

**LET'S GET IT STARTED**

Written by

Dale Trett

Copyright © 2012  
Dale Trett  
All rights reserved.

[Daletrett@gmail.com](mailto:Daletrett@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

DEAN and TOM, (18), are asleep in a dark teenage bedroom. Beer cans litter the floor.

Dean is on the floor. He isn't a particularly good looking guy, but he's not unattractive.

Tom is on the bed. He's a little skinnier than Dean, but just as appealing.

Dean wakes. He's hung over and confused.

DEAN

Tom?

Tom dribbles onto the bed sheet.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Tom, fucking wake up.

Dean throws a soda can at Tom's head.

Tom wakes. He's also hung over and confused.

TOM

Dean. 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 dancing, and alcohol everywhere.

The MUSIC is turned up to the max. It's an awesome party.

A first floor window across the street has its light on.

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

TOM

This game's awful.

Dean's 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.

Tom dies.

TOM  
Fucking shit game.

DEAN  
See.

Tom drops the controller.

THUMPING music from outside.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
That's getting a bit loud, isn't it?

They both go to the window.

Jeff, (18), 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 herself around him.

DEAN  
Fucking Jeff. I hate him.

TOM  
He know's how to throw a party,  
you've got to give him that.

Dean's not impressed with Tom.

DEAN  
Shut up. You wanna watch a zombie  
movie?

TOM  
Why not.

**End flashback.**

DEAN  
Do you wanna get a sundae?

TOM  
Yeah. It fucking stinks in here.

INT. DINER - DAY

A young mother and her baby occupy a booth near the entrance.

Tom waits at the counter wearing an apron. He gazes at nothing.

An overweight and extremely sweaty CHEF, (40), emerges from the kitchen, holding an ice-cream sundae.

He puts the sundae in front of Tom.

Tom's miles away.

CHEF  
Gormless.

TOM  
Yeah?

Tom notices and takes the sundae.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Chef.

CHEF  
That another one for your boyfriend?

TOM  
My boyfriend?

CHEF  
Yeah your boyfriend. Your homosexual lover, your pipe cleaner, your rat catcher--

TOM  
I don't get it.

CHEF  
That's his last one.

The chef returns to the kitchen.

Tom takes the sundae to Dean's table and takes a seat.

TOM  
This is the last one. I mean it.

Dean is distracted by something behind Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Dean. Are you listening to me?

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

DEAN  
What?

TOM  
I can get fired for this.

DEAN  
Yeah, sure whatever.

Something distracts Dean again.

TOM  
What are you looking at?

Tom turns around to look.

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

The mother looks up and catches them watching. She's disgusted.

The boys throw their faces back to each other.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh my God.

DEAN  
Did she see us?

TOM  
I'm pretty sure she did, yeah.

DEAN  
You made it too obvious. I had a sure thing going.

TOM  
What?

DEAN  
Check if she's looking.

TOM  
No. Just stop fucking looking.

DEAN  
She already caught us, we might as well go for it.

TOM  
You shouldn't be watching that shit.

DEAN  
She's got a great rack. And she's  
doing that on purpose.

TOM  
She's feeding her child.

DEAN  
In a diner? Kind of suspicious,  
ain't it?

Tom isn't impressed. Dean eats more of his sundae.

TOM  
I'm lucky I've still got this job  
with you always hanging around.

DEAN  
We go to college in a few days  
anyway. Fuck this job.

TOM  
Well, you're not getting anymore  
free food.

DEAN  
What is this? What's wrong with  
you?

TOM  
Nothing's wrong with me.

DEAN  
Is this about the whole titie  
thing?

Dean talks too loud while he points to the young women.

TOM  
I don't know what your talking  
about.

DEAN  
You know, how you're scared of  
the female breast.

TOM  
I told you that in 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 to the chef.

The chef is wiping the sweat off his forehead with a cloth,  
which he then wipes the counter with.

TOM  
Just forget it.

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

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

TOM  
Who cares?

DEAN  
Even Thick Mick got invited.

TOM  
Would you even go to one of his  
parties? The guy's a complete  
asshole. And a dick.

INT. GRADUATION HALL - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

The hall is full of students. The PRINCIPAL stands behind a  
podium.

A dozen students wait to make their speeches.

Tom steps forward, Dean waits 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  
Please.

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

Dean opens his mouth.

JEFF

Virgin.

The crowd LAUGH again. Dean steps back.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

DEAN

That's why he was held back.

TOM

Jeff never liked either of us because of you.

DEAN

Please, he's totally forgot about what happened.

TOM

What did you do? You never told me.

DEAN

It doesn't matter.

TOM

Sam and Emma went to that party.

DEAN

I thought they were better than that.

TOM

Yeah, me too.

DEAN

Shit. We need a party before college.

TOM

Well, we don't really.

DEAN

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

TOM

That sounds stupid.

DEAN

We're going to college depressed, lonely virgins.

TOM

I'm not depressed.

DEAN  
 Teenage parties are guaranteed sex.  
 We party, we mate.

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

DEAN  
 Oh shit.

Dean sees something behind Tom.

TOM  
 What?

Tom turns around.

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

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Oh shit.

Sam waves to the boys. Tom waves back, then turns to Dean.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 They're coming over here, aren't  
 they?

DEAN  
 Yep.

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

SAM  
 Hey guys.

DEAN  
 Hey.

TOM  
 Hey, Sam. Here, sit down.

Sam takes a seat next to Dean.

SAM  
 Hey, Tom, Dean, good to see you.

Sam sits down.

TOM  
 It's good to see you, too.

Emma comes to the table and sits next to Tom.

DEAN  
 Emma, how are you?

EMMA

Good actually. How's it going?

Dean's nervous.

DEAN

As shit as ever.

EMMA

Cool. I think.

TOM

At least he's consistent.

SAM

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

TOM

We watched yet another Zombie film at Dean's house.

SAM

Wild.

TOM

Not really.

DEAN

How was the party?

EMMA

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

DEAN

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

SAM

You two love zombie films, right?

DEAN

We love them.

TOM

He does.

SAM

We're actually going to the movies later, if you want to come with us?

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 in front of them.

BONE CRUNCHING and HORROR NOISES.

The fat guy RUSTLES his popcorn and LAUGHS hysterically.

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

**END OF DAYDREAM.**

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

Tom's confused. The girls look disappointed.

EMMA  
Oh, okay then.

TOM  
Next time.

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

TOM  
Probably the same thing we always  
do.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

**MONTAGE**

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

DEAN  
What the fuck? This game's  
bullshit.

In the living room, Dean and Tom watch a scary film. They're almost cuddled up in fear.

They realize how close they are, and Dean pushes Tom off the sofa.

**END OF MONTAGE/FLASHBACK.**

SAM  
I thought you would've 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  
Ah, uh, what are you doing?

EMMA  
Just the movies. Are you sure you don't want to come with us?

DEAN  
A better time would be great.

EMMA  
No time like the present.

DEAN  
Tom, are we late?

TOM  
For what?

DEAN  
I'm pretty sure we are, come on.

TOM  
I'm going to say goodbye to Chef.

Tom gets up.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I guess, I'll see you guys later.

EMMA  
I'm sure you will.

TOM  
Okeydokey.

SAM  
Bye, Tom.

Tom turns around, he's embarrassed about what he said.

The Chef is sitting in a chair, with his feet upon 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 heads for the exit.

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

She catches him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Shit, I'm so sorry. I'm not one of those perverts who stare at a women's breasts. I think they're disgusting.  
(beat)  
I'm just gonna. Go.

Tom rushes to the door.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Tom catches up to Dean who's further down the sidewalk.

Dean is still eating his sundae.

TOM  
Take that back.

DEAN  
No fucking way. I'm not wasting it.

TOM  
That's stealing. Take it back.

DEAN  
Calm your shit. I don't think the chef has a direct line to the FBI.

TOM  
Why didn't we go to the movies with them?

DEAN  
Do you know how fucking awkward it is at the movies?

TOM  
It can't be that bad.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT (**DAYDREAM**)

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

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

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

**END OF DAYDREAM.**

DEAN

It's as tense as a bomb defusal.

TOM

What the fuck do you know?

Dean rounds the corner and bumps into someone. He drops the sundae.

SARA and JANE, (18), stand in front of the boys.

They're both hot cheerleader types, wearing revealing slutty clothes.

DEAN

Sara. I'm--

SARA

An idiot?

DEAN

Um, yeah, that's what I said.

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 be more careful.

DEAN

I'm pretty sure it was fifty, fifty kinda thing.

TOM

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

SARA

Come on, Jane.

Sara and Jane continue walking.

DEAN

Stuck up bitches.

The girls turn back.

SARA  
You say something?

They march up to the boys.

TOM  
He did.

Dean's betrayed.

DEAN  
Yeah, we were just wondering if you  
girls are doing anything tonight?

Tom's shocked.

SARA  
Are you trying to ask us out?

TOM  
N--

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

Dean looks at Tom then back at the girls.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
A party? And we wondered if you  
wanted to come?

Tom doesn't know where to look.

TOM  
Wh--

JANE  
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.

SARA  
Then sure, why not.

TOM  
What?

JANE

We wanted a party this weekend but no one would throw us one. If you guys think you can handle us?

DEAN

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

TOM

What?

SARA

That's really cool.

DEAN

It's how we do.

JANE

So where are you having this awesome party?

Dean thinks.

TOM

Yeah Dean, where are--

DEAN

Tom's house. Of all places.

TOM

What?

DEAN

Yes, that's 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.

DEAN

Do either of you know where he lives?

SARA

Defiantly not.

JANE

You serious?

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

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

DEAN  
He still does.

SARA  
I know where it is. Cool, so we'll  
stop by later to check it's still  
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?

JANE  
Bye boys.

Sara and Jane walk away.

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

TOM  
What the fuck was that?

DEAN  
A sign from God.

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

Dean walks to his car. Tom follows.

DEAN  
How hard can it be?

TOM  
We can't party with those girls.

DEAN  
Listen to yourself. You've always hated yourself for being a loser. And the first chance you get to be somebody 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 and popular girls in our school.

DEAN  
Exactly.

Dean gets in his car.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Stop your fallopian bitching and get in the car.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

Dean drives. They still argue.

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 probably have sex with us. Can't you see that?

TOM

You really think that's 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 fucked.

DEAN

Chill out, everything's going to 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.

DEAN

Yes it is. Virgins and college don't mix.

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 can actually get these girls.

TOM

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

DEAN

Sam? Sam's a frigid little bitch.

TOM

Fuck off.

DEAN

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

TOM

Shut up, man. 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

And you feel exactly the same way  
about Sam.

DEAN

That's bullshit.

TOM

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

DEAN

They don't like us that way. And  
they are far too good for us.

TOM

I guess you're right. For once.

DEAN

It's a real shame, I know. 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

Yeah, perfect.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Dean's car parks in the driveway, next to another car with its trunk open.

Dean and Tom get out of the car.

DEAN

Why is the fuck is she still here

TOM'S MOM, a hot, (32), comes out of the house dragging a suitcase. She stares into her cellphone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Here she comes.

TOM

Please just shut up and don't say anything.

She throws her suitcase in the back and slams the trunk. She gets in the front still looking at her phone.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, Mom. All set for the weekend?

TOM'S MOM

Oh, hey. I didn't see you there.

She laughs at her phone.

TOM'S MOM (CONT'D)

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 I 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?

TOM'S MOM  
Just updating my status.

Dean and Tom wait awkwardly.

TOM'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Just about to leave my son and his  
socially awkward friend the house  
for the weekend. They're free to  
do puzzles or whatever it is they  
do.

Tom's mom starts the engine.

TOM'S MOM (CONT'D)  
So you boys planning anything this  
weekend?

The boys look suspicious.

TOM  
What us? No, do we ever plan?

DEAN  
Puzzle night tonight, ma'am.

Her phone BEEPS. She reads it, then looks at the boys and  
laughs.

TOM'S MOM  
Okay. Condoms and the morning  
after pill 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. You two don't party.  
Later bitches.

She drives 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 open-plan room, a breakfast bar splits the kitchen and living room.

Tom joins Dean who stands on the spot, staring at a small chihuahua and a small pile of faeces.

DEAN  
Should I ask?

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 the mess.

Dean gets an idea. He rushes to the kitchen.

He searches the cupboards.

He grabs a bottle of laxatives, and a slice of ham out of ham out of the refrigerator.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Dean pours the whole bottle into the ham and folds it.

DEAN  
What needs to be done.

Dean picks up the dog, puts outside and feeds it the ham. He closes the door.

TOM  
Holy fuck. It'll explode.

DEAN  
Hopefully in its own house.

Tom smiles.

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 gathers 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 rolls up the big rug in the living room.

Dean takes packets out of a cupboard and throws them back in disgust.

DEAN

Your mom can lick my bag. This is our party.

TOM

It's her house.

Dean finds a bag of chips and moves into the living room.

Tom drags the sofa to the other side of the room.

Dean jumps on it, forcing it to a halt.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you going to help me or not?

DEAN

Yes. I'm thinking.

TOM

Does it hurt?

DEAN

Funny.

TOM

Dean, I don't want to look like an idiot when we have no alcohol, music or even guests.

Dean realizes.

DEAN

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

TOM

That's a good idea.

Tom loads up his facebook on a nearby computer.

DEAN

Course it is. No reason to panic.

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  
It's just a plant.

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

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 to the bed. Tom's mom is asleep and on the pillow  
beside her is a large red dildo.

Dean looks confused and quietly leaves the room.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

TOM  
You didn't see it. It didn't  
happen.

DEAN  
Hey, I know what I saw.

TOM  
Yeah, whatever. And it's done.

Deans rushes to the commuter screen.

DEAN  
How many we got? Twenty? Thirty?

TOM  
One, actually. That was quick.

They take a closer look.

DEAN  
Thick fucking Mick? No way. He  
can't come.

TOM  
He's our only attendee.

Tom continues hiding breakable objects.

DEAN  
Right, let's think. What can we  
use for the music?

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

Dean gives Tom a look of disgust.

TOM (CONT'D)  
It's a great player, plays three  
disks at once. Just what we need.

DEAN  
I think you're actually being  
serious.

TOM  
Well, yeah.

Tom sits on the sofa.

DEAN  
These girls asked for an awesome  
party and in return will most  
defiantly give us awesome sex.  
You've met these girls. A CD  
player isn't even first base.

TOM  
You sound like an idiot.

DEAN  
Keep thinking.

Dean sits on the sofa.

TOM  
I've got it.

DEAN  
If you say the radio.

TOM  
Remember my sixteenth birthday  
party?

DEAN  
Yeah. It totally sucked. All  
balloon animals and hats.

TOM  
You remember the music setup?

DEAN  
You talking 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 and shit.

DEAN  
Hoppy?

TOM  
Yes. And he lives with my  
grandparents just down the road.

Dean stands in excitement and heads for the door.

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

EXT. HOPPY'S HOUSE - DAY

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  
Did they ever catch the guy who  
stole his leg?

TOM  
Nobody stole his leg, it was a hit  
and run. You know that.

DEAN  
I like talking about it.

TOM  
Shit.

DEAN  
What?

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

DEAN  
And forget such a minor thing like  
that?

TOM  
My grandparents will be here, we'll  
just ask them.

DEAN  
Better knock louder.

Tom goes to knock but the door opens.

TINA, (82), stands in the doorway. She's frail and small.

TINA  
Yes?

TOM  
Hi, Tina. Is Hoppy--

TINA  
Who is it?

Tina leans forward and squints her eyes.

TOM  
It's Tom, your grandson.

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

Tina is wearing her glasses.

TOM  
No this is--

TINA  
Only, he's not so little anymore.

DEAN  
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.

PAUL, (84), sleeps in an armchair.

The room's clean but cluttered.

Tina sits in an arm chair.

TINA  
Boys, sit down.

The only seat left 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 it's a whisper.

TINA

Paul.

(beat)

Jeremy, give him a little nudge, would you?

DEAN

Let the old bastard sleep.

Tom's shocked but Tina didn't notice Dean's cursing.

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. 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 God. You serious?

Tom's outburst wakes Paul.

Paul shoots up very suddenly, scaring Dean.

PAUL  
What? Taxes?

DEAN  
Jesus Christ. What the hell is wrong with you? 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 tries not to laugh.

TINA  
Paul, this is Tom and Jeremy.

Paul mumbles.

TINA (CONT'D)  
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.

Super: **A while later.**

The room is silent. It's 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  
Then how do they fly around?

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 wondering if Hoppy  
still had his decks?

TINA  
Decks? We never had any deck  
chairs.

TOM  
No I mean all that equipment and  
speakers he had from when he was a  
DJ?

TINA  
Well he has a load of old stuff in  
the garage. Doesn't really play  
with it any more.

TOM  
Great, do you think we could borrow  
some of it?

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

Oi.

PAUL

What is it?

TOM

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

PAUL

No. You know how he loses it when  
people touch his stuff.

TINA

Sorry boys.

The boys look defeated.

TINA (CONT'D)

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 and slowly walks towards the television.

DEAN

It's like a Romero film set. Let's  
go.

TOM

What about the tea?

Dean leaves.

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. What a waste of fucking time.

TOM

Well it was nice to catch up.

DEAN

Don't.

TOM

I'm joking.

DEAN

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

TOM

I hate to say it, but the CD player is starting to look pretty good.

Dean stops. Tom almost walks into him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Another joke.

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.

TOM

No. No way.

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 difference.

TOM

What's the difference?

DEAN

Since when do thieves ever take  
shit back?

TOM

No.

DEAN

Don't let those zombies ruin your  
first chance of actually having  
sex.

TOM

Jane is pretty hot, isn't she?

DEAN

So fucking hot. Today has been  
written my friend.

TOM

Why is this such a big deal to you?

DEAN

I don't want to be a fucking virgin  
forever, man.

TOM

Neither do I, but there has to be a  
law abiding way.

DEAN

They'll never fucking know.  
They're blind anyway.

TOM

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

DEAN

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

A pause.

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 your bit.

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

DEAN  
What the fuck?

They turn around to see the DJ equipment 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.

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

The boys unfreeze.

Paul stops in the door way.

The boys freeze.

He continues into the house.

DEAN  
See, no problem.

TOM  
That was too close.

DEAN  
Hey, I've never let you down  
before.

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

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

GIRL  
Could one of you go and get my  
brother? He's looking for 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.

HOTEL ROOM

Dean sleeps on the bed.

HOT TUB

Tom and the girl share awkward smiles.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Dean has his head in the refrigerator.

A song plays on the DJ setup: (*Village People "Y.M.C.A"*)

Dean looks to Tom who stands over Hoppy's laptop.

DEAN  
Tom?

TOM  
It's a classic.

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

TOM  
It's gone, but you'll miss it.

DEAN  
Where's the food in this fucking  
house?

TOM  
 Don't you think we should be  
 planning 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 event.

*"Can't wait to party down with you dudes"*

DEAN  
 Fuck no. That can't happen.

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  
 won't get along with them.

DEAN  
 You mean your dvd collection?

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

Sara and Jane walk into the living room.

SARA  
 Hello boys.

TOM  
 We have a door bell.

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

DEAN  
 Hey, girls.

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 in the living room.

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

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

JANE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

Tom tries his best to hide his pain.

TOM  
Fine. Yeah, I'm fine. I do that all the time.

JANE  
Sure.

SARA  
So have you got any alcohol for tonight?

DEAN  
We're working on it.

SARA  
How are you going to get it?

DEAN  
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  
When?

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

DEAN  
And you won't get any. I promise.

JANE  
Where you getting the smoke?

Tom and Dean look confused.

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

Dean's embarrassed.

SARA  
No. Marijuana.

TOM  
Marijuana? I don't, 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  
Don't worry, we'll make it smoke.  
We'll get the smoke.

JANE  
Good.

The girls walk toward the exit, the boys follow.

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 disappoint.

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

TOM  
Nerd is such a strong word.

DEAN  
No, we were just trying to blend  
in.

JANE  
Is that what it was.

They all look at each other.

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

JANE  
Yes, you will.

Jane and Sara walk out of the house and shut the door.

DEAN  
Holy Mother Lord Jesus. You  
believe this shit?

TOM  
I'm beginning to.

DEAN  
Nerds? What the hell was that  
about?

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A (16) year old Tom and Dean sit in a classroom, writing in  
their books.

They're alone, the class hasn't 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. They gather all of their belongings and leave the classroom.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

DEAN

How are we going 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

What about money?

TOM

That's where I come in. My mom left me a load of cash for the weekend.

DEAN

I love your mom.

TOM

What about the drugs?

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 stand on the sidewalk outside Hoppy's house.

TOM

How are you going to do it?

DEAN

Which one's Hoppy's bedroom?

TOM

First on the left. I think.

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

Tom stands impatiently, he nods to a neighbor.

Dean exits the house, he doesn't bother to close the door.

TOM (CONT'D)

Well?

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

TOM (CONT'D)

You get it? Where is it?

DEAN

You know he has a 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

Dean?

Dean pulls out a huge bag of marijuana.

DEAN

Don't doubt me.

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

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dean and Tom loiter an alcohol aisle in a large grocery store.

There's an OLD MAN, (50), with a shopping cart full of alcohol.

TOM

Dean.

DEAN

He has be the guy.

They approach the old man.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir?

OLD MAN

Yes?

DEAN

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

OLD MAN

Go away, kid.

TOM

But you don't know what it is yet.

OLD MAN

You two are acting like an  
Englishman at an orgy.

TOM

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)

Miserable old fuck.

TOM

The hip thing, wasn't your best  
line.

DEAN

I was waiting for my wingman to  
step in.

TOM

Did you just say 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

Well he's not old.

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

JEFF  
Hey bro.

TOM  
Oh shit.

DEAN  
Oh shit, Jeff.

Dean and Tom back up. Jeff advances.

JEFF'S FRIEND, (18), appears behind them, blocking their  
escape. He's like a body builder.

Jeff and his friend slowly close 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  
anybody.

JEFF  
Don't bother lying.

DEAN  
Can't we just talk about this?

JEFF  
We're talking now, while you still  
can.

A feeble OLD LADY, (52), tries to come down the aisle.  
Jeff's friend forcefully blocks her path.

JEFF'S FRIEND  
Get out of here, old lady.

The feeble old lady looks insulted and walks off.

TOM  
What about me? 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 thing, 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 anybody.

TOM

We're not at school anymore. What does it even matter? Well, you still are.

JEFF

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

DEAN

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

Jeff stares at Dean.

Jeff's about to attack--

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Hey. What are you kids doing down here?

The store's overweight SECURITY GUARD, (40), 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 down 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, fine. Now yours.

DEAN  
Mine?

SECURITY GUARD  
Yeah, show me.

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

Everyone waits while Dean searches his pockets.

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

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Tom?

TOM  
You thinking what I'm thinking?

DEAN  
We should have done a puzzle.

Dean and Tom sprint into the central aisle.

CENTRAL ISLE

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

Tom has disappeared 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.

Dean grabs his collar and thrusts 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

Thank you.

Dean continues running down the central aisle towards the  
exit.

Jeff and his friend chase Dean.

Dean runs, Tom appears, and pushes a long line of carts  
between Dean and the bullies.

Dean and Tom both stop to catch their breath.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Dude, I thought you abandoned me.

TOM

You're my wingman right.

They share a friendly smile.

Jeff's friend climbs over the carts.

TOM (CONT'D)

I think we better go.

Jeff volts over the carts.

DEAN

Yeah.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dean and Tom run to Dean's car.

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

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY

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 with the gears and speeds away. Just in time.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

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

The licence plate reads: "J3FF 9". Jeff's angry.

JEFF

Mother f--

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  
There's nothing here.

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

EMMA (O.S.)  
Hey guys.

Dean and Tom jump.

DEAN  
Holy shit.

Emma stands by the car.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
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. What are you guys doing?

TOM  
We're watching.

DEAN  
Just hanging around.

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  
You okay, Tom?

TOM  
Never been better.

EMMA  
Good.

DEAN  
What are you doing here?  
Interrogating me.

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

DEAN  
I vaguely recall something.

EMMA  
Yeah, you didn't wanna come.

DEAN  
Yeah, 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 sort of tied up in something  
right now.

Sam joins Emma and Dean.

SAM  
You guys coming now?

EMMA  
No, they're not.

Tom joins them.

TOM  
Sam. How are you?

SAM  
I'm okay. You having a good day?

TOM  
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 actually.

TOM

Really?

DEAN

It's only a stupid little 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. Mick Ryan even.

DEAN

Fuck.

SAM

So you're here for the alcohol.

DEAN

Yeah. You got any ideas?

Emma looks into the alleyway next to the liquor store.

EMMA

I've got one.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DUSK

The alleyway is dirty and full of dumpsters.

Dean, Tom, Emma and Sam stand around the BUM, (35).

He's filthy and smells. He sleeps with a dirty dog.

He holds a paper bagged bottle.

TOM  
Is that dog dead?

SAM  
Somebody should wake him.

DEAN  
Emma.

EMMA  
Why me?

DEAN  
It's your idea.

EMMA  
It's your party.

Everybody looks at Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Fine.

She kneels to the bum.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Sir? Sir, wake up.

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

TOM  
You can't--

The bum comes to. He's dazed and confused.

BUM  
I have no legal tender.

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  
A pleasure to make your  
acquaintance.

The bum speaks in an English accent.

EMMA  
We need your help?

BUM  
Then I shall do my upmost.

The bum puts his hand up to be helped to his feet.

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

DEAN  
Shut up, Tom.

BUM  
Would you be so kind?

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 reluctantly grabs the bum's hand and heaves.

Eventually the bum stands, but he keeps going and falls to  
the ground taking Tom underneath him.

BUM  
Oh fiddlesticks.

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 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.

BUM  
I will forgive your clumsiness, old  
chap.

TOM  
You're too kind. Thanks Dean, you  
were a great help.

DEAN  
You did alright.

BUM  
So how can I possibly be of  
assistance?

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

BUM  
Can't flourish or perish without  
it.

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

BUM  
Oh my.

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

TOM  
And soap.

BUM  
I'm in two minds.

EMMA  
Two bottles.

DEAN  
What?

BUM  
You have yourself a deal.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK

The Bum straightens his urine soaked clothes.

Dean hands him the credit card.

DEAN  
For fuck sake. Do not mess this  
up.

BUM  
No need for negativity. I do this  
for a living.

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

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

DEAN  
Are you two coming tonight?

SAM  
Emma, what do you think?

EMMA  
Sure. It might be fun.

DEAN  
It'll be awesome.

EMMA  
Okay well, we better get go--

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

Sara and Jane stand by Dean's car.

DEAN  
We'll be back in minute.

TOM  
Wait right here, Sam.

The boys ditch Emma and Sam and run to the car.

DEAN  
Hey, what's up?

SARA  
You got the alcohol?

DEAN  
We've got a guy on it now.

SARA  
Cool, and the smoke?

DEAN

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

A pause.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm joking.

Nobody laughs.

TOM

Yeah, we got it.

JANE

Cool. I'm really starting looking forward to it.

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

That's a bit heavy, isn't it?

SARA

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

DEAN

It is, that's why ecstasy is no problem for us.

SARA

Good. Then we'll see you tonight. Don't let us down, and we'll make it worth your time.

DEAN

We won't.

JANE

And Tim, change your clothes.

The girls walk away.

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

DEAN

Where'd they go?

TOM  
I don't know.

The boys lean against the car and watch the liquor store.

They can see the bum through the window.

TOM (CONT'D)  
This is getting out of hand, not  
only weed, but pills?

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

TOM  
Where the hell we going to get  
ecstasy.

DEAN  
I saw a bottle of pills in Hoppy's  
room.

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 doesn't 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  
Here he comes.

The bum carries bags of alcohol to the door. He tries to  
push the door, but he needs to pull it.

Dean and Tom rush over and push the door open.

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

The bum comes outside.

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

BUM  
Where is the lady?

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

The bum looks behind Dean and Tom.

BUM  
Hello again, Emma.

The boys turn around.

The bum bolts in the other direction.

DEAN  
Tom.

Dean chases the bum toward the road. He catches him on the  
sidewalk.

Dean grabs and pulls the bags. 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

Dean.

The bum loses his grip and falls into the road.

The car smashes into the bum, he rolls up then down the hood and hits the floor.

He lays motionless.

Tom runs to them. Dean stares in shock.

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

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's angry, and opens the car door.

Tom arrives. Dean grabs the bags and runs for the car.

Tom takes the credit card from the bums pocket.

A muscular BALD MAN, (29), stands on the sidewalk, watching Tom

He's carrying a golf bag full of clubs.

BALD MAN

Hey. He's 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 runs for Tom.

TOM

Oh, fuck.

Tom runs to Dean's car.

Paul is still getting out of the car.

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

DEAN  
Hurry up you fucking pussy.

TOM  
Holy shit.

Dean slides over the hood with the bags.

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.

He pulls away.

TOM  
What?

DEAN  
Fucking jump.

Tom dives into the car, his legs hang out the door.

The bald man puts several dents in Dean's trunk with the golf club.

Dean speeds away.

Tom climbs in and shuts the door.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A lot of alcohol is laid on the breakfast bar.

The music plays at a low volume.

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

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

TOM  
You find them?

DEAN  
Course I did, it was easy.

INT. HOPPY'S BEDROOM - **FLASHBACK**

Hoppy's room is clearly Tina and Paul's room.  
There's 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. A moment passes.

HOPPY (O.S.)  
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 mess you're wearing.

TOM  
It's nice.

DEAN  
Whatever.

Dean gets a beer and sits in the kitchen area.

Tom sits on a stool next to Dean.

Dean passes Tom a beer.

TOM  
Thanks.

DEAN  
I'm getting so 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 toilet and pukes.

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. Tom pukes over his back.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

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

TOM  
I can't believe we actually did it.

DEAN  
Of course we did. I said we would.

TOM  
Getting all this together in less  
than a day.

DEAN  
And all we did was steal everything  
from Hoppy and get banned from  
every supermarket in town.

TOM  
Don't forget you killed a guy.

DEAN  
He's not dead.

TOM  
He didn't move.

DEAN  
Just stop. Besides, you did all  
that with me. That's accessory.

TOM  
If you say so.

DEAN  
Oh, did you shave your pubic hair?

TOM  
What? No. Why the hell-- oh 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  
Why wouldn't they?

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

Dean hands Tom his shot.

TOM  
As ready as I'll ever be. 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. The door opens and guests arrive.

#### **LATER THAT NIGHT**

The music turned up high.

The house is packed with teenage guests.

A drinking game in the kitchen.

Dean is partaking against MICK RYAN, (18), a spotty, skinny nerd.

On the table, six pints of beer in a semicircle, with a shot in the middle.

Dean and Mick stand either side of the semicircle.

The crowd gather around.

GIRL IN CROWD #1

Go.

Dean and Mick drink their first pint.

Dean takes a while to finish. He slams the empty glass on the table.

Mick has finished his three pints and takes the shot.

DEAN

What the fuck?

MICK RYAN

Come get some.

The crowd cheer Mick Ryan's victory.

Tom laughs from the kitchen. Dean goes to Tom.

DEAN

What's so funny?

TOM

You just lost against Mick Ryan.  
The biggest loser in high school.

DEAN

Thick fucking Mick fucking.

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 spills on the floor.

TOM

Nobody shows any respect.

DEAN

I feel your pain.

TOM  
No you don't.

MICK RYAN (O.S.)  
Hey, whores.

Dean and Tom turn to Mick Ryan.

DEAN  
What the fuck do you want?

MICK RYAN  
Quiet loser. Tom, how does it feel to know your boyfriend doesn't have a sack?

TOM  
Fuck off, Mick

MICK RYAN  
You're his bitch and he's now my bitch. That makes you my bitch. Bitch.

DEAN  
Leave him alone.

MICK RYAN  
What are you going to do about it?

TOM  
What I'm going to do is what you need to worry about.

DEAN  
Leave it, Tom.

The crowd watch on.

TOM  
Drink off.

DEAN  
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 have been set.

MICK RYAN  
Prepare for annihilation.

The drinks are ready, the contestants prepare themselves.

GIRL IN CROWD #1  
Ready? Go.

Tom and Mick begin the first pint.

Dean gets in Mick's face.

DEAN  
You're going down. Bitch.

They finish the first pint and begin the second.

Dean stands too close to Tom.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Kick his ass, Tom. This is your  
chance to be the hero.

Tom pushes Dean away.

They finish the second and start the final pint.

Dean talks to the crowd.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
You seeing this shit?

Tom drops the finished glass and takes his shot.

Mick stops drinking his pint.

MICK RYAN  
That's impossible.

The crowd celebrate Tom's victory.

Dean and Tom grab each other and jump around.

Mick retreats into the crowd.

DEAN  
You did it. You were fucking  
awesome.

TOM  
We did it.

DEAN  
No, man. You did it.

The music stops. The room falls silent.

Sara and Jane stand by the music system. They're both drunk. They talk into a microphone.

SARA

Dean, get your ass up here.

JANE

And you, Tim. What are you wearing?

Dean and Tom head towards the girls.

BY THE MUSIC SYSTEM

Dean stands next to Sara. Tom next to Jane.

The crowd watch on.

SARA

Ya'll better be fucked up.

The crowd CHEER.

Sara throws her arm around Dean.

Jane pours four shots.

SARA (CONT'D)

We wouldn't be having this awesome party if it wasn't for these dudes.

VOICE IN CROWD

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 snog the boys.

The music comes back on and the crowd continue partying.

Dean and Tom are taken back.

Jane hands out the shots.

SARA (CONT'D)

Go.

Sara takes hers.

Dean throws his glass behind him. SMASHING it on the wall.

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

Jane puts out her flame and shots it.

Tom sips the shot.

He SCREAMS and throws the shot 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 pull them upstairs.

Jeff and his friend enter the house.

JEFF

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

They separate into the crowd.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Jane takes Tom into his bedroom and shuts the door.

Sara pulls Dean 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's uncomfortable.

Jane lies down.

TOM

You don't have to take that off if  
you don't want to.

JANE

What are you talking about?

TOM

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

Jane sits up and moves closer to Tom.

JANE

You're not nervous are you?

TOM

Me? No.

JANE

Then let me make the first move.

Jane unzips Tom's pants.

TOM

Whoa, what are you doing?

JANE

Trust me. You'll like it.

TOM

I don't want it.

Tom tries to step back but Jane pulls his pants down. He  
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 want  
to 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 don't  
want you.

JANE  
You fucking asshole.

Jane grabs her shirt.

She gets up, slaps Tom and leaves.

Tom looks at his shirt.

TOM  
Fucking shirt.

He takes it off.

INT. TOM'S MOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean lays on top of Sara.

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 spots a red dildo under a chest of drawers.

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 on the bed.

DEAN  
Here, finish yourself off.

Dean opens the door, smiling to himself.

SARA  
You piece of shit.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Dean bumps into Jane putting her shirt on.

DEAN  
Oh no.

JANE  
Don't panic. Nothing happened.  
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  
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's an exact repeat of the hide and seek scene from earlier.

Dean exits the room after seeing the dildo.

Tom sits in the corner, clutching his knees, rocking slightly.

He has a clear view of his mom's breasts and the dildo.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

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

TOM  
That sounded a little gay.

DEAN  
How'd it go with Jane?

TOM  
I think I offended her.

DEAN  
She has put on some weight  
recently. I think we should find  
the girls and tell them how we  
feel.

TOM  
Finally, some sense.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean and Tom come downstairs behind Sara and Jane who are  
still 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 look betrayed.

SAM  
Really, Tom?

TOM  
No, I wasn't.

DEAN  
I know how it looks but you have to  
believe us, we did not do anything  
with those things.

EMMA  
It's up to you who you sleep 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 back to face Dean and Tom.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Meet us in the backyard in two  
minutes and we'll explain  
everything. Please.

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

The girls head for the back door.

DEAN  
What the fuck. What are we going  
to 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-- Jeff?

It's Jeff. He grabs Tom by the collar.

Dean is nowhere to be seen.

JEFF  
Where is he?

TOM  
Who?

Mick Ryan steps up to Tom and Jeff. He's oblivious to what's  
happening.

He holds up a hand to high-five Tom.

MICK RYAN  
Tom, pease out on what happened  
back there.

Jeff punches Mick in the face.

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

Mick drops to the floor.

JEFF  
I said, where is he?

Tom's terrified.

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

Jeff pulls back to punch Tom

The music stops.

DEAN  
Hey, shit dick.

The crowd watch on.

Jeff looks to Dean who's standing beside the crowd.

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.

GIRL IN CROWD #2  
What the fuck?

The lights turn back on.

Jeff still holds Tom.

Dean holds the Japanese plant over Jeff's head.

TOM  
No. Not the plant.

Dean hesitates and stumbles back. Jeff drops Tom and grabs Dean.

Dean throws the plant to Tom.

DEAN  
Jeff.

Jeff pulls his fist back to punch Dean.

Dean headbutts Jeff.

Jeff releases him and stumbles back. He's furious.

JEFF

You mother fucker.

Jeff lunges at Dean. Dean escapes into the crowd. He holds his head in pain.

DEAN

Fucking headbutt.

He barges into a guest who falls onto the laptop.

(*Village People "Y.M.C.A."*) plays.

Jeff chases Dean through the crowd.

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

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

Tom's held in place by Jeff's friend.

Dean is about to run out of the back door.

The small chihuahua blocks his path.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Shit. Everybody run.

Dean runs back and into Jeff's arms.

Sara picks up the chihuahua.

SARA

Aw, it's so cute. Jane, let's get out of here.

JANE

Can I hold him?

They both leave the party.

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

Jeff holds Dean.

JEFF

You've had this coming for too long.

EXT. BACK YARD - SAME TIME

Emma and Sam grow impatient.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom jumps and slides over the breakfast bar, still holding the plant, and lands perfectly.

A plant pot shatters over Jeff's head.

Jeff falls to the floor. Tom stands behind him.

DEAN  
What about the plant?

TOM  
Fuck it.

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

Dean lands on the bum sleeping.

DEAN  
Holy shit, Tom. Look who it is.

TOM  
He's alive.

The bum wakes and grabs them both.

BUM  
So our paths cross again.

Tom jabs the bum in the face. Nothing happens.

DEAN  
Why the fuck did you do that?

TOM  
Jeff did it.

An assertive voice overthrows the party.

VOICE (O.S.)  
What the fuck is this?

The music stops.

Everybody turns to the door.

Hoppy, (20), hairy face, short and stumpy. He walks with a large limp.

TOM  
Hoppy?

HOPPY

Tom. Jeremy.

The bum relaxes and lets the boys go.

BUM

Apologies, Hoppy. I was unaware  
they your associates.

HOPPY

It's fine.

The bum disappears into the crowd.

Hoppy stands in front of Dean and Tom.

JEFF

Get out of here. These punks are  
mine.

Jeff throws a punch at Hoppy.

Hoppy grabs Jeff and twists his arm.

Jeff SCREAMS like a girl.

Hoppy throws him out the door and returns to Tom and Dean.

HOPPY

You two are serious trouble.

TOM

Hoppy, we're so sorry--

DEAN

We didn't--

Hoppy notions for them to stop.

He's seen the DJ equipment. He's entranced. He goes to the  
decks.

HOPPY (CONT'D)

It's been so long.

He presses one button the flashing lights come on.

*(Black Eyed Peas, "Lets get it started")* plays.

The crowd continue to party.

Dean and Tom smile, then remember.

DEAN

Emma.

TOM

Sam.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

An unraveled hose pipe lays on the lawn.

Dean and Tom come outside.

The girls are no where to be seen.

TOM

We're too late. Shit. Fuck.

The boys check behind them, the girls stand beside the door.

DEAN

Well that was stupid.

The boys head over.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Emma.

EMMA

You invite us here for what reason exactly?

DEAN

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

TOM

Seriously, we didn't. And we see now.

DEAN

Why didn't you tell us you had feelings towards us?

SAM

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

TOM

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

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

Piss 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

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 kind of sad.

DEAN

I know. Emma, you're the most beautiful girl to even look at me, let alone pay me any attention. I was scared to get too close incase I ruined our friendship. But the risks don't matter anymore. I want to be with you.

TOM

I knew it.

DEAN

I'm sorry for being a dick.

EMMA

You have been a dick. But it gives me relief to hear you say that.

Dean and Emma smile.

TOM  
Sam, I think you know how I feel,  
and--

SAM  
Tom, it's okay.

They smile to each other.

TOM  
You two wanna go inside? Get 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

The party's in full swing.

A couple of teenagers sleep with a bottle of sleeping pills  
beside them.

The crowd carry Hoppy around the room. He swings his false  
leg in the air.

HOPPY  
Whoa.

Dean, Tom, Emma and Sam laugh at Hoppy.

FADE TO BLACK: