

STONERS.

Written by  
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SHOOTING DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

1 INT. DALE AND ELIAS' FLAT, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON 1

EXTREMELY CLOSE on the business end of a freshly-rolled joint being lit. Inhale, exhale.

WIDER NOW. We're in a large, smoky living room sparsely inhabited by furniture. Three guys--DALE, ELIAS, and RICKY, all in their late teens--pass the joint around, taking hits, already deep in conversation.

RICKY

(takes hit, then)

Bullshit.

(coughs)

I grew up with *Willy Wonka*, man. That's been, like, my favorite flick since I was a kid. I've seen it, fucking... hundreds of times. And not once has this bullshit theory of yours ever fit. Wonka is good ol' fashioned, wholesome family fun. Always has been. No bullshit hidden agendas... no nothin'.

DALE

You're kidding, right? You *honestly* don't see it at all?

RICKY

No, I don't. You're just imaging this shit dude, believe me.

Dale scoffs at this.

RICKY

(annoyed)

...But of course, you're too fucking *jaded* to let it go.

ELIAS

Not to mention, high.

DALE

High? Sure. But jaded? Not in a million fucking years.

RICKY  
(to Elias)  
Are you seriously just gonna sit  
here and listen to this shit?

ELIAS  
Well... I hate to say it, but...

RICKY  
Oh fuck you, pal. Fuck the both of  
you. This is some stupid--hell,  
borderline *retarded* shit right  
here.

DALE  
(under his breath)  
Says you.

RICKY  
Damn right, says me. The only one  
around here with any sense, I  
guess.

ELIAS  
Chill, dude. Why don't you just let  
the guy speak?

RICKY  
Why? So he can try to sell me on  
the idea that *Willy Wonka*, a flick  
I've loved since before I can even  
remember, is some dark, fucked up  
story about *Satan* shepherding kids  
--*kids*, mind you--into the  
underworld? Sending 'em down to  
Hell, or *wherever* he's concocted in  
this ridiculous mindfuck of a  
theory he's got?

DALE  
(blows smoke, then)  
How's that Kool-Aid, Ricky?

RICKY  
(beat)  
Go to hell, Dale. Just cuz I don't  
buy into this crap like your  
boy-toy over there--

ELIAS  
Hey!

RICKY (CONT'D)  
 --doesn't make me a mouthbreathing  
 asshole, okay?

DALE  
 Maybe not.

RICKY  
 Thank you.

DALE  
 But it does, however, make you  
*incredibly* fucking naive.

RICKY  
 (rolls his eyes)  
 Oh, here we go...

DALE  
 (counting on his fingers)  
 Gluttony, Greed, Pride, and Wrath.  
 (then)  
 Picked off one by one in Satan's  
 chocolate factory.

RICKY  
 His name is Willy *fucking* Wonka,  
 and you're fucking delusional.

He pauses for a moment to take the joint Elias holds out to  
 him, takes a hit, then slowly eases into:

RICKY  
 Besides... Augustus as Gluttony and  
 Veruca as Sloth, I'll buy, but the  
*others*? Violet with Pride, Mikey  
 with Wrath? That's a *hell* of a  
 stretch you're askin' me to make.

DALE  
 Mikey Teevee I'll give you--maybe  
 the kid just loves his TV a bit too  
 much--but Violet oozes Pride.

RICKY  
 Pride? She spends the whole flick  
 snapping bubblegum! And excuse me  
 for throwing a monkey wrench in  
 your sick little fantasy here, but  
 if all those other kids represent  
 four of the "deadly sins", what's  
 Charlie's deal? I mean, he's gotta  
 represent something *too*, right?

DALE

Charlie?

(thinks for a moment, then)

He doesn't represent anything, far as I can tell. It's been a while since I saw the flick, but... Charlie always seemed like an alright kid to me.

RICKY

Well yeah, he's the fucking lead-- he's gotta be a boyscout--but if Mikey Teevee is all about Wrath and Violet's all about Pride, Charlie's gotta represent something. Otherwise, what's Satan want with the kid? From the looks of it, he's done nothing worth taking a trip down under for.

DALE

'Course not. That's why he "wins", why he gets to fly around with Wonka and Grandpa Joe in that big fuckin' balloon at the end of the flick. Out of all the kids, Charlie's the only one that gets off scott-free. Hell, even when Wonka disqualifies him he won't give up the "heart of gold" act.

RICKY

Yeah, I remember. He leaves the Gobstopper on Wonka's desk instead of bringing it to Slugworth. That's how he passes the final test.

DALE

(smugly)

And thus, Charlie gets to continue tasting the sweet air of freedom.

RICKY

While the other kids...?

DALE

They get to enjoy Purgatory, and all the fire and agonizing *pain* that goes with it.

A long, silent BEAT. Ricky tries to wrap his head around this concept, but for the life of him he just can't. Elias, meanwhile, sits back and enjoys what's left of the weed.

RICKY  
You're a sick motherfucker, you  
know that?

DALE  
(sits back)  
I have my moments.

RICKY  
One last question--and I know I'm  
not doing any good humoring you,  
but I just gotta ask--if Wonka  
really is Satan, and the kids  
really are what you say they are--

DALE  
Sinners.

RICKY  
--*whatever*, then why's he punishing  
them? Shouldn't he be--*oh, I*  
*dunno*--punishing Charlie for being  
the boyscout, and letting the other  
kids run free? To spread their  
"sin" across the globe, and  
whatnot?

DALE  
You would think so, but... no.  
(beat)  
You know what "Satan" means?

RICKY  
Yeah, he's the dude down under with  
the goatee and the pitchfork. Has a  
thing for fire.

DALE  
(sits forward)  
But do you know what the name  
"Satan" *actually* means?

RICKY  
....No.

DALE  
Prosecuting attorney.

A BEAT. Elias cracks up a little, then quickly tries to  
compose himself and resumes putting on a straight face.

RICKY

Bullshit.

DALE

God's honest truth. And as a prosecuting attorney, it's his job to pass judgment on us and, when it comes time to, punish the wrongdoers as he sees fit. As Wonka, Satan is tempting these kids, with his delicious treats, to cast moral decency aside and indulge themselves, to completely succumb to their earthly desires. And when they do--think Augustus, Veruca, Violet, and Mike--he hits them with the eternal damnation. Retribution, you could call it, for their earthly sins.

RICKY

So then, by that fuckin' *ridiculous* logic, taking a swig from a river of chocolate is a sin? As is--gasp!--chewing fucking *gum*? What kind of asshole sends a kid to Purgatory for chewing *gum*?

DALE

(contentedly)

Same kinda asshole that wears a purple blazer, I'd imagine.

Another long BEAT. The joint is now burned down practically to embers, unsalvagable.

RICKY

I still don't buy it.

DALE

I never *asked* you to buy it, Ricky, just to hear me out.

RICKY

Well then, *Dale*, I want the last five minutes back. 'Cuz that's the biggest load of *shit* I've ever heard.

(to Elias)

You still on his side?

ELIAS  
Me? I'm on no side. But fuck all  
this anyway, man. We got *bigger*  
problems.

DALE  
Like what?

ELIAS  
(holds up roach)  
...We're all out.

A BEAT. Then, in unison:

RICKY AND DALE  
Aw, *shit*.

FADE TO BLACK.