ROIDERS

By
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Mounds of dirty clothes on the floor. An electric wheelchair. A coffee table packed with empty beer bottles and half-eaten food.

LUKE(30) lies on the couch and watches TV. Short, overweight, and unkempt. He shovels down a handful of sunflower seeds.

Behind him, BRANDON(20s) pecks away on a computer. Clean cut and muscular. Too muscular.

LUKE
You really should come watch this shit.

Brandon ignores him. Continues to CLACK on the keyboard.

LUKE
Wow...Did you know Kangaroos had three vaginas?


LUKE
They running a gay porn marathon on that thing or somethi--

BRANDON
What? No...I think customs may have confiscated my roids.

LUKE
Why ya say that?

BRANDON
It should have been here by now.

LUKE
You’re paranoid, give it a few more days.

BRANDON
Dude, I placed this order over a month ago.

Luke tosses back another handful of sunflower seeds. Chews them like bubble gum.
LUKE
Where’s it coming from?

BRANDON
Poland.

Luke pauses the TV.

LUKE
I don’t do business with the Polish. They do strange shit.

BRANDON
Whatcha mean?

LUKE
I mean if they try to buy shit from me, I tell them to go fuck themselves.

BRANDON
No...I mean, What strange shit do they do?

LUKE
All kinds. Fuckers have a ritual where they drown little baby dolls.

Brandon snaps his head around. Scrunched face.

BRANDON
Drown baby dolls?

LUKE
Yeah, baby dolls.

BRANDON
Like in the water?


LUKE
No, in a big ass tub of mayonnaise...Of course in the fucking water.

Brandon dismissively waves at Luke.

BRANDON
(to himself)
Asshole.

 Turns back to the computer.
BRANDON
I guess I’ll give it a few more days.

LUKE
Let me take a look.

Luke struggles to get up. Heavy WHEEZES. Gets on the electric wheelchair and ZIPS across the room. Stops behind Brandon. Looks over his shoulder.

Brandon points at a spot on the monitor.

BRANDON
See...

LUKE
Who the hell is Aaron Templeton?

BRANDON
That’s the old man next door.

LUKE
Why are you shipping it to him?

BRANDON
I’m not, I’m just put his name on it.

LUKE
Man, they’re gonna fuck that up and deliver it to him.

BRANDON
They haven’t yet.

Brandon turns to Luke with a proud smile.

BRANDON
And if the cops track it here, I can blame it all on him.

LUKE
Yeah, I’m sure they’ll buy that. The swole guy with needle marks said the roids aren’t his...They’re for the seventy-year-old next door.

EXT./INT. TRUCK – PROTEIN PLUS DRIVE THROUGH – DAY (STOPPED)

It must be rush hour for smoothies because the drive through is packed. About two car lengths away from the menu --

TIM(30s) fidgets and taps the steering wheel. He wears full camouflage and has an overgrown beard. Looks like he was plucked straight out of a war zone.

From the passenger side, Luke squints. Tries to read the menu.

TIM
I still don’t know why we had to stop here, we have a ton of food in the back.

LUKE
Because I’m committed, man. Us bodybuilders maintain a certain lifestyle.

TIM
Bodybuilders? You don’t even workout.

LUKE
I know, but I live the lifestyle.

TIM
How do you live the lifestyle if you...

Tim shakes his head.

TIM
Fuck it.

They move up a car length. Luke hands some cash to Tim.

LUKE
Grab me that Hulk Smash.

Tim sizes Luke up. Glancing up and down.

TIM
No wonder you’re getting fat as fuck. That thing has like ten thousand calories.

LUKE
Yeah well, you need an assload of protein when you’re on roids.
Tim’s forehead crinkles.

TIM
You’re on roids and you ain’t working out?

LUKE
That’s a common misconception, you don’t need to work out to gain muscle mass on roids.

TIM
Okay, but if you’re not working out the majority of your gains are gonna be fat.


LUKE
You’re kinda a glass is half empty guy aren’t you?

INT. TRUCK—HIGHWAY—A LITTLE LATER (STOPPED)

Traffic is at a standstill. Tim stretches his neck to try and see what’s causing the holdup.

Luke SLURPS the last bit of his protein shake and tosses it out.

LUKE
This sucks, wanna beer?

He reaches toward the ice chest on the backseat. Pulls out a beer.

TIM
Nah, if it’s an accident there might be cops.

LUKE
Suit ya’self.

TIM
How the fuck you drink that right after a protein shake?

Luke takes a big GULP of beer.

LUKE
Practice.

He scratches his prematurely balding head.
LUKE (CONT’D)
Where was I?

TIM
You were saying he kept hounding
you about his roids.

LUKE
Yeah...The bastard was calling me
several times a day asking if his
package arrived yet...I finally had
enough.

INT. LUKE AND BRANDON’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY

A phone BUZZES. Luke digs it out his pocket and hits
accept--

LUKE
(onto phone)
What...For the fifth time today,
nothing is here. I’ll fuckin text
you if it comes in.

Pockets the phone. Peers into the fridge and debates for a
moment. Pulls out a block of cheese. SNIFFS it. Acceptable.

Closes the fridge and walks over to the

LIVING ROOM

He throws the dirty clothes off the recliner. Sits down.
Takes a bite of cheese. Chews.

An empty cardboard box sits on the mantle. His eyes narrow.
Another bite and --

An epiphany! He SPRINGS out of his chair, runs over to the
computer and CLICKS the mouse.

The glow of the monitor highlights a malicious smile.

He CHUGS his beer. Frenzied CLICKS and CLACKS. He’s on a
mission.

Something begins to PRINT. It’s finished. He swipes the
paper from the printer. It’s a SHIPPING LABEL.
INT. LUKE AND BRANDON’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Luke sets the box on the table. Tapes it up and attaches the shipping label. He pulls out his phone and types --

LUKE (TEXT)
Your stuff is here. I’m going hunting with Tim...I’ll leave it on the table.

A HORN. He pulls back the curtains to reveal Tim’s truck.

He grabs a duffle bag. His phone BUZZES. He glances at the response.

BRANDON (TEXT)
Finally! On my way!

He heads out the door--

EXT. LUKE AND BRANDON’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tim fiddles with something in the back of the truck. Luke approaches. They fist bump.

Next door AARON TEMPLETON(60s) barbecues while several YOUNG KIDS swim in the pool.

Aaron spots them and does a BIG WAVE. The awkward kind with the arm stretched high and a smile from ear to ear.

Tim waves back. Luke barely acknowledges his existence with a slight nod.

LUKE
Surprised that fucker still getting away with it.

TIM
Getting away with what?

LUKE
Banging all those kids.

TIM
Dude, I’m pretty sure that’s his grandkids.

LUKE
Some of them are. He uses them as bait to bring in the others.
TIM
Come on, Man. He seems like a nice enough fellow.

LUKE
See, that’s the shit I been saying for years. You lack survival skills.

TIM
What?

LUKE
If we were kids at that party you’d be getting dicked up the ass later and I’d have to listen to you crying saying shit like, "He seemed like a nice guy".

TIM
Dude, stop. He’s not a molester.

LUKE
Then you’d spend the rest of your life avoiding barbecues because the smell would trigger flashbacks of some old wrinkly balls slapping against your ass.

TIM
You’re a fuckin asshole!


INT. TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY (STOPPED)

Traffic is still at a dead stop and it’s a good thing because Tim is laughing too hard to be able to drive.

He wipes the tears from his eyes. Finally catches his breath enough to talk.

TIM
So, he hasn’t opened it yet?

LUKE
I don’t know, you picked me up right after I sent the text.

Tim regains his composure.
TIM
He might not have gotten it yet.

LUKE
He texted me back and said he was on his way...That was like two hours ago.

TIM
Then he must not have opened it. Your phone would be blowing up if he did.

Luke checks his phone.

LUKE
Yeah, I figured I would have heard something out of him.

TIM
Maybe he’s opening it now.

They both let that thought resonate for a moment. Laughter ensues.

EXT. LUKE & BRANDON’S HOUSE - DAY

A convertible VW BUG pulls down the driveway. Screeches to a halt. Brandon jumps out the passenger side.

RUBIO(20s) is behind the wheel. Muscle-bound. Tight tank tops and colorful shorts are his thing. He carries a remarkably puzzled look at all times.

Aaron is still at the barbecue pit and gives them that same jolly wave. They wave back.

RUBIO
He seems nice.

BRANDON
Going grab my package, I’ll be right back.

RUBIO
Okay.

He turns the radio up as Brandon walks away. Bobs his head to, "Feel Like Making Love" by Bad Company.
INT. LUKE & BRANDON’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Brandon scans the area. Spots the package on the kitchen table but pauses a moment to take notice of his bicep in the mirror. Flexes. Satisfied.

Walks over to the package. Picks it up and heads into the--

BATHROOM

It’s tight quarters. He sets the box on the sink. Pulls down his pants and sits on the toilet. Strains.

His face reddens. Veins protrude on his neck and forehead. A sigh of relief.

While still mid-shit, he places the box on his lap. RIPS off the tape.

He opens the box and peers inside. He immediately JERKS back and shoves the box to the floor.

GAGS.

BRANDON

Fuck!

KITCHEN

A door CREAKS open, Rubio enters.

INTERCUT BRANDON/RUBIO

RUBIO

Brandon, you there? What’s taking so long?

BRANDON

Fuckers sent me shit in a box.

The box is on the floor. The flaps are open and an abnormally large pile of feces sits inside it.

RUBIO

What in a box?

At this point, Brandon is in full roid rage mode and grabs a plunger. Grips it like a baseball bat. Knuckles white.

He’s still in the seated position, searches for something to bash...anything!
BRANDON
These Polish pricks sent me shit in a fucking box!

SMASHES come from the bathroom.

RUBIO
You okay in there?

BRANDON
Shit in a box, who does that?

Rubio moves closer to the bathroom door.

RUBIO
You mean, like poo?

The toilet FLUSHES.

BRANDON
Yes, poo.

Rubio props up against the bathroom door. Head tilted to the side. Slack-jawed.

RUBIO
Dude, I bet they did that to get it past those drug dogs.

BRANDON
Drug dogs can’t smell roids...can they?

RUBIO
Of course, man. Dogs can smell when you’re about to have a heart attack and shit. It’s like a superpower.

Brandon opens the bathroom door. Open box of feces in hand. He’s caught off guard by how close Rubio is to the doorway.

Rubio looks in the box and looks up at Brandon. They know what must be done!

KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

They have clothespins on their noses and thin plastic gloves on. They sit at the table and use their fingers to comb through the large pile of feces.

They dissect every bit of it in search of a tiny bottle of testosterone. Disgusted but committed.

Their voices high-pitched from the clamped noses.
RUBIO
I once had Viagra shipped from Canada and it came packed in poo.

Brandon shoots a skeptical glare at Rubio.

BRANDON
Really?

RUBIO
Yeah man, this is common in illegal pharmaceuticals.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

RUBIO
They must have forgot to put it in this one.

BRANDON
They didn’t forget, they fucked me.

RUBIO
What we gonna do?

BRANDON
I’m writing them son of bitches an email.

RUBIO
Good thinking, they might not even realize the mistake.

Brandon takes off the brown stained gloves. He marches towards the computer in the LIVING ROOM

BRANDON
(to himself)
Send me shit in a box.

Sits down in from of the computer. SNARLS. BANGS on the keyboard.

BRANDON
(to himself)
I’ll shit in a box every day for the rest of my fuckin life and ship it to these baby doll drowning motherfuckers...and their fucking children.
INT. TRUCK - HIGHWAY - NIGHT (STOPPED)

The red blur from the tail lights ahead seems to go on for miles.

LUKE
Think we’ll be able to make that hunt today?

TIM
Fuck you.

They laugh.

LUKE
Still haven’t heard a damn thing from Brandon either.

Tim strokes his beard a few times.

TIM
I didn’t ask, was it your shit? Or did you put like dog shit or something in there?

LUKE
No man, I literally shit in the box.

Luke leans to his right. Points toward his ass.

LUKE
Fresh shit, direct from my ass.

TIM
(laughs)
So you just popped a squat like them Chinese fuckers that shit in a hole?


TIM
How big was the box?

Luke uses his hands to demonstrate the size of the box.

LUKE
About like this.

Tim shakes his head.
TIM
Sick, you’re just sick.

LUKE
I got a question.

TIM
Yeah?

LUKE
You ever shit in your house but not in the toilet?

Tim studies Luke trying to decipher if this is a serious question.


TIM
No, you fuckin psycho. No one does that.

LUKE
Dude, without the water masking the smell, that shit stinks!

TIM
No shit!

EXT. STREET – AARON TEMPLETON’S HOME – NIGHT

Police cars are littered throughout the front yard. Lights FLICKER. SIRENS. News crews gather equipment from their vans.

Rubio stands outside, watches the fiasco.

Across the street, MEGAN (20s) pulls out her phone. Begins to text.

JIM(40s) rushes toward Rubio. He has a microphone in one hand and is adjusting an ear piece with the other.

INT. TRUCK – HIGHWAY – NIGHT (STOPPED)

Luke’s phone BUZZES. They both smile. He looks at the screen and frowns.

LUKE
False alarm... It’s just Megan.
TIM
That the big girl across the street from ya?

LUKE
Yeah, the one that cuts my grass.

He pockets the phone.

TIM
Well, what did she want?

LUKE
Oh, she’s telling me to check the news. Always sends me some bullshit like that. She just wants the D.

Tim reaches for the radio.

TIM
Maybe it’s about this traffic jam.

Turns up the volume.

NEWS ANCHOR(O.S.)
So far what we know is a shipment of steroids was tracked to his home. Upon searching the residence authorities uncovered a massive trove of child pornography. Let’s get straight to the action. Here’s our reporter on site, Jim.

JIM(O.S.)
Thanks, Tom. We’re live at the scene speaking with one of the neighbors now.

RUBIO(O.S.)
I just can’t believe it. He seemed like such a nice guy.


FADE OUT: