STONERS.

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SHOOTING DRAFT
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INT. DALE AND ELIAS’ FLAT, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

EXTREMELY CLOSE on the business end of a freshly-rolled joint being lit. Inhale, exhale.

WIDER NOW. We’re in a large, smoky living room sparsely inhabited by furniture. Three guys—DALE, ELIAS, and RICKY, all in their late teens—pass the joint around, taking hits, already deep in conversation.

RICKY
(takes hit, then)
Bullshit.
(coughs)
I grew up with Willy Wonka, man. That’s been, like, my favorite flick since I was a kid. I’ve seen it, fucking... hundreds of times. And not once has this bullshit theory of yours ever fit. Wonka is good ol’ fashioned, wholesome family fun. Always has been. No bullshit hidden agendas... no nothin’.

DALE
You’re kidding, right? You honestly don’t see it at all?

RICKY
No, I don’t. You’re just imagining this shit dude, believe me.

Dale scoffs at this.

RICKY
(annoyed)
...But of course, you’re too fucking jaded to let it go.

ELIAS
Not to mention, high.

DALE
RICKY
(to Elias)
Are you seriously just gonna sit here and listen to this shit?

ELIAS
Well... I hate to say it, but...

RICKY
Oh fuck you, pal. Fuck the both of you. This is some stupid--hell, borderline retarded shit right here.

DALE
(under his breath)
Says you.

RICKY
Damn right, says me. The only one around here with any sense, I guess.

ELIAS
Chill, dude. Why don’t you just let the guy speak?

RICKY
Why? So he can try to sell me on the idea that Willy Wonka, a flick I’ve loved since before I can even remember, is some dark, fucked up story about Satan shepherding kids--kids, mind you--into the underworld? Sending ’em down to Hell, or wherever he’s concocted in this ridiculous mindfuck of a theory he’s got?

DALE
(blows smoke, then)
How’s that Kool-Aid, Ricky?

RICKY
(beat)
Go to hell, Dale. Just cuz I don’t buy into this crap like your boy-toy over there--

ELIAS
Hey!
RICKY (CONT’D)
--doesn’t make me a mouthbreathing asshole, okay?

DALE
Maybe not.

RICKY
Thank you.

DALE
But it does, however, make you incredibly fucking naive.

RICKY
(rolls his eyes)
Oh, here we go...

DALE
(counting on his fingers)
Gluttony, Greed, Pride, and Wrath.
(then)
Picked off one by one in Satan’s chocolate factory.

RICKY
His name is Willy fucking Wonka, and you’re fucking delusional.

He pauses for a moment to take the joint Elias holds out to him, takes a hit, then slowly eases into:

RICKY
Besides... Augustus as Gluttony and Veruca as Sloth, I’ll buy, but the others? Violet with Pride, Mikey with Wrath? That’s a hell of a stretch you’re askin’ me to make.

DALE
Mikey Teevee I’ll give you--maybe the kid just loves his TV a bit too much--but Violet oozes Pride.

RICKY
Pride? She spends the whole flick snapping bubblegum! And excuse me for throwing a monkey wrench in your sick little fantasy here, but if all those other kids represent four of the "deadly sins", what’s Charlie’s deal? I mean, he’s gotta represent something too, right?
DALE

Charlie?
(thinks for a moment, then)
He doesn’t represent anything, far
as I can tell. It’s been a while
since I saw the flick, but...
Charlie always seemed like an
alright kid to me.

RICKY
Well yeah, he’s the fucking lead--
he’s gotta be a boyscout--but if
Mikey Teevee is all about Wrath and
Violet’s all about Pride, Charlie’s
gotta represent something.
Otherwise, what’s Satan want with
the kid? From the looks of it, he’s
done nothing worth taking a trip
down under for.

DALE
’Course not. That’s why he "wins",
why he gets to fly around with
Wonka and Grandpa Joe in that big
fuckin’ balloon at the end of the
flick. Out of all the kids,
Charlie’s the only one that gets
off scott-free. Hell, even when
Wonka disqualifies him he won’t
give up the "heart of gold" act.

RICKY
Yeah, I remember. He leaves the
Gobstopper on Wonka’s desk instead
of bringing it to Slugworth. That’s
how he passes the final test.

DALE
(smugly)
And thus, Charlie gets to continue
tasting the sweet air of freedom.

RICKY
While the other kids...?

DALE
They get to enjoy Purgatory, and
all the fire and agonizing pain
that goes with it.

A long, silent BEAT. Ricky tries to wrap his head around
this concept, but for the life of him he just can’t. Elias,
meanwhile, sits back and enjoys what’s left of the weed.
RICKY
You’re a sick motherfucker, you know that?

DALE
(sits back)
I have my moments.

RICKY
One last question--and I know I’m not doing any good humoring you, but I just gotta ask--if Wonka really is Satan, and the kids really are what you say they are--

DALE
Sinners.

RICKY
--whatever, then why’s he punishing them? Shouldn’t he be--oh, I dunno--punishing Charlie for being the boyscout, and letting the other kids run free? To spread their "sin" across the globe, and whatnot?

DALE
You would think so, but... no.
(beat)
You know what "Satan" means?

RICKY
Yeah, he’s the dude down under with the goatee and the pitchfork. Has a thing for fire.

DALE
(sits forward)
But do you know what the name "Satan" actually means?

RICKY
....No.

DALE
Prosecuting attorney.

A BEAT. Elias cracks up a little, then quickly tries to compose himself and resumes putting on a straight face.
RICKY

Bullshit.

DALE

God’s honest truth. And as a prosecuting attorney, it’s his job to pass judgment on us and, when it comes time to, punish the wrongdoers as he sees fit. As Wonka, Satan is tempting these kids, with his delicious treats, to cast moral decency aside and indulge themselves, to completely succumb to their earthly desires. And when they do--think Augustus, Veruca, Violet, and Mike--he hits them with the eternal damnation. Retribution, you could call it, for their earthly sins.

RICKY

So then, by that fuckin’ ridiculous logic, taking a swig from a river of chocolate is a sin? As is—gasp!—chewing fucking gum? What kind of asshole sends a kid to Purgatory for chewing gum?

DALE

(contentedly)

Same kinda asshole that wears a purple blazer, I’d imagine.

Another long BEAT. The joint is now burned down practically to embers, unsalvagable.

RICKY

I still don’t buy it.

DALE

I never asked you to buy it, Ricky, just to hear me out.

RICKY

Well then, Dale, I want the last five minutes back. ’Cuz that’s the biggest load of shit I’ve ever heard.

(to Elias)

You still on his side?
ELIAS
Me? I’m on no side. But fuck all this anyway, man. We got bigger problems.

DALE
Like what?

ELIAS
(holds up roach)
...We’re all out.

A BEAT. Then, in unison:

RICKY AND DALE
Aw, shit.

FADE TO BLACK.