

THE LUNCHROOM

Episode Nine

"Brian's Odyssey"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LUNCHROOM - MORNING

BROCK WARNER and CASEY JENNINGS are at one of the various empty tables. There is a stack of index cards next to Brock. He picks one up and reads it.

BROCK

All right, Casey. Who is Judas
Iscaiot and what significance did
he have?

Casey thinks for a moment just as JOEL MAYBERRY walks up and sits down.

CASEY

He's that motherfucker who snitched
on Jesus!

BROCK

Correct.

JOEL

What are you guys doing?

CASEY

Boning up on my religion.

Joel takes a step back, shocked.

JOEL

...But aren't you an atheist?

CASEY

Born and raised.

JOEL

(confused)

Don't you people do everything but
"bone" up on religion?

CASEY

I've got to. See one of the only
ways I can see Kay is to go to
church with her. And after every
service her father fucking grills
me about religion.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

Sad for you, although demented on his part.

CASEY

This week I'm not going to let him embarrass me. I'm going to be ready for him! Brock, what's the next question?

Brock picks up another index card.

BROCK

(reading)

What are the four spiritual laws?

Not even second goes by and Casey's eyes widen with fear.

CASEY

(under breath)

Oh crap.

JOEL

Stumped?

CASEY

No, I got this.

Beat.

CASEY

Oh I know! Keep it away from bright light, don't get any water on it, and never, never ever feed it after midnight.

JOEL

Casey, those are the rules in *Gremlins*.

CASEY

(disappointed)

I thought they sounded off.

Brock and Joel laugh it up just as WILL COOPER enters. His thoughts seem to be elsewhere.

WILL

Hey guys.

BROCK + JOEL

Morning.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Have either of you seen Brian today?

JOEL
Nope. I just got in.

BROCK
I don't think he's here yet.

WILL
Huh.

BROCK
Something troubling you, Will?

WILL
Yeah. See I woke up this morning, and my mom told me that there was something on the front porch for me. And this is what it was...

Will reaches into his backpack and pulls out a Wii Controller designed to look like a Light saber. Everyone gasps.

CASEY
(amazed)
By the power of Grey skull!

BROCK
That's Brian's limited edition Jedi Wii Controller! He worked months to get that!

JOEL
This was just sitting on your front porch?

WILL
Yeah. And it had a simple tag that said "For Joel."

Will hands it to a confused Joel.

JOEL
Wait, it said "to Joel?" Why would he have you give it to me? Why not just give it to me in person? In fact, *why* is he giving it to me?

WILL

I don't know. That's kinda why I wanted to talk to him.

An uneasy feeling has come about the room. Each person is becoming increasingly unhappy.

WILL

That's not all. He left something for Casey.

Will reaches into his back pack and pulls out a SPIDER-MAN action figure.

CASEY

Oh my sweet vanilla Christ! That's Brian's inappropriate Spider-Man toy!

JOEL

Inappropriate Spider-Man?

WILL

Yeah. Brian got this when we were in the third grade. It's a Spider-Man action figure that's supposed to talk when you press a button. But apparently some disgruntled employee got a hold of it and it says things that are a bit racy.

Will presses a button in the middle of his chest.

SPIDER-MAN

My Spidey senses are tingling!
Guess where the priest touched me,
Aunt May!

WILL

...Why would Brian give this away?
This is one of his most prized
possessions.

BROCK

That and the Wii Controller.

WILL

I've got a bad feeling about this.

REICTHER casually walks up to the table.

REICTHER
Well, Brian's dead.

Everyone is stunned, shocked, confused, at a loss for words.

JOEL
(deeply sad)
...Dead?

REICTHER
Yep.

Beat.

REICTHER
I'll be right back, I'm going to
grab a pop tart.

Reichter leaves a very shocked Gang.

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar" plays over the credits.

AFTER CREDITS.

FADE IN:

INT. LUNCHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Reichter is sitting down, eating a pop tart. The other four are just staring at him, waiting for him to say something.

BROCK
WELL!?

REICTHER
Well what?

WILL
(annoyed)
Like how the fuck you know Brian's
dead.

CASEY
How did you come across this info?

The Gang is noticeably less shocked now and more angry.

(CONTINUED)

REICTHER

Jeez, settle down. I know because he left me a note in my mailbox this morning.

Reichter pulls a crumbled up note from his pocket. Will snatches it from his hand and frantically starts reading. Brock, Casey, and Joel swarm behind him and read over his shoulder.

Beat.

WILL

Oh my God...it's true.

Silence. Everyone is bummed out.

JOEL

(to Reichter)

How can you just act so normal when your friend has just killed himself?

REICTHER

Because I've mentally prepared for this ever since Brian was attempting suicide during Junior year.

BROCK

Do you always have to be an asshole Reichter?

REICTHER

I'm not being an asshole! This is how I handle grief.

JOEL

(sarcastic)

Well you're handling it real well!

REICTHER

Hey! Don't get that way with me, man. I'm not the one who dated his crush for a year and didn't tell him.

Fighting erupts between Joel, Reichter, Casey, and Brock. Will tries to ignore it but can't.

WILL

EVERYONE JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!

The Gang become quiet, startled by Will's outburst.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

It doesn't fucking matter how he grieves or what you kept secret. It doesn't matter one goddamn bit anymore...

Beat.

WILL

...Brian's dead. That's all that matters.

BEGIN SONG ("The Bad Thing" - Arctic Monkeys)

FADE TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - SAME

Establishing shot of the beautiful city skyline as the day's first rays are just now hitting it. All the sounds of the city are there as we hear cars, construction work, etc.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

We are treated to a series of quick cuts of dozens of different Chicago locations such as: Churches, Synagogues, Navy Pier, Union Station, Brookfield Zoo, Sears Tower, The Chicago Theater, Buckingham Fountain, Chicago Cultural Center, Chicago Water Tower, and ending on the John Hancock Center.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

It's a lovely garden apartment near LINCOLN PARK. Very upscale, and nice. A crappy old blue NISSAN SENTRA pulls up in front of it. While smoke collectively comes out of the back, BRIAN VANDELE steps out of driver's side.

He looks around, taking it all in.

BRIAN

Wow. Very nice.

Nodding, Brian turns and heads for the apartment door.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

CLOSE UP ON DOOR:

There's a knock.

(SONG FADES). We PULL BACK and begin to take in a very well furnished and large apartment. Art on the walls, mixture of modern and antique furniture, brightly colored walls. A fantastic place overall.

More knocking.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who's ever knocking I have to warn
you that I'm furious and hormonal.

STACY CIFARETTO appears from one of the hallway. Besides a new hair do and the fact that she's very pregnant, she looks the same as the last time we saw her.

STACY

Hold on, I'm almost there.

She slowly makes her way to the door, holding onto her stomach. She opens the door to reveal Brian. Her mouth drops in surprise.

STACY

(shocked)

Brian?!

BRIAN

Hey, big sister!

He hugs her. Despite not knowing what to do, she reluctantly hugs back.

STACY

Uh, what are you doing here?

BRIAN

What? I can't sneak out in the middle of the night and drink eight red bulls so I can drive seven hours to see my half sister?

STACY

I guess not, I -

BRIAN

(overlapping)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)
Stacy, trust me. There's nothing to worry about. I'm just here to visit you.

Stacy's worried face is quickly replaced by a smile.

STACY
That's sweet of you, Brian.

Brian nods. Beat.

BRIAN
Oh, by the way. I dropped out of school and ran away from home. Is it cool if I crash on your couch?

STACY
(angry; confused)
WHAT?!

BRIAN
See, that's why I didn't tell you the truth. You overreact.

Brian pushes past her to let himself in.

STACY
Brian, I might overreact from time to time but this seems to be an appropriate mood for this particular sit -

BRIAN
(overlapping)
Can you hold on a moment? I haven't eaten in like forever.

STACY
You want to eat at a time like this?!

BRIAN
Wendy's wasn't open yet. I couldn't eat before I got here.

STACY
No. No you can not eat. Because I'm in the middle of yelling at you.

BRIAN
(ignoring her)
Just give me a second.

(CONTINUED)

He leaves for the kitchen.

STACY
(furious)
Brian!!!

She chases after him.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian is looking through the fridge when an upset Stacy bursts through the door. Brian nibbles on some left overs as she gives him the dirtiest look.

STACY
Brian, didn't you hear me?

BRIAN
Please, Stacy. It's rude to yell at someone with food in their mouth.

Stacy puts her hand to her head, unable to comprehend it all.

STACY
This is all going by so fast, let me just try to straighten it all out.
(beat)
You've basically left your entire life and everything you know in Centerville?

BRIAN
Teachers be damned, you do pick up quick. And I didn't just pick up everything and leave.

Beat.

BRIAN
...I kinda faked my death.

STACY
WHAT?!?!?

She starts pacing around the room mumbling curse words and "Jesus Christ." Stacy hits Brian in the back of the head.

(CONTINUED)

STACY

What the fuck were thinking?!

BRIAN

I don't know! But I can tell you what I'm thinking now: fuck you for smacking me in the back of the head.

Stacy tries to calm herself a bit and collect her thoughts.

STACY

I'm sorry I hit you.

BRIAN

I'm sorry being pregnant makes you a raging bitch.

Stacy acts like she is going to punch Brian. He screams like a little girl.

STACY

I've got one thing to say: Why? Why would you just abandon your entire life at a moment's notice?

BRIAN

If you must know things weren't going so well for me, Stace. I got this in the mail yesterday.

Hands Stacy a crumbled up letter from his pocket. She starts reading and her mood changes to a more sympathetic one.

STACY

Oh shit. "We regret to inform you" is never a good start.

BRIAN

Not only did I get that "nice" little letter, I had to sit down with the Guidance Counselor.

CUT TO:

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR OFFICE - FLASHBACK

In what seems to be the smallest office in the world, Brian sits in chair across from MRS. HACKFORD, the guidance counselor. The room has stacks of papers all over.

(CONTINUED)

HACKFORD

Brian, you're not going to graduate.

BRIAN

(outraged)

What?! I thought this was about how I hit Stevens car.

HACKFORD

This has been - Wait, what did you do to his car?

BRIAN

(uneasy)

Uh, nothing.

We hear a door slam outside.

PRINCIPAL STEVENS (O.S.)

Damn it! Someone knocked the bumper off my Pinto!

Hackford gives Brian a look.

BRIAN

To be fair, I was trying to change CDs which is hard to do while driving.

HACKFORD

Brian, I hate to tell you this but you don't have enough credits to graduate.

BRIAN

Are you sure?

HACKFORD

I counted myself.

BRIAN

I demand a recount!

HACKFORD

I've counted them twice.

BRIAN

Hey, third time's the charm.

Hackford shoots him an angry look.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Is there anyway I *can* graduate?

HACKFORD

I've looked it over. If you take some internet classes and pass *every*, and I do strongly emphasis *every*, class then you will graduate.

BRIAN

How many internet classes?

Hackford checks a paper.

HACKFORD

Twelve.

BRIAN

Twelve?!

HACKFORD

You've failed a lot of classes, Brian.

BRIAN

I may have failed a lot of classes but it wasn't for lack of trying.

HACKFORD

You sure? Because your math teacher wrote down that you sat in the corner and played gameboy.

BRIAN

It's not my fault. It was confusing. You should have told me that they used letters in algebra.

Hackford sighs.

HACKFORD

Come back tomorrow and I'll set up the internet classes.

Brian gets up.

BRIAN

To be fair, it was *Mario Kart* which is highly addictive.

(CONTINUED)

HACKFORD
Go, Brian!

Brian leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. STACY'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

STACY
Brian, that doesn't guarantee anything. You can still graduate. Look, the letter gives you all these options on how to get the credits on time. Night school, going to the learning center on weekends -

BRIAN
(overlapping)
And make my life all about school? All seven days of the week? Fuck that! Fuck that.

Brian closes the fridge.

BRIAN
I saw no way of graduating, so what was the point of staying in school?

STACY
What the point of faking your death? Wouldn't it be easier and less heartbreaking to your friends to tell them you were going away for a while.

Beat.

BRIAN
Didn't really think of that.

STACY
(disappointed)
Brian, Brian, Brian.

BRIAN
Jesus you sound like mom, Stace.

STACY
I bet she reacted way worse than me.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Beats me. Didn't tell her.

STACY

You didn't even tell her!?

BRIAN

She's never sober! It's not going to sink in if she's been drinking like an accountant on his day off.

STACY

(frustrated)

BRIAN!!! You are really pushing -

Crumples over in pain.

BRIAN

Oh shit! Are you okay?

STACY

She's just kicking...a lot.

BRIAN

I guess it's time to address the elephant in the room...you're still pregnant.

STACY

Ten months and counting. And don't call me an elephant.

BRIAN

Ten? Isn't it normally like nine?

STACY

TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW!

Brian is taken aback.

STACY

Sorry, hormones kicking in. To answer your question in a more civil manner, yes she's a bit overdue. IN fact, one more week and I make the cover of a medical journal.

BRIAN

Can't the doctors induce?

STACY

This birth *will* be all natural. A stupid intern tried to tell me otherwise and I accidentally broke his pinky.

BRIAN

Jesus. Pregnant Stacy is scaring the crap out of me.

STACY

Sorry. I just really want this thing out of me!

BRIAN

Noted and understood.

She crumbles even more.

STACY

I don't feel so good.

Brian goes over and helps left Stacy and leads her out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHROOM - SAME

The Gang sit, very sad. Casey is crying, while the others hang their heads low.

CASEY

(crying)

Why God! You cruel cocksucker! Why do you keep killing our friends! First Chris, now Brian!

JOEL

(looking up)

Killed? Casey, Chris moved away.

CASEY

Stop with the denial, Joel! And learn to face facts!

Casey proceeds to blow his nose on Reichter's sleeve.

REICTHER

That was unnecessary.

Will shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
I can't believe it. He actually
actually killed himself.

JOEL
I never thought he would.

BROCK
Guys, this might not be the
appropriate time but I think we
need to tell the higher ups.

WILL
Why?

BROCK
Because someone is dead, Will. I
think that constitutes us telling
an adult.

JOEL
He's got a point, Will. We need to
tell someone what's happened.

Will looks around and notices MR. JOHN PARKER walking by
with his head buried in the morning paper.

WILL
Anyone have any objections with me
telling Mr. Parker?

Everyone shakes their head. This prompts Will to hop up and
chase after Parker. When he catches up, he starts to talk
even though Parker doesn't look up.

WILL
Hello, Mr. Parker.

Parker finally looks up.

PARKER
Ah, morning Cooper. Do you have
your current events worksheet done
yet?

WILL
Almost.

PARKER
Well it better be ready by third
period. I'm going to be collecting
them.

WILL
Okay, good to know. Say, Mr. Parker
I have a question.

PARKER
Shoot.

WILL
Who do I go to when a friend has
committed suicide?

Parker stops dead in his tracks and gives Will an odd look.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The Gang and Mr. Parker are in his room. Parker takes a look both ways before closing his door and locking it.

PARKER
Now unless Fidel Castro somehow
off'd himself with his beard, I
have a feeling I'm not going to
like what I'm about to hear.

The Gang exchange looks. Who should tell him?

CASEY
(crying)
Brian...KILLED HIMSELF!!!

Casey again blows his nose in Reichter's sleeve.

REICTHER
Hey! This is my only plade shirt!

Parker is confused.

PARKER
Brian? Brian Vandele?

WILL
Afraid so.

Surprisingly, Parker seems very upset by this.

PARKER
How'd it happen?

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

We don't know. Reichter just got a note this morning.

PARKER

(confused)

Then where's the body?

Beat.

WILL

Body?

PARKER

The body. The remains of the departed.

The Gang exchange looks with one another.

BROCK

We don't know.

Parker's confused.

PARKER

So let me get this straight. You have a note but no body or cause of death?

The Gang realized they've jumped to a conclusion.

PARKER

How do we even know he's dead?

REICTHER

The note seems pretty serious, Mr. P.

BROCK

Parker's right. Do we even know Brian's dead?

JOEL

We could prevent it! Maybe he's about to do it. The note never specifies what time.

WILL

Fuckin' A, Joel! Let's go!

The Gang run for the door.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Are you guys just
going to leave school?

Beat.

REICTHER
Do you want to come along?

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Brock, Casey, and Joel are sitting in the back while
Reichter, Will, and an unhappy Parker are shoved into the
front.

PARKER
(announcing)
I'm only doing this because
someone's life is on the line.

REICTHER
We won't tell, if you don't tell.

PARKER
Sounds good to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Establishing shot. Parker's car barrels down the road.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. STACY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Stacy is now laying on the couch but still in a great amount
of pain. Brian is in the armchair, right next to her with a
look of great concern on his face.

BRIAN
Doing any better, Stace?

STACY
Oh I'm just cherry! Don't worry the
pain will stop in a minute or so.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

So...this is a pretty good place
you got here.

STACY

Thank you.

BRIAN

How the hell do you afford this
being an art student?

STACY

(slightly embarrassed)

I'm not a student anymore. I
dropped out once summer rolled
around. Pregnancy and college was
not a good mix for me.

BRIAN

What do you do for income then?

STACY

I actually got a pretty swanky job.
I'm a secretary at the second
biggest law firm in Chicago.

BRIAN

Now how the hell did you pull that
off?

STACY

They thought the fact that they
were helping out an unwed soon to
be mother would help boost their
image. And I was able to afford
this place because a certain lawyer
has a certain fetish for pregnant
ladies. He was willing to pay a
significant sum of money to keep
that from the public.

Brian laughs.

BRIAN

What did he like to do?

STACY

I'm not saying!

BRIAN

Oh come on. You can't just bring
something like that up and not
follow through.

(CONTINUED)

STACY

Jesus Christ, you're family! I'm not going to discuss with you.

Beat.

STACY

Brian, can I ask you a question?

BRIAN

Sure.

STACY

Why did you come here? Out of all the places to run away to, why here?

BRIAN

Never been to Chicago. Wanted to see if it was as windy as they say.

Stacy jokingly hits Brian in the leg.

BRIAN

I'm serious.

STACY

That's an odd reason to come all that way.

BRIAN

That and...you know...

STACY

Know what?

BRIAN

Well, I remember you had the same problem I do. I wanted to see how you dealt with it.

STACY

You couldn't just email or phone me?

Brian is about to say something but stops.

BRIAN

Come to think of it, that would have saved me all that gas money.

STACY

And which problem are you talking about? If your referring to the pregnancy, don't worry boys can't get it.

BRIAN

No, damn it. Not that. Remember when that day I drove you to the airport? You talked about how you weren't sure if you going down the right path in life. How you felt like you didn't know what your purpose in life was. That's what's wrong with me. That's why I traveled six hours to a city of millions where I only know one. Because...I don't have a purpose. I don't know what to do with my life.

STACY

Brian, you can't run away from your problems.

BRIAN

Why not? You did.

STACY

Yeah, and look at me now. Single, barely getting by, and about to have a child. All at the age of 19.

BRIAN

2 out of 3 ain't bad.

Another labor pain causes her to scream.

BRIAN

No need to yell. Jesus, are you on your period.

STACY

I'm pregnant, I don't get periods.

BRIAN

Gross! Does that mean the baby is like drinking the blood? Like a vampire?

STACY

I can see why you aren't going to graduate.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's not just that. I'm just not the academic type. I just can't stand it anymore, school that is. I don't like it and I'm no good at it. So why stay? Whatever I'm suppose to do in life, it's not this.

STACY

We all go through some sort of identity crisis, Brian. It's not out of place to feel this sort of way. You've just got to know how to handle it. Me? I handled it horribly. I had love problems, school problems, baby problems. You name a problem and I had it. Instead of facing them I just got on an airplane and went the other way. And let me tell you something, no matter how fucked up my life gets that will always be on the top of my list of biggest regrets.

BRIAN

But I ran. And so far I don't feel that bad.

STACY

The feeling is only temporary. Trust me. Soon the weight of it all will hit you a like a ton of fucking bricks. This is the furthest thing to answer to your problems.

It's at this moment that Brian looks over and notices that Stacy's pants are all wet.

BRIAN

Agh! Stacy, did you piss your pants or what?

Stacy, concerned, looks down.

STACY

Oh God, oh God! My water broke!

BRIAN

Oh shit! What's that mean?

(CONTINUED)

STACY

It means that the baby's picked a very inopportune moment to come out!

BRIAN

THE BABY'S COMING?!! I'll call 911.

Brian leaps up and heads for the nearest phone.

STACY

Wait, Brian! Don't call them!

BRIAN

Why not? Someone's playing peek-a-boo in your vagina and you don't need medical assistance?

STACY

There's a hospital only a few blocks away. We'll just drive there. My contractions aren't that bad yet.

Brian's obviously nervous about the plan.

BRIAN

(worried)

You sure we can make it in time?

STACY

Yes!

An intense labor pain causes Stacy to scream.

STACY

LET'S GO!!!

Brian goes over and helps Stacy up. He begins to go for the door.

STACY

Wait! We can't leave yet!

BRIAN

(confused)

What? Why not?

STACY

I need to pack!

BRIAN

Fuck that!

Brian continues for the doors.

STACY

What about my lucky slippers!

BRIAN

Stacy, grandma died while wearing them and her cat pissed on 'em. They can't be that lucky.

They leave as Stacy screams some more.

CUT TO:

EXT. VANDELE HOUSE - SAME

Parker and The Gang pull up to the house in his car. Quickly the kids pile out and run up to the house. Parker however takes his time.

Casey bangs on the door, while Joel looks through the front window.

JOEL

Brian! You home?!

Parker shakes his head.

PARKER

This was a bad idea. I can't believe I just up and left school.

REICTHER

Don't worry, the guilt slowly becomes unnoticeable.

Suddenly Parker's phone rings.

PARKER

(checking it)

Uh-oh. It's Ms. Ballard.

(answers)

Can't talk. Identifying a body.

He hangs up. Will pushes Casey aside.

WILL

If I remember right the lock is faulty. All we have to do is turn

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (cont'd)
the handle all the way to the left
and just push really hard.

Will turns the handle left and uses all his body strength to slam the door. He fails miserably as the door doesn't move at all.

BROCK
Uh...actually that's my door that
can do that. Remember, Will.

WILL
(in pain)
I do now.

JOEL
Why is it even locked? He never
locks his door.

CASEY
That's bad sign number two.

Will is getting increasingly worried by the second.

WILL
We need to get in there. He could
really be hurt.

PARKER
How about knocking? Or is that too
crazy?

WILL
(ignoring Parker)
Joel don't you know how to pick
locks?

JOEL
Vaguely. Maybe if I have a paper
clip or something like that.

PARKER
I guess knocking isn't an option?

The Gang continues to ignore Parker while Will checks his pockets.

WILL
I've got nothing. Brock?

BROCK
(checking)
Couple of pens, four pencils, legal
pad. Sorry. No paper clips.

PARKER
Knock! It's not hard!

JOEL
(ignoring Parker)
What about Casey and Reichter?
Maybe they -

Just then Casey and Reichter run at one of the house windows
carrying a large tree limb.

REICTHER
FOR BRIAN!!!

They hit the window only to bounce back, landing on their
asses. The window is unmarked.

CASEY
(looking up)
That's one powerful window.

Parker hangs his head low in shame.

PARKER
I'm surprised I didn't drive you
here in a short bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - LATER

A fairly crowded street is barely moving. However we do
notice Brian's Nissan speeding and going between cars
whenever possible. He's constantly in danger of hitting the
other cars but barely misses them.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Don't worry, Stacy. We're almost
there.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A very panicked Brian is behind the driver's wheel, steering like a mad man. Stacy is in the passenger's seat which is pushed back all the way. She's holding her stomach, doing very quick breaths.

BRIAN
(singing)
'Almost there now
almost there now
just hang on,
just hang on -'

STACY
BRIAN! Shut the fuck up!

BRIAN
I'm sorry I sing when I get
nervous.

There's a brief pause before Brian starts humming.

STACY
Brian!

BRIAN
Don't shush me! It's the Foo
Fighters. They can calm the wildest
of beasts!

She groans some.

STACY
I can't take it anymore!

BRIAN
Take what? TAKE WHAT!?!

Stacy starts taking her pants off.

BRIAN
(re: pants)
What the FUCK are you doing!?

STACY
It's coming, Brian. I need to get
my pants off. I'll probably have to
have it in here.

BRIAN
NO!

Brian forces her pants up.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
Just hold it in!

STACY
Hold it in?! I can't hold it in you
selfish bastard! It's comes out
when it want to come out. Not when
you want it to you son of a bitch!!

BRIAN
Just not in my car! I just got this
car from dad.

STACY
Who cares about your shitty,
motherfucking car! I've got someone
coming out of my vagina! NOW PULL
OVER!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Brian pulls the car over in an empty spot. The corner itself
is full of people walking off into different directions.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Stacy is trying to breathe easy and calm herself. After a
second we notice that Brian is pretty much doing the same
thing and in rhythm.

STACY
Okay, okay. We'll just go into one
of these stores and have the baby
in there. They might not like it
but we just can't make it with
traffic like this.

BRIAN
Okay.

Beat.

BRIAN
How you doing?

(CONTINUED)

STACY

Lot of pain. Feels like I'm trying to pass a kidney stone the size of The Hulk. How you doing?

BRIAN

Nervous. Out of breath. Like I'm a priest at a little league game.

Both nervously laugh.

STACY

Okay. Let's do this.

BRIAN

I'll get your door.

Brian's about to get out of the car when Stacy grabs him and orders him to stop.

STACY

Brian! Brian! Wait!

BRIAN

What?

STACY

We can't do it here.

BRIAN

Why not?

STACY

It's a McDonald's! I'll be damned if my child is going to be born in a shit shack like McDonald's.

BRIAN

Look who's picky now. A few minutes ago you were ready to cut the cord in my front seat.

STACY

Look let's not argue! Just start the car and we'll go around the corner. There's a Wendy's. We'll do it there.

Brian sighs and starts up the car.

CUT TO:

INT. WENDY'S - MINUTES LATER

Average everyday people are eating away and standing in line. Everyone is minding their own business when the doors fling open and Brian helps a screaming Stacy in. Everyone turns to them as Brian finds out an empty booth and lays her down.

STACY
Quick! Take my pants off!

He gives her a look.

BRIAN
I really never wanted to hear that from you.

STACY
TAKE THEM OFF!!!

Reluctantly, Brian unzips her pants but hesitates.

BRIAN
BRIAN! TAKE OFF MY FUCKING PANTS!!!

He looks around and notices everyone is staring at him.

BRIAN
(to himself)
God...forgive me.

He grabs the top and pulls them down. Gasps are heard from the spectators. Brian's jaw literally drops.

BRIAN
(disgusted)
AGGGGHHH!!!

STACY
(concern)
What?!

BRIAN
Your vagina...It's growing and looking like that monster thing at the end of Akira.

Stacy starts screaming.

STACY
Catch her!!!

Brian gets in the position. She pushes. Onlookers stare.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
Oh my God!

We hear a baby crying.

BRIAN
I caught her! I actually caught
her!

Brian raises a newborn baby girl high enough so that Stacy
can see.

STACY
A girl! My baby girl!

Stacy tears up. Spectators applaud. Suddenly we hear a fart
and the sound of something splashing on the floor. Everyone
groans.

BRIAN
What just hit my feet?

STACY
(embarrassed)
Afterbirth.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

It's pitch black. We can hear someone turning the doorknob
and arguing voices from outside. After a few seconds the
front door flings open and the lights are turned on by Will.
Before he can catch his breathe Casey, Brock, Reichter, and
Joel push past him.

CASEY
Brian!

JOEL
Brian! Are you here?!

All four of them go into different directions. A nervous
Parker enters and looks around.

PARKER
Why are you so desperate to break
in? I thought you said he killed
himself.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Well the note didn't say when or where. I don't know, maybe I'm blinded by grief but maybe he didn't kill himself yet. Or maybe not at all. Maybe he changed his mind.

Parker is now confused.

PARKER

Cooper I want you to be very clear with me. Now did Vandele kill himself or not?

Will shrugs.

WILL

I don't know.

JOEL (O.S.)

Hey guys! Check out Brian's room!

Will immediately takes off running. Parker remains, beginning to doubt what's happened. Suddenly Reichter, Brock, and Casey run past him following Will.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reichter, Casey, Brock, and Will enter a completely bare room which Joel stands in the middle of. Drawers have been emptied along with the closet. Everything is gone, not a thing of Brian's remains.

WILL

What the fuck is this shit?

Each one moves in to inspect the room closer, not knowing what the hell is going on.

REICTHER

Where's all his stuff?

BROCK

That's a very good question.

Parker enters.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER

What the...Did somebody move or something?

Casey checks the closet and then turns to Will.

CASEY

Will, what is going on?

WILL

...I don't know.

Will notices something on the floor. He bends down to pick it up and reveals that it's a note. He takes a second to read it.

WILL

But I don't think Brian killed himself anymore.

He hands the note to Joel and the others quickly circle him and try to read it. Will instead walks over to the corner and appears to be in deep self contemplation.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - LATER

In this decent sized room, Stacy is lying in bed pigging out on a sub sandwich and downing a Big Gulp. Brian is standing by a NURSE, watching her wrap up Stacy's baby in a blanket. She then lays the baby down on a small bed.

NURSE

I'll be back in a little while to check up on her.

She leaves. Brian moves in a little bit and takes a better look at his niece.

BRIAN

Man, the back of her head is so stretched out. She looks like a hammerhead shark.

STACY

(mouth full)

Don't worry. It'll slowly go back to normal. Most babies are born that way.

Brian turns to Stacy.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You're really going to town on that
Spicy Italian.

STACY

Haven't eaten since last night, so
sue me.

BRIAN

I'm just saying that's not the
first thing I would do after my
vagina exploded in a Wendy's.

STACY

(laughing)

Did you see that Priest? I think I
heard him say "motherfucker" at
least eight times.

They have a good laugh over this, before Brian goes back to
observing the baby.

BRIAN

So have you named it, yet?

STACY

Don't call my child an "it."

BRIAN

Okay, then what is *her* name?

STACY

Grace Elizabeth Cifaretto. Or just
Gracie. It means "a gift from God."

BRIAN

"Gift from God?" You're so gay
sometimes.

Beat.

BRIAN

(to the baby)

Hello, Gracie. I'm your foul
mouthed uncle Brian.

He reaches down and shakes her small hand.

BRIAN

Welcome to the world. And if you
think I'm going to buy you car when
you turn 16, well then...your out
of your goddamn mind.

(CONTINUED)

The baby smiles.

BRIAN
Hey! She smiled!

STACY
That means she has gas.

BRIAN
(disappointed)
Oh. Well at least she gets
something from me.

Brian goes over and sits in the chair next to Stacy.

(BEGIN SONG - "You Took My Breath Away" by Traveling
Wilburys)

STACY
Brian, I've decided something.

BRIAN
What have you decided?

STACY
...I'm going home.

BRIAN
You can't. It's like hospital
policy to stay here a few days
after having a baby.

STACY
No, that's not what I meant. I mean
after I leave the hospital, I wanna
go back our home in Centerville.

BRIAN
You wanna go back to Centerville?

She nods.

BRIAN
Why would you want to go back?

STACY
Because I can't do this alone,
Brian. Raise a child, support her,
support me.

BRIAN
You got me. I can help.

(CONTINUED)

STACY
A high school drop out? What can
you do?

Beat.

BRIAN
...Mercenary.

STACY
Face it, we can't do this. Not
without the help of mom and our
friends.

Brian's obviously not happy with this statement.

BRIAN
I can't go back, Stacy.

STACY
Brian -

BRIAN
(overlapping)
I won't! I'll just wander the
country from town to town. Take odd
jobs and what not.

However, Brian isn't even sure about what he just said.

STACY
You can only run for so long.

BRIAN
The fuck you you know what I'm
capable of? Motivation can get you
a long way.

STACY
Regret can catch up pretty fast
though. You can't run from that.

Long pause.

STACY
I'm not saying you have to go back
to school. Just come home with me.
Try to find a purpose in the
comfort of people who care for
you...and Reichter.

Mild laugh from Brian followed by a long sigh. He begins to
look out of the window, thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

CLOSE UP ON THE PHONE:

The phone begins to ring.

We pull back to reveal that the living room is empty. Parker enters from the hallway and answers.

PARKER
Hello, Vandele household.

Beat.

PARKER
Brian? Where the fuck are you?

Beat.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Casey is in the corner, curled up into a little ball. The other four are standing above him trying to get him up

JOEL
Casey, are you going to be okay?

CASEY
...My tear ducts are all dried up.
I'm so dehydrated that I can't
stand up on my own will anymore.

Brock rolls his eyes.

BROCK
I'll grab his arms.

Before they begin picking him up, Parker enters.

PARKER
Just got a call from Vandele. He's
in Chicago.

WILL
Chicago?

(CONTINUED)

PARKER

(nodding)

Yep. Didn't go into details but he told me he'll be back in a few weeks. Something to do with Stacy's baby.

WILL

But Brian's alright!?

PARKER

He's sounded fine and dandy.

Everyone seems relieved and happy. Casey forces himself to stand.

CASEY

This calls for huzzahs all around!

Woozy, Casey falls back to the floor.

PARKER

I have a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Jennings won't live past age 24 if he keeps this up.

The passed out Casey begins drooling and making weird noises.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - LATE NIGHT

The music grows louder as a lonely Brian walks an empty hall carrying a bottled coke.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - BALCONY - MINUTES LATER

About halfway up the hospital there's a little balcony. A moment passes before Brian walks out, looking around. He walks up to the rails and leans on it. He stares dead ahead. He's got a lot to think about.

We stay on him for several seconds before we...

FADE TO BLACK

(Song continues over the credits)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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END OF EPISODE