did I do?

SECURITY EMPLOYEE
You need to come with us now, sir.

Ricky reluctantly obliges.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Ricky and the male security guard enter the security room and there's two other SECURITY EMPLOYEES already in the room.

They stare at Ricky in stone cold silence. The room is empty, besides a large table with chairs on both sides and a clock hanging on the wall.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE
Take a seat.

RICKY
Is this gonna take long, because I got...

SECURITY EMPLOYEE
SHUT UP! This will take as long as necessary. Take a seat!

The security employee pokes his finger in Ricky's chest.

Ricky sheepishly sits on the opposite side of the table. The security officer stands behind the chair across from Ricky.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE
Now why are you going to Cancun?

RICKY

Vacation.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE

Vacation with no bags, huh?

RICKY

I travel lightly.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE

Uh-huh, a one way ticket to Mexico with no bags, for a vacation. Somehow, this isn't adding up to me, is it you guys?

The security employee looks at the other two employees in the room, and they all shake their head no.

RICKY

Look, I'm telling you the truth, I'm going on vacation, I'm meeting two girls down there. They already have my bags at the hotel.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE

Uh-huh. Now, drugs wouldn't happen to be involved in this vacation would it?

While asking the question, the security employee pulls out a latex glove from his back pocket.

RICKY

No, sir.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE

So, you wouldn't mind if we strip searched you?

RICKY

Yes, I'd mind!

SECURITY EMPLOYEE

Undress him.

The security employee snaps on the latex glove.

The other two security employees circle the table. They each grab one arm and yank him out of his seat.

RICKY

No, wait.

SECURITY EMPLOYEE

You have something to tell us, son?
If so, you better do it now.

The security employee wags his big, thick fingers as a warning as what's to come.

Ricky hesitates for a second. He finally succumbs.

RICKY

Go ahead.

INT - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Ricky pulls up his pants as he walks out the door. Behind him, you can see the three security employees laughing hysterically.

Ricky just keeps walking, cursing under his breathe. He walks uncomfortably.

INT. SAM STEELE'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Sam Steele sits in a chair in his office, holding a clipboard. Across from him is lobster boy, being questioned by Sam.

Sam is dressed opposite today, with a silver suit with black tie and black spikey hair.

SAM

Would you have a problem doing guy
guy girl scenes?

LOBSTER BOY

I can do that.

SAM

Uh-huh.

He writes a check on the piece of paper on the clipboard.

SAM

Anal?

LOBSTER BOY

Giving or receiving?

SAM

Does it matter? You want this
fucking job or not?

Lobster boy hangs his head down.

LOBSTER BOY

Yes.

Sam again checks another box.

SAM

Ok then. We have a special talent who should be here in the next few days, would you be able to shoot later this week?

LOBSTER BOY

Yes.

SAM

Of course you would. Now get out, I'll call you later.

LOBSTER BOY

So how much will I get paid?

Sam stares through him.

SAM

Do you have a job, Lobster Boy?

LOBSTER BOY

No.

SAM

When's the last time you had sex?

LOBSTER BOY

I don't remember...

SAM

Never. Be honest.

LOBSTER BOY

Yea. You're right.

Lobster Boy hangs his head down.

SAM

Good news, I'm giving you a job and getting you laid. I'll pay you what I see fit.

LOBSTER BOY

You're right.

SAM

Out!

Sam points to the door.

Lobster boy makes his exit. Sam pulls out his cell phone and dials a number.

SAM

(on the phone)

Dr. Sanchez, how are you my friend?

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dr. Sanchez is operating on a patient while on the phone with Sam Steele. He removes his surgeon's mask to speak with Sam.

DR. SANCHEZ

Sam, how are you, mi amigo?

SAM

Fuck, I'm doing horrible. You can change that though, we're really counting on you.

DR. SANCHEZ

Oh, it's no problem, I can do this easy. We are scheduled for tomorrow morning at 8 a.m. She'll be back to you in no time.

SAM

That's what I like to hear. Have you heard from Vanessa?

DR. SANCHEZ

Ah, the lovely Vanessa.

In the operating room, the heart monitor flatlines. The beeping sound can be heard over the phone.

SAM

Everything OK?

Dr. Sanchez slams his fist on the patient's chest and the heartbeat returns to normal.

DR. SANCHEZ

Yes, everything's great. I did talk to Vanessa. She told me about this beast Karen.

INT. SAM STEELE'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Sam smiles maliciously.

SAM

That's our girl, she's gonna make us some money. You just let me know if there's any issues.

DR. SANCHEZ

I will Sam.

INT. SAM STEELE'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Sam hangs up the phone and claps his hands.

The two midgets from earlier appear. They're dressed exactly like Sam and sport the same haircut.

One midget places a stool under Sam's feet. The other holds a bushel of grapes. Sam opens his mouth and is hand fed grapes, one by one.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Ricky steps onto the plane headed for Cancun. He sees the entire plane is filled with hot sorority GIRLS from a local college. There's not another male on the plane.

The girls wear college sorority sweatshirts and t-shirts with Roman lettering.

Some of the girls are visibly intoxicated, whistling at Ricky as he walks to his seat. He smiles and winks at them, forgetting, momentarily, that he has no penis.

He takes his seat next to a smoking hot BLONDE in a sorority shirt. She smiles at him.

HOT GIRL

Hi there, handsome.

Ricky takes an immediate liking towards her. He's shocked that she actually talked to him.

RICKY

Hi, I'm Ricky.

HOT GIRL

I'm KRISTIN.

The two shake hands.

Their introduction is interrupted by a flamboyantly gay
FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Please face forward and pay
attention to the following video.

A pre-flight safety demonstration video begins playing.
Nobody on the plane is paying attention.

RICKY
Are all you girls together?

KRISTIN
Yea, we're...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Shh!

The flight attendant walks over to Ricky and Kristin. He puts
his hand on his hip and looks Ricky up and down.

RICKY
I'm sorry. Did I do something
wrong?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Shh.

The flight attendant leans closer to Ricky. He deeply
inhales, taking in Ricky's scent.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Mmm...yummy yum!

The flight attendant walks over to the intercom.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(on the intercom)
Good evening ladies...and the stud
in row 4 seat E. Isn't he just
delicious ladies?

The girls on the plane all agree with claps and whistles.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(on the intercom)
Settle down now ladies, he's mine!
I'm just kidding, unless you're not
kidding!

The flight attendant pauses to judge Ricky's reaction. Ricky
sits stone faced silent.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Anyways, drinks will be around. As always, we thank you for choosing our airline.

Ricky turns to Kristin.

RICKY

So, what is this, like a college trip?

KRISTIN

Spring Break! All the sororities got together and planned it out. We're so excited to go to Mexico! You should hang out with us while we're down there.

RICKY

I'd love to, but...um, I have some business I have to take care of.

KRISTIN

Oh yea! That sounds exciting, what type of business?

RICKY

Um, well, uh, you could call it the retrieval business.

KRISTIN

The retrieval business? Like getting back lost things?

RICKY

Well, sort of, not exactly.

She turns her attention to the magazine in front of her, losing interest in the conversation. Ricky takes the chance to win back her interest with some quick witted lying.

Ricky leans in close to Kristin.

RICKY

(lowering his voice)
Actually, I retrieve kidnapped Americans being held for ransom.

KRISTIN

Really?

RICKY

Yea, really. It's a dangerous job, but it's so rewarding.

(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)

Reuniting a young girl back to her family, there's nothing like it in the world.

KRISTIN

That's so hot.

Kristin puts her hand on Ricky's thigh. She reaches into her purse, pulling out a small piece of paper and pen. She scribbles on the paper and hands it to Ricky.

She unbuckles her seat belt, stands up, and excuses herself to the bathroom. Ricky unfolds the piece of paper and reads it. It says, 'meet me in the bathroom.'

Ricky looks around for a second to see if anyone has been observing. Across the aisle he notices a GIRL who has been staring at him.

RICKY

Wow, so you girls really like to party!

The girl smiles sensually, trying her best to attract him.

GIRL

Yea, we're all just looking for some big, thick...

They are interrupted.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ladies and gentleMAN, drinks will be around in one minute. It's a cash bar and everything's got to go!

Ricky focuses his attention on the girl after being interrupted.

RICKY

Big and thick, huh?

A look of anguish washes over his face as he remembers that he has nothing, yet alone something big and thick. He sits back in his chair.

INT. HOSPITAL, CANCUN - DAY

It's early morning in the hospital and Karen and Vanessa sit in a hospital room watching television, waiting for the surgery.

Vanessa looks bored and uninterested, while Karen is nervously biting at her nails. Dr. Sanchez walks in holding a clipboard.

DR. SANCHEZ
Hi, Karen, how are you.

KAREN
Ok, I guess.

Karen spits out a nail she ripped off with her teeth.

DR. SANCHEZ
The lovely Vanessa, hello dear.

Vanessa nods, rudely ignoring his polite greeting.

DR. SANCHEZ
So, are we excited today?

KAREN
I don't know. I'm not sure I want to do this anymore.

DR. SANCHEZ
Oh, but this is what you've always wanted. In just a few hours, you'll have a whole new life.

VANESSA
Don't mind her, she's always changing her mind.

KAREN
I'm sorry, but I can't do this. I really can't. I don't want a penis.

VANESSA
Karen, you're doing it, damnit, this is what we've planned. You're doing it.

KAREN
No, I'm not!

DR. SANCHEZ
Let me call Sam and see what he has to say about this.

KAREN
Sam? Who's Sam?

Vanessa glares at Dr. Sanchez, who now realizes that Karen doesn't know who Sam is.

DR. SANCHEZ

Uh, hold on. I first must draw some blood, just to see if you're in the right condition for surgery.

KAREN

I'm not getting this done!

Dr. Sanchez has a prepped needle on the table. He squirts a little liquid out.

DR. SANCHEZ

Just a little prick, it won't hurt, will be very fast.

KAREN

Wait a minute, I thought you were drawing blood?

Dr. Sanchez quickly injects her with a mystery substance.

KAREN

I don't care what you say, I'm not getting this...

Karen nods off into a sleep.

DR. SANCHEZ

Don't worry, she'll be out for a while, now. Maybe we shouldn't do this, though, you heard the woman.

Vanessa stands up and gets face to face with Dr. Sanchez.

VANESSA

I don't care what she says. You're doing it. Don't make me call Sam...

DR. SANCHEZ

Yes, Vanessa, I will do as told. I apologize.

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT - DAY

Ricky steps off the plane, followed by the gaggle of women behind him. Ricky is bummed about the lost opportunity, seeing hot girl after hot girl walk by. A few of the girls circle around him, including Kristin.

KRISTIN

Please, Ricky come party with us!

GIRLS

Yea, come on Ricky!

RICKY

My God, I wish I could. But I can't, ladies, I'm sorry.

KRISTIN

You left me hanging in the bathroom, you owe me!

RICKY

I'm a gentleman first and foremost. You ladies enjoy your vacation.

All the girls' hearts melt.

Ricky walks off strutting. Even though he couldn't go party with them, the feeling of knowing they liked him still puts a smile on his face.

Ricky looks around the airport, spotting a bar at the terminal. He walks toward it, hoping that Vanessa and Karen were previously there.

INT. BAR IN MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

Ricky enters the bar and is greeted by JOSE, a Mexican bartender.

RICKY

Hey, my name's Ricky, I'm looking for someone.

JOSE

Hello, Ricky, my name is Jose. Who are you looking for, my friend?

RICKY

A girl named Vanessa. She's brunette, really hot, twenty something.

JOSE

Oh, does she have tits like this?

Jose extends his arms out to indicate big breasts.

RICKY

Yea, yea! And she was with a fat chick named Karen.

JOSE

Oh, does she have a face like this.

Jose puffs out his face to indicate a fat face.

RICKY

Yea, yea! Do you know where they went?

JOSE

No, I've never seen them. Sorry my friend.

RICKY

Well, Jesus Christ, Jose, thanks for stringing me along. Do you know any hospitals in the area?

JOSE

Yes.

They pause briefly.

RICKY

Well, do you have their number.

JOSE

No.

Ricky stares at Jose, unsure if he's going to add to his response.

RICKY

Can you get the number?

JOSE

Yes.

RICKY

Work with me here, Jose. Can you give me the hospital's number and let me use your phone?

JOSE

Yes, follow me.

Ricky follows Jose behind the bar, where Jose opens up a yellow page book to find the number of the hospital. He scribbles the number on a piece of paper and hands it to Ricky.

JOSE

Here you go.

RICKY
Thanks. This phone here?

Jose nods yes.

