

ROIDERS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LUKE AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mounds of dirty clothes on the floor. An electric wheelchair. A coffee table packed with empty beer bottles and half-eaten food.

LUKE(30) lies on the couch and watches TV. Short, overweight, and unkempt. He shovels down a handful of sunflower seeds.

Behind him, BRANDON(20s) pecks away on a computer. Clean cut and muscular. Too muscular.

LUKE

You really should come watch this shit.

Brandon ignores him. Continues to CLACK on the keyboard.

LUKE

Wow...Did you know Kangaroos had three vaginas?

Silence. Luke glances over the back of the couch. Brandon still fixated on the monitor.

LUKE

They running a gay porn marathon on that thing or somethi--

BRANDON

What? No...I think customs may have confiscated my roids.

LUKE

Why ya say that?

BRANDON

It should have been here by now.

LUKE

You're paranoid, give it a few more days.

BRANDON

Dude, I placed this order over a month ago.

Luke tosses back another handful of sunflower seeds. Chews them like bubble gum.

LUKE
Where's it coming from?

BRANDON
Poland.

Luke pauses the TV.

LUKE
I don't do business with the
Polish. They do strange shit.

BRANDON
Whatcha mean?

LUKE
I mean if they try to buy shit from
me, I tell them to go fuck
themselves.

BRANDON
No...I mean, What strange shit do
they do?

LUKE
All kinds. Fuckers have a ritual
where they drown little baby dolls.

Brandon snaps his head around. Scrunched face.

BRANDON
Drown baby dolls?

LUKE
Yeah, baby dolls.

BRANDON
Like in the water?

Luke tilts his head. Squints eyes.

LUKE
No, in a big ass tub of
mayonnaise...Of course in the
fucking water.

Brandon dismissively waves at Luke.

BRANDON
(to himself)
Asshole.

Turns back to the computer.

BRANDON

I guess I'll give it a few more days.

LUKE

Let me take a look.

Luke struggles to get up. Heavy WHEEZES. Gets on the electric wheelchair and ZIPS across the room. Stops behind Brandon. Looks over his shoulder.

Brandon points at a spot on the monitor.

BRANDON

See...

LUKE

Who the hell is Aaron Templeton?

BRANDON

That's the old man next door.

LUKE

Why are you shipping it to him?

BRANDON

I'm not, I'm just put his name on it.

LUKE

Man, they're gonna fuck that up and deliver it to him.

BRANDON

They haven't yet.

Brandon turns to Luke with a proud smile.

BRANDON

And if the cops track it here, I can blame it all on him.

LUKE

Yeah, I'm sure they'll buy that. The swole guy with needle marks said the roids aren't his...They're for the seventy-year-old next door.

Luke laughs. Brandon flips him off.

EXT./INT. TRUCK - PROTEIN PLUS DRIVE THROUGH - DAY (STOPPED)

It must be rush hour for smoothies because the drive through is packed. About two car lengths away from the menu --

TIM(30s) fidgets and taps the steering wheel. He wears full camouflage and has an overgrown beard. Looks like he was plucked straight out of a war zone.

From the passenger side, Luke squints. Tries to read the menu.

TIM

I still don't know why we had to stop here, we have a ton of food in the back.

LUKE

Because I'm committed, man. Us bodybuilders maintain a certain lifestyle.

TIM

Bodybuilders? You don't even workout.

LUKE

I know, but I live the lifestyle.

TIM

How do you live the lifestyle if you...

Tim shakes his head.

TIM

Fuck it.

They move up a car length. Luke hands some cash to Tim.

LUKE

Grab me that Hulk Smash.

Tim sizes Luke up. Glancing up and down.

TIM

No wonder you're getting fat as fuck. That thing has like ten thousand calories.

LUKE

Yeah well, you need an assload of protein when you're on roids.

Tim's forehead crinkles.

TIM
You're on roids and you ain't
working out?

LUKE
That's a common misconception, you
don't need to work out to gain
muscle mass on roids.

TIM
Okay, but if you're not working out
the majority of your gains are
gonna be fat.

Luke shrugs.

LUKE
You're kinda a glass is half empty
guy aren't you?

INT. TRUCK- HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER (STOPPED)

Traffic is at a standstill. Tim stretches his neck to try
and see what's causing the holdup.

Luke SLURPS the last bit of his protein shake and tosses it
out.

LUKE
This sucks, wanna beer?

He reaches toward the ice chest on the backseat. Pulls out a
beer.

TIM
Nah, if it's an accident there
might be cops.

LUKE
Suit ya'self.

TIM
How the fuck you drink that right
after a protein shake?

Luke takes a big GULP of beer.

LUKE
Practice.

He scratches his prematurely balding head.

LUKE(CONT'D)

Where was I?

TIM

You were saying he kept hounding
you about his roids.

LUKE

Yeah...The bastard was calling me
several times a day asking if his
package arrived yet...I finally had
enough.

INT. LUKE AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A phone BUZZES. Luke digs it out his pocket and hits
accept--

LUKE

(into phone)

What...For the fifth time today,
nothing is here. I'll fuckin text
you if it comes in.

Pockets the phone. Peers into the fridge and debates for a
moment. Pulls out a block of cheese. SNIFFS it. Acceptable.

Closes the fridge and walks over to the

LIVING ROOM

He throws the dirty clothes off the recliner. Sits down.
Takes a bite of cheese. Chews.

An empty cardboard box sits on the mantle. His eyes narrow.
Another bite and --

An epiphany! He SPRINGS out of his chair, runs over to the
computer and CLICKS the mouse.

The glow of the monitor highlights a malicious smile.

He CHUGS his beer. Frenzied CLICKS and CLACKS. He's on a
mission.

Something begins to PRINT. It's finished. He swipes the
paper from the printer. It's a SHIPPING LABEL.

INT. LUKE AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Luke sets the box on the table. Tapes it up and attaches the shipping label. He pulls out his phone and types --

LUKE (TEXT)
*Your stuff is here. I'm going
 hunting with Tim...I'll leave it on
 the table.*

A HORN. He pulls back the curtains to reveal Tim's truck.

He grabs a duffle bag. His phone BUZZES. He glances at the response.

BRANDON (TEXT)
Finally! On my way!

He heads out the door--

EXT. LUKE AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tim fiddles with something in the back of the truck. Luke approaches. They fist bump.

Next door AARON TEMPLETON(60s) barbecues while several YOUNG KIDS swim in the pool.

Aaron spots them and does a BIG WAVE. The awkward kind with the arm stretched high and a smile from ear to ear.

Tim waves back. Luke barely acknowledges his existence with a slight nod.

LUKE
 Surprised that fucker still getting
 away with it.

TIM
 Getting away with what?

LUKE
 Banging all those kids.

TIM
 Dude, I'm pretty sure that's his
 grandkids.

LUKE
 Some of them are. He uses them as
 bait to bring in the others.

TIM

Come on, Man. He seems like a nice enough fellow.

LUKE

See, that's the shit I been saying for years. You lack survival skills.

TIM

What?

LUKE

If we were kids at that party you'd be getting fucked up the ass later and I'd have to listen to you crying saying shit like, "He seemed like a nice guy".

TIM

Dude, stop. He's not a molester.

LUKE

Then you'd spend the rest of your life avoiding barbecues because the smell would trigger flashbacks of some old wrinkly balls slapping against your ass.

TIM

You're a fuckin asshole!

Luke laughs.

INT. TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY (STOPPED)

Traffic is still at a dead stop and it's a good thing because Tim is laughing too hard to be able to drive.

He wipes the tears from his eyes. Finally catches his breath enough to talk.

TIM

So, he hasn't opened it yet?

LUKE

I don't know, you picked me up right after I sent the text.

Tim regains his composure.

TIM
He might not have gotten it yet.

LUKE
He texted me back and said he was
on his way...That was like two
hours ago.

TIM
Then he must not have opened it.
Your phone would be blowing up if
he did.

Luke checks his phone.

LUKE
Yeah, I figured I would have heard
something out of him.

TIM
Maybe he's opening it now.

They both let that thought resonate for a moment. Laughter
ensues.

EXT. LUKE & BRANDON'S HOUSE - DAY

A convertible VW BUG pulls down the driveway. Screeches to a
halt. Brandon jumps out the passenger side.

RUBIO(20s) is behind the wheel. Muscle-bound. Tight tank
tops and colorful shorts are his thing. He carries a
remarkably puzzled look at all times.

Aaron is still at the barbecue pit and gives them that same
jolly wave. They wave back.

RUBIO
He seems nice.

BRANDON
Going grab my package, I'll be
right back.

RUBIO
Okay.

He turns the radio up as Brandon walks away. Bobs his head
to, "Feel Like Making Love" by Bad Company.

INT. LUKE & BRANDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Brandon scans the area. Spots the package on the kitchen table but pauses a moment to take notice of his bicep in the mirror. Flexes. Satisfied.

Walks over to the package. Picks it up and heads into the--

BATHROOM

It's tight quarters. He sets the box on the sink. Pulls down his pants and sits on the toilet. Strains.

His face reddens. Veins protrude on his neck and forehead. A sigh of relief.

While still mid-shit, he places the box on his lap. RIPS off the tape.

He opens the box and peers inside. He immediately JERKS back and shoves the box to the floor.

GAGS.

BRANDON

Fuck!

KITCHEN

A door CREAKS open, Rubio enters.

INTERCUT BRANDON/RUBIO

RUBIO

Brandon, you there? What's taking so long?

BRANDON

Fuckers sent me shit in a box.

The box is on the floor. The flaps are open and an abnormally large pile of feces sits inside it.

RUBIO

What in a box?

At this point, Brandon is in full roid rage mode and grabs a plunger. Grips it like a baseball bat. Knuckles white.

He's still in the seated position, searches for something to bash...anything!

BRANDON
These Polish pricks sent me shit in
a fucking box!

SMASHES come from the bathroom.

RUBIO
You okay in there?

BRANDON
Shit in a box, who does that?

Rubio moves closer to the bathroom door.

RUBIO
You mean, like poo?

The toilet FLUSHES.

BRANDON
Yes, poo.

Rubio props up against the bathroom door. Head tilted to the side. Slack-jawed.

RUBIO
Dude, I bet they did that to get it
past those drug dogs.

BRANDON
Drug dogs can't smell roids...can
they?

RUBIO
Of course, man. Dogs can smell when
you're about to have a heart attack
and shit. It's like a superpower.

Brandon opens the bathroom door. Open box of feces in hand. He's caught off guard by how close Rubio is to the doorway.

Rubio looks in the box and looks up at Brandon. They know what must be done!

KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

They have clothespins on their noses and thin plastic gloves on. They sit at the table and use their fingers to comb through the large pile of feces.

They dissect every bit of it in search of a tiny bottle of testosterone. Disgusted but committed.

Their voices high-pitched from the clamped noses.

RUBIO
I once had Viagra shipped from
Canada and it came packed in poo.

Brandon shoots a skeptical glare at Rubio.

BRANDON
Really?

RUBIO
Yeah man, this is common in illegal
pharmaceuticals.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

RUBIO
They must have forgot to put it in
this one.

BRANDON
They didn't forget, they fucked me.

RUBIO
What we gonna do?

BRANDON
I'm writing them son of bitches an
email.

RUBIO
Good thinking, they might not even
realize the mistake.

Brandon takes off the brown stained gloves. He marches
towards the computer in the

LIVING ROOM

BRANDON
(to himself)
Send me shit in a box.

Sits down in from of the computer. SNARLS. BANGS on the
keyboard.

BRANDON
(to himself)
I'll shit in a box every day for
the rest of my fuckin life and ship
it to these baby doll drowning
mother fuckers...and their fucking
children.

INT. TRUCK - HIGHWAY - NIGHT (STOPPED)

The red blur from the tail lights ahead seems to go on for miles.

LUKE

Think we'll be able to make that hunt today?

TIM

Fuck you.

They laugh.

LUKE

Still haven't heard a damn thing from Brandon either.

Tim strokes his beard a few times.

TIM

I didn't ask, was it your shit? Or did you put like dog shit or something in there?

LUKE

No man, I literally shit in the box.

Luke leans to his right. Points toward his ass.

LUKE

Fresh shit, direct from my ass.

TIM

(laughs)

So you just popped a squat like them Chinese fuckers that shit in a hole?

Luke nods.

TIM

How big was the box?

Luke uses his hands to demonstrate the size of the box.

LUKE

About like this.

Tim shakes his head.

TIM
Sick, you're just sick.

LUKE
I got a question.

TIM
Yeah?

LUKE
You ever shit in your house but not
in the toilet?

Tim studies Luke trying to decipher if this is a serious question.

Luke remains straight-faced. Eyebrows high.

TIM
No, you fuckin psycho. No one does
that.

LUKE
Dude, without the water masking the
smell, that shit stinks!

TIM
No shit!

EXT. STREET - AARON TEMPLETON'S HOME - NIGHT

Police cars are littered throughout the front yard. Lights
FLICKER. SIRENS. News crews gather equipment from their
vans.

Rubio stands outside, watches the fiasco.

Across the street, MEGAN (20s) pulls out her phone. Begins
to text.

JIM(40s) rushes toward Rubio. He has a microphone in one
hand and is adjusting an ear piece with the other.

INT. TRUCK - HIGHWAY - NIGHT (STOPPED)

Luke's phone BUZZES. They both smile. He looks at the screen
and frowns.

LUKE
False alarm... It's just Megan.

TIM
That the big girl across the street
from ya?

LUKE
Yeah, the one that cuts my grass.

He pockets the phone.

TIM
Well, what did she want?

LUKE
Oh, she's telling me to check the
news. Always sends me some bullshit
like that. She just wants the D.

Tim reaches for the radio.

TIM
Maybe it's about this traffic jam.

Turns up the volume.

NEWS ANCHOR(O.S.)
So far what we know is a shipment
of steroids was tracked to his
home. Upon searching the residence
authorities uncovered a massive
trove of child pornography. Let's
get straight to the action. Here's
our reporter on site, Jim.

JIM(O.S.)
Thanks, Tom. We're live at the
scene speaking with one of the
neighbors now.

RUBIO(O.S.)
I just can't believe it. He seemed
like such a nice guy.

Luke side-eyes Tim.

FADE OUT: