

GREG JUST KNOWS IT

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EXT. THE STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT.

The police are investigating the crime scene after a brutally violent gang fight. Members of the Los Zetas gang are lying on the street, dead.

Close-up shots of their corpses are shown.

POLICE MAN #1

My God. Even after all these years in the force I'm not sure if I have the stomach to do this.

POLICE MAN #2

What do we have on the case, Captain?

Police Captain comes over with a note pad in his hand.

POLICE CAPTAIN

The victims were in their own territory, not doing anything provocative or violent. The 18th Street members came around 9. 05 pm, opened fire at anyone in sight for no apparent reason. Twenty-four people dead, and four severely injured.

POLICE MAN #2

This is the third attack like this this month.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Yes. See, the 18th Street Gang was always the largest criminal organization in LA county. Until now, they had no centralized leadership. But recently some psychopath gained power, pulled the cliques together, now he's the leader of the whole gang, the main "shot caller" as they call it. This madman does not respect anything or anyone, they've been decimating the rival gangs with vicious attacks like this.

POLICE MAN #2

I don't know who this new psycho is, but sir, we gotta hunt him down.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Nobody knows who he is, only the gang members. He operates his army from the civil world, incognito. All we know, is his street name. Black Dildo.

BEAT.

POLICE MAN #1

Ha! Funny.

POLICE CAPTAIN

We speculate he got his name after his hometown called "Dildo" in Newfoundland, Canada. He is like no-one we've ever seen here at the LAPD. And we have yet to find a way to stop him. Technically, all we did so far is watch how the city of Los Angeles is being fucked in the ass by Black Dildo.

POLICE MAN #1

Meh. Come on man, too cheap.

POLICE CAPTAIN

The only thing we can do is send one of us in the gang undercover, so we can find out who their new leader really is. We have to get our best man on this job.

INT. A GYM - DAY.

The gym is heavily occupied by men working out. GREG SCHUSTER, a muscular boy in his late teens bursts through the locker room door. He's about 5'8'', everyone around him is much taller (this is true throughout the entire movie). His facial expression shows great sincerity.

GREG (V.O.)

Here I am again. Once again I need to enter the battlefield, working and working, while those other scrawny little motherfuckers in my class are sitting in their bubble. They don't know tough. They don't know shit.

Greg walks up to the dumbbells where an extremely muscular, bodybuilder-type man is doing bicep curls. First, he gets thrown, but then, he says:

GREG

Ha! Fucker's not doing it right!

GREG (V.O.)

Stop. Do not let any distraction get to you. You gotta stay totally focused. I'm not doing it just for fun. I chose to do this at a young age. Maybe too young. But I couldn't sit around with the others in their bubble of safe high school life. I'm glad I couldn't. Cause soon this crazy motherfucker can put the weapon that is his body into action.

For a moment, his sincerity breaks and he chuckles like a little kid, enjoying himself.

GREG (V.O.)

This time, for real stakes. This is about to go down.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY.

The gymnasium is lightly attended. An elderly man, MR. DAVENPORT is sitting in front of a plastic garden table in a plastic garden chair with a loudspeaker. The students are playing ping pong in the room.

MR. DAVENPORT

(sighs)

Welcome. To the seventh annual West Los Angeles High School Table Tennis Tournament.

A shot of Greg waiting in line to play his game, he's really worked up. This is the event he was preparing for in the gym.

GREG

(murmuring to himself and chuckling)

Oh yeah. This is going down now.

MR. DAVENPORT

Annual? We haven't had this fucking shit in four years. How's this annual?

Mr. Davenport catches himself.

MR. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Once again I apologize for cussing into a megaphone in front of children. Just please play some fucking ping pong. Go on.

Greg is about to play ping pong against a nerdy kid. A few other students are standing around, watching.

NERDY KID

All right, Greg, you serve.

Greg is serving. He hits the ball way too hard and it is out.

GREG

Oh yeah. Winning already.

NERDY KID

Hey! It was long!

GREG

What's that now?

NERDY KID

It was long. It has to bounce on my side, dude.

GREG

No it doesn't.

NERDY KID

Yeah. It's the rule.

GREG

That's a dumb rule. Let's not play like that.

NERDY KID

No. You can't do that.

GREG

Oh yes I can! I want to!

BYSTANDER

Wow, what a bitch.

GREG

See? You're being a little bitch!

NERDY KID

Mr. Davenport!

MR. DAVENPORT

(yells from a long
distance)

I don't give a fuck!

NERDY KID

But Mr. Davenport, Greg here is serving long and...

MR. DAVENPORT

Let me assure you, kid. No matter how that sentence ends, I still don't give a fuck. It's ping pong.

GREG

You know what? Give me a ball, I'll play by your retarded rule. Give me the ball, we'll start over.

The nerdy kid tosses a ping pong ball to Greg.

NERDY KID

(sighs)

Fine.

Greg serves again, this time he hits the ball even harder, it's way out.

GREG

Oh, shit!

Everybody starts looking at Greg. He suddenly loses his temper.

GREG (CONT'D)

(whining)

Fuck me, man. Fuck my pussy, now! Please! It's your fucking rule, man! I told you I don't wanna play by that... Just, please, fuck my pussy!

BYSTANDER

Fuck my pussy?

GREG

Shut up! It's an expression!

BYSTANDER

Yeah. An expression that means you want someone to fuck your pussy.

GREG

That is not what it means! Okay?! It has nothing to with my pussy! It means something else, fuck! Dumbass!

Greg throws his racket at the wall, and storms out the gym.

Beat.

NERDY KID

Hey, Jim, you wanna play me?

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY.

Greg and his side-kick, MATT, a tall, skinny class mate of his with long, dark, straightened hair are getting ready for their work-out.

GREG

Hey, Matt, did you see me in the ping-pong tournament yesterday?

MATT

There was a ping pong thing yesterday?

GREG

(chuckles like a kid)
Yeah. One where I beat the shit out of the nerds.

MATT

Yeah, anyways, man can I come over to you tonight? I wanna show you this movie a saw.

Greg is watching himself in the mirror, and miming swinging a ping pong paddle.

GREG

Sure you can. Come.

MATT

You know I'm still fucking jealous your dad just gave you your own place. Jeez, if I ever had a sweet apartment like that of my own, you know what I would do? Bring up every girl I can find. I would go for those horny drunk teenage chicks you see out at night. I'm about to turn eighteen, I only have a few months left till I can't do that legally anymore!

GREG

Yeah, that's awesome, Matt.. That's what I would like to do. Horny teenage chicks (chuckles). I wish.

MATT

Yeah?

GREG

But my dad is hands down coolest for giving me that place.

BEAT.

GREG (CONT'D)
I wonder what he's up to nowadays.
Or my mom for that matter.

Matt frowns.

GREG (CONT'D)
But hey. He sends me good money.
Just to leave him alone. Plus, even
though I don't see him that much,
which is sad, but at least I'm
genuinely cooler than most people
around. Hell. Might even all of the
people around.

Matt sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)
But hey, we can go out hunting for
horny teenagers tonight, right?

MATT
Greg, I was joking, okay? I would
never do that, jeez.

GREG
Oh sorry man.

MATT
It's okay, dude.

Matt pats Greg on the back.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY.

Mr. Davenport is sitting in his plastic garden chair, staring blankly ahead and murmuring the day's history lesson while pointing at random places on the blackboard with a long stick.

MR. DAVENPORT
So on July 11th, 1804 vice
president Aaron Burr and former
Secretary of the Treasury Alexander
Hamilton fought the duel, and the
location, much like the last 30
damn years I've been teaching it,
was the Heights of Weehawken in New
Jersey, a popular dueling ground
below the towering cliffs of the
Palisades...

Greg suddenly raises his hand and stands up.

GREG

Mr. Davenport, I know that denying the holocaust may not be a nice thing, but how could Hitler persecute the Jews when Israel wasn't established till 1948?

Mr. Davenport turns his head, opens his mouth to speak, without saying anything goes back to staring at nothing.

MR. DAVENPORT

...Hamilton and Burr agreed to take the duel to Weehawken because although dueling had been prohibited in both states, New York more aggressively prosecuted the crime. The same site was used for 18 known duels between 1700 and 1845...

NERDY KID

Greg! What you said was very dumb!

GREG

Really?

NERDY KID

The European Jews who survived World War Two founded the state of Israel!

GREG

Oh yeah?

Greg pauses for a while, he doesn't know what to do next, so he flexes his muscles.

Mr. Davenport just keeps murmuring the lesson to himself.

MR. DAVENPORT

...All first-hand accounts of the duel agree that two shots were fired - what a douche! - however, Hamilton and Burr's seconds disagreed on the intervening time between the shots...

NERDY KID

What are you doing? You're flexing?

GREG

(thinks for a second
again)

Yeah!

Nerdy Kid pulls out his smart phone and starts to type.

GREG (CONT'D)

And by the way, I don't know how he could have gone after the gays too, since NSYNC wasn't formed until 1995.

NERDY KID

Here. It took me 30 seconds. Israel's Wikipedia page says the state was founded by European Zionists. Jews who existed in WW 2 very much.

A boy in the class play a rimshot on a drum set on his desk.

GREG

Thank you.

Nerdy Kid shows the phone to Greg who reads it. Long pause.

GREG (CONT'D)

That's great. You can go fuck yourself then.

Greg turns away.

GREG (CONT'D)

Making me pissed here... come on now...

Greg catches Matt looking at him with disapproval. Greg gets scared.

GREG (CONT'D)

What?

INT. MATT'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - EVENING.

Matt, his father (HOWARD) and mother (KITTY) are eating dinner silently at the table. His parents both speak with a heavy Southern accent. KITTY breaks the silence.

KITTY

Howard?

Howard smashes the fork in his hand to the table.

HOWARD

Fuck me! Yes, honey?

KITTY

I was just wondering how your day went, Howard.

HOWARD

Pretty good, I reckon. But I heard our old Matt here had a little fun at school today. History class. Ain't that right?

MATT

Not really, my friend Greg...

Howard swallows very loudly.

MATT (CONT'D)

Yes, dad?

Howard doesn't answer, just looks down.

MATT (CONT'D)

So anyway, Greg kinda said some silly things about you know, the Holocaust.

Howard swallows extremely loudly multiple times.

MATT (CONT'D)

(angrily)

Okay dad, is something wrong?

HOWARD

No, nothing, you know. Just.. You've spent a lot of time with your... friend, Greg.

Matt buries his face into his hands.

MATT

Yes I have.

HOWARD

And I have to say, it's been quite a while since you went out with that last girl you had. And you've been spending a hell of a lot of time with Greg.

MATT

I know.

Matt looks up with confusion in his eyes.

KITTY

Now I admit, he is a handsome fella, that Greg. And there's ain't nothing wrong with noticing that. Hell, sometimes I spend quite some time thinking about how damn fine looking that young fella is.

A shot of Matt putting his head down to the table and covering it his hands.

KITTY (CONT'D)

And there's nothing wrong with that. And yes, some of those times I do like to touch myself here and there. But there is not one thing wrong with that either.

HOWARD

Yeah. My wife is fingering herself to the thought of friend Greg. Ain't nothing wrong with that.

MATT

What the hell is your point?!

Matt's parents are just looking at each other for a while, puzzled.

HOWARD

Look, son, we do love you the way you are but...

Beat.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Fuck me. This is too hard. Hell, shit, fuck.

Howard gets up and leave. Matt looks at his mom angrily.

KITTY

It's all right, hun. I do love you. And your handsome friend Greg.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY.

Greg is packing a few things in his locker. The inside of his locker door has a small mirror on it. As Greg is packing his things, he suddenly notices his own reflection in the mirror. When he does, he pauses for a moment, then puts on a big smile and starts shaking his head. He continues packing then he stops. He's clearly trying not to look in the mirror again. Then he gives up, looks in the mirror again with a big satisfied smile on his face. He suddenly notices something in the hall, he looks up and immediately his face turns startled.

Close up of the girl, HEATHER who Greg just noticed. She's standing alone, browsing through her notes.

Greg nervously walks over to her.

GREG

Hey.

HEATHER

(smiles)

Hey.

Long pause. Heather goes back looking at her notes, Greg doesn't leave.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but what are doing?

Greg thinks for a moment.

GREG

Hey!

HEATHER

(sincerely)

Are you from special ed or something?

Greg starts laughing way too hard.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

So you are. Look.

GREG

(nervously)

No, no, no. You know me. We have algebra together. I'm the real hot guy sitting two seats away from you.

Heather is staring at him.

GREG (CONT'D)

You know, the really REALLY hot guy. You know. The really, really like REALLY...

HEATHER

Please don't say hot guy.

GREG

Shit. I was gonna say hot guy.

Pause. Heather starts reading her notes again, ignoring Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)

Look. What are you into, what are your interests?

HEATHER

(without looking up from her notes)

I like playing the piano.

GREG
 Yeah, piano, yeah. Pretty cool. But
 if you're having sex with real hot
 guys... you know, we can do that
 together sometime...

Heather leaves.

GREG (CONT'D)
 (yelling after Heather
 quickly)
 Can we meet at 10 pm in Pico Union
 on the 18th Street next to Main
 Street? Okay!

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT.

Greg and Matt are waiting on the street corner. Greg is wearing a muscle tee with a necktie and holding a bouquet of flowers.

MATT
 I don't think she's gonna show up,
 Greg.

GREG
 (sighs)
 You're right. I'm sorry you dragged
 you out for this. I don't get it. I
 mean I asked her out.

MATT
 You don't get the concept of a girl
 rejecting someone?

GREG
 Yeah, rejecting someone else I get.
 But, you know: this was ME.

Greg throws away the bouquet of flowers, then takes out the stuffing of the front of his pants and throws that away too. The two friends are starting to walk down the street.

MATT
 What the hell? You seriously think
 you're so damn sexy that...

GREG
 No, no, no. Look. You know who
 Friedrich Nietzsche was?

MATT
 A German philosopher?

Once again Greg reaches into his pants and removes even more stuffing, and a cucumber.

GREG

Exactly. He had this theory about the Übermensch. He thinks that some people just genuinely more awesome than the others. They're the "ubermensch". And they should be in charge of the others.

Matt gives Greg a quizzical look.

GREG (CONT'D)

Now, when I heard that when I sat in the wrong room in school and accidentally went to a lame-ass philosophy class, something hit me. Like, hey, I am genuinely cooler than most people. Hell, I might even be cooler than ALL of them. And now I see why. It all made sense to me. But then sometimes shit like this happens - like that Heather girl stood me up - and it makes me question everything.

MATT

Are you for real? What's wrong with you?

GREG

You know how hard it is to deal with the insecurity that you may not be much cooler than everyone else?!

MATT

Look, Greg. I really like you. I do. And I like to hang out with you. You can be pretty fun when we're alone. But some guys at school think you're a douchebag. Like right now. And now I see what might be the problem. Look. Maybe it's time that you rethink...

A shot of Greg, who is thinking really hard about what he's hearing. Suddenly a gun shot and shouts are heard.

GREG

What the fuck was that?

Greg is starting to run in the sounds' direction. Matt is running after him.

MATT

Where you going, Greg?! Are you crazy?!

When Greg reaches an a enue, he sees some MS-13 gangsters running away from the armed members of the 18th Street Gang.

Greg stops at the end of the street, so Matt catches up with him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Are you out of my mind?! What the hell are you planning on doing?!

GREG

I know I'm ubermensch, Matt. Recently I had some doubts, but now I'm gonna prove to myself and everybody. It is my responsibility, as an ubercool person, to intervene and stop this fight!

MATT

What?!

GREG

It's time to put the weapon that is my body into action. (chuckles)

Greg dashes off to the fight. Suddenly, somebody grabs Greg and he pushes him down to the ground. It was an 18th Street gangster.

18TH STREET GANGSTER #1

The fuck you think you doing, homie?

Greg gets frightened so he kicks the gangster as hard as he can in the face. The gangster yells. The other 18th Street Gangsters notice that, one with a handgun takes a shot at Greg but misses by little.

GREG

Wow! Lick my pussy! Please! Tickle my clitoris!

Greg jumps up and runs away frightened. Three of the 18th Street gangsters start chasing him.

A rather lengthy sequence of - now only two - gangsters chasing Greg through the streets of downtown Los Angeles.

Greg suddenly takes a turn and runs into a street causing the two chasers to lose sight of him for a while. Greg uses this time to climb up a fire escape ladder as high as he can.

When the gang members come after him in the street, they can't see him and run past him. Greg climbs down the ladder, relieved and starts running a little slower in the opposite direction.

But then, suddenly the third gangster, who initially went after him appears in a car and tries to run him over, but Greg jumps away the last second. The car crashes.

Greg bolts away while the gangster is getting out of the crashed vehicle, runs into another street and starts trying to open the trunks of the parked cars. Finally, he finds one that opens, climbs into it and closes it. The gangster can't find him and eventually runs off.

A shot of Greg quivering in the trunk of the car. All of a sudden, there's loud knocking on the trunk. Greg gets scared to death. The trunk opens. Turns out, it's Matt.

MATT

Hey.

GREG

(breathing heavily)

Dude.

Greg gets out of the trunk. Matt slaps him in the back of his head.

MATT

What the fuck did you just do?!

Greg is patting down the side of his pants.

GREG

I just lost my fucking wallet.

MATT

You almost lost your fucking life.
Quick, we gotta get out here.

Matt and Greg starts running. They arrive at a busy avenue. Greg has somewhat calmed down already.

GREG

It's those dumbasses fault. If they'd known I'm ubermench they wouldn't have gone after me the first place.

Matt looks at Greg with confusion.

GREG (CONT'D)

What?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY.

Greg is fixing his hair in the mirror on his locker door. Matt is standing next to him, annoyed.

MATT

Greg, for heaven's sake, you're being a dumbass again.

GREG

Hey remember last night, when those fucking gangsters chased me?

MATT

Yeah I remember, they almost killed you, okay? Really, that doesn't really faze you at all, does it?

GREG

Of course it does, it fucking sucked. It made me think I might not be that cool. But wait till you see me in this talent show.

MATT

But you don't have any talent. At all.

GREG

Yeah unlike you, who has the God-given gift of walking our with shitty hair all day. Come on. I said wait till you see. Wish me luck man.

Greg hugs his fiend and walks off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY.

The auditorium is empty, only the four judges are present to evaluate the try-outs for the upcoming talent show. The judges are sitting behind a desk, facing the podium.

JUDGE #1

Next in line, you can come in.

Greg enters the room and steps on the stage.

JUDGE #1 (CONT'D)

Hello there. Name?

GREG

Greg Shuster.

JUDGE #1

All right, Greg. What is your talent?

GREG

I am really cool.

JUDGE #1
I bet you are. What's your
performance going to be?

GREG
I just told you.

Judge #1 is looking around confused.

JUDGE #2
Look, why don't you start.

GREG
I believe I already did.

JUDGE #2
Oh. Well, then.

Greg is starting to flex.

JUDGE #2 (CONT'D)
Okay, now you're flexing. Pretty
good.

Greg is doing weird jerking moves with his upper arm muscles.

JUDGE #2 (CONT'D)
I don't what the hell that is. But
still pretty good.

JUDGE #3
I'm sorry, what is your talent
again?

GREG
I'm cool.

JUDGE #1
You're an asshole.

JUDGE #2
Marge! No, no that is pretty cool.
Continue.

GREG
I never stopped. I mean, being
cool.

JUDGE #2
Okay, okay. Now that was kind of
asshole-y. I give you that, Marge.

GREG
So, I like fingered that girl last
night.

JUDGE #1
What?! Ew. Jesus!

JUDGE #2

Now, Marge that is pretty cool again. You have to give it to him when it's due. Just go, on, son.

GREG

So we were behind that 7-11, with a couple of buddies, drinking, and this chick was there, So I says to her, I live alone, which is true, my dad bought me this cool apartment, so...

JUDGE #4

I am sorry to interrupt, I sort of zoned out, is this a monologue, like and acting piece of some sort?

GREG

About fingering that girl? No, it's just, I'm cool.

JUDGE #4

Wait, what?

JUDGE #1

Look, Greg, I have to end this. You're not going to make the cut, okay. There's no way we're letting you perform at our talent show with this thing, whatever it's supposed to be.

GREG

Okay, I mean that's cool.

Greg starts to walk off stage.

GREG (CONT'D)

So, how are you gonna contact me?

JUDGE #1

We won't.

GREG

Cool.

Greg is leaving the auditorium.

JUDGE #2

I don't think he actually fingered that chick. He was just bullshitting.

JUDGE #1

Oh, no kidding.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

We hear sounds that appear to be Greg having sex, coming from his bedroom.

GREG
Oh yeah, baby. Come on. That's hot.
You're so hot.

A shot of Greg's bedroom, where it is revealed that Greg was actually doing push-ups by himself.

Greg hears the sounds of somebody moving around in his living room. He gets scared.

GREG (CONT'D)
Hello? Who is it?

No answer, but the noises don't stop.

GREG (CONT'D)
Are, are you a chick? Cause that'd
be kinda cool.

Still no answer, but the sounds are getting louder.

GREG (CONT'D)
Look, if you're a chick, I think
you should just like drop your
panties or what not and then we
could have sex because I think
you'd like...

Suddenly an 18th Street Gangster, TERMITE bursts into Greg's room.

TERMITE
No. Thanks!

GREG
That's okay, man. Calm down.
Please.

18th Street Gangster jumps over to Greg, grabs him and pushes him against the wall.

18TH STREET GANGSTER
Calm down? Calm down?! Listen up,
homoboy, I don't know who the fuck
made you get in on our fight, but
you sure made easy to whoop your
ass for it, your dumb ass left your
wallet behind with your dumbass
name and address and everything.

Termite pulls out Greg's wallet with one hand while still holding him against the wall with the other hand, then throws the wallet away.

GREG
 (scared to death)
 You, you got my wallet. Thanks.

Termite starts strangling Greg.

TERMITE
 Shut up asswipe! I had enough of yo
 bitch ass! You gonna die now!

The gangster keeps strangling Greg who doesn't have enough breath to scream anymore. Suddenly police sirens are heard from outside the house. Termite comes up to the window, looks out and sees an armed police woman enter the building.

18TH STREET GANGSTER
 Shit! How?

He lets go of Greg and climbs out the window. Greg falls down on the floor and stays lying there, recovering from the shock. Soon a POLICE WOMAN enters.

POLICE WOMAN
 Are you all right, kid?

GREG
 Oh a chick! Now we're talking.

POLICE WOMAN
 All right. You know that person that attacked you was a member of the 18th Street Gang. It's very unusual that we notice any gang activity here, so when we spotted him, we immediately started following. Looks like he has come SPECIFICALLY for you. Is that possible?

GREG
 Well. I'm not sure.

POLICE WOMAN
 We'll take you to the station for a quick interrogation.

INT. INSIDE OF A POLICE CAR - NIGHT.

The Police Woman is driving Greg (who's in the back seat) and another officer to the police station.

POLICE WOMAN
 Look, Greg, -is it?-, I don't know how much you noticed, but the gang crime situation got completely out of hand here in LA.
 (MORE)

POLICE WOMAN (CONT'D)

One of the gangs, the 18th Street, got some new leader. No-one knows who he really is. He operates from the civil world. The thing is, he's not like anyone who we ever saw before. You think downtown Los Angeles was a tough neighborhood before? This man turned it into a civil war Africa. It's insane. All we know is his street name. Black Dildo.

GREG

That's not funny.

POLICE WOMAN

Hey, fuck you! It's kind of funny.

GREG

Oh yeah!

POLICE MAN

Yeah, it's very subtle comedy, but if you think about it, you'll get it.

GREG

Oh yeah! (chuckles)

POLICE WOMAN

And you know, he's also like this crazy mass murderer, with a name like that. That makes it funnier.

Greg is laughing hard with the Police Man.

POLICE WOMAN (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Yeah, and it looks like he's after you, Greg!

GREG

Oh fuck! (chuckles)

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

Greg is sitting at a desk in a poorly lit room. The Police Man is standing near by, the Captain is sitting on the desk. They just finished questioning him about his incident with the gang; the Police Man is holding a notebook where he wrote down the information.

POLICE CAPTAIN

So you're saying that then you hid in a trunk of a parked car for a while, till your friend Matt came and rescued you, right?

GREG

Yes sir.

POLICE CAPTAIN

And you also claim that the reason
you decided to break up the fight
is because...

Police Captain takes the Police Man's notes and reads it off
confused.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

... you think you're so cool you're
"Ubermensch" and thus it is your
responsibility to keep order?

GREG

Yes sir.

Beat.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Yeah okay. I mean, that's retarded,
but you know, fine with me. Look,
what we're going to do here is,
we're gonna put you in a witness
protection program.

Another police man, OFFICER CUESTA enters.

OFFICER CUESTA

I'm sorry Captain, Matt Stoey wants
to speak with the kid right now. He
claims he's a close acquaintance.

GREG

Yeah, I called him. He's my best
friend!

Police Captains signals to Officer Cuesta to let Matt in.

OFFICER #1

Come on in, Matt.

Matt enters.

MATT

Greg, man, what the hell? Are you
okay?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Your friend here got himself into a
lot of trouble. One of the most
vicious killers in LA history is
trying to kill him specifically.

MATT

What? How the fuck did you manage to do that?

GREG

Matt, have you heard of Friedrich Nietzsche?

MATT

Oh, for fuck's sake shut up.

POLICE MAN

The guy's name Black Dildo by the way.

Matt raises his eyebrows.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Look. We're going to place your friend somewhere where he's safe. It's our witness protection program. You don't have to worry, we'll take care of him.

MATT

Where you're gonna take him?

GREG

Oh I'm not going.

MATT

WHAT?!

POLICE CAPTAIN

Yeah, kid, what?

GREG

I don't need your pussy-ass protection program. I'm cooler than that.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Hey! Our program is not pussy-ass! Asshole!

GREG

No, no, no. Come on, I can take this guy. I don't need to go with witness protection program. That's what a pussy would do.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Let me assure you, our program is working flawlessly. The last three witnesses we've placed somewhere for the sake of their own safety are all doing just fine.

He takes a folder out of a drawer.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Here's Joey Willow.

A shot of a picture of a giant nerd looking really scared on the file the Police Captain's showing Greg.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
And here's Richard Mann. He's doing just fine.

A shot of an extremely effeminate man on the Captain's file.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
And of course Rose Pussywhip.

A shot of a tiny Jewish man.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Interestingly, he was not involved in any criminal case at all. Just a Puerto Rican family moved in the next street, and he begged us to hide him somewhere in Florida.

GREG
See? I'm not doing it. I'm a cool guy. I wanna fight back.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Listen, kid-o. If you're willing to go along with us, we might be able to get you our own apartment. Isn't that cool?

GREG
Guess what. I already have my own apartment. And yeah, my dad or mom doesn't even come around to see me, okay? My dad just sends money. So there's that.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Well, that's sad. And I'm not willing to argue about this! To hell with all of this crap! There's a mad mass murderer out there, we have no idea where he is, or who he actually might be, and I'm here trying to convince some douche to let me save his life! Enough already! We're taking you out of LA with the witness protection program, and that's it. Come on now!

GREG

Well I ain't going! I'm not gonna be some little douche who's fleeing his city! I'm way cooler than that! I wanna get him! I wanna get Black Dildo!

OFFICER CUESTA

Captain, if I may suggest something unconventional. We've been having some problem with our undercover operation. See, most of the 18th Street gangsters are familiar with the officers working in the LAPD. I don't know if we could find anyone in our unit who would not seem suspicious to the members of the gang members. But if we send a teenage boy in, no-one will suppose he's really an undercover police officer.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Are you crazy? The gang is after him! They know who he is!

OFFICER CUESTA

We can mask him. He'd be still less suspicious than one of our grown guys wanting to suddenly join the gang.

POLICE CAPTAIN

That idea is fucking stupid. Let me think for a while so I can actually point out why, but it's just fucking stupid.

GREG

Come on Captain! I can pull that shit off! I'm cool enough to do that!

POLICE CAPTAIN

I don't about that kid.

GREG

Hey! I'm tired of your bitch ass Captain!

Police Captain gets angry.

POLICE CAPTAIN

You know what, Cuesta? With the way this gang situation is going, we might just have to think outside the box. To hell with it, let's do it!

MATT

Well I'm going with him!

POLICE CAPTAIN

Hell, that's not any more stupid!
Let's get the whole fucking
kindergarten class on the mission
of stopping the most vicious
criminal in the city history!

GREG

Oh yeah!

POLICE CAPTAIN

Cuesta, you're in charge of this
shit.

INT. MATT'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - EVENING.

Once again, Matt is having dinner silently with his parents,
Howard and Kitty.

MATT

Mom, dad, can't I have dinner in my
room for once?

KITTY

No, honey, we're sharing a family
moment now.

MATT

But this clearly sucks. I mean, we
barely even talk.

HOWARD

You tell me? But I'm not
complaining! I'm taking it and
having a gentle family moment like
a man!

The family keeps eating in silence.

KITTY

Are you gonna come visit your
grannie tomorrow, Matt honey?

MATT

I don't know, mom. I'm kinda busy.

KITTY

Busy doing what?

MATT

Well, I have to stop this new,
crazy gang leader. I won't even be
home for a while.

Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)
I'm doing it with Greg.

HOWARD
WHAT?!

MATT
Oh, shit. Not again. Look, dad, I'm not gay.

HOWARD
(terrified)
He said the g-word! He said the g-word!

KITTY
(whispering to Matt, but Howard's clearly hearing it)
Look, hun, if you wanna have fun with your little friend you don't have to go all the way and back. How bout just some of what I call "bunny humps"?

MATT
(almost crying)
Bunny humps?

HOWARD
No! No bunny humps! Enough!

KITTY
(keeps whispering)
That's when you just take your little "boner" and rub it up all against your friend's body.

Matt looks horrified. He's speechless.

KITTY (CONT'D)
Let me show you, dear.

Kitty brings forth a notebook with a drawn sketch of Greg doing what she just described to her.

MATT
Holy fuck, mom! You have this?

KITTY
(whispering)
See how fun it is? Just rubbin' rubbin' and poking him with that boner. No sex. Innocent.

HOWARD

Why the fuck would you keep
whispering, woman? I can see the
damn picture!

KITTY

(whispering)

If it's just not clear enough, just
here, look at this.

Kitty brings forth a animated flip book of Greg "bunny
hopping" her, starts turning the pages, so it gets animated.

Beat.

The Stoey family goes back to eating dinner in awkward
silence.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Matt is lying alone in his bed. He turns to the side. When he
turns back, Greg appears next to him.

MATT

Greg, man. What is it?

GREG

I'm nervous about the gang thing
you know. I'm really not sure if I
can pull it off.

MATT

That's okay. I mean, you don't have
to. You know you can go with the
witness protection program.

GREG

I don't about that. I think I'm
tougher than that. I think I'm.
Pretty. Damn. Tough.

As Greg is speaking, he's moving closer and closer to Matt's
lips, going for a kiss.

Matt suddenly wakes up in his bed. He looks horrified.

GREG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bad dream?

MATT

Yeah.

Greg is still laying in Matt's bed by his side.

GREG

Wanna make out then?

Greg and Matt starts making out. Matt stops.

MATT

No, no, no, This doesn't feel right.

Beat.

MATT (CONT'D)

But I bet THIS will.

Matt is going for Greg's penis to give him fellatio.

Matt suddenly wakes up again, just as shaken. Greg is lying next to him in a women's lingerie.

GREG

What, another gay dream with me?

MATT

Yeah.

GREG

That sucks. Wanna talk about it?

MATT

Oh, I'm not falling for that. Other gay stuff will happen if I do.

GREG

No, dude. Promise. No gay stuff.

MATT

Then what's with your lingerie?!

GREG

Don't worry about that. This is what I sleep in.

MATT

Not in the other two dreams you didn't!

GREG

See? Those dreams were gay. This is the straight me.

MATT

Well, okay. So these dreams are all new and very disturbing to me. My dad has been breaking my balls over hanging out with you, and I didn't think it was anything until... Wait, what are you doing?

GREG

Me? Nothing.

Matt lifts up the blanket he's covered with and underneath it is another Greg in the same lingerie sucking on his penis.

MATT

What? How?

THE OTHER GREG

It's your gay dream, dude. Don't look at me.

GREG

Oh yeah.

MATT

I gotta get out of here!

Matt jumps up from his bed and runs up to his bedroom door. When he opens it, two Gregs are feeling each other up in the hallway.

GREG

Hey man, you wanna get in on this, or just watch?

Matt runs past them screaming. He runs to the bathroom.

INT. MATT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Matt opens the door, this time three Gregs are having sex.

GREG

Oh hey. You like this one better or what?

Matt just stands there shocked and horrified. His dad appears behind him.

HOWARD

Matt, what are you doing in there?

Howard notices the three Gregs having sex.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh Matt. I didn't know you were this big of a fag!

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Matt wakes up once again. He's sweating and shaking heavily. He sits up, looks around, no gay Gregs in the room. He falls back down on his bed, crestfallen.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY.

Matt is waiting outside an office. The door opens.

POLICE MAN

Matt Stoey? Come in please.

Matt goes into the office where Officer Cuesta, Police Captain and the Police Man are sitting.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Look, kid. We appreciate you're doing this with your friend. I know it's dangerous, but you would be doing your city a huge favor.

OFFICER CUESTA

Yes, and we also understand that this is a very unusual method. But frankly, we're really running out of options here. The death toll caused by this Dildo is now up to over 500. Within just a couple weeks.

Matt swallows loudly.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Because of this mission, you may have to repeat your senior year in high school. But we are trying to make it worthwhile. If you do succeed, as a reward, we, the LAPD are going to contribute a little something to your and you friend's college funds. We were thinking about 25,000 dollars. Each.

The police men are waiting for Matt's reaction. Nothing.

MATT

Yeah. Do you think it's gay to get blown by another man?

Officer Cuesta and Police Captain look at each other.

OFFICER CUESTA

Yes, Matt. That's pretty damn gay.

MATT

Yeah but neither of us are gay!

OFFICER CUESTA

No, Matt. Sounds like you're pretty damn gay.

MATT

Yeah but it was just a dream! It happened in my dream.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Well who gives a fuck then. Little homo. Can we get to the case already? Cuesta!

OFFICER CUESTA

Yes sir. So, first step in our mission was to disguise your friend, Greg. Now, we know he has come in contact with some members of the gang, so we had to go pretty extreme. Greg, come in please!

Greg comes in. He's made into an African-American boy. When Matt sees him, he's completely mesmerized by his new looks.

GREG

Yo.

OFFICER CUESTA

See, that's the kind of commitment to character we expect from you!

GREG

Yo yo yo.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Cuesta, for crying out loud, just stay on point. This is complicated enough as it is.

OFFICER CUESTA

Okay. Listen carefully, boys. We interrogated some of the members of the gang we managed to arrest. Thing is, it's not easy to actually meet with Black Dildo even for his own people. He only deals with his closest advisors personally. But: you can do something extraordinary to earn his personal congratulations.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Now, for the sake of this mission you are allowed to engage in illegal activities. If necessary. You're going to be accounted for everything you did.

GREG

Man, I'm black ten minutes the cops are already up my ass!

OFFICER CUESTA

Great job, Greg.

Greg salutes.

OFFICER CUESTA (CONT'D)

Now back to the plan. The least violent way to stand out would be drug sale. You'll do outstandingly well at that after a while. Especially that the ones who purchase the drugs will be us and we'll hold on to the goods as evidence.

MATT

Quick question about the drugs!

OFFICER CUESTA

Yes, Matt.

MATT

Wanting to nibble another man's black nipples. Now is THAT gay?

OFFICER CUESTA

Yes. So, we are going to put a tracker on you. We're gonna give you a few days to integrate into the gang before we start the drug scheme. Then, you are going to sell, in smaller pieces, \$15 000 worth of cocaine over the course of few weeks. Got it? That's gonna get the gang directors' attention, you're gonna ask them to meet with the leader for your compliments from him, and then - boom! You'll send us a signal, we'll locate you with our tracker, and we're immediately moving in with the forces.

GREG

We understand, sir.

POLICE MAN

Yeah, I got a question over here too. Meeting a homosexual person in a bathhouse for homosexuals, then taking him up to a hotel room, smearing that person's testicles with some chocolate cream, subsequently licking it off, and subsequently ejaculating from the experience. Now, is that gay?

OFFICER CUESTA

Yeah. Yes, people, all these things are fucking gay! Holy shit! What's going on here?

POLICE MAN
Yeah, thought so.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY.

Matt and Greg have been dressed in loose fitting clothes. Greg is masked black. They are playing street hockey on the road. Greg plays goalie, Matt scores against him.

GREG
(angrily)
Oh bitch! Suck on my tits!

MATT
What's that now?

GREG
You know it's an expression! Don't start it dude. You can't fucking score like that and you know it.

MATT
What are you talking about?

GREG
Frankly, I had enough with this fucking mission. I'm starting to get pissed already. I may just quit, I've tried enough.

MATT
They've spent hours making you up black and then we played street hockey.

GREG
I know. It's hard.

A DRUG DEALER from the 18th Street Gang, wearing all blue and black approaches the boys.

DRUG DEALER
Hey man, just come over here for a sec.

Greg and Matt leave their equipment on the road and go over to him.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
You seem like two pretty cool guys. How about having some real fun, huh?

He pulls out a bag of crack cocaine.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
What do you say boys?

GREG

That's pretty cool.

MATT

Yeah, but actually we're looking for a little more fun than that. We see your colors. We've been hanging around this neighborhood recently a lot, I think we know where you come from. We wanna join the 18th Street Gang.

DRUG DEALER

We are recruiting constantly. But this is not my responsibility. I just sell stuff. Follow me.

EXT. THE STREETS IN FRONT OF A WAREHOUSE - DAY.

The members of the 18th Street Gang are hanging out in front of an old warehouse. The recruiting director, PAPI, a fat Mexican man is among them. The Drug Dealer with Greg and Matt show up.

DRUG DEALER

Yo Papi, I got two guys right here. They wanna join. They're new in the hood.

PAPI

Oh hey my friends. How are you?

DRUG DEALER

Meet Papi. He's one of a recruiting directors.

MATT

Hello sir.

GREG

Wait, he's Mexican. I thought the 18th Street Gang are black. Like me, yo.

PAPI

No, no, no my friend. Actually, we started out with just Mexicans. But now we people of all races. Black, Mexican, white, like your friend here. We even got a tiny old Jew with us.

A shot of Gilbert Gottfried dressed up as a gangster. (He's the exceptional character who's shorter than Greg).

GANGSTA GILBERT

What up homies?

PAPI

See? Now why you wanna join?

GREG

We dropped out of school in our old hood. Our folks weren't happy about it so we just decided to hit the road and try to join a gang.

PAPI

And what are your names?

MATT

I'm Matt.

PAPI

You don't have to give us your real name my friend. What's your street name?

MATT

It's G? Matt G?

GREG

And I'm Greg, uhm, G, I guess.

GANGSTA GILBERT

Now, Greg G and Matt G you may think that gang life is all about bitches and hoes and the money you make selling base but you have to understand the less glamorous side. The tough side.

GREG

Actually, we heard about your new leader. I heard it's been going pretty good for you guys recently.

PAPI

Yes, my friend. Ever since Black Dildo took over things have got crazy. We kick ass 24/7.

As Papi's talking, Matt zones out and just stares and Greg's ass.

PAPI (CONT'D)

We're the strongest gang in all of LA by now, and the others are starting to fear us. They don't even fight back as much.

GANGSTA GILBERT

So joining us may be a wise choice for you.

PAPI

So, you wanna do this?

MATT

One question. Wanting pinch another guy's tight delicious booty, is that gay?

GANGSTA GILBERT

Yes, wanting to pinch another guy's tight, delicious booty is in fact very gay.

MATT

Then we're in.

PAPI

Good, good, good. Now if you don't mind, just to see if you got what it takes, we've got a couple of 6'6'' big black guys who are gonna beat the shit out of you as initiation my friends.

GREG

Wait! No! That's not cool!

A couple of big black men grab Greg and Matt and take them into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING.

Matt and Greg are lying on the floor, beat up. Papi with the big black men come in.

PAPI

Looks like you passed the test my friends.

TERMITE

Well the skinny white one took it like a man. But I don't know about the other. The black one.

GREG

What are talking about? I took it like a man!

TERMITE

Yeah. Like a big pussy of a man.

GREG

Come on, I'm still here! I still wanna join!

PAPI

With the expansion of our gang we need new friends like you, my friends. I made my decision: we're taking you both.

TERMITE

Man, I never seen anyone cry like that, and I raped white girls.

Matt looks at him terrified.

TERMITE (CONT'D)

Nah, I'm just foolin'. Come on now, just trying you cheer you up. We play like that. You'll get used to it.

EXT. THE STREETS IN FRONT OF A WAREHOUSE - DAY.

The 18th Street gangsters are drinking and hanging out in front of their graffitied old warehouse. Rap music plays in the background.

Matt and Greg are standing apart from their group, silently. Two of the gangsters come over to them.

SHORTY MAC

Hey man, what you doing just standing around over there?

JOHNNY JOHN

Yeah new guys, wanna play cards or something?

Greg and Matt are just staring at them, scared.

SHORTY MAC

Kay, I'm Shorty Mac. And this is my man Johnny John.

After a long time of staring, Matt answers.

MATT

It's Matt. G. And this my man, Greg. G.

JOHNNY JOHN

All right, guys, just feel free to come over and chill with us.

Greg waves Matt a step further away and whispers to his ears.

GREG

Dude, I forgot which black guy voice I did.

MATT

What? You weren't doing any black guy voice.

GREG

Was it Cosby? I think it was Cosby.

MATT

No, please.

GREG

(doing the Cosby voice)
Well, you see, we be chillin' with yo ass in sec dawg.

Beat.

SHORTY MAC

Wow. That's one bad-ass Cosby impression!

JOHNNY JOHN

I've never even seen anyone do Cosby before! This is amazing!

SHORTY MAC

Yeah, you guys are fly. Just come join us.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING.

Matt and Greg eventually come over to the rest of the gang members. Shorty Mac notices that, walks up to them and puts his arm around Greg's shoulder.

SHORTY MAC

Aii, listen up, people! Let me introduce to you the new guys we got, this here is my man Greg G, and right there's my other man, Matt G.

MATT

Hey, fellas.

SHORTY MAC

All right, you already met me, Shorty Mac and Johnny John, now as for the others, there's Mandingo, over there is Justin Slayer, next to him is my man Brian Pumper...

Matt knits his eyebrows.

SHORTY MAC (CONT'D)

Mr. Marcus indahouse, Rico Strong...

MATT
(to Greg)
Dude, this is weird.

GREG
What?

MATT
All of these guys are named after
male porn stars.

GREG
Oh yeah? Wait, how do you know
that?

SHORTY MAC
Guys, guys, what are you talking
about?

MATT
It's nothing, really. Go on,
please.

SHORTY MAC
Pay attention then. I'm introducing
you, kinda rude. So there's Erik
Everhard, Dick Long...

MATT
Oh come on!

JOHNNY JOHN
Yo, for real, what's your problem?

Matt clears his throat, he's uncomfortable.

MATT
Well, I just find it strange, that
you, you guys all have the names of
male porn stars.

JOHNNY JOHN
I mean, what?

SHORTY MAC
I don't have the name of no gay
porn star! And how do you know
anyway?

MATT
They're not GAY porn stars, they're
male porn stars. That doesn't mean
they act in gay porn.

JOHNNY JOHN
How you know so much about gay
porn? You gay?

MATT

No!

Matt glances at Greg.

MATT (CONT'D)

I mean, I think I'm not.

SHORTY MAC

Well, till you figure it out,
there's two other men left here:
James Dean and Ron Jeremy.

MATT

See? James Dean, he's famous even!
And kind of looks like Greg,
actually...

GREG

Oh yeah!

JOHNNY JOHN

Enough with is non-sense, aight?
But let me warn you: this hood may
be too tough for some fairy!

GREG

Hey! That is not a nice thing to
say!

SHORTY MAC

Come on, I mean, forget all this.
When I met these guys, I thought
they fly. And I don't see any
reason to change my mind, okay?
Either way, boys, welcome to the
gang.

MONTAGE

-Greg and Matt are blending in with the gang, they're being
accepted. Greg even wins big at rolling the dice. The montage
is set to rap music.

END MONTAGE,

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING.

Some gangsters are working out in the warehouse, while Greg
and Matt are just standing by, mingling with the others.

SHORTY MAC

Hey man, I gotta tell you, for new
guys, you're pretty cool to hang
out with.

GREG

Oh yeah! I noticed that too!

SHORTY MAC

Things are gonna get tougher
though, soon you'll get your first
task you gotta carry out.

GREG

Don't worry, Shorty. It's all gonna
be cool.

Johnny John comes over to the three guys.

JOHNNY JOHN

Hey guys, we're gonna go out at
have a nice little drive-by
shooting at the MS-13-ers, you
wanna come?

Matt and Greg do not know what to answer, they look at each
other. They notice the heavy arms the gangsters are carrying
which frightens them.

SHORTY MAC

You know they're not ready for that
yet, Jon. Come on.

Shorty Mac turns to the boys.

SHORTY MAC (CONT'D)

You stay here in the warehouse.
We're gonna go out and you know,
slaughter some people.

GREG

All right man. You take care.

Shorty Mac and Johnny John walk off.

GREG (CONT'D)

You know Matt, for mass murderers,
they're really nice people.

MATT

Yeah, apart from the slaughtering
people, they're all right. What are
we gonna do, Greggy? We barely know
anyone who stayed here.

GREG

We can make new friends. How about
meeting some chicks? Hey, I'mma try
and pick up a chick. (chuckles)

Greg walks up to a six-foot, muscular black woman in very
high heels.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey. Ba-by? I mean, girl. Or you know. Bitch.

TALL BLACK LADY

I'm horny. How about some fucking?

Greg gets terrified.

GREG

All right.

Tall black lady grabs Greg by the arm and drags him into a rest room. They go in, shot the door, while the camera stays on the closed door. A few seconds later we hear Greg's deadly scream, then Tall Black Lady comes out, unfazed. Matt sees this, and warily walks into the rest room.

INT. REST ROOM AT THE WAREHOUSE - EVENING.

Greg is lying on the floor, in shock.

MATT

Hey, Greg?

Greg tries to answer but no words, just groans come out.

MATT (CONT'D)

Greg, are you alright, buddy?

A close-up of Greg's face, completely emotionless, while one tear drop runs down on his face.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT.

Greg, Papi, Shorty Mac and Johnny John are in a dark, empty street.

PAPI

All right, my dear friend, Greg G. The few days of assimilation have passed. Now it's time for you to perform your first task.

SHORTY MAC

Yeah. But don't you worry man, you're gonna pull it off, you're cool.

GREG

Oh yeah, that's what I was gonna say.

PAPI

See that guy? He lives alone, and he always comes home late from work on Mondays. You're gonna have to mug him, and take his leather jacket.

GREG

Not a problem, sir.

Greg starts walking off, Papi grabs him and pulls him back.

PAPI

I haven't given you your knife yet.

GREG

It's okay, I can handle it.

Papi lets go off Greg, so he can run up to the man with the leather jacket.

Greg approaches him, then stops, confused - he doesn't know what to do.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey.

Greg punches Man with Leather Jacket in the testicles who falls.

MAN WITH LEATHER JACKET

What the fuck?!

GREG

I am mugging you!

MAN WITH LEATHER JACKET

You're MUGGING me?!

GREG

Oh yeah!

Greg runs back to Papi and the others.

PAPI

How'd it go my friend?

GREG

I mugged the dick.

SHORTY MAC

It looked like you just hit him in the balls.

GREG

Well you didn't give me a knife!

PAPI

I tried to my friend. Where's the leather jacket?

GREG

Shit.

Greg takes the knife, holds it up and runs back to Man with Leather Jacket. The man's on his cell phone.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey, who are calling?

MAN WITH LEATHER JACKET

The police, dumbass!

GREG

Oh I see.

Greg is just standing there with his knife in his hand while the man is on the phone.

INT. OFFICER CUESTA'S OFFICE - DAY.

Officer Cuesta is sitting at his desk, Greg is in a chair facing him.

OFFICER CUESTA

Greg.

GREG

How'd you know it was me?

OFFICER CUESTA

The description said, black male, late teens-early twenties, 5'8'' - sounds very white.

GREG

Oh yeah, that is me.

OFFICER CUESTA

So Greg, I wanted to talk to you anyway, thing is, I've been catching a lot of flak for sending you and your friend undercover.

Greg looks surprised.

OFFICER CUESTA (CONT'D)

You can't imagine, all the time just "I can't believe you're letting that douche handle that thing" "How come that spoiled prick has anything to do with our unit" and "I don't even think he's that hot".

A shot of Greg just looking ahead blankly, trying not to show his annoyance.

OFFICER CUESTA (CONT'D)

That is what I get all the time.
And I don't see you making any
progress with our plan, you haven't
even started on the set-up drug
sales thing.

GREG

Oh yeah, sorry about that.

OFFICER CUESTA

If you or your friend want to just
get out of this whole mess, you can
tell me. There won't be many people
arguing for keeping you in. You
really just have to say. Damn it
Greg, are you listening?

GREG

Oh yeah. What did you bring me in
here to do, sir?

OFFICER CUESTA

What I want to say is, Greg, I do
not want to give up on you that
easily. But I am putting the
tracker on you right now. We're
gonna monitor you from now on.

A Police Man enters.

POLICE MAN

Sir, the boy's father is here to
see him.

GREG

What the fuck? How?

OFFICER CUESTA

Yes. We thought aside from just
informing your dad, the two you
want to talk to you in person about
what you're doing.

GREG

I doubt he wants that. But okay.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY.

Greg's father, NORM is waiting for Greg to come out. Greg
enters.

NORM

What the H? I thought they want me to come for one of my white sons.

GREG

No, dad, it's me, Greg. Wait? I have a black brother?

NORM

No, that you know, what I know of. That's why I got scared. But it's okay, turns out just one of my white sons turned black. But you know, that's fine. I don't really give a shit about that.

GREG

Dad, please! I'm scared! They're sending me undercover into a gang, I really want to do it, but I'm not sure if I can!

NORM

Yeah, I understand, that is pretty scary stuff there. But I gotta tell you, I really don't worry about you, you grew up to be a strong, brave, colored gentleman.

GREG

No, dad! But I really just wanna get out of this. Can't I come live with you for a while?

NORM

Live with me? Oh no! I mean, I mean it would be nice and everything, but my apartment is kind of you know, cramped, lately. I've been buying a lot of... HATS! Yeah, it's all full of hats, so not much space there. Plus I occasionally fuck some ladies there, sometimes more than one at the time, so... they wouldn't like you there. But hey, high five!

Norm puts his hand up for a high five, but Greg doesn't go for it, just puts his head down sadly.

NORM (CONT'D)

Come on, Georgie, nothing to be sad about there.

Norm hugs his son.

NORM (CONT'D)

Really, really. You can handle that gang thing, whatever it is. Hey! Just be yourself, okay!

GREG

You think I can do it?

NORM

Oh yeah, sure! Can do anything that you know, PUT YOUR MIND TO: I've always told you that.

GREG

Oh yeah, I remember you telling me that when I was little!

Norm lets go of Greg.

NORM

See, you're gonna be all right. Now go back there and kick ass, son.

GREG

Thanks, dad!

Greg leaves.

NORM

(yelling after Greg)
Yeah, and if the next time I'll see you, you'll be a dirty chinaman, I'll fucking disown your ass in a second!

An Asian officer passes by him, Norm waves hello to him.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - EVENING.

The 18th Street Gangsters are cleaning and loading their guns, they're preparing for another gun-down.

Greg is also getting ready for the fight, he's getting armed too, with Papi.

From a few yards away, Matt is watching Greg and the others gearing up. As Matt's looking at his friend, everything Greg does seems very erotic to him, even sexy jazz music plays in the background.

Matt shakes himself out of his daydream, and it's shown that Greg is actually very clumsily struggling to load his pistol by trying to put the magazine in its barrel.

MATT

(scared)
What's going on with me?

Cut to Greg and Papi prepping for the fight.

PAPI

My friend, I don't know what the fuck you did with the mugging last time, my friend. But you're lucky they let you go that easily.

GREG

I know, but I'm on fucking probation now. (Chuckles) But this is what I heard: prison is like a criminal college, that's why they don't wanna lock the young gangsters up.

PAPI

Yeah, I hear that shit all the time. And it's pretty dumb every time.

Termite notices Papi and Greg from the distance, and approaches them.

TERMITE

Man, what do you think you're doing?

PAPI

What is your problem, Termite?

TERMITE

You're gonna let this little pussy hold a gun? And go out shooting with us?

GREG

Hey!

TERMITE

Shut up bitch! You fucked up the mugging, you cried like a bitch when I beat you for the initiation, I don't trust you.

PAPI

Now hold on, my big black friend. The guys like him in the gang. He needs to learn, but there's no reason you shouldn't trust him.

TERMITE

I don't know. I've had a bad feeling about this madafaka from the start.

Termite comes close to Greg and looks him intensely in the eyes. The camera zooms in on Greg's thigh where the police tracker is attached.

MATT (O.S.)
Just leave him alone!

The camera zooms out, Matt is right next to Greg.

MATT (CONT'D)
Greg G's my best friend, and I'd be
happy to have him on my side when
we're out there kicking ass!

Matt kisses Greg on the cheek.

The other 18th Street gangsters signal Papi.

PAPI
All right friends, let's roll then.

The gangsters finish setting up, they run over to two cars, and pile up into them for another ambush shooting.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - EVENING.

The 18th Streeters' cars pull up to where MS-13 gang members' base is.

TERMITE
Listen up, here's the MS-13's turf.
Black Dildo ordered to wipe them
out. All of them.

MATT
(scared)
Why?

TERMITE
I forgot to ask. Fire!

They open fire at the building, the MS-13 gangsters rush out and fire back.

Suddenly, another team of MS-13-ers attack the 18th Street gangsters from behind.

PAPI
Holy fucking shit my friends!

The two gangs engage in a violent gun fight. An 18th Street gangster right next to Matt gets a few rounds of bullets right in his stomach.

The 18th Streeters run behind their cars to take cover, and take shots from there. More of them get hit.

Matt also fires his gun, but he only aims at people's legs, as he's reluctant to take someone's life.

They 18th Street Gangsters decide to spew out for one big offensive from behind their cover. By doing so they're able to fight back the MS-13 gang who eventually flee the site.

MATT

Wait a minute, where is Greg?

PAPI

What?

MATT

Greg, where the fuck is he?

18TH STREET GANGSTER

He ain't with us?

MATT

No! Is he all right?

Matt starts to look around eagerly.

MATT (CONT'D)

Greg? Greg! You okay?

GREG (O.S.)

Yeah, man. What do you need?

Greg is behind the car, doing sit-ups.

MATT

What the fuck?

PAPI

(from the distance)

You found your friend?

MATT

Yeah I did.

Some of the gangsters come over.

MATT (CONT'D)

While we were fighting to death, rushing out to those guys, you were here, taking cover?

PAPI

You didn't fight with us?

Termite comes up to them too.

TERMITE

Hey, anyone seen that useless shithole Greg here?

GREG

I'm here.

TERMITE

Oh, you are here? Cool.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY.

Greg and the gangsters are rolling dice again. This time, Greg loses.

GREG

Oh come on now.

GANGSTA GILBERT

Greg G, you shit-lifed worthless failure of a man!

GREG

Hey, that was uncalled for.

SHORTY MAC

I don't know, Greg. A lot of us are kind of angry with you.

GREG

What?

18TH STREET GANGSTER

You ain't done nothing but fuck up, and we're fed up with your damn over confident attitude, okay?

GREG

I mean, all right, rude, but okay. Wait till I start slinging though.

TERMITE

Slinging? You dumb madafaka wanna start slinging now?

SHORTY MAC

Easy, Termite. I don't think they're gonna let you handle any kind of drug sales, Greg.

GREG

What? But I have to!

TERMITE

What do you mean you have to?

GREG

Uh I mean...

Johnny John enters.

JOHNNY JOHN

Guys, words came that some of those fuckers from the MS-13 gang robbed the liquor store on the 17th. The guy pays us \$300 a month for protection, he's all pissed.

GANGSTA GILBERT

You know who did it?

JOHNNY JOHN

Yeah, Throbbin Hood saw the whole thing. It was two little 15-year old farts. Went after them, but got away. We know the guys, some of us have to find 'em and fuck 'em up real good.

GREG

Hey, I can do that! I can fuck up 15 year-olds!

18TH STREET GANGSTER

Greg G, can't you just fucking stay quiet and just plain "exist" for a while? We're genuinely pissed at you, all of us.

GREG

I don't what you mean by that, but I know I can do it! I can find those shitheads, beat em up! I'll bring my buddy Matt with me.

TERMITE

No way man.

SHORTY MAC

All right, I'll talk to Papi about this. This is your last chance to redeem yourself, okay? If you fuck this one up, we're not letting you do anything. You stay here with us.

TERMITE

And you'll be a little bitch to all of us.

INT. INSIDE OF A VAN - NIGHT.

A Police Man is touching up Greg's black make-up, while Officer Cuesta and Matt are discussing the new plan with him.

OFFICER CUESTA

All right, Greg. Things haven't gone exactly as planned, but listen. Good job on taking this task.

MATT

Yeah, it's just two little rascals, we know they did it, we just gotta find them and teach them a lesson.

GREG

No problem.

POLICE MAN

Better not fuck up though.

GREG

What's that?

POLICE MAN

I'm just saying, you fucked up quite a few times within a week, you do it again, you'll never get to meet Black Dildo, this whole thing was pointless.

Greg hits the make-up brush out of his hand.

GREG

Bullshit!

POLICE MAN

How's that bullshit?!

GREG

It's bullshit, okay?!

OFFICER CUESTA

Greg, Greg, Greg. You're a very brave boy for doing this, okay. Here's what you're gonna do: you go near the MS-13 turf. When you see the two kids breaking away from the rest of the gang, you approach the two, not wearing your gang colors. You offer to sell them coke, you make sure they're not armed, and then you take them somewhere to conduct business where you had already planted your weapons.

MATT

Like in the Godfather.

OFFICER CUESTA

Just like in the Godfather. When they least suspect it, you take your weapons out, and seize everything they got on them, money, drugs, whatever. You take it and give it to Papi. Do you understand, Greg?

GREG

Oh yeah. Thank you, sir. I think it's enough with the make-up for now.

OFFICER CUESTA

All right. You can two get back to the gang now.

Greg gets up from a chair, he's about to leave with Matt.

GREG

One last thing. Sorry, I forgot which black voice I did again.

MATT

What the hell is up with this again? You weren't doing any "black voice"!

OFFICER CUESTA

Wasn't it kind of a you know, ghetto mom thing?

MATT

What?

GREG

(ghetto mom voice)
Hush up, child, I is on my last nerve over here!

OFFICER CUESTA

No! God, no! You just spoke with your normal voice, Matt's right. Fuck, just stop that, please!

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT.

The two teenagers from the MS-13 gang are leaving the gang base, separated from the rest of the MS-13-ers. Greg and Matt, not wearing the 18th Street colors this time, are waiting for them.

MATT

Kids, listen here.

MS-13 KID #1

What up?

MATT

We got something for you you'll like.

The MS-13 kids go up to Greg and Matt.

GREG

We can sell you quality coke real cheap.

MS-13 KID #1

Oh yeah? We got tons of coke in the MS-13, dude.

MATT

Well are you allowed to sniff it?

MS-13 KID #2

No...

MATT

It's 50 bucks a gram with us. What do you say boys?

MS-13 KID #2

Why should we trust you?

GREG

Look at the little fraidy cat. Some gangster you are.

MS-13 KID #1

Fradiy cat? For real?

GREG

Look, it's 50 bucks a gram, just fucking buy it, okay.

MS-13 KID #1

All right. But if it's some baking powder shit, we're gonna find you and kill you.

MATT

Don't worry, it's good stuff.

MS-13 KID #1

All right then, deal. Let me see the stuff.

MATT

Not here. We're not gonna do anything this close to your turf. Come with us.

MS-13 KID #2
All right, just get this shit over
with. Let's go.

MATT
One last thing. No guns or knives,
okay?

MS-13 KID #2
Yeah! You crazy?

Matt takes out his pistol and puts it down the ground near
the MS-13 kids.

MATT
You can search me.

MS-13 Kid #1 pats Matt down, then comes over to Greg and does
the same to him.

MS-13 KID #1
All right then.

The MS-13 kids also take out their guns and knives, collect
Matt's weapons from the ground, and throw it in a trash can
on the street.

MS-13 KID #1 (CONT'D)
Yeah, they're gonna stay there, I'm
sure.

MATT
Now we can do some business. Come.

Matt and Greg lead the gangster kids in front of an old
garage.

MATT (CONT'D)
All right, guys. I think we're safe
here.

MS-13 KID #1
Now you can give as the yayo?

MATT
Sure, my friend here is gonna get
it.

Greg nods then leaves quickly.

MS-13 KID #2
What? What kind of shit is this?

MATT
What? I don't what you're talking
about.

MS-13 KID #2

What do you mean he's gonna get it?
What kind of dealer are you?

MATT

Mellow out, kid. You're getting
your coke now.

Greg gets back. He's hiding something under his jacket.

MATT (CONT'D)

See, there it goes. Go get 'em,
Greg!

Greg pulls out a bag of coke.

MATT (CONT'D)

I told you. Here's your coke! What
the fuck?

MS-13 KID #1

Now what's wrong?

GREG

Yeah, what's wrong now, Matt?

MS-13 KID #2

Quit monkeying around!

MATT

Just shut the fuck up kid, okay?
Greg, come we gotta talk for fuck's
sake.

The two gangster kids look at each other angry and confused.
Greg and Matt step away from them.

MATT (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You were
supposed bring out iron rods and a
gun, you moron!

GREG

No, this is a drug sale. You know,
a pre-arranged drug sale we talked
about!

MATT

No, you dumb cunt, it's a whole
different thing! Where'd you get
that coke anyway?

GREG

I know where we keep our coke,
Shorty Mac showed me.

MATT

So you STOLE coke from the gang?

GREG

They weren't gonna let me sling anyway! And then how'd we get along with this phony sale plan?

MATT

But this is not it, okay? It's a different fucking plan. Greg, first, we can't sell any of that coke, we gotta get it back before anyone finds out.

GREG

All right then. But you gotta admit, if this was our original fake sales plan, taking this stuff would have been a pretty cool move.

MATT

Yeah Greg, you're pretty fucking smart actually, really.

GREG

Well I don't get sarcasm, so thank you.

MS-13 Kid #2 sneaks up behind Greg with a rock in his hand and strikes him on the back of his neck. Greg falls down, MS-13 Kid #2 takes the bag of cocaine and runs away. Matt tries to run after him, but MS-13 Kid #1 punches him in the gut, so the two younger kids get away.

MATT

Motherfucker!

INT. BROKE-DOWN DINER - NIGHT.

Matt and Greg are just staring at their hamburgers, depressed.

GREG

Matt?

MATT

Yeah?

GREG

I think I may have fucked up this time.

MATT

Holy shit, Greg. Is that some self-criticism?

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

I mean, we're in deep shit, all we had to do was beat up two kids and they ended up stealing pounds of cocaine, they're probably gonna beat the shit out of us for this, but I actually feel a little glee over this shit. It actually made you doubt yourself.

GREG

Yeah, but you know what I do whenever I'm down...

MATT

Oh fuck. Here we go.

GREG

I just remember, hey at least I'm cooler than pretty much everybody around me.

Matt gets angry, and searches for words for a while.

MATT

You know what, dude? Fuck you. I can't take this anymore. You know I started hanging out with you because when you drop this phony "cooler than everyone" thing you're actually a sweet guy. But this got fucking out of hand by now. Even now, even NOW I have to hear this shit?

GREG

Well, I'm sorry, Matt.

Matt pauses for a moment, and calms down a little.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm genuinely cooler than most people out there (chuckles).

MATT

Dude! Enough! You can't possibly think that way! You got us into deep, deep shit JUST NOW?

GREG

Matt, do you even fucking know who Friedrich Nietzsche was?

MATT

No dude, stop it. Listen to me, listen to me. You suck. You SUCK big time, okay?

GREG
I don't get it.

MATT
You know what? I don't give a
crap! You know what I'm gonna do?
Leave all this bandana and gang
attire fucking shit here, with you,
go to the police station right now,
I'll be out of LA tomorrow. May be
dangerous, I don't give a fuck
anymore. Fuck you. You are just a
delusional, arrogant, super sexy
asshole.

Greg thinks for a while.

GREG
Well, I am super sexy.

MATT
Fuck you. Bye.

Matt takes off his blue and black bandana and hoodie, and
storms out the door. Greg gets really scared when he leaves.

GREG
Matt? Where you going, buddy?
Matt?!

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING.

Greg is napping leaning against an empty chest. Termite comes
up to him with Papi on his side, and slaps him in the face
very hard.

TERMITE
Time to get up, asshole!

Greg gets up and dusts himself off.

GREG
Jeez! Seriously, what?

PAPI
We heard you went after those too
kids from MS-13, but they still
seem pretty fine to me. Also, we
noticed some coke is missing. But
neither of those is your biggest
problem my friend, you little
bitch.

TERMITE
That's right, sucker. Where's your
buddy?

GREG
(horrified)
What?

PAPI
Your friend, Matt G. He just
disappeared. Where is he?

GREG
I don't know. For real.

Termite punches him in the stomach, Greg falls to the ground.

TERMITE
Quit fooling. You little douche.

GREG
No, no, no. I'm not fooling. Last
time I saw him he got all pissed
off because I fucked up our plan.

PAPI
What plan?

GREG
No, no plan. I mean, I mean our
plan to beat up those guys who
rubbed the store!

TERMITE
Look man, this seems awful fishy to
me. Okay? What are you, a cop?

GREG
You crazy? A cop? No, no, no, yo.

PAPI
Your little friend just
disappeared. He did not say a word
to nobody. We do not do it like
that.

GREG
I don't know where Matt is. Hand to
God. What do you want to do with
me?

Termite pulls out a handgun and points at Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)
Oh suck on my tits right now. Suck
on my tits hard.

TERMITE
What you saying now? Still don't
know anything?

GREG
Yes, yes, yes, sir.

TERMITE
I'm ready to shoot you, bitch. What about the plan you were talking about?

Greg opens his mouth to speak but no words come out.

GREG
Look, let me talk to Black Dildo.

PAPI
What? Are you joking my friend?

GREG
Please, just let me talk to him. You can't just shoot me, I'm a gang member. Let him decide.

Papi and Termite look at each other.

PAPI
All right, my friend. That is understandable. We will take you to Black Dildo.

TERMITE
Yo, but before we go, I gotta prepare you for meeting him. Come, I gotta give you something.

Greg comes up to Termite, who punches him. When Greg falls down again, he kicks him in the stomach. Then he bangs his head into the chest till Greg's barely conscious.

TERMITE (CONT'D)
All right. Let's go then, Greg G.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF MATT'S HOUSE - EVENING.

Matt is dragging a suitcase behind him. His parents are right by his side.

MATT
Mom, dad. Don't worry. I'm going to be safe. Officer Cuesta and the Captain took care of everything. They're putting me up in a nice little town in Utah. I'll finish high school there.

KITTY
We're just happy you made it out alive from this whole crazy thing. We're proud of you.

MATT

Thanks mom. It's barely a year anyways. Then I'll go to college and everything's going to be normal. Look, I'm sorry about all this mess, okay?

HOWARD

It's okay, son. And I believe you've learnt something from all this.

Howard steps up to Matt and puts his hand on his son's shoulder.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Look, I know you have to leave your little buddy, Greg behind, which is hard, I know what y'all went through together. But, remember this: it was all just a phase.

MATT

What's that now?

HOWARD

You know, you and your buddy... It's all a phase.

Beat.

MATT

So you think we were gay lovers?

HOWARD

(very scared)
I mean, I said it was all a phase. And you can get back to being normal again.

MATT

Dad, you realize that I have to move because my life is in danger?

HOWARD

Yeah, you'll move to Utah, phase is over, done. Everything's fine. Just careful around those kooky Mormons.

MATT

So you believe Greg and I are gay, had sex, and you're glad it's over, and that's what you take away from this experience?

HOWARD

Oh God, Jesus, no. He said he's gay!

MATT

God damn it! I never said that, and what if I did? So what? You got me so crazy with this manic fear of gayness, I don't even know what to think now. But I don't even care. Hell, I'll go to Utah and fuck all the nice neat Mormon boys if I feel like it, I'll stop worrying about this shit. Okay? Jesus!

KITTY

Mattie!

MATT

It's okay, let me just leave. All right? There's two officers waiting for me in their car.

Matt starts going off to the car parked in front of their house with his suitcase.

HOWARD

Son?

Matt sighs loudly.

MATT

Yes?

HOWARD

(yelling after Matt)
Gonna miss you, son.

INT. CAR - EVENING.

Matt gets in, he's on the backseat. Two officers are in the front.

Matt sighs loudly.

POLICE MAN #1

You okay there, Matt?

MATT

Yes, yes. But what about Greg? What's he gonna do in the gang without me?

POLICE MAN #1

Well, we're pulling him out of his mission, don't worry. Cuesta's going in for him.

POLICE MAN #2

I'm sure he's gonna be all right
for that little time.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT.

Greg is being led by Papi and Termite into an enormous mansion. Inside, everything is in the 18th Street Gang's colors, blue and black. A giant gang mural covers the ceiling. Two stairways lead up to an interior balcony. Greg is taken upstairs.

GREG

Wow. This is one bang-up place.
Black Dildo lives here?

TERMITE

Nah, it's one of his cribs. He
wanted to meet here.

They reach the top of the stairs, then go down on the hall until they arrive at a door which is guarded by two armed gangsters.

GUARD #1

What do you want?

PAPI

Black Dildo knows we're coming my
friend. See, this kid here have
been acting very suspicious lately.
We're here to see him and decide
what to do with him.

GUARD #1

Very well. I'll let him know.

Guard #1 goes into the room and returns shortly after with a dog leash.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

You can go now. Here put this on,
then down on all fours.

GREG

What? What the hell for?

GUARD #1

You haven't earned Black Dildo's
presence yet. Papi and Termite
here, they've been with the gang
for many years now, earned Dildo
lots and lots of cash. They can
come in. If you wanna come in
though, put this on and you have to
come in all fours.

GREG

No! I just, I'm gonna do that. I'm cool, come on now. Why would I do that?

GUARD #1

It's a prestige thing. Also, Black Dildo thinks it's kinda funny.

GREG

Yeah same guy who thought naming himself fake dick would be funny.

Termite slaps Greg on the back of his neck very hard.

TERMITE

You gonna do it, okay? Or else I'll decide how to deal with you, you know what I'm saying?

GREG

Fuck it.

Greg puts on the dog leash and gets down on his arms and knees. Papi takes the end of the leash and starts walking Greg into the room.

INT. BLACK DILDO'S ROOM IN HIS MANSION - NIGHT.

Greg is being led on a dog leash by Papi, Termite walks right next to them. As they walk, they pass a few more armed gangsters 'til they get to the end of room where a four poster king bed is placed right by the wall. In the bed, there's two women, one black and one white lying dressed like prostitutes. Between them lies BLACK DILDO, who would be played by Beetlejuice from The Howard Stern's Show's Wack Pack - the one other character, apart from Gangsta Gilbert, who is shorter than the main character -, wearing giant sunglasses, a bling and an oversized Oakland Raiders jersey. Both prostitutes are feeling up Black Dildo as the characters approach. When Greg, Papi and Termite arrive at Black Dildo's bed, the gang leader signals to his women who tie Greg's hands and legs up very tight with the dog leash.

BLACK DILDO

Who this? What this? What do you want?

PAPI

Black Dildo, this kid has been a member of my clique in the gang for not a long time. He's no use and he's been acting really weird. His name is Greg G.

TERMITE

He might even be undercover cop.

BLACK DILDO

Who? He undercover cop. No, no, that's no good man. I'mma have to kill him.

GREG

I am not, I swear!

BLACK DILDO

He says he ain't! He says he ain't! Why you come here to me if he ain't?

TERMITE

We're not so sure about that. You, kid, tell Black Dildo about the plan you were talking about.

BLACK DILDO

Yeah, bitch. You got a plan? You planning something you ugly-ass madafaka? Tell me!

GREG

(murmuring to himself)
I'm planning on sticking my dick in the giant fucking gap where your teeth should be.

BLACK DILDO

What's that? Who? I can't here you man.

GREG

Nothing. I'm not a cop. Just a high school drop-out who joined your gang, and fucked up a few times, okay? Please!

BLACK DILDO

That ain't what he said. Is that what he said? No, madafaka.

Black Dildo signals to his white mistress. She gives Greg, who's heavily sweating a big slap in the face.

BLACK DILDO (CONT'D)

When you talk to me, you speak up, okay. He ain't seem like no cop to me.

TERMITE

There is something weird about him, Black Dildo, we swear.

WHITE MISTRESS

Hey, Dildo!

Dildo's white girl shows her palm to Black Dildo. It's been tainted by some of Greg's fake black make-up.

BLACK DILDO

What this? You ain't black? You ain't really black for real?

GREG

I am black. Look at me, yo!

TERMITE

He ain't black!

GREG

(almost crying)

Come on, yo! Yo yo yo!

BLACK DILDO

Nah, he ain't even black! He ain't black! I'mma kill him.

Black Dildo pulls out a submachine gun from the bed.

GREG

Wait nigger!

As Greg shouts the n-word, everyone freezes up.

BLACK DILDO

Nigga? You just called me nigga?

GREG

Did I call you nigger?

BLACK DILDO

Nigga.

GREG

Yeah, nee-ger. Nigger (chuckles).

BLACK WHORE

Nigga.

BLACK DILDO

Nigga. You called me nigga.

GREG

That's right nigger. Nigger that, you nigger.

BLACK DILDO

Nigga that? Nigga please!

GREG

(pleading)

Yeah, nigger that. Nigger, please.

BLACK DILDO
(contemplating)
Hmm... nigga, nigga, nigga.

GREG
(persuasively)
Yeah, nigger, nigger, nigger.

PAPI
Nigger?

BLACK DILDO
What the fuck?!

Black Dildo shoots Papi with his uzi.

BLACK DILDO (CONT'D)
Hey! You call me nigga, don't! You
don't call me nigga!

Black Dildo points to Greg.

BLACK DILDO (CONT'D)
Enough! EH ain't calling me nigga!
I am angry!

TERMITE
(shaken)
But Black Dildo, I'm telling you...

BLACK DILDO
Shut up! Shut up, ugly bitch! I run
the place! So shut up!

TERMITE
Come on Dildo, what the fuck are
you doing!

Black Dildo points the gun at Termite.

BLACK DILDO
Out, out! I don't want you here
anymore. I shot him, now out! All
the ugly madafakas out now!

Termite grabs the tied-up Greg and drags him out of the room.

INT. THE HALL IN BLACK DILDO'S MANSION - NIGHT.

Termite drags Greg pass the guards and then unties him.

TERMITE
The fuck did you do, you fool? You
got poor Papi fucking killed!

GREG
Oh yeah, sorry about that.

TERMITE

What the fuck now? I'mma have to let you back in our group, really? I know there's something phony about you! Got it? What you gonna do now?

Greg thinks for a while, he's very tense and uncomfortable.

GREG

Let me take a shit, okay? Please. Just let me go take a goddamn shit.

TERMITE

(frustrated)
All right. Damn, I hate you.

Greg looks at a guard who points out one of the toilets in the mansion.

INT. A TOILET IN BLACK DILDO'S MANSION

Greg is about to sit down on the bowl when he notices a phone next to it. He picks up the phone, attached to the receiver there's a photo of black dildo giving a thumbs up, captioned "TO MAKE AN EXTERNAL CALL PRESS NUMBER 2/ GET IT? YOU UGLY-ASS MADAFKA". Greg reads the captions out loud.

GREG

(murmuring to himself)
That asshole set up a phone next to his shitter for this lame joke?

Greg sits down on the toilet when suddenly he realizes something. He eagerly picks up the phone and dials the police.

GREG (CONT'D)

(talking to the phone;
breathing heavily from
excitement)
Captain! Captain! Turn on my tracker on the monitor! You might wanna check out the place I'm at.

EXT. STREETS OF SUBURBAN LOS ANGELES, NEAR BLACK DILDO'S MANSION - NIGHT.

Termite and Greg are walking back to gang base. Greg is texting on the way, Termite hits his cell phone out of his hands.

GREG

Hey!

TERMITE

Listen up, just for the record, if you ever call ME the N-word, I'll bitchslap you to death, you got it?

Greg looks at him frustrated.

TERMITE (CONT'D)

You're still not black in my book.

GREG

Come on, bro.

TERMITE

You got Papi killed! Now he was a real brother! He may be Mexican but he was ten times the brother you'll ever be!

GREG

Now that is just hurtful. I am a brother! You ever heard my Urkel impression?

TERMITE

If you fucking dare to...

GREG

"Did I do that?" See how black I am. Now that is ghetto.

Termite is looking at him with disgust. Suddenly, police sirens are heard. Termite gets very scared, Greg gets very agitated.

GREG (CONT'D)

They're here!

Termite looks at Greg furiously.

GREG (CONT'D)

What? The cops, they're here!

TERMITE

What the fuck are the pigs doing here?

Greg and Termite run in the direction of the police sirens. They lean closely against the wall of a building and peak at the police convoy who passed them by.

TERMITE (CONT'D)

They're going to Black Dildo's Mansion! They know he's there!

Termite turns to Greg.

TERMITE (CONT'D)

I swear if I ever find out you had anything to do with this you little shit I'm gonna...

Officer Cuesta suddenly appears.

OFFICER CUESTA

Freeze!

He tackles Termite, handcuffs him shoves his head into the ground.

OFFICER CUESTA (CONT'D)

I got your message for help Greg.

TERMITE

I knew it! I knew you were a cop you shit! I'm gonna kill you..

Termite attacks Officer Cuesta, who knocks him out with his baton.

GREG

Thank God you got my text.

Officer Cuesta pulls out his cell phone and reads Greg's text.

OFFICER CUESTA

Yeah, it said "Please come help. Need backup. Finger, finger, fingerbang my wet pussy just come help please."

GREG

Oh yeah. Sorry, I got scared. How'd you know where I was?

OFFICER CUESTA

Greg, you've had a goddamn tracker on you for the last week. You dumb ass.

GREG

Yeah, well don't you have to go help catch Black Dildo?

OFFICER CUESTA

Let's go.

Officer Cuesta and Greg run off to a police car.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BLACK DILDO'S MANSION - NIGHT.

Police vans and cars are surrounding the mansion. Armed police men are getting out of their vehicles. Police Captain is on the scene too.

The car with Greg and Officer Cuesta is also pulling up to the scene.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT.

In the backseat Greg is washing off his black make-up with a bottle of water, acetone and a cloth. He's taken off his afro wig.

OFFICER CUESTA
Greg, damn it, hurry now.

Greg is starting to clean off his stomach, then the inside of the front of his pants.

OFFICER CUESTA (CONT'D)
Ah, Jeez, stop that now. Please.

GREG
I don't want them to recognize me.

OFFICER CUESTA
You think they're recognize you by your black cock?

GREG
Whatever, dude.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BLACK DILDO'S MANSION - NIGHT.

The Police Captain in front of the mansion is starting to speak into a loudspeaker.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Attention all people inside! We have reason to believe that a most wanted criminal leader is inside the building! Please everyone come out unarmed, with your hands up!

Greg and Officer Cuesta runs up to the other officers.

OFFICER CUESTA
This guy's not gonna surrender. He's been killing everyone in his sight since the day he got a little power in his hand!

POLICE WOMAN

He has at least fifty of his people
in that house. This is gonna get
ugly.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(to the loudspeaker)

I am warning you! There are heavy
police forces surrounding your
building! Just come out with your
hands up, so we can take care of
this peacefully.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Hey, kid? You're the only one who
actually saw Black Dildo, right?
Come here.

Greg comes over to Police Captain.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

So, tell me. What does he look
like?

GREG

I don't know how...

POLICE CAPTAIN

Any distinguishing marks?

As Greg's trying to think; a close-up of Black Dildo - once
again, who should be played by entertainer Beetlejuice -
appears on the screen as a flashback.

GREG

Can't seem to grab onto anything,
sir.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Don't tease me, boy. How we're
gonna find him? Give me anything.

GREG

Well, he has surprisingly white
teeth. But then again, he's black.
Or white. Can't recall.

Police Captain is looking at Greg, he's getting impatient.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh, and he's 4 feet tall with
lightbulb-shaped, tiny head and
giant gaps between his teeth.

POLICE CAPTAIN

God damn it, this could be anyone!

OFFICER #1
I wouldn't say that, Captain. We
have someone on our suspect list
that matches that description.

Officer #1 pulls out a tablet, and pulls up a picture of
Black Dildo in it. He shows it to Greg.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Did he look something like THIS?

GREG
Oh yeah! Oh yeah! That's him!
That's Black Dildo!

OFFICER #1
He's known to the public as Lester
Green. He's been able to blend in
the legitimate side of the world as
a news anchor.

INT. LOCAL NEWS STUDIO - DAY.

Black Dildo is behind his desk next to his female co-anchor.

CO-ANCHOR
And now more on the city council
election is our own Lester Green.

BLACK DILDO
Who? Me?

CO-ANCHOR
Yes, Lester, what can we look
forward to in the race?

BLACK DILDO
I don't know, man. I don't know.

CO-ANCHOR
Lester, please. Who's in the lead
in the polls?

BLACK DILDO
Who? Me?

CO-ANCHOR
Come on!

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BLACK DILDO'S MANSION - NIGHT.

OFFICER #1
He's been one of the people who
have been spotted around main gang
territories suspiciously lot. Now
we know for sure.

Officer #2 runs up to Police Captain.

OFFICER #2
Captain, Captain! There's no sign
of them being willing to come out.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Looks like we gotta go in. All
right people, get ready.

Police Captain brings out his loudspeaker once again.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
This is your last warning! Come out
or we will have to go in
forcefully. This is your last
warning!

POLICE WOMAN
Oh for goodness' sake, no.

POLICE CAPTAIN
That's it. We're moving in.

The police men start to load their guns and line up near the mansion's door.

OFFICER CUESTA
Greg, don't go in. This is going to
be brutal.

Greg is putting on protective gear, then loads a handgun.

GREG
I can handle it. I know I can.
Maybe the other fuckers I know back
in their school bubble couldn't
(chuckles). But I know I'm cool
enough to do it.

OFFICER CUESTA
What the fuck are you talking
about, kid? You might get shot in
there!

GREG
No, dude. Doubt that.

Greg runs up to the door to the other police men.

OFFICER CUESTA
Douchebag!

INT. MANSION - NIGHT.

The gangsters are all lined up in the huge indoor balcony opposite to the main entrance, with rifles ready to shoot. The police forces break in the front door.

A shot of Greg with closed eyes, he's terrified as they go in the mansion.

POLICE CAPTAIN
All right, where can they be?

The gangsters open fire at the police.

POLICE WOMAN
Somewhere there, Captain.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Under the balcony! Quick!

While the police are firing back, they run under the balcony.

They start shooting the balcony from underneath it, this prompts the gangsters to run down the stairs. In the lobby, the police is clearly overpowering the 18th Streeters, so they're retreating to the mansion's gigantic backyard.

The police chase right after them. Greg is staying behind under the balcony, curled up, his body's shivering with fear.

OFFICER CUESTA
God damn it, Greg. I told you not to go in!

Greg does not respond, just keeps shivering.

OFFICER CUESTA (CONT'D)
Just get out here, okay? You've done enough.

No response. Police Captain calls Officer Cuesta on the radio.

POLICE CAPTAIN
(through the radio)
Cuesta! We need more men!

OFFICER CUESTA
Go, for fuck's sake, Greg!

Officer Cuesta runs out of the backyard where the fight continues to go down. Greg just stays there, curled up.

EXT. THE MANSION'S BACKYARD - NIGHT.

The mansion's backyard is gigantic, with a fountain in the middle. Strange sculptures of Black Dildo are standing at the end of the yard.

The police men are at one end of the yard, taking shots from cover at the gangsters at the other end. Meanwhile, some are fighting in the side of the yard with batons on one the cops' side, pipes and baseball bats on the other side.

Black Dildo is also firing at the attacking officers with a handgun. When his pistol is out of bullets, he just throws it away, the walks off to the very back of the yard. There, he opens a lid to a secret underground corridor and climbs in.

We cut back to the fight for a while.

INT. BLACK DILDO'S SECRET CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Black Dildo is climbing up a latter till he reaches a door that opens onto his room where Greg was lead to him in an earlier scene. He goes in.

INT. BLACK DILDO'S ROOM IN HIS MANSION - NIGHT.

As Black Dildo steps in, he suddenly stops. Greg is pointing his pistol at him.

GREG

I got you, Dildo. You big douche.

BLACK DILDO

Who? ME? What you doing here?

GREG

Hiding. From the fight.

BLACK DILDO

You hiding. Like a pussy?

GREG

Well you're under arrest, I guess.

BLACK DILDO

I ain't, I ain't going. Fuck you.

GREG

I could shoot you!

BLACK DILDO

I don't know. I don't care. Shoot me, pussy.

Greg holds his gun away from himself as far as he can, still pointing at Black Dildo. He closes his eyes; he's about to pull the trigger. Suddenly, he breaks out in tears.

GREG

I can't do it! I can't fucking do it, okay? I am a pussy. Not better than anyone, just a pussy. You hear me?

Greg is weeping heavily. Black Dildo stares at him compassionately.

BLACK DILDO

Come on now. Why you crying? You're not a pussy.

GREG

I got a short cock! Okay?! I do. And I'm not even cooler than the others. I'm just one giant pussy with a tiny cock.

Beat.

BLACK DILDO

I wanna see it.

GREG

What?

BLACK DILDO

You said you got a tiny cock. I wanna see your tiny cock. It can't be that tiny.

GREG

You think?

Greg pulls his pants down and reveals his average-sized penis.

BLACK DILDO

See? It all right, man.

GREG

No. That's a fake penis I put on my real one to hide it.

Greg takes off his fake penis. From now on the camera only shows him from his waist up, his real penis is not seen by the audience.

BLACK DILDO

Holy shit, man. Look, I'm sorry, man.

Greg puts his head down, ashamed.

GREG

I know.

Awkward pause.

BLACK DILDO

I want my riffle.

GREG

Excuse me?

BLACK DILDO

Can you give me my riffle, please!

GREG

What? No!

BLACK DILDO

Fuck you, you tiny dick.

GREG

Hey!

Black Dildo kicks Greg in the stomach, who falls to the ground, then kicks him in the head. He goes past him, gets the riffle and ammo from his room, goes out through a different door than he came in.

EXT. THE MANSION'S BACKYARD - NIGHT.

The gangsters out there lying on the floor dead, or handcuffed.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I don't understand this. We got all of these bastards, yet no sing of the Dildo!

OFFICER #1

He may have gotten away, sir.

POLICE CAPTAIN

How? Cuesta!

OFFICER CUESTA

Yes sir!

POLICE CAPTAIN

If that dopey kid of yours gave us a false alert, that's your responsibility, okay? It was your idea to send HIM undercover!

OFFICER CUESTA

Sir, I know.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Where is he anyway?

OFFICER CUESTA
(confused)
I don't know, sir.

Greg runs up to the scene.

GREG
Officer Cuesta! Officer Cuesta!

OFFICER CUESTA
Greg!

GREG
I have bad news. I got a short
cock.

OFFICER CUESTA
Good for you, son. Where have been?
Black Dildo's not here!

GREG
He got away. I saw him running
through a door that opens from his
room.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Oh please! This is bullshit again.

OFFICER CUESTA
Greg, where do you think he went?

GREG
I don't know, but he took a gun,
and ammo, and...

A hand grenade flies into the backyard suddenly.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Take cover! Everybody take cover!
And get ready to shoot!

All the police go the further end of the yard, lying down and
taking cover behind the statues and henges.

Black Dildo with another army of gangsters bulge out the door
to the yard. This time, the gangsters outnumber the police by
a large amount.

POLICE MAN
Fuck no.

The gangsters' offensive immediately gets violent. The police
are taking shots from their covers, but still losing men.

Officer Cuesta and Greg are hiding behind the same statue. Officer Cuesta is trying to take shots at the gangsters, Greg is pressing himself against the sculpture stand as tight as he can, still too afraid to fight.

OFFICER CUESTA

Greg, you got a gun, you gotta help me out here, okay?

GREG

I can't.

OFFICER CUESTA

For the love of God, Greg, fucking do something already!

GREG

I can't, I told you. I'm no cooler than anyone, just a plain ol' pussy.

OFFICER CUESTA

Greg, Greg! Just stop with this "cooler-than-everyone"-shit, just drop it, and for once actually do something! Or just TRY! Fuck!

Greg is looking at Officer Cuesta confused.

OFFICER CUESTA (CONT'D)

Look, I'll have to go pull a guerilla thing, and sneak behind enemy lines, because we're all gonna die if somebody doesn't do something! Just TRY to cover me, please?

Greg is dumbstruck as Officer Cuesta sneaks out from behind of his cover. He sneaks till the very side of the backyard, and goes for a dash. He doesn't get too far when Gangsta Gilbert tackles him.

GANGSTA GILBERT

Where are you going, homeboy?!

Gangsta Gilbert takes a knife puts it against Officer Cuesta's neck.

OFFICER CUESTA

Greg! Help!

Greg is still in shock, when he suddenly notices a bulge in his pocket. He takes out the fake penis that he had on when he was confronting Black Dildo, and hurls it at Gangsta Gilbert who's about to slit the officer's throat.

The fake penis flies through the screen in slow motion, hits Gilbert right on his face.

GANGSTA GILBERT
What the fuck?

OFFICER CUESTA
Yeah, Greg! What the fuck?!

Gangsta Gilbert cuts Officer Cuesta's throat with his knife.

GREG
Officer Cuesta! No!

GANGSTA GILBERT
Oh yeah! Deal with it, you faggot!

Gangsta Gilbert is now coming at Greg with his knife. Greg points his pistol at him, closes his eyes, turns away and shoots.

The camera cuts to Gilbert, who got shot right in the head and dropped dead. Greg is looking at the gun in his hand, puzzled.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Nice shot, kid.

Greg aims his gun at another gangster, further away. He shoots him straight in the head too. Then two others right away.

OFFICER #2
Holy shit!

Greg tries to shoot again, but realizes he's out of ammo. He runs up to two gangster, kicks them unconscious, takes both of their submachine guns. He's slaughtering the 18th Street Gang members with the guns he took.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Everybody after me!

The police man are spewing out from under the cover, following Greg and start shooting down gangsters too.

Greg is still slaying the enemy both with his guns and hands, till he spots Black Dildo taking shots with a gun and giving orders to his men from a balcony that opens onto the backyard.

Greg takes an impossible jump, lands right in the balcony next Black Dildo, and knock his gun out of his hand.

GREG
Hey Dildo!

BLACK DILDO
Who? Me?

GREG
Fuck you, man.

Greg punches Black Dildo so hard he falls from his balcony to his death.

A close-ups shot of Greg breathing heavily, and thinking hard.

An 18th Street Gangster picks up the fake penis Greg threw at the late Gangsta Gilbert earlier, far away from the balcony.

18TH STREET GANGSTER
Yo man, who's fake cock is this?

He immediately gets shot down by multiple loads of bullets from the police officers.

GREG
Holy shit.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE IN UTAH - MORNING.

A shot of the sun rising over the house. The whole yard is wet, implying there was heavy rain last night.

INT. A SMALL HOUSE IN UTAH, MATT'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

Matt is getting out of his bed, his hair is frizzy. He goes over to his mirror to straighten it. As he's fixing his hair, his doorbell rings. He puts down his hair straightener, with his hair part-way done, and goes to open the door.

INT. MATT'S UTAH HOUSE'S DOORWAY - MORNING.

Matt opens the door, Greg is outside.

Beat.

GREG
Hey.

MATT
Hey. You're white again.

GREG
I know, right?

MATT
Right.

Matt shuts the door, and he's off back to his room. Greg bulges in and runs after him.

GREG
Dude, I'm sorry, okay?

MATT
Dude. You could have called.

GREG
You changed your number!

MATT
I had to. So what are doing here in Utah anyway?

GREG
I came here to apologize to you, man.

MATT
Really?

Greg comes up close to Matt.

GREG
So, how have you been?

MATT
Pretty good. People are really nice here. I got a girl friend.

GREG
Wait, but you got your own place. What about those slutty chicks you wanted to bang?

MATT
No, Greg, come on. That was just silly, joking around.

Beat.

GREG
Yeah, and I also wanna tell you that we got him. We got Black Dildo and all his closest men.

MATT
Yeah I heard from the police. And I heard about Officer Cuesta too.

Matt looks down sadly.

GREG
Yeah, that tiny bastard.

Beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

But hey, I got the fucker. And I got the main fucker too. You should have seen me, jumping up 10 feet right to a balcony, punching him...

Matt looks at him annoyed.

MATT

Dude, what the fuck again?

GREG

I know, I know. Thing is, I think it's safe for you to come home now.

MATT

I don't know about that.

GREG

Come on, Matt. I miss you, man. You're my only friend.

Greg gives Matt a big hug.

MATT

I have to make a call. Gotta call my dad.

GREG

Sure.

MATT

Have you talked to yours?

GREG

Oh yeah.

Greg pulls out his smart phone with the texts reading "ME: Hey, dad, I'm not in that gang anymore. We won." "DAD: Ok."

MATT

Just give me a minute.

Matt goes off to his room.

INT. A SMALL HOUSE IN UTAH, MATT'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

Matt takes his phone and dials his dad.

HOWARD

(over the phone)

Hey Matt? Is that you, son?

MATT

Yes, dad. I wanted to talk to you.

HOWARD

Sure, sure. How are you? How's that fucking every hot Mormon guy thing of yours going up in Utah?

MATT

You don't have to worry about that, I'm not doing that. After two-three guys, I realized it's really not my thing.

HOWARD

I ain't never worried about that, son. You do what you want.

MATT

Thank you. Actually, ever since I got here, things went back the way they were. You know, I have a girlfriend here.

HOWARD

I'm glad to hear that, Matt.

MATT

You know my friend Greg is here to visit me, and he says they got rid of all the gang higher-ups and the guys who I was there with, so it might be safe for me to come back.

HOWARD

You do that. Please. Wait, hold on your mother wants something.

MATT

Okay.

HOWARD

We miss you here, son.

MATT

I miss you too.

HOWARD

Your mom says she also misses Greg.

MATT

Well he's arrived here today.

HOWARD

Yeah, she knows.

MATT

You know what, I think it's time for me to hang up.

HOWARD
Wait, your mother wants to say
something to your friend...

Matt hangs up.

INT. MATT'S UTAH HOUSE'S DOORWAY - MORNING.

Greg is waiting for Matt on his couch when Matt comes back from his bedroom.

GREG
You talked with your folks?

MATT
Yes.

GREG
And what did they say?

MATT
I'd really rather not tell.

GREG
It's okay, man, I understand.

MATT
So what are you gonna do next? Go
back to school?

GREG
Yeah, and you know what? There is
something that is left for me to
do. I think by now, I'm aware of
what I did wrong when I tried to do
it the first time. You know what
I'm talking about?

MATT
I'm not sure if I follow, Greggie.

GREG
Do you even remember why we were
there when we accidentally ran into
that gang fight?

Matt thinks for a second.

MATT
Yes, yes. I do know what you're
talking about.

INT. BROOM CLOSET AT GREG'S HIGH SCHOOL - DAY.

Greg and Heather are in the closet, making out.

HEATHER

Wow, Greg I must tell you, you've really changed since you got back to school. I never knew you're such a sweet guy.

GREG

Thank you.

Greg kisses Heather again, Heather smiles.

HEATHER

Oh yeah? Let's make really worth you while.

Heather reaches out and unbuttons Greg's pants.

GREG

Nice.

When Heather takes Greg's penis out (off-camera) he gets thrown a little.

HEATHER

Oh no.

GREG

What's that? Is it good?

HEATHER

Look, Greg.

GREG

Oh shit. This is NOT gonna be good.

HEATHER

Hey, how about this?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY.

Mr. Davenport is walking by the broom closet, when he hears Heather moaning.

INT. BROOM CLOSET AT GREG'S HIGH SCHOOL - DAY.

Heather is leaning against the wall while Greg is fingering her vagina. This sequence runs awkwardly long. Greg clearly doesn't know what to do with himself while doing it.

Mr. Davenport opens the closet door. Heather screams.

GREG

Mr. Davenport?

MR. DAVENPORT

Greg?

Beat.

MR. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Way to go, son. Way to go.

Mr. Davenport gives Greg a big thumbs-up with a huge grin on his face. Greg pulls his two fingers out of Heather's pants and forms a V sign with them, and holds it up victoriously.

GREG

Effing A, man.