Ricky takes the piece of paper and picks up the phone behind the bar. He calls the hospital.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind a desk. The phone rings and she answers.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
(on the phone)
Hola, me llamo MARCIA, como puedo ayudarte?

INT. BAR IN MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

RICKY
Hola, me llamo Sam Steele. Umm, necesito hablar Vanessa.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

Marcia looks puzzled at his request.

MARCIA
Que?

INT. BAR IN MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

RICKY
Necessito hablar Vanessa.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

MARCIA
Que?

INT. BAR IN MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

RICKY
My name is Sam Steele, I need to talk to Vanessa, now! Get her on the phone, now!

The airport bar all turns their attention to Ricky who is yelling into the phone. Ricky sheepishly mouths sorry to the PATRONS.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

MARCIA
Un momento, por favor.

The receptionist looks up Vanessa. She finds the room and buzzes it.

MARCIA
Sam Steele?

VANESSA (O.S.)
Put him through.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Vanessa sits in a hospital room. Karen is gone and Vanessa is watching a Mexican soap opera.

VANESSA
Hi, Sam.

INT. BAR IN MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

RICKY
You bitch. I've come for my penis.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

VANESSA
Haha, good luck. It's ours now, Ricky. Maybe you'll see it in a movie some day.

INT. BAR IN MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

RICKY
You've been warned, I'm coming.

Click. Ricky slams down the phone and sprints out of the bar.

JOSE
Adios, mi amigo.

Looking over his shoulder while running, Ricky yells.

RICKY
Thanks, Jose.

EXT. CANCUN AIRPORT - DAY

A line of cabs are parked outside the airport. The first cab he sees, an old couple are getting ready to sit in the back seat.

Ricky runs over, pushes the old lady over, jumps in the backseat, and shuts the door.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

RICKY
To the hospital, NOW!

CAB DRIVER
You've got it my friend.

The CAB DRIVER speeds off heading to the hospital.

EXT. MEXICAN ROAD - DAY

Ricky sits on the side of the road, his head in his hands. Traffic drives by. The car has broken down. The cab driver is underneath the popped up hood.

Ricky stands and walks over to the cab's opened hood.

RICKY
What's wrong with it? Can you fix it?

The cab driver closes the hood. He claps his hands, causing black dust to go into the air.

CAB DRIVER
I don't know, I don't even know what I'm looking at, ya know? I don't know shit about cars.

RICKY
FUCK! I've got no money, no way to get to the hospital, it's over. It's gone.

Ricky sits on the side of the road. Suddenly, a horn beeps a few times and a truck with people in the bed pull up next to Ricky. It's Jose.

JOSE
Hey, Ricky, looks like I'm your
savior, eh?

Ricky walks toward the truck.

RICKY
Jose, if I had a dick, I'd make
love to you.

JOSE
Take it easy, I'm no maricon, eh?

RICKY
Yea, yea, just kidding.

JOSE
Hop in the back.

Ricky looks at the rough group of individuals sitting in the
truck bed. He's unsure.

JOSE
It's ok, they're my family. They
don't speak English, though. Sit
tight. Hospital, right?

RICKY
Yea, the hospital.

Ricky climbs into the truck and they speed off towards the
hospital.

CAB DRIVER
Hey, what about me?

The cab driver tries in vain to catch up to the speeding
truck.

EXT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

Jose pulls the truck up to the hospital entrance and stops.
Ricky jumps out of the truck bed.

RICKY
Jose, I owe you one.

Jose smiles at Ricky.

JOSE

You'd do the same for a guy whose pecker was cut off and he had to fly to a Mexican hospital to get it back.

RICKY

How did you...

JOSE

You speak loud on the phone, amigo.
Buena suerte!

Jose speeds off. Ricky looks at the hospital sign, takes a deep breathe, and enters.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

Marcia, the same woman who answered the phone call, is sitting at the receptionist desk. Ricky runs up to the desk.

RICKY

Remember me, I'm Sam Steele? What room is Vanessa in?

MARCIA

Room 143, Senor Steele.

Ricky runs frantically, searching for room 143. He passes room 120, 125, 130, until he eventually find the door with the number 143.

He rushes into the room to find it empty. He jumps back into the hallway, finding a nurse strolling the hall.

RICKY

What room did they go to?

NURSE

Operating room 1, down the hall to the right.

RICKY

Thanks!

Ricky runs down the hall, to operating room 1. He finds the doctor, with his mask on, about to perform the surgery. A beam of light bounces off the scalpel in his hand.

RICKY

STOP! THAT'S MY PENIS!

Dr. Sanchez places the scalpel on an operating table and removes his mask.

DR. SANCHEZ
This penis belongs to Mr. Sam
Steele.

Ricky points at his penis.

RICKY
No, that's my fucking penis, hand
it over.

DR. SANCHEZ
I am sorry, I cannot do that.

Ricky decides to forcefully take it from Dr. Sanchez. He runs and tackles Dr. Sanchez to the ground. A wrestling match ensues and Ricky takes ahold of his penis.

RICKY
Yes, thank you God!

Ricky hoists it in the air like the Stanley Cup.

A click of a gun is heard. It's Sam and Vanessa behind Ricky. Ricky doesn't move.

SAM
Hand it over, kid. It's mine now.

Ricky turns around with the penis in his hand. He looks down the barrel of the gun.

SAM
Don't be stupid, kid.

Ricky begrudgingly hands it over to Sam. Sam is now pointing the gun with one hand and holding the penis with the other. The doctor has taken cover underneath the operating table.

SAM
I must say, you may not have a
dick, but boy, do you have balls. I
may be able to use you in a few of
my films.

RICKY
Fuck you, asshole. I'm not leaving
without my penis.

SAM
Well, it looks like you don't have
a choice.

RICKY
Why me? Why? What did I ever do?

SAM
Well, just wrong place, wrong time.

VANESSA
You were an easy mark, Ricky. Don't
you know to never accept a drink
from strangers.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa and Karen are in their bra and panties. The girls are holding full shot glasses. Vanessa hands Ricky a shot. All three of them take it.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

RICKY
You sneaky bitch.

SAM
You see Ricky, this is something
we've been planning for months.
It's an idea I've kicked around for
quite a while. I'm always looking
for new freaks for my films.

RICKY
So, you are going to use my dick on
her for your films?

SAM
Oh yes, can you imagine? The first
girl in porn with a surgically
transplanted penis? The sales will
be through the roof. You're just a
victim of circumstance, as is
Karen.

RICKY
Why Karen?

SAM
Vanessa is on those social
networking sites, and Karen was
easy pickings. A fat, desperate
lesbian from Indianapolis was
easily swept off her feet by my
beautiful Vanessa.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

It just took a few months of love and suggestion to get this to work. Vanessa drove to Indy, moved in with Karen, and as I like to say, history is now in the making.

RICKY

But how did you cut it off?

SAM

Vanessa here is a certified nurse.

VANESSA

And with a little help from Dr. Sanchez, he guided me on the phone through the procedure. Amazing, right?

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa sits in a chair next to Ricky's bed, over Ricky's sedated body. She has the phone in one hand and a scalpel in the other. Various medical tools are spread across the bed.

Karen is passed out drunk in her bra and panties at the feet of Vanessa.

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - DAY

RICKY

You are one sick fucker.

SAM

One sick, RICH, fucker!

The glare from the light bouncing off a scalpel next to Ricky catches Ricky's attention. He glances at it, but doesn't let Sam or Vanessa catch on.

RICKY

I'll give you one last chance, before I have to kill you. Give it back.

SAM

Oh yea, and what are you going to do?

RICKY

Just look behind you.

Sam and Vanessa quickly turn around to look. While they turn around, Ricky grabs the scalpel and hides it in his hand.

SAM

Haha, nice try kid. Now I'll give you the chance to live, or you can die.

Ricky throws the scalpel at Sam, piercing through his forehead, killing him instantly. The gun in his hand flies across the floor, landing at Ricky's feet.

Sam's dead body lies on the floor with the scalpel sticking out of his forehead.

Ricky picks up the gun and points it at Vanessa.

RICKY

Now, you get the fuck out! You're lucky I don't kill you.

VANESSA

Ricky, I'm sorry, I never wanted to...

RICKY

NOW!

Vanessa scrambles out of the room.

RICKY

Now, doc, you're gonna put my penis back on. Get up!

Dr. Sanchez crawls from underneath the operating table.

DR. SANCHEZ

Ok, yes, sir. Let me just give you some anesthesia and...

RICKY

No, I'm going to be awake. And if you fuck it up, or if my dick doesn't work right, I will kill you on the spot.

Ricky hops on the operating table and pulls down his pants. He unwraps the gauze.

Dr. Sanchez stands above him. He looks nervous about successfully pulling off the procedure.

DR. SANCHEZ
Look, I'm not sure that this is
actually going to work.

RICKY
It has to work.

DR. SANCHEZ
I've tried it on over a hundred
German Shepherds. Only two were
successful. And one of them, it
shriveled up and fell off.

Ricky points the gun at Dr. Sanchez.

RICKY
Doc, get it done and do it right.
Your life depends on it.

DR. SANCHEZ
Yes sir. Now this needle is going
to numb the area.

RICKY
No, no, no. I'm going to be awake.
I don't trust you.

DR. SANCHEZ
Fine, have it your way.

Dr. Sanchez hovers over Ricky. He starts working.

Ricky clutches the gun tightly. His face stretches from the
pain.

RICKY
AHHHHHHHHH!

INT. INDIANAPOLIS PRISON - DAY

Ricky is in a cell by himself. On the wall, he hangs up a
picture of LaTonya and Matt holding a baby.

RICKY (V.O.)
I made it back from Mexico. Thank
God for Matt. He bought me a ticket
home.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT

Ricky steps off the plane. He's has an aura of excitement. That's quickly diffused by a group of OFFICERS who point their guns at him.

RICKY (V.O.)

When I arrived from Mexico, I was greeted by the Indianapolis police department to face various charges, including kidnapping, breaking and entering, robbery, assault with a deadly weapon, the list kept going on. All the charges were dropped except for one.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS COURTROOM - DAY

Mrs. Bash has her head wrapped in bandages and her leg is in a cast. She's sitting on the stand with her crutches leaning against the stand.

She points at Ricky.

MRS. BASH

I told you I'd get your ass, Rick!

RICKY (V.O.)

Matt's bitch of a mother still wanted to press charges. But hey, I knew I had it coming. At least my dick works. I couldn't keep it out of the papers, they had a great time with those headlines.

Various news headlines scroll across. Including "Ricky Got His Dicky," "Ricky Not so Long," "Don't Steele his Ricky."

RICKY (V.O.)

I spilled it all. Sam Steele got what he deserves.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS HIGHWAY

Sam Steele is in an orange prison jumpsuit, picking up trash along the side of the road. He still has his bleach blonde spikey hair and manages to still look like a asshole in his uniform.

A car stops along side the road. It's the two midgets who worked for Sam.

From the passenger side window, the midget with a glove on throws a brown substance and it hits Sam in the face.

Sam touches his face. The brown substance sticks to his fingers. He smells it.

SAM

What is this dog shit?

He gives it another smell.

SAM

IT'S FUCKING DOG SHIT!

The midgets give Sam the middle finger and drive away laughing.

RICKY (V.O.)

So, here I am, stuck for the next year and a half. But there is some good news. Matt and LaTonya are now happily married, and just had their first child, a little boy.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS HOSPITAL - DAY

Matt holds LaTonya's hand, while LaTonya lies on the hospital bed, her legs akimbo.

MATT

Push, push, you're doing great.

LATONYA

Eww, fuck you motherfucker. Eww, I hate you, I hate you, I HATE YOOOOUUU!

INT. INDIANAPOLIS PRISON - DAY

Ricky lies on the bed, looking up at the ceiling.

RICKY (V.O.)

And Vanessa, that bitch. Last I heard, she was stuck in Mexico, giving hand jobs to day laborers.

EXT. MEXICAN ROAD - DAY

Vanessa is on the side of the road, in a slutty outfit, trying to pick up guys who drive by. Her clothes are tattered and she looks worse for the wear.

RICKY (V.O.)
Karen, on the other hand, has
transformed her life.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS PARK - DAY

Karen walks hand in hand with an attractive woman through the park. She looks much happier, prettier, and has lost a lot of weight.

RICKY (V.O.)
She's lost eighty pounds and gained
a lot of self-esteem. Her new
girlfriend really loves her. She
even visits me once in a while.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS PRISON - DAY

Ricky sits up in bed, resting his elbows on his knees.

RICKY (V.O.)
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a
shitty lunch to eat.

Ricky stands up next to the bars and they slide open.

RICKY
See you in a year and a half.

FADE OUT.

THE END

