Driving Jersey

By

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BEGIN INTRO MONTAGE.

INT. JERRY’S HOUSE – BEDROOM

LATE MORNING

Jerry’s alarm clock rings. He smacks it, continues to sleep.

INT. CHAD’S HOUSE – BEDROOM

Chad’s alarm clock rings. He calmly turns off alarm clock. Gets out of bed calmly.

INT. JERRY’S HOUSE – BATHROOM

Jerry looks in mirror. He has bags under his eyes. He brushes his teeth for one second, then lets his toothbrush fall in the sink.

INT. CHAD’S HOUSE – BATHROOM

Chad brushes his teeth. Chad flosses his teeth. Chad gargles mouth wash. Smiles to himself in mirror.

INT. JERRY’S HOUSE – CLOSET

Jerry digs through his dirty clothes. Finds a nice, button down shirt. It is wrinkled. He puts it on and winks in the mirror at himself. He then puts on a hooded sweatshirt on.

INT. CHAD’S HOUSE – BEDROOM

Chad irons a nice, button down shirt. He then puts it on and puts a track jacket on over it.

INT. JERRY’S HOUSE – KITCHEN

Jerry drags his feet to the pantry, grabs a poptart and walks out.
INT. CHAD’S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Chad makes eggs and toast. Chad sits down at the table and eats breakfast.

INT. JERRY’S HOUSE - GARAGE

Jerry sits in car driver’s seat. He begins to fall asleep. His head falls down on the steering wheel. Horn beeps loudly. Jerry jumps up. Jerry begins to drive out of garage.

INT. CHAD’S HOUSE - GARAGE

Chad waits for Jerry. Chad looks at his watch and shakes his head back and forth. Chad see’s Jerry, walks over to him and into his car.

END MONTAGE

INT. CAR

CHAD and JERRY sit in Jerry’s blue honda accord. They prepare for a drive to Manhattan, New York from Mahwah, New Jersey.

JERRY
Mornin’ sunshine.

CHAD
Got our script?

JERRY
Friendlier than usual...

CHAD
Script?

JERRY
Yep.

CHAD
Printed out directions?

JERRY
Yea got ’em, google mapped. We gotta be there by, five, right?

CHAD
Yeah.
JERRY
Alright nice, so we’ll be a little early, we have an hour to get there and this says it’ll take forty-five minutes.

CHAD
Really? Only forty-five?

JERRY
Yea dude look, only thirty miles away.

Jerry hands Chad the directions.

CHAD
Jerry?

JERRY
Yes, Chad?

CHAD
Did you happen to look at the line in bold under the estimated arrival time?

Jerry takes the directions from Chad, and points to the line in bold under the e.t.a. It reads: "Up to one hour and forty-five minutes with traffic".

JERRY
Oh..

CHAD
Yea, now we’re gonna be late, dick. Nice man.

JERRY
Nah, we’ll be fine, look, we’re takin’ route 17 basically all the way to the Lincoln Tunnel. No cops on 17.

CHAD
Whatever man just- let’s go.

Jerry starts the car and drives. They get to a yield sign before a merge onto the highway. The car in front of them is stopped at the yield sign.

CHAD
(to self/car in front of him)
Oh, yeah, no totally, yield means stop. I know, I forgot, that’s my

(MORE)
CHAD (cont’d)
bad. Oh, no- wait, yield isn’t a stop sign? It isn’t? Weird! Yeah I know, crazy right?

Chad inhales deeply and exhales.

CHAD
Fucking drive! Open lane!

Chad reaches over and beeps the horn like a music beat. He yells along with his horn beat.

CHAD
Beep beep, beep, beepbeep, beepbeep, beep!

Chad hits his head against the wheel, while fake cries hysterically.

CHAD
Go! Go! Go! Wah, wuah, ah! Not- Stop- Why!?

The car ahead of him finally drives forward, as does Jerry.

JERRY
Are you gonna do this the whole time? ’Cause maybe I’ll just drop you off at Ramsey station..

CHAD
Nah dude, that was rare for me.

Jerry takes his hooded sweatshirt off and throws it in the back. He is wears a nice, black button down shirt.

CHAD
Wow Jerry, that’s a nice shirt.

JERRY
Yeah thanks, I know. Custom made, Italian Silk..Gucci.

CHAD
Yeah?

JERRY
Uh..yeah.

CHAD
I don’t know man, it says something else to me.
JERRY
What do you mean?

Chad unzips his jacket. He wears the same shirt in the same color as Jerry.

CHAD
It kinda screams "Kohls", actually.

JERRY
Oh yeah I forgot, my other one is Gucci. What are the odds we’d get the same shirt, and then both wear it. Great minds...

CHAD
I’d say think alike, but there’s only one mind in this car that even functions, nonetheless great.

JERRY
Thanks.

CHAD
I can’t believe we’re wearing the same shirt, am I gonna really have to call and ask what you’re wearing next time?

JERRY
Maybe the guy will think it’s cute or on purpose like twins, I don’t know.

CHAD
Whatever, the outfit isn’t important.

JERRY
I don’t know, a lot of people’ve told me to dress for success.

CHAD
Alright you’re gonna need to change your shirt.

JERRY
No way!

CHAD
Fine I’ll help you.
Chad begins to pull at Jerry’s collar playfully. Jerry resists forcefully. A button on Jerry’s shirt is broken off in the tussle.

JERRY
Look what you’ve done!

CHAD
Oh no.. Guess you can’t wear it.

JERRY
Nope, I am. Sticking with the twin theme for the interview. You’re obviously the angry twin that didn’t get enough love because at birth you came out second several hours later due to an inability to untangle yourself from the umbilical cord, and then caused mother to endure multiple days of bedrest and an extended stay at the hospital from the combination of prolonged labor and a troublesome breathing condition brought on by the burdensome delivery.

CHAD
Please, please. Never reproduce. Your seed is worthless.

JERRY
Well if the woman has good genes the-

CHAD
Worth.less.

Awkward silence. Chad looks over, does a double take at Jerry. Looks disgusted.

CHAD
And now you’re chest bush is sticking out.

JERRY
Okay? So?

CHAD
It’s kinda gross. You never trim it or something?
JERRY
No, hell no, women love it. That’s like shaving away testosterone.

CHAD
Maybe women in 1970.

JERRY
Yeah, well, if this was 1970, I would be the man, not that I’m not the man.

CHAD
That’s like saying you’d also be the man in a 1920’s Harlem neighborhood for being good at saxophone.

JERRY
Yeah, I would be. The fact that you’re jealous because I’m an accomplished musician is a little bit pathetic, Chad.

CHAD
How are you accomplished?!

JERRY
Anyone who gets paid to play a gig can consider themselves a talent.

CHAD
You played at the Beth El Nursing Home! For community service points!

JERRY
I don’t weigh my wage in gold, Chad.

Chad shakes his head and looks out the window.

JERRY
So we got this interview because you’re mom’s, second cousin is a secretary at MediaMan Productions?

CHAD
Yeah, basically.

JERRY
How could a secretary possibly have so much pull?
CHAD
I really don’t know, man.

JERRY
It’s Tiffany right? Tiffany?

CHAD
Yeah.

JERRY
Hmm well then I think I know how this happened. Probably a little mm mm with the hmm hmm, mhm?

CHAD
Dude..

JERRY
It’s a compliment! Tiffany’s a looker! You ever, you know, g-

CHAD
Are you really about to ask-

JERRY
What? She’s your third cousin, that’s like, that’s like basically a family friend.

CHAD
No, that’s like basically a blood relative. And by basically I mean is a blood relative you sick, sick fuck.

JERRY
If I wasn’t seein’ Jenny, I’d def ask for that number.

CHAD
Doesn’t mean you’d get it. How’s it goin’ with that by the way?

JERRY
With THAT? She has a name, Chad. A beautiful one. She’s my Jenny.

Jerry looks out and smiles.

JERRY (CONT’D)
And I’m her Forrest.
CHAD
Wait...wait. Does she call you Forrest?

JERRY
Yea..problem?

Chad chuckles.

CHAD
No, no.

JERRY
Mmm, how about you tell me.

CHAD
She really calls you that? Like, even when you’re, ya know, in the moment?

JERRY
All the time!

CHAD
And you see nothing wrong with that?

JERRY
Nope.

CHAD
You do realize that Forrest Gump is mentally challenged right?

JERRY
No! Are you mentally challenged? He owns Bubba Gump shrimp, he can’t be retarded.

CHAD
What do you think that movie is about...?

JERRY
The life of a successful entrepreneur named Forrest Gump.

CHAD
Alright that’s cool. So your girlfriend-
JERRY
Ah ah ah, no, not girlfriend.
Partner.

CHAD
What?

JERRY
If gay people can refer to their significant other as partner, then so can I. I think saying 'girlfriend' is a little tacky, honestly. Yeah, she’s a girl. And yeah, she’s a friend, but I mean come on, we’re deep into the new millennium, let’s keep up here, a little advancement.

CHAD
Okay.. so your "partner" gets off by calling out, not your name, but the name of a mentally challenged yet successful character of fiction?

JERRY
Yeah..yeah, I guess she does. She’s a freak though man.

CHAD
Yeah, I bet. How so?

Jerry slams on his brakes and beeps his horn. He then sticks his middle finger up and out the window.

JERRY
Learn how to fucking drive! Jesus!

CHAD
What an asshole, they just cut you off! Don’t they know the Jersey Slide code of ethics?

JERRY
Ah, New York plates. Figures. People from upstate New York seriously can’t drive, something in the water.

CHAD
Nah, I saw what the problem is. They learn from Asian Women. I saw the driving school, Wong’s House of (MORE)
Chad (cont’d)

Drive. Totally monopolized the area.

Jerry shakes his head back and forth.

Jerry

So racist.

Chad

No seriously. I don’t know how they get away with it. Without constantly getting DWO’s.

Jerry

DWO’s?

Chad

Driving While Oriental. Biggest offense after DWI’s, I- 

Jerry

Okay, enough, you know Jenny’s Asian.

Chad

Oh! Oh my, I, wow, so sorry, didn’t realize. My bad dude, seriously.

Jerry

Whatever. Ugh, man, there’s so much traffic.

Jerry cracks his knuckles and sighs.

Jerry (cont’d)

So what about you, how’s Chelsea?

Chad snickers.

Chad

I didn’t tell you about that?

Jerry

No, why, what happened?

Chad

Let’s just say things didn’t go as planned...

Flashback: Two weeks ago
INT. CHAD’S LIVING ROOM

Chad and CHELSEA sit in the t.v. room on the couch. They watch a movie.

    CHAD (V.O)
    Okay so me and Chelsea had this thing we did, she would just, give me a..

PRESENT.

INT. CAR

Chad does a "hand job" gesture.

    CHAD
    ..as we talk. She enjoyed stroking it, I enjoyed it..being stroked, was a nice little set up. But I, I don’t know, I was just ready to move on.

    JERRY
    Why?

    CHAD
    She wouldn’t blow me, argued a lot, wouldn’t blow me..

    JERRY
    What?! Wouldn’t blow?! Why?

    CHAD
    ’Cause we wouldn’t be able to talk while she does that. So anyway, I tell her we need to talk.

FLASHBACK: TWO WEEKS AGO

INT. CHAD’S LIVING ROOM

    CHAD
    Hey, Chelsea, can we talk?

PRESENT.
INT. CAR

CHAD
But she thinks I mean a "talk" h.j. combo and gets all aroused.

FLASHBACK: TWO WEEKS AGO

INT. CHAD’S LIVING ROOM

CHAD (V.O)
I couldn’t procrastinate any longer.

Chelsea begins to give Chad a hand job as they chat on the couch. Chelsea smiles.

CHELSEA
So what ya wanna talk about?

CHAD
Us, actually.

Chelsea continues to smile.

CHELSEA
Oh yeah? What about us?

CHAD
Well, listen. Chelsea, it was good. And you’re nice– fun. But I–

Chelsea’s smile drops.

CHELSEA
Was good?

CHAD
Yeah, I mean, I think we’ve run our course here. I feel like, like a glacier in water. The glacier likes being in water, but at the same time that’s what causes it to melt.

CHELSEA
And how is that like us?

CHAD
I mean, I like being with..in, you, but at the same time, it’s limiting. I think we need to just, explore.
CHELSEA
So you’re breaking up with me?

CHAD
More of a..yeah, okay, yeah I am.
I’m sorry.

Chelsea stops Chad’s a hand job and gets up off the couch.

CHELSEA
I hope your little glacier finds its way into some herpes water!

CHAD
Baby, come on, you aren’t gonna finish?

CHELSEA
Are you serious?

Chad makes a puppy dog face.

CHELSEA
Enjoy blue balls, asshole.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. CAR

JERRY
Wow, that’s rough.

CHAD
Yeah, from her reaction, you can see why I needed to dump her.

JERRY
Absolutely.

A few moments of silence.

CHAD
You ever think about how we wanted to end the script?

JERRY
I’m not sure really. Think he’ll like our idea?

CHAD
I mean, it’s just about what we’re doing now. Driving to pitch a
(MORE)
CHAD (cont’d) 
script. It’s like Seinfeld kinda, 
basically about nothing, but it’s 
pretty funny.

JERRY 
Whoa, no. Don’t you dare call our 
script nothing, how dare you!

CHAD 
I didn’t say that.

JERRY 
You said it’s about nothing!

CHAD 
Well it is!

JERRY 
Wow. Cool. Maybe, ya know, let’s 
just turn around, my gas could be 
better spent.

CHAD 
No, not really. It really couldn’t 
be.

JERRY 
Ya know dude, you’re kind of a 
dick.

CHAD 
We need to relax and think of an 
ending, not argue. Drop it.

JERRY 
Drop what? Drop nothing, like our 
script? Is our friendship nothing 
too?

CHAD 
Oh my G-d, Jerry, I’m sorry, jeez. 
Can we get over it now?

JERRY 
I don’t know, can we?

CHAD 
How about after we pitch our 
script, and the guy loves it, I buy 
you something from the dollar menu 
on our way back?
JERRY
Really?

CHAD
Yea man, definitely. If you chip in like, half.

JERRY
You are truly the best.

The car in front of them honks, which causes a chain reaction of honks.

CHAD
Dude, it’s bumper to bumper now, can we just take the next exit and go back roads?

JERRY
Yea let me take out the gps, it’ll reroute us.

Jerry opens the glove compartment and takes out his gps. He plugs it into the car charger and puts it on its stand.

CHAD
You have a gps? Why didn’t we use it in the first place instead of printed directions?

The GPA has a female voice with an Australian accent.

GPS
In .6 miles, exit towards Spring street, on right.

CHAD
...Why does your-

JERRY
Have an Australian accent?

CHAD
Yeah...

JERRY
Why not?

CHAD
Because we’re in America...
JERRY
Well, I like Australian accents, and I want Carmen to have one.

CHAD
You named it?

JERRY
Yup.

They exit on Spring Street and pull up to a stop sign.

GPS
Turn right on Spring Street.

They turn right, and continue.

GPS
In 3 miles, turn left on Eastern Highway.

JERRY
Sure will, Carmen.

Jerry continues to drive on Spring Street. They stop at a red light.

JERRY
Look, Chad, up to the right.

CHAD
What am I looking at?

JERRY
See that? The strip club, Harem’s. Free entry between 1pm and 5pm, let’s do it!

CHAD
Aside from the fact that we have a script to pitch, you don’t remember Harem’s?

JERRY
We’re like, eighty percent there, we have plenty of time to stop. And no, why would I remember a place I’ve never seen?

CHAD
You have seen it, I can’t believe you don’t remember. Freshman year...
INT. DORM ROOM

Chad and Jerry sit in their three person dorm room on the first day of college. They unpack, and wait for their third random roommate to arrive.

CHAD
Man this is fucking sweet! I’m so glad to be out of my parents house, we can do whatever the fuck we want!

JERRY
Dude seriously, no more bedtimes or anything like that. I can go out before I do my homework now. Yes!

CHAD
So you’re a virgin I take it?

JERRY
I-no, I have, it-

CHAD
Relax I’m kidding. Man I’m glad you’re my roommate and not some fuckin’ weirdo, I was nervous about getting two randos.

JERRY
Yeah, this is going to be a fun year.

CHAD
So, do you drink?

JERRY
No, I mean not yet. I’ll try beer though.

CHAD
Smoke?

JERRY
Cigarettes? Ew, no!

CHAD
No man, weed. Do you smoke weed?
JERRY
No, isn’t that illegal?

CHAD
Ah, Jerry, we sure have some work to do. Hopefully this third roommate is gonna help me out with you.

Chad laughs to himself. Jerry laughs awkwardly. The door opens slowly. Jerry and Chad look over. PAT, an awkward, pale, zit-faced kid walks in. He has an awkward grin, and looks around nervously. He has a nasally voice. Pat is followed by PAT’S FATHER. Pat’s Father is old, fit, dark tan, wears extremely short, blue shorts and a small, matching tank top.

PAT
Hey guys, I’m Pat.

Pat extends his hand for a handshake. Jerry and Chad each take a turn to shake his hand.

PAT’S FATHER
Hey boys, I’m Pat’s father. Good to meet you.

PAT
So, so I guess I’m top bunk?

CHAD
Yeah, sorry man, first come first serve, right?

Chad laughs to relieve tension. Pat and his father give each other looks of disapproval.

PAT’S FATHER
Boys, don’t you think it would be more fair to draw highest card for bottom bunks? That’s what we always did in the camp.

JERRY
Camp?

PAT
Nothing, it’s fine, I don’t mind top bunk.

Pat and his father continue to unpack. Pat’s father lifts the big boxes, but his back gets sore. They stop for now.
PAT’S FATHER
Alright son, you got it from here?

PAT
Yeah, bye Dad, thanks for the help.

PAT’S FATHER
No problem, give me and Mommy a call later, love you son.

Pat’s father gives Pat a hug and quick peck on the lips goodbye. He walks out.

CHAD
Did you just kiss on the lips?

PAT
No.

JERRY
You sure?

PAT
Whatever, we’re Italian.

Pat goes into the bathroom and comes back out in a robe.

CHAD
What’s that?

PAT
What?

CHAD
What you’re wearing.

PAT
Oh, my robe. I just like to wear it when I’m hanging out.

CHAD
I see. How often do you... hang out?

PAT
A lot.

CHAD
What’s your last name, bro? I’ll add you on facebook.
PAT
Facebook?

JERRY
You don’t have a facebook?

PAT
No, what’s that?

Chad and Jerry give each other a concerned look.

CHAD
Nevermind man, we’ll make you one tomorrow. For now, let’s focus. First day of college.

Chad opens the mini-fridge. He smiles with a deviant look.

CHAD
Time to drink, boys.

PAT
I-I don’t know, I’m meeting my parents in a few days for my birthday lunch, I heard a hangover gets pretty bad.

CHAD
First off, a hangover only lasts the morning. Secondly, it’s your birthday?! Let’s fuckin’ celebrate!

JERRY
Strip club!

CHAD
Yes! That’s what I’m talkin’ about!

JERRY
Wait, no! That’s just what they say on reality shows. I wasn’t serious.

CHAD
Well I am. Get ready guys, we’re going to the strip club!

TWO HOURS LATER.
INT. DORM BUILDING HALLWAY

Chad, Jerry, and Pat walk out the door. Pat is still in his robe.

   CHAD
   Whoa, whoa, Pat, what are you doing?

   PAT
   What?

   CHAD
   The robe, it’s gotta go.

   PAT
   What, why?

   CHAD
   It just does man, no robe.

Pat takes his robe off in the hallway. Pat is in his boxers. Chad laughs.

   CHAD
   No man! I mean go change, put some real clothes on!

Pat goes to change. Jerry and Chad wait in the hallway. Pat rejoins them, in normal clothing. They continue to walk, and get into the elevator.

INT. DORM ELEVATOR

   CHAD
   Alright so I looked up the nearest place, Harem’s. It’s just off route 17, maybe twenty minutes away.

   JERRY
   Is it free?

   CHAD
   Free? Free? Jerry, dozens of naked women will be rubbing their supple breasts in your face on a weekday night, and you expect it for free?

   JERRY
   I mean, I don’t know, I n-
CHAD
Only twenty bucks each.

PAT
I hope it’s worth it.

Chad again smiles with a deviant look.

CHAD
Oh, it will be.

EXT. HAREM’S PARKING LOT

Chad, Jerry, and Pat stand in the parking lot. They look confused. They see a Discount Shoe Story and a Dry Cleaners. They approach the stores.

CHAD
Where the fuck is it?

PAT
Good plan, Chad.

CHAD
Shut the fuck up birthday boy.
Maybe this guy knows.

Chad approaches a very strong, tall MAN. The man wears a suit and stands around outside.

CHAD
Hey man, do you know where Harem’s is?

MAN
I.D.

CHAD
What?

MAN
Show me your identification.

CHAD
Alright...

Chad hands the man his identification. The man points at a set of stairs that leads to underneath the two stores.

CHAD
(to Jerry and Pat)
Yo, guys! This way!
Jerry and Pat scurry to the man, show him identification, and go downstairs into the strip club.

INT. HAREM’S STRIP CLUB

The strip club is nearly empty. There is a group of middle aged business men, a pair of black men, and a group of three Indian men gathered around the stripper stage. Chad, Jerry, and Pat take a seat in front of the stage.

CHAD
Yo this is kind of weird actually.

JERRY
Yeah, really awkward.

Pat cannot take his eyes off the stripper. The STRIPPER crawls over to him.

STRIPPER
Hey cutie, you enjoying this?

Pat shakes his head ’yes’.

STRIPPER
Yeah? Got a little donation for the charity box?

Pat goes to put a dollar bill in the strippers cleavage.

STRIPPER
No baby, there isn’t much there, so I accept donations through a different box.

The stripper turns over and opens her panties. She takes Pats hand and puts it in. He lets go of the money, and she takes his hand out.

STRIPPER
Ooh, big, strong hands. I’ll be seeing you later, I hope.

The stripper walks away and continues to pole dance.

PAT
Did you see that?! She totally wanted me!

JERRY
That’s her j-
CHAD
Yeah man, she did! That was crazy!
How about we get some lapdances going?

PAT
Yeah! I want that one!

Chad signals for the stripper to come over to them. She comes over.

STRIPPER
Hey boys, so what are you guys doing tonight?

CHAD
Celebrating our boy Pat’s birthday!

STRIPPER
Oh yeah? Ooh, how old are you babe?

PAT
N-nineteen.

STRIPPER
Wow, so you’re legal. Good. So boys, anybody here a virgin?

The boys all shake their heads no and smile awkwardly.

STRIPPER
(to Pat)
I don’t know, I think you might be.

The stripper strokes Pat’s head.

PAT
What?! No!

STRIPPER
Aw no, baby, it’s okay. Just twenty bucks, you come with me in the V.I.P. room.

CHAD
Yeah, do it man!

PAT
Alright! Let’s do it!

The stripper takes Pat by the hand. Pat gets up to walk with her. Chad taps the stripper on the shoulder.
CHAD
Hey, sorry, real quick. Could we get a girl over here for my boy Jerry? He’s a first timer.

STRIPPER
No problem doll.

Stripper whistles from across the room to MINDY.

STRIPPER
Hey, Mindy! Come here!

Mindy waddles over. She looks nine months pregnant. Jerry looks over at Chad, horrified.

MINDY
Hey boys, so which one of you is looking for some fun tonight?

Chad responds quickly.

CHAD
Jerry is.

MINDY
Ooh, hey Jerry, I’m Mindy. What do you say, come with me in the back? Nobody can see what goes on in the V.I.P. room.

JERRY
Mindy, I’m sorry, are you, are you, pregnant?

MINDY
Excuse me?!

JERRY
I’m sorry, I’m sorry! V.I.P. room, I’ll go!

MINDY
Relax baby, I’m fucking with you. Aw, you’re so cute. But yeah, eight and a half months in.

CHAD
Wow, and you can still give lap dances?
MINDY
As good as ever. You want a little sample, Jerry?

JERRY
Nah, I’m alright, thanks though.

MINDY
Sweetie, where else are you gonna find a good two for one deal like this?

Chad looks away, pretends to hold in vomit, but laughs.

JERRY
You know what, sure, I like your enthusiasm.

Chad looks surprised. Mindy begins to give Jerry a lapdance.

MINDY
Ooh I feel something hard down there. You better not give my baby a black eye.

JERRY
Oh I bet Daddy wouldn’t like that.

MINDY
Not one bit, cutie, but he’s not here right now.

Chad looks away and mouths out "What the fuck?"

MINDY
Jerry, something, feels kinda...wet. Did you just?

JERRY
What? No, I don’t know.

Mindy moans in pain.

MINDY
Ooh! Ow, oh my G-d, fuck, ow!

Mindy’s water breaks while she is on top of Jerry. Chad coughs, gags, and nearly vomits.

STRIPPER
Oh my gosh! Call 9-1-1, call a doctor!

Mindy falls to the floor, on her back.
CHAD
Let’s get outta here!

Chad and Jerry run to the parking lot. They get into the car and drive.

INT. CAR

JERRY
What about Pat?!

CHAD
Fuck! Fuck it, he’ll find his way back.

FADE OUT.

INT. DORM ROOM

THE NEXT EVENING

Jerry is in bed, miserable. Chad walks around the room in anticipation.

CHAD
Almost six, almost six, almost six!
It’s gotta be on the six o’clock local news, has to be.

Jerry shuts off the television with the remote.

CHAD
No!

Chad turns the television back on.

CHAD
Here it is!

Chad and Jerry watch the television. A clean cut, MALE NEWS ANCHOR reports.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR
In local news, a unusual event took place last night, at Harem’s strip club near Paterson. Channel Five field correspondent, MARIA DELTORO, is there live on the scene.
EXT. HAREM’S PARKING LOT

Maria Deltoro stands in the Harem’s parking lot. There are several police vehicles and ambulances.

MARIA DELTORO
Thanks Tom. I’m standing outside Harem’s strip club, in Paterson, New Jersey, where twenty-nine year old dancer, Mindy, has just given birth, late this afternoon. Now, a strange part of the story, Mindy refused to birth her child outside the confines of Harem’s. Even stranger, is the video footage we were given from the security cameras last night.

Security camera footage of Mindy’s water breaking on Jerry is shown. Then, security camera footage of Jerry as he runs away is shown.

MARIA DELTORO
Now what’s happening here is, it appears that Mindy’s water actually broke on this poor boy, during a lapdance, of all things. Oh, wait a minute, the new mother is coming out now, I’m going to try to get a few words with her.

Maria Deltoro runs over to Mindy, who has just entered the parking lot.

MARIA DELTORO
Mindy! Mindy! Congrats on the birth, is it a boy or a girl?

MINDY
Thanks honey! It’s a beautiful baby boy.

MARIA DELTORO
He certainly is precious. Have you named him?

MINDY
Yup, beautiful baby Jerry.

MARIA DELTORO
Aw, that’s great, well congratulations. For channel five local news, I’m Maria Deltoro, and (MORE)
MARIA DELTORO (cont’d)
this is an example of irresponsible parenting. Back to you, Tom.

MINDY
Excuse me, bitch?!

INT. DORM ROOM

Chad laughs hysterically and shuts off the television. Jerry stares at the television.

CHAD
Dude! Dude! So, let’s break this down.

JERRY
Stop.

CHAD
So, so she named her baby after you right?

JERRY
Right.

CHAD
And, and, she called it a two for one deal last night, right?

JERRY
Right.

CHAD
But she had a boy! You got a lap dance from a fucking boy! A half gay lap dance!

JERRY
This I know.

CHAD
That’s it? Nothing else to say?

JERRY
Nope.

CHAD
Wait...
JERRY
What man? What else do you have to say? I barely know you, and you already think you can harass me like-

CHAD
No, fetus fucker, relax. I was gonna say, what happened to Pat?...

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. CAR
Jerry continues towards the end of Spring Street.

JERRY
Man, I totally forgot about all that 'til now. Whatever, I was hammered.

CHAD
Hammered? You had never tried beer and didn't even know if weed was legal.

JERRY
Whatever, man.

CHAD
Jesus, I can't believe you had a half gay lap dance. And two for one deal? How were you into that?

JERRY
It was a long time ago.

CHAD
And she named the kid after you...

JERRY
Drop it, okay?

CHAD
Okay, okay.

JERRY
I think we'll be there pretty soon.
At the intersection they turn left on Eastern Highway. Immediately a Newark police car pulls up behind them and turns on the lights. They pull over. The officer gets out of his car and walks up to the drivers side window. Jerry rolls down his window.

OFFICER
License and registration.

JERRY
(to Chad:)
Can you get it, red envelope thing in the glove box.

Chad fishes for the registration and hands it to Jerry.

JERRY
(to Officer:)
Here ya go.

OFFICER
Stay in the vehicle, I’ll be back in a few minutes.

Officer begins to walk away.

JERRY
Officer! Excuse me, what did I do wrong?

Officer turns around.

OFFICER
Obstruction of traffic, illegal left turn onto Eastern.

JERRY
But my gps, I’m not from here, it told me to turn left. Anyway you could give me a warning, I-

OFFICER
Son, do you know where you are?

JERRY
Um.. New Jersey.. somewhere..

OFFICER
The car-jacking capital of America, ring a bell?

Jerry gulps, then speaks weakly.
JERRY
...Newark?

OFFICER
That’s right boy, motha fuckin’ Newark. Ain’t no warnings here.

The officer walks back and gets into his car. Jerry rolls up his window.

CHAD
I guess "Carmen" let you down.

JERRY
Damnit Carmen! What the hell! Piece of crap gps. We had a loving relationship until today.

CHAD
Yeah man, too bad, this won’t be a cheap one, we’re in Newark.

JERRY
Great, I’ll be helpin’ some babies Mama’s Mama buy crack.

CHAD
What? Not everyone in Newark smokes crack.

JERRY
Yeah, they inject it too.

CHAD
Doubtful.

JERRY
How would you know?

CHAD
I guess I wouldn’t... but I doubt it.

JERRY
This is b.s. man! Cops make me so tense, I can’t do this.

CHAD
Relax man, it’ll be fine.

Jerry slams his hands on the wheel in frustration. The officer gets out of his car and knocks on the window of Jerry’s car. Jerry rolls down the window.
OFFICER
Here you go.

Officer hands Jerry his license, registration, and a ticket.

OFFICER
I’m giving you a ticket for obstructing traffic, which is no points, and a significantly smaller fine than an illegal left.

Jerry looks at his ticket and looks up at the Officer.

JERRY
But my gps-

OFFICER
Alright you have a nice day now.

JERRY
No you listen! This ticket is bullshit!

The officer quickly turns around.

OFFICER
Excuse me?!

JERRY
Yea I bet if I was a cute little girl with a nice pair of titties poppin’ out I’d be scotch free right now!

OFFICER
Son...Y-

JERRY
Yea keep sayin’ son. If I were ‘daughter’ a quick little flash would pay this ticket off, right..

Jerry does "quotes" with his fingers.

JERRY
..officer?

OFFICER
Get out of the vehicle, now!

JERRY
I don’t know how Jews can live around here with all the pig!
CHAD
Jerry, shut up! He gave you a break!

OFFICER
What if I’m a Jew?!

JERRY
Ha, yea okay, Officer-

Jerry looks at Officer’s name pin, and is cut off by the Officer.

OFFICER

JERRY
Listen, I’m really sorry, we’re on our way to New York, running kinda late, so-

OFFICER
Running late to New York from Newark? Never heard that one before.

JERRY
If we could just go-

OFFICER
Get.out.of.the.ve-hic-le. Now!

JERRY
Officer Klein, please, from one Jew to another, can I please-

A buzz is heard from the officer’s RADIO.

RADIO
Got a 311 at the preschool on Grand, local units respond, over.

OFFICER
You know what, just get outta here. Don’t let me find you in Newark again today.

JERRY
Thank you! L’Chaim!

The officer walks away and gets into his car. He drives off. Jerry puts his gps in the glove box and pulls back on the road. He begins to drive.
JERRY
Playin’ that Jew card like a fiddle.

CHAD
Well, that went swimmingly.

JERRY
Fucking pig. And what the hell, I’m never using my gps again.

CHAD
How much is the ticket for?

JERRY
Fifty four dollars!

CHAD
Are you really gonna complain about that? That’s nothing...

JERRY
Let’s just figure out how to get the hell outta here.

CHAD
I can see New York from here, just drive until we see a sign for it. Hopefully soon, this seems like a bad neighborhood.

JERRY
Alright. Hey why don’t we make a night outta this thing?

CHAD
How so?

JERRY
Maybe we could stay with Greg.

CHAD
Greg? He’s so weird. Is he still dating that girl too?

JERRY
Glor?

CHAD
Yeah, Glor. They’re the weirdest couple ever. And who calls themselves Glor?
JERRY
What’s wrong with them?

CHAD
Think of last time we were there...

FLASHBACK: 14 MONTHS AGO

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

GREG, GLOR, Chad, and Jerry sit and watch television. It is 9:56 p.m.

CHAD
So.. everyone ready to go out?

Greg, a tall, stern sounding man and his girlfriend, Glor, stand up in front of the television and hold hands. They look at each other and then address Chad and Jerry

GREG
Well, Chad, it’s just about 10 o’clock.

Greg and Glor smile at each other.

CHAD
Yea, we should probably head out. I heard about a good bar on-

GREG
No, Chad. It’s 10 o’clock, on a Thursday night.

CHAD
Right...

GREG
Well, Glor and I usually get intimate with each other at exactly 10pm on Thursdays.

Chad sits awkwardly. Jerry pays no attention, still watches television.

GREG
It’s about that time. You guys are more than welcome to continue watching your program. Or we can meet you downstairs in T minus seven minutes.
CHAD
Jerry, let’s go downstairs, they’ll meet us.

JERRY
Nah, I’m watching something.

CHAD
Dude, come o-

JERRY
Shhh!

Chad remains seated on the couch next to Jerry. Jerry watches the show intensely. Chad has his chin in his hand, and his elbow rests on the armrest as he stares into space. Glor sits on the end on the couch, and Greg gets on top of her.

GLOR
Mmm Greg it’s like we have an audience!

GREG
Just pretend they aren’t there, like they’re just watching us on television.

GLOR
Mmm Greg, yes! I love you!

Glor and Greg make out.

CHAD
Wait..wait, is this really happening?

GREG
Chad, I welcomed you to wait downstairs. You chose to stay.

Greg and Glor continue to make out intensely.

Chad stares at them and then at Jerry with a look of disbelief. Jerry continues to watch television.

FADE OUT. BACK TO PRESENT.
INT. CAR

JERRY
I don’t know man I don’t really see the problem. What about Joey?

CHAD
Joey? He is way too nice, it’d be boring. That’s like going to hang out with..

Chad snaps his fingers rapidly while he thinks.

CHAD
with like, Smokey the Bear.

JERRY
I don’t know about Smokey.. why is he always hangin’ out in the woods?

CHAD
Yeah I don’t know, and why is his name Smokey if he wants to prevent forest fires?

JERRY
True, should be called Extinguish the Bear or something.

CHAD
Yeah I agree.

They stop at a red light. An old, HOMELESS MAN approaches their car. He knocks and points to his change cup.

JERRY
What do we do?!

CHAD
I don’t know man, give him some change..

Jerry takes out his wallet and gives him all of his cash: 9 singles.

HOMELESS MAN
Thank you, my brotha. Ya know, in my day, white folk didn’t stop at red lights in this neighborhood.

Jerry quickly rolls up his window and drives through the red light.
JERRY
Holy shit man!

CHAD
Way to choke.

JERRY
What dude, he was coked out and shit!

CHAD
No, not really, just a homeless guy beggin’. You gave him all your cash like a pussy.

JERRY
He’d have robbed me! You heard what he said!

CHAD
Calm down. Jesus. He was messing with you.

JERRY
Whatever man, I don’t know. I need gas though.

CHAD
Then let’s get gas...

JERRY
I don’t have any money...

CHAD
I’ll spot you for now, just go to the next station.

JERRY
I don’t know where it is.

CHAD
Plug it into Carmen.

JERRY
Ha-ha, funny.

CHAD
I thought so. Yo I see one a few blocks up.

JERRY
I don’t wanna get gas around here!
CHAD
Would you rather run out of gas around here? That cop was the David Archulettta of this area.

JERRY
Huh?

CHAD
Ya know, that really nice kid that did well on American Idol.

JERRY
That was the single gayest reference. Ever.

CHAD
Wanna pay for gas?

JERRY
I have no money, caus- ahh fuck you man..

They turn into the nearest gas station and pull up to a pump.

JERRY
I’m gonna run inside the convenient store and get a snack, you want anything?

CHAD
How much should I put in the car?

JERRY
Do twenty regular. You don’t want anything?

CHAD
You don’t really have the best of luck with gettin’ people things at convenient stores...

FLASHBACK

INT. RANDOM CONVENIENT STORE

Jerry skims through birthday cards and picks one out. He then brings the items he plans to purchase to the register. The cashier is a big, red neck man about age thirty-five. He has a raspy voice with a southern accent.
JERRY
How ya doin?

CASHIER
Good, good, you? Got any coupons?

JERRY
Nah.

Jerry puts out the birthday card he got for Chad to give to Chad’s sister, and the condoms he got for himself on the item scanner. The cashier gives him a questioning look.

JERRY
Oh, no, these aren’t uh, related items.

The cashier moves in close to Jerry.

CASHIER
(whispers)
I know, brother. I know.

The cashier pulls down the collar of his shirt, revealing a confederate flag tattoo on his chest.

Cashier chuckles

CASHIER
I know all about "related items", don’t you worry.

FADE OUT. BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. CAR

JERRY
That was one time. You sure you don’t want anything?

CHAD
Honestly, I need some vasaline or lotion or something for a nasty cut I have on my knee.

JERRY
Alright, do you have some cash I could borrow?

Chad stares at Jerry.
CHAD
Fine. Here.

Chad hands Jerry a 10 dollar bill. Jerry takes it, gets out of the car, and walks into the convenient store.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE

The store has a few locals and is over crowded with random items. Jerry decides to get the cheapest snack, a banana, and goes to the cashier. The cashier, a masculine, black female, looks like a transvestite.

JERRY
Hey, just this.

Jerry puts the banana on the counter.

JERRY (CONT’D)
Oh, actually, do you guys sell any like, lotion, vaseline or something?

The cashier looks down at the banana, and up at Jerry. She raises her eyebrows at Jerry with a smile.

NEWARK CASHIER
Mmm I don’t thank we does baby, but I got some right here if you want it.

Jerry steps back.

JERRY
Actually, I’m good, just the banana’s fine.

NEWARK CASHIER
Mmm mhk baby. That’s uh, oooh; Sixty-nine cent.

The cashier gives Jerry a subtle wink. Jerry puts a ten dollar bill down and turns around, rushes out.

JERRY
Keep the change.

As Jerry turns around to leave, a man in a black sweatshirt with his hood up and a man with a bandana over his mouth and nose enter the store.
HOODED MAN
Ight this is a hold up, nobody ain’t goin anywhere! Don’t think I won’t cut ya’ll!

A thin, white computer nerd stands up.

NERD
You can’t do this! In broad daylight?!

HOODED MAN
Bitch I said I’ll cut you. Everyone throw your wallets to me!

Everyone throws their wallet to the HOODED MAN except for the NERD and Jerry.

HOODED MAN
Yo, lady, at the register, open that shit up right quick!

NEWARK CASHIER
Nah you ain’t havin’ this!

HOODED MAN
I said open that up, ain’t the customer always right?

NEWARK CASHIER
Boy this ain’t no Mac Donalds!

SCARED CUSTOMER
Uh I, I think that’s, um, that’s actually, burger..burger king’s, s-slogan.

CUSTODIAL STAFF MEMBER
Actually, Harry Gordon Selfridge was generally thought to have coined the phrase for his London based Selfridge’s department store opened in 1909.

Everyone gets quiet, looks at Custodian quizzically. The scene continues.

NEWARK CASHIER
Beside, you ain’t no customer anyway!

The hooded man takes a candy bar from the shelf and brings it up to the register.
HOODED MAN
One candy bar, now I’m a customer.
Open that register, slut!

NEWARK CASHIER
If you had money for a candy bar already why you gotta rob this place?

HOODED MAN
I stole this money! Ight, you know what..

The hooded man takes out his knife.

NERD
This isn’t worth it man! Just stop!

The hooded man walks up to the Nerd and barely cuts his arm with a knife. The bandana man walks up to random customers, holds his gun out, and collects watches and valuable items.

NERD
He did it! He cut me! I’m bleeding!
Oh my G-d, he really did it!

HOODED MAN
Son I told you!

JERRY
(under his breath)
Holy shit...

BANDANA MAN approaches a college age kid, points the gun to his head.

BANDANA MAN
Yo let’s have it!

COLLEGE KID
D-dude I’ve got like, five bucks, and I threw it in the middle.

Bandana man puts the gun to COLLEGE KID’s temple.

BANDANA MAN
Bullshit! You got more, don’t fuck with me here.

COLLEGE KID
I really don’t, I had five bucks that I was gonna spend on dinner, I’m just a broke college kid. But now, no dinner for me, thanks.
BANDANA MAN
College kid? Mad money for that, you got bills, I know it.

COLLEGE KID
I don’t! Listen, are you really gonna shoot me over five bucks? Like, you can have it, here it is, but I mean, would you? I’ve just always wan-

BANDANA MAN
Shut your mouth!

COLLEGE KID
Come on, you’re stealing my money, can’t you just answer my question?

Bandana man leans in closer to college kid and speaks calmly, quietly, and sadly.

BANDANA MAN
Listen man, this shit’s an act. I don’t even got no bullets in this. Hell, this a damn cap gun, I just done a nice paint job. I love to paint. I’m in PETA too. Fuckin’ animals. Love that shit. Just ain’t got no money. That’s all.

COLLEGE KID
Yeah I got you, I get it man. Apply for painting school, maybe you can get a scholarship.

HOODED MAN
Yo Ty how you talkin that bitch shit again? Mid fuckin’ robbery? Let’s go!

HOODED MAN
(to Jerry)
White boy, where your wallet at?

JERRY
I-i-if you could just let me go, I’m just goin’ to New York.

HOODED MAN
Ain’t that cute. Fuckin’ wallet! Now! You seen what jus’ happen.
JERRY
I-I just have a debit card, no cash.

HOODED MAN
Oh, just debit? Ight it’s cool you can go.

Jerry gets up and walks towards the door. The hooded man grabs him and takes his wallet out of his pocket. He takes the debit card out of Jerry’s wallet and breaks it in half.

HOODED MAN
Looks like you ain’t got a nice card no more!

JERRY
I could’ve given you the pin with access to hundreds of dollars...

HOODED MAN
What in the fuck did you just say?!

Jerry runs out the door. Hooded man begins to exit, but stays in the store. Cops already begin to arrive. Jerry runs back into the car.

JERRY
Get outta here, fuckin’ hold up!

CHAD
I can’t! The pump’s still in the car!

Gas begins to pour out of the car tank. The cash meter is on thirty eight dollars and continues to rise.

CHAD
(to gas attendant)
I said twenty, not fourty!

The attendant, a middle aged Arab man, talks on the phone in Arabic, wears a blue-tooth ear piece.

GAS MAN
(to Chad:)
No.

CHAD
What do you mean no?!
GAS MAN
Forty. Cash.

CHAD
Twenty. Cash.

GAS MAN
Forty.

CHAD
Twenty!

GAS MAN
Forty or police.

CHAD
Fine, asshole.

Chad pays the gas attendant.

GAS MAN
No English. Asshole.

CHAD
Fuck you.

Jerry pulls out of the gas station and back onto Eastern Highway.

CHAD
That was ridiculous! Fucking Indian.

JERRY
That was ridiculous? I was just in a hold up! And I’m pretty sure he’s Arab.

CHAD
Whatever man I can’t tell towel heads apart.

JERRY
You are so ignorant! But dude. I was just robbed.

CHAD
So you didn’t get my vaseline?

JERRY
Did you not hear me? I was robbed at knife point.
CHAD
Alright good ’cause I was messin’ with you. And hey I mean I basically was robbed too. So you spent my entire 10 dollars?

JERRY
Yea, on being robbed! It was crazy! I was gonna try to fight him, but he probably had mad gats and shit.

CHAD
You’re probably just a little bitch and shit.

JERRY
You know what..

CHAD
What?

JERRY
You’re an attention whore, just like there’s always that one twelve year old girl at the middle school dance in seventh grade who wears a short skirt and grinds with all the guys like a slut while the other girls talk badly behind her back yet envy her advanced dancing ability. That’s you, Chad. That’s you.

CHAD
How does that relate to you being a little bitch?

JERRY
I don’t know, but I’m not paying you back for the gas.

CHAD
You better freakin’ pay me back. I’ll kill you.

JERRY
Oh, really? You can’t do anything.

CHAD
(very quickly)
I get to punch you everytime I see a black person.
JERRY
What?

Chad punches Jerry over and over on his right arm.

CHAD
One, two, three, four, five. All
day son, gotta love Newark.

JERRY
Ow, okay, stop! Shit man, that
hurts!

CHAD
Double time for Latinos!

Chad punches Jerry’s arm with both fists very rapidly.

JERRY
Enough! Jesus! That really hurts,
man.

CHAD
I thought you’re tough?

JERRY
That was just abuse right there.
Dyphus status.

CHAD
Man up.

JERRY
Seriously Chad, that wasn’t cool.
Too far.

CHAD
Alright alright, but you better pay
me for the gas.

JERRY
Yeah, maybe.

Chad winds up for a punch.

JERRY
Okay! I really hate you sometimes.

CHAD
Sorry, had to do it. You okay?
JERRY
No, Chad, I’m not okay. Abuse from others is the first step towards self abuse.

Chad rolls his eyes.

CHAD
Oh, give me a break.

JERRY
No Chad, maybe our script should end with me killing myself. Would you like that?

CHAD
You’re being over dramatic.

JERRY
Come on, isn’t that a good ending?

CHAD
Okay Jerry, I’m sorry I punched you.

JERRY
Anything else?

CHAD
No?

JERRY
How about you’re sorry for having a slammin’ hot cousin that sucks dick in Manhattan!

CHAD
I’ll let that slide since I see a sign for New York. I don’t want to kill you until after the pitch.

They stop at a red light and wait to take a ramp that is an exit towards New York. A homeless man holds a cardboard sign that says "HOMELESS, HUNGRY. WILL WORK. G-D BLESS".

JERRY
Thanks sweetheart. Yo, look at that hobo.

CHAD
What about him?
JERRY
His sign. Says he’ll work. That’s so respectable. I hate the kinda homeless guys that just ask you to give them money for no reason.

CHAD
I’d support that, call him over. I’ll give him a few bucks.

Jerry rolls down his window.

JERRY
(to hobo)
Yo! Come over here!

The HOBO shakes his head ‘no’.

JERRY
Come on don’t be shy, I’ll give you some money! I like your sign!

The hobo waves them on.

JERRY
Aren’t you hungry? Come over!

The hobo looks frustrated, and quickly walks over to Jerry’s car.

HOBO
Can you stop, please?

JERRY
You don’t want any money?

HOBO
No, now stop calling me over.

JERRY
You’re the worst hobo ever. I was just sayin’ how I respected your sign, bu-

Hobo sighs.

HOBO
I’m not a hobo, I’m undercover on a sting opp to catch this guy that finds homeless men and pays them to fight each other.
JERRY
Oh, Bum Fights! I saw that on youtube! Good sh-

The hobo stares sternly at Jerry.

JERRY (CONT’D)
I mean, bad shit, bad definitely. Glad someones doing something about it.

HOBO
If this operation is compromised
I’m holding you partially at fault. I know your license plate number.

JERRY
What?!

HOBO
Actually, I would like some money, free lunch sounds good.

Chad hands the hobo a five dollar bill.

HOBO
Thanks, stay safe, and lay off the bum fight videos kid.

The light turns green and they take the ramp towards New York.

CHAD
Radio?

JERRY
Nah, there’s never anything good on.

CHAD
Yea you’re right. All just Lady Gaga kinda shit.

JERRY
Dude, like, I can’t even take anymore of that. Who-what kinda producer is sitting back, hears this kinda music, and is like, yea, yea, that’s fucking good shit, let’s put this bitch on the radio and sign her a deal!
CHAD
I swear to G-d, it’s just some kinda big, industry joke.

JERRY
Is she even, a she? ’Cause I’m pretty sure she’s a man.

CHAD
I’m pretty sure there’s a video on the internet that’s questionable.

JERRY
She has a bulge, like, like a magnum bulge, like significantly bigger than most guys bulges, and..

CHAD
Oh, are you, are you having bulge issues?

JERRY
No! Not bigger than my bulge, just like, if you see her, in concert, you’ll know what I’m saying, not-

CHAD
You’re just diggi-

JERRY
Not that I’ve been to her concert!

CHAD
You’re just digging yourself into a deeper hole...

JERRY
No! Youtube!

CHAD
Your bulge is small, you’ve seen her in concert...

JERRY
Youtube! Okay? Youtube!

CHAD
Alright, alright, calm down princess.

JERRY
I’m good.
Awkward silence. Jerry stares out the window for a few seconds.

JERRY
So you know my friend Sean’s band?

CHAD
Mhm.

JERRY
Had the best idea for self promotion. Sean always wanted to make a porno called "Superman Up Lois’s Lane". It’s-

CHAD
How would a porno help promote their band?

JERRY
Well, does vertical integration ring a bell to you?

CHAD
Yeah...

JERRY
Well they’d be making the porno, and playing their own music in it.

CHAD
Genius...

JERRY
Yeah, it’s about Sex Luther who installs kryptonite up Lois’s "lane" so that Superman can’t penetrate it.

CHAD
Hmm.. But they can’t really reach an audience besides porn viewers unless it’s softcore.

JERRY
Softcore?

CHAD
Yea, they can’t show dick, or vagina, or any penetration.
JERRY
So just boobs?

CHAD
Yea, just boobs. And ass I guess.

JERRY
That’s boring...

CHAD
Yea.. yea it is...

JERRY
Why does that even exist?

CHAD
Ya know.. I really don’t know..

Jerry and Chad ponder this thought silently. They move into the left lane. A man, that wears a shirt, tie, and sunglasses approaches rapidly from behind in a maroon SUV. He slaps himself back and forth in the face with both hands. Jerry looks in his rear view mirror and sees this.

JERRY
Chad, look at that guy behind us!

Chad turns around. He see’s the same man, but the man is not slapping himself.

CHAD
What? Just some prick tailing us.

JERRY
No look! He’s freakin’ out, he was like slapping himself back and forth, driving with no hands!

Chad turns around again. The man behind them sips coffee.

CHAD
He’s just drinking some coffee.

Jerry looks in his rear view mirror. The man puts both hands on the coffee cup and chugs. He then throw the cup in the back and slaps himself again.

JERRY
Look now!

Chad turns around. The man continues to tail them, but drives attentively, with both hands on the wheel.
CHAD
You gonna just stay in this lane and let him tail you all day?

JERRY
Oh, this guy isn’t even ready.

CHAD
For what? I just meant move over and let him pass us.

JERRY
No no no no no, when people tail me.. let’s just say I have a plan.

CHAD
Don’t do anything, odds are the other driver is crazier than you. I’ve heard stories man.

JERRY
Like what?

CHAD
I mean, tons, but one time my friend said his friend was messin’ with this guy on the road, clean cut, slicked back hair kinda guy in a black cadillac, and t-

JERRY
Mafia.

CHAD
Exactly.

JERRY
Sorry to hear that. But, maybe those crazy drivers will realize, they aren’t as crazy as me..

Jerry quickly swerves into the middle lane and let’s the SUV pass him. He then immediately gets back into the left lane and tails the SUV.

JERRY
Ya like that!? Slap it some more you slap happy son of a bitch!

CHAD
Are you seriously tailing him now?
Jerry puts both hands on the wheel and stares intensely at the SUV in front of him. He keeps as close to it as possible.

JERRY
Hell yeah I am.

CHAD
Don’t, Jerry. He’s going like 90 miles per hour.

JERRY
Let’s hope he goes 91!

CHAD
Stop man.

JERRY
Just gettin’ started!

CHAD
Ugh.

The SUV breaks, and Jerry to stop short. The SUV then rapidly accelerates again.

JERRY
Alright, alright, I don’t wanna risk an accident.

Jerry slows down and moves back into the center lane. The SUV then, in the left lane, slows down to Jerry’s speed. He gets aligned with Jerry’s car and stares intensely at Jerry, and not at the road. Chad calmly turns his head left then does a double take.

CHAD
Whoa, shit, Jerry! Look, left!

Jerry looks and is startled, slightly swerves the car.

JERRY
Ah! This guy is freakin’ insane!

The man in the SUV continues to stare them down. Traffic begins to build up as they near the toll for the Lincoln Tunnel. They slow down, and the man in the SUV continues to stare at them. The traffic is nearly not moving. The man in the SUV, still stares, does not realize this. He cracks into the car in front of him.
CHAD
What the-

JERRY
He just-

CHAD
Wow! Who’s crazier now?

JERRY
He wins.

Jerry and Chad coast away from the scene. The man gets out of his SUV.

SUV MAN
It was worth it! It was fuckin’ worth it! HAHA!

Jerry and Chad approach the toll. They enter EXACT CHANGE lane, which is coins only.

JERRY
Where’s the person to pay?

CHAD
You went in the coins only one. There is no person. You don’t have any change in your car?

JERRY
Oh true. No, I do.

Jerry opens a compartment and takes out a handful of quarters. Jerry reads the sign that lists toll costs.

JERRY
Let’s see, two axle vehicle.. two axle vehicle. Eight bucks!?

CHAD
Wow, we should’ve just taken the train.

The car behind them honks their horn. Jerry puts up his middle finger and begins to go.

CHAD
No, you have to pay it! You’ll get a huge fine if you don’t.

Jerry stops his car. The car behind them beeps again.
JERRY
Maybe the people behind me have some extra change, they seem to hold me to a high standard of toll bartering.

Jerry gets out of the car and approaches the car behind him. In the car are two college age girls. Jerry knocks on their window.

JERRY
Hey, sorry, do you have an-

GIRL ONE
Ahh!

GIRL ONE opens the window slightly and sprays her soda all over Jerry’s face. The soda gets in his eyes.

JERRY
Ow! Jesus Christ!

GIRL ONE
Rape! Rapist! Go away!

GIRL TWO
Get the whistle!

GIRL ONE blows a whistle as Jerry runs back into his car.

CHAD
They didn’t have any extra change?

JERRY
Nope.

CHAD
You have a little s-

JERRY
Yup.

CHAD
Okay.

An INDIAN WOMAN and her elementary age son enter the toll booth and address Jerry. The woman has a strong Indian accent.

INDIAN WOMAN
What is the problem?
JERRY
I didn’t realize this was change only.

INDIAN WOMAN
Okay it’s fine, eight dollars.

JERRY
Yeah... I actually don’t have any cash either, funny thing, in-

INDIAN SON
Moooo!

JERRY
Is he okay?..

INDIAN WOMAN
(sternly)
He has a condition. But if you don’t have any cash or coins, and no EZ Pass, you take an envelope and mail it in.

Jerry looks next to the price listing and see’s a sign: "NO MONEY, TAKE MAIL IN ENVELOPE".

JERRY
Oh..thanks.

Jerry reaches for an envelope and drives on. Traffic is bumper to bumper as all of the cars try to squeeze into two lanes to enter the Lincoln tunnel.

CHAD
We’re already forty minutes late.

JERRY
Yeah, but we’re basically there after the tunnel.

CHAD
Try to weave your way in, you are a good driver right?

JERRY
Straight stealth right here. Watch this.

Jerry begins to weave in and out between cars, slowly advances them closer to the tunnel entrance.
CHAD
Nice! We’re almost in!

As Jerry makes his final lane change to enter the tunnel, an old woman smacks into the side of their car from the right.

JERRY
No! What the fuck!

CHAD
Stupid bitch! We’re screwed now!

The old woman gets out of her car, yells at Jerry and Chad. Their windows are up and they can’t hear her.

JERRY
I mean.. at least now we have a good ending to use for our script now...

CHAD
Good ending?! Good fucking ending?! You useless sack of shit, you’re more worthless then the tampon in this old, menstrual woman’s vagina!

Chad’s words fade out, as we see Jerry deep in thought. Jerry snaps out of it, and grabs the script.

CHAD
And good luck paying rent now!
Fuck, you’re w-What, what? What are you doing? Put that sh-

JERRY
Chad, let’s go.

CHAD
Go? You crashed the car, man!

Jerry smiles.

JERRY
Come on we can do this, you coming?

Jerry runs between cars and into the Lincoln tunnel.

CHAD
Yo niggernuts what about your fucking car?

Jerry yells from inside the tunnel. His voice echos.
JERRY
Fuck it! Let’s go!

Chad mutters to himself.

CHAD
Yeah, fuck it, just a car right?
I’m stayin’ here.

Chad looks around, makes eye contact with an angry black man a few cars over. Chad motions that he is going to run the other way. He runs towards Jerry. He then stops himself, goes back to the car, and locks the door. He gives the black man a smile and a thumbs up, taps the car hood, and runs towards Jerry again.

INT. LINCOLN TUNNEL

Chad catches up to Jerry. Cars beep at them continuously.

JERRY
Glad you decided to join

Chad pants, out of breath.

CHAD
You, you’re insane. How we gu-?

JERRY
It’s dead traffic, let’s just run through.

CHAD
Wh-How about that, the little sidewalk thing, above the road?

JERRY
I have a better idea...

Jerry gets up on a car, hops from car to car. Chad follows.

CHAD
When-

Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.

CHAD
Did-

Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.
CHAD
You-
Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.

CHAD
Grow a-
Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.

CHAD
Pair?
Chad and Jerry continue to car-jump.

JERRY
I just really wanna fuck the hot secretary at this place, I hear she’s-

CHAD
Alright seriously, enough with that!

JERRY
You’re right, you’re right, Jenny probably wouldn’t like me making those kinda jokes anyway.

CHAD
Jenny? You mean Ling-Ling?

JERRY
Don’t be jealous that you can’t expand your horizons to the love of an ethnic Chinese woman.

CHAD
I’m sorry, being ethnic and all, I guess she would pronounce it "Ring-Ring", right?

JERRY
That’s it!

Jerry tackles Chad from one car onto the roof of the next.

JERRY
You can’t just be racist all the time! Not about Jenny!
Alright, holy shit man, I take back saying you grew a pair.

JERRY
I just tackled you!

Yea, but like a pussy, no conviction. And onto a Smart Car of all cars, pussy move.

The two stand up on the roof of the Smart Car.

Jerry why is your face flashing red?

Because I’m angry!

No I mean like-

Wait...why is yours blue?

Jerry and Chad look down. There is a police vehicle behind them.

Shit, shit, shit, alright keep going.

Yeah maybe there’s an emergency, that’s probably why he’s flashing.

Yeah dumbass we’re there emergency.

Chad and Jerry get down from the roof. They start to run between cars. The flow of traffic begins to pick up.

No way!

Next ladder, we’ll climb up to the sidewalk.
Chad and Jerry sprint as cars gain speed. Police car tries to follow them, but is taken by the traffic flow. Chad and Jerry make it to a ladder, climb up, and continue to sprint until they are out of the tunnel.

EXT. URBAN STREET OUTSIDE TUNNEL

Jerry is out of breath.

    JERRY
    That, that— that was awesome!

Chad has his hands on his knees, bent over.

    CHAD
    Yea, so— was, the holocaust.

    JERRY
    Come on you know that was fun!

    CHAD
    Again, holocaust.

    JERRY
    Hey, it was for Nazis...

Chad looks up at Jerry in disbelief. He then begins to vomit on the sidewalk.

    JERRY
    Aw, Chad, nasty.

    CHAD
    Fuck y—

Chad vomits again.

    JERRY
    Let’s go, we’re like five blocks away!

Chad wipes the vomit from his face and looks up to Jerry.

    CHAD
    Let’s pitch this fucking script.

Chad and Jerry run through the streets of Manhattan as inspirational music plays. Slow motion. Chad vomits again while he runs, but does not stop. They arrive at their destination. They pull the door handle, but it is locked.
CHAD
No! No! Fuck, fuck fuck!

Chad stomps his feet.

JERRY
No way, they close at six. It isn’t even six. It isn’t even five fifty.

CHAD
Wait, duh.

Chad presses the buzzer several times. The secretary unlocks the door.

INT. LOBBY—MEDIAMAN PRODUCTIONS OFFICE

Chad and Jerry wait in the lobby. Jerry is asleep. The sound of a buzzer is heard several times. Jerry wakes up, startled.

JERRY
Yo we up?

Chad laughs.

CHAD
You are now. Still waitin’ on the big guy. How much longer you think, Tiffany?

TIFFANY
You guys got here pretty early, it’ll be just a few more minutes.

JERRY
(whispers to Chad)
Wait, early? What?

CHAD
Yeah Jerry, early. The opposite of late, like your menstrual cycle this month.

Chad begins to speak in a baby voice as he rubs Jerry’s stomach.

CHAD
How’s the little guy in there? Cooking nice? Hmm?
JERRY
How long have we been waiting?

CHAD
Like an hour, stoner.

JERRY
Whoa, I just had the craziest
dream, I coulda sworn-

TIFFANY
Alright boys he’s ready for you.
Follow me.

JERRY
You have the script?

Chad smiles and holds up three copies of the script.

CHAD
All three copies! Let’s go.

JERRY
(to himself)
Three copies?

Chad and Jerry follow Tiffany down the hallway.

CHAD
That’s a pretty nice shirt Jerry, I
can’t believe I didn’t think to
class up today.

Jerry looks around.

JERRY
Yeah...

TIFFANY
Alright guys, good luck.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

The office is modern and well decorated. There is a big
desk, two seats in front, and a plasma t.v. on the wall.
MIKE WELLS, a chubby, middle-aged man in a suit, greets the
Jerry and Chad. Mike Wells speaks with a New York City
accent.

MIKE WELLS
Welcome, welcome.

Chad and Jerry shake hands with Mike Wells.
MIKE WELLS
Jerry, Chad, take a seat, get comfortable. How was finding your way here, not too bad?

JERRY
Phew, well, actually-

CHAD
Yeah, smooth sailing, Mr. Wells.

MIKE WELLS
Please, Chad, Mr. Wells was my fathers life partner, call me Mike.

JERRY
Wasn’t Mr. Wells your dad?

Mike Wells drops his smile.

MIKE WELLS
Well, yeah, yes Jerry, he was also my father.

Chad kicks Jerry from under the desk.

MIKE WELLS
Anyway, before we get into it, need anything, something to drink, snack?

CHAD
I’m all set, thanks Mike.

JERRY
Yeah, no, I’m good thank you.

MIKE WELLS
Well, well that was confusing, Jerry. You said yeah. And then you said no. If you want something, speak up.

JERRY
I-no, I just, I mean if you have some Ju-Ju Beans, candy, I-

MIKE WELLS
I’m joking, Jerry, just a joke.

Jerry laughs awkwardly.
JERRY
Oh, haha. Oh!

CHAD
Good one, Mike!

MIKE WELLS
Thanks boys, so anyway, you guys seem ready to have the big talk. Chad, thanks for emailing me that copy this morning, I wanted to have it all read for the pitch.

CHAD
No problem, Mike.

Jerry looks over at Chad, confused.

MIKE WELLS
Is something wrong, Jerry?

JERRY
No, I just didn’t know- I-

CHAD
He’s a little groggy from the nap he had in the lobby, that’s all.

MIKE WELLS
Well, wake up! Boys, so this script. I mean, I’ll put it all out on the table, right now, I’ll do that, for you, Chad, Jerry. You’re here, for one reason.

Chad and Jerry perk up.

MIKE WELLS
Okay well really two reasons. One. Because Chad, that cousin of yours sucks a mean dick.

Jerry laughs, Chad punches him. Jerry looks hurt.

MIKE WELLS
Nah, just kidding Chad.

Mike Wells turns to Jerry, puts his hand over his mouth so Chad cannot see. Mike Wells whispers to Jerry.

MIKE WELLS
But seriously...

Chad looks frustrated.
MIKE WELLS
Alright, enough fun, so the script.
It was like... It was like eating cow tongue, you boys ever eat cow tongue?

Chad and Jerry shake their heads no.

MIKE WELLS
It’s like eating cow tongue, because what you see is what you get. I ordered it once, they literally brought me the tongue, of a fucking cow. No change in color, texture. I thought, maybe you cook it up right, a little marinate, shit’s good. Nope. It’s a tongue, still red. Still has taste buds.

JERRY
I wonder if it can taste you, tasting, it!

Mike Wells slams his hand on the desk.

MIKE WELLS
Exactly, Jerry! Exactly. So how does the script compare?

Chad and Jerry shrug their shoulders.

MIKE WELLS
Well, it’s called "Driving Jersey", and what do you get?

Chad and Jerry have blank looks on their faces.

MIKE WELLS
You literally "drive" through "Jersey". That’s it. Granted, into New York, and some running, but mostly the aforementioned.

CHAD
Knew it was a dumbass idea...

MIKE WELLS
However! Chad, however. Like wondering if the cow tongue’s taste buds are tasting me, tasting it, I too, wonder if the people, will want to taste Driving Jersey.
JERRY
Seriously?!

CHAD
(to Jerry)
How is this making any sense to you?

MIKE WELLS
So, I made a lunch. Morning email, clutch move, thank your boy, Jerry, thank your boy. Because as you made your way to New York, I had made my way to New Jersey.

CHAD
What, why?

MIKE WELLS
I had a lunch planned with Kevin Smith, he wanted to see what I had for him this month. I told him about this one. He loved it. Wants to hop on.

CHAD
Holy shit! Yes! Yes!

MIKE WELLS
No, Chad, no. I told him to fuck off.

JERRY
Why? Why?

MIKE WELLS
Because, Seth Rogan got a text from Kevin about starring in it, Seth liked the idea, wants to make a directorial debut. With your fucking script.

CHAD
So Seth Rogan is doing it?!

MIKE WELLS
Nope, told him to lick a dick.

JERRY
Who else could possibly want this?
MIKE WELLS
Do you know a man named Larry David? I think, somewhere in here, you reference his show, I guess you heard of it, Seinfeld?

CHAD
Larry fucking David!

MIKE WELLS
Yeah, Larry fucking David. But you know what, I told all of them, no thanks. You know why?

JERRY
Why the fucking why?!

MIKE WELLS
Because, boys, with this, I would like to make my directorial debut.

CHAD
You threw away, fucking, Larry David, Seth Rogan, and Kevin Smith, so that you, unknown, could direct? For the first time?

JERRY
Yo chill Chad it’s still a sick deal, he likes our script!

MIKE WELLS
Chad, we still-

CHAD
No, no, don’t you think maybe you should ask us, what we want, or are you gonna just shove your dick in our mouth and tell us that’s the way it goes?

MIKE WELLS
Well if I did that I’d call you Tiffany first but..

CHAD
Alright that’s it!

Chad gets up fiercely and heads towards the door.

MIKE WELLS
It’s gonna star Seth Rogan, Michael Cera, and be produced by Larry David!
Chad turns around.

CHAD
For real?

MIKE WELLS
For real. I’m sorry about the Tiffany joke, that was the last one. Your movie is going to be produced, starring, and directed by the best! What do you say?!

CHAD
I wouldn’t say directed by the best, but hell yeah!

MIKE WELLS
Hell yeah indeed! Tomorrow bright and early we’ll get some ink flowing and start talking the numbers game my friends.

JERRY
I’ll bring my T-89, baby!

Mike and Chad stare at Jerry.

JERRY
Calculator...

MIKE WELLS
Yeah, do that...So guys, this script, based on a true story or what?

CHAD
Inspired by many separate occasions, but no, not a true story.

JERRY
A collection of some true stories though.

MIKE WELLS
Wow, you’re really an asshole then Chad.

Chad laughs.

CHAD
Yea, well, North Jersey does that to you. Be an asshole or be a Jerry, I always say.
MIKE WELLS
I hear that.

JERRY
What?

MIKE WELLS
Exactly. Guys, gotta ask, how’d you get here today? Drive, bus-

CHAD
Oh, we took the train, Mike, we took the train.

MIKE WELLS
Love it. Smart.

JERRY
So Mike, what kind of numbers you think we could look forward to? Six, seven figures or...?

MIKE WELLS
Jerry, you guys are still technically nobodies, you don’t go from virgin to porn star overnight. Six figures, if you’re real lucky.

Jerry and Chad look at each other, excited.

ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. MANHATTAN - STREET

A film crew is set up on the sidewalk outside the Lincoln Tunnel. "Driving Jersey" is being filmed, with MICHAEL CERA and SETH ROGEN.

Michael Cera is out of breath.

MICHAEL CERA
That, that—that was awesome!

Seth Rogen has his hands on his knees, bent over.

SETH ROGEN
Yea, so—was, the holocaust.

MICHAEL CERA
Come on you know that was fun!
SETH ROGEN
Again, holocaust.

MICHAEL CERA
Hey, it was for Nazis...

Seth Rogen looks up at Michael Cera in disbelief. He then begins to vomit on the sidewalk.

MICHAEL CERA
Aw, Chad, nasty.

SETH ROGEN
Fuck y-

Seth Rogen vomits again.

MICHAEL CERA
Let’s go, we’re like five blocks away!

Seth Rogen wipes the vomit from his face and looks up to Jerry.

SETH ROGEN
Let’s pitch this fucking script.

Mike Wells walks over, slams clapperboard.

MIKE WELLS
Cut! Alright good shit, let’s call it a day.

Mike walks over to Seth Rogen.

MIKE WELLS
Seth! Nice work with the puking, very realistic.

Seth Rogen chuckles.

SETH ROGEN
I knew all the years of binge drinking would be of use eventually.

MIKE WELLS
Little too much manischewitz?

SETH ROGEN
Alright, you know what, Mike, the Jew jokes, that really isn’t cool.
MIKE WELLS
Seth, sorry, I didn’t think-

SETH ROGEN
Yeah, you didn’t think. Whatever, man.

Mike Wells’ phone rings. He answers, walks away.

MIKE WELLS
What, are you fucking kidding me? What kind of company doesn’t have another driver available?

Jerry hears Mike, walks over.

JERRY
Mike, is everything o-

Mike cuts Jerry off with a hand gesture.

MIKE WELLS
Alright, well fuck you! And fuck me too ’cause you sound kinda hot.

Mike hangs up his phone.

MIKE WELLS
Man, I’m screwed, I have to be upstate in Syracuse by 10p.m. and my fucking limo driver got hit by a taxi, he better get fucking fired.

CHAD
Brutal.

MIKE WELLS
Gotta be. But the company has no replacement! So I’m stuck here with this fucking limo, no license, no driver.

JERRY
No license?

MIKE WELLS
Don’t ask.

JERRY
Just take the limo.
MIKE WELLS
...Jerry, have you ever... have you ever driven a limo?

JERRY
Whoa, Mike, no, I was kidding, I’m not-

CHAD
Road trip?

MIKE WELLS
Road trip.

JERRY
Guys, I’m not stealing a limo, my karma, holy mantras- I can’t-

MIKE WELLS
Fuck this limo company, and fuck your karma, we’re going upstate mother fucker!

JERRY
No!

MIKE WELLS
If you don’t drive, I will. And I will inevitably get caught, arrested, and the movie will be shut down. Is that what you want?

Mike Wells turns to the production crew.

MIKE WELLS
This guy, right here, Jerry, wants to shut down this movie! He wants it to be fucked like a nine year old girl in Afghanistan! What do you all think of that?

The production crew boo’s Jerry, looks angry, throws things at him.

JERRY
Alright!

Jerry runs to the drivers side of the limo and gets in. Chad and Mike Wells get in the back of the limo. Chad sticks his head out of the sunroof.
CHAD
We’re goin’ upstate mother fuckers!

The limo accelerates, collects dust, drives away.

FADE OUT BLACK.