INT. DEAN’S BEDROOM - DAWN

DEAN and TOM, (18), are asleep in a dark teenage bedroom. Beer cans litter the floor.

Dean is on the floor. He isn’t a particularly good looking guy, but he’s not unattractive.

Tom is on the bed. He’s a little skinnier than Dean, but just as appealing.

Dean wakes. He’s hung over and confused.

DEAN
Tom?

Tom dribbles onto the bed sheet.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Tom, fucking wake up.

Dean throws a soda can at Tom’s head.

Tom wakes. He’s also hung over and confused.

TOM
Dean. What the hell happened last night?

DEAN
Must have been heavy.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Super: Last Night.

A huge teenage party is in full swing.

There’s hot girls dancing, and alcohol everywhere.

The MUSIC is turned up to the max. It’s an awesome party.

A first floor window across the street has its light on.

INT. DEAN’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean and Tom are playing a violent zombie-shooting game on a computer console.

TOM
This game’s awful.

Dean’s upper body moves as he plays.
DEAN
That’s because you suck at it.

TOM
I do not suck.

DEAN
You undeniably suck. At life.

Tom dies.

TOM
Fucking shit game.

DEAN
See.

Tom drops the controller.

THUMPING music from outside.

DEAN (CONT’D)
That’s getting a bit loud, isn’t it?

They both go to the window.

Jeff, (18), is standing on the roof above the pool. He looks like a typical high school jock.

He jumps into the pool. The crowd CHEERS.

TOM
That can’t be safe.

Jeff climbs out of the pool, a hot girl wraps herself around him.

DEAN
Fucking Jeff. I hate him.

TOM
He know’s how to throw a party, you’ve got to give him that.

Dean’s not impressed with Tom.

DEAN
Shut up. You wanna watch a zombie movie?

TOM
Why not.

End flashback.

DEAN
Do you wanna get a sundae?
TOM
Yeah. It fucking stinks in here.

INT. DINER - DAY
A young mother and her baby occupy a booth near the entrance.
Tom waits at the counter wearing an apron. He gazes at nothing.
An overweight and extremely sweaty CHEF, (40), emerges from the kitchen, holding an ice-cream sundae.
He puts the sundae in front of Tom.
Tom’s miles away.

CHEF
Gormless.

TOM
Yeah?

Tom notices and takes the sundae.

TOM (CONT’D)
Thanks, Chef.

CHEF
That another one for your boyfriend?

TOM
My boyfriend?

CHEF
Yeah your boyfriend. Your homosexual lover, your pipe cleaner, your rat catcher--

TOM
I don’t get it.

CHEF
That’s his last one.
The chef returns to the kitchen.
Tom takes the sundae to Dean’s table and takes a seat.

TOM
This is the last one. I mean it.
Dean is distracted by something behind Tom.

TOM (CONT’D)
Dean. Are you listening to me?
Dean turns his attention to Tom and eats a spoonful of his sundae.

    DEAN
    What?

    TOM
    I can get fired for this.

    DEAN
    Yeah, sure whatever.

Something distracts Dean again.

    TOM
    What are you looking at?

Tom turns around to look.

The young mother is breast feeding her baby, one of her breasts is on show.

The mother looks up and catches them watching. She’s disgusted.

The boys throw their faces back to each other.

    TOM (CONT’D)
    Oh my God.

    DEAN
    Did she see us?

    TOM
    I’m pretty sure she did, yeah.

    DEAN
    You made it too obvious. I had a sure thing going.

    TOM
    What?

    DEAN
    Check if she’s looking.

    TOM
    No. Just stop fucking looking.

    DEAN
    She already caught us, we might as well go for it.

    TOM
    You shouldn’t be watching that shit.
DEAN
She’s got a great rack. And she’s doing that on purpose.

TOM
She’s feeding her child.

DEAN
In a diner? Kind of suspicious, ain’t it?

Tom isn’t impressed. Dean eats more of his sundae.

TOM
I’m lucky I’ve still got this job with you always hanging around.

DEAN
We go to college in a few days anyway. Fuck this job.

TOM
Well, you’re not getting anymore free food.

DEAN
What is this? What’s wrong with you?

TOM
Nothing’s wrong with me.

DEAN
Is this about the whole titie thing?

Dean talks too loud while he points to the young women.

TOM
I don’t know what your talking about.

DEAN
You know, how you’re scared of the female breast.

TOM
I told you that in confidence. You said you wouldn’t fucking joke about it.

DEAN
It’s hard not to.

Dean eats more of his sundae.
TOM
I’m not scared. I’ve just never found them the most attractive part of a women. I don’t remember why.

DEAN
No, just on your men.

Dean gestures to the chef.

The chef is wiping the sweat off his forehead with a cloth, which he then wipes the counter with.

TOM
Just forget it.

Dean eats too much of his sundae and suffers from brain freeze.

DEAN
I can’t believe we didn’t get invited to Jeff’s party.

TOM
Who cares?

DEAN
Even Thick Mick got invited.

TOM
Would you even go to one of his parties? The guy’s a complete asshole. And a dick.

INT. GRADUATION HALL – NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The hall is full of students. The PRINCIPAL stands behind a podium.

A dozen students wait to make their speeches.

Tom steps forward, Dean waits behind him.

TOM
Hey there. Hello. First, I wish all of you, my friends, all the best in the future.

JEFF SHOUTS from the crowd. He’s a typical popular high school jock, a natural idiot.

JEFF
You have no friends.

The crowd LAUGHS. Tom looks destroyed and steps back.

PRINCIPAL
Please.
Dean is reluctant to step forward but the principal urges him.

Dean opens his mouth.

JEFF
Virgin.

The crowd LAUGH again. Dean steps back.

END OF FLASHBACK.

DEAN
That’s why he was held back.

TOM
Jeff never liked either of us because of you.

DEAN
Please, he’s totally forgot about what happened.

TOM
What did you do? You never told me.

DEAN
It doesn’t matter.

TOM
Sam and Emma went to that party.

DEAN
I thought they were better than that.

TOM
Yeah, me too.

DEAN
Shit. We need a party before college.

TOM
Well, we don’t really.

DEAN
We can’t go to college with no sex under our belts.

TOM
That sounds stupid.

DEAN
We’re going to college depressed, lonely virgins.

TOM
I’m not depressed.
DEAN
Teenage parties are guaranteed sex. We party, we mate.

TOM
That sounds even more stupid. Besides, I don’t care about being a virgin, it’s you who—

DEAN
Oh shit.

Dean sees something behind Tom.

TOM
What?

Tom turns around.

EMMA and SAM, (18), have entered the diner, they’re both very cute but not the best looking girls.

TOM (CONT’D)
Oh shit.

Sam waves to the boys. Tom waves back, then turns to Dean.

TOM (CONT’D)
They’re coming over here, aren’t they?

DEAN
Yep.

Sam comes to the table. She’s very friendly.

SAM
Hey guys.

DEAN
Hey.

TOM
Hey, Sam. Here, sit down.

Sam takes a seat next to Dean.

SAM
Hey, Tom, Dean, good to see you.

Sam sits down.

TOM
It’s good to see you, too.

Emma comes to the table and sits next to Tom.

DEAN
Emma, how are you?
EMMA
Good actually. How’s it going?

Dean’s nervous.

DEAN
As shit as ever.

EMMA
Cool. I think.

TOM
At least he’s consistent.

SAM
How come you guys weren’t at Jeff’s party last night?

TOM
We watched yet another Zombie film at Dean’s house.

SAM
Wild.

TOM
Not really.

DEAN
How was the party?

EMMA
It was kinda, okay I suppose. You should have come.

DEAN
We will next time, for sure. It was a zombie-comedy, so we had a pretty good time.

SAM
You two love zombie films, right?

DEAN
We love them.

TOM
He does.

SAM
We’re actually going to the movies later, if you want to come with us?

EMMA
It’s a zombie-horror?

Dean considers the invitation—
INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT (DAYDREAM)

The theatre is empty except for Dean, Emma, Sam and Tom, sitting in the middle row, and a fat guy sitting two rows in front of them.

BONE CRUNCHING and HORROR NOISES.

The fat guy RUSTLES his popcorn and LAUGHS hysterically.

DEAN
Will shut up? You fat bastard, it's a horror.

END OF DAYDREAM.

DEAN (CONT’D)
--Maybe another time.

Tom’s confused. The girls look disappointed.

EMMA
Oh, okay then.

TOM
Next time.

SAM
So what are you guys doing for your last weekend at home?

TOM
Probably the same thing we always do.

INT. DEAN’S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

MONTAGE

In the bedroom, Dean plays a video game, whilst Tom lays on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

DEAN
What the fuck? This game’s bullshit.

