

WATERFORD

Original Screenplay
By Hugh Price

Hugh Price
2831 NE 14th Ave
Ocala, Fl 34470
323-229-3862

TITLE CARD UP: WATERFORD

Snoring is heard over a porno playing from a TV.

FADE IN:

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

GEORGE'S face comes into focus, smashed up against the backside of his hand like a Sharpe puppy. He is snoring on the floor as the porno plays audibly in the background. George slowly wakes, sits up with a goofy, discombobulated look and mindlessly starts digging through his overnight bag where he pulls out a change of clothes.

George strips down and changes into sweatpants and a sweatshirt, revealing another BODY sleeping on the couch. Empty beer bottles, food wrappers, and filled ash trays taint the coffee table. We are in a typical student housing apartment scantily decorated with furnishings from Ikea. Dalí and Escher prints scale the wall.

George wraps a head band around his dirty-blonde bed-head and begins stretching. BRYAN enters from the back bedroom.

BRYAN

The fuck is this?

GEORGE

Oh. I had some trouble falling asleep last night, so I turned on the squigglys.

BRYAN

Was it this loud all night?

GEORGE

I guess. I mean, I don't know, I was so stoned. I barely remember turning it on. I guess it put me right to sleep 'cause I passed out and don't remember... anything - nope, don't remember anything at all...

Bryan turns the volume down.

BRYAN

Yea, squiggly porn at excruciatingly high volume always puts me right to sleep. - What?

He picks up a bottle of lotion on the floor.

Dude.
Did you twist one out in my living
room last night?!

GEORGE
Pshh... Na, dude. C'mon. Jay has
athletes foot and he was rubbing
his dogs all night. It was gross...

He quickly packs his things and exits through the front door.

Bryan turns off the television and sits on the legs of the
body on the couch.

BRYAN
Dude...
Yo!

JAY'S face is buried in couch pillows. Bryan bounces up and
down to wake him.

JAY
Hmmpmph. What man, come on.

BRYAN
What time's class?

JAY
Ugggghhh...What the fuck man? - I
gotta quit doin this, I got a bed
at home!... Now my back's gonna be
all messed up, and it'll make my
stomach all upset, I'll get
diarrhea. Shart myself...

He trails off.

BRYAN
What time you gotta go to class?

JAY
I got like an hour. - Um. - I
really don't remember anything
after the bar last night.

BRYAN
I think it was that last water
moccasin.

JAY

That was probly it. I pretty much remember ordering those... then, the darkness.

BRYAN

That's prolly a good thing, 'cause I'm pretty sure George jerked one off to the squigglys while you were passed out.

JAY

What?... wait...
Holy shit! - He did! - Dude, I thought it was a dream! I remember waking up last night from what I thought was your neighbors doin it, 'cause I've heard them get it on before.

BRYAN

Lord knows I have...

JAY

Right? So then I realized it was coming from the TV and I was like 'what the fuck?'- Holy shit - I would have completely forgot...

FADE TO:

The living room the night before...

As Jay narrates the scene, the camera pans up from George's shaking feet, finally focusing on Jay coming to with George in the foreground.

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I look over and see George sitting in the bean bag just jack hammerin' away. - I mean workin' it dude. You know those wasted sessions you have sometimes? Head back, legs paralyzed like broken TV antennas?... So, then I screamed, 'Dude, what the fuck..!?', and before I could get it all out he jumped up and ran to the bathroom, pants fallin' around his ankles.

(MORE)

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He tripped and ran right into the
wall...

DISSOLVE TO:

Present time.

...I guess I passed back out before
he came. - out here...before he
came back out here, I mean.

Bryan bends over to pick up the bottle of lotion from the
floor.

BRYAN
Eww, dude.

JAY
Hey, at least we know his dick
didn't poop all over your living
room rug. I mean the thing really
ties the room together, ya know? -
Do you think he finished in the
bathroom?

BRYAN
I don't even want to know.

JAY
Gross.
Alright dude, I gotta get cleaned
up. I'll holler at che.

Jay staggers out the door.

BRYAN
Shabba. - Hey lock that door for
me.

Now alone, Bryan turns on the TV. The squigglys are back on.
He picks up the bottle of lotion and unzips his pants.

EXT. BRYAN'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Backing out of his parking space, Jay bumps into the car
behind him. He pauses to curse aloud but pays no more mind.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

George is jogging. The iPod ear buds are in full effect. His sweat lines appear atrocious creating a mickey mouse face on his front, and his back is covered in a dark line that runs into his pants between his butt cheeks, creating a succulent thong of sweat. He stops at traffic lights to do pushups. He douches himself with his water, performing some kind of flash-dance move. Shaking his head like a wet dog, he notices that he just sprayed water all over a beautiful BRUNETTE at the cross walk. He locks up in fear and embarrassment.

GEORGE

Oh man. Sorry...

BRUNETTE

It's ok. I didn't get it too bad. I needed a little cool-down anyway... I guess.

George smiles and waits for the light to turn. A heat wave of humility hits him like a falling anvil. He rolls up his sleeves to get some air to his skin, revealing a huge cock drawn on his right forearm.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Nice.

GEORGE

Oh, yea. That's the, ah, the Tigris and Euphrates...

He can't get anything right with this chick! The only thing left to do is laugh at himself.

BRUNETTE

Ya, o.k.

GEORGE

The rivers in Africa are just so much bigger...

BRUNETTE

You would know?

GEORGE

I would know.

BRUNETTE

So does that explain why you are in head to toe sweats in 90 degree weather?

GEORGE

Yep. - Wait, what? What do you know?

BRUNETTE

I know the Tigris and Euphrates are not in Africa, although your two dick veins do resemble them. So. - What do you know?

GEORGE

That I'm about to drop urine that may test positive and could spend the next 18 months in jail.

The light turns green, the music kicks in, and George busts out like a bullet from a gun. Leaving his old friend in the dust. He jogs to his house.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

George strips down and hops in the shower singing an ad-libbed version of "GREY GOOSE" by YING YANG TWINS.

GEORGE

(Singing)

Tonight, is your night, bro! -
'Cause if you don't give a fuck,
put dat middle finga up, ain't no
kool-aid in my cup, talkin' bout
grey goose! Talkin bout that grey
goose... haaay haaaay. Two legit!
Two legit to quit!

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT BATHROOM

Bryan steps into his bathroom. Jay's question from earlier is echoing in his head...

JAY (V.O.)

...at least we know his dick didn't
poop all over the living room...
dick poop... do you think he
finished in the bathroom?... dick
poop... finished in the
bathroom?... bathroom?... dick
poop...poop...

Bryan checks the floors, counter top, and bathroom ceiling for any signs of the "dick poop", and steps in the shower singing "WHEN I SEE AN ELEPHANT FLY" from DISNEY'S DUMBO. On

the wall beside him is a stain of what may or may not be George's semen.

Bryan sees it and yelps as he jumps back and frantically grabs the shower head to wash it off the wall. He has jumped up on the side of the tub and is using his hands to reflect the water onto it. His legs slip out from under him and he falls out of view.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Jay pulls up to his apartment complex. The girls from next door are just leaving for class. He stops and flirts for just a few seconds before he heads into his apartment to the shower.

INT. JAY'S BATHROOM

Jay strips down and steps into the shower, singing "WHO'S JOHNNY" by EL DEBARGE.

CUT TO:

Bryan singing in the shower.

CUT TO:

George singing in the shower.

Music fades in. A montage begins of the 3 friends showering, singing and prepping for the day. We watch the boys trimming nose hairs, dancing, and flexing in front of the mirror. Jay does a dance to make his penis flap back and forth on his sides. Bryan makes his junk swing like a propeller. George throws up a "Silence of the Lambs" vagina man pose. They eventually dress and head out.

Bryan walks out to his car and sees that there is a fresh dent in the back of his truck. He curses aloud as he steps in the car and drives off. The music continues.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Bryan busts up into the studio with a bag full of food. He's stuffing fries into his face.

INT. CLASSROOM

Jay bursts in with a pencil in his ear, holding a couple of pieces of paper.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE

George bursts in finishing a hemp body cleanser and tosses it in the can before he signs his name at the front desk.

INT. - RECORDING STUDIO

Bryan makes his way into the control room and crashes into the chair letting out a huge sigh. He starts to eat.

INT. - CLASSROOM

Jay scans the room for a seat in the back and crashes into the chair letting out a huge sigh. He starts to drum with his pencil as he scans the room for tasty beaver.

INT. - PAROLE OFFICE

George finds the only open chair in the waiting room and crashes into it letting out a huge sigh. He sits wedged between an old, anemic, BEARDED MAN and a thugged out TEENAGER. He grabs a Cosmopolitan magazine.

George gets a phone call. His ring tone resembles an alien space ship. It's Bryan.

GEORGE

Wata.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

BRYAN

Nada. Just sittin at work, eatin.
You at the parole office?

GEORGE (O.C.)

Yep. I can't wait to get this shit
over with.

BRYAN

I can't believe you're taking your
last piss test just the day before
you graduate. How lucky is that?

INT. PAROLE OFFICE

GEORGE

I know... this... it's... it's just fuckin' perfect man. Thank God.

BRYAN (O.C.)

There is no way you could have missed all this. Randy's tonight is going to be the sazzle frazzle. Do you realize we are going to be partying for like 8 weeks straight?

GEORGE

What do you mean "we" I thought you had to work?

BRYAN (O.C.)

I told you last night. I'm taking off the next 2 months to travel around with you guys. Today's my last day...

GEORGE

No way?!

BRYAN

Fuckin stoner, man...

GEORGE

Well hells bells. Now I'm really excited.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

BRYAN

I'll be surprised if no one dies. Especially you, for not having a drop of alcohol in a year.

GEORGE (O.C.)

I know. I'm gonna have to pace myself.

BRYAN

You'll piss yourself alright.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE

GEORGE

Yea, you're probably right. But I'll still smoke your ass under the table any day.

BRYAN (O.C.)

At least I can hold my liquor, and don't go on autopilot when I drink... Hey, that reminds me. Why is it that you think you can smoke all day while you're on probation, but you're afraid of having one beer?

GEORGE

I told you man, as long as I stay active and sweat my ass off; drink plenty of water, and drink my weed-cleanser before my all my piss tests I'll be fine. I just couldn't give up smoking for a year. And I didn't want to throw a double negative into the equation. Plus, I figured it's better karma if I at least quit one thing for reals.

George notices that the RECEPTIONIST behind the desk is watching him and listening. He looks at her and motions that he was only joking. The bearded man stares into oblivion, the teenager beside him laughs.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

BRYAN

Right...

Bryan hears the door chime open followed by a huge commotion in the lobby. PIKE has arrived with his ENTOURAGE.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Alright bro. My 3:30 is here. I'll holler. Lemme know if you're pregnant.

GEORGE (O.C.)

Word up.

Bryan hangs up the phone to greet his clients. A 6'5" 350 pound rapper and company.

PIKE
What up playboy?

ENTOURAGE # 1
What up son?!

BRYAN
Chillin. Yall ready to do this?

PIKE
F'sho. F'sho.

He hands him a CD.

PIKE (CONT'D)
Track 12.

BRYAN
Hey, hey, hey. Hold on there
buddy... I thought you said we were
gonna party today?...

Cha- Ching! The door chimes open again and 3 of the hottest
booty-wonderful PARTY GIRLS walk through the door. 2 of them
are carrying a case of beer, and the other has a huge sack of
weed. She rubs it in Bryan's face.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Well... ok then.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE

RAYNEESHA, a portly nurse who looks as though she could whoop
a grown man's ass comes into the room holding a small cup and
a clip board. She calls for George. He gets up and takes the
cup from the nurse.

GEORGE
Judgement day. - What's crackin'
Bertha?

The nurse slaps the back of George's head.

RAYNEESHA
Alright you little punk ass bitch.
Every time you come in here I get
this Big Bertha shit from you. And
every time I smack you upside the
head and tell you to call me by my
real name.

GEORGE (O.C.)
Oh yea. Sorry Ber - Ray-nee-sha.

RAYNEESHA
Dumb motha fucka.

CUT TO:

INT. PAROLE OFFICE BATHROOM STALL

George is standing in a handicapped size stall with Rayneesha standing right beside him. The pee is audibly flowing. George houses a goofy smile.

GEORGE
Well Bertha. Just think about how far we've come. For it wasn't only a year ago that I couldn't even get a drop of piss out with you standing right beside me. Now look at us... This is a very special moment for me.

George zips up. He hands the full cup to the nurse and kisses her on the cheek.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'll never forget you, Bertha.

He squeezes her huge right breast and makes a honking sound before he runs off to avoid a beat down, slamming into the side of the stall on his exit.

RAYNEESHA
Motha fucka I told you... Fuck it. I'm never gonna see that motha fucka again. - He sure is one fine piece of cock though! Mmm, mmm! Never seen a white dick so fly.

She starts to sing as she walks off.

(singing to the tune of the "DUMBO"
song "When I See An Elephant Fly")
Well I been done seen about
everything, when I seen a white
dick so fly...

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Weed smoke and hip-hop beats fill the studio. The entourage are pouring drinks and passing blunts. It's an all out party as they listen to the play back.

Bryan is right in the mix, the token white boy. He's gotta perma-grin and his eyes are almost completely stoned shut as he is handed another blunt.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

PROFESSOR MACKIE is standing in front of the class talking about the results of the last final. His age appears to be closer to that of the students, although he conducts himself quite professionally in his sweater vest and bow-tie. He checks the clock behind him. Class is almost over.

PROFESSOR MACKIE

Well. Since today is our last class together, I just wanted to say congratulations to all you seniors who actually passed. I know that for most of you, this will be the last classroom you will ever step foot in. So, I suggest you enjoy the walk out... - On a more personal note, I just left my wife, whom I've been married to for four years, and this will be my last day as a college professor. So... I know there are going to be some parties tonight - and, if any of you guys feel like having some beers, or some shots after class... whip-its, bong hits, pills or thrills, I am totally trying to get fucked up tonight. I mean, as of now, I'm kinda officially not a college professor anymore. I'm just a squirrel like you guys. - Just trying to get my nut. - So please, pretty please, call me. My number is in the teacher's directory...

Jay chuckles to himself and heads out the door. Everyone is excited about their last class and ready to party. Taking a deep breath, he feels the warm sun on his face as he stretches. It's finally over!

As Jay continues walking, a short fat CHUCK with a curly 'fro is seen spying on him from behind a tree. When Jay gets close enough, he jumps out to scare him.

CHUCK

Boooaaaah! Ha ha!

JAY

Chuck! You dick! I got another half a mile to walk and I don't want to do it in poopy-laced underpants.

CHUCK

Sorry man. I just get excited sometimes. - So, hey, last day of school dude! Where da party at?! Woop woop! I swear I am going to lick a butt hole tonight.

JAY

Good luck with that... I'm on my way over to Bryan's studio, where there's supposedly a little jam sesh goin on. We'll prolly chill there for a bit, and then get cleaned up for Randy's tonight.

CHUCK

That's cool. Randy's such a dick, man. That fucker didn't even tell me about his party tonight. And I just sold him a huge bag of chronic like 3 days ago.

JAY

Fuck it then. Just go.

CHUCK

I know, I know. I'm going to. - Which reminds me, do you need any party favors for tonight? I invested most of my graduation money in a new shipment of some of the best shit I have ever had. I got the badonkaDANK! AND like two hundred adderall, son!

JAY

Na, man. Not my style. I'm sure George will be hitting you up, though.

CHUCK

Cool.
Do you think Amber is going to be at Randy's tonight? Last Friday at The Grog she was dancing in this tight ass white shirt and it got so sweaty you could see her pepperoni pies.

(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

It was like insta-fucking-boner man, so hot. The place was shoulder to shoulder and I was tryin to get a beer and my ween was all hard... I was boner stabbing all these dudes and stuff. Sucked. I was getting weird looks from this crew of metro guys. I swear some of them loved that shit. It was fucking terrible man. And the shit would not go down! Is that bad?

JAY

What, that you discovered it feels good when your shrimp wiener rubs on dudes butts?

CHUCK

That's bad man. Does that mean I'm gay? I'm not gay. I can't be gay. My parents would kill me.

JAY

You know what they say... being gay is like riding a bike... anyone can do it.

A beautiful brunette in a yellow sundress walks by and catches the boys' attention.

CHUCK

Ah, Jessica. Another potential sale... I'll get up with you later bro hym. Gotta make that skrilla.

JAY

Alright brotha.

Chuck eagerly chases after the brunette as Jay walks on through campus. The sun casts pine tree shadows on the terrace and students pass by in every direction, alive with the thought of the ending semester. Life is good.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS SIDEWALK - DAY

A pair of boots attached to black pants confidently walk the campus sidewalk. A piece of gum is spat just in front of the boots. THE SARGE stops.

Camera pulls up to reveal The Sarge, a greasy old, miserable police officer staring down a gum-spitting STUDENT at a cross walk. The Sarge's pathetic, greasy comb over blows in the wind while his lips snarl under a pencil-thin black mustache. He pulls out his night stick and taps the student on the shoulder.

THE SARGE

Excuse me there sir. But, uh...
what is this?

STUDENT

Oh... umm... That's my gum I spit
out.

THE SARGE

Your gum you spit out?!... In the
middle of the sidewalk?!...

The Sarge preys on the weak.

STUDENT

I'm...

THE SARGE

Shut yer mouth! I'll taze your ass
in a heartbeat for insubordination!
- You know it's against the law to
deface school grounds? I can put
you away for the night. How'd you
like to be locked up on the last
day of school?

STUDENT

No, sir...

THE SARGE

Shut it, Shut it, Shut it right
now! Pick up that gum and put it
back in your mouth!

STUDENT

But...

THE SARGE

SHUT! - Do it now before you get
run over by the VOLTS wagon!

He motions to his tazer gun.

The student hesitates while The Sarge teases him about pulling his tazer gun on him. The boy finally bends to pick up the gum. It creates a long strand of stringy hot gum from the ground to his hand.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)

That's right. Now put it in your mouth...

STUDENT

This is ridiculous!

THE SARGE

You'll do what I says 'r So help me
boy I'll send 10,000 volts of
American fire through yer veins!

The student puts the gum in his mouth. Sarge smirks at the kid before he simply walks off. The student spits the gum into the street. He shoots Sarge the bird.

STUDENT

Cock.

The Sarge walks on.

THE SARGE (V.O.)

I do whatever it takes to make these kids realize they can't treat the world like it's their own. There are rules here. The world don't revolve around preppy punks. These kids have no respect for nothin' these days. Not nothin', not nobody.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SARGE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

The Sarge is driving around campus talking to himself.

THE SARGE

That's why you gotta lean on 'em. Can't let the slightest fuck up go by, or they'll take advantage of it. One little spark of weakness, and they'll grab it, throw gasoline on it until the flames are so high, only God himself can see the top of 'em. - Yep. - And sometimes it comes down to puttin the fear of God in 'em. - That's why I ain't afraid a usin' ma tazer gun. Done used it about 15, 20 times this semester alone. You seen that video on the YouTube? 'Don't taze me bro!?' Bullshit...

(MORE)

THE SARGE (CONT'D)

I tazed him, bro. I tazed him real good. Now that'll make yer sticker peck out. - Keep yer dog gone mouth shut that's fer sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. - RECORDING STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY

Bryan, Pike, and his entourage are celebrating a successful recording session and listening to the finished product from a car stereo. Smoke is in the air, the beer is still cold. Jay shows up.

PIKE

Jay! What they do cuz?

He hands Jay a blunt.

JAY

Wassup, Pike. - Na. I'm cool man. You lay some shit down today?

PIKE

Ay boi, start that song over cuz...

Silence falls over the drunk and high crowd as they take in the track. Pike raps along.

George casually strolls up holding an 18 pack over his shoulder.

GEORGE

Who said I was gonna drop cloudy piss?!

BRYAN

It gives me a funny feelin inside to see this kid walkin' up with an 18 pack over his shoulder like that...

JAY

It's motha fuckin party time!

BRYAN

It's like Christmas.

GEORGE

I'm gonna fuck around and get wasted.

PIKE

What, you was on probation?

George starts passing out beers.

GEORGE

Yup. Keyword, 'was'.

PIKE

You were doin piss tests down there
at the Courthouse?

GEORGE

Yup.

PIKE

With that fat bitch, Rayshawnda or
some shit? We used to call that
corn-toed ho Vera. Like that trick
from Harlem Nights.

GEORGE

'I'll blow yo motha fuckin' pinky
toe off!'

PIKE

Hell yea. We love'ded dat shit.
Trick ass ho.

GEORGE

She was Big Bertha in my day. And
as of today she can kiss my ass
'cause I just dropped my last
sample about 30 minutes ago... And
the rabbit done died nigga...

George realizes that he just dropped the "N-bomb" in mixed
company.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Fuck man. I swear I didn't mean...

PIKE

All good, all good homey. Yall 3
are the niggerish white mutha
fuckas I know anyway. It's all good
in this hood. Just watch dat mouf
next time boy!

The 3 white boys try to laugh it off. The tension has
dissipated.

GEORGE

(In a shitty British accent) Hand me that fuckin shoota.

He takes the blunt from Bryan and cracks a beer.

A time lapse begins of the "studio crew" smoking, drinking and dancing in the parking lot. Bryan is showing Pike and some of the other entourage how to shotgun a beer. Pike is showing George how to french inhale. George shows the guys his french inhale to a double outsider, then adds a smoke ring. Bryan leans in to inhale the smoke ring out of the air. They break out an old piece of card board for dice as the after-work traffic passes by.

The music stops, and everyone is pretty much spent for now. They sit in silence while music plays from one of the parked cars. It's time to move on and sober up a little before the night.

BRYAN

Alright fellas, we gotta hit.

PIKE

Alright then. Appreciate ya, boss.

BRYAN

My pleasure.

PIKE

Alright.

The trio exits in Bryan's dented car.

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - DAY

BRYAN

Well, Jay. You did it buddy. You'll never enter another classroom again. Unless it's to drop off your boyfriend at high school...

JAY

I know man, I was just thinking that. It's really starting to sink in, I mean, I am finished with school. - Done. - It's time to start my life. Time to grow up. Get my shit straight.

GEORGE

Na, man, life begins at birth. We are growing every day.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

They tell us when we are young that school prepares us for the "real world" - but the "real world" doesn't start the day we graduate. You know? We are born into it. This is it. 'Ats it. Think about what all you have done the last 20 some odd years. Have you been waiting for your life to start? No...This IS the real world man. This IS life. And it begins the day the doc smacks that ass. When you take that first breath.

BRYAN

True.

GEORGE

And so you do what makes you happy. Whatever it may be. It's your life man. And the best part is, we've only just begun.

BRYAN

But I think when they say 'real world' they just mean being on your own. Taking care of yourself. Livin'... fo tha citaay.

GEORGE

People miss the big picture. Nobody looks at life on the grand scheme of things. It's so simple when you take away the microscope. All that miniscule stuff is just bullshit. Nothing matters, cause it's all just a bunch of matter.

JAY

Two things I gotta say right now...
One: Man, your a fuckin stoner. And
two: dude, I think you're right.

A quiet calm settles over the boys as they drive down University Boulevard. "SEA ANEMONE" plays by JETS TO BRAZIL. The windows are down and the boys stare into nothing as the wind blows through the cab. They are in deep retrospective thought. They drive.

The golden sunset paints their faces as the campus, the students, the cars, the parks and trees slowly pass by.

Bryan pulls into Jay's apartment complex. The sign reads

"Waterford Lakes".

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JAY

Alright then fellas. So what's the deez?

BRYAN

I guess I'm gonna get cleaned up and just head back over here. We got a caravan of Ocala folk comin up in a couple hours with their party pants on. Today was Erin and Cassy's last day at CF, too.

GEORGE's alien phone starts ringing.

GEORGE

It's Antoine... Haddydushkin! - Ah, nothing man, we're about to head to Jay's. Yall on your way? - Who's all comin up with you? - Mamacita! - Alright. We'll see you at Jay's in about an hour. - Word 'em up. - Shati.

JAY

What'e said?

GEORGE

He's coming up with Dub, Cassy, and Erin.

BRYAN

It has begun!!

Professor Mackie suddenly appears right beside them. He's brown bagging it. He is no longer in his sweater vest and bow-tie. He's drunk and looks defeated, but peps himself up in front of the boys.

PROFESSOR MACKIE

What's up Jay? How's it goin? You guys partyin? Want a pull?

JAY

Why not. - Here's to never seeing your ass again!

The professor quickly grabs the whiskey out of Jay's hand. The bottle clanks in Jay's teeth, nearly breaking them.

JAY (CONT'D)

Wha da fukkk....

PROFESSOR MACKIE

Real funny you fucking cock sucking
ass! It's over! It's all fucking
over for me! I have got nothing!
And you flaunt it in my face like
some kind of cabbage patch kid on
Sunday?! - Fuck you and the crease
in your dickies. I hope you get a
great job, teaching at a great
school, with a great wife, and a
great house, and your wife decides
to bang one of the high school kids
you tutor on Wednesdays, and then
leave your ass for him. A fuckin
high school kid, man! Cock
suckin...

Professor starts to trail off as he walks away. Screaming at
the sky and chugging his whiskey. He rips up a bush and tries
to walk away as it clings to his ankle.

JAY

What an ass hole.

BRYAN

Dude, you're the ass hole. He's
proably gonna go hang himself now.

JAY

Shit. I was only joshin' - SORRY
PROFESSOR MACKIE!

PROFESSOR MACKIE(O.C.)

Fuck yo' motha! Bitch tits!

JAY

Well, I tried I guess. I don't
think there is any saving him. I'll
see yall in a few.

BRYAN

Cold as ice...

GEORGE

Shmaggy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An SUV comes hauling ass across the highway, you can hear music coming from the inside. The car speeds by.

INT. CAR - DAY

The inside of the car is filled 4 deep. All of them have a beer in their hand. It's an old-fashioned drinking game.

CASSY

Ummm.....Marylin Monroe!

DUB

Oh shit! It goes back to you 'Twan.

ANTOINE is driving but takes a sip of beer.

ANTOINE

Mark Walburgh.

DUB

(rapping) C'MON! C'MON! FEEL IT!
FEEL IT!

ERIN

Hmmm...

CASSY

Drink while you think, ho!

ERIN

Whitney Houston.

DUB

Crackheads don't count! That's
bullshit! Nope. Crackheads don't
count! Drink chatchi!

ERIN

Eat it, suck it, live it, love it.

ANTOINE

Who died and made you coach anyway,
Dub?

DUB

Yer mom.

CASSY

Hey, so what is the deal for
tonight? Where are we going to
first?

ANTOINE

We're going straight to Jay's where we will commence the debauchery for the night, and begin training for the next 2 months. Assuming that no one dies, of course.

CASSY

If anyone dies, it will be George.

DUB

Yea, he'll get arrested tonight, and shanked in prison by sun rise.

CASSY

Why did you call it training?

ANTOINE

That's what Dub calls it.

DUB

Yea, training. Everything I have done previously in my life is only to prepare me for the next moment.

CASSY

What about that time when you peed on the electric fence and your braces melted? How did your training prepare you for that moment?

DUB

I was wasted.

CASSY

You we're training.

ANTOINE

Man I can't wait to hang out with drunk George, The Boozer. I can't believe it's been a whole year. It's gonna get crazy.

ERIN

Love getting drunk with George.

DUB

Yea, but he does get outta control sometimes man. Remember when he showed up at the beach house at four in the morning, covered in sand?

(MORE)

DUB (CONT'D)

And then his parents get a call from the Sheriff that his car is buried in the middle of the ocean on the sandbar?

ERIN

Or the time when Dub and I were passed out only to wake up to George sleep-pissing all over the room and laughing to himself?

CASSY

Jeez. Somebody really needs to keep an eye on him tonight.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

George is sitting at the kitchen table holding up a shot to Jay and Bryan with blood-shot, beady eyes and his typical goofy smile on his face.

GEORGE

Alright. Here's to finally graduating.

JAY

To graduating.

BRYAN

To the real world!

JAY

Ef it.

ANDREW W.K. Begins to play. The party has begun.

They crack open some beers.

JAY (CONT'D)

To the three wiseman!

The dancing starts. The boys are gettin' crazy up and rockin' out.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The SUV crew pulls up and walks into the apartment. As the door open the music bellows out the door. Jay, George, and Bryan are in the kitchen dancing like idiots. Jay has a wooden duck under his arm and is trying to feed it beer. They don't notice the crew just walked in. Bryan picks up an onion from the stove top and holds it to the ceiling.

BRYAN
O'doyle Rules!!!

He spikes the onion on the kitchen floor as the other two cheer. They're acting like 12 year old kids.

Antoine runs over to sneak into the dance party.

ANTOINE
(singing)'Cause we're gonna have a
fun night!!

The 3 Wiseman finally notice who just walked in. Everyone shouts out there hello's and hugs go around the room. This group obviously goes way back.

DUB
Let's kick the tires and light the
fires!

The music fades back in as the old friends start pounding beers and playing drinking games.

FADE TO:

The reunited knights sit at the round kitchen table. Antoine deals the cards. Everyone is getting their hand situated as they converse.

ANTOINE
So the three wiseman have been
reunited. May the gods cast their
lazy eye upon you tonight.

DUB
If you guys are the three wiseman,
then I must be baby Jesus. Now -
come. - I'll let you adore me.

JAY
I'll douche on your face.

ERIN
What they do? - (singing) They
douche'n on yo face, all the time
they wanna take yo place the
backstabbers.

BRYAN AND GEORGE
Backstabbers!

ANTOINE

Alright, we got the thumb rule and waterfalls. And just so you know, I'm about to take Prez.

DUB

Fuck you Carter. I'm about to rock this.

JAY

So...? Cassy, how was your last day?

CASSY

Fantastic. I'm just glad it's over. Glad to be here with you guys. And glad to not do shit but eat, sleep, poop, and party for the next 2 months.

ERIN

Girls don't poop!

CASSY

Oh yea.

ERIN

Psh.. Yea right, I shit a horse this morning.

BRYAN

I love these bitches.

ANTOINE

I wish I didn't have to start at the hospital right away, or I'd take off 2 months to party, too. At least we can meet up on the weekends.

BRYAN

Yea, but who knows where we will end up? We're gonna miss you buddy. But we'll check in with you from time to time - poolside, margarita in hand...

CASSY

What do you mean "we"?

BRYAN

Oh yea. I got some crazy news. - I just got pretty hefty album bonus from Pike, so...

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I'm takin the next 2 months off to
kick it with you guys.

ERIN

BOO-YAY!

DUB

That's alright.

BRYAN

That IS alright.

GEORGE

This calls for a round of rockstar
shots!

He pours out 7 shots. They raise them to the ceiling.

ERIN

To butt holes and vaginas.

THE GROUP

Butt holes and vaginas.

They take their shots and simultaneously break out into an
air-guitar riff to shake off the aftertaste. Each player has
their own sound. George plays the air drums.

CASSY

God, I love a good rockstar shot.

ERIN

Ain't nothin better.

ANTOINE

Alright. Let's do this. Who starts?

JAY

Oh, sorry. I got it.

Jay throws down the 5 of clubs. The card game has finally
begun.

ERIN

Hey so what are we doin tonight?

GEORGE

Oh, shit. What time is it?

ANTOINE

Three-thirty. Go Dub.

DUB

Skips you...

GEORGE

I gotta break out here in a minute
and swing by Chuck's house.

ANTOINE

CHUUUUCK!

CASSY

What's up with him these days? Did
he actually graduate?

JAY

No! Listen to this shit...He didn't
graduate. But he told his parents
he did, and just chose not to walk.
So he still got a shit load of
graduation money from his family
AND had a party and everything!

CASSY

What an ass hole.

GEORGE

Yea, but you gotta love the kid. I
mean, sure he's a fuck up. AND a
pervert. AND a drug addict... who
deals drugs. But its Chuck, man.
Things just ain't the same without
him around.

ERIN

Sure it isn't the same when he's
telling me he wants to lick my butt-
hole all the time.

BRYAN

Completes the square! Finish that
beer, George.

He finishes.

DUB

Oh god. Here comes Rîco!

GEORGE

Na dog. I told you, Rîco was some
high school, split personality
crisis bull shit. We haven't seen
him come out since, right?. He's
dead. I buried him in Daytona in
'99.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - SPRING BREAK VIA 1999

Home video footage of George is shown. He is CRAZY eyed, talking to himself. He answers himself in a Hispanic accent. He's pouring beer on girls.

GEORGE
Psycho bitch!

He's punching lamps.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Are you threatening me?!

He's dropping beer cans on pedestrians from the balcony and laughing to himself.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Good one, Ríco. - Thanks mang.

George is confronted by a huge bad ass, who throws a punch for his face. George ducks just in time. He pops back up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Ha Ha. You missed!

He takes off as the bad ass chases after him.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

BRYAN
Let's hope so. We don't need anyone punching out all the light fixtures in a half a mile radius tonight.

GEORGE
It's all good. I promise. But, I'm gonna go ahead and swing by Chuck's before I get too drunk.

ANTOINE
CHUUUUUCK!

GEORGE
I shouldn't be long. I'll just come right back here, unless, are ya'll gonna go somewhere soon?...

BRYAN

Eh. Give us a call before you head.
We might walk up to The Swamp and
get some food in our bellies to
soak up some of this alcohol.

GEORGE

Word up. Gaddydushkin!

He bows to the room and waves before he exits.

CASSY

Alright, so who's on George watch
tonight.

BRYAN

Fuck that, man! He's a big boy, he
can look out for himself. I trust
him completely.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

George is on the other side of the door just staring into
space, eyes as red as a baboon's ass.

GEORGE

What was I doing?... Oh yea. Chuck.

He giggles to himself and hops in his car. He lights up a
cigarette and rolls all the windows down. He's looking
through his CD collection for the perfect song for the drive.
He pops in a CD.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY

The music is grooving. George is laid back, cruisin'. He
drives by a party in front of an apartment complex. Someone
is doing a double-decker beer funnel. It's Professor Mackie.

GEORGE

Atta boy.

George pulls into a dirt driveway in front of a busted,
unkept house. He picks up his phone to call Chuck.

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE

CHUCK is in his dimly lit, smoke filled living room. Kneeling in front of a 5 foot bong holding a lighter while DEREK, a typical hippie stoner is standing on a chair getting ready to suck his lungs inside out. Chuck's phone rings. He nearly jumps out of his skin. He picks it up and continues to light the bowl.

CHUCK

George! What up homey?

GEORGE (O.C)

Hey man, I'm in your driveway.

CHUCK

Alright dood! We're just about to hit the paralyzer! Come on in!

Chuck lets the phone drop to the ground as he pulls out the bowl to clear it.

Derek sets the bong aside and commences to cough his lungs out. He's drooling. He's crying.

DEREK

(cough)...Ugh... my balls!... taint is cramping!...(cough)

Chuck just stands and encourages him to keep going. The door bell rings.

CHUCK

That's good. Good. Cough it up, son. You're gonna be so high man! - That's the paralyzer for ya.

Chuck opens the door. The late afternoon sun spills into the room in a thick, rectangular laser beam of smoke.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

George! Congraduations!

GEORGE

Thanks man. Congrats to you, too... I guess.

CHUCK

Thanks man, thanks a lot. Come.

He leads George in to the living room where Derek is laid out on the couch in front of the TV.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

George, you remember Derek, right?

He doesn't move. His eyes look over through tiny slits in his face at George.

GEORGE

Yea. How's it goin man? - Is he alright?

CHUCK

Yea. Yea. He's alright. He just hit the paralyzer! - So. What can I do ya for? Come on and sit down...

GEORGE

Well, you got anything new I need to know about?

CHUCK

Aah, shit. I didn't tell you yet? I got some G-13 from South Florida this week. Only 20 more for an eighth. 10 more for a quarter.

GEORGE

Right on. Well. - I guess it'll have to be a half then.

CHUCK

Ha Ha! I knew it man. You're the shit George, I love you man. - Georgie Boy!

George counts his cash and throws it down on the table. Chuck reaches in a drawer in the table and tosses George a sack of lime-green herb. Derek is still lifeless.

George motions to the 5 foot bong beside him.

GEORGE

So, I take it this is the paralyzer?

CHUCK

That she be, mate. Have you not tried her? Dude, you gotta try her.

GEORGE

I can't man, I gotta get back...

CHUCK

Try her.

GEORGE

Alright. Fuck you Chuck. Load 'er up.

CHUCK

Yeaaaaa baby. JoJo's gonna get paralyzed. On graduation day...

CUT TO:

George is standing on the chair with the bong around his mouth sucking like David Hassellhoff. Chuck is down on the floor giggling as he lights the bowl for him.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Oh, man you're gonna be so faded!

Chuck lifts the bowl, George clears it and starts coughing up a lung. Chuck pats him on the back and hands him some water.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Alright, now get it out. Cause you gotta do me.

CUT TO:

George, Chuck and Derek are completely motionless on the couch. Watching television.... Chuck breaks the silence.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You know, when we we're kids, I told my mother everything... And I mean everything! It was like she forced shit out of me. Told me if I lied, I'd go straight to hell where I'd burn for eternity... So I told her everything. I told her the first time I got a boner. I told her the first time I kissed a girl!
I TOLD HER THE FIRST TIME I TALKED
TO A BLACK PERSON!!

Chuck continues to blabble on about random thoughts as we cut in and out of his conversation, psychedelic sounds race through George's head. George is tripping on the strange topics Chuck decides to bring up.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

...you know, 'cause Anderson's mom's tits are way hotter than most friend's mom's tits...

CHUCK (CONT'D)

...I was listening to music with my headphones blaring. She came right up behind me and tapped my shoulder...

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(Laughing) ...I was Teddy Full of Peaches! And I had my binoculars on...

CHUCK (CONT'D)

... the freedom of this country!
THE FREEDOM OF THIS COUNTRY!!!

CHUCK (CONT'D)

...and she told me, if I said bad words that dragonflies would come sew my mouth shut...

CHUCK (CONT'D)

... and that's why David Byrne can't be killed by conventional weapons.

Chuck finally stops and George just looks over and stares at him. He has no idea what just happened.

GEORGE

Well dude, I gotta head out.

CHUCK

Alright bro, well. Thanks for stoppin by and gettin high with me. You goin to Randolph's tonight?

GEORGE

Yea, I think we are planning on it.

CHUCK

Oh, yea. The crew is in town tonight. - Yea I talked to Cassy the other day. Right on, well, I will catch you on the flip flop then nigga.

GEORGE

Cool.

George opens the door and he notices that the sun has just about set. He looks wasted.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SARGE'S PATROL CAR - DUSK

The Sarge putts around campus trying to either keep the peace, or destroy it. He drives by a patio revealing Bryan, Jay, Dub, Ant, Cassy, and Erin having dinner and drinks.

EXT. THE SWAMP BAR & GRILL - DUSK

Bryan, Jay, Dub, Ant, Cassy, and Erin sit at a table outside.

CASSY

So what's your plan Jay?

JAY

For what?

CASSY

Do you have a plan?

JAY

Whachu talkin'?

CASSY

Um, for life?...

JAY

Oh. Right... Life... I mean, I don't know. Do I really need one? I mean... I really don't have a clue. - I'm just going to take some time off right now. Maybe just stick around here for a bit. Get some bull shit job to pay some bills, do some relaxing, some surfing, maybe start a garden and a record collection. Get a dog. Then... you know... maybe I'll move to the coast somewhere. Start a board shop or something. Find me a little beach bunny. Settle down and just enjoy it.

ANTOINE

Way to keep it simple.

JAY

Ain't no reason to make it complicated.

ANTOINE

Very true.

JAY

What's your plan Cassy?

CASSY

I'm gonna go to law school after my break I think. I figured staying in school for a while will give me more time to figure it all out.

BRYAN

I heard that. I wouldn't know what I would do if the studio closed.

JAY

What about you, Dub?

DUB

Well, I think I might move up to Jax Vegas. Things are getting pretty solid with Susan and I, so I might go up there for her, then maybe get my masters.

ERIN

I knew it! What did I say? Dub was gonna be the first to get married!

DUB

Yea, well...

JAY

Where's she at tonight?

DUB

She's at a Black Ashes reunion concert in Tampa.

BRYAN

Let's cash out, and head over to that party by Jay's.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE'S CAR - DUSK

George is stuck in traffic and turns up the radio. He anxiously taps the wheel. He realizes he just missed out on some quality time with his best friends.

Traffic is thick. George is bumper to bumper and his patience is wearing thin. The right hand lane starts moving. He quickly turns into the lane without looking. BLAM! He gets side swiped.

His passenger windows shatter and he spins around to face the car that hit him. It's a black and white cruiser. THE SARGE!

Steam rises from under the hood of the police car like an evil spirit ready to take George straight to jail hell.

The Sarge and George just sit and curse behind the wheel.

GEORGE

Oh shit. Oh fuck. Oh shit. Oh fuck
me. Shit.. on my... fuck!

THE SARGE

Son of a bitch! Little punk
insubordinate piece of shit!

George reaches into his pocket and pulls out the 1/2 ounce of marijuana and shoves it under his seat. The cop car's lights come on to taunt George's eager mistake. He rolls the remaining windows down and waits for the officer to walk over amongst George's pending doom.

GEORGE

It's okay. It's fine. I'm not on
probation anymore. I'm starting
from scratch. It's just a fender-
bender. Right Rîco? - *Yea mang.* -
NO! Rîco is dead... I'm fine. That
mother fucker hit ME anyways! Yea
fuck him! No jail tonight babay!
Bitch ass porky punk pooper...

George was so busy psyching himself out that he didn't realize Sarge had already made his way to the car. He is standing right beside George and interrupts him.

THE SARGE

Excuse me, boy. That'll be enough
of that language. Now are you hurt?

George quickly cowers to the authority.

GEORGE

Um, no sir. I don't think so. Are
you ok?

They are still in the middle of the far lane of traffic, and cars of students are slowly passing by. Some laughing, some showing sympathy for the poor guy.

THE SARGE

I'm fine. Now you need you to pull
your car on to the shoulder, ok?

(MORE)

THE SARGE (CONT'D)

Go ahead and give me your license
and registration while I'm here.

GEORGE

Sure.

George is a nervous wreck. All of the beer and the 5 foot
bong rip is quickly leaving his system. The glove box falls
open and empty Visene bottles, lighters, rolling papers... a
whole stoner grab bag pours out onto the seat and the floor.
George nervously tries to shove the paraphernalia back in the
glove box, and sweeps some under the seat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh. That's um... I get diarrhea..

THE SARGE

What?

GEORGE

Sorry. Nothing. Here you go...

THE SARGE

Have you been drinking today?

GEORGE

No sir.

THE SARGE

Smoking any marijuana?

GEORGE

MARIJUANA! (his voice cracks) No
Sir!

THE SARGE

What? Am I some kind of old timer?
You think I'm too old to know
what's going on here? Let me tell
you something there buddy. I am the
law around here. Are you a student?

GEORGE

Yea...

THE SARGE

Well this is MY school. You fuck
up, I kick your ass back in line.
And trust me, you don't want to
fuck up. Now, do you have anything
in the car that I need to know
about?

GEORGE

No sir, not at all.

THE SARGE

Well, we will see about that. Now, SLOWLY and CAREFULLY pull your vehicle to the side of the road and shut off your engine until I give you further orders. I'll direct the traffic away for now. Now you try and get cocky, I'm gon' taze yer ass. Alright?

GEORGE

Yes sir. No cock here. I mean... no cocky stuff... I...

George pulls his car around and watches from his rearview mirror as The Sarge sets up cones over the broken glass and lights a few flares. George slowly creeps forward. No back up has arrived yet, no ambulance. Between diverging the traffic and setting up the scene of the accident, the lone officer has his hands full. George watches as he continues to creep forward. Before he knows it, he's 30 feet away, and the cop still has his back turned...

It's now or never... Woosh! The adrenaline hits him like a tidal wave. George floors it and hangs a quick right down an open street. He looks over at Sarge and sees him race back to his cruiser just before George's jeep disappears past a fast food joint.

The Sarge's cruiser won't start.

THE SARGE

Son of a bitch! Come on Bessy, don't fail me now... Dab nabbit!

He grabs his radio, still trying to get the cruiser started.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)

Dispatch, this is car 222 with a four eighty-one. My cruiser was just hit and I can't get her started. Suspect has fled in a light blue Jeep Cherokee. Didn't get a license plate number. Suspects name is George Boozer, driver's license number B524-817-80-324-0. Suspect is headed North on 441. He appeared to be under the influence of drugs and alcohol.

DISPATCH
10-4 I'll send back up.

Just then, the student who ate the gum off the concrete drives past Sarge.

STUDENT
Hey Sarge! Nice ride fag!

He spits a piece of gum on the hood of The Sarge's cruiser. Sarge is at a tipping point. He chases after the slow moving car whipping out his tazer as he grabs the student by the throat.

THE SARGE
Your time has come, punk!

He pauses and looks around. He is surrounded by dozens of witnesses, so he retreats back to his broken car.

DISPATCH
Alright Sarge. We have George Boozer...Looks like old Georgie boy violated probation today on a bad urine test.

THE SARGE
Son of a bitch! And I just had him!
- Well, get the word out dispatch, send out a precinct warning! Release the hounds! We got ourselves a fox on the run.

He throws his walkie into the car and kicks his tire.

That little sunuvabitch! Nobody gets away from The Sarge! Not nobody!...

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

George is hauling ass and screaming in tongues as he hits the back roads of the college town.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARTY - DUSK

Jay and the crew are standing around cheering for Professor Mackie while he puts down another double-decker beer bong.

Professor Mackie comes staggering up to Jay, and throws his arms around him.

PROFESSOR MACKIE

Hey! One- ball Jay! I'm sorry about earlier today man. It's just been a rough couple of months ya know?

JAY

Yea, sounds like it.

PROFESSOR MACKIE

I'm just having a little crisis, that's all. So I'll pour a little booze on it. And now, schools out for summa - and I ain't yo teacher no mo'! - So tonight! I am going to go out! I am going to get drunk! And I am going to get laid fucka sucka!!! AAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!

He licks the side of Jay's face as Jay squirms to get loose.

Jay hears a loud engine barking and screeching tires in the distance. He looks down the street and sees George's Jeep blazing towards the apartment, swerving back and forth and hitting an occasional trash can and mailbox. He runs to the side of the road to see what the panic is about.

George comes speeding by still screaming in tongues. He nearly completely passes Jay when Jay yells for him. George hits the breaks, busts a U-turn and pulls up beside Jay revealing his newly busted passenger side. His engine is now steaming, too.

JAY

Uh - ugh... what... just happened?

GEORGE

I don't know man I'm freaking out!

JAY

What, man? tell me!...

GEORGE

I got to Chuck's and I guess he was lonely and wanted to hang out for a bit, so I ended up hitting the paralyzer...

JAY

Paralyzer?...

GEORGE

...it's like this 7 foot bong and I got so retarded from it with like this government issue dope I bought. Then Chuck started talking about this bear filled with peaches, and Keith Richards, and his mom's boobies... It was so weird man.

JAY

SO WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?!

GEORGE

I just hit a cop car! I pulled into the other lane without looking, and he side swiped me... I had a half ounce of weed on me, so I took off! I just fuckin floored it!... I can't go to jail again bro. I'm so faded and drunk! I think I shit myself. Pee, too. Yea, there's definitely some pee in my pants...

JAY

Are the cops following you?! Don't lead 'em here!

GEORGE

No dude. I got away. It happened way across town, over by Chuck's. I don't know what the fuck man.

The rest of the crew, minus Antoine sees that George just pulled up. Clueless as to what has just happened, they approach with a lack of seriousness. George just stays in the driver's seat hyper-ventilating.

DUB

Duuuude! where have you been all my life? - Woa. What the hell bro? Did you just do this?

GEORGE

Yea.

DUB

You got too excited about Whataburger and hit a semi? I bet you could use your baby Jesus right about now, huh? Come - give me some myrrh.

JAY

George just hit a cop car and fled the scene.

ERIN

WHAT?!

CASSY

Jo, what the fuck? So you're on the run from the cops right now?...

GEORGE

Yes, and I need to know what the hell to do right now I can't think...

Dub and Bryan can't help but laugh out loud. Antoine comes out the door of one of the apartments. He sees everyone and starts to sing as he approaches.

ANTOINE

I like to move it, move it! I like to move it, move it! You like to move it, move it! You like to - MOVE IT! - Holy fuckin penguins! AHA!

After it quickly sets in that George is on the side of the road in a car with shattered windows and a huge fresh dent in the side, the laughter takes over Antoine, and Dub and Bryan start up again with him. Jay can't help but laugh at the typical situation as well.

BRYAN

Sorry man... Alright for reals. Here's what we gotta do. First, let's just get rid of the car. Just take it somewhere, drop it off, and leave it.

JAY

We can use that dirt road behind Jason's house.

George is slowly starting to come to as Bryan master minds his escape plan.

GEORGE

Right...

JAY

I'll go get my car now, and I'll follow you to Jason's. Then we can just come back here...

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

Or go wherever. I mean to be honest, I think that being at a huge party is probably the best thing we can do right now. There is plenty of distractions, not to mention booze. We can drink here, or wherever... The cops aren't gonna show up, and if they do, they'll have their hands full with dozens of drunk ass holes. We can just run away. Did the cop even get a good look at your face?

GEORGE

OH FUUUUUUUCK!

JAY

What? What?!

GEORGE

I gave the cop my license AND registration before I ran off!

CASSY

Jesus George.

DUB

...and Mary.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - DUSK

The Sarge is standing over the open hood of his steaming cruiser. It appears that he is trying to fix the problem, but he is only staring at George's license and mumbling to himself.

THE SARGE

I knew you were up to no good you toe headed fuck. I will be damned if I'm gonna let you knock up 'Ol Bessy and get away with it. I'm gonna make you a special project of mine. I'll have your ass twitchin' before sunrise!

Another cruiser pulls in front of The Sarge and 'Ol Bessy.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Holy sheep dip! What the hell happened here Sarge?

THE SARGE

Slow your role there, son.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Yes sir.

THE SARGE

All I'm gonna say is. Some preppy punk just pulled out in front of me, hit 'Ol Bessy, gave me his license, and fled the scene of the accident. And as God as my witness, I'm gonna have that son of a bitch by the balls come sunrise.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Well. You do realize this is the last day of school right?

THE SARGE

I know what day it is!

POLICE OFFICER #2

Alright. Alright. Alls I'm sayin is if he got away, you're gonna have your hands full tonight. There's gonna be a lot of shit hittin the fan in the next 7-8 hours.

THE SARGE

So be it.

The Sarge throws an evil-eyed glare into the distance. He's out for blood.

The second police officer starts banging around under the hood of 'Ol Bessy.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Hey Sarge? Why don't you give the engine another turn for me.

Sarge walks over to the driver's seat and the cruiser miraculously starts. As soon as the hood is closed he peels out off of the shoulder and floors it.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

You're welcome Sarge!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARTY - DUSK

Everyone is standing around George's busted jeep trying to grab hold of the situation.

BRYAN

It's alright. It's fine. We just got to hide the car. Just drop it off behind Jason's. Then we can go over to Randy's, and just blend in and chill and talk out our next move.

JAY

Alright, well, let's do this. I'll go get my car.

CASSY

Wait. What?!

BRYAN

I'll get in with George. You guys ok to drive?

JAY

Um...I think so.

GEORGE

I'm sober as shit now! Let's go!

Jay heads out to pick up his ride. "The Tank."

CASSY

Wait a minute! George? Are you guys retarded? Are you really gonna hide your car and pretend like nothing happened?

GEORGE

Cassy. I just got off probation, and I just royally fucked up. Can't change it now. I have gone too far to go back. I just need some more time to think about all this, or at least sober up. Now let's go.

BRYAN

Alright, anyone want to come with?

ANTOINE

Uuuuuh. Well I have my car at Jay's. So I'll just meet you guys over at Randy's. 'Cause I'm like pretty buzzed right now, I don't want to do something stupid and give you away.

BRYAN

That would be pretty typical. At least your honest with yourself. Are you sure you're good to drive?

ANTOINE

Probably not.

CASSY

I'm ok. I'll drive.

ERIN

Yea, I'll ride with these guys. Just be careful! Dub, you comin' with us or are you going with the wisemen?

Dub is contemplating the moment and the consequences. A fire burns in his eye as his leg starts to vibrate...

BRYAN

Dub? Are you in or are you out?

DUB

Yea?... I'll party with you!

Epic rock music kicks in as Dub hops in the Jeep while Bryan cheers him on. Their alcohol absorbed nerves are calm and somewhat care-free as they start pounding their fists in anticipation. The moment is completely surreal. Jay pulls up in The Tank and they speed off. The rest of the crew watches as their tail lights disappear into the night. The music echoes through the street.

ERIN

Does anybody know what the fuck just happened?

CASSY

No idea.

ANTOINE

I think we just stepped it up a notch or two...

FADE TO:

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

The music is still rocking, but the adrenaline is on its way out. Bryan turns down the stereo.

DUB

So. Really dude. What the fuck are we doing right now?

BRYAN

Right now, we are fugitives. On the run from the po-lice. On our last day of school. - Man - This is the shit dreams are made of...

GEORGE

I don't know man. I just freaked out. My adrenaline was pumpin', and I had a half ounce of weed in the car. - I didn't feel like spending the night, let alone the next 2 years in jail.

DUB

Yea, I can see where your reaction came from, but, I mean... fuck. You're going to have to turn yourself in at some point, right? That is to say if you don't get caught first.

GEORGE

Yea. I kinda just want to forget it happened right now. I got time.

DUB

Doesn't it take a while for you to get drug test results?

GEORGE

Yea. Why?

DUB

So... are you sure you passed your test today?

GEORGE

I passed everyone before that so I just kinda figured I passed this one, too. Besides, if I did fail, I would have got a phone call from my probation officer at some point today...

He feels his pockets for his cell phone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Shit... will one of you guys call my phone?

Bryan takes his cell phone out and calls George. They turn the radio off to listen for it. Silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I swear I just had it. Where the
shit would it be?

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chuck is standing in the middle of his room while the alien space ship ring terrorizes him. He is screaming, holding his head in his hands.

CHUCK
Why God?! Why do you torture me?!
I'm sorry I lied to my mother.
Please make it stop!!!!

Over his shoulders, next to the chair, on the floor, in the corner of the room is a vibrating, spaceship ringing cell phone. The caller ID reads "Officer Riley". The ringing stops.

CHUCK (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Thank you, God in heaven!

The display on the phone changes, revealing that George has 32 missed calls.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

DUB
Well it's prolly a good thing you
lost your phone. Now the cops can't
track you down with it.

GEORGE
I guess...

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

George's blue Jeep follows Jay's red Honda tank down a dirt road. It appears to be the end of a neighborhood that turns into undeveloped woods. They pass the last house. Jay pulls off to the side so he can talk to the other car.

JAY

Well, I guess this is as good a place as any. You can just put it right up in that mess of trees. We should probably throw some brush on it to hide it...

The boys all get out as George pulls into a thick part of the wood. The guys start grabbing fallen branches to cover it up. They do their work in a drunken silence.

Silence... ZIP - POP! CRACK! Bottle rockets, roman candles, and firecrackers start going off all around them. Explosions everywhere!

BRYAN

What the fuck!!!!

GEORGE

Holy shit!

JAY

It's the cops man, they found us!
It's an ambush! Take cover!!

DUB

I surrender! I'm sorry, I surrender!

Dub does a seal dive in the middle of the dirt road with his hands behind his back ready to be cuffed, but he doesn't slide. He just gets a body full of road rash.

The commotion stops and a devilish laughter fades in from the back yard of one of the houses. JASON walks out from the shadows.

JASON

Holy shit! That was so worth 75 bucks of illegal fireworks. What the hell are you girls doin?

BRYAN

Jason?!

JASON

Why yall coverin up George's Jeep like that? You bunch a gwad damn hippies.

Dub picks himself up off the ground and has ripped his shirt wide open, his bare skin is filled with a huge shiny red strawberry.

DUB

Jesus Jason, you fuckin ass hole.
Look what you did to me, you red
neck piece of shit.

JASON

Shut yer cum dumpster! I'm just
securing my parameter.

BRYAN

Nice red belly, Dub.

DUB

Shut it. Suck it. God what a dick!
Scared the shit out of me!

GEORGE

Common guys let's just go...

JASON

Now, wait just a gwad damn minute!
You can't just go stashin a busted
ass truck in the back of my house
like that.

DUB

This isn't your property man, it's
beyond the fence line.

JASON

What the hell are yall doin
anyways?

BRYAN

Long story, just, if anyone asks,
you never saw us here. Ok?

JASON

Fair enough. I know shady shit when
I see it, and I know to keep my
happy ass out of it. But you owe me
one. ...K? I just wasted an
assload of illegal fire power on
yall twats - what...I don't even
get a thank you? For a kick ass
firework display? - God I love the
smell of Napalm in the morning...

BRYAN

Thanks Jason, we'll see you later.

DUB

Yea, thanks a lot.

JASON
Charlie don't surf!

The guys head back to the car.

JAY
Alright. George, how ya doin man?
You good?

GEORGE
Yea. Let's just leave it all with
the jeep.

BRYAN
So let it be written, so shall it
be done. How bout a little Saves
the Day?

He pops in the CD and the boys break into a world class air guitar band. George is on drums, Jay and Bryan on guitar and Dub's on vocals.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The Sarge's busted cruiser squeaks and clunks down the road as his searchlight dances across the lawns it passes. Dispatch is on the radio.

DISPATCH
Alright. The word has been put out to all local hospitals, EMT's, and Fire Stations. We even got the memo out to the cab driver's about Boozer. We have it under control. Now you have been ordered by your commanding officer to turn in your cruiser for repairs. Sarge, you should have been off duty an hour ago!

The Sarge switches off his radio.

THE SARGE
Well, I guess that means I don't need to hear your mouth no more. - Oh Georgie boy!... Olly olly ox in free... I'm gonna find you alright. And when I do, I'm not sure I'm gonna turn you in right away. I'll make you pay.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The outlaws pull into a gas station to get booze, gas and some munchies.

Jay pulls in front of a pump and the boys pile out like 16 college kids stuffed in a Volkswagon bug. Smoke pours into the night sky. Jay steps out of the car coughing.

JAY

Here, gimme 5 bucs on pump 3. And no more smoking in my car tonight.

BRYAN

5 bucs? That's like 2 gallons...

JAY

No doifey.

BRYAN

Big pimpin'.

As the 3 boys walk up, they are they are floating on air and are confronted by a BUM doing his usual 9 to 5.

BUM

Spare any change?

DUB

Sorry brother.

GEORGE

Sorry man, I'm paying with a credit card.

BUM

...I wish I had a credit card...

George is moved by this comment and decides to do his good deed for the day.

GEORGE

Alright. You want me to get you some food in there? A sandwich or something?

BUM

Yea, I'll take a sandwich.

GEORGE

And a drink?

BUM

Drink? Yea.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

George walks inside and picks out a succulent gas station tuna salad sandwich. He wears a smile of pride on his face over his bloodshot eyes. Now it's time for a fountain drink... He picks up a small cup and pauses to rethink his choice. He puts it away and decides to go for the big one, the double gulp. He fills it to the brim with orange soda.

He walks over to his boys waiting in line with beef jerky and chips. Dub has just picked out a cheap gas station t-shirt to replace is newly ripped one.

BRYAN

What kind of shirt did you get Dub?

Dub holds up the puke green shirt with a pig in sunglasses that says "Bacon in the sun!"

DUB

It's the only one they had in my size.

BRYAN

Hell yea, man. IT'S BACON!

GEORGE (O.C.)

Roll that beautiful bean footage...
Wait. We should get some bacon...
for the grill later.

Bryan looks back at George holding his sandwich and huge double gulp and reaching for a honey bun and some chocolate zingers.

BRYAN

What up, homewrecker? You fat ass...

GEORGE

Man, I felt sorry for that bum, so I told him I'd buy him some food.

BRYAN

So how much is for him and how much is for you?

GEORGE

I haven't decided yet. - That's a good move though right? Karma points?

BRYAN

Hell yea. Kiss a little ass. I'd suck a fart out of Dub's sweaty butt crack to stay out of jail.

DUB (O.C.)

I will make your knee caps disappear...

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Clink. Clink... Sarge pulls up in his beat up cruiser and stops in front of the pump across from Jay. Jay puts two and two together and quickly turns his back on him, to make sure George isn't walking out.

The Sarge pays at the pump. He begins to pump gas and starts to sniff the air.

THE SARGE

Weed...

He glares at the back of Jay's head and begins to take a step over to him when he stops and reaches in his pocket. He pulls out George's license.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)

First things first.

Sarge hangs the pump and drives past Jay, checking him out before he drives off.

Jay just stands still, sweating. Waiting for that damn cop to disappear...

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Minutes go by of silence. 3 stoned dudes wait in line and giggle to one another. George looks down at that delicious orange soda in his hands, just begging to be gulped.

GEORGE

Man, my mouth is so dry right now, and this drink looks so good.

BRYAN

That's not your drink.

GEORGE

I know, I know ...Alright... I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna sneak a sip.

He checks to see if the bum is watching, but he is too busy harassing the other customers entering the store. George takes a huge swig...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Uuuuuggggggghhh!

He spits the soda back into the cup.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
That tastes like shit!

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The boys are walking out and George gets literally "bum-rushed" by the hungry homeless man. The bum snatches the food and doesn't even say thank you before he rudely starts shoving his face.

George realizes that he chose to do a good thing for an unappreciative bum. He shrugs him off.

BUM
Hey man!

George smiles and turns for his "thank you".

BUM (CONT'D)
Did you get change with that?!

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDY'S NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK - NIGHT

Jay, George, Bryan, and Dub drive down a street lined with cars. People are peppered throughout, some throwing their own mini-parties. Smoking, drinking, kids are making out on car hoods and tailgates. School is out for summer!

The boys park and walk up to Randy's.

DUB
Alright, here's the question... If George Boozer douched in 2 different corners of my house and I had to pick one of them up, would I vomit? - Yea, I'd vomit.

GEORGE
Why don't you go make out with miss glub glub face again?

Randy's house is huge. The front lawn is bordered by a long, white-picket fence. There is a crowd of 30 people on the sidelines of a soapy football game being played on a giant piece of tarp. Sideline referees soak the players with garden hoses.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The fab-4 make their way through the inside of the party. Music, beer pong, keg-stands, and obnoxious drunk college students are abroad.

BRYAN

See, George. We can totally party here. It's like all these guys are our lookouts for the cops. When they show up, we will know...

A tall, curly haired RANDY walks in from the back porch.

RANDY

Jay! George! Bryan! Whachu doin?!

GEORGE

What's up Randy, hey this is our buddy Dub.

DUB

Hey man.

RANDY

Cool shirt dude. George, we should toss some bacon on the grill later... come on in the back, you guys need a beer!

GEORGE

Fuck yeas. It has been a wild night to say the least.

RANDY

The night hasn't even begun bro. We are gonna throw down in this piece.

JAY

Have you seen Antoine and the girls?

RANDY

Yea. They're around here somewhere. Well, speak of the devils...

The rest of the crew comes walking up.

ANTOINE

Well, how'd it go?

GEORGE

Good man. Everything's taken care of for now... Hey Randy, do you have a room where we can go for a few minutes?

RANDY

Sure, sure. Just go down the stairs in the living room. I roped it off, so no one should be down there. Take all the time you need. Mi casa su casa, papi.

The group makes their way through the party and heads down to what they think is the door to the basement. They open up the door to a dark room and all stumble in. Dub turns on the light.

The dark room is filled with light, revealing a couple in the bed, under the sheets.

CASSY

Is that Becka and Little Meatball?

BRYAN

Holy shit! What's up guys?

GEORGE

It's a fuckin paaty up in heeeya!

Dub starts dancing and flipping off and on the light switch like a strobe and dance-hall rapping.

DUB

I like to move it move it. I like to move it move it. I like to move it move it...

George joins in with a beat box.

Jay starts singing along.

Then Bryan starts with some crazy sound effects. Everyone starts jamming. Acapella dance party. They crowd around the bed just to mess with two of their old friends who just happen to be naked together.

They eventually stop and leave the two alone.

DUB (CONT'D)

That was a nice little jam sesh.

BRYAN

Drunk. I'm drunk...

They find the door to the basement and walk downstairs. They all crash down on a circular couch. George whips out his bag of weed and begins to roll a joint.

GEORGE

I thought we'd kick off the party with a little smokey smoke smoke. Plus, on the ride over hear, I realized you guys are all harboring a criminal.

CASSY

Great. Now we're fugitives, too. Thanks a lot jerk!

GEORGE

Comon baby. You knew you were in it to win it.

DUB

I'm not goin to jail for you, or anybody!

ERIN

George - I don't think I have ever been so attracted to you before in my life.

GEORGE

Good. Maybe when I get busted you can give me a conjugal visit or two.

JAY

Do they really do that in jail? Can you like, use your one phone call to order and escort to bang out in the holding cell?

BRYAN

Sure. But good luck gettin a boner in that hepatitis clinic. You know they don't clean those rooms.

CASSY

This isn't very funny to me guys. What the fuck are you going to do George? What the fuck are WE going to do?

GEORGE

Look. After we hid the jeep. A wave of simplicity came over me like a warm blanket...

BRYAN

Are you sure that wasn't that cognac blunt we chiefed in the tank?

GEORGE

Na man. I'm serious. I know I fucked up. But I'm graduating college, and the O.G. plan was to take off a couple months to relax and do some traveling. Right?

DUB

Yea, but this kinda changes shit.

BRYAN

Um. Not really though... I think what George is getting at, - And stop me if I'm wrong George, but, I think he's saying why don't we just act like this never happened and still take these 2 months to celebrate.

GEORGE

Exactly! I came to the sad realization that I have to turn myself in at some point. And when I do, I'm probably going to be fucked for a while. So - why don't we just say fuck it and you guys can help me go out with a bang! Cause right now, I'm a free man!

George sparks the joint.

BRYAN

My hero!

CASSY

You're retarded.

DUB

Hell yea. I'm down with that brotha. Fuck the po-lice.

ANTOINE

Well, whatever works for you I guess. Now I really wish I was taking that time off.

ERIN

Well I got to say, it is a pretty dumb idea that we are all conspiring on hiding an escaped convict from the law...

George begins to interrupt her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

BUT, I guess it does make a little sense. I mean we were planning on being together the next 8 weeks anyway... we will probably never get another chance to do that again.

JAY

She's right. Let's just do it man. Pretend it never happened. I mean it makes sense. We just got to be extra careful that George doesn't get too wasted and fucks up more shit.

BRYAN

And make sure Rîco doesn't make an appearance.

GEORGE

Rîco's dead! I told you fucks. Right Rîco?

George turns on the "Rîco" persona.

Yea mang. Jeff killed my fuck ass a long time ago. Psycho bitch. - Are you threatening me?!

The guys stare at him in silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm just playin guys.

BRYAN

Well alright then. So it's agreed.

CASSY

We are going to hide George from the cops for 2 months while we party...

JAY

And party down we will!

CASSY

I can't believe this is happening...

GEORGE

Goddammit I love you guys. You're not gonna regret this. In ten years we will look back on this and say we did the shit right.

BRYAN

Well, I think the appropriate phrase in this situation would be...?

ERIN

Let's get donkey on it?

BRYAN

Nope.

CASSY

Let's find the key and turn this engine on.

BRYAN

Boring... what I was looking for was... PASS THE COURVOISIER MOTHAFUCKA!

JAY

BOO YAY!

And so it begins. The group heads back upstairs. It's like a new day. The kids are now stress free and ready to party. They walk through the house as Erin and Cassy break off to dance. Antoine stops to chat with an old buddy. Bryan, Jay, George, and Dub make their way outside to the keg.

INT. THE SARGE'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

POV From the car as it pulls in the driveway of a house party. Kids, trash, and music overwhelm him.

Sarge steps out of the busted ride as a group of 4 watch and laugh at him as he approaches.

PARTY KID 1
Nice ride copper.

THE SARGE
You know George Boozer?

He holds up the license for them to see it.

PARTY KIDS
Um... nope.

PARTY KID 2
I wouldn't tell you if I did copper.

Sarge grabs the kid by the shirt and pulls him in good and tight.

THE SARGE
I could take you in for insubordination, boy. You want to meet 'Ol Tassy?

PARTY KID 2
Who's 'Ol Tassy?

THE SARGE
Tassy's ma tazer! And she bites! She bites real hard, m'kay!?

PARTY KID 2
Ok ok! Chill out.

PARTY KID 3
Yea man, relax, we didn't do nothing.

THE SARGE
Anything! We didn't do ANYTHING! Go back to school you fuckin suckies.

He pushes them off and gets back in his car to drive off.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy is at the keg, pumping away.

BRYAN
Thanks Randolph, I'll take it from here...

Bryan grabs the tap.

RANDY

Fellas, you're back! Everything go
alright in there?

GEORGE

Yea man. We cool. Now... who's up
for a wrap around?!

BRYAN

Yeya!

JAY

It's better-thanna-pita-pocket...

A young, drunk sorority-type BLONDE who seems to have missed the freshman 15's and went straight for the freshman 25's stumbles up to the gang.

BLONDE

Oooh, What's a wrap around?

JAY (O.C.)

Better-thanna-pita-pocket...

GEORGE

I'll just show ya... Here ya go
ma'am... let me set you up.

George grabs the tube from the tap and wraps it tightly around the pump. He begins to pump it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

A wrap around is kinda like a keg-
stand, only you're on your feet,
and you have to run around the keg
while your chugging the flow to
unravel the tube, then wrap it back
up.

BLONDE

That's it? Sounds easy enough.

You can hear Dub and Bryan laughing as Jay spouts off yet again, his chipmunk-like saying...

JAY (O.C.)

Better-thanna-pita-pocket...

The chunky butt walks over to the keg in her dark blue, beer-splattered sundress and takes the tap from George.

She bends over and releases the beer into her mouth as she tries her best hand at sprinting in heels around the keg. She finally unravels it and stops.

GEORGE

Nu-uh! You gotta keep goin' and wrap it back up.

He forces the tap back in her mouth and she starts to run again. On her second time around, her heel catches and she begins... to... go... down... desperately trying to catch her footing she rams head first into the bushes where she breaks the fence with her head. She hits the ground hard and her legs flop still like overcooked spaghetti noodles... Silence. The boys stare as if Publisher's Clearing House just knocked on their door. They simultaneously break into laughter.

JAY

Zeus!

The guys are falling over themselves laughing.

JAY (CONT'D)

She looked like Zeus! Reigning supreme over the land of the mortals!...

George walks over to help her up. She has a palmetto hanging out of her huge, white granny panties. Jay tries to covertly point it out not doing a good job of holding in his laughter. She stumbles away grabbing the palmetto and throws it away furiously.

DUB

Oh my gaad!..... Ahhhhhh!

BLONDE

You guys are ass holes!

The guys are laughing their asses off and the music kicks in. The night seems to have begun... again.

Shots of the party cut in and out. More beer pong, card games, drunken dancing and falling on faces. A group of kids play a game of Shoulders at a table by the pool...

Sitting out with 6 or 7 PARTIERS, George smokes a cigarette and has drunk conversation with all of them.

GEORGE

I just read somewhere that they are toying with the notion that there is a 4th dimension, time.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

- From the feeling of "deja vu" to the feeling of "have we met before?" Is all just pieces of some past consciousness. It is an endless cycle of being. And we all share it. All of us, as one. Do you ever see people that you swear you have met before, and just can't really place it?

PARTIER 1

Sure. And it all sounds great and romantic when you put it like that. But why is the world filled with so much hate and violence if we are all one? I mean, wouldn't you agree that the world is turning into a more violent society? I guarantee you that the crime rate in America grows exponentially every year.

GEORGE

Yea, but it's just because people don't realize the truth. They can't realize it. Their heads are so up their own asses with stupid thoughts like, 'is my fly down?' Or 'that person is ugly... that person is pretty... I need to pick up my dry cleaning.' They are hypnotized by everyday life and they can't tune into the actual life frequencies that are offered to them, or all of us. The frequencies that come when you clear your head for brief moments. If your lucky to do that...

PARTIER 1

So where does all the hate come from?

PARTIER 2

It's a combination of overpopulation, and the breakneck means of spreading bad news, man. Technology and the media make it so easy for so many people hear about some dude getting his head sawed off on a Greyhound, or a 90 year old woman getting beaten to death with a baseball bat. With those ideas and thoughts spreading like wildfire...

(MORE)

PARTIER 2 (CONT'D)

I mean, they plant the seeds, man. Once it's out there, anybody can grab a hold of it. Fucked up.

GEORGE

Exactly, plus I guess it is in our nature to challenge one another... I need a beer.

PARTIER 2 (O.C.)

2012 bro! Hermes-Thoth! It's all love and light brother!

George walks over to the keg and Bryan and Dub are posted up.

BRYAN

The best spot at every party is always... right by the keg.

DUB

You get to meet everyone at the party.

GEORGE

You get to meet them over, and over, and over again.

Zeus, the wrap-around princess comes up to the keg and looks a little timid about being seen by the boys again.

JAY (O.C.)

Hey Zeus.

The boys try to hold in their laughter.

BLONDE

Oh... hey guys.

George fills up her cup.

GEORGE

Sorry about the whole wrap-around thing. We weren't laughing at you. We were just laughing at...

BRYAN

Just the situation was funny ya know? It could have been any one of us that busted our ass through the fence.

BLONDE

Yea.

BRYAN

I mean just the other week I did a seal dive across my friends card table and destroyed the whole thing...

GEORGE

Just drink up. We'll forget it ever happened.

BLONDE

Yea. Thanks.

She rolls her eyes and exits.

BRYAN

I think she digs you dude.

GEORGE

She smelt like strawberries. -
Strawberries and sex.

DUB

That's hot.

GEORGE

I'll go to her house and eat her food.

Antoine moseys up to the fort.

ANTOINE

Well I got good news sailors. I just ran into Chuck, and he says he has your phone...
Speak of the devil... it's Satan Clause himself...

Chuck walks up.

CHUCK

What's up guys?

BRYAN

CHUUUUUCK!

CHUCK

Happy graduation! - Dude, George. Somehow you left your phone at my place. It freaked me out man, it rang like a hundred times and I had no idea what it was. I thought I was possessed for a minute. - See? It's ringing again.

George grabs the phone and the display reads "Officer Riley". His face turns white as he silences the phone and looks at his friends.

BRYAN

Who is it?

GEORGE

My Parole Officer... and I have...
54 missed calls...

DUB

Fuck dude. Any messages?

GEORGE

A few...

He puts his phone to his ear to check his voice mail. He starts to pace and run his fingers through his hair.

ANTOINE

This doesn't look too good.

George hangs up the phone and holds it like he's strangling a wild monkey. He spikes it on the keg.

GEORGE

God Dammit!!

BRYAN

Oh fuck.

GEORGE

Well... I failed my last piss test. I then failed to meet with my parole officer for a short hearing, where they would have decided to give me a pardon... but now, after all this bullshit that just happened... I'm so fucked guys. - No, you know what? Fuck it. This doesn't change shit. Pour me another beer.

DUB

Dude, that sucks so bad.

CHUCK

Damn. So what? Do you have to turn yourself in?

GEORGE

Yea, I guess. But fuck it man. I am going to wait until my vacation is over to do that.

CHUCK

Wow. You're crazy. Good for you. Ef the Po.

JAY

Yea. We're all goin on vacation with him. Takin the boy out with a bang.

CHUCK

Atta babies! What are you guys gonna do first?

GEORGE

Well, first off... I'm gonna have another beer.

Cassy and Erin come up to the keg.

CHUCK

Hey girls! Don't know if you know, but Chuck's in town...

Chuck makes his way over to say hello and get his hugs. The girls struggle to make a smile.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Cassy, you look great. Have you been working out?

CASSY

Um, not really.

CHUCK

You know, I've heard that working out increases your libido.

CASSY

Oh.

CHUCK

Let's get a picture.

Chuck digs into his back pocket and pulls out his camera for the girls.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Ok now, Erin, you kiss Cassy on the cheek.

The girls roll their eyes, knowing what he is up to. Slowly trying to convince them to make out on camera. George gets behind Chuck and crouches down right behind him. Erin pecks Cassy on the cheek while he snaps the pic.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Now how about one on the lips...?

Erin throws a lustful look at Chuck and seductively steps towards him.

ERIN

Wouldn't you rather have one on the lips?

She pushes Chuck backwards and he trips over George. Everyone takes their turn laughing and pointing at him.

CASSY

Keep it in your pants Charles.

CHUCK

You guys suck. I'm just tryin to have a little fun.

ERIN

Go take a cold shower. So... any news on the criminal front?

JAY

Jo failed his pissed test today.

CASSY

Oh great. So now you've violated parole?

ERIN

Why are you such a bad ass George.

GEORGE

This is the business I've chosen. But, as I was just saying.. This doesn't change a thing. Let's go play some slip and slide football. Huh? If you're not with me, you're against me.

The group makes their way around the house to the giant slip n' slide in the front yard. The previous game is over and . Antoine immediately runs screaming for the giant tarp. His feet fly out from under him and he lands on his back with a huge "Thud!"

A beat up Pontiac pulls up in the circular drive right in front of the crew. The sea of party folk part as the car pulls up.

An old PRIEST steps half way out of the driver's door, and starts to yell at all the kids.

PRIEST

What in sam hill is wrong with you people?! The Lord has a watchful eye on you tonight and I can guarantee you that he is not happy! Turn down the music! Go home and go to bed!

JAY

Relax, Gramps. It's the last day of Spring Semester. We just graduated!

PRIEST

You are going to hell!

JAY

See you there!

Jay hocks up a huge loogie and spits it right on the windshield of the priest's car. The poor old man is completely shocked. All he can do now is cower away inside his own vehicle from the children of the corn.

INT. PRIEST'S CAR - NIGHT

The priest slams the door and sits briefly to try to put together what just happened. He turns on his windshield wipers which do a disgustingly poor job at smearing the loogie across the windshield while the kids snicker through the smear.

Professor Mackie opens the door to the back seat and sits inside.

PROFESSOR MACKIE

Forgive me father, for I have sinned...

PRIEST

Get the hell out of my car!!!

He reaches back to hit Professor Mackie, while he flails to exit the back seat. The Priest backs out of the driveway.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BRYAN

Jay... That... was... hilarious!

DUB

Blasphemous man. You really are going to hell.

JAY

Fuck that guy man, tryin to buzzkill like that.

BRYAN

Yea you've been doin' that a lot lately.

JAY

Been doin' what.

BRYAN

Douche'n it.

DUB

(singing to the tune of "Don't You Want Me?" By Human League)
Don't you douche me baby! Don't you
douche me, oooooohhh!

Just then, VRRROOOOOM! 2 cop cars come out of nowhere. Kids scatter. One of the black and white's is car 222. The front of the hood is still steaming busted, and the engine is still clicking like George Washington's hips.

The Sarge and George immediately make eye contact. Sarge's eyes light up. He's thirsty for blood.

THE SARGE

Gotcha. Meisure Diarrhea.

GEORGE

Holy shit! It's him! Run!!!!

They scam.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George runs into the house. The Sarge is hot on his trail. It comes as quite a shock to the other partiers to see a cop bolting through the house.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryan and Jay run around the side of the house and hide in the bushes.

JAY
Shit! Where did George go?!

BRYAN
Oh man. I think he ran into the house.

JAY
I'll call him.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George is running out the back of the house and Sarge is right on his trail.

THE SARGE
Boozer! Freeze! Get down on the ground or I'll taze yer ass!

George sees the wood fence in the far end of the back yard and thinks he can clear it. Right as he jumps for the top, BZZZZZZZZ! He is shot with the tazer gun. Next thing you know George is seizing on the ground as the cop stands over him, out of breath.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)
Well well well. Looky looky, a little fishy on the hooky.

George's phone is ringing in his pocket. He instinctively reaches for it.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)
Freeze, Boozer. You don't want it again.

GEORGE
Don't do...
aaaaaaaagggggggghhhhhhh!

Tazed again.

CUT TO:

Jay is still trying to call George.

JAY
Shit. He's not answering.

Suddenly, they hear George moan in pain.

GEORGE (O.C.)
AAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!

BRYAN
Was that him?

JAY
He's in the back.

They tip-toe towards the back of the house where they peer over bushes to see George on the ground. Caught by the police.

BRYAN
Dude. He's so busted. We gotta do something.

JAY
Like what? Jump 'em?

BRYAN
Well, where did the other cop go?

JAY
Didn't see him.

CUT TO:

The Sarge hovers over George and terrorizes him with the thought of another zap from the tazer. His face holds a pompous grin.

THE SARGE
You tried to run. Twice. Nobody gets away from The Sarge. You hear me?! Nobody!

GEORGE
Gotcha... Catfish douche.

The Sarge tries to taze him again but, the tazer won't taze. Something's wrong.

George yanks out the tazer tacks in his back and tries to stand up. The Sarge kicks him over on his belly and begins to cuff George. The SECOND COP walks up.

POLICE OFFICER #2
What's this Sarge? Aw, you found a friend.

THE SARGE

It's that shit stained stoner punk who busted my cruiser and decided to skip out on the bill.

GEORGE

Hey Sarge, if you're here, who's managing the dildo factory?

POLICE OFFICER #2

Ooooh. He's got a pretty mouth, too!

THE SARGE

Shut yer cocksucker.

The 2 cops yank George up to his feet and lead him through the house.

POLICE OFFICER #2

I'm gonna get a statement from the owner of the house.

THE SARGE

10-4. I'll toss this piece of shit in the back and be right there.

Sarge violently leads George to his busted cruiser.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)

Well then, Boozer. Looks like we got a minute alone. I was gonna take you downtown. Let you sweat it out at the precinct. But I think I changed my mind... You and me, I think we are gonna go for a little ride. Get to know each other real good. Maybe somewhere out past the county line...

CUT TO:

Jay Bryan are still behind the bushes watching the whole arrest. Bryan's phone rings. It's Dub.

BRYAN

Where yall at?

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR - NIGHT

The red and blue lights from the near cop cars flash on Dub, Antoine, Cassy, and Erin's faces.

DUB

We're sitting in Ant's car. It's about 50 feet from Jay's. Are you with George?

There is an eerie silence in the car.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JAY

Bryan and I are at the side of the house. We just saw George get tazed and cuffed. They're putting him in the cop car right now.

Jay and Bryan are now towards the front of the house where they are still spying on George and the cops. They see George get put into Car 222.

George starts kicking the door handle from the inside.

THE SARGE

There you go boy. Keep it up on 'Ol Bessy. She'll have her revenge soon enough. So will I, my friend, so will I. - Looks like you just ruined yourself son.

GEORGE

(In Rico's voice)

FUCK BESSY MANG! RICO DON'T GIVE A SHIT MUDDA FUCKA. PSHYCHO BITCH. I'LL FUCKIN SUCK IT!... ugh!

George starts to dry heave, then throws up in the back seat.

Sarge doesn't hear him as he walks towards the house.

JAY

Holy shit. They just left George alone in the back of the car.

BRYAN

We gotta get him!

JAY

I'll call you back.

Jay hangs up the phone.

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR - NIGHT

ANTOINE

Shit.

ERIN

What?

ANTOINE

George just got arrested and I'm pretty sure Jay and Bryan are about to get him out of the back of the cop car.

ERIN, CASSY, DUB

What!?

All they can do is just sit and watch in anticipation.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jay and Bryan are pushing and arguing with each other, still standing by the side of the house.

BRYAN

Well, go get him!

JAY

You go dude! I'm drunk. And you're better at talking to cops than me.

BRYAN

We aren't talking to any cops, we're just getting George from the back of the cop's car...

JAY

I got asthma...

BRYAN

Fuck it. Alright. I'll go get him, but you go to the front door and keep a look out for when they come out.

JAY

Fuck man.... Alright. Let's do this. What do I do if they come walking out?

BRYAN

Scream the code word.

JAY
What's the code word?

BRYAN
I dunno... falafel.

JAY
Word up, falafel.

They both assume the position and Bryan makes his way over to the car, while Jay heads to the front door.

Jay sees the 2 cops talking to Randy in the kitchen. He props up against the front porch and watches.

Bryan is cowering towards Car 222. George is in the back singing.

GEORGE
Nobody knows how dry I am.

Bryan gets to the door facing the street and opens it up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Holy shit shmaggie baggy!

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR - NIGHT

The gang in the car watch in silence as Bryan approaches the car.

ERIN
Holy shit, they're really doing it!

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

GEORGE
Get me outta here man! I barfed.

BRYAN
Pukin rally! Fuckin' roll out.

GEORGE
This guy is down with rape man. I got shotgun.

JAY (O.C.)
Uuuuhhhh, ummmm... Falafel!
FALAFEL!

BRYAN
Fuck. They're coming!

Bryan drags George out of the car, hand cuffs and all. He gets to his feet Jay comes sprinting by them.

JAY
Falafel! Falafel!.....

Bryan and George hit the ground running. They head for Antoine's car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jay gets to Antoine's car first. He opens up the hatch back and jumps in. He holds it open for Bryan and George who are coming up quick.

George just dives head first in the back of the car, with his hands cuffed behind his back. It's an impressive, yet very dangerous looking dive. Bryan gets in through the back door.

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR - NIGHT

ANTOINE
Holy shit! Did Jo just break his neck?!

JAY
Shut up! Shut up! They're coming.

CASSY
Well let's fucking go then!

ANTOINE
No. They'll see us. Let's just duck and wait till they leave.

Everyone crouches and waits to see what the cops do next. They watch through the back window as The Sarge finds his empty cruiser and starts cursing and beating on the top of the car. He whips out his flashlight to search the area. The second cop walks over and they speak briefly before they crawl into their cars and drive off in opposite directions, shining their flashlights into the cars that are in the street.

JAY
Alright! Get down!

GEORGE
Go to da choppa!

CASSY
Sssssshhhhh!

They sit in silence as the click of the engine slowly passes them. The cab of the SUV is filled with the search light. It passes.

ANTOINE

Nice. - Well, we bamboozled the cops once again!

DUB

Holy shit duders. That was awesome!

ERIN

I can't believe we just witnessed that.

GEORGE

Will you cut these handcuffs please?

JAY

Cut them?

GEORGE

They're those plastic zip-lock cuffs. You can cut them.

BRYAN

Lip my stockings.

GEORGE

Lip them? Lip them?!

JAY

Cut them with what?

BRYAN

Use my keys.

Jay struggles to saw the plastic ropes on George's wrists as the others watch and giggle.

JAY

What the flip mode nigga?

ANTOINE (O.C.)

What's the problem?!

JAY

These things are tuff man! No one is keeping you from driving. Roll on. Here... I'm gonna try to burn them apart. Where's your lighter?

Antoine starts the car and begins to drive off.

GEORGE
Uh. In my pocket...

JAY
Any one else got a lighter?

DUB
You're gonna have to get it out of
George's pocket... I'll get the
camera.

JAY
Man I don't want to go in there...
what if he's not wearing underwear?
I don't want to be goin in all
blind like that. What if I touch
his shrimpy?

GEORGE
Come on, just do it.

JAY
Fine.

GEORGE
For the record, I'm not wearing any
underwear.

The sexy music begins. Jay's hand makes its way to the front
of George's pants in slow-motion. His other hand grips the
bench seat in front of them.

Jay's hand slowly enters the pocket of George and begins
rummaging about. George's head falls back on Jay's shoulder.

Real time again as the other passengers watch in silence. Jay
is breathing heavily through his nose.

JAY
Here we go.

ERIN
It took you long enough Jay. Was
that fun?

JAY
Shut it.

Jay lights it up and holds it to George's wrists.

GEORGE
AOW! Stop! Stop! Fuck! That was the
dumbest... idea in the...
fucking... land!

JAY
So what now?

BRYAN
Ant, just go back to Jay's and we
will go from there.

ANTOINE
Roger dodger. Over and out.

ERIN
Taneer Neer!

JAY
Uh, so We'll just pick up my car
later?

ANTOINE
Sure, dude.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Antoine's SUV pulls up and the gang pours out. Cassy walks
around to the back and opens the door. Jay and George fold
out. George is still cuffed.

GEORGE
I just want a pair of scissors!

BRYAN
Scissor me!

JAY
Scissor me Xerxes!

BRYAN
Awe, shit! We're scissorin'.

They walk up and enter Jay's

CASSY
Dub. Where'd you get that shirt?

DUB
Jiffy store.

CASSY
Love that bacon.

GEORGE (O.C.)
Somebody makin' bacon?

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

Erin is cutting George loose.

ERIN
George, you're bleeding through
your shirt.

GEORGE
Yea. They freakin tazed me.

ERIN
What?

DUB (O.C.)
Don't taze me bro?

BRYAN
Yea! Dude. We saw the whole thing.

GEORGE
What?

JAY
Yea, we we're in the bushes.
Watched it all go down. We wanted
to do something then, but we
weren't sure what to do.

BRYAN
It was kinda funny. 'Don't do
it...AAAAUUUUUGGGHHHHH!'

George laughs with them. He is just relieved to be out of
that cop car.

GEORGE
It hurt so bad! And then I grabbed
the 2 wires and yanked the barbs
out of my back, so I must have
opened up the skin a lil bit.

Erin starts to doctor George's back wounds by the sink.

BRYAN
I can't believe Rico came out.

CASSY
What?

GEORGE
Yea, what?

JAY

Dude. You don't remember when Rico started screaming in the back of the cop car?

GEORGE

Shit.

BRYAN

You were like, 'fuck dat shit mang!' Guess he ain't dead after all.

CASSY

Perfect.

GEORGE

I don't know... I guess it was all the adrenaline. I called the guy catfish douche, too.

DUB

You did?

GEORGE

I told him he was the manager of a dildo factory.

ANTOINE

Nice.

GEORGE

That fuckin cop is crazy man. He told me he wasn't gonna take me to jail. That we we're going on a joy ride to 'get to know each other'.

DUB

That's creepy...

CASSY

I can't believe you just rescued George out of the back of a cop car. You guys are nuts.

GEORGE

We're all in this together baby! You guys saved my life.

CASSY

I guess so...

GEORGE

So where do we go from here?

ANTOINE

My liver hasn't processed any alcohol in the last hour. And all that excitement has kinda sent me on a sober path. So, I think I need a drink.

DUB

Launch me a cool one.

ERIN

Let's play a quick game of P and A while we decide our next move. Try and relax a little.

CASSY

We can use Ma's special cards.

Jay imitates "Ma", using a raspy, smoker's voice.

JAY

Oh Ma. What a nice lady. She sure was a horny little thing.

They make their way over to the round table and Erin deals out the deck.

ANTOINE

So what is so special about these cards?

ERIN

Well they are my step-mom's cards...

Ant picks up his hand for sorting.

ANTOINE

Holy dicks...

CASSY

Exactly.

They are nude male playing cards.

Dub starts the game by laying the first card.

DUB

The five of balls.

George throws down.

GEORGE

Social! Tallywhacker time!

ERIN
Sosh-dong!

BRYAN
So what do yall want to do?

ERIN
I don't know about you guys, but
all these dicks are making me kinda
horny.

Dub's eyes light up. He throws his cards down, gets up and
starts strutting around them like one of the Bushwackers.

DUB
...and we are going to The Cafe!

ANTOINE
The Cafe?

BRYAN
The Cafe! - You know I still
haven't been there.

ERIN
It's pretty terrible...

GEORGE
Good and terrible.

DUB
Oh! You would know, Erin?

ERIN
This ain't my first rodeo.

JAY
Shotgun!

BRYAN
Hey! Let's all shotgun a beer
before we leave.

GEORGE
Hell yea!

Dub passes out a round of beer cans and everyone takes turns
in poking a hole in the side of them. Beer cans are exploding
right and left. It's a messy business. They hold the cans up
to the sky in a circle as they drip down their arms.

ERIN
Good friends, good wine, cold beer
good times!

They open them up and chug the remaining beer.
Slamming the cans down, they head for the door.

JAY
I'm ready fo some titties!

EXT. CAFÉ RISQUÉ - NIGHT

The neon sign buzzes outside of the truck stop strip club. The crew walks up and pays their way inside. Girls get in free! Happy day.

INT. CAFÉ RISQUÉ

It's a typical dimly lit, dirty strip club. Several fat hairy truckers sit alone, some eating, some just serial killing the naked single mothers. The kids make their rounds and find a nice corner table. They are approached immediately by a COCKTAIL WAITRESS. She is the youngest and prettiest working girl there. She is also wearing the most clothing. The guys are wearing their "strip club smiles".

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
What can I get you guys?

BRYAN
Yall just want to get a couple pitchers?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
We have a special tonight, buy a pitcher, get a free table dance.

ERIN
Aow!

BRYAN
That puts a wrap on the rest of the night. Do you give the dances?!

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Nope...

BRYAN
Dang.

The waitress turns and whistles.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
We got another pitcher special!

The record needle immediately scrapes off of the record and a new party song plays. The DJ comes over the mic to add to the audible chaos.

DJ (O.S.)

Well it looks like we have another
Friday Night Pitcher Special!
Brought to you by the lovely
Lauuurrraaa!

Laura, a middle aged, too tan, fake ass platinum blonde comes to the table with a pitcher and 7 cups. She lays the cups out, gets up on the table and begins her dance. She picks up the pitcher and hooks it from the belt around her waist. She steps over to each cup and squats down to pour their beers with no hands.

ANTOINE

This is interesting.

JAY

It's like a golden shower... in a
controlled environment... but
with... beer! And it's not going
all over my chest, and my dingle
parts!

The emptier the pitcher gets, the more they have to help her pour it.

DUB

I'm ready for another one.

DISC JOCKEY (O.C.)

And now, we have coming to the
dance floor, the beautiful
Indigo!... Indigo, where are ya
girl? Put your hands together...

A STRIPPER runs out of the back room hysterical.

STRIPPER

Oh my god! Does anyone know CPR?! I
think she's dying! Call 911!

In slow motion, Antoine stands up and rolls up his sleeves. He walks to the stripper where she takes him in the back room. Right behind the curtains lies INDIGO, motionless. Antoine bends down to check her vital signs and begins to resuscitate her. She starts to cough and begins breathing again when the EMT shows up. Two younger EMT'S enter the room to carry her off in a stretcher.

Antoine gets up and walks out to see all of his friends peeking through the curtains watching the whole thing. George is huddled in the corner hiding from the paramedics.

BRYAN

Fuck dude, that was pretty impressive.

Antoine sighs.

ANTOINE

Only men are those who fight when they are called into battle.

DUB

What do you think was wrong with her?

ANTOINE

I'm sure it was drugs... she was all clammy. Prolly just the usual stripper overdose. She got lucky.

The MANAGER comes up to the table.

MANAGER

Listen man. I just wanted to thank you for helping out back there. I mean, you pretty much saved a life tonight.

ANTOINE

Yea, well I work in a hospital. I'm just glad she's ok.

MANAGER

Well, we are too. The girls especially. In fact, I talked it over with them, and the girls are going to give you guys some free dances and I'm gonna give you guys free beer all night.

JAY

Can we get the special golden shower dance pitchers?

MANAGER

No problem.

JAY

Hell yea!

GEORGE
I want my dances now! I'll take all
the girls at once... and I'll pay
extra for you, tits.

ANTOINE
Woa, slow down there buddy.

The EMT's come back inside to get Antoine's information.

EMT #1
Um. Antoine is it?

ANTOINE
Um. Yea. Antoine Bigsby.

EMT #1
Hmmm. Sounds made up.

ANTOINE
I get that a lot.

EMT #1
And can I get all you guys' first
and last name please?

DUB
John Willis Green.

CASSY
Cassandra Landsbury.

ERIN
Erin Summerfield.

GEORGE
George Boozer.

JAY
Jay Raymes.

BRYAN
Bryan Band.

EMT #1
Ok Great. Thanks... wait a
minute... George Boozer?

GEORGE
Shit.

EMT #1
Do you know that you have a warrant
out for your arrest?

(MORE)

EMT #1 (CONT'D)

You got the whole town of cops
looking for your ass. They even
told the EMT's to keep an eye out.
I mean, this is like some old west
warrant shit.

JAY

(rapping Bone Thugs) So why the
hell is you hidin' in them bushes?

GEORGE

So what now? You guys gonna turn me
in?

BRYAN

Come on guys he just aided in the
life saving actions of a nice
stripper lady tonight...

The EMT's look at the 7 pitiful puppy faces in front of them.

EMT #1

You're right. Even though it was a
meth head stripper. I guess
everybody needs a break sometime. I
mean, shit. We're all young, dumb,
and full of cum these days anyways
right?

GEORGE

Yea buddy!

EMT #2

So yea. We will let you go, but
under one condition... Could we get
these 2 lovely ladies' phone
numbers?

ERIN

Sure!

CASSY

Ok.

ERIN

Mine's 555-3784, and Cassy's is 555-
3825.

EMT #1

Got them trip 5's. Love those trip
5's.

EMT #2

Oh, gotta love them trip 5's.
Well, we will be seeing you guys
and gals soon... hopefully.

GEORGE

Hell yea! Right on fellas! Thank
you sirs! You guys are the shit.
Have a good night.

CASSY

Thanks!

ANTOINE

Yea thanks guys.

EMT #1

Alright, yall be good. Don't want
to be scraping you off the roof of
a Crispy Cream at 4 in the morning.

Everyone looks at George and smirks.

GEORGE

Na. That would be last year...

EMT #1

Holy shit! That was you George?!

GEORGE

Yea. That was you, too?

EMT #1

Yea, it was my first night on the
job. Funniest shit I ever saw.

EMT #2

What?

EMT #1

Story for another time, my friend.

GEORGE

Yea, spare me the embarrassment. -
See you guys.

EMT #1

Yea. Anyways. Bye girls.

ERIN

Bye guys.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Sarge is on the prowl again. His beat up clunker just squeaks and pops as it rolls by.

INT. THE SARGE'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Sarge picks up his radio.

THE SARGE

Dispatch, what was the story on that call at the strip club?

DISPATCH

Sarge, I told you. You are supposed to be off duty. Now I can't give you that information on the radio right now. Why don't you go home and call it a night?

THE SARGE

Goddammit!

He throws down his radio mic and picks up his cell phone.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)

Ok, now this is off record. Ok, Ms. Dispatch?

INT. POLICE STATION

DISPATCH

Well, since it's off record, you can call me Teresa then, can't you?

THE SARGE

Alright Teresa. Now what do ya got for me?

DISPATCH

Well, the EMT's reported that the stripper was on the brink of a bad overdose. There was a group of kids in there at the time and one of them just happened to know CPR, and... he saved her life pretty much. Said they were a couple of young college kids.

INT. THE SARGE'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

THE SARGE
BOOZER!!!

He throws his phone down and busts a U-turn.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Hood shot of the two EMT's headed to the hospital.

EMT #1
That was so pimp how you
squirrelled your way into getting
those girls numbers. Man they were
some hotties.

EMT #2
I know, and you know they gotta be
cool hangin' with a bunch of dudes.
And they're probly down to do it
with each other, too. I'm talking
three-somes baby!

EMT #1
Dude... how bout a Four-some?

EMT #2
Dude... don't be gay.

Red and blue lights flash from behind them. They are getting pulled over.

EMT #1
What is this, opposite day?

They pull the ambulance over and wait. Whoever just pulled them over is mysteriously walking up through the light.

The shape leans into the window and calmly speaks.

THE SARGE
You boys do that job at the strip
joint?

EMT #1
Yes sir. She's with us right now.
We're headed to the hospital.

THE SARGE

Did you get the names of the kids
in there?

EMT #1

Ye...

EMT #2 interrupts him.

EMT #2

...We just got the name of the one
kid who helped out... Antoine
Bartleby... Bazzleby.... Sazzle
Bazzle...Something like that...

THE SARGE

Mmm hmm. You boys lyin' to me?

EMT #2

No sir.

THE SARGE

Mmm Hmm. Maybe I'll just go check
it out myself then.

He taps the side of the ambulance, walks into the glowing
light, and disappears. The red and blues turn off, and he
leaves.

EMT #2

We need to call the girls and let
them know.

EMT #1

Damn dude, you are always one step
ahead of me. Fuck. - Which one you
want to...?

EMT #2

Cassy.

EMT #1

Shit! There it is again.

INT. CAFÉ RISQUÉ

The place is now empty besides the 7 and the employees.
George is hanging at the top of one of the stripper poles
while 2 STRIPPERS hold him up. Jay is cheering him on.

Cassie, Erin, and Bryan are getting lap dances. Dub and Twan
are chillin', tossin back a couple cool ones.

Erin and Cassy's phone both ring. STRIPPER #2 is straddling the pant leg pocket that Cassy's phone is vibrating in and starts to orgasm.

STRIPPER #2
OH MY GAAAAAD!

CASSY
Oh my GAD!

Everyone looks over at the two. Still vibrating with pleasure. George slips off the pole and lands on his back.

THE GROUP
Oh my GAD!!!!

Erin finally answers her phone.

ERIN
Hello? - Oh... hey. - Yea. Oh wow... Was he an old greasy headed lookin guy? Ok. - Thank you so much. - Yea. Call me later, right now we gotta run. Ok. Bye Tom! - Alright, we got to bounce. That cop from the party is on his way here.

GEORGE
Great. Send him in. I'll pole dance him until his cock explodes.

ANTOINE
Ef that. Let's hit it.

BRYAN
But I want to stay here and play... for ever, and ever...

STRIPPER #2 is still sitting on Cassy's lap smoking a cigarette. Cassy looks a little uncomfortable. She stands up to get her off revealing a stain on her thigh.

CASSY
For reals. Let's go! That tazer happy cop who wanted to 'take you out and get to know you' is on his way to get to know you right now.

DUB
Yea, let's go to Whataburger.

ANTOINE
Alright bacon taquito in the sun...

GEORGE

Alright... girls, it has been lovely. Send our love to Indigo.

BRYAN

Yea. Bye ladies. We'll be back soon.

STRIPPERS

Bye guys. Thanks for everything!

The crew exits.

STRIPPER #3 (O.C.)

I can't believe you came on that girls leg you whore!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFÉ RISQUÉ - NIGHT

GEORGE

I fucked around and got wasted.

ANTOINE

C'mon! Load up! Let's go!

BRYAN

Shotgun!

CUT TO:

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR - NIGHT

The crew cruises down the lonely highway. A single car approaches from the opposite direction.

ANTOINE

This could be him, you guys get down.

Everyone, including Bryan in the front seat ducks out of sight.

Sarge is one step ahead and throws his searchlight on the car.

They pass each other swiftly with Sarge trying his best to see inside their car.

Antoine keeps driving, waiting for The Sarge's break lights to come on but... nothing.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Holy shit we did it again!

Every one sits up.

CASSY
Alright. That's it. I think we have
had enough excitement for the
night, so let's just go back to
Jay's and pass out.

ANTOINE
I'm cool with that.

DUB
We got to hit up Whataburger
though. It's the next exit.

GEORGE
I'll eat the fuck out a potato
toquite.

JAY
I'm getting 2 potato taquitos with
bacon, AND sausage, AND cheese.

DUB
I'll take the bulk of it.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR - NIGHT

The girls are asleep in the back seat while the guys are
stuffing their faces with breakfast burritos.

DUB
God, I live a charmed life.

EXT. CAFÉ RISQUÉ - NIGHT

The strip club sign is turned off and the parking lot is
empty. Old Bessy, The Sarge's clunker hisses and pops as
Sarge pisses on the side of the building while the headlights
shine his target.

THE SARGE
Goddamn kids!

FADE TO:

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The SUV arrives at Jay's. The boys are silent and the girls, still asleep. The night is calm.

ANTOINE

Hey girls, we're here, let's get
you inside and in bed...

The girls silently wake and stretch while the group, exhausted and drunk, yet accomplished walk into the apartment.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

Antoine heads straight for one of the couches. Out.

Jay heads upstairs.

The girls follow.

JAY

Alright chumps. See you tomorrow.
I'm passing out.

CASSY

Me too.

ERIN

I'm coming.

JAY

That's what she said.

BRYAN

That's what she WILL say...

DUB

Oh snaps. - I'll be in there tea
bagging in 15.

Dub and Bryan plop in front of the TV and George heads to the kitchen.

BRYAN

Jeebus.

DUB

Hell of a day.

GEORGE

Yumph!

DUB
I'm drunk.

BRYAN
Lunchbox are you eating again?

GEORGE
No...

BRYAN
He probably doesn't even remember
he just ate 3 ta...

He looks over at Dub to see that he's passed out.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Not a bad idea there buddy.

He grabs a pillow and stretches out on the floor.

The light from the kitchen gets turned off, and George
shuffles down to the floor next to Bryan.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

Still shot of the room from the kitchen. The TV is still on
but the volume is muted. All you can hear is the sound of
several kids snoring.

A body slowly gets up and stumbles around, running into the
wall and mumbling. George is sleepwalking and searching for
the light switch to the kitchen, making a loud "Whooshing"
sound when his hand slides up and down the paint on the wall.

The light turns on.

George stumbles to the middle of the kitchen, still mumbling
and giggling to himself. He drops his zipper and begins to
piss everywhere.

He starts walking around, still laughing and mumbling,
drenching every thing in his path.

When the urine stops, George drops to the floor.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jay wakes up. He looks to his left and sees Erin and Cassy cuddled together. Shirtless and beautiful.

JAY

Well. - I just hope I was involved somehow...

He sits up in bed, looks down and throws up a huge smile. He pulls a condom off his penis and holds it in the air like a trophy.

JAY (CONT'D)

BY THE POWER OF GREYSKULL, I HAVE THE POWER!!!

ERIN (O.C.)

Huh?

JAY

Nothing...

CUT TO:

The boys downstairs are just waking up, watching Teletubbies and smoking a joint.

BRYAN

I seriously can't believe this is made for kids. Who are the fuckin hippy druggers that come up with this crap?

GEORGE

It might be my favorite show.

The girls and Jay come down stairs and plop on the couch. All of them partaking in the wake n' bake except for Jay.

ERIN

Let's go get some breakfast.

JAY

I could go for some Sub Nasty.

ERIN

I want some eggs, bacon, grits and some mutha fuckin pancakes.

DUB

I need a ham to biscuit ratio of about 4 to 6.

BRYAN
Sub Nasty's got em...

ERIN
Let's do this.

INT. SUB NASTY - MORNING

The Sarge sits alone drinking coffee. Still in his uniform, he looks like he has been up all night. Face puffy, comb-over as greasy as ever. He is not a happy camper. The WAITRESS walks over to take his order.

WAITRESS
What's it gonna be hun?

THE SARGE
I'll have a number six with a side
of Boozer - uh... hashbrowns.

WAITRESS
It's a little early to be thinkin
about booze don't you think?
Especially for a cop?

He gives the waitress an evil eye and fingers his tazer. He decides against it.

THE SARGE
I'm off duty.

INT. SUV - MORNING

The crew pulls up to Sub Nasty to see Sarge's clunker in the parking lot.

ANTOINE
Holy shit that cop is here!

GEORGE
Huh...

CASSY
Well keep driving!

GEORGE
No! Wait. Pull around the side.
Let's have a little fun.

CASSY

You retard! Why would you do anything but get as far away from that fucker as possible?

GEORGE

This guy is messed up in the head, he ain't gonna catch me!

EXT. SUB NASTY - DAY

George hops out of the car and scales the wall of Sub Nasty. He crouches in front of the window to peek in at The Sarge enjoying a nice breakfast.

ERIN

Come on George, I'm starving. Let's go!

George pays no mind and crawls over to the busted cruiser. He starts letting the air out of the tires.

DUB

This asshole is still drunk...

ANTOINE

Yea, me too. I'm driving drunk in the morning. It's a DWI in the AM, FYI.

CASSY

LOL

BRYAN

YSFG...YDA...CF.

ANTOINE

What exactly does that stand for?

BRYAN

I guess you're not hip to the lingo. For the laymen, it stands for you're so fucking gay, you douche ass cock flake.

ANTOINE

Oh yea? Well, SAT..T...A...SA...P it on a CAEI.

BRYAN

Uh huh?

ANTOINE

Suck a turd through a straw and
poop it on a cracker and eat it.

BRYAN

Well at least I don't SC through
glory holes...

CASSY

Will someone please go get him!

BRYAN

Alright. I'm goin.

Bryan sneaks out of the car, and brings out his pocket knife
to aid George in slashing the tires.

CASSY

Bryan, you ass.

George and Bryan giggle like girls as they finish the last
tire.

They disappear from sight of their friends in the SUV.

DUB

Where did they go?

ANTOINE

I dunno, but I reckon they won't be
gone long.

George peeks his head around the corner.

GEORGE

Alright Ant. Get ready to haul ass
ok?

ANTOINE

Roger Dodger. - What are they gonna
do?

George walks over to the window where Sarge is eating and, as
he is still out of view, pulls down his pants.

GEORGE

Alright, B, now you gotta be my
eyes. Tell me when he sees it.

BRYAN

Gotcha. Sees what?

INT. SUB NASTY

As The Sarge eats his breakfast, a rising moon of butt cheeks slowly come up through the window in front of him.

The Sarge looks over to see the bare ass and just bangs on the window. He's too exhausted to even bust this kid.

THE SARGE
Goddamn kids! GET THE HELL OUTTA
HERE!!

The butt cheeks slowly lower like a setting sun. Then George's goofy smile rises slowly through the window.

Sarge does a double take.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)
Mother Fucker!!!!

He jumps up and runs out the door.

George and Bryan, laughing hysterically break out and run around back to the SUV. George, with his pants half off trips and falls on his face as he continues to laugh hysterically.

GEORGE AND BRYAN
GO! GO! GO!

ANTOINE
Ah! What did you guys do?

Antoine speeds off leaving a trail of dust.

The Sarge runs out to find George only to catch a glimpse of the SUV speeding off. He runs over to his cruiser.

As he floors it to back up, all 4 rubber tires roll off of the rims. The Sarge hops out to inspect the problem.

THE SARGE
George Boozer you mother... I am
going to kill that son of a bitch!

He reaches in to grab his radio.

THE SARGE (CONT'D)
Dispatch, this is Car 222...

DISPATCH
Sarge you are still supposed to be
off duty! Now, don't make me send
your superior to relieve you of
your duties!

THE SARGE
SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTT! SHIT SHIT
SHIT! OW SHIT. SHIT AAAAH SHIT!

INT. SUV

George and Bryan can't stop laughing.

DUB
Will one of you retards tell us
what happened?

BRYAN
George - stuck his - ass - up...
It' was like the great pumpkin
Charlie Brown!!

GEORGE
You guys should have seen his face
when I popped my head up there. -
He had to have shit himself!

CASSY
Why would you think that was a good
idea?

GEORGE
Good idea? It was fucking
hilarious!

ERIN
Is he following us?

BRYAN
That johnny ain't goin nowhere but
the junkyard.

ERIN
Well can we please go get some food
now?

ANTOINE
What are we doing?...

JAY
Let's just hit up that Waffle House
down here on 34th.

ERIN
Thank God!

The SUV drives on.

CUT TO:

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE

The crew stuff their faces while they recall the day before.

JAY

... and George is there on the bean bag, squigglys just blarin out the speakers... It was a sight to see.

BRYAN

I'm pretty sure I found your gravy stain in my shower later that morning.

CASSY

Oh gross!!

DUB

Terrible man.

ANTOINE

How bout that spear jump that George did into the back of the car with his hands cuffed behind his back? - I thought he died right there.

GEORGE

Oh shit! That's exactly why my neck is so sore, too. I thought I just slept on it wrong.

BRYAN

You mean from sleeping in the kitchen?

GEORGE

Yea. I woke up in the kitchen, and the floor was covered with water. Were you guys messin with me when I passed out?

BRYAN

That didn't smell like water buddy...

GEORGE

Goddammit...

DUB

Yea. You said it. Anyways. How did the upstairs crew sleep last night?

Jay blushes and looks over at the girls.

CASSY

I slept great. Passed right out.

ERIN

Me too.

Jay looks confused.

JAY

Wait... you guys don't remember anything last night after we went upstairs?

ERIN

No, why?

DUB

Uh-oh.

JAY

Um. No reason...

DUB

What do YOU remember Jay?

JAY

Oh nothing... I think... I dunno. Nothing.

He just laughs to himself.

ANTOINE

Well since we are all together and somewhat sober now. I have a little surprise for all of us.

GEORGE

Is it a new shirt for Dub!?

JAY

Maybe a morning after pill for the girls?

CASSY AND ERIN

What!?

JAY

Nothing...

The girls look at each other and blush.

ANTOINE

I got us tickets to see Vanilla Ice
in Atlanta tomorrow night!

JAY

What?!

DUB

It just keeps getting better.

BRYAN

I think I'm havin a roni...

CASSY

You're kidding.

ERIN

Hells yea Twan, nice moves!

ANTOINE

Thank you. Thank you. I figure we
could go back to the house, get
cleaned up and hit the road. It's
only about 5 hours. Get a hotel,
wake up tomorrow, get nice and
crunk. And then blow it up with
Bobby Van Winkle in the flesh!

GEORGE

Nice dude!

ANTOINE

Yea man. Happy Graduation guys.

CASSY

Thanks babe.

ERIN

That is the shit.

BRYAN

That IS the shit.

JAY

So I guess... I mean. Another day.
Here we go...

ANTOINE

Yep. And the good thing is, we will
be out of the state. No johnny laws
can touch us.

GEORGE

Hell yea man!! I am going to party so hard. I mean, I need to start celebrating my freedom, you know? I could be in jail right now.

DUB

Yep. You made it through sunrise buddy. I'm proud of you. But don't get ahead of yourself. We got a long road ahead of us.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WAFFLE HOUSE - DAY

The crew funnels out the door into the parking lot. They look dirty, hung over, and beat up, but they are all wearing huge smiles as they make their way to the car.

Sarge is leaning against the SUV. Behind the SUV is a Tow-truck pulling Sarge's car.

THE SARGE

Well well well. We meet again. You've got quite an entourage Boozer. The more for me to take to jail.

CASSY

Sir...

THE SARGE

Shut it up missy. Look. I'm gonna give you guys a break. All I want is Boozer. You guys can go free.

JAY

We're not handin you over George you crazy dumb shit.

THE SARGE

Why you little...

GEORGE

No guys. Just go. This is it I think. What was I thinking? I'm sorry for putting you guys through all of this.

THE SARGE

Aw boo hoo! Shut it Boozer, you're time is up. Now get in the truck.

GEORGE

Alright man. You win. I'm comin.

He looks at all his friends.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I love you guys. I'll give you a shout and let you know what's goin on.

He slowly walks over to the Tow-truck and gets inside. Sarge glares at the crew.

THE SARGE

It was a good run. Now get yer asses home before I change my mind.

He hops in the truck and they drive away as the rest of the gang watch them leave in disbelief.

BRYAN

Are you kidding me?

DUB

Did that really just happen? It's over? Just like that?

CASSY

Well it had to happen some time. There's nothing we can do now. Let's just go.

They silently load into the SUV.

The tow truck driver, George, and The Sarge all load into the cab of the tow truck.

THE SARGE

And I don't want to hear one word Boozer or I will not hesitate to taze you again!

George remains quiet. His reign is over.

INT. JAIL CELL

George sits on a cold bench in a cell with dozens of criminals. He's nodding in and out of sleep.

An OLD BALD MAN approaches the toilet next to George, drops his pants, sits down, and begins to relieve himself.

An OFFICER enters the room.

OFFICER

Boozer!

George opens his eyes and immediately looks at the old man taking a shit.

GEORGE

Yes?

He realizes it's not the old man who is speaking with him.

OFFICER

You made bail.

GEORGE

What?!

George jumps up and happily strolls out of the cell. He walks through the main office and sees The Sarge standing by the water cooler kicking the wall.

THE SARGE

Goddammit! I'll see you at yer court date you punk. You best keep yer happy ass out of trouble until then cause I'll be gunnin for ye.

All George does is grin at the poor old cop.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

George walks out the door and sees his 6 best friends waiting for him.

George stops to take the moment in.

GEORGE

Alright. Stop!

They look concerned.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(rapping) Collaborate and listen.
Ice is back with his brand new
invention!...

Everyone follows suit, rapping and dancing to "ICE ICE BABY" by VANILLA ICE.

Reunited once again.

They all climb in the SUV and slowly drive out of view.

Inside the car, the guys talk amongst themselves, they are laughing and joking.

Next stop ATL.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yep, after just one night in the slammer, those crazy ass holes I call my friends bailed my ass out of jail. We drove to Atlanta and went to the show that same day. We spent the next 3 weeks driving from state to state, just doin what we do. Meetin new folks, talkin shit, drinking pretty much everything that dripped. I was just waiting for my court date. It was a great time in my life. Time didn't exist for those couple weeks. - My sentencing wasn't too bad either. Ended up with a great lawyer who was able to get Sarge's ass fired. - I only had to do 3 months in a work camp, then they just slapped a house arrest jewel on me for a year, but it's all good. Gave me some time to think about shit. Gave me another excuse to slack off, too. But I think it was all for the better. I had time to think about what I really wanted out of life. And I figured out that all I wanted was to keep a smile on my face, so I reckon I'll just keep on with what I been doin cause it seems to be makin me happy. Ain't that right Rico? - Yea mang! Psycho Bitch!

Roll credits.

THE END

