

LET'S GET IT STARTED

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

DEAN and TOM are both (18) and asleep in a dark and seedy teenage bedroom.

Dean is asleep on the floor. He isn't a particularly good looking guy but has a certain charisma about him.

He wakes. He appears hung-over and confused.

DEAN

Tom? Tom, fucking wake up.

Tom is asleep on the bed. He's a little too skinny and is about as good looking as Dean.

Dribble stain beside Tom's mouth.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Tom.

Dean throws a soda can at Tom's head. Tom finally comes around, he also seems confused and hung-over.

TOM

Dean. Ar, man, what the hell happened last night?

DEAN

Must have been heavy.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Super: **Last night.**

A huge teenage party is in full swing. There's hot girls and alcohol everywhere. The MUSIC is turned up to the max. It's an awesome party.

A window across the street has its light on.

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Dean and Tom are playing a violent zombie-shooting game on a computer console.

TOM

Dean, this game is awful.

Deans upper body moves as he plays.

DEAN
That's because you suck at it.

TOM
I do not suck.

DEAN
You undeniably suck, at life that is. Tom, how many times have you died?

Tom dies.

TOM
Ah come on. Fucking shit game.

Tom throws his controller on the floor.

DEAN
Watch it.

Loud THUMPING music.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Oh come on, that's too fucking loud.

They both go to the window.

Jeff is standing on the roof above the pool. He looks like a typical high school jock.

He jumps into the pool. The crowd CHEERS.

TOM
That can't be safe.

Jeff climbs out of the pool, a hot girl wraps her self around him. They kiss, passionately.

DEAN
Fucking Jeff, I hate him.

TOM
Gotta give it to him though, he throws a good party.

Dean doesn't look impressed.

DEAN
You wanna watch a zombie movie?

TOM
Sure, why not.

End flashback.

DEAN
I can't remember a thing. Do you
wanna get a sundae?

TOM
Yeah, come on. It fucking stinks
in here.

INT. DINER - DAY

The 1960s diner. A young mother and her baby are occupying a
table booth near the entrance.

Dean is sitting at a table, in a world of his own.

Tom is waiting by the serving bar also in a world of his own.

A large and extremely sweaty CHEF emerges from the kitchen,
holding an ice-cream sundae.

CHEF
Here.

Tom's miles away.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Gormless.

TOM
Yes?

Tom finally notices the sundae.

TOM (CONT'D)
Oh, thanks, Chef.

CHEF
Is that another one for your
boyfriend?

TOM
My boyfriend?

CHEF
Ya'know; your other half, your
homosexual lover, your pipe
cleaner, your rat catcher--

TOM
I'm not following.

The chef smirks, returns to the kitchen.

Tom looks confused. He takes the sundae over to Dean and takes a seat.

TOM (CONT'D)
And here's your free of charge
sundae, your second free of charge
sundae. I can't keep giving these
away, Dean.

Dean is distracted by something behind Tom.

DEAN
What's your point?

TOM
Are you listening to me?

DEAN
Trying not to.

Dean turns his attention to Tom and eats a spoonful of his sundae.

TOM
You know I can get fired for giving
away free food.

DEAN
Yeah, yeah sure whatever, free
food, fired, fuck off.

Dean is distracted.

TOM
What are you--

Tom turns to see what Dean's looking at.

The young mother is breast feeding her baby, one of her breasts is on show.

The mother looks up and sees the boys watching. She looks disgusted.

The boys throw their faces back to each other.

TOM (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

DEAN

Did she see us?

TOM

I think It's pretty fucking obvious she did.

DEAN

It's your fault. You made it too obvious.

TOM

How exactly did I make it obvious?

DEAN

Check if she's looking.

TOM

No. Just don't fucking look. Jesus.

DEAN

She caught us once already, what difference does it make?

Tom ignores Dean.

TOM

What's wrong with you? You shouldn't be watching that sorta shit.

DEAN

She has a great rack, she does. And it's just hanging the fuck out. She wants us to look.

TOM

It's disrespectful. Your mom breast fed you. Would you have liked people watching her?

DEAN

I wouldn't give a shit, I wasn't breast fed.

TOM

Oh, you were.

DEAN

You were there were you?

TOM

Pretty much everyone's breast fed.

DEAN

Well that's a made up, shitty lie.

TOM

Over seventy percent of people are breast fed.

DEAN

I'm still under the odds.

TOM

What?

Dean eats more of his sundae.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm lucky to have this job with you always hanging around.

DEAN

What the fuck does it matter? We go to college in a few days you idiot.

TOM

Well, you're not getting anymore free food.

DEAN

What? What is this? Is this about the whole titie thing?

Dean says that too loud, while he points toward the women.

TOM

I don't know what your talking about.

DEAN

You're jealous.

Tom looks confused.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Because you're scared to look at the female breasts and I'm not.

TOM

Hey. I told you that in strict confidence. You said you wouldn't fucking joke about it.

DEAN

It's hard not to.

Dean eats more of his sundae.

TOM

I'm not scared. I've just never found them the most attractive part of a women. I don't remember why.

DEAN

No, just on your men.

Dean gestures towards the chef.

The chef is wiping the sweat off his forehead with a cloth. He then wipes the counter with it.

TOM

Just forget it.

DEAN

So what's the point in you working here if I can't get any free shit?

Dean eats too much of his sundae and suffers from brain freeze.

TOM

I suppose you're right.

Tom looks around the diner, bored of Dean's conversation.

DEAN

I can't believe we didn't get invited to Jeff's party last night.

TOM

Who cares, man?

DEAN

Even that retard thick Mick got invited.

TOM

Would you really have gone to Jeff's party? That guy's a complete asshole. And a dick.

INT. GRADUATION HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The hall is full of students. The PRINCIPAL is standing behind a podium. A dozen students are lined up, waiting to make their speeches. Tom steps forward, Dean is waiting behind him.

TOM

Hey there. Hello. First, I wish
all of you, my friends, all the
best in the future.

JEFF SHOUTS from the crowd. He's a typical popular high
school jock, a natural idiot.

JEFF

You have no friends.

The crowd LAUGHS. Tom looks destroyed and steps back.

PRINCIPAL

Now, now.

Dean is reluctant to step forward but the principal urges
him. Dean opens his mouth.

JEFF

Virgin.

The crowd LAUGHS again. Dean steps back.

END OF FLASHBACK.

TOM

Jeff never liked either of us,
because of you.

DEAN

Please, he's totally forgot what
happened between us.

TOM

What the fuck did you do? You
never actually told me. He just
hates me.

DEAN

It doesn't matter.

TOM

Emma and Sam went to that party.

DEAN

Fuck, I know, man. I thought they
were better than that.

TOM

Yeah

DEAN

We need to have a party before college.

TOM

Well, we don't, not really.

DEAN

We can't go to college with no sex under our belts.

TOM

That sounds stupid.

DEAN

No, it doesn't. We're gonna go to college depressed, lonely virgins.

TOM

I'm not depressed.

DEAN

Teenage parties are guaranteed sex, we party. We mate, you know how it works.

TOM

That sounds even more stupid. And I don't care about being a virgin, it's you--

DEAN

Oh shit.

TOM

What? What is it?

Tom turns to see.

EMMA and SAM have entered the diner, they're both (18) and very cute but not the best looking girls.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Sam waves to the boys. Tom gives a pitiful wave back then turns to Dean.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shit, they're gonna come over here aren't they?

Dean looks up.

DEAN

Yep.

Sam comes over to the table. She's very friendly.

SAM

Hey guys.

DEAN

Hey.

TOM

Hey Sam. How are you? Here sit down.

SAM

Wow, Tom, your looking good as ever.

Sam tugs on his hideous T-shirt in a flirty way as she sits down.

TOM

Yeah, it's the first thing I picked up. I fucking hate it.

DEAN

No you don't.

Emma comes to the table and sits down next to Dean.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Emma, hey. How are you?

EMMA

I'm good thanks, how's it going?

Dean's very nervous.

DEAN

As shit as ever.

EMMA

Oh, cool, I think.

TOM

At least he's consistent.

SAM

How come you guys weren't at Jeff's party last night?

DEAN

Well, actually we--

TOM
Watched yet another zombie film at
my house.

DEAN
What he said.

SAM
Sounds nice.

DEAN
So, how was the party?

EMMA
It was kinda, okay I suppose. You
guys should have come.

DEAN
We will next time, for sure. It
was a zombie-comedy, so we had a
pretty great time.

SAM
That's right, you guys love
zombies, don't you.

DEAN
Yeah, we love em.

TOM
He loves em.

SAM
That's great, so we were just
saying that it would be nice if you
would come to the movies with us
later?

EMMA
It's a zombie-horror?

Dean considers the invitation--

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT (DAYDREAM)

The theatre is empty except for Dean, Emma, Sam and Tom,
sitting in the middle row, and a fat guy sitting two rows
directly in front of them.

BONE CRUNCHING and HORROR NOISES, the fat guy is RUSTLING his
popcorn, LAUGHING hysterically.

Dean gets more and more agitated, until finally--

DEAN
Will you shut up you fat bastard,
it's a horror.

END OF DAYDREAM.

DEAN (CONT'D)
--Maybe another time.

Tom looks confused, the girls look disappointed.

EMMA
Oh, okay then.

SAM
So what are you guys gonna do for
your last weekend at home?

TOM
Well, it will probably be the same
as all our weekends.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

MONTAGE

In the bedroom, Dean is playing a video game, whilst Tom lays on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

DEAN
What the fuck, this game's
bullshit.

In the living room, Dean and Tom are watching a scary film. They're almost cuddled up in fear. They realize how close they are, and Dean pushes Tom straight off the sofa.

END OF MONTAGE/FLASHBACK.

SAM
I thought you two might have
celebrated.

TOM
Na, it's no big deal.

Dean peeks at the breast feeding mother again. Emma spots him and begins to turn around.

Dean desperately tries to grab Emma's attention.

DEAN

Ah, err, are you doing anything then?

EMMA

No not really, just the movies later. Are you sure you don't wanna come with us?

DEAN

Yeah, a better time then defiantly.

EMMA

No time like the present.

DEAN

We--

TOM

Dean, you ready to go?

DEAN

Yes.

TOM

I'm just gonna say goodbye to chef.

Tom gets up.

TOM (CONT'D)

I guess, I'll see you guys later, maybe?

EMMA

I'm sure you will.

TOM

Okeydokey?

SAM

Bye, Tom.

DEAN

Meet me outside.

Tom turns and is clearly embarrassed about what he said.

The chef is sitting in a chair, with his feet up on the counter. He's reading a magazine about pottery.

TOM

I'll come see you before I go to collage. Okay, chef?

CHEF
I can't see you.

TOM
I'm sorry?

The chef ignores Tom. Tom looks confused but heads for the exit.

He walks past the breast feeding mother and can't resist a look.

She catches him, it's too late to turn back.

TOM (CONT'D)
Shit, I'm so sorry. I'm not one of those pervs who stare or anything like that. Honestly, I think they're disgusting.
(beat)
No, I didn't mean, erm, I'm just gonna. Go.

The woman looks disgusted. Tom rushes out the door.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Tom searches for Dean. He spots him further down the sidewalk.

Dean is still eating his sundae.

TOM
Ah man. Go take that shit back.

DEAN
No fucking way. I'm not gonna waste it. I'll just bring it back later.

TOM
Fuck. I can get in real trouble for that.

DEAN
Calm your shit. Okeydokey? What the fuck are you, twelve?

TOM
Forget about that, why didn't we go to the movies with them?

DEAN

Do you know how fucking awkward it
is in the movies?

TOM

It can't be that bad.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT (DAYDREAM)

Tom's daydream is exactly like Dean's from earlier, minus the fat guy.

As the same HORROR SOUND EFFECTS come on, the girls get scared and bury their heads into the boy's chests.

Dean and Tom high five each other with an extremely cheesy grin.

END OF DAYDREAM.

DEAN

It ain't all that easy putting your
arm around them. It's like a
fucking bomb defusal.

TOM

What the fuck do you know?

Dean rounds the corner.

He walks into someone, drops the glass and it SHATTERS.

SARA, and behind her stands her friend, JANE.

They are both hot blonde cheerleader type girls, wearing slutty, revealing clothes.

DEAN

Sara. I'm--

SARA

Sorry, maybe?

DEAN

Um, yeah, that's what I was looking
for.

SARA

Jane, did he get any on me?

Jane gives Sara the once over, her clothes are fine.

JANE
No, you're good.
(to Dean)
You should watch where you're
going.

DEAN
I know it's a thing I have--

TOM
Don't listen to him. We'll be more
careful in future.

SARA
Come on, Jane, let's get out of
here.

Sara and Jane continue walking.

DEAN
Stuck up bitches.

The girls spin around sharply.

SARA
You say something?

They march back up to the boys.

TOM
Err, he did.

Dean looks betrayed.

DEAN
Erm, yeah actually I did. We were
just wondering if you girls are
doing anything tonight?

Tom looks shocked.

SARA
Are you trying to ask us out?

DEAN
What? No. Of course not, don't
be fucking stupid-- Er it's just,
erm, we're having this, err.

Dean looks at Tom then back at the girls.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Party. Yeah, a party, and we
wondered if you wanted to come?

Tom looks shocked and doesn't know where to look.

TOM

Wh--

JANE

Really, you're having a party?

SARA

Will it be as awesome as Jeff's last night? I'm guessing you were there.

DEAN

Of course we were. Yeah, yeah totally. We're always throwing parties. People usually call me the, P-throw.

SARA

Excuse me?

DEAN

Er, the party-thrower? It doesn't matter. But yeah, it will be an awesome party.

SARA

Sure why not. We'll be there.

TOM

What?

JANE

Well, we wanted a party this weekend but no one would throw us one. If you guys think you can handle it--

DEAN

Fuck me. We'll be happy to throw it for you.

TOM

What?

Dean looks at Tom in an almost threatening way.

SARA

That's really cool.

DEAN

It's how we do.

JANE
So, where are you having this
hopefully-awesome party?

Dean thinks.

TOM
Yeah Dean, where are--

DEAN
Tom's house, of all places.

TOM
What?

DEAN
Yes, that is what we agreed
earlier.

TOM
I might have missed that bit.

JANE
I'm sorry, who's Tom?

TOM
That would be me.

JANE
Oh, sorry.

Tom looks hurt.

DEAN
Do either of you know where he
lives?

SARA
Nope.

JANE
Not a clue.

TOM
(to Sara)
You used to live like two doors
away from me back in third grade.

SARA
Oh, you're not that kid who used to
play in the backyard naked playing
with the hose pipe, are you?

Tom laughs nervously.

DEAN
He still does.

SARA

Yeah, I know where it is. Okay, cool, so we'll stop by later to check it's definitely on, okay?

DEAN

Oh it's on, it's totally on.

TOM

It might be on.

DEAN

No, no it's on.

JANE

We wanted a party this weekend and now you've given us one.

DEAN

You can make it up to us later if you want.

SARA

Who knows what might happen?

Dean and Tom are stunned.

JANE

Bye boys.

Sara and Jane walk away.

Dean and Tom stand frozen on the spot, a look of disbelief and excitement on their faces.

TOM

What the fuck was that?

DEAN

A sign from God.

TOM

Dude, what are you fucking thinking? We can't have a party at my house. We don't know the first thing about parties. And especially not at my fucking house?

Dean walks over to his car. Tom follows.

DEAN

How hard can it be?

TOM

What the fuck man, we can't party with those girls. We can't.

DEAN

Listen to yourself. You've always hated yourself for being a loser. And the first chance you get to be someone you're not and you don't want to fucking take it?

TOM

I don't hate myself.

DEAN

You should.

TOM

They were the two hottest girls in school. Sleeping with all the popular, good looking, muscular football players.

DEAN

No wonder the chef thinks you're a fag.

TOM

Shut up. You know what I mean. They are years out of our league.

DEAN

No, they are just girls. Girls who always fucking get what they want. And right now they want a fucking party.

TOM

This is gonna be so embarrassing.

DEAN

Come on, what the fuck do you think might happen? Two of the sluttiest girls, and two sweet, innocent little virgins.

TOM

But at my house, why my house? Why not yours?

Dean gets in his car.

DEAN

Your moms away for the weekend, so it's perfect. Plus it's a great house. So stop your fallopian bitching and get in the fucking car.

Tom thinks for a moment.

TOM

P-throw? Who the fu--

DEAN (O.S.)

Get in the car.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

Dean is driving. They're still arguing.

TOM

We are in way over our heads here. These girls are expecting an awesome party, and we don't even know where to start.

DEAN

Exactly, and if we throw them an out of this world, bad ass, mother fucking, bitch slapping party, They'll just have to have sex with us.

TOM

You're such an idiot.

DEAN

If we give them this party, they'll have sex with us. Can't you see that?

TOM

You really think that's what will happen.

DEAN

Yes. First we'll get some kinda bad ass music setup, then get some mother fucking alcohol, then bitch slap some hot chicks.

TOM

We're totally fucked.

DEAN

Chill out, everything's gonna be fine.

TOM

Because you say it is.

DEAN

We'll go to your house and sort all this shit out.

TOM

As easy as that, huh?

DEAN

Yes, yes it is. And you do not want to go to college a fucking virgin.

TOM

I don't care about going to college a virgin. I care more about losing any social respect I've got.

DEAN

So you have nothing to lose.

TOM

You're an asshole.

DEAN

Come on, we'll get drunk, and bang these hot, slutty sluts. It's what we've masturbated over for years.

TOM

I hate those superficial, stuck up bitches. And you know how I feel about Sam.

DEAN

Sam? Sam's a frigid little bitch.

TOM

Fuck off.

DEAN

You've known her, what, your whole life? And not even a handjob to show for it.

TOM

Shut up man, you're unbelievable. She's funny, smart, pretty, down to earth, and I think she might actually like me.

DEAN

She doesn't like you. Nobody likes you.

TOM

Don't give me this shit. I know you feel the same for Emma.

DEAN

That's bullshit.

TOM

I'm your best friend. I know when you're lying.

DEAN

Okay, okay, but they don't like us that way. And they are far too good for us.

TOM

Fuck, you're right. For once.

DEAN

It's a real shame, I know. Guess we'll have to look elsewhere?

Dean awaits a reply.

TOM

I suppose.

DEAN

Yes. Now when does your mom get back from her porn weekend?

TOM

Tomorrow night.

DEAN

So it's perfect.

TOM

Oh yeah we've got plenty of time to trash my house before my mom gets home.

DEAN

It gives us plenty of time to clean up any shit and replace any broken junk you have in there.

TOM

I hate you so much right now.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A short while later.

Dean and Tom get out of the car.

Tom's mom's car is parked in the drive with the trunk open.

DEAN

What the fuck, she's still here.

TOM'S MOM comes out of the house dragging a suitcase while starring into her cell phone. She's a hot (32) year old.

DEAN (CONT'D)

There she is. Yep, she's still hot.

TOM

Please just shut the fuck up and don't say anything.

She throws her suitcase in the trunk of her car, slams the trunk and get in the front.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, Mom, all set for the weekend?

TOM'S MOM

Oh hey. Yeah, you just caught me.

She laughs at her phone.

TOM'S MOM (CONT'D)

Hey Dean, haven't seen you around for a while.

Dean leans against the car, trying and failing to look cool.

DEAN

Yeah well, I've been a bit under the weather and didn't want to pass it on to you--

Dean catches Tom glaring at him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Or Tom.

TOM'S MOM

I was joking, Dean. You're always here.

DEAN

Oh.

TOM

Shouldn't you be hitting the road, mom?

TOM'S MOM

Yes, but I've got enough time for a tweet.

Dean and Tom stand awkwardly waiting.

TOM'S MOM (CONT'D)

Just about to leave my son and his socially awkward friend the house for the weekend, so they're free to do puzzles or whatever shit it is they do.

Dean and Tom stand awkwardly.

