

PARADISE HEIGHTS

"PILOT"

Pete Cafaro

&

Carlo Nicdao

FADE IN:

COLD OPENING

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The WINDOW of a quiet rancher. A GORGEOUS GIRL (18) sits at a vanity in a bra and panties. She brushes her hair, hums.

A mask is pulled down -- we're in the POV of a PEEPER.

The Peeper watches -- BREATHING heavy. He cracks open a can of SODA. Guzzles it. BELCHES.

PEEPER

Oh, yeah.

The Peeper's cell phone RINGS. He looks at the screen -- "INCOMING CALL - MOM."

PEEPER (CONT'D)

Christ!

He turns it off. Watches the Girl. UNZIPS his pants. The Girl turns -- that she heard! She screams!

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Peeper is outside the window in a COWBOY HAT and plaid shirt covered in TARANTULAS! His face concealed by a mask.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

VAUGHN VANUS (35) primed and pretty, the Channel 8 Newscaster sits at the desk.

VAUGHN

Good morning Paradise Heights, this is Vaughn Vanus. As we slept, terror nestled into our little hamlet. A pervert was seen last night peeping into the window of a comely, very comely, teenage girl. The assailant was masked, wearing a cowboy hat and covered in spiders. Police are baffled. All I can say is this is the worst scandal to plague our town since the Trick-or-Treat Flasher.

EXT. PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Three STUDENTS hold bucket-sized cups that read "DAVY JONES' FRYER" and read a poster proclaiming "HOMECOMING DANCE FRIDAY! FEATURING THE ANNUAL TOASTY MAN RALLY."

BUTCHIE (17) athletic, good looking with bronze skin and a silver tongue, smirks --

BUTCHIE

And so it begins -- the homecoming dance. We're juniors now. This event will set our social status for the back half of our high school careers.

ART (17) good natured and blandly handsome shakes his head.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

It's not enough to be seen there, it's who you're seen with.

Art and BOONEY (17) overweight and over confident, stand beside each other and stare back dull eyed. Booney slurps from his cup.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, like that. Not much will change for you two.

ART

You're awfully cocksure of yourself, Butchie.

BOONEY

Yeah, who are you takin'?

BUTCHIE

I'm reaching for the brass ring, bitch. I'm asking Honey Butter.

From a fog emerges HONEY BUTTER (18), fucking stunning. She walks in SLOW MOTION. BOYS stand in lovelorn attention. They hold up signs like "HONEY WILL U MARRY ME?" and "FORGET THE MILK, JUST GIVE ME THE HONEY!"

COACH BUZZI (45) female, paunchy, with a mullet spits tobacco as she watches Honey pass.

COACH BUZZI

God damn.

A BOY (17) throws himself on top of a puddle in Honey's path. She walks on him in spiked heels, oblivious.

Two MEN weld a bicycle rack. MAN #1 holds the blowtorch and stares at Honey as she passes. He IGNITES MAN #2 who flails and screams as he burns -- then stops to stare at Honey too.

ART

Not gonna happen, dude. She's royalty. She's a senior and she runs the school's Team Esteem program.

BUTCHIE

What the hell is Team Esteem?

BOONEY

It's some support group for the ugly kids in school with no friends. My mom accidentally gave me a pamphlet after a parent-teacher conference.

BUTCHIE

Yeah, just like the time she
(makes air quotes)
"accidentally" bought him that gum
for people with morbid halitosis.

Honey passes by.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Art, watch carefully. This is how intercourse begins.

Butchie walks alongside Honey.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Honey. I'm Butchie Spade --

HONEY

Away.

She walks off. Art steps beside Butchie, eyes him unimpressed.

BUTCHIE

I've laid the groundwork.

PRINCIPAL WETLUSS (50) trim, tanned, with an obvious toupee approaches the boys from behind.

WETLUSS

Gentlemen, are those fast food containers on school grounds?

Art and Butchie hide the cups as they turn.

BUTCHIE
Certainly not.

Booney loudly sucks the last drops from his cup as he turns.

BOONEY
S'up, Principal Wetluss? Oohh, I
like your cologne.

Art's and Butchie's heads drop.

ART
Booney.

WETLUSS
Fast food violates the school's
health and wellness policy.
Punishment must be served.

ART
For soda?

BUTCHIE
For real?

WETLUSS
Four hours... of community service.
No, I can't do that to you boys.
Make it six hours. And you're
forbidden from attending the
homecoming dance. Unless you
already have dates --

BOONEY
Naa. We don't got dates.

WETLUSS
Pick your poison, boys. And start
taking better care of your health.

Wetluss opens a door marked "TEACHER'S LOUNGE. He breathes
in deeply the thick cloud of cigarette smoke.

WETLUSS (CONT'D)
Yes.

Wetluss hurries inside. Art and Butchie look at each other --
"Did that really just happen?"

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. HALLWAY - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Art, Butchie and Booney weave between the crowd forlorn.

BOONEY

I get caught with soda and now I've gotta waste six hours of my life helping people. Thanks a lot, Art. You coulda warned me and Butchie that Wetluss was right there.

BUTCHIE

Art, you think my time can be counted retroactively? If hanging out with this dope isn't charity...

ART

I've got it. We'll join the neighborhood watch. We walk around town for a night, pick up litter, keep an eye out for suspicious persons. Easy peasy.

Butchie stops, stares up at a poster that reads "COME LET YOUR INNER BEAUTY OUT! TEAM ESTEEM MEETING EVERY TUESDAY."

BOONEY

I'm in. Butchie?

BUTCHIE

You two go play Batman and Robin. I'm gonna infiltrate Team Esteem.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A podium stands by a large CURTAIN. DWAYNE (30) a pretty boy, in a suit, addresses the crowd with effeminate charm.

DWAYNE

Members of the press, Paradise Heights Mayor Ina Ficio!

He claps excitedly! Tepid applause as MAYOR INA FICIO (70) short, plump, grandmotherly, takes the podium.

MAYOR

Hi ya, I'm here to unveil the town's new slogan. It's going to let everyone know what a nice, wholesome place this is.

The curtain drops -- a sign reads "PARADISE HEIGHTS - IT'S JUST PEACHY HERE." Scattered applause and a few flash bulbs.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
 Before I take any questions, did everyone get a cookie?

The press call back "Yes, Mayor. Thank you, Mayor."

MAYOR (CONT'D)
 Wonderful. First question.

REPORTER (O.S.)
 Mayor, how is your administration going to deal with the pervert?

MAYOR
 Pervert?! Oh, my.

REPORTER #2 (O.S.)
 Yes, ma'am. He was peeping on a teenage girl. He exposed his penis, ma'am.

MAYOR
 Penis?! Oh, dear. Well, I think we need to get this misguided soul some help. Now who wants cocoa?

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor slams the double doors. Her face stern. Dwayne and two STAFFERS stand by her desk.

MAYOR
 Why didn't one of you shit-stains tell me some scumbag's been running around, jerking off on the white trash whores in this town?!

DWAYNE
 Okay, my therapist says I need to confront you when this happens. Ina, your verbiage is offensive to me --

She grabs Dwayne by his tie, yanks him down to her.

MAYOR
 You assplug, do you know what this is gonna do to my re-election!? People aren't gonna put up with that shit!

She lets him go.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

It's bad enough trying to rebuild our image after one of you rimjobs scheduled Disney Day in the park on the same afternoon as that fetishists convention!

EXT. PARK - DAY

A banner reads "FETISHFEST." A WOMAN on all fours, in a leather corset, with a ball gag in her mouth, wearing a leash held by a MAN in a TEDDY BEAR COSTUME, pees on a tree. A LITTLE GIRL (8) watches as her horrified PARENTS look on.

LITTLE GIRL

Are you Belle?

INT. HALLWAY - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A sign outside a classroom reads "TEAM ESTEEM MEETING TODAY."

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Butchie passes the Team Esteem members. One has a HORSE FACE, one has GIGANTIC LEGS, one looks like Linda Blair from THE EXORCIST, one has a foot growing from her head.

He approaches Honey.

BUTCHIE

Honey. Butchie Spade. I'm here to help your Team-can't-be-unseen, or whatever paint job you're putting on this car wreck.

HONEY

I'm glad you're here. Most guys don't care about my compassionate side. They judge me superficially.

BUTCHIE

Huh? Sorry. I was staring at your camel toe.

CUT TO:

Honey stands at the front of the class. Butchie's in a chair to the side falling asleep.

HONEY

Hollywood wants you to buy into their definition of beauty. They want you to believe that you need big breasts to get attention!

Honey cups her large breasts through her tight shirt. Butchie's eyes spring open. He sits up.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Or that you have to be twig-thin to be accepted!

She lifts her shirt to reveal toned abs and a bellyring.

BUTCHIE (O.S.)

Oh, wow...

HONEY

Or that all guys care about is if you have a hot ass and toned legs!

Honey leans over the desk, juts her perfect ass in the air.

BUTCHIE (O.S.)

Holy shit!

The room goes dark. A spotlight casts on Honey.

HONEY

You all have inner beauty. That's what guys are really interested in.

A BOMBASTIC LAUGH from Butchie in the dark.

HONEY (CONT'D)

That's why we're all going to the Homecoming Dance together. To support one another and show the world our inner beauty.

Butchie's eyes narrow, he smiles.

BUTCHIE

Homecoming, eh?

HONEY

I know you've all been quiet out of respect and awe. You may applaud me now.

The girls in the audience look at each other, confused, insulted. They give lukewarm applause.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you. Please, I'm flattered but it's not about me. It's not about me.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the window is a WOMAN (50's) in dated lingerie, smoking a cigarette in a holder, sprawled on the couch.

A mask is pulled over -- we're back in the PEEPER'S POV.

The Peeper breathes heavily. He unzips. The Woman SCREAMS! The Peeper backs up. It wasn't him she was screaming about --

Wetluss is now in the room clad in heels, stockings, panties, and a biker vest. He holsters a whip, and carries a giant keyring of varying dildos. He DOESN'T WEAR his toupee.

WETLUSS

Yes. I took off the toupee. Too much?

The Peeper rustles leaves. Wetluss sees him and SCREAMS!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Peeper stands outside the window. He wears a black hooded robe -- his face melts like orange sherbert.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Vaughn Vanus is back at the Channel 8 desk.

VAUGHN

The Peeper has struck again! And this time his perversion has taken a dark, twisted turn. He was seen outside the home of a local educator, and eligible bachelor, wearing black robes. His face obscured by a melting orange substance. Police are baffled. All I can say is this is the worst scandal to plague our town since The Gentleman Groper.

INT. HALLWAY - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Art and Booney walk.

ART

A cowboy hat and covered in spiders
and a robe with a melting face.
Something's familiar about this.

BOONEY

If you broke the Peeper's code
imagine how popular you'd be then.

ART

It's not about being popular. Any
help the police can get to catch
this freak the better.

BOONEY

I wish I could help.

Butchie shoves Booney away, puts his arm around Art.

BUTCHIE

Dude, I'm so gonna have Honey.
I played that sensitive crap
yesterday. Walked her to her car.
I was beautiful.

Butchie spots Honey at her locker. Her back arched, hair
blowing. She's somehow backlit.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Watch me lock this up right now.

He approaches Honey.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Hi, Honey.

HONEY

Hi, Bernie.

BUTCHIE

So, Honey, we're taking the Team
Esteemers to the dance, right?
You'll be looking hot. I'll be
looking hot. We should just go
together and combine our powers of
hotness.

Honey sighs. Rifles through her purse.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

I'll pick you up. We'll get a
little tapas afterwards, see what
happens.

She hands him a business card and walks off.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

What's this?

(reads aloud)

Dear insert-your-name-here. I appreciate your interest in me but I don't like you in that way nor will I ever like you in that way. Thanks for understanding, and no, we can't be friends.

(looks up, stunned)

Seriously, you hand these out?

HONEY (O.S.)

It's easier that way.

Art steps beside him.

ART

More groundwork?

BUTCHIE

Just gotta figure her out is all. What do you thinking?

ART

Spiders and a melting face.

Butchie waves him off and walks away.

INT. ART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Art lies asleep in bed. HE BOLTS UP!

ART

Shatner!

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Vaughn Vanus is at the Channel 8 desk.

VAUGHN

Tonight we are a step closer to capturing the Peeper. His bizarre costumes, which have struck fear in the hearts of his victims, have been discovered to be nothing more than some sort of nerd homage.

A graphic appears beside him of a MASKED BANDIT with Spock ears peering through a window. "GEEK-A-BOO" reads beneath.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

His pattern, which has baffled police, was decoded by a Paradise Height High School Junior with way too much time on his hands. He joins us now and requests that we keep his identity secret.

CUT TO:

Art sits in another studio, shaded, appearing only in silhouette. He is identified as "MR. ATOZ."

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

How did you break the Peeper's code?

Art's voice is ELECTRONICALLY DISTORTED.

ART

I was suspicious from the first outfit. The cowboy hat and spiders. With the second I made the connection. This pervert is paying tribute to acting legend William Shatner.

VAUGHN

Shatner!

ART

So far his obscure roles from Kingdom of the Spiders and The Devil's Rain.

VAUGHN

You asked that your identity not be revealed. Do you fear retaliation from the Peeper?

ART

Um, no. Unfortunately there's a social stigma attached to people who command a vast knowledge of Mr. Shatner's work.

Beneath "MR. ATOZ" appears "IDENTITY WITHHELD TO PROTECT SEX LIFE."

VAUGHN

So, you're afraid of people knowing you're a loser?

ART
That's an unfair generalization.

Booney leans his head into frame behind Art.

VAUGHN
Do you have a girlfriend?

ART
I think we should stick to the
issues.

Booney steps fully into frame. Waves. Mouths "Hi, mom."

VAUGHN
Do you have a date for the
Homecoming Dance?

ART
That's not relevant to this
discussion. The bottom line is
this information will aid the
police. I'm pleased I could help.

Booney dances.

VAUGHN
Sing the Yub Nub song for us.

ART
No.

BOONEY
Art! Psst! Art! Hey!

Booney FLICKS ON THE LIGHTS. Art is BUSTED.

BOONEY (CONT'D)
Art! Say that thing about how if
you catch him you'd be popular.

ART
Fuck.

INT. HALLWAY - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Art walks alone. GIRLS giggle and point. He goes to Butchie who sees him coming -- and WAVES HIM AWAY.

ART
God damn it, Booney.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. LIVING ROOM - DURAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Booney lies on the floor watching TV.

TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
We now return to Steven Seagal in
"One Man Neighborhood Watch" on
Channel Macho.

ON TV SEAGAL wears a "Neighborhood Watch" shirt and stares down a massive RASTAFARIAN with scars. He holds grocery bags and wears a supermarket smock with the name tag "SKIPPY."

SEAGAL
You're not the grocery delivery
boy. Where's Skippy?

RASTAFARIAN
He went on break... permanently,
mon.

The Rastafarian TEARS a large HUNTING KNIFE from a paper bag and a GUN from a plastic bag!

RASTAFARIAN (CONT'D)
Paper or plastic, mother fucker!

Seagal grabs the arm holding the knife and SNAPS IT BACKWARDS! The bone juts out. The Rastafarian SCREAMS!

Seagal grabs the arm holding the gun and twists it into the Rastafarian's face. He fires TWICE! BRAINS EXPLODE!

SEAGAL
Welcome to my express check out
lane, asshole. Two bullets or
less.

Booney laughs uproariously.

BOONEY
This movie's awesome!

EARL (45) balding and beer bellied, staggers in with whiskey in a rocks glass. Ice cubes jingle.

EARL
Oh, One Man Neighborhood Watch.
That's a good one.

BOONEY

Yeah, me and Art have to go out with the neighborhood watch tomorrow. I wanted to know what to expect.

EARL

You're gonna have the night of your life. It's the only time where being a bully is legal. You know your grandpa ran his own unofficial neighborhood watch.

BOONEY

Grandpa was a bully?

EARL

He was the best.

BOONEY

Wow.

EARL

Do you have a weapon?

BOONEY

No, sir.

EARL

Then follow me to the garage, son.

INT. GARAGE - DURAN HOUSE - LATER

Earl holds a baseball bat, holds his drink in the other hand.

EARL

You take a standard wooden baseball bat, cover it in glue --

Booney pours glue all over the bat.

EARL (CONT'D)

Then roll it in broken glass.

Earl rolls the bat in a pile of broken glass then holds up the glistening, jagged war club.

EARL (CONT'D)

Your grandpa called this the Candy Stick.

He hands it to Booney who holds it in awe.

BOONEY

I love you, dad. I wish it could
always be like this.

Earl nods then VOMITS! He recovers and sips his drink.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Coach Buzzzi sits in a hot tub with 2 HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS in
bikinis. She wears a T shirt and drinks a can of beer.

COACH BUZZI

See, girls? Isn't this better than
gymnastics practice? Why don't you
take your tops off and get
comfortable.

GIRL #1

I guess it's okay. We're all girls
here, right?

COACH BUZZI

You sure are.

They go to undo their tops. Girl #1 SCREAMS! The Peeper is
at the fence in a TUXEDO, RUFFLED SHIRT AND BOW TIE. He sits
on a stool holding a mic and smoking. A mask hides his face.

Coach Buzzzi clutches the girls to her chest. They all
scream, Buzzzi's gravelly voice cutting through.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Vaughn Vanus sits at his desk.

NEWSCASTER

The Peeper has struck again! And
in an act of sheer brazenness he's
done it in broad daylight. He is
emboldened and his lust knows no
bounds. All I can say is this is
the worst scandal to plague our
town since The Singing Strangler
choked 33 prostitutes to death in
Paradise Heights park. You all
recall the cell phone footage that
led in his capture.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Grainy footage pushing through bushes. An operatic HIGH NOTE holds in the background.

MAN'S VOICE

What's that?

We clear the bushes to see an OBESE MAN in a tuxedo and opera cape holding the elongated note as he chokes a dumpy HOOKER.

INT. GYMNASIUM - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The dance is in full swing. Butchie, in a suit, approaches Honey who wears a tiny dress exposing big cleavage.

BUTCHIE

Hey, Honey. I like what's left of that dress. Do we look good?

He moves to put his arm around her.

HONEY

No touch.

BUTCHIE

So, the Esteemers having a good time?

The Esteem girls sit on the bleachers, depressed. A BOY walks by. They all perk up and smile. Their heads turn in unison with him. Once he passes they all groan and look miserable again.

Butchie stares at Honey's cleavage. She catches him, sighs and steps away.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

A sign reads "NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH MEETING." Art and Booney enter. A group of rough MIDDLE AGED and OLD MEN sit at long tables and drink beer from a keg. They look tired, bored.

A BEARDED MAN on stage speaks monotone into a microphone.

BEARDED MAN

From there we'll head up Ivy Lane and pick up any trash. There's a notice of a missing cat.

BOONEY

What the hell is this?

ART

Sshh! It's the neighborhood watch.

BOONEY

It's bullshit! A pervert's on the loose. We're the town's only hope!

Booney climbs onto a table.

BOONEY (CONT'D)

Neighborhood watch! You're letting the criminals take over!

The men look up at him. Art pulls his pant leg.

ART

Booney, shut up. These men are burly and they've been drinking.

BOONEY

Hard working Americans are asleep under your watch! And right now there's a crazed deviant out there doing god knows what as he leers at our women!

Several in the crowd nod.

BOONEY (CONT'D)

And this degenerate is doing it dressed as William Shatner! I think that's sick! Are you gonna stand idly by while some pervert sullies the name of a good Christian man!?

The crowd is getting pissed. A large BALD MAN in an American flag shirt pounds his fist on the table. Art is nervous.

BOONEY (CONT'D)

I have the technology!

Booney hoists his "Candy Stick" in the air. The crowd's getting RILED UP.

BOONEY (CONT'D)

Let's take back this town! Not just for us but for Bill Shatner!

An OLD MAN jumps to his feet.

OLD MAN

Yeah, for Phil Shankman!

The crowd pushes up from their chairs. Loud. Angry. Booney joins the mob as they stampede out the door. Art is left alone. He sighs. Slowly walks out.

INT. GYMNASIUM - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Butchie stands beside Honey.

BUTCHIE

What are you doing after the dance?

HONEY

Not you.

A PHOTOGRAPHER passes. Butchie signals him to shoot. He arcs his arm around Honey's waist, and sticks his tongue out. She's oblivious. The Photographer takes the picture. Honey looks to Butchie, he snatches his arm back. She walks off.

A HANDSOME BOY (17) approaches a TEAM ESTEEM GIRL.

HANDSOME BOY

Hi. Were you about to dance with someone?

TEAM ESTEEM GIRL

(hopeful)

No.

HANDSOME BOY

Oh, good.

He hands her a TRASH BAG.

HANDSOME BOY (CONT'D)

Could you stand here and hold this?
The trash can's full.

She holds the bag open. People pass and toss in their garbage. Her dress gets spattered with gravy, chicken legs, fish skeletons. She CRIES.

BUTCHIE

Christ. I'll get Honey.

Honey munches cookies at the snack table. Butchie approaches.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Whoa, slow down with those cookies, girlfriend. They're gonna need honey and butter to get you out of that dress.

Butchie chuckles. Honey is embarrassed. She runs off.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
For real?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Booney leads the mob like a parade leader, hoisting his "Candy Stick." They carry torches, axes, chainsaws.

INT. BATHROOM - DURAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Earl is on the toilet sipping his drink. He hears the mob.

EXT. DURAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Earl hurries onto the porch. He stands behind a waist-high trellis. He FIRES a shotgun into the air as the mob passes.

EARL
Take back the night, son! Bring
this town back its dignity!

Earl goes to the front door. He's not wearing pants. A trail of toilet paper hangs out of his ass. The door is LOCKED. Earl pounds on it.

EARL (CONT'D)
VIVIAN!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A SAILOR walks, whistling. The Mob assaults him!

MAN'S VOICE
We got you now, pervert!

Art hurries to the front. He furiously works his smartphone.

ART
Wait, guys! I've got Shatner's
filmography right here. He never
played a sailor. This guy's clean.

The mob groans. They throw the Sailor aside and continue.

INT. HALLWAY - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Butchie walks down the empty corridor.

BUTCHIE

Honey, whatever I said, I'm sorry.
Come on, we need you. One of the
girls is curled up inside a garbage
bag crying.

He turns a corner. Honey stares in a mirror, wiping tears
away. Butchie pulls back. She didn't see him.

HONEY

You are not fat. Every guy wants
you. You are hot. YOU ARE HOT!

A wicked grin spreads across Butchie's face.

BUTCHIE

So, the empress has no clothes...
and by night's end she'll have no
shame.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Storefronts line the sidewalk. The mob gathers around a
store window that reads "MOM & POP'S LIL' COSTUME SHOP." The
Bald Man turns to the crowd, a flaming crowbar in hand.

BALD MAN

This is probably where that freak's
gettin' his disguises! Let's
destroy it! Teach them a lesson!

The mob CHEERS as se SMASHES the window. Art is dumbfounded.

ANGRY VOICE

Destroy it all!

The mob smashes into all the surrounding stores. They carry
out TVs, clothes, furniture. Art grabs Booney.

ART

Boon, we gotta go. These guys are
just using the neighborhood watch
as an excuse to wreak havoc.

BOONEY

You're so naive, Art. The guys
told me the stores know that
sometimes they gotta give back to
us hard working stiffs that keep
the neighborhood safe. It's called
paying tribute. The owners are all
super cool with it.

ART
I'm going home.

Art walks off.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Art approaches his car when he's ambushed by Vaughn Vanus and his CAMERAMAN.

VAUGHN
You there! Vaughn Vanus, Channel 8 news. Can I get a word?

ART
Ah, shit.

Art quickly puts his head down.

VAUGHN
I'm investigating rumors that the neighborhood watch, in their quest to find the peeper, has become a violent, bloodthirsty mob. Have you seen or heard anything?

Art pulls up his collar, obscures his face, keeps turning away from the camera.

ART
Nope. It's been pretty quiet.

BREAKING GLASS is heard, screams. An EXPLOSION is felt. Over Art's shoulder, behind a building across the street, a geyser of water spits above the rooftops.

ART (CONT'D)
The neighborhood watch has been very professional, very considerate. Meticulous to a fault, really --

Booney approaches Art, he wears a stack of pimp hats with their price tags still on, three pairs of binoculars hang around his neck. Two baguettes stick out from his pants.

BOONEY
Hey Art, we collapsed the roof of the bakery. Did you hear it? Downtown is gonna smell like cinnamon for awhile. I think that's gonna be fun.

VAUGHN

Hang on, I know you. You're that loser who figured out the peeper is another loser. Do you know how many emails and texts I got after that interview --

ART

Good. I'm glad your viewers won't stand for that kind of yellow journalism --

NEWSCASTER

They loved it. People couldn't get enough of laughing at you.

The mob crowds around Art's car. Booney sees the camera and rushes for it.

BOONEY

Are we live? Heed my warning, Peeper. Heed it good, heed it plenty! We're out for your head. No questions asked, because questions are for pussies! Am I right, mob?

They grunt back. Vaughn leans into his Cameraman.

VAUGHN

Stay on this putz, he's idiot gold.

The Bald Man peeks into Art's car and sees a SHATNER MASK on the front seat and a tub of PROMISE MARGARINE.

BALD MAN

Hey, that's a Shatner mask!

Art is ready to shit himself.

ART

What? That's not mine!

BALD MAN

It's him! He's the peeper! He's been playing us. Him and his fat sidekick.

BOONEY

Fat sidekick? Oh, Flacco...

Booney approaches FLACCO (40) an obese Latino in a wife beater. He has a tear drop tattoo and holds a lead pipe.

BOONEY (CONT'D)

How could you? We had that heart to heart and you swore you were reformed. I mean stolen valor is one thing, but to do this --

FLACCO

He means you, bendejo.

BOONEY

You? You as in who?

The mob pushes in on the two. Art turns to Vaughn.

ART

Wait. We can calmly discuss this. You have a camera here. In the interest of giving your viewers both sides of the story would you moderate a civil debate?

The mob looks to Vaughn who nods thoughtfully, mulls... then turns to the camera --

VAUGHN

Viewers, there's gonna be an old fashioned geek beatdown here tonight, and we've got the exclusive!

The mob roars and rushes Art and Booney.

ART

Run, Booney!

Art and Booney race off as the mob stampedes past. Vaughn remains smiling at the lens.

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

Vaughn Vanus, you son of a bitch!

BOONEY (O.S.)

Channel eight is fake news!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. GYMNASIUM - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Honey stands by the bleachers. Butchie approaches.

BUTCHIE

Hey Honey, I'm gonna cut out. All the hot chicks left.

HONEY

Yeah. Whatever, dude.

BUTCHIE

Don't take that as a slight. I just like my women, how do I say this? Thin.

HONEY

Excuse me.

BUTCHIE

I don't know if it's the dress or the unflattering lighting. Sorry I came on so strong earlier. I assure you the feeling has passed.

Honey is in shock. Butchie drags out a garbage bag of chocolate cookies.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

To show there's no hard feelings, I grabbed you the rest of the Pudgie Fudgies. For your ride home.

Honey squeaks. Butchie turns. His face a mask of evil glee.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A row of bushes shake.

ART (O.S.)

Boon, if the coast is clear we bolt for my car. Ready?

Art pops his head up from the bushes, then Booney. Art goes slack jawed. His car is flipped over and on fire.

ART (CONT'D)

I bought that car with the money I saved from every job I ever had. I could cry right now.

BOONEY

I know what you mean. My best fanny pack was in there.

ART

We've gotta sneak home. That mob sees us we're dead.

They slip back behind the bushes.

INT. GYMNASIUM - PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Butchie stands against the wall. Honey approaches.

HONEY

Hey, you're still here? What are you doing after the dance?

BUTCHIE

Not you.

Butchie suppresses a laugh. Honey throws her lipstick down.

HONEY

Oops. I dropped my lipstick.

She gets on her knees in front of him. Looks up seductively, breasts pushed together. Butchie points behind her.

BUTCHIE

It rolled over there.

HONEY

Thanks.

Honey crawls away, her ass in the air, panties peeking. She looks back at Butchie and smiles.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I can't find it. Care get down here with me and root?

BUTCHIE

Not happening, Honey.

Wetluss takes the microphone up on stage.

WETLUSS

Students, the Toasty Man rally will start on the field in ten minutes.

The crowd heads out in one direction. Honey grabs Butchie's hand and pulls him the opposite way.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Empty. Honey shoves Butchie down into the teacher's chair. She shoves the large desk out of the way with ease. She takes her dress off, stands there in a bra and panties.

HONEY

I want you. I don't know why.

BUTCHIE

I get that a lot.

She straddles him.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa! Peeling off a tacky dress ain't gonna cut it, sister. I've got to be seduced.

HONEY

What can I do?

BUTCHIE

The chicken dance.

HONEY

The chicken dance?

BUTCHIE

It's totally hot. If you do it it might get a rise out of me. Maybe.

Honey sighs, walks away. Butchie bites his fist.

Honey hums and does the CHICKEN DANCE. She looks both foolish and hot! Butchie bobs his head with the music. She turns her back --

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

(to his lap)

Down! Down!

Honey walks back to him.

BUTCHIE

Wait? Is that all you got? How are your mime skills?

She straddles him.

HONEY

You shut up now

Honey takes off her bra. Butchie's eye BUG OUT! He slowly brings his hands to them when -- Honey SCREAMS!

The Peeper is in the window in a WHITE LEISURE SUIT and MATCHING HAT. A mask conceals his face. Honey runs out.

BUTCHIE

No! Wait! Damn you, Peeper!

EXT. PARADISE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Art and Booney race between the cars and run smack dab into the mob. They raise their weapons, close in when --

The Peeper runs through and stops in between the two sides. Everyone shrugs, looks at each other. Art points --

ART

That's a Shatner!

BOONEY

Attack!

The mob roars and rushes the Peeper.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The Mob drags the Peeper to the large Toasty Man wicker statue. Students congregate.

Booney rips the mask off the Peeper and tosses it to Art. The Peeper (45), is fat, balding, slovenly.

BOONEY

You got sloppy, Peeper. As your captor I must know -- why Shatner?

PEEPER

Because he's awesome! He's the ladies man I always wanted to be. You put that mask on and you just feel his sexual energy. It makes you want to watch the ladies... and do things.

A GROUP OF GIRLS look at Art and say "EWWW" in unison. He realizes he has the mask.

ART

I have no idea what he's talking about.

PEEPER

No one would figure me out. I used his lesser known roles. What loser would know such obscure trivia?

BOONEY

You weren't counting on my friend Art. Who's the loser now?

The Group Of Girls near Art laugh and point at him.

PEEPER

I saw you on TV. I knew you were going to be trouble. That's why I planted the mask in your car. You were a worthy adversary, Arthur. Our Shatnerian knowledge is intimate to say the least. In a different reality I could have called you "friend."

The Group of Girls look at Art and give a unanimous "AAWW."

ART

Ok, can we stop talking to this guy now please?

Dwayne breaks through the crowd and points.

DWAYNE

Look everybody, it's Paradise Heights Mayor Ina Ficio!

The Mayor approaches the statue.

MAYOR

Don't you all look adorable. And you caught the peeper. Good for you. Is there any press here?

The crowd shouts back "No, Mayor!"

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Wonderful. Then who wants to see this piece of shit burn with the Toasty Man?

The crowd CHEERS! The mob throws the Peeper into a cage at the base of the statue's feet.

PEEPER

No! I've learned my lesson!

A HOT WOMAN in a tight tunic places firewood around the cage.

PEEPER (CONT'D)
 Please! I can change!
 (sees Woman)
 Oh my God! I love your tits!

HOT WOMAN #2, same tight tunic, brings more firewood.

PEEPER (CONT'D)
 Please, Mayor, I'm a new man now!
 (sees second Woman)
 Jesus, let me see you bend over!
 Just let me suck your toes.

The Hot Women bring TORCHES. Art jumps in front of them.

ART
 People, wait! Sure, the Peeper
 needs to be punished but we're
 overreacting. Ms. Mayor, I know
 you want to be tough on crime but
 this is too much. And we should be
 ashamed for cheering it on.

The Mayor bows her head in shame.

ART (CONT'D)
 Sure, this pervert's never gonna
 change his ways. We should be
 bigger than him and change ours.

Silence... then applause. The Mayor puts her arm around Art.

MAYOR
 You're right, son. I've been in
 politics so long I sometimes forget
 there's wisdom in the innocent.

ART
 Thank you, Mayor. You know, I have
 other ideas --

She pushes him away.

MAYOR
 That's enough out of you.

Butchie approaches Honey.

BUTCHIE
 So Honey, time to finish what we
 started. We'll need some privacy.
 Care to pick things up at the
 abandoned tuberculosis hospital?

HONEY

Yeah, no.

BUTCHIE

No!?

HONEY

I just realized, the Peeper risked being burned alive just to see my tits. I'm fucking hot. And way too good for you.

She walks off.

BUTCHIE

No you're not! Come back here, you slob! You fat ass! Damn you, peeper!

Art and Booney approach. Art pats Butchie's back.

BOONEY

Can we leave?

Butchie, collects himself. Nods glumly.

The Mayor stands by the Peeper's cage. He's still inside.

PEEPER

You heard the boy, Mayor. Let me out.

MAYOR

Is that know-it-all little shit gone yet?

The crowd roars back "Yes, Mayor!"

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Then torch this prick already!

The crowd cheers. Dwayne escorts the Mayor off stage.

DWAYNE

Re-elect Ina Ficio!

PEEPER

No! No! Wait a minute!

Art, Butchie and Booney walk. The Toasty Man statue quickly goes up in flames way off in the background.

ART

I guess the people in this town can be rational and decent.

The Peeper SCREAMS!

PEEPER

They're burning me alive! Jesus Christ!

BUTCHIE

By Monday nobody's gonna remember the Peeper. You know what they will remember? That I took Honey to the dance and left with you two.

The Peeper's screams grow, now laced with expletives.

BOONEY

See, Art? Nobody's gonna remember you embarrassing yourself on TV.

BUTCHIE

No, that'll never go away.

ART

Is this what the rest of high school is gonna look like for me?

BUTCHIE

The peeper's probably better off than we are right now.

ART

That poor guy. If he gets his act together I think this town is gonna take him into their hearts.

BUTCHIE

True. People love a come back.

ART

That they do, Butchie. That they do.

The Toasty Man statue collapses on itself in a fiery hell as Art, Butchie and Booney walk off.

END ACT THREE

TAGINT. ART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Art is just about to climb into bed when he notices the Shatner mask from his car is on his bureau.

He picks it up, gives a little laugh then tries it on.

He looks at himself in the mirror... then something gets his attention --

Through the window he can see the GIRL NEXT DOOR (19) gorgeous, as she undresses.

Art moves to the window and watches. He presses up against the glass. He unzips his fly --

ART

No.

He spins away from the window, rips the mask off. He pants, sweaty, looks down at Shatner's rubber visage staring back at him.

ART (CONT'D)

Oh, I gotta get rid of this thing.

FADE OUT.