

The Sand and The Stone

By Garrison Moore

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Cast

Jerry Sand- Sammy Stones' boxing manager and best friend since grade school.

Sammy Stone- Ex-boxing heavyweight contender.

Matt Seabull- Friend of Jerry and Sammy since they were kids.

Miranda Sand- Jerry's ex-wife.

Pat Garvey- Neighbor of Jerry and Sammy.

Sheila Garvey- Neighbor of Jerry and Sammy.

Miguel- Works at Jerry and Sammy's' auto shop.

Carlos- Worker at Jerry and Sammy's' auto shop.

Celebrity (Any) - Sammy and Jerry get him weed.

Lucas- Sammy and Matts' drug dealer.

(Scene comes in from the sky down onto a playground. There's a group of kids standing around Sammy and another kid squared off in the middle of the group.)

Big Kid: Quit talking shit about my mom!

(Big kid pushes Sammy.)

Sammy: Don't push me faggot!

Kid Yelling: Kick his ass Brayden.

Kid Yelling 2: Dude, he called you a fag!

Kid Yelling 3: I told you these guys are pussies. They ain't gonna fight.

Kid in group: I got 20 bucks on Brayden!

(Jerry walks up to the kid.)

Jerry: I'll take that bet.

Kid in group: You're on.

(Jerry slowly walks up on Brayden whispering.)

Jerry: I'll give you 10 bucks if you lose.

Brayden: (amazed) 10 bucks?

Jerry: Yeah, just go down when he hits you.

Brayden: I don't believe you.

(Jerry flashes a ten-dollar bill.)

Jerry: It'll be waiting in your cubby.

Brayden: Deal.

(Brayden walks over to Sammy.)

Brayden: Come on pussy, hit me.

(Sammy starts punching Brayden, Brayden falls down acting hurt. The fight ends, all the kids are cheering for Sammy. Jerry runs over and kicks Brayden while he's still down.)

Jerry: That's what you get faggot!

(Jerry whispers to Brayden.)

Jerry: Check your cubby.

(Jerry starts cheering with the other kids.)

Jerry Narrating: That's me Jerry, and that's my best friend Sammy. We've always looked out for each other, we're like brothers.

(Scene shifts to a boxing gym, caption at bottom 10 years later. Sammy's at the golden glove boxing championship. Jerry walks in.)

Jerry: You made it to the finals man!

(Jerry gives Sammy a hug.)

Sammy: I guess all that hard work paid off.

Jerry: Yea man you're kicking ass! You got this, go out there and do what you do.

Sammy: Thanks bro.

(They slap hands gay 80's style. Scene shows boxing match Sammy wins everyone cheers and carries him off. Jerry walks up to the loser.)

Jerry: I'll be in the locker room with the dough.

Loser: I really appreciate it, things are tough at home with my mom sick...

(Jerry cuts him off.)

Jerry: Yea, okay I'll be there.

(Jerry walks off.)

Jerry Narrating: This is our story, two best friends, one dream.

(Montage starts Sammy boxing winning fights. Montage shows Sammy coming down to the ring with a noose. Montage also includes Sammy popping out from backstage with blow on his nose screaming woooooooooo! straight into the camera. Another time dressed in all white with a hood like a KKK member. Scene shifts to a reporter who's showing a special on Sammy. Sammy doing cocaine between rounds)

Reporter: The following program is rated mature and will be uncut. If you have children in the room you may want them to leave now.

(Footage rolls of Sammy at a boxing weigh-in arguing with another challenger.)

Sammy: When your daughters hit eighteen I'm gonna have sex with em.

(A brawl begins, freeze frame with camera on Sammy.)

Reporter: Sammy Stone, the most controversial fighter of his generation.

(Scene shows Sammy sitting talking to the reporter doing the special.)

Reporter: Sammy how's it feel to be you?

Sammy: It's great Rick.

Reporter: My name's Steve.

Sammy: Okay.

Reporter: What can you tell all the kids out there who look up to you and hope someday they might be great fighters like you?

Sammy: Well, there's never gonna be another Sammy Stone but the more of my t-shirts you buy you certainly are increasing your chances kids. But honestly the best advice for kids out there, quit taking shit from people, I don't care if it's your parents, teachers, cops, whoever. They get up in your face, pop em in the mouth and when you do, say "you know who I am?" And from then on, they'll never forget who you are.

Reporter: Let's move on, you have had a string of wins lately are you looking for a title shot?

Sammy: I think anybody in my position is looking for the belt it's just a shame there's so many people who don't want to win, if they wanted to win they wouldn't be picking their face off the fucking mat all the time.

Reporter: There has been a lot of questions about your racist entrances to the ring when fighting African Americans. Let's get into that.

Sammy: I'm not following you, I'm not a racist and I've never had a racist entrance.

Reporter: What about the KKK outfit when you fought Malik Samuelson?

Sammy: It was the eighties, everybody had their personas. It was like the WWF, he was Malik the Muslim and I was the ghost of Christmas past coming back to fight for Christianity.

Reporter: Malik Samuelson was a Muslim.

Sammy: I didn't know that at the time, I thought it was just part of his character like he wanted to be the heel and I was the good guy coming to save the day.

Reporter: I'm happy you could clear all that up for us because I know you received a lot of death threats over that.

Sammy: Yea and if you're sending me death threats you know where I live, don't talk about it, be about it.

Reporter: There's a rumor you were seen in Australia at an illegal kangaroo boxing event, would you like to squash those rumors on the record right now?

(Camera zooms in on Sammy.)

Sammy: No comment, the interview's over.

Sammy: (whispering) I specifically asked you not to bring that shit up Rick.

(Scene fades to Jerry in another boxing managers' office. Caption reads "Sammy's title shot." Jerry wearing a ridiculous outfit.)

Jerry: Listen, I'm offering half the money guaranteed.

Other Manager: Jerry, you and me both know Sammy is no champ. The champ's a real fighter, Sammy won't stand a chance. You've played this game too far. But shit look on the brightside, you got a title shot and that's all you can ask for. He doesn't deserve it but hell look how far you've come. And hell, I've seen Sammy doing blow in between rounds, I know those ain't bath salts. No Jerry, it's final, boxing deserves its real champ.

Jerry: So, that's how it's gonna be, okay but just remember when Sammy knocks out Jack Tulane and wins that championship tonight, I tried to help you. So, don't come crying asking for scraps.

(Scene goes to the fight, Sammy doing blow on the way down to the ring, the fight ends quick, and Sammy gets the shit beat out of him. Scene goes black when he's knocked out. Scene comes in on Jerry camera facing him so audience is unseen.)

Sammy: It's the number one contender match I got Malcolm up against the ropes and he's been taunting me the whole match "Come on peckerwood!" Some people say I called him a nigger before the fight but that's crazy, I'm not a racist. Anyways so he's up on the ropes, two lefts to the body, then the old Samrock special uppercut time. He went down limp. I was screaming "get up nigger, get up!" the crowds screaming chanting my name! We ended up being great friends kinda like Rocky and Apollo. But not the questioning homosexuality montage, ours would have had a lot of blow and prostitutes.

Little kid: What's blow?

Little kid 2: What's a prostitute?

(Teacher from offscreen speaks)

Teacher: Okay, I think that's enough. Kids say thank you to Mr. Stone for coming.

(Camera shows the class, all of them in shock. Scene cuts to Sammy walking into a kids' bathroom and starts breaking out lines of coke and then snorting it with a rolled up twenty dollar bill. When he looks up there's a little kid standing in the doorway looking at him. Sammy walks towards the kid and hands him the money.)

Sammy: Here, don't tell anyone you saw me in here.

(Sammy exits, door closes. The kid unravels the bill and coke chunks fall out in his hand. Being curious he eats one. Scene goes to Sammy starting up his car with the speakers blaring, He pulls around to a crosswalk where kids are holding stop signs. Jerry pulling up next to Sammy with a loudspeaker.)

Jerry: Ladies and gentlemen we have a challenger pulling up in the far lane!

(Jerry starts revving up his engine.)

Jerry: Will the champ be able to take this mysterious newcomer!

(Sammy starts revving up his engine, the little kids at the crosswalk take off running out of the way. The kid that Sammy gave the twenty-dollar bill with coke to is jumping up and down.)

Little Kid: Yeah! Whooooo!

(Sammy and Jerry take off down the street running through stop signs. They hit geese walking in the street, and a Jerry runs

over some kids bike that the kid has just crashed. They get home, Jerry grabs the mail. Sammy and Jerry enter the house, Sammy sits down and Jerry starts flipping through mail.)

Jerry: Just a bunch of junk mail. Oh, here.

(Jerry throws Sammy a porn magazine.)

Sammy: That's what I'm talking about.

(Sammy starts flipping through the magazine. Jerry throws all the bills in the trash, sits down, and turns on the TV)

Television: Coming up on My Big Fat Redneck Family.

Fat Girl on T.V: Murray is my brother but after a couple drinks he gets this look in his eyes and I've felt him rub his boners on me. I don't like it but I don't want to let him down, he's my brother ya know?

Jerry: What the fuck is this shit? I know damn well I put a block on MTV and VH1.

Sammy: This is CMT, they're doing the reality TV shit now.

Jerry: God dammit, what is wrong with this generation? When I was growing up my dad always told me mind your own business, now everybody is obsessed with other people's lives. What happened to being original?

Sammy: I think the media is softening up America so the Chinese can roll over here and at the rate we're going all these transgender pussies are gonna roll the red carpet out. You

remember when I exposed their propoganda plot on twitter, what happened?

Sammy and Jerry same time: They blocked the account

Sammy: Right.

Jerry: It didn't help that you were threatening kids and those ESPN analysts.

Sammy: You know damn well that it's wrong for a bunch of people to sit around and talk shit on sports they have never even played because they lack the discipline and determination to achieve the professional level.

Jerry: Okay, put all that aside, I imagine threatening to poke a thirteen-year-old girls eye out with your cock so you can pound some sense into her brain was probably the deal breaker.

Sammy: They could never prove I was the one who tweeted that, Twitter has hacking issues all the time.

Jerry laughing: Okay Sam I am.

(Sammy opens a bottle of liquor, pours shots and puts one in front of Jerry.)

Sammy: So, what do you want to do tonight? I stopped by Lucas' and grabbed some kill, it's called blue dream. You smoke it and lick your lips, tastes like blue.

Jerry: Isn't Lucas that fucking asshole who goes around starting fights and bad mouthing women?

Sammy: Yea, he's great, isn't he?

Jerry: Yea, if he keeps it up he should run for president.

Sammy: (laughing) So what's the verdict? Do I need to start hooking up the sixty-four? I've been itching to play some Revenge.

Jerry shamefully: I was kinda thinkin about going and seeing Miranda.

Sammy: Wow man, I thought she'd never drop that restraining order, especially after all those sick Facebook messages and dong pictures you sent her.

Jerry: Well she doesn't exactly know I'm coming.

Sammy: Are you gonna kill your ex-wife?

Jerry: No, no, nothing like that. I just sit outside her work for a little while, it brings back memories.

Sammy: Oh, my god, man you are sick.

Jerry: I'm sick? You thought I was going to kill her.

Sammy: Listen pal, that kind of shit is not healthy for you. I know you miss her, but it's been three years.

Jerry: You're right... I'm pathetic, let me get a hit of that weed it might clear my head.

(Sammy grabs the bong and weed bag then begins to load the bong.)

Sammy: Oh yeah, you won't be disappointed. We'll load up some Ric Flair promos and drink SoCo. It'll be great.

Jerry: Let's see where the weed gets me then we'll make some decisions.

(Sammy passes Jerry bong, Jerry hits it.)

Jerry: You know what? I'm gonna invite Seabull over.

Sammy: Damn, Seabull? I don't know man, he can be depressing as fuck. The highlight of his life was that pity fuck he got over ten years ago.

Jerry: I know, but whenever you think you got it tough you gotta look at somebody who has it a lot tougher. Put things in perspective.

Sammy: You try to convince him to go talk to a chick and all he says is "Oh, she wouldn't like me... cause I'm fat." (laughing) Hey lick your lips.

Jerry: Damn, it does taste like blue. That's pretty wild.

Sammy: I know, I told you. Hey call Seabull, he likes you more.

(Sammy gets out bag of cocaine and starts doing it. Jerry walks into the other room dialing on the phone talking to Seabull.)

Jerry: Hey, Seabull what's up?

(Jerry walks out of the scene and the scene switches to them sitting on couch taking shots with caption at the bottom of screen "1 hour later.")

Sammy: Where the hell is Seabull at?

Jerry: I don't know, he said he'd be right over, I told him we had some kill. Let me try calling him again.

(Jerry gets out his phone and tries to call Seabull, Sammy gets up and walks to the front door to open it.)

Jerry: Damn, his phones dead.

Sammy: Hey, come here. Isn't that his truck?

Jerry: Yea, let's check it out.

(Jerry and Sammy walk across the street; the truck is parked in the neighbor's driveway with the front door wide open.)

Sammy: Where the fuck is he?

Jerry: Fuck.

(Sammy sees what Jerry just saw, Seabull passed out on the neighbors' porch.)

Sammy: Damn!

(Jerry walks up and starts slapping Seabull to wake him up.)

Jerry: Hey, get up man these neighbors are fuckin assholes.

Sammy: Oh, shit Jerry look.

(Sammy is pointing at a big shit on their welcome mat and can't stop laughing.)

Jerry: Dump some fuckin coke in his mouth we need to move him and his truck. I can't carry his fatass.

(Sammy holds Seabulls mouth open and pours coke into it.)

Sammy: Good idea.

(Seabull starts coughing.)

Jerry: Yo, get up, we gotta get across the street.

Sammy: And give us your keys.

(Seabull pulls keys out of his pocket, Jerry takes them and tosses them to Sammy. Sammy jumps in and starts pulling out.)

Jerry: Come on Matt.

Seabull: (Shrugging off help.) I'm cool, I'm cool. Man, all of a sudden I got some energy, why is my mouth completely numb?

Jerry: We'll explain everything, let's just get inside.

(They all get back into their house laughing hysterically. Seabull spots the Southern Comfort and reaches for it.)

Seabull: Wo ho, you got some Soco, you mind if I?

Sammy: Wash your hands first, I spotted that pile on the Garveys porch.

(Seabull looks puzzled and walks to the sink.)

Seabull: What are you talkin about?

Jerry: You took a shit on our neighbors' porch, are you telling me you can't remember thirty minutes ago? Jesus.

Seabull: Are you serious? I don't ever know how I got here.

Jerry: I called you about an hour ago, you sounded fine.

Seabull: An hour ago? What time is it?

Sammy: It's ten p.m.

Seabull: Hold on one sec.

(Seabull takes a few shots consecutively then walks out to the garage.)

Jerry: Damn, that must be some kind of record for sobering up.

Sammy: Yea, it just took two grams of coke.

(Seabull comes back in carrying steaks and an unopened bottle of vodka.)

Jerry: Damn, I thought you were broke.

Seabull: Oh yeah, I stole this while I was wasted. Who's gonna stop me? I weigh four hundred pounds.

Sammy: Yo, Seabull check out this bud. It's called blue dream.

(Sammy tosses Seabull the bag. Seabull smells inside the bag.)

Seabull: Yea, I've had this, tastes like blue. Can I get a lighter?

(Sammy hands him lighter, Seabull begins hitting bong.)

Sammy: If you want any more blow I got some lines busted out.

Seabull: Anymore?

Sammy: Yea, how the fuck else do you think we got you up?

Seabull: God damn, I must've been wasted. Yea, I'll check out some blow.

Sammy: Jerry do you wanna cook these steaks?

Jerry: Doesn't matter to me

Sammy: Alright, I'll let you, I need to concentrate on drinking for a little bit.

(Sammy starts drinking shots quickly, time speeds up, they're watching Ric Flair promos and doing excessive drinking and drugs. Sammy walks off into his bedroom to pass out. Seabull passes out on the couch. Jerry spots his keys and takes Seabulls' truck quietly. Scene comes in to Jerry outside of his ex-wife's working at a grocery store, he can see through the window. Jerry has binoculars out and is swigging out of a flask regularly talking to himself. He is looking at old photos of them together.)

Jerry: God, we were so perfect, why can't we go back to how it was? Why won't you just give me a chance you bitch! (Hushes voice) I didn't mean that, I didn't mean that.

(His ex-wife comes out, Jerry ducks as she gets to her car, she looks around suspiciously. Jerry follows her home and goes into her backyard. He's looking in on her while she's undressing and Jerry begins masturbating. She changes into sexy evening wear and moves to the living room to watch TV, Jerry positions himself in the window to make it feel like he's watching TV with her, he begins laughing and talking like they're in the same room, he's really enjoying himself. The doorbell rings, fear hits Jerry and he cucks back into the darkness. His ex-wife goes and answers the door, it's a man.)

Jerry: (In a rage whispering.) How could you bring him here? You knew this was our special time.

(Jerry's ex-wife starts giving the guy a blowjob.)

Jerry: What the fuck!

(Jerry runs back to the truck and searches frantically through it. He finds Karo syrup, he runs up to her car and dumps it in the gas tank. He jumps back in Seabulls truck and takes off drinking heavy yelling. He just circles the block several times.)

Jerry: How long are you gonna suck that guys dick Miranda!?

(Jerry drives up through her yard.)

Jerry: Oh shit!

(Jerry drives straight through a large sized pool in the front yard and just keeps driving. Screen goes black and comes in next morning, the doorbell is ringing. Sammy gets up, sees the mess from the night before and goes to answer the door with a whiskey bottle in hand. It's his neighbor.)

Sammy: Hey Pat, what's up?

Pat: Oh, just comin to have a chat with my neighbor.

Sammy: What an unexpected surprise, you want a drink?

Pat: No, thanks.

Sammy: I've got some killer bud.

Pat: No, sorry but I have a job, a wife, a family. I can't go fucking all that off to hang out with a onetime boxing star although it sounds so tempting.

Sammy: I'm sorry to hear that, how is Sheila by the way? Those implants you got her are the perfect size for her body, it's good to see you were concerned about her when you picked the size cause if they were any bigger they could cause back problems.

Pat: I'm not even going to humor you by discussing my wife's body but know it was her decision not mine. The reason I'm here is the fact that there was something on my porch this morning and I think you or Jerry had something to do with it.

Sammy: Well what was it?

Pat: I think you know.

Sammy: Tell me what it was and I'll let you know.

Pat: Listen, we're both adults, all I'm going to say is if you were responsible don't let it happen again. I would hate to have to involve the police.

(Pat walks off porch, Sammy calls after him.)

Sammy: Tell Sheila to drop by sometime!

(Sammy walks back in the house, Jerry is walking by with a beer they both make their way to the couch. They see Seabull passed out face down on the floor.)

Jerry: Was that Pat?

Sammy: Yea, you know him.

(They begin hitting bong.)

Jerry: Hey, I got something I want to show you.

Sammy: What is it?

Jerry: It's a surprise get dressed.

(Sammy gets up and walks to the liquor cabinet.)

Sammy: What are we drinking for the occasion?

Jerry: Grab the one fifty-one.

Sammy: No shit? Alright.

Jerry: We got one stop at the dealership. Hey, what the fuck ever happened to those steaks we cooked?

Sammy: I don't know, I didn't have any.

Jerry: Huh.

(Scene switches to Jerry and Sammy pulling into their small crappy car dealership. There's two Mexican workers standing around.)

Jerry: Hola, Miguel.

Miguel: Hola, señor Sands.

Jerry: Hola, Carlos.

Carlos: Hola.

Sammy: What are we doing here?

Jerry: Changing cars.

Sammy: What's wrong with the Camaro?

Jerry: It's a surprise just in.

(They get into the junky car and drive behind a small store. Jerry gets out and pulls a fully automatic pistol from his waist.)

Are you gonna tell me what's going on?

Jerry (pulling gun): Check this out.

Sammy: Holy shit! Where'd you get that?

Jerry: A guy I know, traded him a car from the lot.

Sammy: Dude, that's badass.

Jerry: Yea, I know.

Sammy: I kinda thought we were business partners you could have said something...

(Jerry cuts him off by spraying the car with the gun.)

Sammy: Dude... let me try.

Jerry: Here, just watch the gas...

(Sammy starts shooting the car and accidentally hits the gas tank. The door flies off and hits him, someone witnessing this pulls out a phone to call the police. Jerry runs over to help a dazed Sammy.)

Jerry: The cops are on the way we gotta roll. A fully automatic is twenty-five to life.

(Jerry throws the alcohol bottle over the fence and Sammy gives him a boost over. Jerry lands in a families' backyard with a concerned dad walking forward.)

Dad: We heard an explosion is...

Jerry: Everybody get the fuck back! F.B.I!

(Jerry pulls out his wallet and flashes it to everyone really quick. Sammy comes falling over the fence behind him.)

Jerry: Were chasing a highly dangerous criminal in the area, stay where you are!

(Sammy and Jerry start running through the backyard, for no reason at all Sammy kicks their grill over with steaks cooking on it. In the front yard a teenage girl is talking on her cell phone walking towards her car she doesn't see Sammy or Jerry behind her. Jerry grabs her from behind and swings her to the ground.)

Jerry: Where's your keys!? We need your car.

Girl: Please don't take my car.

Sammy: You're lucky we're not taking turns raping that firm body.

Jerry: (puzzled sideways glance at Sammy) He's right, where's your keys?

Girl: In my purse.

Sammy: (Looks through her purse) And you better believe there would have been some anal. I found em let's go!

(They jump in her car and take off. Driving back to the car dealership shortly after.)

Sammy: Where'd you get an F.B.I badge?

(Jerry pulls out his wallet and tosses it to Sammy. The badge was a kids' sheriff star.)

Jerry: When you're swinging around a fully automatic weapon people generally focus on that more than the badge.

Sammy: You sound like you've used this tactic more than once.

Jerry: What's with threatening that fourteen-year-old girl with rape? What was all that about?

Sammy: Well, I just think if two guys run up on me and throw me to the ground I'm not stressing about my car. I'm more worried about getting tag teamed and my throat slit.

Jerry: I completely agree. I don't know what was with the details is what I was more getting at.

Sammy: The details are what scares me the most. Think about it, maybe I spit on it maybe I don't.

Jerry: Jesus Christ.

(Scene shows them pulling into the car dealership. Jerry walks over to Miguel and tosses the keys to him.)

Jerry: Chop it and burn it.

Miguel: No problem senior.

Jerry: Gracias.

(Jerry enters the office where Sammy is drinking straight from the bottle.)

Sammy: That was a hell of a way to start a day.

Jerry: It sure as fuck wasn't cheerios.

(Jerry motions for the bottle, Sammy hands it to him and Jerry chugs hard. Carlos comes in with a letter from the I.R.S. and hands it to Jerry, he begins opening it.)

Sammy: What's that?

Jerry: It's a letter, we're broke.

Sammy: How broke?

Jerry: Selling our meat holes broke.

Sammy: Holy fuck! How did it get this bad?

Jerry: It could be all that money you snort up your fuckin nose.

Sammy: It could be all those whores you have over. I don't know why you waste all that money to sleep with those skanks and then you just end up crying in their arms all night about your ex-wife.

Jerry: Okay, okay. Let's not waste time bitching about whose fault it is. Let's look at our solutions.

Sammy: I can start doing my autographed photos again.

Jerry: (skeptically doubting) That's good but we need a plan B.

Sammy: Isn't this place insured? We could burn it down.

Jerry: (shocked) Come on man! You act like we haven't seen Goodfellas a hundred times. Of course, its insured, we'll check out the idea. I'll take an ad out in the paper.

Sammy: I'm gonna get some ice for my face, you think it'll fuck up the photos?

Jerry: No, it can be like a promotional thing, the people get a photo with you and it looks like they beat the shit out of you. People will eat that stuff up.

Sammy: You're right, that's good. So how long you think we should chill here?

Jerry: Oh, I don't know, I held a family at gun point, we stole a girls' car and Dollar General has a blown-up car to clean up. I'll send Carlos out for supplies.

Sammy: Tell him to grab some Dos Equis and ice. I'll call Seabull and tell him we won't be back for a bit.

(Jerry exits office, Sammy picks up phone dials. Scene switches to Seabull passed out face down on the floor slowly gets up hearing the phone ring. Steaks are stuck to his shirt, he fell asleep on a plate of steaks.)

Seabull: Hello.

Sammy: Yo, Seabull we're gonna be awhile, hold down the fort. Make yourself at home, do not answer the door, and feed my fish.

Seabull: Gotcha.

Sammy: I'll be in touch, later.

Seabull: Later. (Hangs up and eats a bite of steak off his shirt. Scene goes to Jerry and Sammy pulling up to the house it's now later getting dark. They are walking into the house.)

Sammy: I wonder what Seabulls been up to.

Jerry: Fuck if I know.

(They enter the house, Seabull is upside down on the side of the couch watching porno masturbating in the living room.)

Jerry: We're gonna go back outside and act like we didn't see this. (Sammy and Jerry exit.)

Sammy: For fucks sake, what the hell was that? Who does that kind of shit?

Jerry: I guess Seabull does.

Sammy: It's one thing to get a load off in foreign territory but this guy was going the extra mile. Legs dangling in the air and shit. That's sex with yourself that you have to clean up, you know it's serious at that level of masturbation.

Jerry: (knocks on door, silence then Jerry opens it. Seabull is clothed swigging heavily from a bottle, he's really sweaty.) Well we had an interesting day.

Sammy: I don't know if it was as interesting as what was goin on here.

Seabull: Sorry, guys.

Sammy: It was too hilarious to be mad just go wash your hands.

Seabull: Sorry, my bad.

Jerry: Matt, you seem to be going pretty hard lately, what's the deal?

Seabull: Well, I didn't want to bring you guys down but my mom passed away and I lost my job.

Sammy: Fuck man, I'm sorry to hear that.

Jerry: Yea, if you need to be around friends you can crash here. We don't give a shit.

Sammy: It'll be like old times.

Seabull: I appreciate that, my house is pretty trashed. I passed out with the front door open one night and I'm pretty sure there's some animals living in the basement.

Sammy: Well, that settles it. You're stayin with us. I don't know how long since we're broke but you can stay til they throw us out.

Seabull: Wait, you guys are broke?

Jerry: Yea.

Seabull: Fuck, all that boxing money?

Sammy: Don't remind me.

Jerry: We're doing autographs this weekend, that usually draws a crowd.

Seabull: Oh man, I almost forgot. I wanted to make some alcohol jolly ranchers so I stole a bunch of karo syrup the other day. (Seabull walks out to the garage and sees part of a pool lining still stuck under the truck.) Holy fuck, this looks like it came from a pool.

Sammy: Damn! What the fuck were you doing last night?

Seabull: You guys don't think I killed somebody you?

Jerry: You're fine, I'd keep the truck hidden a day or two.

Seabull: How can you be so sure?

Jerry: There'd be blood and shit all over the place.

Sammy: Jerry's right, I don't see any bones or anything. Where's the syrup?

(Seabull starts digging through the cab, Sammy whispering to Jerry.)

Sammy: Maybe I was a little fucked up last night but I don't remember a pool liner being stuck there last night when I parked it in the garage.

Jerry: It's just one of those unexplainable phenomena's.

Sammy: That pool liner kinda looks like Mirandas.

Jerry: I wouldn't know.

(Scene goes to Jerry setting up at the mall, he has a cutout to take photos with. Nobody is around, Sammy is looking around expectantly.)

Sammy: Where is everybody? Didn't you take out an ad?

Jerry: Yea.

(Scene shows ad in newspaper, smallest box just says celebrity autographs, no phone number or date.)

Jerry: They're probably coming a little late, hoping they don't have to deal with all the traffic.

Sammy: Right. Oh, shit Jerry look it's Tom Brady!

(Jerry turns around to see what Sammy was looking at, it's a mentally handicapped kid with a helmet on running around his mom.)

Sammy: Really check him out he's got the moves, he's doing the side straddle rush. They outlawed it in the sixties cause you couldn't tell which direction people were going. Too many people were getting hurt.

Jerry: You can't question the kids heart, he's got highlight reels that didn't even happen on the field.

Sammy: Oh shit, quick get Jerry Jones on the phone we found his next quarterback. (Both laughing.) I'm going to go get prepped, you want any?

Jerry: Nah, I'm cool. One of us needs to be coherent. (pulls flask and swigs it.)

Sammy: Okay. (Exit Sammy)

(Mall manager walks up to Jerry.)

Mall Manager: Hi, how's it going? Jerry, is it?

Jerry: Yea, you must be Paul. Everything's great we're getting ready to set up the ropes to keep the crowd organized.

Mall Manager: Yea... well two hours then you gotta let the popcorn vendor back in his spot.

Jerry: Gotcha, thanks for the reminder. (Mall Manager exits as he does Jerry mutters under his breath.) Asshole.

(Scene goes to Sammy going into the bathroom, doing blow in a bathroom stall. After doing a big line he gets psyched up and punches the wall which goes straight into where a woman is sitting on a stall in the women's bathroom. The woman begins screaming, Sammy finally gets his hand out of the wall, he comes running out to Jerry.)

Sammy: We gotta go Jerry.

Jerry: What? We just got here, what the hell's goin on?

Sammy: Grab your shit we need to go. (The woman comes running screaming out of the bathroom.) Yea, it's bad I know.

Jerry: For fucks sake.

(Mall manager comes running out screaming after them. They just keep running.)

Mall Manager: It looks like a fuckin grenade went off in the bathroom.

Jerry: (Yelling back at Manager.) Read the contract we don't pay for any damages. He did you a favor.

Sammy: You could sell tickets to see that kinda damage!

(Sammy and Jerry jump in the car, take off. Scene goes back to them walking in the house. Seabull's watching Ric Flair promos. Wooooooo!)

Seabull: Something happened to the fish. (Indicates towards the fish bowl. Several of them are floating around dead.)

Sammy: Fuck.

Seabull: How'd it go?

(Jerry grabs a bottle and makes drinks. He hands one to Sammy.)

Jerry: Seabull, how would you feel about doing me and Sammy a favor?

Seabull: Sure, anything.

Jerry: We need you to burn down the dealership, cars, and all.

Seabull: (Shocked) Your own dealership?

Jerry: Insurance money.

Sammy: It'd be a huge favor Seabull you could even move in here permanently. We're desperate.

Jerry: Check this out. Me and Sammy are going to a party at (Celebrity's) house this weekend.

Sammy: That's this weekend?

Jerry: Yea, and while we're there Seabull we'll have an alibi. That's when you would burn the place down.

Seabull: There's probly gonna be alot of girls at that party and they wouldn't wanna talk to me anyways...

Sammy: (Trying not to smile) Why not?

Seabull: (Shaking his head looking down) Cause I'm fat.

Sammy: Well, it's settled then, this weekend?

Seabull: (Reluctantly) Yea, I'll do it.

Sammy: Awesome, thanks Seabull.

Jerry: Yea Matt, we'll get you the gas and supplies.

Sammy: The best way to go about it is open the gas tanks, put rags in em, cover the place in gas and boom. Right?

Jerry: That sounds as good a plan as any.

Seabull: I need a ski mask, am I gonna take my own truck? It's kinda fucked up.

Jerry: Probably shouldn't, we'll get you the van from the lot.

Seabull: Alright.

Sammy: (indicating to cocaine on the table) Here's a line Matt, it'll straighten you out.

(Scene fast forwards to that night, Hank Williams Jr. is playing, Seabull is singing along dancing in his chair. They're all taking shots.)

Jerry: Seabull, you really think you're going to be able to handle the dealership? It's not too late to find somebody else.

Seabull: Dude, I got it. (Singing) Family Tradition!

Sammy: He'll do fine, quit worrying. Aren't you excited to be getting out of the house and going to Celebrity's party? It'll be just like old times.

Jerry: What? Ordering a bunch of prostitutes and then doing so much coke my dick doesn't work so I end up pulling on it for an hour before the slut gives up on me and goes back to the party. And I end up looking like a limp dick pussy?

Sammy: Whoa! Nobody said you gotta do any blow. That's only happened to you twice and it was years ago.

Jerry: Four times thats happened. I only told you about it twice.

Sammy: (Holds up two fingers, mouthing silently) 4 times?
(Normal) Who gives a fuck what some slut thinks of you anyway,

you're paying her money to use her as a fuckbag. Why do you go try to fuck em if your dick isn't working anyway?

Jerry: I feel horny, I just can't get it up.

Seabull: That shit used to happen to me all the time when I was younger, remember when I used to snort all that adherol? Yea, well I could jack off ten times in a row never, never get hard.

Sammy: Damn.

Seabull: You guys wanna hear a funny story listen to this. I was probably eighteen, anyway, you remember how my mom was too big she couldn't come down the stairs well my dad wasn't home from work so I'm in my room and get this. I'm butt ass naked, alright, legs up in the air, I'm upside down. My heads looking up and I'm doing my thing.

Jerry: I believe we saw that position earlier.

Seabull: Right, so anyways my dad walks in. "Matt!" He barely gets my name out before he realizes what he's looking at. "We're ordering pizza, you want pepperoni?" I'm looking at him still upside down. Pepperoni's fine sir. He just walked out, closed the door. Oh man. (All laughing)

(Scene goes to next day bright afternoon, Sammy is getting out of his car. Seabull is with him, Sammy is carrying his dead fish and a bag of water. They're walking into a Petco and Sammy begins talking to one of the clerks.)

Sammy: Hi, I bought these fish from you a few days ago and I know your policy is if I bring a water sample. You guys replace the fish for free, do I have it right?

Clerk: Yes, sir that's correct, I just need your receipt and the water sample.

Sammy: Oh, my God, you know I think I forgot my receipt.

Clerk: Wait a minute, your Sammy Stone, oh my God don't worry about the receipt. Let's just take a look at your water and see what's going on with your tank.

Sammy: Thanks, a lot, that's really great of you.

Clerk: NO problem, I'll be right back.

(Sammy and Seabull are checking out the chicks.)

Sammy: Hopefully they can tell me why my damn fish keep dying all the time.

Seabull: How often do they die?

Sammy: Let's just say I'm running out of Petco's to stop at with the same bullshit story.

(The clerk re-enters with a disgusted look on his face.)

Clerk: Um, your water had alcohol, cocaine, and what appeared to be semen in it.

Sammy: What, are you my probation officer? Are you gonna replace the fish or not?

(Scene goes to Sammy and Seabull getting in his car. Sammy has new fish.)

Sammy: Five hundred fuckin dollars for these fish, fuckin outrageous.

Seabull: Why do you buy em?

Sammy: I'm not gonna be one of those guys who keeps an aquarium sitting in his living room with nothing in it. I'm not white trash.

(Scene shows them pull out of parking lot, shortly after scene re-enters while driving.)

Sammy: You get your ski mask, gloves, and rags?

Seabull: (holding them up) Check and check.

(Theres a case of beer in the backseat they both have beers in the cup holders.)

Sammy: Hey would you mind busting out some lines?

Seabull: I'm down, where's it at?

Sammy: Grab a cd case from the console, here. (Sammy hands Seabull the cd case, they each do lines off of it. A rock song comes on while they're driving. Seabull begins doing the air guitar.)

Sammy: Damn, you're really getting down.

Seabull: Dude this is my jam.

(Sammy continues driving and he's looking towards the road. Seabull begins having a seizure, Sammy doesn't notice and keeps getting into the song. Seabull is rubbing face to face with Sammy, Sammy doesn't really like it. Then he finally realizes Seabull's having a seizure.)

Sammy: Holy shit! (Tries to push Seabull off him. They crash into the car in front of them at a red light.)

Sammy: Fuck! (Sammy looks over at Seabull, he's coming to his senses. Sammy goes to hand his beer to Seabull.) Put this on the floorboard. (Takes one last drink.) I'm gonna knock him out if he isn't cool, get ready to jump in the driver's seat.

Seabull: (nods head) Alright. (Swigs beer.)

(Sammy gets out of the car, the other driver is outside examining the damage.)

Sammy: What's the problem?

Driver: What's the problem? You just hit my car.

Sammy: Yea, I'm real sorry, look I'm in a hurry.

Driver: Hey your Sammy Stone. I'm a big fan.

Sammy: Thanks, I really need to go

Driver: There doesn't seem to be any serious damage. (Looks over car) Go ahead and get out of here.

Sammy: Really? Thank you, man.

Driver: Just take it easy on the booze champ.

Sammy: Will do. (Gets back in his car.) Fuck that was a close one.

Seabull: Sorry dude, I haven't been able to afford my medication lately. It causes me seizures sometimes when I don't take em.

Sammy: You could have given me a heads up or something, one minute were the Rolling Stones rocking, next minute you're floppin around like a god damn four hundred pound fish.

Seabull: It only happens like once a month so I'm good for a while.

Sammy: Well I'm just glad everybody's okay, you could have got me a fuckin d.u.i though, let's just be grateful.

(Scene goes back to house caption at bottom says party night. All three are sitting around taking shots, smoking, and using cocaine. TV is on and they're watching it.)

TV: Here at Locks for Love we donate all your old hair for children in need, please send in your hair so these kids don't have to feel diffent. (TV zooms in on a childs' face.)

Sammy: You could shave your ass Seabull, they could probably pass that around to a bunch of kids.

Seabull: (Laughing) I don't think I could do that.

Jerry: Yea, well, they need it. Maybe they could pass it around to a bunch of em.

Sammy: (Laughing) Pass around like three long curies to each kid. I think a bunch of miniature Homer Simpsons' would be hilarious, the kids need some laughter in their lives.

TV: (A Zooey Deschanel ad comes on for a new TV show) Zooey Deschanel has been the new girl for awhile, now after a miraculous meeting with a witch she's about to become an old bitch. (Screen shows a dog barking, then a womans' voice is heard) Please help me!

Seabull: Wow, she's going downhill quick.

Jerry: It's a shame too, that girl could start bottling and selling her bath water, the money could probably feed a small country. Not saying I'd buy any but it's just a thought.

Sammy: (Questioning look) You're just waiting aren't you Jerry?

Seabull: I'd buy it.

Sammy: Did I tell you Seabull flipped out and had a fucking seizure earlier?

Jerry: No shit?

Sammy: While I was driving I hit some asshole, there wasn't any damage to the car but I knocked his bumper pretty good. He was a fan so no insurance info or cops.

Jerry: Lucky you. Seabull, you good to go tonight?

Seabull: Yea, we stopped and got some medication.

Jerry: Good, cause it's about that time.

Sammy: That's right, game night gentlemen.

Jerry: You ready for this Seabull?

Seabull: I'm pretty fucked up, hell yeah, I got this.

Sammy: That's what I'm talking about.

Jerry: Remember ten o'clock go time.

Seabull: Gotcha.

Jerry: Call us at eleven to let us know the job is done.

Seabull: No problem guys.

Jerry: We're heading out. (Does a line of coke.)

Seabull: I'll see you a couple felonies later.

Sammy: Later Seabull.

Jerry: Be careful. (Jerry and Sammy exit. Seabull does a big line and seems dazed.)

(Scene cuts to Jerry and Sammy pulling up to a really nice house party.)

Jerry: Try not to be a dick, you brought his weed, right?

Sammy: Yea I got the weed. Don't worry I think I'm finally moving past the drunk asshole stage of my life. (He knocks on the door.)

Jerry: It only took you thirty years.

(People open the front door welcoming them.)

Host: Hi.

Jerry and Sam: Hi.

Host: Sammy Stone and his best friend Jerry Sands. Been awhile gentlemen, how's life after fame?

Sammy: The quality of whores has dropped a bit.

(Hosts wife comes up behind him.)

Host: Guys, this is my wife Maria.

(They all shake hands, she seems disgusted.)

Host: Darling, if you'll excuse us men for a short time we have some catching up to do.

Maria: Yes, of course. (exits)

Jerry: Nice work.

Host: I hope you brought the weed, to be honest it's the only reason you were invited. It's just so hard to get away from Maria, she's like an eagle watching everything I do.

(Sammy hands Host bag of marijuana discreetly as they walk toward another section of the house that is vacant. A small dog keeps bothering Jerry biting his shoes and pants.)

Host: Thank you.

(Sammy pulls out a blunt and starts smoking it, passes it to the host.)

Jerry: Sounds rough.

Sammy: At least she's smoking hot, does she at least let you fuck every night?

Host: No, once every two weeks

Sammy: Fuck man, I'd be out of there.

Jerry: That sounds like a schedule.

Host: Yea, it's sadly becoming ordinary, it's like I'm content with it.

Sammy: A champion is never content.

Host: Come here, I want you to see this. (He motions towards a painting and describes it.)

Sammy: That's a badass picture.

Host: I know, I just bought it at an auction, some asshole had a bidding war with me. But the reason you put up with a woman like that is this here. (Host indicates to a small cheap bracelet with its own case.) My son made this for me and it's the most gratifying gift I have ever received.

Jerry: The guy sounds like an idiot. The one trying to outbid you I mean. (avoiding the mushy talk, uneasy)

Sammy: He must not have seen your last movie.

Host: Well gentlemen, I have guests to attend to and a wife to appease, if you'll excuse me. (They all exit back into the main party area. The small dog has been waiting and immediately starts messing with Jerry.)

Sammy: Later.

Jerry: What the fuck is this dogs' problem? Get back you little bastard. Shit, it's eleven fifteen (checks his phone) has Seabull called you?

Sammy: No, nothing.

Jerry: We gotta get to the dealership, we can't take any chances.

(Scene cuts to them pulling up to the dealership. Seabull is passed out one leg inside the van, lights on, the cars wrecked into the front of the building.)

Sammy: Holy shit!

Jerry: Come on, we gotta get him in the car before somebody sees him.

(Sammy and Jerry jump out, grab Seabull. Sammy dumps blow on his face trying to get it in his mouth. They get him in the back of the car, Sammy still struggles with his legs.)

Sammy: You deal with him, I'm gonna torch this fuckin place.
(Sammy runs up grabs the keys out of the wrecked vehicles ignition. He then puts rags doused in gas in all the gas tanks. Sammy pours gas everywhere, lights it on fire and runs. Jerry has the car waiting as Sammy runs up and jumps in. Jerry takes off. Scene comes in with doorbell ringing the next day. Jerry checks the peephole, there's a detective the door. Jerry turns to look at the living room, Seabull is passed out awkwardly, there's a beer tower, and cocaine is laid out. Jerry sits down and pours himself a drink then checks his phones voicemail.)

Detective: (Phone) Hello, I'm looking for a Mister Jerry Sands. This is Detective Francis Kafka with the Malibu police department and if you didn't already know, your car dealership burned down last night and I have just a few questions for you if you'll call me back at 555-5555.

(Jerry hangs up, pours shots and starts drinking, he gets his phone back out and dials the detective.)

Detective: Hello, this is Detective Kafka.

Jerry: Yea, this is Jerry Sands and I just got a phone call from this number.

Detective: Yes, how are you today Mister Sands?

Jerry: A little tired, it was a long night.

Detective: Really? Can I ask where you were?

Jerry: A dinner party, what's all this about?

Detective: Well Jerry, the car dealership you own, the Sandstone dealership burnt down last night. Along with that all the cars were destroyed.

Jerry: Oh, my God, what caused it?

Detective: Well, that's the thing, it looks like arson. Somebody poured gas all over the place, one of the vehicles was smashed through the building. Do you know anyone who might have a grudge or reason to do something like this?

Jerry: You know, come to think of it, Nick the Deuce threatened me and Sammy several times. You might want to give him a call. And we got a neighbor over here, Pat Garvey, you might have him on the watch list already but he's a known drug mule. He usually has at least two pounds of something up his ass.

Detective: I'll have to check that out. Where did you say you were at last night Mr. Sands?

Jerry: A dinner party, Sammy was there too. (Hosts name.) House, you can call and ask him.

Detective: No need to get defensive Jerry, we just have to check these things out. I understand you're under a lot of stress.

Jerry: You're fuckin right I'm stressed out, what am I gonna do now? That place was a landmark.

Detective: I'll call you if we have any further information or questions. Thank you, Jerry. (Jerry hangs up, scene shifts to show Seabull sitting up drinking out of a bottle smoking weed.)

Seabull: How was that?

Jerry: Don't talk to me yet, I'm still pissed.

(Seabull turns on the TV, Family Feud is on.)

TV Host: Okay Shelby, for 200 points and the win. If you were to read an illiterate letter, what is the first thing that goes through your head?

Shelby: A mentally handicapped person wrote it! (Ding)

TV Host: That's the number one answer, the Whites have won the Championship!

(Sammy enters)

Sammy: I heard a ding, are you guys watching my old fight tapes?
(Makes a drink)

Seabull: Nah.

Sammy: Oh, well your missing out... so Seabull what the fuck happened last night?

Seabull: (looking down exhales deeply) I'm fat.

Sammy: Is that an answer? I didn't ask what you looked like.

Seabull: I fucked up, I blacked out.

Jerry: You crashed a god damn car that belongs to the dealership into the dealership.

Seabull: What did the cops say?

Jerry: Oh, they called to tell me how Matt Seabull was just placed on the most wanted and needed to know if I had any information on where you were. I told em you were holed up at your house and you weren't going down without a fight. I also told em you rigged the door with explosives as a heads up for the swat team.

Seabull: (mouth open) Are you fuckin serious?

Jerry: No, they knew it was arson, go figure.

Sammy: So, what happens?

Jerry: They'll call and double check our alibi, said they'd call us back if they need anything else.

Sammy: So, the story is someone broke into one of the vehicles and drove it into the dealership then torched the fucking place.

Jerry: Yea, that's the gist of it.

Sammy: I'm confused by this story and I was fuckin there.

Jerry: Seabull already drove into the place, what else was there to do?

Sammy: This isn't good Jerry.

Jerry: They can't trace us, gasoline doesn't leave evidence.

Sammy: You don't need evidence when a ten-year-old kid can look at a picture of a cow and know it's a cow. He doesn't need to see his hoof print, doesn't need to know he lives on a farm, doesn't need to know he makes a moo sound when the cow drives his own fuckin vehicle into his own building then torches the fuckin place.

Jerry: Someone could have broke in and stole the keys.

Sammy: I sure hope the detectives went to community college.

Jerry: There's no sense in worrying about what we can't change, we just gotta roll with the punches.

Sammy: Alright, I'll drop it til swat kick in the door and we get hit with arson and fraud.

Jerry: That's what I like to hear, now let's have a drink to that.

Seabull: Hear, hear! (They all cheers)

Sammy: So how long until the insurance money comes?

Jerry: Well, I've never burned down a business and asked for money for it so I don't know.

Sammy: Where's the number? I'll call them.

Jerry: Probably on some late bill layin around.

(Sammy begins going through papers, scene goes to Seabull and Jerry sitting, drinking on the couch. Commercial comes on.)

TV: Next, on Relapse. We lock a ten-year recovered heroin addict in a room with ready syringes, a full bar of alcohol, and cocaine. Will Mark give up his new life? Three kids and a loving wife. Find out after these commercials.

(Enter Sammy)

Sammy: Everybody calm down. (Takes a drink) I got a number.
(Dials, man picks up)

Insurance Agent: Hello, this is Ryan Clark with USAVE Insurance,
how can I help you?

Sammy: Hi, Ryan. It's Sam Stone, I'm in a tight spot here, my
car dealership burned down and I'm wondering what you guys can
do to help me out.

Ryan: Let me get my supervisor, I'm a real big fan by the way.

Sammy: Well you wanna help out the champ don't ya?

Ryan: Of course, here's my supervisor.

Tim: This is Tim Oberstein, how can I help you Mr. Stone?

Sammy: Well, like I was telling Ryan my car dealership burned
down. I'm wondering what you guys are gonna do to help.

Tim: Your dealership burned down?

Sammy: Yea, everything, cars, all of it.

Tim: How did this happen?

Sammy: The cops are saying it looks like arson, does that really matter?

Tim: Well, yea you have full coverage but it takes sixty to ninety days to issue a check and that's pending an investigation.

Sammy: Are you fucking shitting me? I've been paying you every month for the past ten fuckin years, I shouldn't have to hear this shit. I pay your fuckin wages, it should be yes sir, I'll get a check over.

Tim: I'm very sorry Mr. Stone, it's company protocol.

Sammy: Fuck you! (Hangs up) Insurance companies are the biggest crock of shit.

Jerry: We don't have a lot of time.

Sammy: Seabull load up that bong.

Seabull: Sorry bro, that was the last of it. We could hit up Lucas.

Sammy: Were gonna have to, I'm running low on blow. Jerry, you should come, maybe he's got a way for us to make some money. I'm texting him.

Jerry: Drug dealing?

Sammy: Not necessarily, come on it's worth a shot.

Jerry: Whatever, I'll come.

Sammy: I texted him and just told him were on the way, he's cool.

Jerry: How do you know he's home.

Sammy: It's Sunday, he's real religious, he doesn't do anything on Sundays.

(Scene switches to them ringing Lucas' doorbell, Lucas opens door in 3d glasses.)

Garrison: Come in, come in. I wasn't expecting visitors.

Sammy: Oh, my bad, I sent you a text.

Lucas: It's no problem, whenever I'm tripping I don't fuck with my phone. I can't read any of that shit, my eyes get all fucked up. So, what can I do for you adventurers? (Starts chugging beers fast)

Sammy: Well, I was wondering if you got any more of that blue dream?

Lucas: Who's this guy? (indicates to Jerry)

Sammy: This is my buddy Jerry.

Lucas: Oh! The hilarious stalker. It's a pleasure. (Shake hands)

Jerry: I tell you that stuff in confidence Sammy.

Sammy: I'm sorry Jerry.

Lucas: (walking through house) Yea, I got some more of that blue dream. I actually prerolled a blunt before I started trippin, you guys are welcome to smoke. (Takes off 3d glasses.)

Seabull: I'm down.

Sammy: (Sits down) Yea.

(Lucas lights blunt)

Seabull: Hey Lucas, not that it's any of my business or anything but are you still talking to Kora?

Lucas: (passes blunt, laughing) Yea, I haven't talked to her since she got all crazy and jumped out of my car while I was driving.

Seabull: Huh... Yea she told me a different story.

(Scene shows Lucas and girl arguing in a car.)

Kora: Stope and let me out now.

Lucas: I'm not stopping bitch.

(The girl pops the door and is staring at him.)

Kora: I'll jump, I'm not joking.

Lucas: Don't ever half ass anything in life you'll get a lot further. (Kicks the girl and she rolls out into the street as he hangs a hard turn)

(Scene cuts back to them at Lucas' house)

Sammy: Hey man, so we got a favor to ask you.

Lucas: Shoot.

Sammy: We're broke, we need some money and fast.

Lucas: Broke? You've always had money, that's crazy.

Sammy: Yea man, it came outta nowhere.

Lucas: I tell you what, I was recently at an auction. You ever heard of (Celebrity Name, from party)?

Sammy: Yea, me and Jerry went to his party the other day.

Lucas: Well that bastard outbid me on a painting I wanted. You go steal it from him, I'll pay you half what it went for at auction. A million dollars, are you guys pretty cool with him?

Sammy: Not really, he's always been kinda a prick. (He looks at Jerry.)

Jerry: We don't have any other options at this point, I'm game. Might take a minute to get a team together.

Sammy: Alright, we'll do it. Do not contact us for the next few days. We don't want it to look like there's a connection between us.

Lucas: No problem, I'll probably be tripping a few days. I didn't realize how much acid I bought. Come by when it's done, no need to leave a call trail. Here's some blue dream. (Hands bag to Sammy) Good luck guys, stay safe.

(Scene goes to Jerry and Sammy sitting at a desk interviewing candidates for driver, there's a midget sitting across from them.)

Jerry: (Sincerely) Shit, I think we found ourselves a driver. You'll fit right in.

Midget: Really?

Jerry: Yea, just go get the rest of you and meet us back in here in thirty minutes.

Midget: (Exiting) Dick.

Jerry: I'll give you a call if we ever decide to hit a dollhouse.

Sammy: Yo, what's up with all these shitty ass candidates? What exactly did you put in the ad?

Jerry: Dude, I couldn't have been more descriptive. (Scene shows the ad, "Driver needed, Ocean's 11")

Sammy: Well all we keep getting in here is weirdos, we could have made a lot of money if we represented the circus. Next!

(Scene shows a man roll his wheelchair in to the office.)

Wheelchair: I heard you're looking for a driver.

Jerry: Is this some kind of joke?

Wheelchair: I can drive, I won't let you down.

Sammy: Listen Lieutenant Dan, you and I both know this was pointless of you coming.

Jerry: Come back when you get you some magic legs.

(Wheelchair guy exits, scene skips to Arab guy applying for job.)

Sammy: Apu, this is not a suicide bombing.

Jerry: You would of been perfect for our last job but I'm sorry pal, we're looking for a different type of driver.

(Scene switches to woman applying for the job)

Sammy: We all know women don't know how to drive, face it. We're not looking for a Danica Patrick type, we're going for the Tony

Stewart type. Somebody not afraid to run somebody down if shit gets heavy.

Jerry: You should have read the ad, it distinctly says Ocean's eleven.

(Enter Seabull, exit woman)

Seabull: How's it going guys?

Sammy: It's a work in progress.

Seabull: You guys could give me another shot, I won't fuck up. I feel like I owe you this.

Sammy: At this point I'm not seeing any other options Jerry.

Jerry: Alright Seabull, you're in. (Writes on a list, hands it to Seabull) Go get all these supplies and meet us back at the house.

Sammy: Seabull, you got this.

Seabull: I got this, you guys won't regret it. (Exit Seabull)

Jerry: We can't handle another fuck up like the one at the dealership.

Sammy: He'll pull through, we're just asking him to drive a car. If he can't get this right we're gonna have to cut him loose.

(Scene switches to Jerry, Sammy, and Seabull pulling up scoping out the celebrity's' house. They're all in black.)

Jerry: Okay, we go in, I'll break the glass with some porcelain (shows handful of porcelain). Sammy, you grab the painting, I'll be keeping watch. Seabull, leave the car running and don't fuck anything up.

Seabull: I've only had six beers, I'll be fine.

Sammy: Where did you get the porcelain?

Jerry: Old spark plug. Let's roll Sammy.

Sammy: Hey, just remember I'm Clooney.

Jerry: I'm Clooney, you're Pitt.

Sammy: No, that's bullshit and you know it Jerry.

Seabull: Who am I?

Jerry: You're playing the guy that doesn't fuck everything up.

Seabull: I could be Damon.

Sammy: Let's go.

(Exit Sammy and Jerry from car, put on ski masks, they walk up to back of house to huge window)

Jerry: (Whispering) Okay, on three I'm breaking the window.
(Jerry reveals a small baton) One...

Sammy: (Interrupting whispering) Whoa, whoa, what the fuck is that?

Jerry: I need protection. Not all of us were heavyweight contenders.

Sammy: You're gonna use that on (Celebrity)?

Jerry: If necessary.

Sammy: Fuck, just smash the window.

(Jerry throws a porcelain piece, shatters the window. Alarm starts going off Sammy runs through window, Jerry follows. Sammy grabs the painting; the dog starts biting on Jerry's foot)

Jerry: Go, go, I'll be right out.

(Sammy takes off running with the painting. The dogs barking stops with a thud, Sammy gets to the car)

Seabull: Shit, shit, where's Jerry!

Sammy: He's coming, I don't know, the fucking dog was giving him trouble.

(Jerry comes running down the street, jumps in the car, Seabull hits the lights and takes off.)

Jerry: Painting good?

Sammy: Yea, what the fuck took you man? You were a lookout, what'd you do pour bleach all over the fuckin place?

Jerry: (Jerry wipes blood off the baton) I had a minor holdup, we're all good now.

Seabull: Did anybody see you guys?

Sammy: I didn't see anybody, Jerry did you see anybody?

Jerry: Nah, we're all good, everybody relax. Seabull, just watch the road and get us home.

Seabull: So, am I Damon?

Sammy: If you can get us home, you can be anybody you fuckin want.

(Scene goes to them at home. Jerry, Sammy, and Seabull are all just staring at the painting. They're all drinking and smoking)

Seabull: Who the fuck would pay a hundred thousand for this?

Jerry: (Celebrity) Paid two hundred thousand.

Sammy: It's a nice painting, I would've dug it out of a dumpster if I saw it.

Jerry: This thing doesn't even fit in here. It makes the place feel like you're in a hotel bathroom.

Seabull: Dude, you hit it on the money, I feel like there should be flowers around it.

Sammy: Fuck this painting, we did it guys. Our money troubles are finally over.

Jerry: It'll definitely give us enough to drink ourselves to death so we don't have to deal with another situation like this.

Sammy: Maybe I can get on one of those reality shows of washed up actors all livin in a house together.

Seabull: If I were you I'd stick with drinking yourself to death. (All laugh)

Jerry: We'll go by Lucas' tomorrow, get our money, everything will be good.

Sammy: Alright, let's get some rest, got a big day tomorrow.

(Scene switches to next day Jerry, Sammy, and Seabull pulling up to Garrisons' house. Painting is under a cover, Seabull carrying it to door. Sammy knocks, Lucas opens)

Lucas: (Surprised) Hey what's up guys?

Sammy: Hey, you mind if we do this inside?

Lucas: Yea, come on in. Who's your friend? (Indicating Jerry)

Sammy: This is Jerry, you met him other day.

Lucas: I did? (They're all walking into house) What the hell is that? (Indicating to painting)

Sammy: The painting man. Look (unveils the painting) perfect condition.

Lucas: Where the fuck did you get this?

Sammy: (Celebrity's) house. We went to go steal it for you, you told us you'd give us a hundred grand, ring any bells?

Jerry: We sat here and discussed the whole thing. You don't remember?

Lucas: Okay, when was this?

Sammy: Sunday, you were tripping shrooms.

Lucas: And I convinced you to steal a fucking painting? I can't buy this, it was supposed to be a birthday gift for my grandma. I can't hang stolen art at my grandma's house without her posting that shit all over facebook, the cops will scare her ass to death asking where she got it.

Sammy: Man, we really need the money, we had a deal.

Lucas: Let me give you a tip, don't make deals with guys tripping mushrooms. I don't do shit on Sundays cause I'm technically not even here, I'm in fuckin outer space. I'm really sorry guys, I'll give you a couple pounds of weed but I don't even really want the fuckin thing.

Jerry: Fuck.

Sammy: Fuck! Dude, we broke into Celebritys' house. We stole the painting, we need some money.

Lucas: I'm sorry man, I just can't justify buying this painting. You had to know I was tripping shrooms.

Sammy: Yea, but I didn't realize that everything you said was complete bullshit when you're fucked up.

Lucas: I'm really sorry guys, I'll give you some coke too. Maybe you guys could start dealing.

Sammy: We don't know enough people to start dealing coke.

Jerry: We know enough people, we just aren't friends with em.

Sammy: Thanks for the correction Jerry.

Jerry: Back to the drawing board. (Opens door to leave)

Lucas: Good luck guys. Seabull take this (hands him a paper bag) for a rainy day.

Seabull: (looks in bag) Thanks man.

Sammy: Later Man.

(Scene comes in Sammy, Seabull, and Jerry are all at the house sitting down drinking, smoking, Sammy doing cocaine)

Jerry: Well shit guys. It was a hell of a run.

Seabull: We can go stay at my house whenever we gotta leave here.

Sammy: We wouldn't have to leave here if Jerry would have just paid a little bit of attention to the finances.

Jerry: Well, even if I kept an accounting book, the money would still be gone. Cocaine expenses gotta be around ten thousand a month.

Sammy: And whose money is it to lose Jerry? Sure as hell not yours.

Seabull: Hey guys come on.

Jerry: The only reason you ever made it to half of where you got was because of me.

Sammy: How dare you say that! I paid blood, sweat, and tears for every dollar to my name.

Jerry: Yea, well I got a news flash champ, I paid off your fights. That's the only reason you ever won.

Sammy: How could you say something like that? You're too much of a coward, and you don't have the discipline to be a fighter. And yea were friends so I carried you your whole fuckin life!

Jerry: I paid off every fight Sammy. Cut deals with the managers, we bet big knowing what rounds they'd go down in. I had to pay back half your winnings every fight. You never kept track of the books so you have no idea what was spent or how much you even had.

Seabull: That's not cool Jerry.

Jerry: No, it's true Seabull, I'm sorry you had to find out like this Sam.

Sammy: Are you shitting me?

Jerry: I didn't think I'd ever have to tell you.

Sammy: (upset) Get out, I need to be alone.

Jerry: Look, Sammy.

Sammy: Just go Jer, you too Seabull.

Seabull: Alright man. (Exit Jerry and Seabull)

(Scene switches to Jerry and Seabull getting in car)

Jerry: Well Seabull, what do you feel like?

Seabull: Let's go to the zoo, whenever I'm feeling down it always cheers me up.

Jerry: The zoo? I'm a grown ass man, all those caged up animals depress the shit out of me.

Seabull: Yea, but I got the right ingredients. (displays shroom bag)

Jerry: What's that?

Seabull: Mushrooms, there's plenty for both of us.

Jerry: Where'd you get those?

Seabull: Lucas gave em to me on the way out.

Jerry: The zoo huh? Fuck it lets go.

(Scene goes to them pouring out water bottles and filling them up with vodka then walking up to the zoo admission gate, nice woman greets them)

Admission Girl: Hi, just the two of you today?

Jerry: Yea, I'm paying.

Admission girl: (looks over Seabull) Well, your special friend gets in free today, he should of worn the shirt but I'll let it slide this time. It'll be ten dollars.

Jerry: Special friend? (Hands her the money)

Seabull: Shirt?

Admission Girl: You guys have a great day. Bye (Waves at Seabull)

Seabull: What the hell was that all about?

Jerry: I think she liked you.

Seabull: Really? You think so?

Jerry: Yea, she let you in free, you oughta talk to her on the way out assuming we're not completely fucked up.

Seabull: You know what? I will. She made you pay though that was kinda shitty.

Jerry: Hey, it saved me ten bucks not buying your ticket, I don't mind.

Seabull: Dude, there's a bathroom.

(Scene shows them in the bathroom, Jerry and Seabull are eating mushrooms. Seabull is chasing them with the vodka water bottle and Jerry has a flask out)

Jerry: How many of these do we need?

Seabull: Here, just take half.

(While eating them, man walks in the bathroom, Seabull and Jerry exchange a questionable stare with him, he then turns and walks out)

Seabull: Let's hurry up.

Jerry: Yea.

(Scene follows them around they're laughing having fun, scene stops they're at an orangutang enclosure Jerry is staring one in the face through the glass, Jerry is eating funyans)

Jerry: You think he wants out of there?

Seabull: I don't know, he doesn't have any worries, he just lays around, eats, and fucks all day.

Jerry: Yea but I bet he knows he doesn't belong here, somewhere deep down.

Seabull: He was probably born in a zoo, he doesn't know anything else.

(Jerry sticks a funyan around the glass to where the orangutang can reach and hands him one. Orangutang eats one)

Jerry: I like this guy.

Seabull: Dude I want to go see the lions.

Jerry: I'll come back for you someday old friend. Alright, lets go check out the lions. (Jerry does an awkward pause stare at the monkey and holds up his hand. The orangutang mimicks the motion. Scene then comes in on Sammy and Seabull walking up to a lions cage a group of children with a teacher is nearby looking at the lion as well)

Jerry: Why don't they have a badass setup for this guy? All the other animals got badass setups, trees, caves. This guy's in a cage.

Seabull: Oh, I heard they're building a new one for him. I guess that's why they got him in here, looks shitty.

(Kids are yelling at the lion)

Kid: Do something! You butthead!

Kid 2: Roar!

(Lion walks to the edge of the cage, lifts his leg way up in the air and pisses out of the cage splashing the railing in front of the kids getting them wet. Seabull and Jerry break up laughing)

Kid: He peed on me!

Teacher: (trying not to laugh) Kids calm down!

Kid 2: You butthead lion!

Seabull: Dude, he pissed all over those kids.

Jerry: He hosed those little shits down.

(Jerry and Seabull go to a gorilla exhibit. A gorilla is sitting on the ground outside the glass staring out, Jerry and Seabull are talking behind him)

Seabull: Look how big his hands are, he could probably crush a skull with his punch.

Jerry: I wouldn't want to fuck with him.

Seabull: He's gotta be the most badass animal, I can't think of one that can take him.

Jerry: I don't know about that, I'd take a hippo. They're mean as fuck and they get up to thirty miles per hour.

Seabull: No shit? I didn't know that.

(A crowd of people are slowly gathering around Seabull and Jerry looking at the gorilla)

Jerry: What the fuck are all these people gathering around for? What's he bout to do? Talk? I swear to God I'll be the first to blow his brains out.

(crowd gasping)

Seabull: (leading Jerry away) Lets go check out the farm they got animals you can feed.

Jerry: You think I'm joking! I'm not fucking around!

Seabull: (pulling Jerry away) Come on Jerry, calm down.

(Scene goes to them at a petting farm, upon entry into the petting farm there's a little kid laying on the ground getting humped by a goat)

Jerry: What the fuck! (runs up and kicks the goat in the ribs)
Get the fuck off him!

(People notice Jerry kicking the animal)

Person: Hey, you can't kick a goat, that's cruelty to animals.

Jerry: I want to talk to this kids parents!

Father: (emerges from group) I'm his father.

Jerry: You're doing a shitty ass job of it, I just saved your kid from having an animals penis smashed into his mouth.

Father: What!? I've been watching him the whole time, I saw you attack that animal.

Jerry: Why don't you take a good look at your kids face cause he's got a big penis imprint on his forehead. You know I have half a mind to notify some authorities about shitty parenting, what kind of kid allows himself to get his face fucked anyways? What is he retarded?

Seabull: Jerry.

Jerry: What Seabull!?

Seabull: You might want to take a look over there. (indicates to the kid, Jerry looks and sees the kid has a mental handicap)

Jerry: Oh, I'm sorry, I'm real sorry man I had no idea. I was just trying to help.

(Everyone just standing with disgusted looks, Jerry walks off followed by Seabull. They're walking and they start to notice all the people at the zoo are wearing blue shirts and seem to have mental handicaps)

Jerry: You notice anything strange about all the people here Seabull?

Seabull: It must be some kind of event, they're all wearing blue shirts.

Jerry: Yea, but there's something else. (Jerry spots the kid with the helmet from the mall in a blue shirt with a group of mentally handicapped people) Oh my God.

Seabull: What? What is it?

Jerry: All these people are retarded.

Seabull: What? (Looks around)

Jerry: Look. (They finally see clearly) we didn't notice cause of the shrooms. (starts laughing hard)

Seabull: What's so funny?

Jerry: The chick at the front gate let you in free, she must've thought you were retarded. (laughs)

Seabull: Dude! What the fuck? Do I look retarded?

Jerry: Nah, you look fine.

Seabull: Man, what a fuckin bitch. That just fucked up my whole high, leave me the vodka I'm gonna get smashed. Go out and get the car started and pull it around.

Jerry: Yea, I think I've had enough of this place too. What are you gonna do?

Seabull: I'm gonna play it cool and ask her out.

Jerry: Good luck (starts walking off, Seabull starts chugging vodka out of the water bottle)

(Scene goes to girl in the admissions booth, Seabull comes up and presses his face up against the window)

Seabull: (sounding stupid) Hi!

Girl: Hi, can I help you?

Seabull: Does the pretty girl want to go out with me, (breathe blowing on the window fogging up)

Girl: I don't know the next time I'm gonna be free big guy.

Seabull: We have feelings too! Don't play games with my emotions. (Seabull throws up while his face is pressed against the window, some gets through the slot to receive money)

Girl: Oh, my God! Are you okay?

Seabull: (Pulls his face away and starts walking off) You know how many times I've been to a mental asylum? (He holds up his fingers to indicate six times. He then gets to the car Jerry has waiting out front)

Jerry: (gases it out of the parking lot) What the hell happened back there? You get her number?

Seabull: I don't think she likes my kind.

Jerry: You're kind, what the fuck are you?

Seabull: I'm... fat.

Jerry: Let's get you home, you look like you need to smoke some weed, knock that puke taste out of your mouth.

Seabull: Okay, Jerry.

(Scene goes to them walking back into the house)

Jerry: I didn't see Sammy's car outside I wonder where he went.

Seabull: Dude, you laid some heavy shit on him earlier, he probably just needs a minute.

Jerry: Was I wrong to tell him?

Seabull: Yea dude, that was something you should of took to the grave.

Jerry: You're probably right, you think he's okay?

Seabull: To be honest I don't know dude, you just flipped his whole world upside down. Hopefully he doesn't do anything crazy.

Jerry: Like what?

Seabull: You know, hurt himself.

Jerry: Sammy wouldn't do something like that, knock it off.

Seabull: I've never seen him upset like he was.

Jerry: Yea, but I don't think he'd ever go that far. I'll be right back (Jerry walks into other room to see if his gun is there) Fuck!

Seabull: What's up?

Jerry: My new gun, it's gone.

Seabull: Are you serious?

Jerry: Yea, I left it in my dresser, it's not there now.

Seabull: Oh shit man, that's not good.

Jerry: No, I'm gonna try to call him (Gets out his cell phone and tries to dial Sammy, goes straight to voicemail)

Seabull: No luck?

Jerry: Oh my God, it's all my fault. I can't believe it.

Seabull: Dude, he's probably fine, just give it a little time, you're still tripping pretty hard.

Jerry: It's not fine Seabull, he's dead, I know it. It's all my fault! (Grabs a golf club and starts destroying the entire room, t.v. doors, and finally the fish tank)

Seabull: Holy shit man!

Jerry: Oh my God, Sammy! How could you do this?

Seabull: Dude, calm down! You're jumping to conclusions.

Jerry: He's dead, can't you feel his energy?

Seabull: You want a drink? I'm making a drink, I'm sure it'll chill you out, I'll load up the bong too.

Jerry: Hurry!

(Seabull starts making drinks for the two of them, then loads up the bong, Sammy walks in the door)

Sammy: Hey sorry about earlier Jerry, we're friends man and... (sees the destruction) What the fuck!? Dude what happened in here?

Jerry: (runs up and gives Sammy a hug) Oh my God! I'm so happy you're alive Sammy!

Sammy: Yea I'm glad I'm alive too, what the fuck happened here?

Jerry: I thought you were dead, I'm just so happy to see you.

Sammy: Why would I be dead?

Seabull: Jerry was tripping pretty hard, apparently you took his gun so he figured you went and you know...

Sammy: You thought I killed myself?

Jerry: My guns missing, I thought the worst, I've never seen you like that before.

Sammy: Okay, what the fuck does that have to do with all my shit being broken? My fish are dead Jerry, what happened?

Jerry: I thought you were dead.

Sammy: So, you trashed all my shit? Did you take a golf club (picking up golf club) to my t.v, my door, and my fish tank?

Jerry: I'm sorry Sammy, I was upset.

Sammy: Get the fuck out of here Jerry, I can't believe this shit man.

Jerry: Sammy...

Sammy: Go Jerry, not only am I broke but you destroyed all my shit.

(Jerry sadly exits, scene comes in to later in the day, Seabull and Sammy sitting down having drinks watching an old crappy tv)

Sammy: Well Seabull, the shows about over for us.

Seabull: It was a hell of a run, it's not like you didn't try.

Sammy: You know, that's what gets me Seabull. We put in all that effort and look where it got us.

Seabull: Can't catch a break dude, story of my life.

(T.V goes to a special bulletin)

TV announcer: Breaking news ladies and gentlemen, sorry to interrupt your regular programming. We

take you live to the Golden Gate Bridge where a man is threatening to jump.

(T.V shows Jerry standing on the bridge looking over the edge)

Seabull: Oh, my God! Dude, Jerry's on a fuckin bridge.

Jerry: Holy shit, what's he doing up there?

Seabull: It looks like he's gonna jump.

Jerry: We better get down there quick.

(Scene goes to the bridge where Sammy and Seabull are pulling up to. They get out of the car holding

burgers from Mcdonald's. Sammy begins pushing through the cops to get to Jerry, Seabull doesn't get

through)

Cop: You can't go past, we're trying to talk this man down.

Sammy: It's alright, he's my best friend.

Cop: Okay, (Yells to other officers) This guy's his best friend, let him through!

Sammy: (approaching Jerry) Hey!

Jerry: Hey Sammy.

Sammy: What you doin up there? We saw you on the news, figured I'd come see what's going on.

Jerry: Is that a Big Mac?

Sammy: Yea, me and Seabull were hungry, but we're also very concerned about you. You don't want to go out like this.

Jerry: Get back! I'm gonna jump!

Sammy: What the fuck are you doin? Get down from there (reaches forward and tries to grab Jerry accidentally knocking him off the ledge)

Jerry: Oh shit! (tries to catch himself but barely catches the ledge with Sammy holding onto him)

Sammy: Why do you wanna kill yourself?

Jerry: (whispering) I wasn't, I was trying to get you to save me, make you look like a hero. Not an attempted murderer.

Sammy: I was trying to grab your leg.

Jerry: Who do I look like, Vanilla Ice? Pull me up.

Sammy: (pulls Jerry up) Don't ever do anything crazy like this again. (everyone cheering in the crowd)

Jerry: He saved me! Thank you so much!

Sammy: You're real fuckin nuts Jerry you know that?

(Scene fades off comes in to Oprah Winfrey interviewing Jerry and Sammy)

Jerry: It was like everything went black and all I could see below was a fiery hell but then an angel appeared and grabbed me. I didn't see my best friend Sammy, I saw an angel.

Sammy: I'm just so happy he's still here today, I don't know where I'd be if he wasn't.

Jerry: This man saved my life. (emotional)

(Everyone stands up cheering, Higher Love starts playing. Scene fades out to magazine covers with their face on them, a church opening up Sandstone Ministries, and then becoming motivational speakers)

The End