Tom's mom starts the engine.

TOM'S MOM (CONT'D)

So you boy's planning anything this weekend?

The boys look suspicious.

TOM

What us? No, do we ever plan?

DEAN

Puzzle night tonight, ma'am.

Tom's mom's phone beeps, she reads it, looks at the boys and laughs.

TOM'S MOM

Okay so. Condoms are in my bed side cabinet. Just make sure you move the rug before the party starts, okay?

Tom buckles under the pressure and confesses.

TOM
I'm so sorry, I never--

TOM'S MOM
Just kidding, see ya boys.

She quickly drives off and out of sight.

DEAN
Stupid bitch, she totally bought
it.

Deans heads into the house.

TOM
That's my mom.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A large, spacious open-plan room, which comprises the kitchen and the living room, with a breakfast bar splitting the two.

Tom joins Dean who is standing on the spot, staring at a small dog and a small pile of faeces.

DEAN
What the fuck is this?

TOM
Damn it. It's my dickhead
neighbor's dog. Keeps getting in
the house and shitting everywhere.

Tom grabs some tissue out of a nearby cupboard and cleans up the mess.

Dean gets an idea. He rushes to the kitchen.

Dean searches the cupboards.

He grabs a bottle of laxatives and a slice of ham.

DEAN
I'm gonna teach that little penis a
lesson.

Dean pours out way too many pills into the ham and folds it.

TOM
No, that's way too much.

Dean picks up the dog and carelessly puts it outside. He throws the ham out after and SLAMS the door.

TOM (CONT'D)
Holy fuck. I wouldn't wanna hold
that dog.

DEAN
It can defecate all over it's own
fucking house.

Tom smiles at his hero.

Dean heads into the kitchen and starts looking through the
cupboards.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Fuck I'm hungry. There better be
some food left in here.

Tom starts gathering photo frames and other breakable objects
from the living room.

TOM
How can you be hungry? We've got
a lot of shit to do.

Tom starts rolling up the big rug in the living room.

TOM (CONT'D)
We better hide this. Incase she
really knew something.

Dean is taking packets out of a cupboard and throwing them
back in disgust.

DEAN
Your mom can lick my bag. This is
our party, not her's.

TOM
It's her house.

Dean is examining a food packet.

DEAN
What the fuck is, m, moos-lie.

TOM
Muesli. It's good actually, you
should try it.

Dean throws the muesli to one side and finds a bag of potato
chips. He heads over to the living room.

Tom is dragging the sofa over to the other side of the room.
Dean lays on it, forcing it to a halt.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you gonna help me or not?
You're the one who wanted this
stupid fucking party.

DEAN

Yes. I'm tackling the issue of the
music.

TOM

By doing what exactly?

DEAN

I'm thinking.

TOM

Jesus.

DEAN

Just chill out.

TOM

Stop telling me to chill out.

DEAN

Fuck me, damsel.

TOM

I don't want to look like a
complete idiot in my own house when
we have no music, no booze, and who
the hell are we going to invite?

DEAN

I didn't even think.

TOM

We're screwed.

DEAN

Could you make one of those shitty
facebook event things? And just
invite everybody from school.

TOM

Good idea.

Tom loads up his facebook on the nearby computer.

DEAN

Course it is.

Tom gestures to a plant on the table.

TOM

Hide that. It's a gift from my mom's sister, and it's God-damn expensive.

DEAN

I don't think people are gonna damage a few fucking twigs.

TOM

It's a very rare Japanese plant. Go hide it in my mom's room or something.

DEAN

Whoa, no fucking way, dude. I'm never going back in there. Not after last time.

INT. TOM'S MOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

DEAN (O.S.)

Ready or not, here I come.

A (10) year old Dean opens the door and enters.

Dean looks over to the bed. Tom's mom is asleep and on the pillow beside her is a big red dildo.

Dean looks very confused and quietly leaves the room.

END OF FLASHBACK.

TOM

For the last time, she does not have a big red-- I don't even want to fucking say it, it's disgusting.

DEAN

Hey, I know what I saw.

TOM

Yeah, whatever.

DEAN

You done it yet?

TOM

It's done.

Deans rushes over to the commuter screen. Leaving a mess on the sofa.

DEAN

How many we got? Twenty? Thirty?

TOM

One, actually, that was quick.

They take a closer look.

DEAN

Thick fucking Mick? No way. If that piece of shit comes, I'm not.

TOM

I've only just done it, give it a little while.

Tom continues party proofing the room.

DEAN

Right let's think, what can we use for the music?

TOM

I've got it.

DEAN

Go on.

TOM

My mom's CD player. It's perfect.

DEAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?

TOM

What? It's a great player. It plays three disks at once. It's just what we need.

DEAN

I think you're actually being serious.

TOM

Why wouldn't I be?

Tom sits on the sofa.

DEAN

These girls asked for an awesome party and in return will most defiantly give us awesome sex.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

You've met these girls. A CD player isn't even first base.

TOM

You sound like an idiot.

DEAN

Keep thinking.

Dean sits down on the sofa.

TOM

I've got it.

DEAN

If you say the radio, I'm gonna probably kill you.

TOM

Remember my sixteenth birthday party?

DEAN

I try not to. It totally sucked.

TOM

Well-- what? No it didn't.

DEAN

We spent all night playing video games while your uncle kept making us fucking balloon animals.

TOM

You remember the music setup I had?

DEAN

You just gonna talk in code or?

TOM

We had my cousins DJ setup, remember? He was a DJ before his accident and he probably still has all the speakers and shit.

DEAN

Oh yeah, Hoppy, right?

TOM

Yeah, he lives with my grandparents, just down the road.

DEAN

Well what are we waiting for?
Let's go get that retard's system.

Dean leaves the house. Tom following behind.

EXT. HOPPY'S HOUSE - DAY

The front lawn is perfectly kept. The grass is green and the flower beds are neat. There is a selection of gnomes around the yard's perimeter.

The garage door is open and a car has been rolled out onto the drive. A bucket of water and a sponge on the ground.

Tom knocks on the door.

DEAN

What accident did he have?

TOM

He lost his leg in a hit and run,
you know that.

DEAN

I know, I just like to hear it.

TOM

You're an asshole.

DEAN

A two legged asshole.

TOM

Oh shit, shit. He's not here, he's
away with his track team this
weekend.

DEAN

Fuck. And you forgot this little
insignificant detail?

TOM

Well, my grandparents will be here,
we'll have to ask them.

DEAN

Better knock louder.

Tom knocks again.

The door opens. TINA, Tom's grandmother.

Tina stands in the doorway in her dressing gown. She's very elderly.

TINA

Yes?

TOM

Hi, Tina, is Hoppy--

TINA

Who did you say it was?

Tina leans forward, squints her eyes, and peers very closely.

TOM

Erm, it's Tom, your grandson.

TINA

Ah, yes. Sorry dear, I don't have my glasses. And this must be little Jeremy.

Tina is in fact wearing her glasses.

TOM

Actually, no this--

TINA

Only he's not so little anymore.

DEAN

Yeah you better believe it.

TINA

Oh well, come in, come in.

Tina steps aside.

Tom enters. Dean follows.

INT. HOPPY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tina, Tom and Dean step into the living room. Asleep in an armchair is PAUL, Tina's husband.

The room is clean and tidy, but cluttered with ornaments.

DEAN

Who the fuck is Jeremy?

TOM

I don't know. Just play along, keeps it simple.

Tina sits in an arm chair.

TINA
Sit down boys.

The only other seat is a small sofa. Dean and Tom squeeze in uncomfortably.

There's a WHIRRING noise as Tina electrically reclines her armchair.

The recliner is slow, it takes time.

Dean and Tom wait.

The chair is finally reclined.

TINA (CONT'D)
Oh, would you take a look at Paul.

DEAN
He's adorable.

Tina tries to shout, but her lungs aren't what they used to be.

TINA
Paul.
(beat)
Oh dear, he's such a heavy sleeper.
Jeremy, give him a little nudge,
would you?

DEAN
Let the old bastard sleep.

TINA
Nonsense. Not when we've got
company. Don't be shy.

DEAN
God damn it.

Dean creeps over to Paul and nudges his arm. Nothing.

He pushes again, a little harder. Still nothing.

DEAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Dean lowers his ear to Paul's face.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Uh, Tom, I don't think he's
breathing.

TOM
Oh my fuck. You serious?

Tom's outburst wakes Paul.

Paul shoots up very suddenly, scaring Dean.

PAUL
What? Who's there?

DEAN
Jesus fucking Christ. What the
hell is wrong with you old man?
You nearly gave me a fucking heart
attack.

TINA
Watch your language, Jeremy.

DEAN
I thought he was dead.

TINA
Nonsense.

DEAN
He was dead.

PAUL
I was asleep, you ignorant boy.

Dean squeezes back on the sofa. Tom is trying his best not
to laugh.

TINA
Paul, this is Tom and Jeremy.

PAUL
Is it now?

TINA
Paul, don't be so rude. They've
come for a little catch up. Isn't
that right boys?

Both grandparents look at the boys, awaiting conversation.

INT. HOPPY'S HOUSE - DAY

Super: **A while later.**

The room is silent. It is very awkward.

Dean and Tom whisper to each other.

DEAN

Don't cough. You'll give'em a heart attack.

TOM

Shh. They'll hear you.

DEAN

Don't be stupid, they're deaf as bats.

TOM

Good smarts, bats are blind.

DEAN

Bullshit. How would they fly the way they do?

TOM

They use their ears.

Dean looks very confused.

TOM (CONT'D)

Just ask them for Hoppy's decks and we can get the fuck out of here.

DEAN

You ask them, they're your family--

Tina slowly leans in there direction.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What's she doing?

TINA

You two wouldn't know what them smelly herbs we found in Hoppy's room are, would you?

TOM

No, sorry. Now we're on the subject, we were just wondering if Hoppy still had his decks?

TINA

Decks? We never had any deck chairs.

TOM

No, no I mean all the equipment and speakers he had from when he was a DJ?

TINA

Oh I see. Well he has a load of old stuff in the garage. Doesn't really play with it any more. Not since, well, you know--

DEAN

Since he dented my car.

TINA

I'm sorry?

TOM

Yeah, so, you think it would be okay if we borrowed some of it, Just for tonight?

TINA

Oh, I don't know. You better ask Paul.

Everyone looks at Paul, who is staring into space.

TOM

Paul?

A moment passes.

DEAN

Old man.

PAUL

What is it?

TOM

Can we borrow some of Hoppy's stuff from the garage?

PAUL

I have no idea what you're talking about, but the answer is no. Hoppy's not here to ask. Tina, you know how he loses it when people touch his stuff.

TINA
Sorry boys.

The boys look defeated.

TINA (CONT'D)
I'll pop the kettle on. You want
some tea?

DEAN
No.

TOM
No thank you.

TINA
Okay, I'll go make some.

Tina gets up and slowly makes her way to the kitchen.

Paul gets up very slowly and walks towards the television.

DEAN
Fuck me, it's like a Romero film
set. Let's go.

TOM
What about the tea?

Dean leaves anyway and Tom reluctantly follows.

EXT. HOPPY'S HOUSE - DAY

They walk out of the house and toward the sidewalk.

Dean kicks a gnome in anger.

TOM
It's rude, you know? Not even
saying goodbye.

DEAN
Don't worry, they'll forget we were
here in about thirty seconds. Ah,
fucking old people. What a waste
of time. Fuck.

TOM
I wonder what we'll be like when
we're that old?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAYDREAM)

A very old Tom, is sitting in an armchair, reading a newspaper and sipping a cup of tea.

The room is in complete silence.

END OF DAYDREAM.

TOM

I can't wait.

DEAN

That's it, we're fucked. No music.
No party, means no wild fucking
sex.

TOM

I hate to say it, but that CD
player is starting to look pretty
good right now.

Dean stops suddenly. Tom almost walks into him.

TOM (CONT'D)

I was joking.

DEAN

Wait, what did that senile old
bitch say?

TOM

Watch your language?

DEAN

No. She said the shit is in the
garage. The door's still open.

Dean head into the garage. Tom follows.

TOM

What are you doing? Dean stop. We
are not stealing from my family.

INT. HOPPY'S GARAGE - DAY

The garage is as tidy as the yard.

Dean and Tom are standing over a sheet covering something.

DEAN

Listen, just calm ya shit.

DEAN (CONT'D)

It's not stealing, it's borrowing,
only without permission. There is
a big-- a huge difference.

TOM

How is it any different?

DEAN

Since when do thieves ever take
shit back?

TOM

No, I'm sorry.

DEAN

Look, are you really gonna let
those walking dead mother fuckers
in there hold you back at your
first real chance of getting some
actual sex?

TOM

Jane is pretty hot, isn't she?

DEAN

So fucking hot. That's why this
has been written.

TOM

You make it seem like it's your
life mission to get laid with these
girls.

DEAN

No, just an objective.

TOM

Now who's talking in code?

DEAN

It's an objective. Life is the
mission and this is an object--
ah, just forget it.

TOM

You've been playing those video
games too much.

DEAN

Stop being a bitch man, please?

TOM

Why is this such a big deal to you?

DEAN

This is a golden opportunity, and I don't want to be a fucking virgin forever man. Please.

TOM

Neither do I, but there has to be another way other than prison.

DEAN

Come on, they'll never fucking know. They're blind anyway.

TOM

You don't know that, and what if we get caught?

DEAN

We won't. We'll get it back safe and sound, before the sandbags even notice.

Tom comes to a conclusion.

TOM

Okay. Let's do it.

Dean is overjoyed.

TOM (CONT'D)

But if I end up in jail, getting beat up, or publicly humiliated. Are friendship will cease to exist.

DEAN

What friendship?

They turn to the sheet.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You wanna do the honors?

TOM

No, this is all you.

Dean pulls the sheet away to reveal-- A lawn mower.

DEAN

What the fuck?

They turn around to see the music equipment is stacked behind them.

TOM
Well that was stupid.

Dean picks up a speaker--

TINA (O.S.)
Paul dear, fetch a bag of sprouts
from the freezer will you.

The side door to the house opens and out walks Paul, in plane sight of the boys.

Dean and Tom freeze, like statues.

Paul pulls a bag of french fries out of the freezer and heads back into the house.

The tension breaks.

Paul stops in the door way.

It's suddenly very tense again.

He continues into the house.

DEAN
See, no problem.

TOM
That was too close.

DEAN
Hey come on. I've never let you
down before.

EXT/INT. HOTEL/HOT TUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dean, Tom, and an unattractive GIRL are in a hot tub. The situation is very awkward.

GIRL
Could one of you go and get my
friends? They'll join us.

Tom starts to climb out.

DEAN
Yeah, I'll go.

Dean pulls Tom back in and gets out.

TOM
Hurry back.

DEAN
Two minutes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Dean is asleep on the bed, SNORING.

INT. HOT TUB

Tom and the girl share awkward smiles.

END OF FLASHBACK.

TOM
I guess not.

Tom sighs, picks up a speaker, and follows Dean out of the garage.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A while later.

Dean is looking through Tom's refrigerator, again. He swigs straight from a carton of milk.

Dean doesn't realize he has a white upper lip.

A song plays: (Village People "Y.M.C.A.")

Dean spins around,

Tom is standing by Hoppy's music system, which has now been set up.

Tom is very quietly mouthing the words of the song.

DEAN
Okay, first of all--

Tom realizes Dean is watching. He quickly turns off the MUSIC.

TOM
What is it?

DEAN
I'm in charge of the fucking music tonight.

TOM
I was only checking the track list.

DEAN
Sure you were.

TOM
It's a classic.

DEAN
Delete that fucking song. People
think we're gay as it is.

TOM
It's already done. I see Jeff made
you his bitch again.

Dean notices the milk on his lip, and wipes it off.

DEAN
Funny.
(beat)
I'm starving. How can you not be
hungry? Where's the food in this
fucking house?

TOM
Forget food.

Dean gulps down the last of the milk, this time wiping his
mouth afterwards.

He puts the carton on the side and looks in the nearest
cupboard.

He pulls out a soda can.

DEAN
You want one?

TOM
Yeah, fuck it.

Dean takes out another can and throws it to Tom.

Tom fails to catch it and it explodes on the floor, spraying
soda everywhere.

TOM (CONT'D)
Why the fuck did you do that?
Come clean it up, quickly.

DEAN

There was nothing wrong with the throw. You clean it up.

TOM

Well at least hand me a towel. Fuck, this floor gets sticky easily.

Dean throws Tom a towel. Tom doesn't catch it either. Dean rolls his eyes.

Tom starts cleaning up the mess.

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't you think we should be thinking about our next move? Like alcohol, maybe? Or the guests?

They both realize and rush to the computer.

Mick Ryan is still the only attendee, he also commented on the wall. "Can't wait to party down with you dudes"

DEAN

Oh fuck no.

TOM

Don't panic, I've got an idea. I'll just say Sara and Jane are the hosts. See what happens.

DEAN

Why don't you invite your legion of friends that I've never met?

TOM

I'm not inviting my friends, you wont get along with them.

DEAN

You mean your dvd collection?

TOM

I have other friends, okay? You're not my only one.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Sara and Jane walk into the living room.

SARA

Hello boys.

JANE

Hello boys.

Dean walks to the kitchen area. Tom closes the computer screen.

DEAN
Hey, uh, girls. How's it going?

The girls ignore Dean. Sara spots the music system.

SARA
So it looks like we're still on tonight.

DEAN
Oh yeah it's on, it's definitely--

TOM
We get it, Dean. It's on.

JANE
Nice place you got here, Tim.

TOM
It's Tom.

JANE
Sure, whatever.

Sara and Jane join Dean in the kitchen, leaving Tom alone in the living room.

Tom runs up to the breakfast bar and slides over it.

Friction slows Tom down.

He falls off the other side and lands hard on the kitchen floor.

Nobody looks impressed.

JANE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Tom tries his best to hide his pain.

TOM
Fine. Yeah, I'm fine. I always do it like that.

JANE
Right.

SARA
So have you guys got any alcohol for tonight?

DEAN
We're working on it.

SARA
Doing what exactly?

DEAN
Well, technically, nothing yet.
We'll think of something when we
get to the store.

JANE
A little risky isn't it?

TOM
That's what I said.

DEAN
No you didn't, he said something
about a dvd collection.

SARA
Well make sure you do. We don't
want no fuck-ups tonight.

DEAN
And you wont get any. I promise.

JANE
So where you getting the smoke?

TOM
Well, my cousin has a smoke
machine, but that's mostly for
kid's discos.

Dean slaps his own forehead.

SARA
No, marijuana.

TOM
Marijuana? I don't, er-- Dean?

DEAN
We didn't even consider it.

JANE
Well, Jeff's party had smoke.

TOM
Did it?

JANE

I thought you were there.

DEAN

We were, but we just got super,
super, rape-drunk.

The girls look in insulted.

SARA

Well you better make sure get some,
you promised us a good party.

DEAN

Of course, we'll totally get the
smoke.

JANE

Good.

The girls walk toward the exit, the boys follow.

SARA

I hope you do. If not, we wont be
very impressed.

TOM

You girls sure like to party.

JANE

We do, so don't disappoint and
we'll make it a special night for
you boys.

DEAN

We won't. Can't wait.

TOM

Can't wait.

JANE

I always thought you guys were,
well, no offence, nerds.

TOM

Nerd is such a strong word.

DEAN

No, we were just trying to, err,
blend in.

JANE

Is that what it was.

They all look at each other. It's very awkward.

DEAN

Well, thanks for everything and we'll see you tonight.

JANE

Yes, you will.

Jane and Sara walk out of the house.

DEAN

Holy mother, Lord Jesus. You believe this shit?

TOM

I'm beginning to.

DEAN

They want us so fucking bad. Why the fuck didn't we have sex with them before?

TOM

They never even spoke to us at school. They thought we were nerds.

DEAN

Yeah, what the hell was that about? Us nerds? Please.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A young Tom and Dean sit in a classroom, writing in their books.

They're alone, the class hasn't yet begun.

Sara and Jane walk in the room, looking just as hot and slutty as in the present day.

SARA

Does either of you have a pen I could borrow?

Tom and Dean look at each other nervously. They gather all of their belongings and quickly leave the class room.

END OF FLASHBACK.

TOM

Yeah I don't get it either.

DEAN

How are we gonna get the alcohol?

TOM

We'll just have to ask someone to buy it for us.

DEAN

Who's stupid enough to do that?

TOM

I don't know.

DEAN

How are we gonna pay for it?

TOM

Well. That's where I come in. My mom left me her credit card in case of emergencies.

DEAN

I love your mom.

TOM

What about the drugs? We seriously gonna do this?

DEAN

We can't hold out on these girls. It's only a little narcotics.

TOM

Where the hell are we gonna get it?

DEAN

Hoppy's smelly herbs.

Dean heads for the door.

TOM

This isn't as easy as you thought it would be, is it?

DEAN

Come on shit sack.

EXT. HOPPY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dean and Tom are standing outside Hoppy's house.

TOM

How are you gonna do it?

DEAN
Which one is Hoppy's bedroom?

TOM
First on the left, I think--

Dean storms toward the house, he enters and leaves the front door wide open.

Tom stands impatiently, he nods to a neighbor.

Dean reappears and SLAMS the door, he walks with a straight face.

TOM (CONT'D)
What?

Dean ignores Tom, they walk toward Dean's car.

TOM (CONT'D)
You get it? Where is it?

DEAN
The guy's some sort of freak. He has some weird portrait of his family on his bedroom wall.

TOM
Did you get it or not?

They both get in the car.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY

They sit in the car.

TOM
Well?

Dean pulls out a huge bag of weed.

DEAN
Of course of fucking did.

The car shakes with their excitement. Dean start's the car.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dean and Tom are loitering the alcohol aisle in a large grocery store.

There is an OLD MAN with a cart full of alcohol, looking at the selection.

DEAN
That guy, he has be the guy. He'll help us.

Dean approaches the old man.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

OLD MAN
Yes?

DEAN
I was wondering if you could do me and my friend a tiny little favor--

OLD MAN
Do I look like a shmuck? Try the next one.

TOM
But you don't know what it is yet.

OLD MAN
You two are creeping around this aisle like an Englishman at an orgy.

TOM
Like a what?

The man heads out of the aisle.

DEAN
I hope you fall and break a hip old man.

The old man rounds the corner and disappears.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Do you just become an asshole when you hit fifty?

TOM
I don't know. But the hip thing, wasn't your best line.

DEAN
Well, I was waiting for my wingman to step in.

TOM
What? Did you just say that I'm
your wingman?

Dean ignores Tom.

A tall, muscular young man turns into the aisle and faces the shelves.

TOM (CONT'D)
What about that guy?

DEAN
He's below fifty.

Dean and Tom walk towards the young man.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Yo, bro. Bro.

TOM
What are you doing?

DEAN
I'm sounding cool. Trust me, it'll
work. Yo.

The man turns around, it's JEFF, Dean's arch enemy.

The boys stop dead in their tracks.

JEFF
Hey bro.

TOM
Oh shit.

DEAN
Oh shit, Jeff. What are, what are
you doing here?

Dean and Tom back up. Jeff advances.

JEFF'S FRIEND, appears behind them, blocking their escape.
He is huge, like a henchman.

Jeff and his friend are slowly closing the gap.

JEFF
You have no idea how long I've
waited to get you like this.

DEAN

Jeff, it was three years ago. I wasn't even there. I didn't tell anyone.

JEFF

Don't lie to me. It makes me wanna hurt you even more.

DEAN

Can we just talk about this?

JEFF

We're talking now, while you still can.

A feeble OLD LADY tries to come down the aisle, but Jeff's friend forcefully blocks her path.

JEFF'S FRIEND

Get out of here, old lady.

The old lady looks insulted and walks off.

TOM

What about me? I wasn't involved. I don't even know what happened.

JEFF

Shut up, Princess. If that is your real name.

TOM

Princess? Oh, this isn't another gay joke is it? Because we get a lot of--

DEAN

Tom, shut the fuck up.

Jeff picks up a heavy bottle of liquor and cradles it like a club.

JEFF

You made a big mistake doing what you did that day.

DEAN

I told you, I didn't tell anyone.

TOM

We're not at school kids anymore. What does it even matter?

JEFF
Your little boyfriend started a
rumor about me that will never die.

DEAN
(blurting it out)
It wasn't a rumor-- oh shit.

Jeff stares at Dean, he's only feet away.

He's just about to attack, when--

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Hey. What are you kids doing down
here?

The store's overweight, SECURITY GUARD has noticed the
commotion.

Jeff puts the bottle back on the shelf. The security guard
joins the group.

JEFF
Just browsing, Sir.

SECURITY GUARD
You boys ain't old enough to be
here.

DEAN
Sure we are.

SECURITY GUARD
Let me see your I.Ds.

Jeff removes a card from his wallet and hands it to the
security guard.

Jeff doesn't take his eyes off Dean.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Okay that's fine. Now yours.

DEAN
Me?

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, show me.

DEAN
Right, right. My I.D, which I
have.

Everyone is waiting while dean searches his pockets.

There is a lot of tension. Dean makes eye contact with everyone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Tom?

TOM

You thinking what I'm thinking?

DEAN

Usain this shit.

Dean and Tom sprint into the central isle.

CENTRAL ISLE

They run down the central aisle of the store. Jeff, his friend and the security guard are chasing them.

TOM

Dean, do something.

Dean grabs and swings a cart full of groceries behind him.

A lady drops her groceries on the floor, not realizing the cart is gone.

Jeff and his friend dodge the cart, but it hits the security guard, knocking him to the floor.

Dean and Tom have separated in the commotion.

Jeff and his friend have also disappeared. Dean stops to catch his breath.

DEAN

Tom? Tom, where are you?

Jeff's friend grabs Dean from behind.

JEFF'S FRIEND

Gotcha. Jeff, over here.

DEAN

Let me go man. I'll do whatever you want, please.

Dean grabs his collar and is thrusting him back and forth as he begs.

JEFF'S FRIEND

Get the fuck off me--

A purse swings in, whacking Jeff's friend in the face.

He lets go of Dean and holds his head.

It's the old lady he pushed out of the alcohol aisle.

OLD LADY
You rude young man.

DEAN
I'll take back what I said.

Dean continues running down the central aisle towards the exit.

Jeff and his friend are now running behind him.

As Dean runs, Tom appears, pushing a long line of carts across the central aisle between Dean and the bullies.

Dean and Tom both stop to catch their breath, as if it's all over.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Dude, that was awesome. I thought you abandoned me.

TOM
You're my wingman right.

They share a smile.

Jeff's friend is climbing over the carts.

TOM (CONT'D)
I think we better get going.

Jeff simply volts over the carts in one swift movement.

DEAN
Yeah, you're right.

Dean and Tom run out of the store.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dean and Tom run over to Dean's car.

Dean tries to slide across the hood. Friction stops him halfway. Awkwardly, he jumps off and gets into the car. Tom also gets in.

Jeff runs towards Dean's car, knocking over the old man who wouldn't help.

OLD MAN
Oh, my bloody hip.

Dean puts his car into reverse and floors the gas.

There's a CRASH as he hits a parked car.

TOM
Dean--

DEAN
Don't even look.

Jeff gets closer, Dean tries to pull away but reverses harder into the car.

TOM
What the fuck are you doing? Go forward.

DEAN
I'm trying.

He fumbles the gears and speeds away, just in time.

The car Dean hit is a Volkswagen Golf, with blacked out windows, and a body kit.

The licence plate reads: "J3FF 9".

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

Dean and Tom are out of breath and full of adrenaline.

TOM DEAN
Wahoo. Wahoo.

DEAN
We totally kicked his fucking ass.

TOM
That was some crazy shit. What the hell did you do to him?

DEAN
It doesn't matter anymore, it's over, he's defeated.

TOM
Not if he finds you again.

DEAN
No, that's how it works, I
humiliated him publicly, it's
finished.

TOM
You sure?

DEAN
Yes. Let's just get where we're
going.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK

Dean and Tom sit on the hood of Dean's car, watching the
liquor store.

TOM
Shouldn't we be doing something?

DEAN
We are. We're watching.

TOM
Watching what exactly? There's
nothing here.

DEAN
It's what you do. You've seen the
movies--

EMMA (O.S.)
Hey guys.

Dean and Tom jump out of their skin.

DEAN
Holy shit.

They see Emma.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, it's you.

EMMA
You okay there?

Dean stands closer to Emma, Tom stays on the car.

DEAN
Yeah. Yeah, you scared me.

EMMA
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. What
are you guys doing here?

TOM
We're watching.

DEAN
Just hanging around, ya know.

EMMA
Outside the liquor store?

DEAN
Yeah. Quite a lot happens here
actually.

Everyone looks at the store. There's no sign of life.
Emma laughs.

EMMA
You okay, Tom? You don't seem very
happy.

TOM
(sarcastic)
What? No, no I'm fine. Never been
better.

EMMA
Okay.
(to Dean)
You've upset him again.

DEAN
No. I actually haven't this time,
he's been bitching all day, I
don't know what's up with him.
Anyway, forget about him. What are
you doing here?

EMMA
Me and Sam are going to the movies,
remember?

DEAN
I vaguely recall something.

EMMA
Yeah, well, you didn't wanna come.

DEAN
Yeah we uh, we couldn't make it.

EMMA
Too busy watching the liquor store?

DEAN
Exactly. So where's Sam?

EMMA
Across the street getting some money.

DEAN
Look, Emma. It's not that I didn't wanna come, because I do, I really do.

EMMA
Then just come.

DEAN
I'm sorta tied up in something right now.

Sam joins Emma and Dean.

SAM
Hey, you guys coming now?

EMMA
No, they're not.

TOM
Sam. How are you?

Tom joins them.

SAM
I'm fine, thanks. You having a good day?

TOM
Yeah. Something like that.

SAM
What are you doing here?

TOM
I don't know. Ask Captain Wow here.

DEAN
We're throwing a little party tonight. Nothing major.

EMMA

We heard.

TOM

Really?

DEAN

It's only a stupid get together before everyone goes to college, that's all.

SAM

A get together with Jane and Sara?

TOM

Yeah, how did--

EMMA

We got the facebook invite.

TOM

Oh. How's that going?

SAM

Pretty much everyone from school is going.

DEAN

You shitting me?

EMMA

No. I didn't think you were really, party friends with the people from school.

DEAN

We were always kinda one of the guys. We used to joke a lot.

TOM

Did we?

DEAN

We did. Anyway the thing is, we've still gotta buy the alcohol for this damn party and--

SAM

Leaving it a little late, don't you think?

TOM

Thank you. I tried to tell him that.

DEAN

What? No he didn't. There is two of us doing this ya-know.

TOM

No, just you.

DEAN

You two got any ideas? We're really running out of time.

Emma looks into the alleyway next to the liquor store.

EMMA

Well, I've got one.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DUSK

The alleyway is dark, dirty and full of dumpsters.

Dean, Tom, Emma and Sam are standing around a BUM.

The filthy (40s) bum is asleep on the floor. His scruffy dog is also asleep beside him. He has a bagged bottle in his hand.

TOM

You can't be serious?

DEAN

It's the best we've got. It's all we've got.

TOM

Is that dog dead?

SAM

Someone should wake him.

DEAN

Emma, it was your idea.

EMMA

It's your party.

Everybody looks at Emma. She sighs.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Fine.

She bends down in front of the bum.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Sir? Sir, wake up.

The bum doesn't respond. Dean kicks his leg.

TOM

You can't--

The bum wakes up suddenly. He's dazed and confused.

BUM

What is it? I got no money.

The bum takes a gulp of whatever is in the bottle and spits it out.

SAM

Eww.

TOM

Nice.

EMMA

Excuse me, sir. Hi, my name is Emma and--

BUM

You ain't havin ma drink.

EMMA

No, no, it's not that. We need your help?

The bum checks over everyone and smiles.

He puts his hand up to be helped to his feet.

BUM

Then I'm your man.

TOM

But you don't know what it is yet.

DEAN

Shut up, Tom.

BUM

Will one of ya'll gimme a hand up?

No one wants to touch the bum. It's very awkward.

DEAN

Tom, help the man.

TOM

Why me?

DEAN

Because you're such a nice guy.

Tom sighs. Reluctantly, he grabs the bum's hand and heaves.

Eventually the bum is standing, but he keeps going and falls flat on his face, taking Tom underneath him.

Dean laughs a little too much.

Emma helps the bum to his feet.

Sam goes in to save Tom.

SAM

Tom, are you okay?

Sam helps him up, he's now stained and dirty.

TOM

Oh, yeah, I'm fine. Just lost my balance, that's all.

Tom and Sam look each other in the eyes. It's almost romantic, until--

BUM

What's the matter with you, boy?

TOM

Oh, I'm sorry for letting you fall on me. Thanks Dean, you were a great help.

DEAN

You did alright.

BUM

So, what can I do for you?

EMMA

Well, there's a big party happening tonight and obviously there has to be alcohol.

BUM

Can't live or die without it.

EMMA

Great, so if we give you some money
do you think you could go into the
store and buy it for us?

BUM

Oh.

DEAN

You can buy yourself a bottle out
of the money of course.

TOM

And soap.

BUM

I don't know. I could get into a
lot of trouble for that.

EMMA

Two bottles.

DEAN

What?

BUM

Done.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK

The Bum straightens his urine soaked clothes as if he had
just put on a tuxedo.

Dean hands the credit card over to the bum.

DEAN

For fuck sake. Do not mess this
up.

BUM

Don't worry, boy. I'm good at
this.

The bum trips on the step as he walks into the store.

Dean, Tom, Emma and Sam all walk towards Dean's car.

DEAN

So, are you two gonna come tonight?

SAM

Emma, what do you think?

EMMA
Sure, why not. It might be fun.

DEAN
You should totally come. It's
gonna be awesome.

SAM
I'm looking forward to it already.

EMMA
Okay, so we'll see you--

SARA (O.S.)
Guys. Get over here.

Sara and Jane are standing by Deans car.

DEAN
We'll be back in minute.

TOM
Wait right here, Sam.

The boys ditch Emma and Sam and run over to the girls.

DEAN
Hey, what's up?

SARA
You got the alcohol?

DEAN
We've got a guy on it.

SARA
Cool, and the smoke?

DEAN
Yes, we've got a really good smoke
machine.

A pause.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Only joking.

Nobody laughs.

TOM
Yeah, we've got it.

JANE

Cool. I'm starting to look forward to tonight.

TOM

You and me too-- I mean, both.

JANE

So it wouldn't be any trouble to get some pills, for tonight?

SARA

And we don't mean sleeping pills.

TOM

Come on now, that's a bit heavy isn't it?

SARA

We were under the impression that this party was gonna be awesome.

DEAN

No it is, that's why ecstasy is no problem for us. Yeah, so, whatever.

SARA

Good. Then we'll see you tonight.

JANE

And Tim, change your clothes.

The girls walk away from the boys.

Dean and Tom turn back to Emma and Sam but they're gone.

DEAN

Where'd they go?

DEAN'S CAR

The boys sit back on the hood and watch the liquor store.

This time they can see the bum through the window.

TOM

What the fuck. This is getting too far, not only weed, but pills?

DEAN

If we don't deliver, they won't deliver. Their vaginas.

TOM

Where the hell we gonna get
ecstasy.

DEAN

I saw a bottle of pills in Hoppy's
room. The guy's a fucking
pharmaceutical.

TOM

He'll fucking kill us if he finds
out what we've done.

DEAN

Who gives a shit. I'll just walk
away, one leg in front of the
other.

TOM

Why did you invite Sam and Emma to
the party?

DEAN

Why not?

TOM

If I do somehow end up with Jane, I
don't want Sam knowing about it.

DEAN

Why? She'll probably get jealous
and want you herself.

TOM

I like Sam, I don't want her seeing
me with Jane.

DEAN

But Sam's a virgin.

TOM

That's a good thing. So are we.

DEAN

Yeah but Sam's not gonna know all
the freaky shit that Jane does.

TOM

What freaky shit?

DEAN

I don't know, I'm still a virgin.
Which just proves my point.

TOM
What point?

DEAN
Shut up, here he comes.

The bum is carrying bags of alcohol. He's trying to push the door to leave the store, but he needs to pull it.

Dean and Tom rush over and push the door open.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Holy shit. You did it.

Dean tries to take the bags, but the bum pulls them away.

BUM
Where's the girl?

DEAN
She's gone you fucking perv, now
give me the bags.

The bum looks behind Dean and Tom.

BUM
Hey, there she is.

The boys turn around.

The bum bolts in the other direction.

Dean chases the bum toward the road.

DEAN
What the fuck?

Dean catches him on the sidewalk. He grabs the bags and pulls them back, the bum won't let go.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Let go, you asshole.

Tom watches them fight.

There's a car coming down the road beside them. Tom can see the inviability.

TOM
Oh shit, Dean.

The bum loses his grip and falls into the road.

The car SMACKS into the bum, he rolls over the hood and hits the floor.

He lays there, motionless.

Tom runs to the scene. Dean stares in shock.

The driver opens the window. It's Paul, Tom's granddad.

PAUL

Jesus Christ, Jeremy. What have you done?

DEAN

I didn't do anything. You shouldn't be driving, you're blind as a fucking bat.

PAUL

Why you little shit.

Paul is angry and slowly get's out of the car.

Tom arrives just as Dean turns and runs toward his car with the bags.

Tom takes the credit card from the bums pocket.

A muscular BALD MAN, standing on the other side of the road, is watching Tom.

He's carrying a golf bag full of clubs.

BALD MAN

Hey. You're robbing him.

TOM

What no, he doesn't need it anymore.

BALD MAN

You son of a bitch.

The bald man removes a club from his bag and starts running toward Tom.

TOM

Oh, fuck.

Tom starts running back to Dean's car.

Paul is standing over the bum, looking down on him. He's holding a napkin over his nose.

Dean and Tom have almost made it to the car. The bald man is close behind them.

DEAN
Hurry up you fucking pussy.

TOM
Holy shit.

Dean reaches the car and slides over the hood with the bags. This time the stunt is perfect.

DEAN
You see that shit? It was beautiful man. It was beautiful.

He throws the bags on the back seat and starts the engine. Tom is nearly there.

TOM
Wait for me.

Dean opens the passenger door.

DEAN
Jump you prick.

Dean starts to pull away.

TOM
What?

DEAN
Fucking jump.

Tom dives into the car, his legs still hanging out the door. The bald man puts several dents in Dean's tailgate with the golf club.

Dean speeds away.

Tom climbs in and shuts the door.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DUSK (TRAVELING)

Dean looks behind with his head out the side window.

DEAN
Unlucky, asshole.

Dean pulls his head back into the car.

The golf club knocks off the side mirror.

TOM

I think I just crapped my pants.

DEAN

What the hell was that guy's problem?

TOM

It could be because you just killed a homeless man.

DEAN

Piss off, I didn't do anything. He fell into the road. I'm sure he'll be fine.

TOM

He wasn't moving.

DEAN

He's fine, okay? Just leave it. For fuck sake.

TOM

Okay, okay. Just don't kill me.

Dean gives Tom an evil look.

DEAN

How the fuck am I gonna explain the damage to my parents?

TOM

I have no idea.

DEAN

This is bullshit. You know what they're fucking like--

INT. DEAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A 15 year old Dean and Tom are sitting at the dinner table eating with DEAN'S MOM and DEAN'S DAD.

Dean's parents are smartly dressed and appear very regal.

DEAN'S MOM

So Tom. How was school today?

TOM

I--

DEAN

Boring as hell.

Dean's dad SLAMS his fist on the table.

DEAN'S DAD

(furious)

That's enough. Not at the table,
Dean. I've told you before.

DEAN

Alright. Calm ya shit.

Dean's mom runs out of the room.

Dean's dad is very angry.

DEAN'S DAD

Get out.

DEAN

But I'm not finished.

DEAN'S DAD

Get out of my sight boy, before I
do something I'll regret.

Dean storms out of the room.

Tom is still at the table, looking awkward and scared.

Dean's dad continues eating and smiles at Tom.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DUSK

The house is all set for the party.

The drinks are laid out on the breakfast bar and the music
system is playing at a low volume.

Tom comes down the stairs wearing a hideous red and yellow
striped shirt.

Dean comes in through the front door, holding a little
bottle.

TOM

You get em.

DEAN
Course I did, it was easy.

INT. HOPPY'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Hoppy's room looks like an old person's bedroom. It's clearly Tina and Paul's.

There is a family portrait on the wall.

Dean recklessly searches for the pills.

DEAN
Fuck. Fuck.

He looks in a draw and pulls out a little bottle.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Yes.

He leaves the room.

MANLY VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Nan. Where the fuck are my herbs?

END OF FLASHBACK

Dean puts the bottle on a shelf.

DEAN
What the fuck is that?

TOM
What?

Tom looks behind him.

DEAN
That shirt.

TOM
I like how it feels on me.

DEAN
Come on, you're joking right?

Dean gets a beer and sits in the kitchen area.

TOM
No, I'm not, what's wrong with it?

DEAN
It's revolting.

Tom sits on a stool next to Dean.

Dean passes Tom a beer.

TOM
Thanks.

DEAN
I'm getting rape-drunk tonight.

TOM
I'm not, I wanna know what's going
on. After all, you know what
happened last time.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dean rushes to the bathroom and pukes in the toilet.

DEAN
Please stop, and I'll never drink
again.

He pukes again.

Tom appears in the doorway, holding his mouth.

Dean is in the way, so Tom pukes all over his back.

DEAN (CONT'D)
What's happening?

END OF FLASHBACK.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Don't even bring that shit up.

TOM
Well, we actually made a party.

DEAN
Of course we did. I said we would.

TOM
Getting all this together in less
than a day, that's good.

DEAN
Well it weren't as easy as all
that. We stole from Hoppy.
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

And we're banned from every
supermarket in town.

TOM

And you're on the run.

DEAN

You did all that with me.

TOM

Okay, we both stole from Hoppy.
But your nemesis destroyed half the
store. And I never pushed that bum
into the traffic.

Dean gets up and heads over to drinks.

DEAN

But you were present through all of
that. That's accessory.

TOM

So, we're both to blame.

DEAN

That's settled then.

TOM

If you say so.

DEAN

Did you shave your pubic hair?

TOM

What? No. Why the hell-- oh wait
you didn't--

DEAN

Of course I did. Girls dig that
shit. And, it makes it look
bigger.

TOM

Your ignorance offends me.

DEAN

Girls go crazy for a shaven ball
sack.

Dean scratches his crotch, then pours two shots.

TOM

You're totally right.

DEAN
So you ready for a bad ass, mother
fucking, bitch slapping party?

Dean hands Tom his shot.

TOM
Sure am, lets party like it's
nineteen eighty nine.

DEAN
Why?

TOM
I don't know, it was just something
to say.

DEAN
Let's get this shit started.

TOM
Mine was better.

They take their shot just as the door opens and guests
arrive.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The MUSIC is up high.

The whole house is packed with people.

There's a drinking game commencing in the kitchen.

Dean is partaking against MICK RYAN, a spotty skinny nerd.

In front of them on a table is three pints of beer and a
shot.

The crowd have gathered around.

GIRL IN CROWD #1
Ready? Go.

Dean starts drinking his first pint.

It takes him a while.

When he finishes, he SLAMS the glass down on the table.

Mick Ryan has finished his three pints and takes his shot.

DEAN
Holy shit. What the fuck?

MICK RYAN

Come get some.

The crowd CHEER Mick Ryan's victory.

Dean catches Tom in the corner of the kitchen, laughing.

Dean goes to Tom.

DEAN

What the fuck are you laughing at?

TOM

You just got beaten by Mick Ryan.
The biggest nerd in high school.

DEAN

Thick Mick fucking Ryan.

The boys notice Sara and Jane dancing in the living room.

People pour drink into their mouths.

TOM

Look at them.

DEAN

They're hammered.

Drink is spilled on the floor.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Good job you moved that stupid rug.

TOM

Nobody shows any respect.

DEAN

You just gonna stand here or are
you going to enjoy our party?

TOM

Mick Ryan is the only person here
that I know. I don't think any of
these people went to our school.

DEAN

Hey don't look at me, you did the
invites--

MICK RYAN

Hey.

Dean and Tom turn to Mick Ryan.

DEAN
What the fuck do you want?

MICK RYAN
Quiet loser--

TOM
Don't speak to him like that.

MICK RYAN
I'm sorry I didn't realize your
boyfriend had a sack, what are you
gonna do, Tom, huh?

TOM
You wanna know what I'll do?

DEAN
Just leave it, Tom.

The crowd watch on.

TOM
Drink off.

MICK RYAN
Drink off.

The crowd CHEER.

DEAN
No, Tom, you don't have to do this.

TOM
Dean, I've got this.

Tom steps up to the table. The drinks are set up for them
both.

MICK RYAN
Prepare to be destroyed.

The drink's are ready, the contestants prepare themselves.

GIRL IN CROWD #1
Ready, go.

Tom and Mick start their first pint.

Dean gets in Mick's face.

DEAN
You're going down, bitch.

They finish their first pint and start the next.

Dean is now next to Tom.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Go man, you can do this. This is
your chance to become a hero.

Tom pushes Dean out of his face.

They both finish their second and start their third.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You seeing this shit?

Tom simply drops the finished glass and takes his shot. Mick
stops drinking the pint.

MICK RYAN

No, that's impossible.

The crowd celebrate Tom's victory. Dean showboats far to
much. Mick retreats into the crowd.

DEAN

You did it, you were fucking
awesome.

TOM

I know man, we did it.

The MUSIC stops and everyone falls silent.

Sara and Jane are at the music system. They're both very
drunk.

SARA

Dean, get your ass up here.

JANE

Tim, and that shit shirt.

TOM

Fuck, this is actually gonna
happen.

DEAN

Come on.

They make their way to Sara and Jane.

BY THE MUSIC SYSTEM

Dean stands next to Sara, and Jane pulls Tom next to her.
The crowd watch on.

SARA
(to the crowd)
Whoa. You all better be fucked up.

The crowd CHEERS.

Sara throws her arm around Dean's neck and hangs off him.

Jane pours out four shots.

SARA (CONT'D)
We wouldn't be having this awesome
party if it wasn't for these guys--

GUY IN CROWD #3 (O.S.)
They suck.

JANE
These are the best hosts ever.

TOM
Probably not ever.

SARA
We made a deal with them. They
held up their end, so I guess, it's
our turn.

The girls full on snog the boys in front of everyone.

The crowd seems bored. The MUSIC comes back on and the crowd
continue partying.

Dean and Tom are in shock.

Jane hands them their shots.

SARA (CONT'D)
Go.

Sara takes hers.

Dean mimics taking the shot, he throws his glass behind him,
SMASHING it on the wall.

Jane lights her's and Tom's. Tom doesn't see this.

Jane blows her's out and takes it. Tom sips the shot.

He burns his face, SCREAMS and throws the shot away into the crowd.

TOM
What the fuck was that?

JANE
Come on.

The girls grab the boys and pull them into the crowd and toward the stairs.

Behind them, someone's back is on fire.

The girls drag them up the stairs.

Jeff and his friend enter the house.

JEFF
If you see either of them little pricks, you bring em straight to me.

They separate into the crowd.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Jane takes Tom into his own bedroom and SLAMS the door.

Sara opens the spare room door. Mick Ryan and a HOT GIRL are in bed together.

DEAN
No f-ing way.

Dean can't take his eyes off of them.

HOT GIRL
Close the door.

SARA
Come on.

Sara pulls Dean away and shuts the door. They go into Tom's mom's room.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane pulls Tom to the bed and sits down.

She takes her top off, revealing her bra and cleavage.

Tom is clearly uncomfortable.

Jane lies down.

TOM

Oh, you don't have to take that off.

JANE

What are you talking about?

TOM

It gets cold in here. Sometimes I have to wear two pairs of socks.

Jane sits up and moves closer to Tom.

JANE

You're not nervous are you?

TOM

What me? No.

JANE

Okay then. Let me make the first move.

Jane starts undoing Tom's pants.

TOM

Whoa, what are you doing?

JANE

Trust me. You'll like it.

TOM

No, no. I don't want it.

Tom tries to step back but Jane pulls his pants down.

Tom stumbles and falls.

JANE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Tom brings himself back to his feet and pulls up his pants.

TOM

I'm sorry, but could you possibly put your top back on?

JANE

So it's true. You're a homo.

TOM

What? No. No, I just don't wanna do this with you.

JANE

So you're saying I'm not good enough for you?

TOM

What, no.

JANE

I mean, yeah, I've put on a little weight recently--

TOM

No, it's not that. I just, I don't find you that attractive.

JANE

You fucking asshole.

Jane grabs her shirt.

She gets up and slaps Tom on the way out.

Tom looks confused and looks down at his shirt.

TOM

Fucking shirt.

He takes it off.

INT. TOM'S MOM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Dean is on top of Sara, making out.

SARA

I want it so bad.

DEAN

Really?

SARA

Don't you think this is hot?
Anyone could walk in on us.

DEAN

I haven't really thought into it that much--

Sara puts her hand down Dean's pants. A surprised look appears on her face.

Dean looks away and sees a red dildo under a chest of drawers. He intently stares.

SARA
You shaved your balls?

A MONTAGE OF A FEW PREVIOUS SHOTS THAT INVOLVE DEAN, EMMA, TOM AND SAM.

DEAN
Shit.

Dean jumps off the bed. He heads for the door.

SARA
It's okay, I loved shaved ball sacks.

DEAN
That doesn't surprise me.

SARA
You're just gonna leave me here?

Dean picks up the dildo and throws it onto the bed.

DEAN
Here, finish yourself off.

Dean turns, smiling to himself.

SARA
You piece of shit--

Sara raises her arm to throw the dildo.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

The dildo THUMPS against the door as Dean closes it.

Dean bumps into Jane, still with her shirt off.

DEAN
Jane. Where's Tom?

JANE
That loser's still in his room.

DEAN
You didn't have sex, did you?

JANE

No, not even close. You two should be happy together.

Sara comes out and walks away with Jane.

Tom comes out of his room with a normal T-shirt on.

DEAN

Tom.

TOM

Dean.

DEAN

Tom, I found your mom's dildo, it's fucking real man.

TOM

I know, I know. I just have a feeling I've seen it somewhere.

INT. TOM'S MOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It is an exact repeat of the hide and seek scene from earlier. Dean exits

Tom is sitting in the corner, clutching his knees and rocking slightly.

He has a clear view of his mom, her breasts' and the red dildo.

END OF FLASHBACK.

DEAN

You changed your shirt?

TOM

Yeah.

DEAN

Good. I couldn't do it man. All I could think about was you, Sam and Emma.

TOM

That sounded a little gay.

DEAN

How did it go with Jane?

TOM
Not too well-- I think I offended
her somehow.

DEAN
Well, she has put on some weight
recently. I think we should find
the girls and tell what how we
feel.

TOM
Finally, he makes sense.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean and Tom come downstairs just behind Sara and Jane who
are straitening their clothes.

Dean and Tom bump into Emma and Sam.

DEAN
Emma, hey. I was just--

EMMA
I can see what you were doing.

Emma and Sam are clearly hurt.

SAM
Really, Tom?

TOM
No, I wasn't.

DEAN
No. Listen, I know how it looks
but you have to believe us, we did
not do anything with those things.

EMMA
Hey, it's up to you who you sleep
around with, why would we care?

SAM
Let's get out of here, Emma.

They turn to leave.

TOM
Sam, wait, please.

DEAN
Emma.

The girls stop and turn to them.

DEAN (CONT'D)
We can't hear a thing in here.
Meet us out in the back yard in two
minutes and we'll explain
everything. Please. Please.

TOM
Let us explain. Just give us one
more chance.

The girls head for the back door.

DEAN
What the fuck dude. What are we
gonna say?

TOM
We tell them the truth.

DEAN
That we went kilometers out of our
way to throw a party for a couple
of whores.

Somebody bumps into Tom. Tom turns around.

TOM
Sorry man.

It's Jeff.

TOM (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Jeff grabs Tom by the collar.

Dean is nowhere to be seen.

JEFF
Where is he?

TOM
I, err. Um, who?

Mick Ryan steps up to Tom.

He's oblivious to what's happening. He holds up a hand to
high-five Tom.

MICK RYAN
Tom, please out on what happened
man.

Jeff punches him with a jab right in the face.

MICK RYAN (CONT'D)
With great power, comes--

Mick Ryan drops to the floor.

JEFF
I said, where is he?

Tom is terrified.

TOM
I don't know man. I haven't seen
him all day.

Jeff pulls back to punch Tom. Tom cowers.

The MUSIC stops.

DEAN
Hey, shit dick.

Jeff looks at Dean.

The whole crowd watch on.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Let him go.

TOM
That's my wingman.

Dean cringes with embarrassment.

JEFF
Come and get her.

Dean turns off the light. The room goes black.

GUY IN CROWD #2
Hey?

GIRL IN CROWD #2
What the fuck?

A moment later the lights turn back on.

Jeff is still holding Tom.

Dean is behind Jeff, holding the Japanese plant over his head, about to strike.

TOM
No. Not the plant.

Dean hesitates and stumbles back.

Jeff sees him, drops Tom and grabs Dean.

Dean throws the plant to Tom. Tom fumbles just as he did earlier with the soda can, but manages to catch it.

DEAN
This didn't go according to the plan.

Jeff pulls his fist back to punch Dean.

Dean bravely headbutts Jeff.

Jeff drops Dean and stumbles back. He's furious, but more surprised than in pain.

JEFF
You mother fucker.

He lunges at Dean. Dean escapes into the crowd.

Dean holds his head in pain.

DEAN
Who the fuck invented the head butt?

Dean barges into a guest who falls onto the laptop.

(Village People "Y.M.C.A") is now playing, LOUD.

Jeff chases Dean through the crowd.

Tom runs after Dean, still holding the plant. He is grabbed by Jeff's friend.

Dean pushes people into Jeff's path, in time with the beats of Y.M.C.A.

Tom is being held by Jeff's friend.

Dean is about to run out of the back door.

The small dog from earlier blocks his path.

Dean is more terrified of the dog than he is of Jeff.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of here.
Everybody run.

Dean runs back into Jeff's arms.

Sara and Jane pick up the little dog. They hold it like it's a fashion accessory.

SARA
Aw, it's so cute.

JANE
Come on, let's get out of here.

They both leave the party.

Tom elbows Jeff's friend in the groin and runs towards the kitchen.

Jeff is once again holding Dean.

JEFF
You've had this coming for way to long.

EXT. BACK YARD - SAME TIME

Emma and Sam are getting impatient.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom runs toward the kitchen. He jumps and slides over the breakfast bar, still holding the plant, and lands it perfectly.

Jeff is about to punch Dean, A plant pot shatters over his head.

Jeff falls to the floor. Tom is standing behind him.

DEAN
What about the plant?

TOM
Fuck it.

The boys run back through the crowd, they're knocked onto the sofa.

Dean lands on somebody sleeping.

It's the bum from the liquor store.

DEAN
Holy shit, Tom. Look who it is.

TOM
He's alive.

The angry bum grabs them both.

BUM
I've been looking for you couple of
pricks.

Tom jabs the bum in the face. Nothing happens.

DEAN
Why the fuck did you do that?

TOM
It worked for Jeff.

The bum is about to flip.

A crazy-ass voice overthrows everything.

VOICE
What the fuck is going on in here?

The MUSIC stops.

Everybody turns to the door.

HOPPY is standing in the house, he has a hairy face, is short and stumpy. He walks with a humongous limp. He's a little crazy looking.

TOM
Hoppy?

HOPPY
Tom. Jeremy.

The bum suddenly appears relaxed and lets the boys go.

BUM
Sorry, Hoppy. I didn't realize
they were with you.

HOPPY
It's fine.

The bum disappears into the crowd.

JEFF

Hey, these are mine.

Jeff swings a punch.

Hoppy doesn't flinch or even look, he simply grabs Jeff's hand and twists it, putting Jeff in an arm lock.

Jeff SCREAMS like a girl.

Hoppy forces Jeff out of the house. He comes back to Dean and Tom.

HOPPY

Which one of you have touched my
shit?

No one dares to speak.

TOM

Hoppy, we're so sorry--

DEAN

We didn't--

Hoppy gestures for them to stop.

He's noticed the DJ equipment, he seems entranced, and goes to it.

It's as if he's fell in love with the decks all over again.

HOPPY (CONT'D)

It's been so long.

Hoppy presses one button on the decks and Flashing disco lights come on. (Black Eyed Peas, "Lets get it started") plays LOUD.

The crowd continue to party.

TOM

Now it's a bad ass, mother
fucking, bitch slapping party.

DEAN

Fuck yeah.

They remember.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

TOM

Shit, Sam and Emma.

DEAN
Ar, fuck. Fuck.

They both rush toward the back door.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Dean and Tom come outside.

An unraveled hose pipe in the garden.

The girls are no where to be seen.

TOM
We're too late. Shit. Fuck.

The boys check behind them, the girls are standing beside the door.

DEAN
Well that was stupid.

The boys head over.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Emma.

EMMA
So you invite us here, for what reason?

DEAN
We really like you guys, and we didn't have sex with Sara and Jane, I swear.

TOM
Seriously, we didn't. We see it now--

DEAN
Why didn't you tell us you had feelings for us?

SAM
Dude, we tried, we really tried. You two never took any notice of us.

TOM
Listen, Sam, I'm so sorry. This seems so stupid.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I hope you already know this, but I've been in love with you ever since I first saw you.

SAM

So why would you want to sleep with somebody like Jane?

TOM

Oh no, I didn't. That was all Dean's idea.

DEAN

Fuck off.

TOM

It was. He didn't want to go to college a virgin.

DEAN

You son of a bitch. He's been worried about being lonely this whole fucking time.

TOM

Bullshit, you said--

SAM

Guys. You're supposed to be apologizing.

EMMA

Is that true?

TOM

Well, I haven't got many friends.

EMMA

Not you, Dean.

DEAN

It sounds stupid when you say it out loud. But yeah, I suppose it is.

EMMA

That's kinda sad.

DEAN

I know, I know. Emma, you were all I could think about when I was anywhere near her. You're the most beautiful girl to ever even look at me besides pay me any attention.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

I've always wanted to be with you.
I guess I was scared, I didn't
think I had anything to give, but
now I see that doesn't matter, all
that matters is that we're
together, or at least try to be.

Emma blushes.

TOM

I knew it.

DEAN

Please? I'm sorry for being a
dick.

EMMA

You have been a dick. But that was
kinda nice to hear that.

Dean smiles.

SAM

Did you really run out?

TOM

Well, she left first, technically,
but yeah, and I called her fat.
Sam I think you know how I feel
about you, and--

SAM

Tom, it's okay.

They smile to each other.

TOM

You guys wanna go inside? I'll get
you a drink.

SAM

I'd like that.

EMMA

Me too.

Tom takes Sam, and Dean takes Emma into the house.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Later that night.

The party is still in full swing.

A couple of teenagers are asleep with the bottle of sleeping pills Dean stole.

Emma, Sam, Tom and Dean laugh at Hoppy.

The crowd are carrying him around the room, while he swings his false leg in the air.

FADE TO BLACK: