"THE MORNING AFTER"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS' BASEMENT - DAY

KYLE, early 20s, wakes to the scene of a disaster. Clothes strewn about, food containers and what could loosely be described as a bed decorates the bedroom ridden with childish remnants. He slowly walks out of his bedroom, risen from a night's sleep to see NICK, same age, eating breakfast and watching TV.

KYLE

What are you doing up so early?

NICK

Well good morning sunshine! How are we today?

KYLE

Peachy, just peachy.

CHRIS (OS)

(singing)

Head games, it's you and me baby, Head games, and I can't take it anymore!

KYLE

Is that ...?

NICK

Yup.

KYLE

Great.

As Kyle slowly ambles up the stairs, he glances to the kitchen to see CHRIS, shaggy redhead of the same age, still singing and dancing while cooking breakfast in only his boxers. His headache worsens.

CHRIS

(holding a fry pan)

Well hello there, Sally. What's shakin?

KYLE

Well, Jesus. Apparently your sack, man. What are the odds of you putting on some pants?

CHRIS

Slim. You know I am exercising my right as a man to swing my unit however I please.

KYLE

Nothing anywhere gives you the "right as a man" to place your Johnson all over the damn kitchen. As a matter of fact, I would say standard male code implies you cover up your junk in front of another male.

CHRIS

Oh male code, you say? Interesting concept for a guy who takes showers longer than most women and primps like a 6 year old getting ready for his school picture.

KYLF

(Fakes opening a book and reading a line) Oh look, right here. Thou shalt not place one's dick anywhere near the food area, ESPECIALLY in the presence of another male.

CHRIS

Whatever you say. Breakfast is up. Bacon, sausage and toast.

KYLE

Then why is Nick eating cereal?

CHRIS

Who knows. Saving the animals or some shit, I guess.

(flips off the basement) SAVE THIS!

KYLE

(turning around)

YEAH! Chew on that one, hippie! (beat)

Wait, why are you yelling?

CHRIS

So where'd you end up last night? Didn't see you when we left.

KYLE

Aaaah, last night. It's a bit

shady at some points.

FLASHBACK:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Chris and Kyle are dancing away by themselves and pointing at women to try to get their attention. Bottled beer dangles from their fingers as they unsteadily move their bodies on the dance floor, clearly out of their element. The cut swings to Kyle, jumping in the middle of a group of women. They all look at each other, disturbed by the invasive presence of this new person. A few turn their heads in repulsion of the smell of liquor on his breath.

KYLE

(yelling over music)
HEY LADIES! HOW YOU ALL DOING
TONIGHT?

They slowly all disperse their circle to recreate elsewhere, away from interruption. Kyle continues dancing. Action swings back to Nick and Chris, now standing. They are both staring, presumably in amazement, at Kyle. Kyle waves exuberantly to the two. As the two shield their eyes, they begin walking off the dance floor.

NTCK

Lets get the hell outta here before we get tossed out.

CHRIS

No kidding. We'll never be welcomed back here.

Lastly, Kyle is shown busting out his entire dance repertoire. The sprinkler, the twist, the lawn mower and the shopping cart are all sampled by Kyle as he mysteriously has his own circle on the dance floor. Whether it is because of patrons avoiding him or watching him is unknown.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY

KYLE

Me and uh...Jackie--

CHRIS

(clears throat)

Who is this "me and Jackie?" Or are you speaking about, of

course, Jackie and I?

KYLE

You know. If there wasn't a large wall that we will hypothetically call "my headache" standing in the way right now, I would literally jump over this counter and locate what is left of your satchel with my fist. Know that.

CHRIS

Pffffft. The odds of you catching me to punch me are slightly worse than the odds that anyone will ever care about the WNBA. I'm nearly identical to a cat. True story.

KYLE

(eating breakfast)
Anyway. We went to Jackie's
place for a while until she fell
asleep. Then I jumped ship and
ended here. Story of my life.

CHRIS

See, I've always had this theory, OK. It consists of trying to get sober women, whom prefer to stay awake during sex, as opposed to drunk ones, who tend more to pass out and vomit all over the place.

KYLE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Just because you had one bad experience does not mean every guy should live in fear of picking up drunk chicks at bars. Maybe if you didn't jam shots down their...

(distracted, looks at Chris) Chris, what in the fuck are you doing?

CHRIS

(looks up, touching his nipple)
What? Hey, does this look
irritated to you?

Kyle gets up with his food and begins to walk downstairs.

CHRIS

What? It's a simple question.

KYLE

One that does not deserve any response, I say.

CHRIS

FINE!

Nick is heard laughing and chuckling over the sound of the TV. Kyle walks to the chair and falls into the back. Nick is to his right, finishing eating, watching cartoons.

KYLF

Are you serious right now?

NICK

What?

KYLE

Are you fucking eight? This is a show meant for your little sister. Can't we watch Sportscenter or something?

Nick takes the remote and begins to take the batteries out of the remote.

NICK

You want Sportscenter? Here you go.

He turns the channel to Lifetime and throws the remote on Kyle's lap.

KYLE

Oh you son of a bitch. What am I supposed to watch here?

NICK

(walking away)

Well there is an Oprah rerun, a TV movie about women's empowerment, something I know you are passionate about...or there's always your hand on your dick.

(beat)

HAYO!

KYLE

Hey, by the way. What's up with the "no meat" thing? You saving the world again? NICK

As much as I can, man. As much as I can. Animals are part of this world too, you know.

KYLE

Yeah, if you say so Mary. If they can't talk to me, I can eat them.

NICK

Oh, so mutes? You want to eat a mute because they can't talk to you?

KYLE

(turning back to the TV) Survival of the fittest, my man, survival of the fittest.

NICK

You...

(beat)

You are probably the worst person I've ever met.

KYLE

This coming from the kid who strives to look like he hasn't showered in months.

(yelling to nobody in particular)
FIVE BUCKS SAYS THE HOMELESS
VEGAN DOESN'T LAST A WEEK!

CHRIS

(yelling back)

I'LL TAKE THAT!

KYLE

You know what you look like? A slightly gayer Kenny G.

NICK (OS)

Fuck both of you. I'm taking a shower.

KYLE

First one in what, a week? Good luck in there late Kurt Cobain. You make me sick. Seriously, you probably look like a South American rainforest with a worse odor and minus the cool animals.

Kyle walks upstairs with his empty plate and begins washing

it off as Chris reads the paper.

KYLE

Hey man, question for ya.

CHRIS

What's up?

KYLE

Wheeeeeeen did you notice...

(beat)

your erotic fascination with other men?

CHRIS

Oh, I don't know. About the same time I walked in on you bobbing for apples in a guy's lap.

KYLE

Yeah, well.

(beat)

damnit.

Kyle walks to whiteboard on the refrigerator that appears to be some sort of chart. He takes the marker and under the column heading "Chris", puts a single tally, signifying his point in some sort of contest. He goes and leans against the counter, defeated.

KYLE

So what's on tap for today?

CHRIS

I'll tell you what. I need to crank one out here after breakfast. After that the day is free.

KYLE

Dude.

CHRIS

What?

KYLE

Come on, you don't give a warning about buttering the corn. It's just not cool.

CHRIS

Bullshit. That is fair game anywhere.

KYLE

Anywhere? I find that hard to believe. Anywhere is a large

locale, my friend. Let's go ask Nick.

CHRIS

Fair enough.

Chris and Kyle walk downstairs. Chris knocks on the bathroom door impatiently.

CHRIS

NICK! NICK! Got a dispute that needs to be settled.

NICK (OS)

I'm trying to take a shower here. Can't this sure-to-be life changing emergency wait?

KYLE

Absolutely not. Get your skinny ass out here.

The shower turns off and Nick appears at the door in nothing but his towel.

NICK

What the hell do you want?

CHRIS

Question. Is it OK to tell another man about plans to grease your pole?

NICK

(turns around)

You have got to be shitting me.

Nick slams the door and the shower turns back on.

KYLE

HEY! AN ANSWER PLEASE!

(looks to Chris)

Unbelievable. So difficult to deal with, this guy.

CHRIS

I know. And such a simple question, you know.

The door reopens, shower still running, and Nick pokes his head out, touching his nipple.

NICK

Hey, does this look irritated to you?

Kyle begins to walk away, ignoring the question.

NICK

What? It's just a question.

CHRIS

(also walking upstairs)
We'll be waiting, so hurry the
hell up.

NICK (OS)

You know I will.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY

A few hours later, Chris, Nick and Kyle sit upstairs, boringly flipping through TV channels as if waiting for something to happen.

CHRIS

Let me ask you something.

(pause)

When is it OK for a guy to shave the ole man purse?

KYLE

Oh come on man, why does this have to come up? Why now?

CHRIS

I think this is a question on a lot of guy's minds.

NTCK

No. No it's not. I have never asked myself when it would be acceptable to shave my better half. I just do it.

KYLE

Wait, what? Did you just say you shave yourself?

CHRIS

Oooh, good. Now I can get some answers. Question. Does it hurt?

KYLE

Hang on, let me get this straight. He says he shaves himself and the best question your mind can formulate is if it hurts? I got a better question, why are we even talking about this? NICK

Hey, all I know is the ladies love it.

KYLE

Oh yeah, the ladies. If by ladies, you mean the one girl who passed out in your lap but you counted as a blowjob, then let's go find her and ask her if she enjoyed it as much as you. I am certain she will be thrilled she was counted as a sexual escapade of yours.

CHRIS

Hey, it's no worse than about 90 percent of the women I've seen leave your room with nothing but a frown on their face, running like a Kenyan in a 5k.

KYLE

Oh now that is not fair. First of all, I think everyone would agree the Kenyans are clearly losing their dominance in distance races. Second, all of the women have jobs and would be counted as upwardly mobile individuals, unlike someone we know.

CHRIS

Alright everyone hang on. Back to the fruit basket. OK to shave or not?

KYLE

Dude, I don't care if you wanna chrome polish your sack and paint messages on there as long as you don't leave the "remnants" all over the damn floor. Next thing you know people will think we were sacrificing a Siberian tiger in there.

CHRIS

Nice one. A jab about the red hair. Those are rare man, and I am glad you rose above that.

KYLE

You know what, you're welcome. I know that is a contentious point for you.

A few moments of silence pass as they continue to watch TV.

CHRIS

So seriously? Not OK to talk about my man functions?

KYLE

Let it go man. It's over.

(shaking his head)
And did you just say "man functions" out loud?

CHRIS

Yes. Yes I did. I think that is a proper term for discussing those types of things. Is that alright with you?

KYLE

Those types of things? Please Chris, enlighten us. What other things are involved in this mythical category of yours, "man functions?"

CHRIS

Well, for starters, going number 1 and 2. And not only that-

KYLE

(interrupting)

Wait, wait, wait. Going number 1 and 2 are qualified as "man functions"? Women don't do either of those?

CHRIS

(shrugging)

I've never seen it or heard them talk about it. Until then...

NICK

(nodding)

That's true. I'm with him.

KYLE

I can't believe this conversation right now. So you're telling me that No, eff it, I'm not even going further with this.

Kyle gets up and walks to door and SLAMS it shut as he walks out.

CHRIS

Unbelievable. So difficult to deal with, this guy.

NICK

I know, I know. And such a simple conversation. He just goes off.

CHRIS

(nodding in agreement)

I know it.

CUT TO:

INT. KYLE'S CAR - DAY

KYLE

(muttering)

Bunch of morons...Cannot believe I have to live with them.

His phone rings, startling him and making him jump. He answers the phone.

KYLE

(on the phone)

What do you need?

(beat)

No, I am not going to pick you up Taco Bell, you dicks.

(beat)

What the hell, are you serious right now? No. No no. Dicks.

He shuts his phone, more angry than ever.

CUT TO:

Chris closing his phone, still sitting next to Nick.

CHRIS

What the hell? He said no.

NICK

Are you kidding me? What is his problem now? Jesus, it's just some food.

CHRIS

Hey, you wanna watch a UFO Hunters marathon? Goes till 7 o'clock.

NICK

What kind of question is that? Of course I wanna watch a UFO Hunters marathon. Fire that damn thing up!

The two lean back in chairs, relaxed for the coming show.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Kyle walks down an aisle, glancing to both sides for items to add to his small shopping cart. In it already are items anyone would expect fro ma college student's grocery cart including spaghetti-O-s, macaroni and cheese, a 30 pack of cheap beer as well as other small items, including a box of condoms.

WOMAN (O.S.)

KYLE! Hey KYLE!

Kyle looks up and down the aisle flustered. He tilts his head back to see who is beckoning him. He slows to allow her to catch up.

JACKIE, 21, is shown in the grocery aisle. Tall and beautiful with brown hair, her smile radiates from one aisle to the other. Her slinky tank top gently hangs off one shoulder and her denim skirt cuts off between her knee and upper thigh. The left side of her face bears a bruise from some unknown event or altercation. She is very cute and attracts the attention of many. She has been the object of affection for Kyle for some time.

KYLE

(nervously scratching his head)
Oh hey Jackie, must've looked
right past ya. Sorry about that.
What are you doing here?

JACKIE

Uhmm. Getting some...groceries?

KYLE

Oh. Yea. I guess that uh. I guess that makes some sense.

Just here by yourself?

JACKIE

Yea it's just me here. Just getting some little things for dinner with the family tonight.

KYLE

Oh good. Good. Well I'll let you get to that then. See ya around?

JACKIE

Yea, sure. We'll talk to you soon then.

She begins to walk away with a look of bewilderment on her face. Alternatively, Kyle is punching the front of the shopping cart in frustration. He turns around.

KYLE

(too loudly)

HEY JACKIE! ARE YOU OK AFTER LAST NIGHT?

JACKIE

(turning, surprised by the question) Uh, I was about to ask you the same thing. Did you make it home OK? I didn't even know you had left.

KYLE

Me? Yeah, I was fine. I don't... what are you talking about? You passed out and I went home after.

JACKIE

(confused)

Oh. Is that the way you remember it? I don't...I don't recall it exactly going down like that.

Nope. Not like that at all, actually.

FLASHBACK:

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kyle and Jackie are at her apartment. How Kyle got her to take him to her apartment is unknown and seems unlikely. Jackie is seen lifting Kyle's feet onto the couch and moving his head onto the pillow, drool slowly filing out of the side of his mouth like a teardrop. As she moves his head to the pillow, he stirs awake slightly, still highly intoxicated.

KYLE

(drunkenly waving hands)
Oooooooh! Heeeyyy! Hey uh...you.
Thanks for taking me back here.
I mean, I could've driven, but
you—

As he waves his arm back to exclaim his point to her, he backhands her directly across the face, knocking her back.

KYLE

Ooooooh NO!!!! I. I didn't mean to. Oh this is baaaddddd....

He starts to move to help her as she shields her face with her hand. She pushes his hand away and in his effort to grab her hand to help her, falls off the couch.

KYLE (O.S.)

Oh God. It. It hurts. I just...I'm sorry...

His hand raises in the air in one last gasp effort to help her, even though she is long gone to her own bed by now. His arm falls futilely to the couch.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The two stand in the aisle. Kyle takes a step back, apparently astonished.

KYLE

No way! I apparently have zero recollection of anything last night. Wow.

JACKIE

No. I swear. Hence my bruise.

KYLE

Yea. I am really sorry about that. Wow. I have not been that inebriated in some time. Please don't hate me?

JACKIE

No of course not, Kyle. Just, don't hit me anymore, OK?

KYLE

Haha. You know, I think I could manage that. I promise.

He raises his hand with his pinky extended, presumably for a

pinky swear. She does nothing and looks at his face and hand extended intermittently.

TACKIE

I don't. I don't know what that is. Do I poke you? Or what's with the pinky?

KYLE

Oh. You're not familiar. Haha. Ok. Um, yea. Just. I swear. (more loudly)

I WILL NOT PUNCH YOU AGAIN!

The other people in the aisle simultaneously stop what they are doing and slowly turn their heads. Some look at the scene out of the corner of their eyes while others glance over the products they are examining. Kyle notices the attention.

KYLE

Oh. No. It's not like that. We were just talking about something else. It was this thing last night. I was drunk. Oh God that doesn't help anything. You know what, never mind. Just everybody, mind your business.

The scene remains but slowly people start to scatter. Jackie is embarrassed and starts to turn away.

JACKIE

Well I better be going now. You have a good one, OK?

KYLE

OK, sounds good. Talk to you later.

(mumbling to self)

I think that went well.

As she walks away, Kyle sees that people are still semigandering at him and the spectacle that just ensued.

KYLE

WHAT? Oh come on, you have no idea of what we were even talking about. Move on you gawkers, it's not like this is a car accident. Well. Just go.

As he is standing there pleading his case, a shopping cart gently bumps him in the back of the legs. His leg buckles a bit from the pressure.

KYLE

What the ...?

OLD LADY

Can I get through or did you want to park your overweight, underachieving self more in the middle of the aisle here?

KYLE

Wow. Well that seems wildly inappropriate for someone, especially of your age, to say. So mean.

Unmoved by Kyle's statements, she is past him at this point and not listening to him.

KYLE

(half yelling to the woman)
Really? So that's how its gonna
be huh? Ice cold like that?
Watch your hip!

The last jab attracts the attention of some unknowing bystanders. He did not notice them until now

KYLE

Oh come on. Are you effing kidding me?

(looking up to the heavens) Seriously, right now? Not cool, man. Not cool.

Kyle looks at one of the other people in the aisle as he moves his cart past them and out of the aisle. He leans over to speak to her.

KYLE

I swear to you that sometimes the man upstairs thinks I'm one big joke he sent here to have some giggles at.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY

Kyle speeds his car into the driveway and slams it into park, still somewhat fuming over the old lady incident at the store. He reaches over and grabs his bags of groceries to take inside. He sits up to get out of the car, but does not carry enough momentum and falls back into the seat with a thud.

KYLE

Jesus. Glad nobody saw that. Can't even get out of my own car.

He arises on the second attempt and begins his trek up the driveway while looking at the yard to the side. On the edge close to him resides a whiffle ball. He raises his eyes slightly further to see a young boy with a toy baseball bat squinting at Kyle. He says nothing, but Kyle gets the message anyway. He puts down the package of beer and walks to the ball. He picks it up.

KYLE

(throwing the ball)

Here you go, little buddy.

The child drops his bat to chase after the ball a few feet from him. He picks it up and glares back at Kyle

LITTLE BOY

Nice throw, ASSHOLE!

The little boy throws his middle finger up at Kyle with meanness in his eyes.

KYLE

What the? There is no way that just happened. What in the hell is wrong with this world. I was just insulted by a little boy. For helping him out.

He looks around the neighborhood for some confirmation, but the lack of people respond with resounding silence.

KYLE

(to little boy)

I GOT MY EYE ON YOU, YOU LITTLE PECKER! THAT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!

As he leans down to get his groceries, he notices a shape on the sidewalk in front of the house. He looks up to see a woman walking her dog. The woman is staring and the dog is sitting on the sidewalk, also looking at Kyle. She slowly shakes her head at him and begins to walk past, looking away.

KYLE

What? Oh if you would've heard what HE said to ME, you wouldn't be making that face. Despicable. I am appalled. And you should be too.

Defeated, he grabs his bags and begins his walk to the door and takes his keys out. As he slides the key into the front

door, he hears some loud commotion on the inside. He opens the door to hear two voices screaming at each other, almost in competition. The living room is in a disaster, apparently overturned in a home roberry.

NICK (O.S.)

(yelling)

Oh now that is such a load of bullshit and you know it! You know, you and only you would dig that deep during a totally separate argument!

CHRIS (O.S.)

My ass! I am speaking the truth. The fact of the matter is that you have a track record of taking the "last" of things. Last slice of pizza, stuff like that.

Kyle steps into the altercation and both acknowledge his presence.

CHRIS AND NICK

KYLE!

CHRIS

Perfect timing. We need some help.

KYLE

Oh God. I really do not want to know what happened here.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY

Chris sits alone watching the television. Nick walks back into the scene and throws his weight into the back of the chair with a relieved sigh. He begins to unwrap some type of food snack, and the shiny wrapper and noise has caught Chris' attention.

CHRTS

Hey is that the last Smores flavored Pop-Tart?

NICK

Oh. Yeah it must be.

CHRIS

Oh this has gone too far.

As Chris is speaking, he jumps off the chair, pushing it with such force it falls backward. He takes the coffee table in between the two chairs and flings it with disregard to any of it's contents. Candy and magazines go crashing around the room. Nick jumps up in fear and naturally goes to the other side of the dinner table. Chris stares him down.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY

On the screen the words "15 Minutes Later" are superimposed on the screen. The room remains a disaster and Chris, Nick and Kyle sit at the counter with three open beers. Chris and Nick are visibly roughed up and breathing heavily. Both sit shirtless. Kyle is in the middle.

KYLE

So then this old lady rams her cart into the back of my legs. Can you believe that shit?

NICK

I must be missing the point. For starters, why would you ever think a pinky swear is a good idea? Are you 6 years old?

CHRIS

Yeah. Did you want to pass her a note that asked if she liked you next? Maybe hang out and watch the Power Rangers: Timeforce together?

NICK

Or. Or. Maybe you two could have whipped out your Gameboy's and gone head to head in Pokemon? What the hell were you trying to do? And secondly, no, I do not believe you. Old ladies are sweet and kind. You, however, are a giant douche.

KYLE

I just don't get it. I swear there are other forces trying to stop me from looking normal to Jackie.

CHRIS

Yea. God is so bored up there he

decides to make <u>you</u>, the almighty Kyle, propose a pinky swear with a girl you desire. Yup, I'm with you there.

KYLE

Oh go right to Hell. I should have never told you anyway.

CHRIS

You know, you're probably right. You just took about 10 minutes of my life and freedom that I will never get back, and that is not fair. I think you owe us.

KYLE

Oh how is that? How would I pay back this incredible debt to you and society?

NICK

Easy. Promise to never take us to whatever disco you took us to last night aaaannnndddd a six pack of beer.

KYLE

Deal.

NICK

Damnit. We are way too easily paid off.

Kyle is walking away from the two.

KYLE (O.S.)

I woulda gone to a 24 pack.

Chris pounds the counter with his fist angrily

CHRIS

Damnit Nick. That is why we never let you negotiate anything. Remember when you instigated that fight then tried to get us out of it?

NICK

Hey! That worked. I don't remember receiving any physical harm from that.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Chris and Nick are standing next to each other. Across from them are two larger men. All parties appear drunk but Nick and Chris visibly act like it.

NICK

Whoa whoa whoa. Okay. Just hold on. How were we supposed to know that those two were your girlfriends?

LARGE MAN #1

Maybe by the way we were dancing with each other and holding hands jackass.

NICK

So? Looked like just another skank to me!

After the insult, the men take a step towards the two.

NICK

Whoa! Hey, just stop it right there! I.

(beat)

I have a gun!

Chris puts his head in his hands.

CHRIS

Oh God.

NICK

And I've killed bitches before.

Nick starts yelling now.

NICK

No more games, I'ma change what you call rage. Tear this motherfucking roof off like 2 dogs caged. I was playing in the beginning, the mood all changed. I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage

Chris turns to talk directly to Nick. The two large men look confused at each other.

CHRIS

What the fuck? Was that Eminem? How would you ever remember that? Or choose to recite it at a time like this?

NICK

I don't know. The rage just overtook me, man.

CHRIS

Oh well that's just great. Now we look like we're members of the West Side Story singing and rapping our enemies into submission. Great.

LARGE MAN #2

What the fuck are you two talking about? I'm done listening here.

Chris starts to back up to see Nick already three steps back. Nick takes the lid off of a garbage can and makes an attempt to throw it at the two men.

NICK

CHRIS! RUN!

As he throws the lid, he is turning to run. As Chris turns, his forehead is met by the lid and throws him backward to the ground. He hits the cement cold. All he can hear is footsteps and the sound of Nick yelling.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - DAY

The two continue their conversation.

CHRIS

Yeah. You didn't receive anything. I received a nice concussion and a large medical bill for an overnight stay there. I couldn't remember shit for two weeks. Remember?

NICK

Oh yea. That is right. I remember now. What kinda bitch stays overnight for a concussion, anyway? Pansy.

CHRIS

You are unbelievable, you know that? Absolutely ridiculous.

Chris gets up and puts his empty bottle near the sink. He

walks past Nick.

NICK

Whatever you say man.

CUT TO:

INT. KYLE'S ROOM - DAY

Kyle sits at his computer with an iPod in his ears. The sound of music blares through but to the audience is only noise. You can see him following the words to an unknown rap song.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - EVENING

Nick and Chris are sitting in their chairs, discussing plans to eat dinner while the TV plays.

CHRIS

So Taco Bell it is?

NTCK

I don't know, KFC has its positives, too.

CHRIS

Wait, weren't you just saving the animals this morning?

NICK

Well. Yea. But seriously, I'm so fucking hungry, you know? I will never look at a salad again, because I cannot eat another one.

CHRIS

Oh? Your boyfriend finally laid down the law on the salads eh? Too bad, I guess. I know how much of a fan you were.

NICK

Yea. What? Oh you son of a bitch. You know I-

(beat)

Son of a bitch.

Nick gets up, hanging his head low. He creeps his way to the whiteboard on the fridge and solemnly places another tally under Chris' name.

CHRIS

Chris 2, House 0.

Nick moves back to the room and resumes the conversation as

if nothing had happened. As more of the room is shown, it is seen that there is a whiteboard on an easel. There is two restaurants, KFC and Taco Bell, as well as two columns labeled "Pro" and "Con." Nick is standing in front of the board, almost like he was giving a presentation in high school.

NICK

Well I think we would both agree that KFC has a higher caloric intake based on the meals we would each eat. Now that is labeled as a con, and rightfully so. But I don't think taste is something we can justfully decide based on the difference in food both establishments offer.

CHRIS

Valid point. What if we based the taste on separate scales of 5. Out of 5, how good would Taco Bell taste compared to other Mexican restaurants? Etc, etc.

NICK

Probably the only fair way to do things.

The words "12 minutes later" are imposed over a black screen. The two are still in the room.

NICK

So it's settled. Arby's it is.

CHRIS

Effing A right man. Let's get a move on.

The two move towards the door and Nick takes a look outside before going out. He notices Kyle's car directly behind is, inhibiting their exit.

NICK

Son of a bitch. Apparently this dickhead of a friend forgot how to park. He's in the way.

CHRIS

(yelling)

KYLE! HEY KYLE! WE NEED YOU TO MOVE YOUR CAR!

(beat)

HEY COME ON MAN, WE'RE HUNGRY!

NICK

Oh well. He must just be sleeping. Let's roll.

CHRIS

Sweet.

The two make their way outside and examine Kyle's car.