In the living room, Dean and Tom watch a scary film. They’re almost cuddled up in fear.

They realize how close they are, and Dean pushes Tom off the sofa.

END OF MONTAGE/FLASHBACK.

SAM
I thought you would’ve celebrated.
TOM
Na, it’s no big deal.

Dean peeks at the breast feeding mother again. Emma spots him and begins to turn around.

DEAN
Ah, uh, what are you doing?

EMMA
Just the movies. Are you sure you don’t want to come with us?

DEAN
A better time would be great.

EMMA
No time like the present.

DEAN
Tom, are we late?

TOM
For what?

DEAN
I’m pretty sure we are, come on.

TOM
I’m going to say goodbye to Chef.

Tom gets up.

TOM (CONT’D)
I guess, I’ll see you guys later.

EMMA
I’m sure you will.

TOM
Okeydokey.

SAM
Bye, Tom.

Tom turns around, he’s embarrassed about what he said.

The Chef is sitting in a chair, with his feet upon the counter. He’s reading a magazine about pottery.

TOM
I’ll come see you before I go to collage. Okay, Chef?

CHEF
I can’t see you.
TOM
I’m sorry?

The chef ignores Tom. Tom heads for the exit.

He walks past the breast feeding mother and can’t resist a look.

She catches him.

TOM (CONT’D)
Shit, I’m so sorry. I’m not one of those perverts who stare at a women’s breasts. I think they’re disgusting.
(beat)
I’m just gonna. Go.

Tom rushes to the door.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Tom catches up to Dean who’s further down the sidewalk.

Dean is still eating his sundae.

TOM
Take that back.

DEAN
No fucking way. I’m not wasting it.

TOM
That’s stealing. Take it back.

DEAN
Calm your shit. I don’t think the chef has a direct line to the FBI.

TOM
Why didn’t we go to the movies with them?

DEAN
Do you know how fucking awkward it is at the movies?

TOM
It can’t be that bad.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT (DAYDREAM)

Tom’s daydream is exactly like Dean’s, minus the fat guy.
As the same HORROR SOUND EFFECTS come on, the girls get scared and bury their heads into the boys chest’s.

Dean and Tom high five each other with an extremely cheesy grin.

END OF DAYDREAM.

DEAN
It’s as tense as a bomb defusal.

TOM
What the fuck do you know?

Dean rounds the corner and bumps into someone. He drops the sundae.

SARA and JANE, (18), stand in front of the boys.

They’re both hot cheerleader types, wearing revealing slutty clothes.

DEAN
Sara. I’m--

SARA
An idiot?

DEAN
Um, yeah, that’s what I said.

SARA
Jane, did he get any on me?

Jane gives Sara the once over, her clothes are fine.

JANE
No, you’re good.
(to Dean)
You should be more careful.

DEAN
I’m pretty sure it was fifty, fifty kinda thing.

TOM
Don’t listen to him. We’ll be more careful in future.

SARA
Come on, Jane.

Sara and Jane continue walking.

DEAN
Stuck up bitches.

The girls turn back.
SARA
You say something?

They march up to the boys.

TOM
He did.

Dean’s betrayed.

DEAN
Yeah, we were just wondering if you girls are doing anything tonight?

Tom’s shocked.

SARA
Are you trying to ask us out?

TOM
N--

DEAN
What? No. Of course not, don’t be fucking stupid-- Er it’s just, uh, we’re having this.

Dean looks at Tom then back at the girls.

DEAN (CONT’D)
A party? And we wondered if you wanted to come?

Tom doesn’t know where to look.

TOM
Wh--

JANE
You’re having a party?

SARA
Will it be as awesome as Jeff’s last night? I’m guessing you were there.

DEAN
Of course we were.

SARA
Then sure, why not.

TOM
What?
JANE
We wanted a party this weekend but no one would throw us one. If you guys think you can handle us?

DEAN
Fuck me. We’ll be happy to throw it for you.

TOM
What?

SARA
That’s really cool.

DEAN
It’s how we do.

JANE
So where are you having this awesome party?

Dean thinks.

TOM
Yeah Dean, where are--

DEAN
Tom’s house. Of all places.

TOM
What?

DEAN
Yes, that’s what we agreed earlier.

TOM
I might have missed that bit.

JANE
I’m sorry, who’s Tom?

TOM
That would be me.

JANE
Oh, sorry.

DEAN
Do either of you know where he lives?

SARA
Defiantly not. JANE
You serious?
TOM
(to Sara)
You used to live like two doors away from me back in third grade.

SARA
You’re not that kid who used to play in the backyard naked with the hose pipe are you?

DEAN
He still does.

SARA
I know where it is. Cool, so we’ll stop by later to check it’s still on, okay?

DEAN
Oh it’s on, it’s totally on.

TOM
It might be on.

DEAN
No, no, it’s on.

JANE
We wanted a party this weekend and now you’ve given us one.

DEAN
You can make it up to us later if you want.

SARA
Who knows what might happen?

JANE
Bye boys.

Sara and Jane walk away.

Dean and Tom stand frozen on the spot, a look of disbelief on their faces.

TOM
What the fuck was that?

DEAN
A sign from God.

TOM
What are you fucking thinking? We can’t have a party. We don’t know the first thing about parties. And especially not at my fucking house?
Dean walks to his car. Tom follows.

DEAN
How hard can it be?

TOM
We can’t party with those girls.

DEAN
Listen to yourself. You’ve always hated yourself for being a loser. And the first chance you get to be somebody you’re not and you don’t want to fucking take it?

TOM
I don’t hate myself.

DEAN
You should.

TOM
They were the two hottest and popular girls in our school.

DEAN
Exactly.

Dean gets in his car.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Stop your fallopian bitching and get in the car.

INT. DEAN’S CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

Dean drives. They still argue.

TOM
We are in way over our heads here. These girls are expecting an awesome party, and we don’t even know where to start.

DEAN
Exactly, and if we throw them an out of this world, bad ass; mother fucking; bitch slapping party, They’ll just have to have sex with us.

TOM
You’re such an idiot.
DEAN
If we give them this party, they’ll probably have sex with us. Can’t you see that?

TOM
You really think that’s happen?

DEAN
Yes. First we’ll get some kinda bad ass music setup, then get some mother fucking alcohol, then bitch slap some hot chicks.

TOM
We’re fucked.

DEAN
Chill out, everything’s going to be fine.

TOM
Because you say it is.

DEAN
We’ll go to your house and sort all this shit out.

TOM
As easy as that.

DEAN
Yes it is. Virgins and college don’t mix.

TOM
I don’t care about going to college a virgin. I care more about losing any social respect I’ve got.

DEAN
So you have nothing to lose.

TOM
You’re an asshole.

DEAN
Come on, we can actually get these girls.

TOM
I hate those superficial, stuck up bitches. Besides, you know how I feel about Sam.

DEAN
Sam? Sam’s a frigid little bitch.
TOM
Fuck off.

DEAN
You’ve known her your whole life, and not even a handjob to show for it.

TOM
Shut up, man. She’s funny, smart, pretty, down to earth, and I think she might actually like me.

DEAN
She doesn’t like you. Nobody likes you.

TOM
And you feel exactly the same way about Sam.

DEAN
That’s bullshit.

TOM
I’m your best friend. I know when you’re lying.

DEAN
They don’t like us that way. And they are far too good for us.

TOM
I guess you’re right. For once.

DEAN
It’s a real shame, I know. We’ll have to look elsewhere?

Dean awaits a reply.

TOM
I suppose.

DEAN
Yes. Now when does your mom get back from her porn weekend?

TOM
Tomorrow night.

DEAN
So it’s perfect.

TOM
Yeah, perfect.
EXT. TOM’S HOUSE - DAY

Dean’s car parks in the driveway, next to another car with its trunk open.

Dean and Tom get out of the car.

DEAN
Why is the fuck is she still here

TOM’S MOM, a hot, (32), comes out of the house dragging a suitcase. She stares into her cellphone.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Here she comes.

TOM
Please just shut up and don’t say anything.

She throws her suitcase in the back and slams the trunk. She gets in the front still looking at her phone.

TOM (CONT’D)
Hey, Mom. All set for the weekend?

TOM’S MOM
Oh, hey. I didn’t see you there.

She laughs at her phone.

TOM’S MOM (CONT’D)
Dean. Haven’t seen you around for a while.

Dean leans against the car, trying and failing to look cool.

DEAN
Yeah well, I’ve been a bit under the weather and I didn’t want to pass it on to you--

Dean catches Tom glaring at him.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Or Tom.

TOM’S MOM
I was joking, Dean. You’re always here.

DEAN
Oh.

TOM
Shouldn’t you be hitting the road?
TOM’S MOM
Just updating my status.

Dean and Tom wait awkwardly.

TOM’S MOM (CONT’D)
Just about to leave my son and his socially awkward friend the house for the weekend. They’re free to do puzzles or whatever it is they do.

Tom’s mom starts the engine.

TOM’S MOM (CONT’D)
So you boys planning anything this weekend?

The boys look suspicious.

TOM
What us? No, do we ever plan?

DEAN
Puzzle night tonight, ma’am.

Her phone BEEPS. She reads it, then looks at the boys and laughs.

TOM’S MOM
Okay. Condoms and the morning after pill are in my bed side cabinet. Just make sure you move the rug before the party starts, okay?

Tom buckles under the pressure and confesses.

TOM
I’m so sorry, I never--

TOM’S MOM
Just kidding. You two don’t party. Later bitches.

She drives out of sight.

DEAN
Stupid bitch, she totally bought it.

Deans heads into the house.

TOM
That’s my mom.
INT. TOM’S HOUSE - DAY

A large open-plan room, a breakfast bar splits the kitchen and living room.

Tom joins Dean who stands on the spot, staring at a small chihuahua and a small pile of faeces.

DEAN
Should I ask?

TOM
Damn it. It’s my dickhead neighbor’s dog. Keeps getting in the house and shitting everywhere.

Tom grabs some tissue out of a nearby cupboard and cleans the mess.

Dean gets an idea. He rushes to the kitchen.

He searches the cupboards.

He grabs a bottle of laxatives, and a slice of ham out of the refrigerator.

TOM (CONT’D)
What are you doing?

Dean pours the whole bottle into the ham and folds it.

DEAN
What needs to be done.

Dean picks up the dog, puts outside and feeds it the ham. He closes the door.

TOM
Holy fuck. It’ll explode.

DEAN
Hopefully in its own house.

Tom smiles.

Dean heads into the kitchen and starts looking through the cupboards.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Fuck I’m hungry. There better be some food left in here.

Tom gathers photo frames and other breakable objects from the living room.

TOM
How can you be hungry? We’ve got a lot of shit to do.
Tom rolls up the big rug in the living room.

Dean takes packets out of a cupboard and throws them back in disgust.

DEAN
Your mom can lick my bag. This is our party.

TOM
It’s her house.

Dean finds a bag of chips and moves into the living room.

Tom drags the sofa to the other side of the room.

Dean jumps on it, forcing it to a halt.

TOM (CONT’D)
Are you going to help me or not?

DEAN
Yes. I’m thinking.

TOM
Does it hurt?

DEAN
Funny.

TOM
Dean, I don’t want to look like an idiot when we have no alcohol, music or even guests.

Dean realizes.

DEAN
Could you make one of those shitty facebook event things, and just invite everybody from school?

TOM
That’s a good idea.

Tom loads up his facebook on a nearby computer.

DEAN
Course it is. No reason to panic.

Tom gestures to a plant on the table.

TOM
Hide that. It’s a gift from my mom’s sister, and it’s God-damn expensive.
DEAN
It’s just a plant.

TOM
It’s a very rare Japanese plant. Go hide it in my mom’s room.

DEAN
Whoa, no fucking way, dude. I’m never going back in there. Not after last time.

INT. TOM’S MOM’S BEDROOM – NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

DEAN (O.S.)
Ready or not, here I come.

A (10) year old Dean opens the door and enters.

Dean looks to the bed. Tom’s mom is asleep and on the pillow beside her is a large red dildo.

Dean looks confused and quietly leaves the room.

END OF FLASHBACK.

TOM
You didn’t see it. It didn’t happen.

DEAN
Hey, I know what I saw.

TOM
Yeah, whatever. And it’s done.

Deans rushes to the commuter screen.

DEAN
How many we got? Twenty? Thirty?

TOM
One, actually. That was quick.

They take a closer look.

DEAN
Thick fucking Mick? No way. He can’t come.

TOM
He’s our only attendee.

Tom continues hiding breakable objects.
DEAN
Right, let’s think. What can we use for the music?

TOM
My mom’s CD player. It’s perfect.

Dean gives Tom a look of disgust.

TOM (CONT’D)
It’s a great player, plays three disks at once. Just what we need.

DEAN
I think you’re actually being serious.

TOM
Well, yeah.

Tom sits on the sofa.

DEAN
These girls asked for an awesome party and in return will most defiantly give us awesome sex. You’ve met these girls. A CD player isn’t even first base.

TOM
You sound like an idiot.

DEAN
Keep thinking.

Dean sits on the sofa.

TOM
I’ve got it.

DEAN
If you say the radio.

TOM
Remember my sixteenth birthday party?

DEAN
Yeah. It totally sucked. All balloon animals and hats.

TOM
You remember the music setup?

DEAN
You talking in code, or?
TOM
We had my cousins DJ setup, remember? He was a DJ before his accident, and he probably still has all the and shit.

DEAN
Hoppy?

TOM
Yes. And he lives with my grandparents just down the road.

Dean stands in excitement and heads for the door.

DEAN
Well what are we waiting for? Let’s go get that retard’s system.

EXT. HOPPY’S HOUSE - DAY

The grass is green and the flower beds are neat. There is a selection of gnomes around the yard’s perimeter.

The garage door is open and a car has been rolled out onto the drive. A bucket of water and a sponge on the ground.

Tom knocks on the door.

DEAN
Did they ever catch the guy who stole his leg?

TOM
Nobody stole his leg, it was a hit and run. You know that.

DEAN
I like talking about it.

TOM
Shit.

DEAN
What?

TOM
He’s not here, he’s away with his track team this weekend.

DEAN
And forget such a minor thing like that?

TOM
My grandparents will be here, we’ll just ask them.
DEAN
Better knock louder.

Tom goes to knock but the door opens.

TINA, (82), stands in the doorway. She’s frail and small.

TINA
Yes?

TOM
Hi, Tina. Is Hoppy--

TINA
Who is it?

Tina leans forward and squints her eyes.

TOM
It’s Tom, your grandson.

TINA
Ah, yes. Sorry dear, I don’t have my glasses. And this must be little Jeremy.

Tina is wearing her glasses.

TOM
No this is--

TINA
Only, he’s not so little anymore.

DEAN
You better believe it.

TINA
Oh well, come in, come in.

Tina steps aside.

Tom enters. Dean follows.

INT. HOPPY’S HOUSE − DAY

Tina, Tom and Dean step into the living room.

PAUL, (84), sleeps in an armchair.

The room’s clean but cluttered.

Tina sits in an arm chair.

TINA
Boys, sit down.
The only seat left is a small sofa. Dean and Tom squeeze in uncomfortably.

There’s a WHIRRING noise as Tina electrically reclines her armchair.

The recliner is slow, it takes time.

Dean and Tom wait.

The chair is finally reclined.

TINA (CONT’D)
Oh, would you take a look at Paul.

DEAN
He’s adorable.

Tina tries to shout, but it’s a whisper.

TINA
Paul.
(beat)
Jeremy, give him a little nudge, would you?

DEAN
Let the old bastard sleep.

Tom’s shocked but Tina didn’t notice Dean’s cursing.

TINA
Nonsense. Not when we’ve got company. Don’t be shy.

DEAN
God damn it.

Dean creeps over to Paul and nudges his arm. Nothing.

He pushes again. Still nothing.

DEAN (CONT’D)
What the fuck?

Dean lowers his ear to Paul’s face.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Uh, Tom, I don’t think he’s breathing.

TOM
Oh my God. You serious?

Tom’s outburst wakes Paul.

Paul shoots up very suddenly, scaring Dean.
PAUL
What? Taxes?

DEAN
Jesus Christ. What the hell is wrong with you? You nearly gave me a fucking heart attack.

TINA
Watch your language, Jeremy.

DEAN
I thought he was dead.

TINA
Nonsense.

DEAN
He was dead.

PAUL
I was asleep, you ignorant boy.

Dean squeezes back on the sofa. Tom tries not to laugh.

TINA
Paul, this is Tom and Jeremy.

Paul mumbles.

TINA (CONT’D)
Don’t be so rude. They’ve come for a little catch up. Isn’t that right boys?

Both grandparents look at the boys, awaiting conversation.

Super: A while later.

The room is silent. It’s very awkward.

Dean and Tom whisper to each other.

DEAN
Don’t cough. You’ll give’em a heart attack.

TOM
Shh. They’ll hear you.

DEAN
Don’t be stupid, they’re deaf as bats.

TOM
Good smarts. Bats are blind.
DEAN
Then how do they fly around?

TOM
They use their ears.

Dean looks very confused.

TOM (CONT’D)
Just ask them for Hoppy’s decks and we can get the fuck out of here.

DEAN
You ask them. They’re your family—

Tina slowly leans in there direction.

DEAN (CONT’D)
What’s she doing?

TINA
You two wouldn’t know what them smelly herbs we found in Hoppy’s room are, would you?

TOM
No, sorry. Now we’re on the subject, we were wondering if Hoppy still had his decks?

TINA
Decks? We never had any deck chairs.

TOM
No I mean all that equipment and speakers he had from when he was a DJ?

TINA
Well he has a load of old stuff in the garage. Doesn’t really play with it any more.

TOM
Great, do you think we could borrow some of it?

TINA
Oh, I don’t know. You better ask Paul.

Everyone looks at Paul, who is staring into space.

TOM
Paul?

A moment passes.
DEAN
Oi.

PAUL
What is it?

TOM
Can we borrow some of Hoppy’s stuff from the garage?

PAUL
No. You know how he loses it when people touch his stuff.

TINA
Sorry boys.

The boys look defeated.

TINA (CONT’D)
You want some tea?

DEAN
No.

TOM
No, thank you.

TINA
Okay, I’ll go make some.

Tina gets up and slowly makes her way to the kitchen. Paul gets up and slowly walks towards the television.

DEAN
It’s like a Romero film set. Let’s go.

TOM
What about the tea?

Dean leaves.

EXT. HOPPY’S HOUSE – DAY

They walk out of the house and toward the sidewalk.

Dean kicks a gnome in anger.

TOM
It’s rude, you know. Not even saying goodbye.
DEAN
Don’t worry, they’ll forget we were here in about thirty seconds. What a waste of fucking time.

TOM
Well it was nice to catch up.

DEAN
Don’t.

TOM
I’m joking.

DEAN
That’s it, we’re fucked. No music means no party, no sex.

TOM
I hate to say it, but the CD player is starting to look pretty good.

Dean stops. Tom almost walks into him.

TOM (CONT’D)
Another joke.

DEAN
Wait, what did that senile old bitch say?

TOM
Watch your language?

DEAN
No. She said the shit is in the garage. The door’s still open.

TOM
No. No way.

INT. HOPPY’S GARAGE – DAY
The garage is as tidy as the yard.

Dean and Tom are standing over a sheet covering something.

DEAN
Listen, just calm ya shit.

DEAN (CONT’D)
It’s not stealing, it’s borrowing, only without permission. There is a difference.

TOM
What’s the difference?
DEAN
Since when do thieves ever take shit back?

TOM
No.

DEAN
Don’t let those zombies ruin your first chance of actually having sex.

TOM
Jane is pretty hot, isn’t she?

DEAN
So fucking hot. Today has been written my friend.

TOM
Why is this such a big deal to you?

DEAN
I don’t want to be a fucking virgin forever, man.

TOM
Neither do I, but there has to be a law abiding way.

DEAN
They’ll never fucking know. They’re blind anyway.

TOM
You don’t know that, and what happens if we get caught?

DEAN
We won’t. We’ll get it back safe and sound, before the sandbags even notice.

A pause.

TOM
Okay. Let’s do it.

Dean is overjoyed.

TOM (CONT’D)
But if I end up in jail, getting beat up, or publicly humiliated. Are friendship will cease to exist.

DEAN
What friendship?
They turn to the sheet.

DEAN (CONT’D)
You wanna do the honors?

TOM
No, this is your bit.

Dean pulls the sheet away to reveal-- A lawn mower.

DEAN
What the fuck?

They turn around to see the DJ equipment stacked behind them.

TOM
Well that was stupid.

Dean picks up a speaker--

TINA (O.S.)
Paul, dear. Fetch a bag of sprouts from the freezer, will you?

The side door to the house opens and out walks Paul, in plane sight of the boys.

Dean and Tom freeze.

Paul pulls a bag of french fries out of the freezer and heads back into the house.

The boys unfreeze.

Paul stops in the door way.

The boys freeze.

He continues into the house.

DEAN
See, no problem.

TOM
That was too close.

DEAN
Hey, I’ve never let you down before.

EXT/INT. HOTEL/HOT TUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dean, Tom, and a very unattractive GIRL are in a hot tub. The situation is very awkward.
GIRL
Could one of you go and get my brother? He’s looking for us.

Tom starts to climb out.

DEAN
Yeah, I’ll go.

Dean pulls Tom back in and gets out.

TOM
Hurry back.

DEAN
Two minutes.

HOTEL ROOM
Dean sleeps on the bed.

HOT TUB
Tom and the girl share awkward smiles.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. TOM’S HOUSE - DAY
Dean has his head in the refrigerator.
A song plays on the DJ setup: (Village People “Y.M.C.A”)
Dean looks to Tom who stands over Hoppy’s laptop.

DEAN
Tom?

TOM
It’s a classic.

DEAN
Delete that song. People think we’re gay as it is.

TOM
It’s gone, but you’ll miss it.

DEAN
Where’s the food in this fucking house?
TOM
Don’t you think we should be planning our next move? Like alcohol, maybe? Or the guests?

They both realize and rush to the computer.

Mick Ryan is still the only attendee, he also commented on the event.

“Can’t wait to party down with you dudes”

DEAN
Fuck no. That can’t happen.

TOM
Don’t panic, I’ve got an idea. I’ll just say Sara and Jane are the hosts. See what happens.

DEAN
Why don’t you invite your legion of friends that I’ve never met?

TOM
I’m not inviting my friends, you won’t get along with them.

DEAN
You mean your dvd collection?

TOM
I have other friends, okay? You’re not my only one.

Sara and Jane walk into the living room.

SARA
Hello boys.

TOM
We have a door bell.

Dean walks to the kitchen area. Tom closes the computer screen.

DEAN
Hey, girls.

The girls ignore Dean. Sara spots the music system.

SARA
So it looks like we’re still on tonight.

DEAN
Oh yeah it’s on, it’s definitely--
TOM
We get it, Dean. It’s on.

JANE
Nice place you got here, Tim.

TOM
It’s Tom.

JANE
Sure, whatever.

Sara and Jane join Dean in the kitchen, leaving Tom in the living room.

Tom runs up to the breakfast bar and slides over it.

He falls off the other side and lands hard on the kitchen floor.

JANE (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

Tom tries his best to hide his pain.

TOM
Fine. Yeah, I’m fine. I do that all the time.

JANE
Sure.

SARA
So have you got any alcohol for tonight?

DEAN
We’re working on it.

SARA
How are you going to get it?

DEAN
We’ll think of something when we get to the store.

JANE
A little risky isn’t it?

TOM
That’s what I said.

DEAN
When?

SARA
Well make sure you do. We don’t want no fuck-ups tonight.
DEAN
And you won’t get any. I promise.

JANE
Where you getting the smoke?

Tom and Dean look confused.

TOM
Well, my cousin has a smoke machine, but that’s mostly for discos.

Dean’s embarrassed.

SARA
No. Marijuana.

TOM
Marijuana? I don’t, Dean?

DEAN
We didn’t even consider it.

JANE
Well, Jeff’s party had smoke.

TOM
Did it?

JANE
I thought you were there.

DEAN
We were, but we just got super, super, rape-drank.

The girls look in insulted.

SARA
Well you better make sure get some, you promised us a good party.

DEAN
Don’t worry, we’ll make it smoke. We’ll get the smoke.

JANE
Good.

The girls walk toward the exit, the boys follow.

TOM
You girls sure like to party.
JANE
We do, so don't disappoint and we'll make it a special night for you boys.

DEAN
We won't disappoint.

JANE
I always thought you guys were, no offence, nerds.

TOM
Nerd is such a strong word.

DEAN
No, we were just trying to blend in.

JANE
Is that what it was.

They all look at each other.

DEAN
Well, thanks for everything and we'll see you tonight.

JANE
Yes, you will.

Jane and Sara walk out of the house and shut the door.

DEAN
Holy Mother Lord Jesus. You believe this shit?

TOM
I'm beginning to.

DEAN
Nerds? What the hell was that about?

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A (16) year old Tom and Dean sit in a classroom, writing in their books.

They're alone, the class hasn't begun.

Sara and Jane walk in the room, looking just as hot and slutty as in the present day.

SARA
Does either of you have a pen I could borrow?
Tom and Dean look at each other. They gather all of their belongings and leave the classroom.

END OF FLASHBACK.

DEAN
How are we going get the alcohol?

TOM
We’ll just have to ask someone to buy it for us.

DEAN
Who’s stupid enough to do that?

TOM
I don’t know.

DEAN
What about money?

TOM
That’s where I come in. My mom left me a load of cash for the weekend.

DEAN
I love your mom.

TOM
What about the drugs?

DEAN
Hoppy’s smelly herbs.

Dean heads for the door.

TOM
This isn’t as easy as you thought it would be, is it?

DEAN
Come on shit sack.

EXT. HOPPY’S HOUSE - DAY

Dean and Tom stand on the sidewalk outside Hoppy’s house.

TOM
How are you going to do it?

DEAN
Which one’s Hoppy’s bedroom?

TOM
First on the left. I think.
Dean storms toward the house, he enters and leaves the front door open.

Tom stands impatiently, he nods to a neighbor.

Dean exits the house, he doesn’t bother to close the door.

TOM (CONT’D)
Well?

Dean ignores Tom, they walk toward Dean’s car.

TOM (CONT’D)
You get it? Where is it?

DEAN
You know he has a portrait of his family on his bedroom wall.

TOM
Did you get it or not?

They both get in the car.

INT. DEAN’S CAR – DAY

They sit in the car.

TOM
Dean?

Dean pulls out a huge bag of marijuana.

DEAN
Don’t doubt me.

The car shakes with their excitement. Dean starts the car.

INT. GROCERY STORE – DAY

Dean and Tom loiter an alcohol aisle in a large grocery store.

There’s an OLD MAN, (50), with a shopping cart full of alcohol.

TOM
Dean.

DEAN
He has be the guy.

They approach the old man.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Excuse me, sir?
OLD MAN
Yes?

DEAN
I was wondering if you could do me and my friend here a little favor--

OLD MAN
Go away, kid.

TOM
But you don’t know what it is yet.

OLD MAN
You two are acting like an Englishman at an orgy.

TOM
What?
The man heads out of the aisle.

DEAN
I hope you fall and break a hip old man.
The old man rounds the corner and disappears.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Miserable old fuck.

TOM
The hip thing, wasn’t your best line.

DEAN
I was waiting for my wingman to step in.

TOM
Did you just say I’m your wingman?

Dean ignores Tom.

A tall, muscular young man turns into the aisle and faces the shelves.

TOM (CONT’D)
What about that guy?

DEAN
Well he’s not old.
Dean and Tom walk towards the young man.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Yo, bro.  Bro.
TOM
What are you doing?

DEAN
I'm sounding cool. Trust me, it'll work. Yo.

The young man turns around, it's JEFF, Dean's arch enemy.

The boys stop.

JEFF
Hey bro.

TOM
Oh shit.

DEAN
Oh shit, Jeff.

Dean and Tom back up. Jeff advances.

JEFF'S FRIEND, (18), appears behind them, blocking their escape. He's like a body builder.

Jeff and his friend slowly close the gap.

JEFF
You have no idea how long I've waited to get you like this.

DEAN
Jeff, it was three years ago. I wasn't even there. I didn't tell anybody.

JEFF
Don't bother lying.

DEAN
Can't we just talk about this?

JEFF
We're talking now, while you still can.

A feeble OLD LADY, (52), tries to come down the aisle. Jeff's friend forcefully blocks her path.

JEFF'S FRIEND
Get out of here, old lady.

The feeble old lady looks insulted and walks off.

TOM
What about me? I don't even know what happened.
JEFF
Shut up, Princess. If that is your real name.

TOM
Princess? Oh, this isn't another gay thing, is it? Because we get a lot of--

DEAN
Tom, shut the fuck up.

Jeff picks up a heavy bottle of liquor and cradles it like a club.

JEFF
You made a big mistake doing what you did that day.

DEAN
I told you, I didn't tell anybody.

TOM
We're not at school anymore. What does it even matter? Well, you still are.

JEFF
Your boyfriend started a rumor about me that will never die.

DEAN
(blurting it out)
It wasn't a rumor-- shit.

Jeff stares at Dean.

Jeff's about to attack--

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Hey. What are you kids doing down here?

The store's overweight SECURITY GUARD, (40), has noticed the commotion.

Jeff puts the bottle back on the shelf. The security guard joins the group.

JEFF
Just browsing, Sir.

SECURITY GUARD
You boys ain't old enough to be down here.

DEAN
Sure we are.
SECURITY GUARD
Let me see your I.Ds.

Jeff removes a card from his wallet and hands it to the security guard.

Jeff doesn’t take his eyes off Dean.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT’D)
Okay, fine. Now yours.

DEAN
Mine?

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, show me.

DEAN
Right, right. My I.D, which I have.

Everyone waits while Dean searches his pockets.

There’s a lot of tension. Dean makes eye contact with everyone.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Tom?

TOM
You thinking what I’m thinking?

DEAN
We should have done a puzzle.

Dean and Tom sprint into the central isle.

CENTRAL ISLE
They run down the central aisle of the store. Jeff, his friend and the security guard chase them.

TOM
Dean, do something.

Dean grabs and swings a cart full of groceries behind him.

A lady drops her groceries on the floor, not realizing the cart is gone.

Jeff and his friend dodge the cart, but it hits the security guard, knocking him to the floor.

Tom has disappeared in the commotion.

Jeff and his friend have also disappeared. Dean stops to catch his breath.
DEAN
Tom? Tom, where are you?

Jeff’s friend grabs Dean from behind.

JEFF’S FRIEND
Gotcha. Jeff, over here.

DEAN
Let me go man. I’ll do whatever you want.

Dean grabs his collar and thrusts him back and forth as he begs.

JEFF’S FRIEND
Get the fuck off me--

A purse swings in, whacking Jeff’s friend in the face.
He lets go of Dean and holds his head.
It’s the old lady he pushed out of the alcohol aisle.

OLD LADY
You rude young man.

DEAN
Thank you.

Dean continues running down the central aisle towards the exit.

Jeff and his friend chase Dean.

Dean runs, Tom appears, and pushes a long line of carts between Dean and the bullies.

Dean and Tom both stop to catch their breath.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Dude, I thought you abandoned me.

TOM
You’re my wingman right.

They share a friendly smile.

Jeff’s friend climbs over the carts.

TOM (CONT’D)
I think we better go.

Jeff volts over the carts.

DEAN
Yeah.
EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dean and Tom run to Dean’s car.

Dean tries to slide across the hood. Friction stops him halfway. Awkwardly, he jumps off and gets in the car. Tom also gets in.

Jeff runs towards Dean’s car, knocking over the old man who wouldn’t help.

OLD MAN
Oh, my bloody hip.

INT. DEAN’S CAR - DAY

Dean puts his car into reverse and floors the gas.

There’s a CRASH as he hits a parked car.

TOM
Dean.

DEAN
Don’t even look.

Jeff gets closer, Dean tries to pull away but reverses harder into the car.

TOM
What the fuck are you doing? Go forward.

DEAN
I’m trying.

He fumbles with the gears and speeds away. Just in time.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The car Dean hit is a Volkswagen Golf, with blacked out windows and a body kit.

The licence plate reads: “J3FF 9”. Jeff’s angry.

JEFF
Mother f--

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK

Dean and Tom sit on the hood of Dean’s car, watching the liquor store.

TOM
Shouldn't we be doing something?
DEAN
We are. We're watching.

TOM
There's nothing here.

DEAN
It's what you do. You've seen the movies.

EMMA (O.S.)
Hey guys.

Dean and Tom jump.

DEAN
Holy shit.

Emma stands by the car.

DEAN (CONT'D)
It's you.

EMMA
You okay there?

Dean stands closer to Emma. Tom stays on the car.

DEAN
Yeah. Yeah, you scared me.

EMMA
I'm sorry. What are you guys doing?

TOM
We're watching.

DEAN
Just hanging around.

EMMA
Outside the liquor store?

DEAN
Yeah. Quite a lot happens here actually.

Everyone looks at the store. There's no sign of life.

EMMA
You okay, Tom?

TOM
Never been better.

EMMA
Good.
DEAN
What are you doing here?
Interrogating me.

EMMA
Me and Sam are going to the movies, remember?

DEAN
I vaguely recall something.

EMMA
Yeah, you didn't wanna come.

DEAN
Yeah, we couldn’t make it.

EMMA
Too busy watching the liquor store?

DEAN
Exactly. So where’s Sam?

EMMA
Across the street, getting some money.

DEAN
Look, Emma. It’s not that I didn't wanna come, because I do. I really do.

EMMA
Then just come.

DEAN
I’m sort of tied up in something right now.

Sam joins Emma and Dean.

SAM
You guys coming now?

EMMA
No, they’re not.

Tom joins them.

TOM
Sam. How are you?

SAM
I’m okay. You having a good day?

TOM
Something like that.
SAM
What are you doing here?

TOM
I don't know. Ask Captain Wow here.

DEAN
We're throwing a little party tonight. Nothing major.

EMMA
We heard actually.

TOM
Really?

DEAN
It's only a stupid little get together before everyone goes to college, that's all.

SAM
A get together with Jane and Sara?

TOM
Yeah, how did--

EMMA
We got the facebook invite.

TOM
Oh. How's that going?

SAM
Pretty much everyone from school is going.

DEAN
You shitting me?

EMMA
No. Mick Ryan even.

DEAN
Fuck.

SAM
So you're here for the alcohol.

DEAN
Yeah. You got any ideas?

Emma looks into the alleyway next to the liquor store.

EMMA
I've got one.
EXT. ALLEYWAY - DUSK

The alleyway is dirty and full of dumpsters.

Dean, Tom, Emma and Sam stand around the BUM, (35).

He’s filthy and smells. He sleeps with a dirty dog.

He holds a paper bagged bottle.

    TOM
    Is that dog dead?

    SAM
    Somebody should wake him.

    DEAN
    Emma.

    EMMA
    Why me?

    DEAN
    It’s your idea.

    EMMA
    It’s your party.

Everybody looks at Emma.

    EMMA (CONT’D)
    Fine.

She kneels to the bum.

    EMMA (CONT’D)
    Sir? Sir, wake up.

The bum doesn’t respond. Dean kicks his leg.

    TOM
    You can’t--

The bum comes to. He’s dazed and confused.

    BUM
    I have no legal tender.

The bum takes a gulp of whatever is in the bottle and spits it out.

    SAM
    Eww.

    TOM
    Nice.
EMMA
Excuse me, sir. Hi, my name is
Emma and--

BUM
A pleasure to make your
acquaintance.

The bum speaks in an English accent.

EMMA
We need your help?

BUM
Then I shall do my upmost.

The bum puts his hand up to be helped to his feet.

TOM
But you don't know what it is yet.

DEAN
Shut up, Tom.

BUM
Would you be so kind?

No one wants to touch the bum. It’s very awkward.

DEAN
Tom. Help the man.

TOM
Why me?

DEAN
Because you're such a nice guy.

Tom reluctantly grabs the bum’s hand and heaves.

Eventually the bum stands, but he keeps going and falls to
the ground taking Tom underneath him.

BUM
Oh fiddlesticks.

Dean laughs a little too much.

Emma helps the bum to his feet.

Sam goes in to save Tom.

SAM
Tom, are you okay?

Sam helps him up, he’s stained and dirty.
TOM
Oh, yeah, I'm fine. Just lost my balance, that's all.

Tom and Sam look each other in the eyes.

BUM
I will forgive your clumsiness, old chap.

TOM
You're too kind. Thanks Dean, you were a great help.

DEAN
You did alright.

BUM
So how can I possibly be of assistance?

EMMA
Well, there's a big party happening tonight and obviously there has to be alcohol.

BUM
Can't flourish or perish without it.

EMMA
Great, so if we give you some money do you think you could go into the store and buy some for us?

BUM
Oh my.

DEAN
You can buy yourself a bottle out of the money, of course.

TOM
And soap.

BUM
I'm in two minds.

EMMA
Two bottles.

DEAN
What?

BUM
You have yourself a deal.
EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK

The Bum straightens his urine soaked clothes.

Dean hands him the credit card.

DEAN
For fuck sake. Do not mess this up.

BUM
No need for negativity. I do this for a living.

The bum trips on the step as he walks into the store.

Dean, Tom, Emma and Sam walk towards Dean’s car.

DEAN
Are you two coming tonight?

SAM
Emma, what do you think?

EMMA
Sure. It might be fun.

DEAN
It’ll be awesome.

EMMA
Okay well, we better get go--

SARA (O.S.)
Guys. Get over here.

Sara and Jane stand by Dean’s car.

DEAN
We’ll be back in minute.

TOM
Wait right here, Sam.

The boys ditch Emma and Sam and run to the car.

DEAN
Hey, what’s up?

SARA
You got the alcohol?

DEAN
We’ve got a guy on it now.

SARA
Cool, and the smoke?
DEAN
Yes, we’ve got a really good smoke machine.

A pause.

DEAN (CONT’D)
I’m joking.

Nobody laughs.

TOM
Yeah, we got it.

JANE
Cool. I’m really starting looking forward to it.

TOM
You and me too-- I mean, both.

JANE
So it wouldn’t be any trouble to get some pills for tonight?

SARA
And we don’t mean sleeping pills.

TOM
That’s a bit heavy, isn’t it?

SARA
We were under the impression that this party was going to be awesome.

DEAN
It is, that’s why ecstasy is no problem for us.

SARA
Good. Then we’ll see you tonight. Don’t let us down, and we’ll make it worth your time.

DEAN
We won’t.

JANE
And Tim, change your clothes.

The girls walk away.

Dean and Tom turn back to Emma and Sam but they’re gone.

DEAN
Where’d they go?
TOM
I don’t know.

The boys lean against the car and watch the liquor store.

They can see the bum through the window.

TOM (CONT’D)
This is getting out of hand, not only weed, but pills?

DEAN
If we don’t deliver, they won’t deliver. Their vaginas.

TOM
Where the hell we going to get ecstasy.

DEAN
I saw a bottle of pills in Hoppy’s room.

TOM
He’ll fucking kill us if he finds out what we’ve done.

DEAN
Who gives a shit. I’ll just walk away, one leg in front of the other.

TOM
Why did you invite Sam and Emma to the party?

DEAN
Why not?

TOM
If I do somehow end up with Jane, I don't want Sam knowing about it.

DEAN
Why? She’ll probably get jealous and want you herself.

TOM
I like Sam. I don’t want her seeing me with Jane.

DEAN
But Sam’s a virgin.

TOM
That’s a good thing. So are we.
DEAN
Yeah but Sam doesn’t know all the freaky shit that Jane does.

TOM
What freaky shit?

DEAN
I don't know, I'm still a virgin. Which just proves my point.

TOM
What point?

DEAN
Here he comes.

The bum carries bags of alcohol to the door. He tries to push the door, but he needs to pull it.

Dean and Tom rush over and push the door open.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Holy shit. You did it.

The bum comes outside.

Dean tries to take the bags, but the bum pulls them away.

BUM
Where is the lady?

DEAN
She’s gone you fucking perv, now give me the bags.

The bum looks behind Dean and Tom.

BUM
Hello again, Emma.

The boys turn around.

The bum bolts in the other direction.

DEAN
Tom.

Dean chases the bum toward the road. He catches him on the sidewalk.

Dean grabs and pulls the bags. The bum won’t let go.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Let go you asshole.

Tom watches them fight.
There’s a car coming down the road beside them. Tom can see the inviability.

TOM
Dean.
The bum loses his grip and falls into the road.
The car smashes into the bum, he rolls up then down the hood and hits the floor.
He lays motionless.
Tom runs to them. Dean stares in shock.
The driver opens the window. It’s Paul, Tom’s grandfather.

PAUL
Jesus Christ, Jeremy. What have you done?

DEAN
I didn’t do anything. You shouldn’t be driving, you’re blind as a fucking bat.

PAUL
Why you little shit.

Paul’s angry, and opens the car door.

Tom arrives. Dean grabs the bags and runs for the car.
Tom takes the credit card from the bum’s pocket.
A muscular BALD MAN, (29), stands on the sidewalk, watching Tom.

He’s carrying a golf bag full of clubs.

BALD MAN
Hey. He’s robbing him.

TOM
What? No, he doesn’t need it anymore.

BALD MAN
You son of a bitch.

The bald man removes a club from his bag and runs for Tom.

TOM
Oh, fuck.

Tom runs to Dean’s car.
Paul is still getting out of the car.
Dean and Tom have almost made it to the car. The bald man is close behind.

**DEAN**

Hurry up you fucking pussy.

**TOM**

Holy shit.

Dean slides over the hood with the bags.

**DEAN**

You see that shit? It was beautiful man. It was beautiful.

He throws the bags on the back seat and starts the engine.

Tom is nearly there.

**TOM**

Wait for me.

Dean opens the passenger door.

**DEAN**

Jump you prick.

He pulls away.

**TOM**

What?

**DEAN**

Fucking jump.

Tom dives into the car, his legs hang out the door.

The bald man puts several dents in Dean’s trunk with the golf club.

Dean speeds away.

Tom climbs in and shuts the door.

**INT. TOM’S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A lot of alcohol is laid on the breakfast bar.

The music plays at a low volume.

Tom comes down the stairs wearing a hideous red and yellow striped shirt.

Dean comes through the front door, holding a little bottle.

**TOM**

You find them?
DEAN
Course I did, it was easy.

INT. HOPPY’S BEDROOM – FLASHBACK
Hoppy’s room is clearly Tina and Paul’s room.
There’s a family portrait on the wall.
Dean recklessly searches for the pills.

DEAN
Fuck.  Fuck.
He looks in a draw and pulls out a little bottle.

DEAN  (CONT’D)
Yes.
He leaves the room.  A moment passes.

HOPPY  (O.S.)
Nan.  Where the fuck are my herbs?

END OF FLASHBACK
Dean puts the bottle on a shelf.

DEAN
What the fuck is that?

TOM
What?
Tom looks behind him.

DEAN
That mess you’re wearing.

TOM
It’s nice.

DEAN
Whatever.
Dean gets a beer and sits in the kitchen area.
Tom sits on a stool next to Dean.
Dean passes Tom a beer.

TOM
Thanks.

DEAN
I’m getting so rape-drunk tonight.
TOM
I’m not. I wanna know what’s going on. After all, you know what happened last time.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
Dean rushes to the toilet and pukes.

DEAN
Please stop, and I’ll never drink again.

He pukes again.
Tom appears in the doorway, holding his mouth.
Dean is in the way. Tom pukes over his back.

DEAN (CONT’D)
What’s happening?

END OF FLASHBACK.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Don’t bring that up.

TOM
I can’t believe we actually did it.

DEAN
Of course we did. I said we would.

TOM
Getting all this together in less than a day.

DEAN
And all we did was steal everything from Hoppy and get banned from every supermarket in town.

TOM
Don’t forget you killed a guy.

DEAN
He’s not dead.

TOM
He didn’t move.

DEAN
Just stop. Besides, you did all that with me. That’s accessory.

TOM
If you say so.
DEAN
Oh, did you shave your pubic hair?

TOM
What? No. Why the hell-- oh you didn't?

DEAN
Of course I did. Girls dig that shit. And, it makes it look bigger.

TOM
Your ignorance offends me.

DEAN
Girls go crazy for a shaven ball sack.

Dean scratches his crotch, then pours two shots.

TOM
Why wouldn't they?

DEAN
So you ready for a bad ass, mother fucking, bitch slapping party?

Dean hands Tom his shot.

TOM
As ready as I’ll ever be. Lets party like it’s nineteen eighty nine.

DEAN
Why?

TOM
I don’t know, it was just something to say.

DEAN
Let’s get this shit started.

TOM
Mine was better.

They take their shot. The door opens and guests arrive.

LATER THAT NIGHT
The music turned up high.
The house is packed with teenage guests.
A drinking game in the kitchen.
Dean is partaking against MICK RYAN, (18), a spotty, skinny nerd.

On the table, six pints of beer in a semicircle, with a shot in the middle.

Dean and Mick stand either side of the semicircle.

The crowd gather around.

GIRL IN CROWD #1

Go.

Dean and Mick drink their first pint.

Dean takes a while to finish. He slams the empty glass on the table.

Mick has finished his three pints and takes the shot.

DEAN
What the fuck?

MICK RYAN
Come get some.

The crowd cheer Mick Ryan's victory.

Tom laughs from the kitchen. Dean goes to Tom.

DEAN
What’s so funny?

TOM
You just lost against Mick Ryan.
The biggest loser in high school.

DEAN
Thick fucking Mick fucking.

The boys notice Sara and Jane dancing in the living room.

People pour drink into their mouths.

TOM
Look at them.

DEAN
They’re hammered.

Drink spills on the floor.

TOM
Nobody shows any respect.

DEAN
I feel your pain.
TOM
No you don’t.

MICK RYAN (O.S.)
Hey, whores.

Dean and Tom turn to Mick Ryan.

DEAN
What the fuck do you want?

MICK RYAN
Quiet loser. Tom, how does it feel to know your boyfriend doesn’t have a sack?

TOM
Fuck off, Mick

MICK RYAN
You’re his bitch and he’s now my bitch. That makes you my bitch. Bitch.

DEAN
Leave him alone.

MICK RYAN
What are you going to do about it?

TOM
What I’m going to do is what you need to worry about.

DEAN
Leave it, Tom.

The crowd watch on.

TOM
Drink off.

DEAN
Drink off?

MICK RYAN
Drink off.

The crowd cheer.

DEAN
No, Tom. You don’t have to do this.

TOM
Dean, I’ve got this.

Tom steps up to the table. The drinks have been set.
MICK RYAN
Prepare for annihilation.
The drinks are ready, the contestants prepare themselves.

GIRL IN CROWD #1
Ready? Go.

Tom and Mick begin the first pint.
Dean gets in Mick’s face.

DEAN
You’re going down. Bitch.

They finish the first pint and begin the second.
Dean stands too close to Tom.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Kick his ass, Tom. This is your chance to be the hero.

Tom pushes Dean away.
They finish the second and start the final pint.
Dean talks to the crowd.

DEAN (CONT’D)
You seeing this shit?

Tom drops the finished glass and takes his shot.
Mick stops drinking his pint.

MICK RYAN
That’s impossible.
The crowd celebrate Tom’s victory.
Dean and Tom grab each other and jump around.
Mick retreats into the crowd.

DEAN
You did it. You were fucking awesome.

TOM
We did it.

DEAN
No, man. You did it.
The music stops. The room falls silent.
Sara and Jane stand by the music system. They're both drunk. They talk into a microphone.

SARA
Dean, get your ass up here.

JANE
And you, Tim. What are you wearing?

Dean and Tom head towards the girls.

BY THE MUSIC SYSTEM

Dean stands next to Sara. Tom next to Jane.

The crowd watch on.

SARA
Ya'll better be fucked up.

The crowd CHEER.

Sara throws her arm around Dean.

Jane pours four shots.

SARA (CONT’D)
We wouldn't be having this awesome party if it wasn't for these dudes.

VOICE IN CROWD
They suck.

JANE
These are the best hosts ever.

TOM
Probably not ever.

SARA
We made a deal with them. They held up their end, so I guess, it’s our turn.

The girls snog the boys.

The music comes back on and the crowd continue partying.

Dean and Tom are taken back.

Jane hands out the shots.

SARA (CONT’D)
Go.

Sara takes hers.
Dean throws his glass behind him. SMASHING it on the wall. Jane lights hers and Tom’s. Tom doesn’t see this. Jane puts out her flame and shots it. Tom sips the shot. He SCREAMS and throws the shot into the crowd.

TOM
What the fuck was that?

JANE
Come on.
The girls grab the boys and pull them into the crowd and toward the stairs. Behind them, someone’s back is on fire. The girls pull them upstairs. Jeff and his friend enter the house.

JEFF
If you see either of them little pricks, you bring them straight to me.

They separate into the crowd.

INT. TOM’S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT
Jane takes Tom into his bedroom and shuts the door. Sara pulls Dean into Tom’s mom’s room.

INT. TOM’S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Jane pulls Tom to the bed and sits down. She takes her top off, revealing her bra and cleavage. Tom’s uncomfortable. Jane lies down.

TOM
You don’t have to take that off if you don’t want to.

JANE
What are you talking about?
TOM
It gets cold in here. Sometimes I have to wear two socks.

Jane sits up and moves closer to Tom.

JANE
You're not nervous are you?

TOM
Me? No.

JANE
Then let me make the first move.

Jane unzips Tom’s pants.

TOM
Whoa, what are you doing?

JANE
Trust me. You’ll like it.

TOM
I don't want it.

Tom tries to step back but Jane pulls his pants down. He stumbles and falls.

JANE
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Tom brings himself back to his feet and pulls up his pants.

TOM
I'm sorry, but could you possibly put your top back on?

JANE
So it’s true. You’re a homo.

TOM
What? No. No, I just don't want to do this with you.

JANE
So you’re saying I'm not good enough for you?

TOM
What? No.

JANE
I mean, yeah, I've put on a little weight recently--
TOM
No, it’s not that. I just don’t want you.

JANE
You fucking asshole.

Jane grabs her shirt.
She gets up, slaps Tom and leaves.
Tom looks at his shirt.

TOM
Fucking shirt.

He takes it off.

INT. TOM’S MOM’S BEDROOM – NIGHT
Dean lays on top of Sara.

SARA
I want it so bad.

DEAN
Really?

SARA
Don’t you think this is hot?
Anyone could walk in on us.

DEAN
I haven’t really thought into it that much--

Sara puts her hand down Dean’s pants. A surprised look appears on her face.

Dean looks spots a red dildo under a chest of drawers.

SARA
You shaved your balls?

A MONTAGE OF A FEW PREVIOUS SHOTS THAT INVOLVE DEAN, EMMA, TOM AND SAM.

DEAN
Shit.

Dean jumps off the bed. He heads for the door.

SARA
It’s okay, I loved shaved ball sacks.
DEAN
That doesn't surprise me.

SARA
You're just gonna leave me here?

Dean picks up the dildo and throws it on the bed.

DEAN
Here, finish yourself off.

Dean opens the door, smiling to himself.

SARA
You piece of shit.

INT. TOM’S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Dean bumps into Jane putting her shirt on.

DEAN
Oh no.

JANE
Don’t panic. Nothing happened.
You two should be happy together.

Sara comes out and walks away with Jane.

Tom comes out of his room with a normal T-shirt on.

DEAN
Tom.

TOM
Dean.

DEAN
I found your mom’s dildo, it’s fucking real man.

TOM
I know, I know. I just have a feeling I've seen it somewhere.

INT. TOM’S MOM’S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It’s an exact repeat of the hide and seek scene from earlier.

Dean exits the room after seeing the dildo.

Tom sits in the corner, clutching his knees, rocking slightly.

He has a clear view of his mom’s breasts and the dildo.
END OF FLASHBACK.

DEAN
I couldn't do it. All I could think about was you, Sam and Emma.

TOM
That sounded a little gay.

DEAN
How'd it go with Jane?

TOM
I think I offended her.

DEAN
She has put on some weight recently. I think we should find the girls and tell them how we feel.

TOM
Finally, some sense.

INT. TOM’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean and Tom come downstairs behind Sara and Jane who are still straitening their clothes.

Dean and Tom bump into Emma and Sam.

DEAN
Emma, hey. I was just--

EMMA
I can see what you were doing.

Emma and Sam look betrayed.

SAM
Really, Tom?

TOM
No, I wasn’t.

DEAN
I know how it looks but you have to believe us, we did not do anything with those things.

EMMA
It’s up to you who you sleep with, why would we care?

SAM
Let’s get out of here, Emma.
They turn to leave.

    TOM
    Sam, wait. Please.

    DEAN
    Emma.

The girls stop and turn back to face Dean and Tom.

    DEAN (CONT’D)
    Meet us in the backyard in two minutes and we’ll explain everything. Please.

    TOM
    Let us explain. Just give us one more chance.

The girls head for the back door.

    DEAN
    What the fuck. What are we going to say?

    TOM
    We tell them the truth.

    DEAN
    That we went kilometers out of our way to throw a party for a couple of whores?

Somebody bumps into Tom. Tom turns around.

    TOM
    Sorry-- Jeff?

It’s Jeff. He grabs Tom by the collar.

Dean is nowhere to be seen.

    JEFF
    Where is he?

    TOM
    Who?

Mick Ryan steps up to Tom and Jeff. He’s oblivious to what’s happening.

He holds up a hand to high-five Tom.

    MICK RYAN
    Tom, pease out on what happened back there.

Jeff punches Mick in the face.
MICK RYAN (CONT’D)
With great power, comes--

Mick drops to the floor.

JEFF
I said, where is he?

Tom’s terrified.

TOM
I don’t know. I haven’t seen him all day.

Jeff pulls back to punch Tom

The music stops.

DEAN
Hey, shit dick.

The crowd watch on.

Jeff looks to Dean who’s standing beside the crowd.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Let him go.

TOM
That’s my wingman.

Dean cringes with embarrassment.

JEFF
Come and get her.

Dean turns off the light. The room goes black.

GIRL IN CROWD #2
What the fuck?

The lights turn back on.

Jeff still holds Tom.

Dean holds the Japanese plant over Jeff’s head.

TOM
No. Not the plant.

Dean hesitates and stumbles back. Jeff drops Tom and grabs Dean.

Dean throws the plant to Tom.

DEAN
Jeff.
Jeff pulls his fist back to punch Dean.

Dean headbutts Jeff.

Jeff releases him and stumbles back. He’s furious.

JEFF
You mother fucker.

Jeff lunges at Dean. Dean escapes into the crowd. He holds his head in pain.

DEAN
Fucking headbutt.

He barges into a guest who falls onto the laptop.

(Village People “Y.M.C.A”) plays.

Jeff chases Dean through the crowd.

Tom runs after Dean, still holding the plant. He’s grabbed by Jeff’s friend.

Dean pushes people into Jeff’s path, in time with the beats of Y.M.C.A.

Tom’s held in place by Jeff’s friend.

Dean is about to run out of the back door.

The small chihuahua blocks his path.

DEAN (CONT’D)
Shit. Everybody run.

Dean runs back and into Jeff’s arms.

Sara picks up the chihuahua.

SARA
Aw, it’s so cute. Jane, let’s get out of here.

JANE
Can I hold him?

They both leave the party.

Tom elbows Jeff’s friend in the groin and runs towards the kitchen.

Jeff holds Dean.

JEFF
You’ve had this coming for too long.
EXT. BACK YARD - SAME TIME

Emma and Sam grow impatient.

INT. TOM’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom jumps and slides over the breakfast bar, still holding the plant, and lands perfectly.

A plant pot shatters over Jeff’s head.

Jeff falls to the floor. Tom stands behind him.

DEAN
What about the plant?

TOM
Fuck it.

The boys run through the dancing crowd, they’re knocked onto the sofa.

Dean lands on the bum sleeping.

DEAN
Holy shit, Tom. Look who it is.

TOM
He’s alive.

The bum wakes and grabs them both.

BUM
So our paths cross again.

Tom jabs the bum in the face. Nothing happens.

DEAN
Why the fuck did you do that?

TOM
Jeff did it.

An assertive voice overthrows the party.

VOICE (O.S.)
What the fuck is this?

The music stops.

Everybody turns to the door.

Hoppy, (20), hairy face, short and stumpy. He walks with a large limp.

TOM
Hoppy?
HOPPY
Tom. Jeremy.

The bum relaxes and lets the boys go.

BUM
Apologies, Hoppy. I was unaware they your associates.

HOPPY
It’s fine.

The bum disappears into the crowd.

Hoppy stands in front of Dean and Tom.

JEFF
Get out of here. These punks are mine.

Jeff throws a punch at Hoppy.

Hoppy grabs Jeff and twists his arm.

Jeff SCREAMS like a girl.

Hoppy throws him out the door and returns to Tom and Dean.

HOPPY
You two are serious trouble.

TOM
Hoppy, we’re so sorry--

DEAN
We didn’t--

Hoppy notions for them to stop.

He’s seen the DJ equipment. He’s entranced. He goes to the decks.

HOPPY (CONT’D)
It’s been so long.

He presses one button the flashing lights come on.

(Black Eyed Peas, “Lets get it started”) plays.

The crowd continue to party.

Dean and Tom smile, then remember.

DEAN
Emma.

TOM
Sam.
EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

An unraveled hose pipe lays on the lawn.

Dean and Tom come outside.

The girls are no where to be seen.

TOM
We’re too late. Shit. Fuck.

The boys check behind them, the girls stand beside the door.

DEAN
Well that was stupid.

The boys head over.

DEAN (CONT’D)

Emma.

EMMA
You invite us here for what reason exactly?

DEAN
We really like you guys, and we didn't have sex with Sara and Jane. I swear.

TOM
Seriously, we didn’t. And we see now.

DEAN
Why didn't you tell us you had feelings towards us?

SAM
Dude, we tried. We really tried. You two never took any notice of us.

TOM
I'm so sorry. I hope you already know this but I've been in love with you ever since I first saw you, Sam.

SAM
So why would you want to sleep with somebody like Jane?

TOM
Oh no, I didn't. That was all Dean's idea.
DEAN
Piss off.

TOM
It was. He didn't want to go to college a virgin.

DEAN
You son of a bitch. He’s been worried about being lonely this whole fucking time.

TOM
Bullshit, you said--

SAM
You’re supposed to be apologizing.

EMMA
Is that true?

TOM
Well, I haven’t got many friends.

EMMA
Not you. Dean.

DEAN
It sounds stupid when you say it out loud. But yeah, I suppose it is.

EMMA
That’s kind of sad.

DEAN
I know. Emma, you’re the most beautiful girl to even look at me, let alone pay me any attention. I was scared to get too close incase I ruined our friendship. But the risks don’t matter anymore. I want to be with you.

TOM
I knew it.

DEAN
I’m sorry for being a dick.

EMMA
You have been a dick. But it gives me relief to hear you say that.

Dean and Emma smile.
TOM
Sam, I think you know how I feel, and--

SAM
Tom, it's okay.

They smile to each other.

TOM
You two wanna go inside? Get a drink.

SAM
I'd like that.

EMMA
Me too.

Tom takes Sam, and Dean takes Emma into the house.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT
LATER

The party's in full swing.

A couple of teenagers sleep with a bottle of sleeping pills beside them.

The crowd carry Hoppy around the room. He swings his false leg in the air.

HOPPY
Whoa.

Dean, Tom, Emma and Sam laugh at Hoppy.

FADE TO BLACK: