

THE SCOTCH GUARD

by  
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Based on the Adventures of Clan Alpine Fraternity

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FADE IN:

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

Sunny fall day. A barbecue grill out front. A frisbee on the roof. A dog takes dump on front lawn.

INT. MODEST HOUSE - SAME

A middle-aged couch potato leans forward on sofa, clutching an old, faded photograph with both hands, tear building up in his eye. This is DAD, Homer Simpson with hair.

INSERT PHOTO - Man, wearing a pink bra and thong, gets spanked with by coed dressed LIKE a Mousketeer.

BACK TO SCENE

GREGOR, dressed like a punk, all wrinkles and attitude, ENTERS living room. He struts over to the couch and picks up a box. Greg is Dad's son.

Dad shoves the picture back into his breast pocket, then wipes tear away. He motions Gregor over.

GREGOR

Make it quick, Bob, got shit to do.

DAD

Would it kill you to call me dad?

GREGOR

Fine. Whaddya want, dad?

DAD

Do I embarrass you or something?

GREGOR

You used to, but now I tell everyone my father died fighting ninjas and you're just my mother's drug mule.

DAD

Hey, I was a wild man back in the day, before the arthritis, six concussions, erectile dysfunction and the four years I spent as a rodeo clown caught up with me.

GREGOR

So I shouldn't be embarrassed that  
my father works as a bathroom  
attendant at a truck stop?

MOM, a Catholic Schoolgirl incarnate, her hair in pigtails.,  
ENTERS, carrying two boxes.

MOM

You're almost packed up, Gregor.  
These are the last few boxes.

GREGOR

Thanks, mom. You can just throw  
them on top of everything else.

MOM

I'll have your brother do it. It's  
about time that accident started  
pulling his weight.

Mom EXITS.

DAD

Some day you'll see the light.

GREGOR

(walking away)

No I won't. Your electricity is  
being shut off tomorrow.

Gregor EXITS. Dad shakes his head in frustration.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - LATER

Mom stands in driveway, embracing CHUCKY, her youngest son.  
Chucky looks just like the doll from movie "Child's Play".  
Dad and Greg struggle to close the Caravan Door.

MOM

Have fun, sweetheart. I expect you  
to have a prison tattoo when you  
come home for Christmas

GREGOR

I'll try.

Mom and Chucky hug Greg so tight his face turns blue and he  
GASPS for air.

Dad and Greg then get in van and pull away.

Mom and Chucky wave at them until van O.S.

MOM

Now it's time for some mommy fun.

Cigarette in hand, Mom pulls out pill bottle, empties contents into her mouth, then chugs BOTTLE OF WISNIOWKA.

CHUCKY

What are you doing, mommy.

Mom lowers bottle and wipes her mouth.

MOM

This is mommy's medicine.

CHUCKY

Why? Do you have syphilis?

MOM

No, now be a good son and go play in traffic.

CHUCKY

Okay, mommy.

Chucky EXITS. Mom chugs Wisniowka, then lights her cig.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAD'S CAR - DAY

Dad white knuckles the wheel while Greg texts on his phone. SPEEDOMETER reads 40 m.p.h.

In b.g., cars drive by, HONKING HORNS and waving their fists at them as it crawls along.

GREGOR

What are you, an 85 year-old Asian woman? Give it some gas.

DAD

What's the hurry? I figured we could spend some quality time together. You can learn about my glory days.

Greg shoves hand down his pants and feels around.

GREGOR

Oh, so that's why you insisted on driving me. That's entrapment.

Gregor pulls his hand back out, holding a bag of weed. He pulls a few nuggets out and breaks them up.

GREGOR

If I have to listen to boring stories about your lame life, I'm gonna need to be high.

DAD

I used to smoke all the time in school. Pot helped me study.

Dad shoves hand down his pants, feeling around for something.

GREGOR

Oh yeah, what was your GPA?

DAD

Uhhh, three...point...four?

Dad pulls a 40 oz. Malt Liquor out of his jeans. He chugs it as Brian stares, confused.

GREGOR

Wow! Impressive, and look what you did with your life.

DAD

Wait, three-point-four was my BAC. My GPA was a two-point-two.

Gregor takes blunt from pocket and begins rolling a blunt.

GREGOR

Well, that explains why you've never had a job that didn't require a name tag. Bet you regret not trying harder in school now.

DAD

Actually, I don't regret any of it. In college, "D" stands for degree. I still graduated, and had the best time of my life in the process, lived every day like Woodstock.

Dad chugs rest of his 40 oz., then tosses it out window. It SMASHES against windshield of adjacent car.

Brian licks blunt closed, then flicks lighter to seal it.

DAD

Greg, I'm gonna tell you about the wildest adventure of my life.

(MORE)

DAD (cont'd)

It's a story of perseverance, the power of pride and what happens when you put a Klansman in a corner. It made me the man I am today.

FADE OUT:

SUPER: "20 YEARS AGO"

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Quiet street on sunny spring day. Green STREET SIGN reads "TONAWANDA INSTITUTE OF TECH-EAST 4, ALFRED 95, DISNEY WORLD 1017, HELL 1020"

B) Aerial view of College Campus. Buildings very well-maintained. Large stone tower dominates skyline.

C) Campus Student Center on busy afternoon. Students stroll leisurely to class. SIGN in b.g. reads "WELCOME TO TITE - HOME OF THE TWISTERS".

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - DAY

Front porch hangs low to ground, like its about to collapse. Beer cans, bras and other garbage clutter lawn. A SCOTTISH FLAG waves proudly from a flagpole out front. Nestled between a pine tree and walkway to porch, wooden sign reads "KLAN ALPINE".

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - ROB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Television shows BLUE SCREEN. The ALARM BUZZES loudly. Clock reads 10:45 AM.

From under the covers and a mountain of beer cans pops ROB. His face flush from a night of drinking. His bigger frame equal parts 45 lb. curls at the gym and 12 oz. curls at the bar. Rob looks at the time SPRINGS from bed.

ROB

FUCK!!!

He frantically digs through clothes on the floor, deciding on a dirty pair of jeans and a T-shirt covered in mustard.

In his doorway appears SHOCKER, a tall Italian grease-ball, his thick black hair jutting out the sides of his dirty baseball hat. Shocker wears a shirt that reads "TITE".

Underneath is a picture of a Tornado swirling around. Rob changes as he talks to his friend.

SHOCKER

Rob, don't you have a test now?

ROB

I slept through my fucking alarm again. Yo, let me use your car?

SHOCKER

No way, man. I got an STD test today. I can drop you off, though.

ROB

Whatever. C'mon, we gotta boogie.

Rob and Shocker EXIT.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Three frat brothers take dumps. None of the toilets have privacy walls, and everyone in bathroom can see them on the throne. Piles of ADULT MAGAZINES are spread out on shelf behind them. Naked pinups of woman hang on the wall.

In b.g., STEAM RISES from two shower stalls. Their inhabitants hidden behind dirty shower curtains, except for a lone arm, which sticks out of curtain, lit cigarette in hand.

The man sitting on closest toilet is WINGER, a fat redneck with a white-trash 'stache. In the middle is ACE, a pothead, part Shaggy, part Snoop Dogg. On the end is PISTON, a large Muslim. They pass a bowl down the line as they talk.

ACE

I haven't puffed on a Triple Crown in awhile, have you, Winger?

WINGER

Haven't been able to. Fuckin' toilets always clogged from those douches who still shit solid.

Piston BLOWS ASS. It sounds wet and disgusting.

WINGER

Jesus Christ, Piston!...Camel jockey.

ACE

Better hope that shit flushes, or we'll literally be up shit creek.

In b.g., showering man peeks head out from behind curtain and takes pull from cigarette, then disappears again.

PISTON

Here's a paddle for ya.

Piston BLOWS ASS AGAIN. LOUD SPLASH in toilet.

Door bangs open and in strolls BIG BUCK, a thin, muscular, Asian kid. Seeing toilets occupied, he pisses out window.

ACE

Big Buck, wanna hit?

BIG BUCK

No thanks, Ace. I got practice.

WINGER

Oh yeah, I forgot you're the one who refuses to quit. It's Division Three, Big Buck! Whaddya, think Scouts are gonna be in the crowd watching you?

Big Buck shakes, zips up and turns around.

ACE

Ha-ha, flag football scouts, maybe.

BIG BUCK

I don't quit. Besides, its a great way to take out my anger at having to call such worthless dicks my brothers.

Big Buck EXITS.

WINGER

I love pissing him off. He's too serious all the time.

ACE

Ha-ha, yeah dude, seriously.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Rob sits at desk, taking test. He catches the eye of CAITLYN, or Kate, a petite brunette with shoulder-length hair. She smiles and playfully shakes her finger.

A Professor (50s), sits at a desk, monitoring class. A female student, who wears a skirt, uncrosses her legs in front of him. BLUE BUNNIES visible on her panties.

THE PROFESSOR'S WAIST AREA STARTS TO BULGE.

TODD and TYLER, two sweater-vest wearing preps from a rival Fraternity, glance at Rob, then at each other. They SNICKER.

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - DAY

A small car with a blue siren on the dashboard pulls in driveway. A FIRE INSPECTOR, wearing a jacket with Government Emblem on it, steps out. He wades through a sea of beer cans and garbage then ENTERS the open front door of the House.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - DAY

Plaques and pictures hang from the walls. Fireplace filled with plastic cups, cigarette butts and decaying food. A large PADDLE on the wall reads "CHAPLAIN". TEX, a corpulent student, lay sleeping on couch, hands down his pants, SNORING. Fire Inspector unsuccessfully tries to wake him up.

Shocker ENTERS.

SHOCKER

Uhh, can I help you?

FIRE INSPECTOR

Who is the house Fire Marshall?

SHOCKER

Uhm, you got me. Why?

FIRE INSPECTOR

I'm here for the House Fire Inspection. Make sure it passes all Village Fire Codes. I need someone to show me where all the alarms and extinguishers are.

Two Brothers ENTER, playfully spraying each other with fire extinguishers. They cross in front of them, then EXIT.

SHOCKER

Didn't we just have one of these Fire Inspection things last year?

FIRE INSPECTOR

Well, it's an annual thing.

SHOCKER

Oh, you mean like paying bills?

FIRE INSPECTOR

No, I said...nevermind. Anyway, this will only take a few minutes.

SHOCKER

Well, will you be okay on your own? I got things to do and I don't think you're going to wake Tex up.

FIRE INSPECTOR

Yeah, I should be. I'll leave a copy of my report on the door.

SHOCKER

Okay, sweet!

Shocker EXITS.

EXT. CAMPUS CENTER - DAY

Rob walks down sidewalk. Caitlyn catches up with him.

CAITLYN

Overslept a little, did we?

ROB

Yeah, I got shit-faced last night, like, bad! You know you're drunk when you start doing body shots.

CAITLYN

What's wrong with body shots?

ROB

I did them out of a colostomy bag.

CAITLYN

Oh...was it worth failing a test?

ROB

Tests come and go, Caitlyn, Dollar Mug Night only happens once a week.

Rob and Caitlyn pass a group of kids BREAK-DANCING.

CAITLYN

So, you guys partyin' tonight?

ROB

Are you kidding me! I still have a buzz, there's no sense wasting it.

CAITLYN

You never let me down. I'll see you at, say nine-thirty?

ROB

Not if I see you first.

CAITLYN

Okay, later gator.

Caitlyn EXITS.

Tyler and Todd eavesdrop on them from behind a tree.

TODD

I c-c-can't b-b-believe they're having a p-p-party tonight, T-t-t-tyler, are they sss-stupid?

TYLER

Yes, they are Todd. They're making this so easy for us, gotta love 'em. If the Fire Inspection doesn't work, this will. Soon, Klan will be gone and we, Delta, will finally have our new House.

They give each other high-fives that looks like they are playing "Paddy Cake".

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Ace and Winger lounge on the couch, smoking bong. The room is filled with smoke. The TV displays unnamed show.

WINGER

What the fuck are we watching?

ACE

I dunno.

WINGER

It's fucking gay. Change it!

ACE

I can't find the Remote, and there ain't no pledges here to do it.

WINGER

Did you look for it?

ACE

Yeah dude, it's missing.

WINGER  
 You're such a worthless bitch.  
 I'll find it...  
 (yelling)  
 REMOTE!!!

A midget, REMOTE, pops out of the closet, holding a long sword and wearing a kilt. His painted face and long brown hair make him look like a mini-Braveheart.

WINGER  
 Change the station for us.

Remote waddles to TV, steps up on folding chair and manually flips through stations until Winger tells him to stop.

WINGER  
 Okay, this is good.

Remote steps down and EXITS back into closet.

WINGER  
 Ah! I love that little guy.

ACE  
 Me too...pass the bong.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Fire Inspector has a look of disgust on his face. He grabs a pen from his shirt pocket and writes on his clipboard.

Shocker and Rob ENTER.

ROB  
 Hi, can I help you?

SHOCKER  
 He's just the Fire Marshall. We had an Inspection thingy today. How'd it go anyway, did we pass?

FIRE INSPECTOR  
 Is that a joke? This house is, without a doubt, the most dangerous I've ever seen. It should be condemned.

SHOCKER  
 Is that a 'no'?

ROB

What problems did you find, sir?  
Maybe something can be worked out.

FIRE INSPECTOR

Are you kidding me? Not one of  
your fire extinguishers work! None  
of your alarms have batteries...

SHOCKER

Alarms need batteries?

FIRE INSPECTOR

This House is a deathtrap. The  
Fire Escape is almost completely  
detached from the House, which, for  
the record, is something I've never  
seen before. That doesn't even  
matter, though, cuz no one would be  
able to reach it due to all the  
fire exits being boarded up.

SHOCKER

Hey, I did that for safeties sake.

FIRE INSPECTOR

Safeties sake?! Are you mad?!

SHOCKER

Hey, I get more ass than some  
pharaohs. I've given herpes to so  
many women the Center for Disease  
Control is considering changing the  
meaning of STD from Sexually  
Transmitted Disease to Shocker's  
Tramp Dictionary...

Fire Inspector, stunned, taking notes on this outburst. He  
gazes at Rob for verification.

ROB

Unfortunately, that's true. The  
letter from them stating so is  
framed and hanging up in his room.

SHOCKER

Being a sexual icon, I have  
nightmares about waking up to find  
some crazy bitch in my bed, face  
covered in hot wing sauce, looking  
at me as she sucks me off...I wake  
up screaming!

Fire Inspector CHUCKLES, then realizes Shocker is serious.

FIRE INSPECTOR  
...wait, that wasn't a joke?

SHOCKER  
(more animated)  
You ever gotten wing sauce on your  
cock? It burns, worse than  
chlamydia! I'll be damned if I let  
someone come in the back door and  
violate me. I'm the only one  
allowed to do that!

ROB  
Dude, chill!

FIRE INSPECTOR  
Well, you obviously don't take  
these violations seriously. Fine,  
your tune will soon change, though.  
I promise you that.

ROB  
I'm sorry about my friend here.  
The boards will come down tomorrow,  
I promise. Were those all the  
issues you found?

FIRE INSPECTOR  
Oh, there's more. That's just the  
first PAGE of this six-page  
violation list. Shall I go on?

ROB  
No, no that's okay. How much is  
all this stuff gonna cost, roughly?

FIRE INSPECTOR  
Just to bring the house up to code  
will cost...  
(calculating)  
Around \$20,000! But thousands more  
need to be spent so future acci--

SHOCKER  
(interrupts)  
Fuck the future, man. I'm leaving  
after this year. I just wanna make  
sure I don't die.

ROB  
Jesus, you can't bend on anything?

FIRE INSPECTOR

Sorry, gentlemen. You have until the end of the semester to fix these problems or I'll be forced to shut this house down!

SHOCKER

Hold on, did you just say the end of the semester? That's in two weeks. How the hell we supposed to raise twenty G's in two weeks?

FIRE INSPECTOR

I don't know. Have a bake sale, perhaps. If you want to keep this Hell hole open, you'll find a way. Now, I bid you good day, gentlemen.

The Fire Inspector EXITS.

SHOCKER

I bet you anything the Dean is behind this. That cock sucker, what did we ever do to him?

ROB

Dude, you fucked his daughter...in the ass...when she was sixteen!

SHOCKER

Oh yeah, that's right. So does this mean we can't party tonight?

ROB

Let's see what Big Buck thinks.

O.S., a door BANGS open, followed by a terrifying GROWL. Rob and Shocker SPLIT to find source of noise.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - DAY

In doorway stands WOOKIE, a large, hairy man. His flowing blonde locks stretch past his very broad shoulders. In his hands he holds a duffel bag and a soda bottle filled with tobacco juice, for the fat dip he has in his mouth.

In b.g., paddle on wall has been replaced with surfboard.

SHOCKER

Wookie!

Rob and Shocker greet him.

WOOKIE

The Wookie here to drink your  
finest lager and make love to all  
your wenches.

DIRTPAW and ROY, the pledges, ENTER. Dirtpaw (DP) is dressed like "MY BUDDY", the children's doll from the 80s. His clothes are covered in stains and his hands and face are dirty. Roy is a shady looking individual who looks all tweeked out. His hair is uncombed, standing up every which way as if he had just stuck his finger in a light socket.

SHOCKER

Perfect timing, boys. Dirtpaw,  
Roy, we'd like you to meet ...the  
Wookie.

WOOKIE

(sounding like Chewbacca)  
RRAAAAUUWWRR!!

Wookie tosses the duffel bag, spearing Roy and slamming him to ground. His wiggling appendages only visible parts of his body.

WOOKIE

Take this upstairs!

DP stands like deer in headlights.

WOOKIE

(pointing at Dirtpaw)  
You, come with me! This house is  
fucking mess! Wookie hate messes.

Wookie and DP EXIT as Big Buck ENTERS.

SHOCKER

Hey, it's our fearless leader.  
We've been looking for you.

BIG BUCK

That's me. What's up?  
(beat)  
Man, is Tex still sleeping?

SHOCKER

Yeah. Someone's gotta wake that  
motha fucka up to get beer!

BIG BUCK

No, that's Social Chairman's job.

SHOCKER  
Tex is Social Chairman.

BIG BUCK  
No, Tex is Social Disease. He's  
the one that buys the condoms. You  
buy the beer.

SHOCKER  
No shit?!

ROB  
Yo Buck, we got a problem.

BIG BUCK  
I heard. The proverbial shit has  
hit the fan, Robby.

ROB  
We should call off the party.  
Don't need to be drawing any  
unwanted attention to ourselves.

BIG BUCK  
I agree. C'mon, let's go break the  
news to the others.

A loud THUD O.S. Is followed by SCREAMING and LAUGHTER.

ROB  
What the fuck is that?

They SCAMPER away.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Group of brothers stand in circle, watching Wookie hold  
Dirtpaw upside down, mopping the kitchen floor with his hair.

WOOKIE  
Now, this is how you mop, Maggot!

He runs DP's head across floor a few more times, then DROPS  
HIM to ground. Beer-swill and dip spit covering DP's head.

WOOKIE  
Next time I show you how vacuum.  
You go now, out of Wookie's face.

Dirtpaw, disoriented, EXITS.

WOOKIE

Greetings brothers, Wookie hear you party tonight, so him here to drink your lager, rape your women and

Wookie grabs onlooker, RIPS HIS ARM OFF AT SHOULDER, then holds it out like turkey leg as he TEARS flesh off with his teeth. Onlooker collapses to ground

WOOKIE

(chewing)

...pillage your food. Me thirsty. Someone get me Wookie a beer!

Wookie takes another huge bite from the arm then CLOBBERS another onlooker in head with it, dropping him to ground.

BIG BUCK

Second thought, I think a party is a good idea.

ROB

Me too!

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Nicely decorated office with oak furniture and leather seats. At front of desk, NAMEPLATE reads "DR. MAC STRAIPACH". At the desk sits the DEAN, a middle-aged man wearing a sleazy suit. Tyler and Todd sit in front of him.

DEAN

Gentlemen, how did things go today with our friends over at Klan?

TYLER

Your plan worked perfectly, sir. The countdown to Klan's extinction has begun.

DEAN

Excellent!

TODD

Wh-What if th-they raise the m-m-money?

DEAN

In two weeks? That's impossible.

TYLER

Still, nothing wrong with a little security.

DEAN  
I'm listening...

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BAR ROOM - NIGHT

Brothers converse, drinking jovially. Wookie drinks from a keg with the top sawed off, Something O.S. makes him angry and he STOMPS off.

Roy and DP converse, drinking cups of beer. Wookie appears, SWATS their beers out, splashing them on wall.

WOOKIE  
You maggots no drink from brother's tap. Maggots drink from mag-tap!

DIRTPAW  
Where's that?

WOOKIE  
Open mouth.

Wookie pours some of his beer into DP's mouth.

WOOKIE  
Now swish in mouth.

DP gargles the beer like mouthwash.

WOOKIE  
(points at Roy)  
Now, You! Hold cup out!  
(points at Dirtpaw)  
When I twist, you spit beer in cup,  
Okay maggot!?

He twists DP's ear, who spits the beer into Roy's cup.

WINGER  
Better drink up, numb nuts! You DO NOT wanna make the Wookie angry!

Roy pounds beer. Everyone LAUGHS.

SHOCKER  
You guys are pledge bros, supposed to be tight.

WINGER  
You better hope saliva is the only bodily fluid we make you share.

WOOKIE

Me Wookie better not see you  
drinking brother beer again.

Pledges hold each other, shaking.

CUT TO:

INT. DAD'S CAR - PRESENT - DAY

Dad white-knuckles the wheel as Greg draws in a note pad.

GREGOR

Those guys are idiots! I would  
never have done that.

ROB

They didn't have a choice.  
Refusing would show they didn't  
want the House.

GREGOR

It would also show that they have  
pride and self-respect, which,  
unlike your stupid House, are  
needed to succeed in life.

(then)

If that's the kind of stuff they  
make you do, I'm never gonna pledge  
anywhere.

Rob SLAMS on the brakes, jerking Greg's head forward. TIRES  
SQUEALING, CAR HORNS, then, COLLISION heard O.S.

GREGOR

Jesus!

(holding neck)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

In b.g., Car pulls up next to them, it's driver shakes his  
fist at Dad, who ignores him.

DAD

Don't ever say that in my presence

Greg lights clove cigarette. Rob lights pipe.

GREGOR

Fine, then don't make your stupid  
House out to be such derelicts.

DAD

Fine, now shall I go on?

GREGOR  
Do I have a choice?

Dad throws the car back in gear and pulls away.

BACK TO STORY

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BAR ROOM - NIGHT

Kilt clad band plays their bagpipes. A large crowd mills about. Big Buck surveys room when Shocker approaches.

SHOCKER  
Hey there, bitch, we doin' dirty  
whore night tonight or what?

BIG BUCK  
It is Thursday...

SHOCKER  
Okay, you know the rules. Whoever  
fucks the nastiest slut tonight  
drinks free next time we go out.

BIG BUCK  
Game on, bitch!

SHOCKER  
If you're tight on funds, I'd be  
willing to take a night with your  
sister instead?

BIG BUCK  
Touch her, I kill you.

SHANNON, a coed with large boobs and some meat on her bones, stares at Shocker from across the room.

SHOCKER  
Hold on a second!

Shocker meets her, says a few quick words, then returns. Shannon stares at him, tears swelling up in her eyes.

BIG BUCK  
What'd you say to her? She's  
staring at you, ballin?

Shocker looks back at her again.

SHOCKER  
Get out of here you fucking whore!

Shannon EXITS, crying.

BIG BUCK

Uhh, normally we don't do that till  
after we sleep with them.

SHOCKER

No need, I plan on sodomizing a  
drunk slut tonight.

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Dirtpaw and Roy stand on porch, working the door.

DIRTPAW

Why do we always have to work door?

ROY

We're pledges, that's our job.

Drunk kid stumbles outside. Roy snags his wallet as he  
passes. Oblivious, he wobbles down porch stairs.

As soon as he reaches ground, Piston, wearing fur toga and  
Viking helmet, JUMPS OUT from bushes and CLOBBERS him in  
face, knocking him out cold. Piston jumps back behind cover.

DIRTPAW

I know, but it's raining out. I'm  
scared of the rain.

ROY

...okay, I'll bite. Why you scared  
of the rain, DP?

DIRTPAW

Rain killed my uncle. Got in a car  
accident during a storm?

ROY

Oh, yeah? Did he get disemboweled  
on a telephone pole?

A troop of Cub Scouts walk by, entering the house.

DIRTPAW

No, his car hit a tree and he got  
stabbed in the brain.

(sniffing)

Would still be alive today if he  
had just cut his fingernails.

ROY  
Fingernails? What do you mean?

DIRTPAW  
(weeping)  
When he hit the tree, his finger  
was up his nose. The impact drove  
it all the way up into his skull.

Student walks out of house and down stairs. He reaches sidewalk and Piston POPS out from cover again and POPS him in face. Piston smiles, then jumps back behind cover.

Dirt paw sits on railing, BALLING.

ROY  
What is wrong with you?

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - ROB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rob and Caitlyn hanging out, smoking pot. Caitlyn studies the Composites on the wall. Lights are off, Scottish whiskey bottle candles set at either end of coffee table to set mood.

CAITLYN  
Why does it have fucked up names  
under everyone's picture?

She adjusts her boobs to show off more cleavage.

ROB  
Because those are our nicknames.

CAITLYN  
You mean pledge names?

Caitlyn leans forward, exposing her thong. Rob stares at it while she looks at something O.S. A moment later, she sits back up, holding a DVD.

ROB  
No, pledge names are for Greeks.  
We're Scottish. We get nicknames.

CAITLYN  
What's yours?

She places her hand on Rob's thigh, squeezing playfully.

ROB  
Don't have one. Offered up Funk  
Monster Flex, but it never caught.

Rob sees movie "WYLIE WONKA GETS OOMPA LOOMPA'D IN HER CHOCOLATE FACTORY" in Caitlyn's hand.

ROB

Ooh, that's not mine, someone must have left it in here.

Caitlyn ignores him, her eyes glued to back of DVD.

CAITLYN

This looks good, listen.

(reading box)

Porn star Wylie Coyote Ugly gets stuffed like a pinata by a band of singing midget-sex fiends while in this porn musical.

She slides her hand further up Rob's thigh and leans towards him. Rob shuffles awkwardly and knocks bong over. Water spills onto table and all over Caitlyn's top, soaking her.

ROB

God Damn it! I am so sorry, Kate. Jesus, I'm such a klutz.

He grabs paper towels off table and clumsily rubs them against the stain, sprinkles her shirt with paper fragments.

CAITLYN

It's okay, I didn't like this top anyway.

(under breathe)

I wasn't planning on wearing it much longer.

ROB

What?

CAITLYN

Nothing, I'll tell you later.

Caitlyn runs hand over soaked top.

CAITLYN

I gotta go home and change.

ROB

Are you coming back?

CAITLYN

It's pretty late, so probably not. No worries, though. I'm sure I'll see you tomorrow.

She hugs Rob, running her arms up his back.

ROB  
See ya later, alligator.

CAITLYN  
Peace out Fuck Monster Flex.

Caitlyn EXITS

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BAR ROOM - NIGHT

Two slutty looking females, UTI and CANDI, give Big Buck and Shocker very seductive looks. Uti is a tall Russian with blonde hair and Candi is a dolled up brunette.

BIG BUCK  
Which one you want?

SHOCKER  
The one that puts out.

BIG BUCK  
Okay then, I'll take the blonde.

SHOCKER  
They look like they've slaughtered  
more cocks than Colonel Sanders!

BIG BUCK  
Yeah, dirty whore night might end  
in a draw this week.

Big Buck isolates Uti.

BIG BUCK  
Excuse me miss, will you help me  
find my lost puppy? I think he went  
into this cheap motel room across  
the street.

UTI  
You poor guy. Hi, I'm Uti.

Shocker approaches Candi.

SHOCKER  
Can you believe that just a few  
hours ago we'd never even had sex?

CANDI  
Ha-ha, Hard to believe, isn't it?  
What's your name, sexy?

SHOCKER  
Harry, Harry Ballsonya

CANDI  
I'm Candi, Candidiasis.

The couples come together.

SHOCKER  
Would you two like a House tour?

Uti WHISPERS in Candi's ear

UTI  
Can our friend come with us?

BIG BUCK  
Certainly

Girls look across room at T-BONE, a behemoth of a woman. She picks her teeth with a hunting knife while ARM WRESTLING a Jock. The Jock grunts in pain, sweat beads trickling down his forehead.

T-Bone YAWNS, then SLAMS Jock's hand on table, the impact knocking him to the ground. T-Bone kicks him then tramples over to her friends.

UTI  
T-Bone, these guys wanna take us upstairs and have their way with us. Would you like to come?

T-Bone crushes unopened beer can in her hand, SPEWING BEER everywhere. She puts a heaping wad of 'REDMAN' chewing tobacco in her cheek as she looks the two men over.

T-BONE  
(pointing at them)  
Here's what's gonna happen, pukes. When we get upstairs, I'm gonna hog-tie you with my chest hairs..then rip your dicks off and rape you with them like your my prison bitches. If you girls can't handle that, I'll kill you now!

Shocker and Big Buck stare at her, faces white as ghosts.

SHOCKER  
I...just sharted! Gotta change my undies. Be right back.

Shocker SPRINTING EXIT.

BIG BUCK

Uhm....I...gotta go help him wipe.

Big Buck RUNNING EXIT.

CANDI

What a bunch of pussies.

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERY HOUSE - NIGHT

Phone sits on desk in very dark bedroom. Hand picks up receiver and dials.

TYLER

Hi, Tonawanda PD? I'd like to file a noise complaint.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BAR ROOM - NIGHT

Shocker chats with BIG BUCK'S SISTER (SISTER), an attractive, big-breasted Asian girl.

Big Buck rushes over and steps between them, giving both dirty looks. Sister flicks him off and EXITS.

BIG BUCK

Hey! What did I say about talking to my sister.

SHOCKER

Relax, dude. I told her that, from now on, we're not allowed to talk.

BIG BUCK

Good!

SHOCKER

The only way we'll communicate from now on is via Morse Code, when our naked bodies are pressed against each other.

Remote ENTERS from downstairs, hands joined with Uti and Candi. T-Bone follows behind, tearing apart a rotisserie chicken as she walks. He smiles at them, then EXITS upstairs with his dates.

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Injured student lay, motionless, bleeding out of his ears, while Roy steals his wallet, shoes, and socks. He then takes the man's watch, slipping it on his own arm, just as Two COPS (COPS 1 and 2) walk up the front yard, sidestepping garbage and debris, on way up to the porch.

ROY

Shit!

Roy EXITS inside House.

The Cops halt at feet of student, who lay, sprawled out on lawn. COP 1 kicks him but he remains motionless.

Big Buck ENTERS porch from inside, followed by Roy.

COP 1

We got a complaint about the excessive noise, you wanna keep it down?

BIG BUCK

I'm sorry, officers. We're just having a little get together here.

COP'S DAUGHTER, a young looking, very busty coed, stumbles outside, beer in hand. She leans over railing and pukes over the railing.

Cop 1 jumps.

COP 1

Kelly? What the Hell are you?

COP'S DAUGHTER

Hey daddy-o, what's shakin'?

COP 1

Jesus, get in the squad car. We'll talk about this tomorrow.

Cop's Daughter EXITS.

COP 1

What the Hell's my daughter doing here? She's still in High School.

WINGER

That cum dumpster is your daughter? Damn, bitch has quite the rack/

COP 1  
 No one calls my angel a bitch!  
 Turn around, I'm bringin' you in.

SIRENS, followed by SQUEAL of TIRES heard O.S.

COP 2  
 Daughter just stole our squad car.

COP 1  
 That bitch!!!

COP 2  
 What the hell we gonna to do now?  
 Our handcuffs are in the car.

COP 1  
 One of you guys wanna give us a  
 ride back to my house?

Remote creeps up behind cops, UNZIPS and pees all over the back of their pants. The Cops turn around to investigate. They don't see Remote and turn back around. Remote looks up, flicking them off while he finishes peeing.

Remote zips up, kicka Cop 1 in ass, then runs O.S.

ACE  
 That depends. Do you really wanna  
 give us a ticket?

COP 1  
 You can't expect us to let you off  
 scot free?

COP 2  
 Not to take their side here, but if  
 he doesn't give us a ride, we have  
 to explain to Chief why our car got  
 stolen again.

COP 1  
 (thinking)  
 Okay, you got yourselves a deal.  
 I'll let you guys off this one  
 time, but if I ever find out my  
 daughter was here again you will  
 all pay dearly!

BIG BUCK  
 That sounds fair. Thanks guys.

COP 2  
 Ready, kid?

Ace motions for them to follow him. Roy steals a billy club and gun from Cops 1's belt as he passes.

BIG BUCK

Okay, guys, we gotta get all these people out.

WINGER

Want me to get my gun?

Roy pulls out Cop's gun and offers it to Winger.

WOOKIE (O.S.)

NNNOOO! WE'RE OUT OF BBEEEEERRRR!

BIG BUCK

No need, that should do it!

Herd of drunk college kids TRAMPLE out, bowling DP and Roy over as they herd down porch steps. Dust settles, revealing both on ground, clutching ribs.

BIG BUCK

Okay guys, get your asses to bed. Meeting, first thing tomorrow morning! I'm talking 8 AM, sharp!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - DAY

Brothers crammed into room, sitting on broken, mismatched furniture. One rests on a radioactive plutonium canister. Two others sit on DP, who is positioned on his hands and knees in shape of bench. Tex still asleep on couch.

Two more people ENTER, dragging an old minivan pullout seat across the floor behind them. The seats metal bottom leaves deep metal gashes in wooden floor with every step.

The CLOCK reads 1:00 PM. On the wall, the surfboard has been replaced with a deer head.

BIG BUCK

C'mon, assholes, grab a seat. Let's get this thing movin'.

O.S., Two sets of FOOTSTEPS heard at top of stairway. Female YELL is followed by multiple BANGING SOUNDS. Seconds later, a short, stocky coed TUMBLES down stairs into view. She SLAMS into wall and CRASHES onto ground.

O.S., Happy FOOTSTEPS trot down the stairs, their owner WHISTLING SHOW TUNE. Shocker appears, puffing on a cigarette. He wears sunglasses, a hockey jersey, neon green baseball hat, and cartoon boxers. He nonchalantly steps over injured coed and enters Chapter Room.

WINGER

Nice outfit, fag.

ACE

Looks like it was picked out by a six year-old head trauma victim.

DIRTPAW

Why'd you do throw that girl down the stairs?

SHOCKER

Hello? Birth Control!

ROB

Yeah, he doesn't need kids, he can't even wipe his ass.

In b.g., Coed stands up and groggily EXITS.

ROY

What's wrong with a wire hanger?

SHOCKER

What do I look like, a scum bag?

BIG BUCK

Shut the fuck up and sit down. We have important shit to discuss, like how the fuck we can raise \$20,000.

Shocker takes seat on Rob's lap on couch.

BIG BUCK

Now, anyone have an idea?

ACE

Let's start a drug cartel.

ROB

What the Hell you know about drug cartels?

ACE

Nothing, but this book does.

Ace grabs book next to him and holds it up for all to see.

Book reads "HOW TO START A DRUG CARTEL...FOR DUMMIES".

BIG BUCK  
I was hoping to do it legally.

Roy raises his hand.

Big Buck  
Roy?

ROY  
Let's bust in the neighbors' houses  
and steal all their shit.

ROB  
Uhm, I think that's illegal, too.

ROY  
Oh...then let's collect cans.

WINGER  
Where the fuck we gonna get \$20,000  
in empty beer cans, crack head?

ROY  
...bust in the neighbors' houses?

BIG BUCK  
Okay, Roy, I'm appointing you to  
can patrol. If you get caught  
doing anything illegal, you're a  
Delta pledge, okay?

Roy nods, then begins picking up empty cans around room.

DP raises his hand EXCITEDLY. Big Buck points to him.

DIRTPAW  
We should sell our organs! Our  
livers shot but I bet we could get  
good money for our lungs.

In b.g., LOUD, PHLEGM-FILLED SMOKER'S COUGHS heard.

Winger takes his dip out and throws it at DP, hitting him  
square in forehead.

ROB  
Think, what would William Wallace  
and our Scottish Klansmen ancestors  
want us to do in a time like this?

WINGER

They'd want us to armor up, grab  
battle axes and fuck shit up.  
Those fuckers can't knock the house  
down if we chop their arms off.

SHOCKER

Sweet! I'm in on that, DP, prepare  
my whores for battle.

DP gets up, Big Buck motions for him to sit back down.

BIG BUCK

We're desperate, guys. I hate to  
say it, but I think we need the  
Tank for this one.

GASPS heard around room.

SHOCKER

No way! Remember what happened  
last time?

BIG BUCK

We're out of options.

Big Buck nods to the pledges. DP and Roy EXIT.

PISTON

No!!!

Piston dives out the window. Glass SHATTERS everywhere.

Pledges RE-ENTER, pulling three figures on skateboards.  
Their hands are duct taped, their feet shackled. Dirty socks  
gag their mouths. They wear name tags displaying their name.

TANKER #1, EL PROFESOR, has peanut butter and jelly all over  
his face. He wears a wife-beater with a necktie and two  
mismatched flip flops.

TANKER #2, COCONUT HEAD, wears a headband and an eye patch.  
His head is partly shaved, except for random patches of hair.  
A dozen clumps of Blood-stained toilet paper dot his head.

TANKER #3, CRAZY OLLY, wears a ripped "B-52s" T-shirt. His  
tightie-whities have many holes and are shit-stained.

The pledges stop the skateboards in front of Big Buck.

BIG BUCK

Guys, we brought you out cuz we  
need your help. If we take your  
shackles off, will you behave?

They NOD AGGRESSIVELY.

DP unlocks the shackles while Roy removes the duct tape.

ROB  
Okay, fellas', it's show time!

Free of their restraints, the Tankers turn, bumping into each other. They pile into a PORTO-POTTIE, located in corner of room. DP locks them inside.

BIG BUCK  
Ace, do your thing!

Blunt in mouth, Ace makes towards porto-pottie. The others rise and take their place behind him. Ace takes HUGE hit, leans over and blows THICK SMOKE CLOUD into a small opening on side of booth. He then hands blunt to Winger.

Winger blows his hit in and hands blunt to Rob

Rob takes blunt next. He lowers his face to opening. A BROWNISH, MUSHROOM SHAPED OBJECT pops into opening, blocking it. Oblivious, Rob closes his mouth over object and blows into hole. He quickly JERKS head back, GAGGING. Rob looks over and sees DEFORMED, BLOODY COCK sticking out of hole.

ROB  
Shit! I think I just sucked one of their dicks on accident.

ROARING LAUGHTER. Rob SPITS rapidly, rubbing his mouth.

WINGER  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

ROB  
Fuck! I told you guys to put the hole on top.

Rob chugs beer, tossing empty to ground. Roy immediately picks it up, puts it in garbage bag.

BIG BUCK  
Next guy, get in there. Quit fuckin' around.

SHOCKER  
Uhhh, do you not see that disease-infested retard cock prairie-doggin' out the hole?

Winger, broom in hand, shoves the handle into the hole, knocking cock out of way. GIRLISH SCREAM heard.

WINGER

There, problem solved. Who's up?

Shocker grabs blunt from Rob and leans over to hole.

LATER

Smoke fills room. Everyone either eating munchie foods, LAUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY or sitting quietly with a blank look on their face.

Roy blows hit in , then backs away. Moment later, lights in room flicker, then go out. The porto-pottie rocks back and forth, then a face of an old, wise man appears. This face, TANK FACE, serves as the voice of the Think Tank.

TANK FACE

Greetings, Klansmen. After much thought, the Think Tank has reached decision about how to save House.

BIG BUCK

What is it, my master?

TANK FACE

You must contact the Alum named Eamon. Though he is estranged, the blood of the house still pumps through his veins and he will aid you in this time of need.

Tank Face flickers, then DISAPPEARS. The Voice remains for one last statement.

TANK FACE (V.O.)

....get The picture

The lights turn on and room returns to normal.

Roy cautiously unlocks the door. El Profesor, Crazy Olly and Coconut Head burst out, covered in sweat. Scattering like cockroaches, they EXIT. SHATTERS and BANGS head O.S., followed by a LOUD EXPLOSION.

SHOCKER

Sean Eamon? He hates our guts.

BIG BUCK

For good reason, we fucked him over. He was mentioned by name, though. Maybe he's forgiven us.

WINGER  
Or we can blackmail him.

BIG BUCK  
How would we do that?

WINGER  
Oh, everyone's got skeletons in  
their closet, just gotta find 'em.

In b.g., in other room, closet door opens. Two skeletons pop  
out, hand in hand, and walk O.S.

BIG BUCK  
Well, you find any skeletons, let  
me know. Until then, we do it the  
old-fashioned way.

ROY  
Right, let's sue his ass!

BIG BUCK  
I was referring to a road trip.  
Now, who's in? Need two guys.

ROB  
Hey, you think those last words,  
"Get the picture", meant anything?

BIG BUCK  
You're over-analyzing, Now who  
wants to go?

ACE  
Hell yeah, I'll go to Florida.

BIG BUCK  
Nice, thanks Ace. Who else?

WINGER  
You're our fearless leader dip  
shit. Why don't you go?

BIG BUCK  
I gotta stay here and baby sit you  
guys. A Major Officer should go,  
though.  
(to Rob)  
How about you, Rob? You're the  
Veep.

ROB  
Yeah, but I'm only VP cuz Cheese  
Dog violated parole again.

BIG BUCK  
I'd take you over Cheese Dog any day.

WINGER  
Yeah, he can't leave the state.

BIG BUCK  
So, you in?

ROB  
Yea...what else am I gonna do?

BIG BUCK  
Excellent! I'll even let you bring a pledge to haze.  
(to Dirtpaw)  
Congratulations, DP, you've just won a trip to Florida. Grab a suitcase and pack your shit.

DIRTPAW  
Can I bring my mom?

ROB  
Is she hot?

DIRTPAW  
No, but my dad says she gives a Hell of a blowjob.

BIG BUCK  
He was kidding.  
(to Rob)  
Good luck with this guy.

BIG BUCK  
Meeting adjourned.  
(to Rob, Ace and DP)  
I want you out of here ASAP guys, you got a long drive ahead.

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - AFTER MEETING

Brothers gathered in driveway, sending Rob and Ace off. Roy and Dirtpaw toss two travel bags into the open side door of A COLORFUL VOLKSWAGON BUS.

Ace and DP load into van, Rob stands with Shocker.

SHOCKER  
May the whores be with you, always!

ROB  
 ...and also with you!

They embrace, then Rob gets into van.

INT. VW BUS - DAY

DP at wheel. Rob and Ace in back. Gas station seen ahead.

ROB  
 Pull over here. We need munchies.

ACE  
 And oil, I'm low. DP, you put the  
 oil in while I pump the gas.

DIRTPAW  
 Put oil in? How do you do that?

ACE  
 Whaddya talking about, dude? Just  
 pop the hood and put it in. It's  
 not brain surgery.

DIRTPAW  
 Okay. Don't blame me if I fuck up,  
 though. You were warned.

I/E. VW BUS/GAS STATION - DAY

In car, Rob studies road map. Ace, pencil in hand, studies a  
 LOGIC PROBLEM WORKBOOK. Outside, Dirtpaw exits store,  
 holding plastic bag. He crosses lot to van and opens hood,  
 blocking view from inside car.

Outside, Dirtpaw stuffs his hand into bag and pulls out  
 bottle of oil. He brings it up to eye level, studying it.

ACE (O.S.)  
 Yo! What's the holdup, DP?

DP unscrews top to oil then leans into engine block.

DIRTPAW  
 I'm almost done!

In car, Rob grabs two beers. He hands one to Ace.

ROB  
 Might as well have a beer.

Rob hands beer to Ace.

ACE  
Here's to Saving the House.

They toast and chug.

INT. VW BUS - 20 MINUTES LATER

Rob and Ace pounding beer. Empty beer cans scattered all over front seat. Driver's door opens and DP ENTERS.

DIRTPAW  
All set. Let's go!

INT. VW BUS - DAY

After they leave station. Dirtpaw munches on candy bar while Rob and Ace pound beers. THICK BLACK SMOKE billows out from under the hood, surrounding car.

ROB  
(looking around)  
What the hell is that?

ACE  
Either the Bug just did a bong rip something is seriously wrong here.

ROB  
DP, when you put the oil in, how much did you use?

DIRTPAW  
I didn't know how much you needed, so I just put five containers in.

ACE  
Five!? We were only down a quart.

DIRTPAW  
We should be good for awhile, then.

A SIREN wails. Bright red trails seen through back window.

ROB  
(looking back)  
This is the last thing we need.

DP pulls over. Ace stuffs his sack of weed in glove compartment then hands DP his Registration.

ACE  
Be cool, DP.

A neatly dressed OFFICER strolls up to the window.

OFFICER  
Morning guys, how you doin' today?

DP blindly shoves arm, license and registration in hand, out window, punching Officer in the stomach. He keels over.

OFFICER  
Guess your not one for  
pleasantries. Me either. Let's  
get right into it, then. What's  
with all the smoke?

DP stares at him, silent. Ace nudges him, then leans over.

ACE  
Sorry sir. It just happened. We're  
bringing the car home now.

OFFICER  
This cars a danger on the road, you  
shouldn't have driven it at all.

ACE  
C'mon, hook a brotha up. It's only  
a few dead trees.

LATER

DP pulls car back on road, Ace and Rob look angry.

ACE  
Of all the fucking pigs in the  
world, we had to get pulled over by  
Smokey the Bear.

DIRTPAW  
What now?

ROB  
Shit, I wanted to at least get to  
the next state before we failed  
miserably.  
(thinking)  
Maybe Kate will let us use her car.

ACE  
Yo, you hit that shit last night?

ROB  
No, I blew it, again.

ACE

Dude, what's wrong with you? Stop being such a pussy. She's way into you, bro! Everyone knows it.

ROB

Ya think?

ACE

Hey DP, does Kate wanna play "Hide the Salami" with Rob?

DIRTPAW

Is Kate the one who always wears those tight jeans and licks bananas like lollipops?

ACE

Yes! Jeans so tight you can read her lips. See, even fucking Dirtpaw can see it. You're an idiot if you don't go for that.

ROB

That's the problem. Her hotness intimidates me. I'm used to hooking up with girls with hooves.

ACE

You gotta get your game on, bro.

ROB

What Game? I'm the wheelchair-bound retarded kid that no one picked to play, destined to spend the rest of my life on the sidelines, eating paste and shitting myself while I watch everyone else score.

(beat)

Anyway, if we use her car she's gonna wanna come, that cool?

ACE

Considering our options, that won't be a problem.

E/I CAITLYN'S ROOM - DAY

Rob, Ace and DP stand in hallway of Caitlyn's suite. She answers door wearing long T-shirt and flip flops.

ROB  
Hi, Kate!

CAITLYN  
Hey boys, C'mon in.

Inside, clothes scattered over the floor. An aquarium rests on stand in the corner. Ace looks in tank to find TWO DEAD FISH floating on surface of filthy water.

CAITLYN  
You guys want anything to eat,  
drink, smoke or snort?

ROB  
Actually, we're here for a favor.

ACE  
I'll take a bowl, if you have.

CAITLYN  
Sure, make yourselves comfy, I'll  
be right back.

They sit down on couch. Caitlyn EXITS.

ACE  
Damn! She's lookin' good!

ROB  
(sarcastically)  
Really? I hadn't noticed.

Caitlyn RE-ENTERS. She sits on Rob's lap and packs bowl. They smoke as they talk.

ROB  
What are your plans for the week?

CAITLYN  
Uhm, just to milk this buzz. Why?

ROB  
You wanna go on a road trip?

CAITLYN  
Oohh, Where to? For what?

ROB  
Florida, a fund raising mission.

CAITLYN  
Sounds like fun. Count me in!

Ace takes Brain Teaser Puzzle off table and fiddles with it.

ROB  
Sweet, can we take your car? Ours  
is currently incapacitated.

CAITLYN  
That would normally be okay, but it  
is also incapacitated.

ROB  
What happened?

CAITLYN  
Drove it into the front window of  
Uni-Mart. I was a little tipsy, ha-  
ha. Anyway, they won't give it  
back until I replace the window.  
Can you believe that shit?

Ace puts completed puzzle back on table.

ROB  
How you been getting around?

CAITLYN  
Using daddy's car for the week.

ROB  
Any chance we can take that?

DP finds broken-up potato chips in gap between the couch  
cushions. He smiles then shoves them in his mouth.

CAITLYN  
(thinking)  
Tell you what, if you let me give  
you a lap dance you can take it.

ROB  
Uhh, what? What's the catch?

CAITLYN  
I've just always wanted to give a  
guy a lap dance. It's such a sense  
of empowerment, ya know?

ROB  
I guess.

CAITLYN  
So, is it a deal?

Rob looks at other two. They both NOD ENERGETICALLY.

ROB  
Uhm, yeah, sure.

Caitlyn grabs Remote Control off end table and turns on stereo. SEXUAL SONG PLAYS. Ace and DP look on as

CAITLYN HOPS ON ROB'S LAP, BEGINS GRINDING UP AGAINST HIM.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAITLYN'S DORM - PARKING LOT - DAY

Caitlyn weaves through parking lot. Ace and Dirtpaw follow behind, walking next to each other. Rob lags behind, dragging his feet, exhausted. He looks like he just had sex, clothes disheveled, hair messy, cigarette in mouth.

ACE  
You alright back there, dude?

Rob GIGGLES like a child.

In b.g., The Batmobile, The General Lee, Knight Rider, a 1984 Sheep Dog, an Aston Martin, a few horses, a donkey, a Horse Drawn Carriage and others seen parked.

ACE  
Hey Kate, which car is yours?

CAITLYN  
The black Hearse

ACE  
The what?

CAITLYN  
It's a funeral car. You know, the one they put dead bodies in.

Wonder Woman surveys the lot, pressing page button on key chain. She has a frustrated look on her face.

ACE  
Your dad drives a Hearse?

CAITLYN  
Yeah, rad, huh?

ACE  
Hell, yeah! How'd he get one of those!

CAITLYN

He's a Mortician, so I guess it's  
Kind of like his company car.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - TV ROOM - DAY

Shocker and Winger watch TV. In b.g., Roy climbs in  
neighbor's window, holding a pillowcase.

Big Buck ENTERS from upstairs.

BIG BUCK

Hey, we're having a yard sale.  
Help me bring some shit outside.

WINGER

What? You're sellin' our shit?

BIG BUCK

Hey, we gotta raise some money.

SHOCKER

We should auction ourselves off to  
the ladies.

WINGER

Shut up, chicken dick! You're the  
third string punter on a D-3  
football team. Only reason you get  
laid is cuz you vulture the drunk  
chicks after the bar closes.

SHOCKER

You're just jealous cuz I'm more  
endowed than you. Not my fault you  
haven't gotten laid since condoms  
were made out of wood.

(then)

Oh, and for the record, I'm the  
backup punter, not third string.  
Just one stubbed toe away from  
starting, baby.

BIG BUCK

(pointing at couch)

Good job! Now help me bring this  
couch outside.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Rob drives, Caitlyn and Ace in front. DP asleep in back.

CAITLYN  
Where's this guy live?

ROB  
Tampa, Florida

In b.g., Out window, on side of road, SIGN reads "NOW  
ENTERING ALFRED ENJOY YOUR STAY".

CAITLYN  
Why's this guy hate you so much?

ROB  
He didn't always hate us. For  
years, Eamon was the guy we always  
called to get us out of a pickle.  
He never let us down, either, until  
we fucked up.

CAITLYN  
What happened?

ROB  
A few years ago, he loaned us \$5000  
to fix up the house for our 75th  
Anniversary Celebration. All our  
alumni were coming up, it was gonna  
be huge.

CAITLYN  
Okay...

ACE  
But we kinda used the money for  
other stuff.

ROB  
Yeah, we bought crazy liquor,  
thirty kegs, a disgusting amount of  
pot, enough illegal drugs to send  
Pfizer into Bankruptcy, some  
hookers...we even hired The  
Blueprint to play. It was a week  
of complete debauchery.

ACE  
Yeah, four people still missing.

CAITLYN  
Was that the infamous Sphincter de  
Mayo Festival?

ACE

That's it! That party got us on the news nationwide. Made Woodstock seem like a game of Scattergories with the 'rents.

DIRTPAW

So that's how the Sphincter got stuffed. I always heard it was from years of selling pot.

ACE

That's what we tell people, sounds much cooler.

ROB

We spent the next week in an alcohol and drug-induced coma. When the alumni showed up the next weekend, the House was a mess. Garbage everywhere, windows busted out...there was even rotting pork from our pig roast still on the picnic table, flies and maggots all over it. It was nasty!

In b.g., out window, on side of road, SIGN reads "NOW LEAVING ALFRED GO FUCK YOURSELVES!"

CAITLYN

What did the alums do?

ROB

They pulled in, saw all the carnage, then drove off, never to be heard from again. Eamon was embarrassed. He vouched for us. After that, he cut us off. We've been on our own ever since.

CAITLYN

Man, that sucks for you guys!

Building visible in distance. Sign unable to read.

ROB

Yo, we're stopping if that's a hotel. I need to catch some Z's.

DIRTPAW

Yeah, I gotta shit really bad. I'm prairie doggin' back here.

CAITLYN  
Way too much info DP.

The sign, now visible, reads "ALAMO INN, GREAT HOURLY RATES".

ROB  
The Alamo Inn, huh. Works for me.

ACE  
Why does it charge by the hour?

ROB  
Maybe to make it cheaper for people  
like us who just want a quick wink.

ACE  
Oh, that makes sense.

Rob slowly drives by Hotel. Hoodlums, gang-bangers and  
scantily clad women infest area. Two gunshots heard O.S.

Caitlyn  
Robby, I don't know about this  
place, seems a little...dangerous.

Two Men in Ski Masks, holding bags of money in one hand and  
handguns in the other, run by the window.

ROB  
C'mon Kate, it's called the Alamo,  
after one of the most beloved  
places in the US. Nothing bad can  
happen to Americans in the Alamo.

ACE  
Didn't everyone in the Alamo die?

Swarm of cops, guns drawn, sprint by in pursuit.

ROB  
I dunno, fell asleep before the  
movie ended. But still, it can't  
be that bad. Plus, we'll be locked  
in our room the whole time.

CAITLYN  
I guess you're right.

ROB  
Don't worry, I won't let anything  
happen to you.

E/I HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rob carefully inserts key into door. Others stand behind him. Dirt paw rocks back and forth, arms shoved up his ass.

DIRTPAW  
Hurry up, I gotta shit bad!

Door creaks open. Inside the room

COCKROACHES AND MICE SCATTER AS LIGHT ENTERS THE ROOM. THE FADED WALLPAPER IS BADLY STAINED AND TORN. THE CARPETS GRIMY AND LITTERED WITH DRUG PARAPHERNALIA AND BEER CANS. BATHROOM ENTRANCE HAS NO DOOR OR DOOR FRAME AND IS CUT HIGHER ON ONE SIDE THAN THE OTHER.

DP BOLTS inside toward bathroom. Inside

A RIVER OF URINE FLOWS ACROSS FLOOR. TOILET SEAT BROKEN OFF. NEXT TO TOILET, SINK HAS DARK BROWN STAIN THAT RUNS FROM DRAIN UP TO LIP. BAR OF SOAP, WRAPPED IN USED PAPER, SITS ON BASE. A YELLOWED BIDET SITS ACROSS FROM TOILET.

DP, wincing in pain, ignores this and rushes inside.

Rob and Ace ENTER room, looking around. Caitlyn remains.

FROM O.S., GROTESQUE, BOOMING SOUNDS OF DP BLOWING ASS REVERBERATE THROUGH THE ROOM.

ACE  
Eeewww! Jesus Christ, DP!

Wallpaper turns brown and PEELS off wall.

DIRTPAW (O.S.)  
Sorry, guys.

O.S., DP flushes toilet.

ROB  
This can't be our room. I'm gonna call the desk, gotta be a mix-up.

In bathroom, DP leans over bidet and takes drink.

ROB  
DP, what the fuck are you doing?

DIRTPAW  
Drinking water, duh!

ROB  
That's not a drinking fountain,  
dumb-ass, its a bidet.

DIRTPAW  
What's a bidet?

ACE  
It cleans your ass after you shit.

DIRTPAW  
Oh, I was wondering why there  
wasn't any TP.

DP reaches into his mouth and pulls a PIECE OF CORN from his teeth, then TOSSES it back into his mouth. He pulls his pants back down and squats over bidet.

Rob looks down at phone on the nightstand. It reads "HOLIDAY INN SAVANNAH". He picks up receiver to find it blanketed with sticky white substance. He SLAMS phone down. O.S. DP giggles as jets of water tickle his ass.

In doorway, Caitlyn looks at Rob, pissed off.

ROB  
After a few drinks it won't seem so  
bad, I swear.

ACE  
Yeah, you'll completely forget  
about the fact that at least one of  
us will be dying tonight.

A creepy man wanders into view next to Caitlyn. He runs his hands on her shoulders and smiles. Caitlyn quickly JUMPS into room and shuts, then locks the door.

CAITLYN  
God, I hope we have a lot of beer.

ROB  
DP, hook the lovely lady up.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BIG BUCK'S ROOM - DAY

Shocker ENTERS a very tidy bedroom. Pictures and articles showcasing Big Buck's athletic career hang on walls. He opens Buck's top Chest drawer and sifts through porn DVDs.

SHOCKER  
There's gotta be some porn I  
haven't seen yet.

He attacks Buck's closet, rifling through stack of Playboys. As he looks at them, he drops them on floor.

SHOCKER

Jesus, all these bitches have 70's  
porno bush, hip to hip, belly  
button to asshole.

A PICTURE FLIES out of the pages of one of the magazines. Shocker picks it up. It's the same photo Dad had.

SHOCKER

Sweet! I thought they were only  
into missionary back then.

He shoves picture in his pocket as Big Buck ENTERS.

BIG BUCK

I need help downstairs.

SHOCKER

Are people actually here?

BIG BUCK

A ton of 'em. They're in the  
driveway beating the shit out of a  
car with a sledgehammer, selling  
three whacks for five bucks. It's  
a fucking Gold mine! Great stress  
relief, you should try it.

SHOCKER

What car?

BIG BUCK

An old-ass Dodge. Never seen it  
before. Some douche prolly left it  
here after a party. The entire  
interior was covered with long,  
blonde hairs. Looks like a German  
Shepherd was raped. He's probably  
on the run from the ASPCA.

SHOCKER

...this car, is it blue?

BIG BUCK

What's left of it, ha-ha.

SHOCKER

That's Wookie's car, dude! It  
broke down last weekend.

(MORE)

SHOCKER (cont'd)  
I told him he could leave it in the  
driveway until he could make it  
back up here in a few weeks.

BIG BUCK  
Shit! We gotta save it!

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Shocker and Big Buck watch in horror as a Male Student,  
sledgehammer in hand, busts the windshield of Wookie's car.  
All the other windows and both side mirrors shattered. Dents  
cover the car. Glass is everywhere.

SHOCKER  
(Shrugging)  
Maybe he won't notice anything.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dirtpaw, Caitlyn, Rob and Ace play card game "King's Cup".  
Ace reaches into pile, pulling card back.

ACE  
(looking at card)  
Jacks, sweet, category! Let's go  
with sexual positions.  
(to Rob)  
You're up first, my brotha.

ROB  
Missionary

CAITLYN  
Uhhh, doggy style

DIRTPAW  
Cowgirl

ACE  
I'll go with 69, dudes!

ROB  
(thinking)  
I give up, there aren't any more.

DIRTPAW  
Dude, there's a ton more.

ROB  
Like what?

DIRTPAW  
Banana Pudding, Dirty Burrito,  
Minivan...

Caitlyn LAUGHS LOUDLY.

CAITLYN  
What's the Minivan?

DIRTPAW  
(signaling with hands)  
Two in front, eight in the back.

CAITLYN  
(laughing)  
It's always the quiet ones.

DIRTPAW  
It's also called the Soccer Mom.

CAITLYN  
You're one in a million, DP.

ACE  
I hate when people say that. There  
are seven billion people on Earth.  
If you're one in a million, that  
means there are 7000 people just  
like you. How is that original?

CAITLYN  
Fine then, he's one in 7 billion,  
that better?

DIRTPAW  
How come your so good with numbers?

ROB  
(rising)  
Speaking of numbers, I gotta go  
call the house.

CAITLYN  
Wait, you're leaving?

ROB  
Would like to do it before the next  
shift of serial killers and rapists  
punch in at the Front Desk, so  
gotta do it now.

CAITLYN  
Want me to go with you?

ROB  
Nah, I'll be fine.

Rob EXITS.

EXT. HOTEL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Scantily clad women, rough looking individuals consume area.

Rob crosses street and passes by Pawn Shop. SIGN in window reads "FOR SALE 8 YEAR-OLD CAMBODIAN BOY- USED. HAS ANGER ISSUES. ONCE OWNED BY R. KELLY. a PISSED OFF THEN PISSED ON DAILY".

ROB  
The perfect Secret Santa gift for  
any office Christmas party.

A mangy looking BEGGAR approaches, holding a coffee jar.

BEGGAR  
You got any change?

ROB  
...It depends. You know where I  
can find a pay phone?

BEGGAR  
How much is it worth to you?

ROB  
Depends on how close the phone is.

BEGGAR  
There's one down the road.

Beggar holds out hand, palm up.

ROB  
Thanks

Rob pulls out some change and starts to count it out.

ROB  
How much you need?

BEGGAR  
A hundred dollars

ROB  
How about a hundred cents.

BEGGAR

You kidding me? What the fuck can I buy for a buck? This isn't 1985. Do you see a fucking Delorean around here?

(then)

Hey, what you lookin' for? Maybe we can help each other out.

ROB

I'm not following you.

BEGGAR

Bull shit, honkey! Don't play stupid with me. You're lookin' for drugs, only reason a white boy like you would be in a place like this.

ROB

Actually, I really do need to find a phone, the one in my room doesn't work. Gotta call my friends.

BEGGAR

What's he gonna give you? Reefer? Coke? Meth? Dust?

ROB

No, just conversation.

BEGGAR

Conversation? Is that a new kind of Meth?

ROB

No, its what we're having now.

BEGGAR

Heroin withdrawal cramps?

ROB

No, CONVERSA-- You know what, forget it. Sure, I'll buy some drugs. You got any bud?

BEGGAR

Shit boy, I got weed so strong it'll make you shit yourself, through your pants, onto the floor. Then you'll fingerprint on the walls with your own shit!

(MORE)

BEGGAR (cont'd)

Then, when your girl gets home, she would get so high that you two'll spend the next three hours snowballing your shit into each other's mouth! No lie!

ROB

Wow! That's quite a sales pitch.

BEGGAR

Sales pitch? That actually happened to me, I got pictures.

ROB

No, its okay dude, I believe you.

Rob pulls \$100 Bill out of wallet and gives it to Beggar.

Beggar motions for him to follow.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ace, DP and Caitlyn still playing Kings. Cup in center filled with beer, surrounded by a handful of cards.

Ace pulls card from pile, a nine.

ACE

Nine, bust a rhyme...

(then)

My nigga Robby must be lost.

CAITLYN

...hope he's alright, I got my fingers crossed.

DIRTPAW

...what if he was gang-raped, had his salad tossed?

ACE

...ha-ha, a crack-head stuffed their dick in his exhaust.

CAITLYN

...that should be an application for Microsoft.

DIRTPAW

I wonder how much would that cost.

ACE

...this has went around enough, its about time it was quashed.

CAITLYN

...it's freezing in here, on my nipples there's frost.

DIRTPAW

...up until you said that, my penis was soft. Now its frozen stiff, needs to defrost. I'm gonna stroke it repeatedly, until it has gloss.

DP rubs his crotch as Ace and Caitlyn LAUGH.

ACE

DP, you're like an idiot savant of drinking games.

CAITLYN

Yeah, you're quite the poet.

DIRTPAW

...better than Robert Frost!

Ace and Caitlyn drink. DP reaches into pile, pulls a King.

DIRTPAW

Fuck!

DP pours beer into center mug, picks it up and chugs it.

CAITLYN

What do you guys wanna play now?

Ace scoops up cards and shuffles them.

ACE

Time for some strip poker.

CAITLYN

Okay, but I warn you, I'm good.

ACE

We'll see about that.

E/I CRACK TWINS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rob follows Beggar inside broken down apartment building. Inside, beggar knocks then door answered by pregnant black woman (CRACK TWIN 1) who wears just a T-shirt. They ENTER.

Inside, another pregnant black woman, also wearing only a - shirt (CRACK TWIN 2), sits on couch, a crack pipe pressed against her lips. She takes hit, then passes pipe to her friend. Crack Twin 1 hits pipe, then sits down next to her.

BEGGAR

I'll get your shit. Phone's next to couch.

Beggar EXITS.

Crack Twin 1 stares at Rob while scratching her crotch. Crack Twin 2 offers him a crack pipe.

ROB

No thanks, I'm on a diet.

CRACK TWIN 1

I want you to fill it, not smoke it, white boy.

Beggar RE-ENTERS, places four small plastic bags filled with crack on the coffee table.

ROB

(shaking head)  
Uhm, what's that?

BEGGAR

Crack, what you asked for.

ROB

I asked for weed.

BEGGAR

You sure?

ROB

Yeah! Take it back and get me pot.

Crack Twins' LUNGE forward and grab baggies and stuff them up their crotches.

BEGGAR

Take what back?

ROB

Hey, they took it! You saw them!

BEGGAR

I didn't see nothin'.

CRACK TWIN 1  
 (moving hand down body)  
 You want your crack, honey? I got  
 some crack for ya right here.

She looks at him seductively while playing with herself.

CRACK TWIN 1  
 You wanna stick your dick in this  
 crack, don't you?

ROB  
 No thanks, wouldn't want to impose.

Crack Twin 2 stands up, displaying a huge gut. As she walks  
 by Rob, she lets out a LOUD, WET PUSSY FART, then EXITS.

CRACK TWIN 1  
 I'd rock your world, baby.

BEGGAR  
 Might as well fuck her, cuz you  
 ain't gettin' your money back.

CRACK TWIN 1  
 You should, baby! Pregnant women  
 make the best fucks.

ROB  
 They do?

BEGGAR  
 Hell yeah, cuz when you fuck me,  
 you get a BJ at the same time!

ROB  
 Thanks I have a girlfriend.

CRACK TWIN 1  
 Can your girlfriend do this!

Crack Twin 1 takes crack hit, lifts her legs and blows hit  
 out her O.S. pussy. Smoke BILLOWS up from her crotch.

ROB  
 God, I hope not!  
 (then)  
 Hey, you know what, keep the money,  
 consider it payment for your  
 hospitality. I just wanna get  
 outta here. So, if you would  
 kindly tell me how to get back...

Rob turns to door. Crack Twin 2 appears, blocks his path.

CRACK TWIN 2

My pussy needs a stuffin, and you  
ain't leavin' till you give me one.

Rob looks back. Crack Twin 1 and Beggar have devilish smiles  
on their faces, licking their lips.

ROB

...I don't suppose any of you have  
a rape whistle?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ace, DP and Caitlyn play strip poker. Caitlyn is completely  
clothed. DP sits at table with no shirt on. Ace wears hemp  
underwear and a wife-beater, which shows off his numerous POT-  
RELATED AND MATH EQUATION TATTOOS.

ACE

Kate, you must not have gotten the  
memo. Girls are supposed to lose  
every hand in Strip Poker.

CAITLYN

I told you I was good.

DIRTPAW

I thought this was Go Fish?

ACE

Next time, we play Strip Quadratic  
Equations or Strip Tecmo Bowl, I  
gotta redeem myself.

CAITLYN

Robby's been gone awhile, I hope  
he's alright.

ACE

He'll be fine, don't worry.

(beat)

So, when are you guys gonna bone?

CAITLYN

It's not like that, we're friends.

DP stands up, revealing a tube sock covering his penis. He  
walks to cooler and bends over, DISPLAYING A PALE WHITE ASS.

ACE

Whatever, everyone knows you guys  
wanna rape and pillage each other.

CAITLYN

I like him, I won't lie, but I've done everything but trip and fall on his cock to clue him in that I'm DTF. There's only so much a girl can do.

DP stands, beer in hand, and takes his place back at table.

ACE

Well, if you need me to cover the floor with banana peels, axle grease and black ice, let me know.

CAITLYN

Why would I want you to do that?

ACE

So you can trip and fall on his cock.

CAITLYN

(indicates bed)

There's no way I'm getting naked on that. I'll have six STDs by the time I spread my legs. I don't care how bad I need to get laid! I

DIRTPAW

I'll have sex with you, Kate, I'm pretty good at it. I watch my parents all the time.

INT. CRACK WHORE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rob, fighting back tears, struggles to pull his pants on. On the couch, the Crack Twins sit, feeding newborn Babies. Next to them, a goat stands, staring at him. A plunger, band saw, and other random things are scattered all over floor.

Goat turns away, trots in other direction. A CONDOM seen hanging out of his ass.

Rob grabs his filthy jacket, puts his head down and EXITS, holding his ass.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ace and DP sit at table, taking turns smacking each other in the face, when Rob ENTERS, filthy, clothes disheveled, looking like he just saw a Ghost.

ACE

What...the fuck...happened to you?

Rob accidentally kicks Ace as he walks by. Ace wakes up.

ACE

Why do you smell like vaseline,  
shit and barbecue sauce?

Rob gets down on the floor and wraps himself in a brown,  
blunt-shaped sleeping bag.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - DAY

Room packed with people. Big Buck and Shocker wear fanny  
packs and make change for customers. Shocker's fanny pack  
reads "BAD MOTHER FUCKER". Tex asleep on only remaining  
couch. The deer head has been replaced with a guitar.

BONG SHOPPER, a hippie, talks with Big Buck, holding a bong

BONG SHOPPER

How much you want for this, man?

BIG BUCK

Ten bucks.

Bong Shopper pays him. Winger sees this and runs over.

WINGER

Hell no! We ain't sellin' my bong  
to this Tree fucking flower-child.  
(to Bong Shopper)  
Gimme that you son of a bitch!

He grabs bong away and pushes Bong Shopper O.S.

BIG BUCK

What the fuck, Winger, you hick.  
We all gotta make sacrifices.

SHOCKER

Yeah, I've sold everything I own,  
even my condoms. I've had to re-use  
old ones but you don't hear me  
complaining.

WINGER

Am I wearing my "I Give a Fuck" T-  
shirt? If you let any of these  
flaming ass bags near my bong, I'll  
be making a few sacrifices...namely  
Human!

Winger STOMPS up first few stairs, then turns back.

WINGER

Now I'm gonna go up to my room to take inventory. If you thunder cunts took anything, I'm grabbing my shotgun, and coming back down, guns blazing, and I'll be shooting to kill.

BIG BUCK

Chill out, Rambo. We already hit your room. Sold your "Patton" DVD, the racecar bed...oh, and that ugly deer head that was on the wall.

WINGER

You sold Bucky? The Butt-Fucking Buck? He was the first deer I ever shot! You best be lying!

SHOCKER

Fraid not.

In b.g., Man picks up LONG SWORD and swings it around.

WINGER

(raging mad)

Tell me what he looked like now!

BIG BUCK

Uhh, he has a thick beard and is dressed like the Quaker Oats Guy.

In b.g., Man accidentally slashes another guy's stomach, collapsing him to ground.

WINGER

Oh, no!

BIG BUCK

He's still here somewhere if you wanna get it back.

Winger quickly hides behind Big Buck, face white as a ghost. In b.g., Man puts sword back on table and casually EXITS.

BIG BUCK

What's wrong, dude?

WINGER

The Amish! They've found me! Don't let them hurt me! Please, I beg you! I'll do anything!

BIG BUCK  
Jesus! If I get your fucking deer  
back will you stop being such a  
prick and start helping us?

WINGER  
Yeah, I promise.

Big Buck EXITS then RE-ENTERS, holding Bucky. He hands the  
deer head to Winger.

BIG BUCK  
Here you go, buddy!

WINGER  
Holy shit, that was fast!

SHOCKER  
It was only on the porch.

WINGER  
He's on the porch?!

Winger BOLTS toward stairs.

BIG BUCK  
No, dumb-ass! It was on the porch  
because I put it there. There is  
no Amish guy. I made the whole  
thing up.

WINGER  
You tricked me?

BIG BUCK  
Of course I did! What the fuck  
would an Amish guy want with a  
mounted deer head?

WINGER  
Why would you do that? You know  
how much the Amish scare me.

BIG BUCK  
Yes I do, and you deserved that  
skid mark in your drawers.  
(MORE)

BIG BUCK (cont'd)

How is it that, with your brotherhood on the verge of extinction, you don't even lift a finger to help, but the mere thought of Jebediah dipping his wood-stained, horse semen-filled ZZ Top beard into your cornhole gets you more worked up than if your sister decided to marry outside the family.

WINGER

Jesus, you don't need to be such a dick. Fine, I'll help.

BIG BUCK

Good C'mon Shock.

Big Buck and Shocker make towards door.

WINGER

Where the fuck you dicks goin'?  
Just gonna leave me here?

BIG BUCK

We were trapped here all day while YOU were out, so now it's our turn.

SHOCKER

Yeah, we got a date with some Gymnasts, have to defend our Naked Twister Titles. Later dude.

Big Buck and Shocker EXIT.

WINGER

Hey! What if an Amish guy really does come? You want that on your conscience? Guys? Hey, come back here you semen popsicles!

(Then, to O.S.)

Hey, put that down, Ass Fuck!

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Sun shines bright. Rob drives as the others asleep. In b.g., approaching cars display Florida license plates.

DIRTPAW

Hey guys, We found it.

Caitlyn and Ace awaken as car pulls into entrance, through an open gate and then down long driveway. In b.g., through the window, landscapers go about their daily routine.

CAITLYN

Nice house

ACE

Well, he is rich.

Car stops in front of a huge Plantation House.

ROB

Well, here we are. Now we just need a plan.

EXT. EAMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Rob, Ace and Caitlyn stand at back door of Hearse. Ace holds onto the handles of a wheelchair.

Back door of car opens. Dirtpaw crawls out and gets in wheelchair. Ace slams door shut and slowly wheels chair up walkway, towards house. Rob and Caitlyn follow close behind.

All the servants they pass by ignore them

ACE

(over shoulder)

So far, so good.

They reach the patio which is directly in front of door.

ROB

Okay, game faces everyone. Kate, you have any some breath spray?

Caitlyn pulls small bottle from purse and hands it to Rob, who sprays it into his mouth. He hands bottle to Ace.

ROB

Everyone should use some, we gotta make a good impression.

Ace reads bottle's label, looking confused.

ACE

Mah-say? Is this French?

Caitlyn snatches it out of Ace's hand.

CAITLYN

Oh, shit! Robby, I gave you the wrong bottle, this is Mace.

Rob runs his shirt sleeve across his tongue, then spits in quick-fire fashion, like a machine gun. A moment later, his EYES TEAR UP and he GAGS.

In b.g., unseen to Rob, the front door hangs opened. In the doorway stands JEEVES, a tuxedo-laden Butler, glaring at them. The others try, unsuccessfully, to signal him. Above the front door a butter-knife is painted.

CAITLYN

(quiet, but stern)

Robby...Robby...look behind you!

Rob attempts to hawk a loogy, but his dry THROAT CRACKS, causing a LOUD COUGHING FIT that drops him to his knees.

ROB GRABS A FLOWER POT, FILLED WITH THISTLES, OFF A PILLAR AND BRINGS IT UNDERNEATH HIS FACE. HE WILDLY RIPS THE FLOWERS OUT THEN PUKES VIOLENTLY INTO THE EMPTY POT.

After a horrifying vomit fest, he lifts his head up, his eyes glassy and bloodshot and his face covered with sweat, drool, snot and vomit. In b.g., the Butler shakes his head.

ROB

(rubbing his eyes)

That wasn't so bad.

ROB LOOKS INTO POT, WINCES AND PLACES IT ON GROUND. ROB THEN DROPS THE THISTLES BACK IN, HANDFUL AT A TIME, THEN REARRANGES THE VOMIT BOUQUET TO DISGUISE THE RANCID SMELL AND COLOR. ROB PEERS INTO POT ONE LAST TIME, THEN, SATISFIED, PUTS IT BACK WHERE HE FOUND IT. HE LOOKS UP AT THE OTHERS AND TRIES TO PLAY IF OFF.

ROB

That must be what a money shot tastes like, right Kate?

The Butler loudly CLEARS HIS THROAT.

Rob's EYES WIDEN like silver dollars. He quietly stands up and turns around to come face to face with the Butler.

ROB

Uhhh, would you like to become a Jehova's Witness?

Jeeves looks around the patio at all the carnage. Caitlyn jumps in to help.

Caitlyn  
 Sir, we're from The Death Wish  
 Partnership. We grant dying kids  
 their final wishes.  
 (gesturing at Dirtpaw)  
 Little Jimmy here has been dying,  
 literally, to meet Sean Eamon.

JEEVES  
 (sarcastically)  
 Is that so? Well, follow me, then.

INT. EAMON'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Room resembles Foyer at Klan, but much cleaner and with better furniture. Decorative cherry stairwell sits on left. Various pictures and artwork hang from walls. Jeeves eyes them suspiciously from landing of stairway.

JEEVES  
 So, this child has a Death Wish to  
 meet Mr. Eamon. Is this correct?

ROB  
 Yeah, he jus--

JEEVES  
 (Interrupts)  
 Chaps setting his goals a little  
 low, isn't he?

DP, spit running down his mouth, sports an erection.

Dirtpaw  
 AAAYYEEEE-MAAAANNNNN!

CAITLYN  
 (whispering)  
 DP you're supposed to be dying, not  
 retarded!

Dirtpaw  
 Sorry.

JEEVES  
 Never mind, this crack baby is  
 lucky to form a thought. But, at  
 least he didn't puke everywhere.  
 What disease, may I ask, does he  
 have?

They answer almost simultaneously.

ROB  
Swamp Ass

TRICIA  
(Overlapping Rob)  
Menstrual Cramps

KRONIK  
(Overlapping Tricia)  
Athlete's Foot

DIRT PAW  
(Overlapping Kronik)  
Blown Transmission

JEEVES  
Wow! That sounds serious. I  
better get the boss before he drops  
dead on his new carpet.

Jeeves pulls out REMOTE CONTROL, pointing at wall behind them. He presses a button and

A HIDDEN DOOR OPENS IN WALL. SECURITY CAMERA SLIDES INTO POSITION, POINTED DIRECTLY AT THEM.

JEEVES  
Wouldn't want anyone to bust in and  
hurt you guys, now, would we?

ACE  
(under breath)  
What the Hell's up his ass?

Jeeves EXITS up the stairs, exposing his ASSLESS PANTS. Like a deer in headlights, they all watch Jeeves' pale ass cheeks wiggle as he ascends the stairs.

ROB  
That was supposed to be a  
rhetorical question, right?

Caitlyn looks around at the many older Klan Composites.

Caitlyn  
How come these old guys are dressed  
up for their pictures and you guys  
are wearing T-shirts and looking  
stoned? these old pictures but  
everyone's wearing T-shirts and  
look stoned?

ROB  
That's not our style. In forty  
years, when I look at pictures of  
me in college, I don't wanna see me  
in a three-piece suit, I wanna  
remember me as a bad-ass rebel.

Jeeves RE-ENTERS down the stairs. He stops at landing.

Jeeves  
Mr. Eamon will see you now. You  
can use the elevator on your right.

INT. EAMON'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

EAMON sits at his desk, working. He looks like leprechaun with his green suit, bow-tie and top hat. His thinning, cinnamon colored hair struggles to conceal his scalp.

They take seats in four velvet chairs in front of his desk. In b.g., better-known mounted above doorway.

EAMON  
Welcome, friends. I understand  
that someone wants to meet me.

Eamon scans the room blankly.

EAMON  
Where is

ROB  
Right here, sir!

Rob sees empty wheelchair, then spots DP sitting in chair next to him.

EAMON  
Where? I see the wheelchair but  
where's the dying retard who is  
supposed to be strapped to it.

DP JUMPS UP out of chair and DANCES AROUND ROOM.

Dirt paw  
It's a miracle. I can walk! Thank  
you, sir, you've cured me!

EAMON looks on, skeptically.

ROB  
Shit! Well, might as well come  
clean. We're not from DWP.

EAMON  
Who are you, then?

DIRTPAW  
...Avon calling!

Rob signals and DP sits down.

ROB

We're from Klan Alpine, sir, here because the--

EAMON

(interrupts)

I can't believe this. You guys have no shame! Now you're impersonating charity organizations? You even kidnapped a brain damaged boy to help. Where'd you get him? Was he queefed out by a drunk crack head in between blow jobs at a party?

(to Dirtpaw)

Son, I am so sorry this happened to you. I promise you'll be brought back to the lab soon.

DIRTPAW

Thank you, sir.

(pointing at Ace)

He makes me lick used toilet paper.

Ace SNAPS at him. DP JUMPS up then quickly scurries backwards towards Eamon.

ROB

Sir, that's not a brain-damaged boy, it's a brain-damaged man, and he's one of our pledges. I'm sorry we had to do this, but it was the only way to get access to you.

EAMON

Access? For what? So you can cry wolf again and trick me into supporting your drug habits? Forget about it! Now get out!

ROB

I know we've lied to you many times, but this time its for real! The big, bad wolf's at our doorstep, silverware out, ready to blow us into the Dark Ages, and not in a good way!

(then)

Mr. Eamon, you have every right to be pissed.

(MORE)

ROB (cont'd)

We are an embarrassment to the House, everything we're entrusted to do ends up broken, in police custody or on 6 o'clock news.

EAMON

Why would you tell me this?

ROB

Cuz I'm a drunk, horny frat boy, just like you used to be. Saying stupid shit and partying is what I do. I dare say that you were the same way when you were my age. Then, as you got older, you learned that dropping acid, nightly bar fights and promiscuous sex with every hole you come in contact with, dead or living, were not normal extracurricular activities. So you grew up, as will I.

Eamon's wears slight smile as he reminisces. He glances at PHOTO OF OLDER WOMAN on desk. His smile disappears.

CUT TO:

NIGHTMARE - A BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean lay in bed, mouth gagged, hands bound. At foot of bed sits his WIFE, looking psychotic, holding old butter-knife.

Eamon squirms while wife tears pants off. She wears satanic smile as she wraps her hand around his penis and places butter-knife against his shaft. A muffled SCREAM is followed by BLOOD SPLATTER on wall. Wife's face, LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY, is covered in blood, falaise in her mouth,

BACK TO SCENE

Eamon WINCES, steals quick glance at crotch.

EAMON

I appreciate your heartfelt words, but I can't help you. My wife would kill me. She hates Klan.

DP looks in disbelief.

DIRTPAW

She hates Klan? Why?

EAMON

Because I cheated on her there.

CAITLYN

You did?

EAMON

It was only one time, but adultery is something my wife doesn't stand for. She's told me, many times, that if she ever caught me cheating, she'd cut my dick off...

ACE

Damn!

EAMON

With a rusty butter-knife

Ace, DP and Rob WINCE. Caitlyn LAUGHS.

ROB

But if you cheated, how are you still married?

EAMON

She never had proof, but she still watches me like a Hawk. There's a butter-knife mounted above every doorway in house to remind me of my fate should I be unfaithful. I live in fear of her.

(then)

I wish she found the damn picture.

ROB

Wait, wait, what picture?

CAITLYN

There's visual evidence?

EAMON

Yes, my roommate snapped a picture of the act. My wife actually had possession of it briefly, but thankfully, she doesn't remember.

ACE

How the Hell does she not remember?

EAMON

Well, my roommate left it at the bar we frequented, and it ended up in my wife's hands.

(MORE)

EAMON (cont'd)

She called me from the bar to tell me she was coming over to make good on her promise.

CAITLYN

What happened after that?

EAMON

I jumped in my car and went looking for her so I could explain.

CAITLYN

You mean lie?

EAMON

Potato...Potahto. I found her a few blocks from the house, stumbling drunk, the picture in one hand and, butter-knife in the other. I pulled over, grabbed a black dildo from my passenger seat, and prepared to confront her.

DP grabs candy JAR from table next to him and studies it.

ACE

Uhh, why did you have a dildo?

EAMON

She'd always wanted to be fucked by a black guy. The dildo was an Anniversary gift. Was hoping that seeing it would get her so horny, she'd forego her devious plan for the purpose of dirty, headboard-rattling sex.

DP unscrews jar, then shoves piece of candy into his mouth.

CAITLYN

Yeah, a turkey can be stuffed much better when the appliance is plugged in to the power outlet.

EAMON

But as I watched her, I started thinking about that dull knife hacking away at my penis, and the intense pain it would cause. After ten minutes, I snapped...

(then)

(MORE)

EAMON (cont'd)

Then, in the most shameful,  
cowardly act of my life, I slammed  
my car in gear, crept up on her,  
and when she was next to me, I  
grabbed the dildo...and threw it  
out the open window at her, hitting  
her square in forehead and sending  
her tumbling down a steep  
embankment into a ditch...

Eamon looks at his audience. Rob, Caitlyn and Ace's jaws  
agape, looks of bewilderment on their faces. DP sits  
ignorantly, chewing on the candy.

EAMON

(to Dirtpaw)

You're chewing on circum-sized  
penises, just so you know.

DP studies label on jar. It reads "STEM CELL RESEARCH  
SPECIMENS". He SPITS them out at Ace, hitting him in head.

ACE

(silent)

You're fucking dead!

EAMON

She had to be airlifted to a  
hospital that specialized in  
falaise-to-face injuries to get  
emergency reconstructive surgery.

ACE

...gotta hate when that happens.

EAMON

The picture slipped out of her vice  
grip at some point during her fall,  
never to be seen again. The next  
day my beau didn't remember  
anything, except the image of a  
huge black cock speeding towards  
her forehead.

(beat)

In an acting performance that would  
make Nicholson cream in his pants,  
I convinced her that she was the  
victim of a drive-by cock-slapping.

This is met with UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER.

EAMON

It's not funny! When her parents found out, they threatened to sue unless the culprit was caught, so The police put out an APB, ordering all well-endowed black men in the area to turn themselves in for a "Cock Lineup".

CAITLYN

Did you say a cock lineup? No way!

ACE

Yeah, I call bull shit.

EAMON

Remember, this was before Civil Rights. Black people were still treated like cattle.

ACE

Exactly how is a cock lineup done?

EAMON

Well...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - POLICE DEPARTMENT - LINEUP VIEWING ROOM

A girl, face darkened, looks out through glass at eight naked men standing against white wall. Their penises hang down to various lengths, displaying various birth marks and tattoos, including one man with ELEPHANT TRUNK TATTOO on his junk.

BACK TO SCENE

ACE

Who ended up taking your rap?

EAMON

She couldn't finger the cock that beat her, so no one, thankfully.

Eamon wipes tears away and looks at the floor.

EAMON

I love the House, but I love my wife more. She cooks me dinner, takes care of me when I'm sick, and makes this incredibly sexy face when tonguing my balls. Oh, God! It drives me nuts!

(MORE)

EAMON (cont'd)  
 Giving the House money will make her very angry, and she will no longer do those things for me. So, unless any of you want to make sexy faces for me while you suck me off, I must decline your offer.

Ace looks at Caitlyn, urging her. She SHAKES VEHEMENTLY.

EAMON  
 You have nothing to hold your head over. It was a very noble effort. I wish you luck in your quest. Now, I must bid you adieu. Jeeves will escort you out.

DIRTPAW  
 I'll do it!

DP JUMPS up and HURDLES over Eamon's desk, landing between the alum's legs. DP drops to ground and grabs Eamon's belt. Eamon, terrified, pushes his chair back to escape.

CAITLYN  
 Oh my God, D

ROB  
 (shouting)  
 Dirtpaw, stop!!

Rob, Ace and Caitlyn run to help.

Eamon closes legs and pushes DP's head back with his hands.

EAMON  
 (loudly)  
 Get off me you freak!

Rob and Ace grab DP, ARMS FLAILING WILDLY, and struggle to pull him off Eamon.

ACE  
 (loudly)  
 DP, what the fuck, dude?

DIRTPAW  
 (shouting)  
 I want to tongue your balls!

Rob puts DP in FULL NELSON while Ace grabs hold his legs. They slowly carry DP towards door.

ROB  
 Chill...the...fuck...out!

DIRTPAW  
 (loudly)  
 I will make that face!  
 (quieter)  
 ...I...will make that face!  
 (crying)  
 ...show me how to make that face!

Eamon stands up behind desk, trembling, watching his attacker get carted off.

EAMON  
 (very angry)  
 Get him the Fuck out of here!

Rob and Ace EXIT, with DIRTPAW in their arms.

CAITLYN  
 Uhh...keep in touch...

Caitlyn turns, calmly takes a few steps, then JOGGING EXIT.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Rob drives, sipping a 40 oz. Malt Liquor. In b.g., Dirt paw peeks his head up from Coffin Compartment.

ROB  
 DP, get back down in that coffin.  
 I can't even look at you right now.

ACE  
 What the fuck was that, dude? You jumped on him like his cock was a candy bar and you were a fat kid back from a Vegan Picnic.

DIRTPAW  
 I'm sorry, guys! I had no idea that was a rhetorical question. I was trying to help, I swear!

ROB  
 There is no fucking way you're that retarded. I mean, you say some really bizarre things, but you can't possibly be that stupid.

DP tears up, SNIFFLING.

DIRTPAW  
 (nasal)  
 I...just wanted to save the House.  
 (MORE)

DIRTPAW (cont'd)

I know how much it means to you and want it to be here so I can learn to love it as much as you guys. ...I didn't mean to screw up, you gotta believe me...

CAITLYN

C'mon guys, he meant well. Give him a break.

(beat)

I mean, It's not he was gonna give us the money anyway.

ACE

...You do have a point, but still. That was just fucking weird.

CAITLYN

...And, prior to this, you thought Dirtpaw was normal?

Rob and Ace look at each other, nodding in agreement

ACE

Ahh, you're right. Screw that guy. We don't need him.

(to Dirtpaw)

Sorry, DP. I shouldn't have yelled at you.

ROB

Me, too...forgive us?

DIRTPAW

If you guys forgive me, I forgive you.

ROB

...Agreed

DIRTPAW

Can I get out of the coffin now?

ROB

We'll let you out next stop, okay?

DIRTPAW

Okay, but can you at least take the body out? It smells bad back here.

EXT. TITE CAMPUS STREET - DAY

Tyler and Shannon approach Big Buck and Shocker. Shannon has a canker sore on her lip.

TYLER

Well, well, well! Look who it is  
Shannon, our friends at Klan. You  
guys out looking for a new house?

BIG BUCK

What do you want, Tyler?

SHOCKER

I see you traded in your old taint-  
licking sidekick for a newer,  
sluttier version, Cumdumpster 2.0.

TYLER

Watch how you talk to my  
girlfriend, you Wop piece of shit.

SHOCKER

Girlfriend? Wait, so you and I are  
Eskimo Brothers?

(disgusted)

Shit, I think I'm gonna be sick.

TYLER

Unfortunately, we have not  
consummated our relationship yet.  
I have to wait until all the  
bacteria and germs you gave her die  
off. I know how nasty you are.

Shocker notices Shannon's Canker Sore.

SHOCKER

Looks like your wait continues.  
(to Shannon)  
Diggin' the new look, Shan. Herpes  
look good on you, even better than  
I did.

Shannon covers her sore.

SHANNON

I hate you!

SHOCKER

Think of it as a going away  
present.

(MORE)

SHOCKER (cont'd)

Some people buy T-shirts or shot glasses to commemorate places they've been, I give them herpes, the gift that keeps on giving.

(To Tyler)

It doesn't seem to bother you, though. It's cool bud, gotta take what you can get. This is the first time I've seen you with something that didn't live on a farm, congrats!

SHANNON

Damn right I don't have hooves! I do, however, give the best blowjob in town. Too bad you'll never experience one ever again.

SHOCKER

Hey, if I ever wanna remember you, I'll just go to Howe Caverns. You're both dark, dirty, full of bats and are visited by 2000 people daily. Your vag does have a better echo, but the Caverns have a gift shop. I'd say its a wash.

BIG BUCK

What do you want, anyway? Or did you come over just to get verbally raped by Shock-Jock?

TYLER

I just wanted to let you know that the Deans onto your little road trip. He's pushed up the due date for repairs by a week.

BIG BUCK

He can't do that.

TYLER

Well he did. You guy should really start attending Greek Council meetings. Important things are discussed there.

Big Buck SPRINGS at Tyler. Shocker holds him back.

TYLER

Enjoy the next three days, fellas, cuz after that you'll be sleeping on park benches and Delta will be building a House on your land.

BIG BUCK  
So, that's why you're teaming up  
with Straipach.

TYLER  
Well, we'd love to stay and rub our  
victory in your faces more, but, we  
have a new House to furnish.

Tyler and Shannon EXIT.

BIG BUCK  
We can't let them do this

Shocker  
I hope Rob came through. If not,  
we're gonna have to help Roy  
collect cans. Where the Hell is  
he, anyway?

BIG BUCK  
If he's smart, he got the F outta  
dodge.

EXT. TONAWANDA STREET - DAY

Roy hoofs through parking lot, stopping at facade of fancy-  
looking restaurant. Sign in front reads CHEWY BALLS - ASK US  
ABOUT OUR CRABS.

On sidewalk in front of restaurant stand two Valet Parking  
Attendants, clad in shiny red vests. One Attendant rides off  
on skateboard, the board's owner seen walking inside.

Roy watches a MAN ON HORSE trot up. Man dismounts and takes  
ticket from one of the attendants, HORSE VALET.

HORSE VALET  
Nice Mustang! How much it cost?

Man on Horse hands reigns over to him.

MAN ON HORSE  
Got it cheap cuz it's only one  
Horse Power.

Horse Valet nods, mounts the horse, then rides off. Man on  
Horse walks inside restaurant.

ROY  
Time to steal me a car.

Roy looks around, slips on a red vest, then takes spot where Valets had been standing.

Roy watches as a Van pulls up, TITE logo displayed on the door. Dean Straipach gets out of driver's seat. He crosses to passenger side and opens the door. His COUGAR WIFE, wearing fancy dress, disembarks, and wanders up walkway alone. Dean looks over to Roy.

DEAN

Why do you look familiar?

ROY

I'm the one your wife thinks about during sex.

DEAN

...wise-ass...

Dean flips keys to Roy.

DEAN

I counted the pennies in the ashtray.

Dean power-walks up to wife, taking her arm and escorting her toward entrance. Paranoid, Dean LOOKS BACK. Roy looks at him, wearing evil grin. Dean turns back ahead, takes a few steps, then LOOKS BACK again. Roy WAVES at him, until they disappear into restaurant.

Roy takes Dean's keys out and circles car, SCRATCHING fender with every step. He gets in car and drives away.

INT. HEARSE - THRUWAY - DAY

Rob drives, very fidgety and looking nervous. TOLL PLAZA visible out front window. Ace and Caitlyn SCRAMBLE around, in search of change. DP not visible.

ROB

We need five dollars and twenty cents. How much we got so far?

CAITLYN

Uhhh, counting the six cents I found, we have...

Ace and DP hand their change to Caitlyn, who counts it out in her hand.

CAITLYN

....Fifteen cents?...

ROB  
 Shit! This is gonna take some  
 improvisation.

Rob pulls up to Toll Booth. Elderly Toll Collector extends hand, awaiting payment. A moment passes, then Rob tosses a BLUE PLASTIC BAG at Toll Collector, then drives off.

INT. TOLL PLAZA - DAY

Toll Collector reaches in bag and pulls FOUR EMPTY BEER CANS, one at a time, from inside. He looks inside again and pulls out a FIVE DOLLAR SCRATCH OFF WINNING LOTTERY TICKET. The Toll Collector scratches his head, and looks back at Hearse as it speeds away.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

After toll booth. Dirtpaw holding up bottle of clear liquid

DIRTPAW  
 Guys, look what I found!

CAITLYN  
 Good God, DP, put that down, it's  
 embalming fluid!

DIRTPAW  
 What will happen if I drink it?

CAITLYN  
 Uhm, nothing good.

DIRTPAW  
 Well I'm thirsty, so I don't care.

DP chugs entire bottle.

ACE  
 This really sucks. We went through  
 Hell on this trip and have nothing  
 to show for it. Should have taken  
 the hint and quit after that douche  
 cop gave us the ticket for driving  
 what was essentially a rolling bong  
 rip without a permit.

DP finishes chugging and drops empty bottle. His eyes roll back into his head and he collapses.

ROB

Lets not dwell on our colossal failure, okay. I just wanna get home. If we still have a home, that is.

CAITLYN

Don't get all down, Robby. You can live with me next semester. We can have slumber parties and pillow fights every night if you want.

ROB

I would sooner get ass-raped by Secretariat. If I'm gonna have slumber parties and pillow fights, I want them to be where I've always had them, at Klan...no offense.

CAITLYN

So what if you lose the House, you should be proud of yourself. You were a great leader for us on this trip, kept us on schedule and focused. That speech you gave Eamon turned me on...big time!

She grabs his thigh and squeezes lightly.

ROB

Save it, Kate! I don't give a shit what turns you on right now. There's a cucumber on the floor you can use, unless DP ate it. I mean, wake up, we're losing our House and will probably get expelled.

Caitlyn MUMBLES then turns to look out window.

ROB

Seriously, what else can go wrong?

A GREAT SONG begins playing on radio.

ACE

Hey, at least a good songs playin'.

ROB

Good call, Ace. It's the only good thing in my life right now, so might as well enjoy it.

Rob turns the volume up, BLARES GREAT SONG.

Rob leans back in seat, bops head to music. A slight smile forms on his face. Seconds later, station loses reception and GREAT SONG turns to STATIC.

Rob looks down at the radio, face red with rage.

ROB

No!!

Rob SLAMS on the brakes, brings car comes to SCREECHING HALT. He knocks shifter forward, SPEEDS DOWN SHOULDER in reverse.

CAITLYN

Rob, what the fuck are you doing?

ROB

I'll be damned if I lose this, too.

Car backs down exit, into a Truck Stop. In b.g., Eighteen-wheelers fill parking lot. A few truck drivers fraternize with hookers.

Car COLLIDES with obstruction O.S The impact JOLTS everyone violently. LOUD THUD, followed by FALLING CHANGE heard O.S.

ROB

Everyone okay?

Caitlyn, Ace and DP check themselves for injuries.

ACE

DP, get out and check the damage.

DP EXITS.

ACE

Dude, you almost killed us...and the songs still not on.

STATIC FADES and the GREAT SONG KICKS BACK ON.

ROB

There, now day's not a total loss.

DIRTPAW (O.S.)

Guys, you gotta check this out.

CAITLYN

How bad is it?

DIRTPAW (O.S.)

Come out and see.

Rob, Ace and Caitlyn EXIT to investigate.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

Vending machine leans against back bumper, busted open, LOOSE CHANGE SPEWING OUT of it. The coffin lay on ground, door open, corpse laying next to it.

ACE

Wow!

DIRTPAW

There must be a million dollars here.

ACE

I was referring to the body, but yeah, that's a ton of change.

CAITLYN

What should we do with it?

DIRTPAW

The body or the change?

ACE

The change. Fuck the body! He's dead, I'm sure he doesn't need medical assistance.

ROB

I'll tell you what we can do with it. Open the trunk and help me load all this into the coffin.

(beat)

The House ain't dead yet.

CAITLYN

Are you serious? It's only change, we need Twenty-thousand dollars!

ROB

Why not? Ace, how many vending machines between here and New York?

ACE

Let's see, one machine every... twenty miles or so, around... sixteen hundred miles between here and home, that equals...1600, times, say...two-hundred fifty dollars a machine...

(calculating)

Equals...Twenty-thousand dollars... Holy shit! Right on the nose!

ROB  
Ha-ha! We're back in business!

CAITLYN  
What about the body?

ROB  
Well, do you know him?

CAITLYN  
No, but...

ROB  
I don't, either. We'll set him up  
on that bench over there, let  
someone else worry about him.

CAITLYN  
You're just gonna leave him here?

ROB  
Why not? It's a truck stop, this  
probably happens all the time. I  
bet they even have a guy who's  
entire job entails scouring the  
grounds for bodies.  
(then)  
I'm gonna call the House, you start  
collecting the change.

INTERCUT - TRUCK STOP/CHAPTER ROOM

Rob holds phone receiver in hand, dialing. In b.g., Ace and Dirt paw hold corpse on bench, struggling to position it.

In house, Shocker and Winger sit on kegs in Chapter Room, looking at Remote, who stands in center of room, wearing Mickey Mouse Ears and holding a stuffed cat. In corner, behind Remote, is a pile of random props (bat, clothes, blow-up doll).

THEY WATCH REMOTE AS HE HOLDS STUFFED CAT BEHIND HIM, ROCKING IT UP AND DOWN LIKE ITS CHASING HIM, WHILE HE RUNS IN PLACE.

Phone RINGS.

WINGER  
Maggot, Maggot!! Where is he?

SHOCKER  
I don't know, been gone awhile.  
Should we answer it?

WINGER

Fuck that! Tom and Jerry's on.

SHOCKER

Well, I don't know where it is, so screw it.

Rob hangs up phone and walks to car. In b.g., Corpse sits upright on bench, hand stretched out on back support, finger up nose.

ROB

No answer, I'll call again later.

INTERCUT ENDS.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guitar has been replaced with a dartboard. Tex asleep on floor. Remote still runs in place as he holds cat, winded.

WINGER

Put it on the Yankee game.

Remote runs over to prop pile. He throws on Yankee jersey and hat, then grabs bat.

SHOCKER

Hey, its my turn to pick! Remote, turn it to Miami Vice

Remote picks up Hawaiian shirt, a gun and a bag of flour.

WINGER

Don't make me hurt you boy. Yankee game!

SHOCKER

So?! Fine, let's compromise.

(to Remote)

Put on the episode where Crocket and Tubbs go to a Yankee game.

REMOTE SWINGS BAT THEN RUNS IN PLACE. HE HURRIEDLY TAKES OFF HAT AND JERSEY AND THROWS ON THE HAWAIIAN SHIRT, EXCHANGES THE BAT FOR A GUN AND THEN REACHES INTO THE BAG OF FLOUR, GRABBING A HANDFUL. HE BURIES FACE IN HIS HAND, SNIFFING THE FLOUR LIKE ITS COCAINE. REMOTE, FACE COVERED IN FLOUR, SHOOTS THE GUN.

Big Buck ENTERS, blocking view of Winger and Shocker.

WINGER  
(moving head)  
Hey, what the fuck! Move dumbbo, I  
can't see the screen?

Big Buck looks back at Remote, who smiles,

BIG BUCK  
Dude, you guys have problems.  
(to Remote)  
Remote, go play.

Remote nods. He takes off gear and EXITS.

BIG BUCK  
Any news from the guys?

SHOCKER  
Nope, can we get back to watching  
TV now?

Tyler and Todd ENTER.

TYLER  
Wow, I love what you have done with  
the place.

BIG BUCK  
What the Hell do you want?

TYLER  
We came to borrow a cup of sugar.

SHOCKER  
Joke's on you, we sold our sugar.

TYLER  
Actually, we came to donate  
something. We know how hard it is  
to keep up-to-date on current  
events without a TV, so we're  
giving you one of ours.

SHOCKER  
Bull shit! Where is it?

Todd EXITS, then RE-ENTERS carrying TV.

BIG BUCK  
We don't want it, now get the fuck  
outta my House!

TYLER

Easy there, tiger. We just wanna show you that your brothers have become National Celebrities. While I doubt it will get them a big-time movie deal, it will bring you a lot of publicity. Any press is good press, right?

WINGER

What the fuck you talkin' about?

Todd plugs TV in and flips it to the News.

TYLER

Seems your boys are the subject of a high-speed chase. Looks like "Federal Fugitive" can officially be added to your list of extra-curricular activities.

TV SHOWS HEARSE BEING CHASED BY FLEET OF COP CARS. PICTURES OF THE FOUR SUSPECTS SHOWN ON TOP OF SCREEN.

BIG BUCK

What are they doing with Caitlyn?

SHOCKER

Why are they driving a Hearse?

BIG BUCK

I don't know, what I do know is that they are about to be bitch-slapped by Johnny Law.

TYLER

I'd start looking for a comfy ditch to sleep in, cuz you'll all be homeless by this time tomorrow. Well gentlemen, we'll leave you to your misery, Ciao.

TODD

L-l-later l-l-l-losers!

Tyler and Todd EXIT. Brothers remain glued to TV.

SHOCKER

Guess the trip didn't go too well.

BIG BUCK

Guess not. Where the fuck is Roy? I need a pledge to haze.

E/I TRACTOR-TRAILER - DAY

Roy drives van down busy road, day dreaming. In b.g., thousands of beer cans cram back of van, completely blocking view out back window. Radio blasts NEWS. Female voice, SEXY DJ, REPORTS. She talks in very low, seductive voice.

Roy, hand down pants, plays with himself as he listens.

SEXY DJ

...and the ten-hour marathon of non-stop sin has finally climaxed. I love a man with stamina. It's been years since this many criminals penetrated my Virginia in one afternoon.

Roy jerks off, wearing lustful grin. His shorts begin jiggling up and down.

Sexy DJ

...and the cops are surrounding their car. Ooh, those Titty Twisters are gonna be hurting soon!

Roy immediately ceases as his eyes get wide.

ROY

No fucking way!

Roy brakes, then turns the wheel sharply.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Dirt paw drives, white knuckling the wheel. In b.g., sea of cop cars follow behind, SIRENS wailing. Rob eyes Speedometer, it reads 55 M.P.H.

ROB

Why the fuck are you doing the speed limit?

DIRTPAW

I don't wanna get a ticket.

CAITLYN

DP, we're wanted for grand larceny, destruction of private property, vandalism, not to mention all the drugs we have in the car. We are definitely going to jail. Why the Hell are you worried about a speeding ticket?

DIRTPAW

Those are all non-moving  
violations. Can't get points on my  
license or my insurance will go up.

SPUTTERING heard, car suddenly slows down.

ACE

That can't be good.

ROB

Can we really be out of gas, too?

Car coasts off the road into the parking lot of gas station.  
It comes to stop right before the pump. In b.g., Cop cars  
stop behind them. Officers get out, guns drawn.

ACE

What now?

DIRTPAW

We're almost at pump, just gotta  
inch it up a little bit more. I'll  
get out and push.

DP EXITS car and is immediately MAULED by Cops.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - DAY

Brothers crowd in room, watching ANCHOR recap story. Tex  
propped against wall, asleep. On TV, Rob and others get  
handcuffed by Police.

ANCHOR

The suspects are finally being  
apprehended, three states and 700  
miles later...

BIG BUCK

This...isn't good.

Shocker holds picture in his hand, GIGGLING.

BIG BUCK

What the fuck are you laughing at?

SHOCKER

This picture, found it in your  
room.

Shocker hands picture to Big Buck.

BIG BUCK  
Buddy, do you know who this is?

SHOCKER  
Should I?

BIG BUCK  
Sean Eamon!

Shocker  
Okay...should I know that name?

BIG BUCK  
...The alumni...

SHOCKER  
Still nothin'

BIG BUCK  
The alumni our Fugitive Brethren  
went to see...

SHOCKER  
Oh... How do you know?

BIG BUCK  
Cuz his red hair is burning my  
retinas. This picture's our  
fucking savior, dude...I could kiss  
you right now.

SHOCKER  
No thanks. I will accept a kiss  
from your sister, though.

BIG BUCK  
I never thought I'd say this, but  
its time to take Winger's advice.  
Time to make a phone call.  
(beat)  
...Whaddya know, "Get the picture".  
Robby was right.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Rob and others escorted into cell block by Correctional  
Officer. They wear orange jump suits and hold hygienic  
products. Dirtpaw's towel already filthy.

In corner of cell, sitting on bench, Roy sits, wearing same garb. He talks to the man next to him while a third man gives him prison tattoo. Caitlyn sees him first.

CAITLYN

That dude looks just like one of your pledges?

The others take notice and their collective JAWS DROP.

ROB

Roy?

Roy looks over and waves.

ROY

Hey guys, fancy meeting you here.

DIRTPAW

Pledge brother!

DP drops his towel and runs to greet him. He trips on his shoelaces, SMASHES into jacked black man, and collapses.

Roy motions for his tattoo artist to stop, then rises and greets his confused friends.

ROB

What the fuck are you doing here?

Roy's unfinished tattoo of Rob Roy visible on arm.

ROY

I heard about your vending machine crime spree and came down to get the cans you left behind

DP slowly gets up, wobbly, and joins his friends.

ACE

I take it that didn't go too well?

ROY

Since I had to drink them all first, I got sick After a puking rally, an ulcer and four teeth lost, I sold what was left. Got busted and charged with 5000 counts of selling stolen property.

In b.g., gang-banger strolls up to another man, SHANKS him in neck, then walks off. Stabbed man drops, blood spewing.

CAITLYN

Why did you drink every can and not just pour them out?

ROY

I'm not gonna turn down free soda.

ROB

Out of curiosity, how much money in cans did you have?

ROY

\$20,000, give or take a Sprite.

ACE

No fucking way! Dude, that's the exact amount we need!

An old man walks up and places his hands on DP's ass, slowly massaging while whispering in DP's ear. Roy motions him to stop. Man releases vice grip on DP's behind, then walks off.

ROB

Great fucking job, man! Consider yourself brothered.

(then)

Finally, some good news. All we need to do now is make bail and we can save the House!

ROY

No we can't. I stole University Van to get down here, so all the cans are stolen property.

ROB

So, you're sayin' we're still broke?

ACE

Am I still a brother?

CUT TO:

INT. DAD'S CAR - PRESENT - DAY

Dad and his son take hits from hookah. He passes cars at a frantic rate. SPEEDOMETER reads 90 m.p.h.

GREGOR

You've been arrested before, cool!  
We're you someone's bitch?

DAD

We weren't in there long enough to get acquainted with the other inmates in a Biblical manner.

GREGOR

Oh, cuz I was gonna say, I can't believe my father used to be gay.

DAD

Son, let me tell you something. You're only gay if you give, receiving is okay, as long as it's not consensual. Just some advice in case you're ever in jail.

GREGOR

Good to know.

A green sign reads ALFRED UNIVERSITY NEXT EXIT.

GREGOR

Here's our exit.

DAD

Okay, better hurry up and finish. Luckily, we were bailed out shortly after by...

BACK TO STORY

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Rob, Ace and Caitlyn stand against bars, hands on steel beams, wearing blank expressions. In b.g., Roy leads other inmates in chants of "ATTICA, ATTICA!", while they pump arms and bang on walls.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER walks into view. He looks at Rob and opens cell door. Roy quiets others down.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

You made bail. You guys are free to go.

They look at each other, confused.

ROB

Who bailed us out, officer?

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean sits at desk, back turned to us. He talks to something in his hand.

DEAN

In a few hours, Klan will be extinct, just like the dinosaurs. I have done what no one else could. My Legacy is complete, and I owe it all to you! Thank you, lover.

It's revealed Dean has been talking to SOCK PUPPET. He KISSES it passionately.

Tyler and Todd ENTER office. Dean JUMPS FORWARD, shoves Sock Puppet in desk drawer, and turns to address them.

TYLER

All plans are finalized, sir.

DEAN

Excellent! What time is demo crew gonna be there?

TYLER

Ten o'clock

DEAN

Very good, by this time tomorrow, Klan will be a pile of rubble. Good job, gentleman. You can start building the second the roof crashes to the ground.

Todd and Tyler give each other "Paddy Cake" high-fives then walk towards door.

TYLER

C'mon, Todd. Lets go tell the others.

TODD

C-c-can we s-s-still sh-share a b-b-bed?

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - WINGER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dip cans scattered all over floor. Mounted animal heads of all shapes, sizes and colors adorn wall. A gun rack, holding various fire arms hangs below them. Confederate flag draped over bed, where Winger lay, SNORING. He cuddles with Bucky the Butt-fucking Buck.

Remote stands over him, shaking his shoulder. Winger's arm LUNGES forward, hitting Remote in face and knocking him down.

Remote stands back up, wobbling. He SHAKES him again, harder. Winger's EYES SUDDENLY POP OPEN.

WINGER

Wha--what's wrong? Do you need to be let out?

Remote shakes head and pulls on Winger's leg.

WINGER

What? You want me to follow you?

Remote NODS, then POINTS AT WINDOW, JUMPING UP AND DOWN,

WINGER

Where we goin'?

Remote grabs his arm and drags him towards door.

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Big Buck, Shocker and other brothers on front porch, watching as Construction crew approaches.

Remote and Winger ENTER.

WINGER

They're here already? Why didn't anyone set their alarm?

SHOCKER

We sold them all, remember?

WINGER

Fuck that! These raging thunder cunts are gonna be sorry they ever fucked with me!

SHOCKER

Dude, the dozers are three minutes away. What can we do?

WINGER

Ever get ahold of that Alumni queef?

BIG BUCK

I left a message with his Butler but it appears he never got it.

WINGER

I got an idea. Remote, get some duct tape. It's time for redneck chicken.

SHOCKER

What the fuck is that?

SUPER: "2 MINUTES LATER"

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Big Buck and the others duct taped to various places on House and porch. Construction vehicles lined up in front of House.

WINGER

(shouts)

If you bastards want our House, you'll have to go through us!

Remote assumes a karate stance in front of the porch.

Dean Straipach emerges from lead vehicle and treks up front lawn to base of porch.

Tyler and Todd appear, riding bicycle built for two, both its seats missing. They jump off, take spots next to Dean.

DEAN

Get that wrecking ball ready. I don't care if we knock their fucking head off.

FOREMAN, a middle-aged man, gets out of car to observe.

FOREMAN

You gotta get them off the porch. I'm not gonna decapitate any kids, well, unless they're mine.

DEAN

Fine...

Dean steps onto porch, starts ripping tape off Big Buck.

DEAN

(to Tyler and Todd)

Don't just stand there! Get up here and help, you baffoons!

Tyler and Todd scamper onto porch and rip tape off Shocker.

Eamon EMERGES from crowd, wearing his leprechaun outfit. He is followed by Caitlyn, Rob and Ace, then DP and Roy. The pledges carry a big POT OF GOLD between them. Eamon barks at Dean as he STORMS up lawn, stopping in front of porch.

EAMON  
Stop right there, Mac!

Big Buck, wearing huge smile, pumps fist at Rob. Rob nods head emphatically. DP, Roy, Ace and Caitlyn wave.

BIG BUCK  
Hell yeah!

DEAN  
(shocked)  
Eamon! What are you doing here?

Dean sees Roy behind him.

DEAN  
You're the guy who stole my car!

Roy flicks Dean off.

EAMON  
I'm here to help my friends out  
with a little financial matter.

Eamon signals and Roy and DP carry pot of Gold up lawn, dropping it on the lawn next to Eamon.

DEAN  
Nice try, but too little, too late.  
So, unless you want to be scraped  
off someone's shoe, I'd advise  
getting out of the way, as I have a  
frat house to knock down.

EAMON  
Funny story about that. On way  
here, I bumped into the Fire  
Marshall and he agreed to give the  
House an extension on repairs until  
next semester. All I had to do was  
buy the Department a new Engine.  
Isn't that great?

DEAN  
You're lying!

FIRE MARSHALL, wearing blue uniform, POPS out of crowd.

FIRE MARSHALL

Fraid not, Straipach. My guys are sick of putting out fires with their own urine.

Dean gazes at Fire Marshall, then at Eamon, his face red with RAGE. He spots bulldozer and jumps off porch towards it.

DEAN

There's no way I'm coming this close and not winning!

Dean takes one step off the porch, then Piston POPS OUT from his bush and CLOBBERS him in face. He collapses instantly.

TYLER

Do we still get their lot?

A rabid Wookiee STOMPS up towards house, tipping over a bulldozer that happens to be in his way.

WOOKIE

RRRAAAAWWWRRRRR! WHO TRASHED WOOKIE'S CAR!?

Remote points to Tyler and Todd. Wookiee TREMBLES VIOLENTLY.

WOOKIE

YOU DIE NOW!

Tyler and Todd running EXIT, Wookiee chasing close behind.

Remote helps Big Buck with rest of his restraints, then moves to next person in line.

Big Buck greets Rob with a big hug.

BIG BUCK

You guys had us worried. You okay?

ROB

Are you kidding me? I had it all under control the whole time.

Eamon ENTERS group.

BIG BUCK

Sir, thank you for showing us what true brotherhood is all about.

EAMON

Nonsense, son. Until I heard you found the picture, I had no intention of coming here.

(MORE)

EAMON (cont'd)

It is I who should be thanking you  
for rekindling my love for the  
House

Eamon and Big Buck shake hands. Hands still joined, Eamon leans into his friend's ear.

EAMON

(whispering)

...but, ass long as I'm here, can I  
have the picture back?

Big Buck smiles, then hands picture to Eamon, who shoves it in his pocket.

Shocker ENTERS circle eyeing Eamon.

SHOCKER

Can you put a good word in for me  
at General Mills? Since I'm  
apparently gonna graduate now, I  
need a job. Any cereal's looking  
for a new Face Man?

EAMON

Ha-ha, I'll see what I can do.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - DAY

Room filled with brothers, laughing and smiling. Shocker, Ace and Big Buck huddle in circle. Dartboard has been replaced with a Light Saber.

Shocker looks over to where Tex was and he's gone.

SHOCKER

Hey, where the Hell is Tex?

ACE

You guys didn't sell him, did you?

Tex strolls over, beer in hand.

BIG BUCK

Hey, sleeping beauty, glad you  
could join us.

TEX

I feel like shit. Can't believe I  
got so fucked up last night.

SHOCKER

Dude, you...

He stops mid-sentence

SHOCKER  
Were really fucked up, yeah...

Tex looks around at the others, no one speaks.

TEX  
Well, you suckas are borin' the  
Hell outta me. Time to get drunk.  
Lata twitz's.

Tex EXITS.

EXT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Yard full of people CHEER loudly for Piston, who wears football helmet with no face mask and a shamrock displayed on the side. Ten yards away, six kegs sit, stacked in shape of pyramid. Shocker stands behind him, pumping him up.

SHOCKER  
Okay dude, you got this!

Piston bangs top of helmet and GRUNTS.

SHOCKER  
Show these people how it's done!  
Ready?

Piston nods and gets in three-point stance

SHOCKER  
Hut-hut..

Shocker slaps Piston's ass. Piston SCREAMS as he breaks out of his stance, lowers his head as he hurdles towards kegs.

He SLAMS into them, head first, barely making it through. A loud CLANG is followed by HORRIFYING SHRIEK, then the sound of BONES BREAKING. The crowd GASPS in horror as, first the two middle kegs, then the top row, topple inward, falling on Piston's motionless body.

SHOCKER  
Hey man, you alright?

Piston moves his arms slightly, then GROANS. Shocker walks over, shakes his shoulders.

SHOCKER  
Yo, stop making a scene you big  
baby. Girls are watching.

PISTON  
 What...the fuck...happened? Why  
 were they so solid?

SHOCKER  
 Cuz they weren't empty. Those were  
 full of beer, and, because of you,  
 we can't drink them for hours.

PISTON  
 Wh--Why?

SHOCKER  
 We can't buy empty kegs, dumb-ass.  
 Gotta drink the beer inside first.

PISTON  
 You....asshole! I'm gonna fucking  
 kill you!

Piston tries to get up, but sound of another BONE BREAKING  
 heard. He SHRIEKS, then falls to ground again.

SHOCKER  
 Hey, get up. You gotta try and  
 pick up this spare.

Eamon APPEARS, looks over at Piston and shakes his head.

EAMON  
 Damn, you guys are pussies! We  
 played with 10 kegs. Hopefully you  
 don't party like you keg bowl.

SHOCKER  
 There's only one way to find out...

EAMON  
 Let's give this town an enema.

SHOCKER  
 And maybe a freshman or two.

EAMON  
 Ha-ha, after you, sir.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BAR ROOM - NIGHT

Students packed into room, partying. One student kneels,  
 funnel in mouth. Students around him pour vodka, motor oil,  
 cough medicine and other liquids into funnel.

Roy and DP drink Mag-Beers in front of bar. Winger rumbles up and knocks both cups out of their hands.

WINGER

What the fuck you shitheads doin'?

DIRTPAW

I was, uhh, gonna have a beer, if that's alright?

WINGER

Stupid fucks, you guys are brothers now. You don't have to drink No Mag-beers anymore.

Winger grabs two empty cups off bar.

WINGER

Allow me to pour your first New Brother beers.

Winger pours two beers, unzips pants, then DIPS his NUT SACK in both cups. He zips up and offers them.

WINGER

Here ya go, you slack-jawed faggots, congrats.

Wookie grabs the cups out of their hands.

WOOKIE

Wookie thirsty!

Wookie takes sip, pulls pubic hair from his mouth, flicks it off, then chugs. He lifts Roy and DP, shoves them under his arms, then STOMPS OFF.

Eamon walks over.

WINGER

Hey, Hornswoggle! Want a beer?

EAMON

Depends, what's an alumni beer?

Ace ENTERS.

ACE

Yo-ho, whaddya say we go upstairs and put on a happy face?

WINGER

Hey, Fightin' Irish, you in for some bong hits?

EAMON  
I haven't smoked in thirty years.

WINGER  
That's a yes, then. C'mon, we'll give you the best goddamn bowl of Lucky Charms you've ever had.

Eamon, Ace and Winger EXIT.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - CHAPTER ROOM - NIGHT

Light Saber has been replaced with a Skull and Crossbones.  
Shocker eyes ass of brunette girl.

SHOCKER  
What has two thumbs and fucks like a tiger?

Girl turns around. It's BIG BUCK'S SISTER.

BUCK'S SISTER  
(points at Shocker)  
This guy!

Shocker looks around for Big Buck.

SHOCKER  
Is it safe to talk to you?

BUCK'S SISTER  
Yeah, you're cool.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - POOL ROOM - NIGHT

CHATTER heard in packed room. Big Buck approaches IMA, a hot coed wearing T-shirt that reads "FUCK ME".

BIG BUCK  
Nice legs, what time do they open?

IMA  
For you, I'm a 711.

BIG BUCK  
Hey, you look familiar.

IMA  
My father works for the U.

BIG BUCK  
Is he a Coach?

IMA  
No, try again.  
(beat)  
He's the Dean.

BIG BUCK  
Holy shit! Ima Straipach. What  
are you doing here, spying on us  
for your father?

IMA  
No, quite the opposite, actually.  
I'm livid at my father and want to  
piss him off. The best way I can  
think of to do this is to fuck a  
Klan Brother. So, will you please  
take me upstairs and rip me open  
like a pinata?

BIG BUCK  
...you had me at no. Let's go.

Ima grabs Big Buck's arm and they EXIT.

INT. KLAN ALPINE HOUSE - BAR ROOM - NIGHT

Rob and Caitlyn stand in front of a PAINTING OF LARGE,  
MUSCULAR HULK-LIKE CREATURE ON WALL.

ROB  
Justice has been served.

CAITLYN  
Yes it was.

Rob points to STUDENT stumbling away from bar, sipping fresh  
beer. He wears T-shirt that reads "JUSTICE".

ROB  
Looks like Justice has been served  
many times tonight.

CAITLYN  
Who woulda thought this story would  
have a happy ending...just like in  
Fairy Tales.

ROB  
I wouldn't say it was a Happy  
Ending, but it was definitely good.

CAITLYN

How could you say that? You guys saved your House, despite having everything against you.

ROB

Yeah, but in movies, happy endings consist of the good guy saving the day and getting the girl. I'm still gonna pass out tonight with my dick in hand. That would never happen to Chuck Norris. He would round-house kick the bad guy's head off, then skull-fuck the girl until her brain looked like pudding. That's the ending I want.

Caitlyn glances at Rob seductively.

CAITLYN

Funny you say that. I was just thinking how bad I need a good skull fucking.

She puts her arms on Rob's shoulder, he pulls her close.

ROB

Is that so?

CAITLYN

Oh, yeah. I'm a scatterbrain, always forgetting things.

ROB

You poor girl...

Caitlyn, panties soaked, looks seductively into Rob's eyes.

CAITLYN

I need someone to stuff all that info to one place, so I can find it during finals next week.

ROB

This must be our lucky day...

CAITLYN

...guess so

They KISS PASSIONATELY, then Rob glances to his right, where

THE SPIRITS OF EL PROFESOR, COCONUT HEAD AND CRAZY OLLY,  
HOVERING OVER A BENCH, LOOKING AT HIM, SMILING.

The Spirits of the Think Tank tap their cups together and  
toast him. Rob toasts back, still holding Caitlyn close.

CAITLYN  
Who are you looking at?

ROB  
...some old friends.

CAITLYN  
Well, say bye to your friends. If  
my pussy was any wetter there would  
be a Firehose hooked up to it.

Rob and Caitlyn turn and EXIT, arm-in-arm.

FUTURE CUT TO:

INT. DAD'S CAR - PRESENT - DAY

Campus street. Administration buildings and dorms line  
either side of road.

GREGOR  
So that's the first time you boned  
mom, huh? Please don't tell me  
that's where I was conceived.

DAD  
Nope, your mom and I only had anal  
sex that night.

GREGOR  
I don't wanna hear that.

DAD  
I was just answering your question.

View through window shows tall brick structure with the words  
"SCOTT HALL" displayed on awning, above the front door.

DAD  
This is you, son.

Dad maneuvers into parking spot and shuts car off.

DAD  
Here we are.

GREGOR

Already? But I wanna hear the end.

DAD

I can finish while you unpack.

INT. GREGOR'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Wooden divider cuts room in half. Greg hangs poster on wall above a dresser. A suitcase rests on a twin size bed. Dad hangs shirts up in closet as he finishes story.

DAD

As you probably gathered, your mother and I boned that night. I did things to that woman that would get me executed in some places. Anyway, we fell in love and got married two years later.

GREGOR

There ya go with the gory details again, why would you tell me that?

DAD

That's where you were conceived, son, you asked about that earlier.

He takes Eamon PICTURE out of pocket and hands it to Greg.

Dad

Here, I want you to have this.

GREGOR

I thought you gave it back to him?

Dad

We did, but not before we had 10,000 prints made.

GREGOR

10,000, where are they all?

DAD

Well, I gave some away to friends and we include one in our Christmas Cards and, then, when I'm broke, I tip with them so I don't seem like a cheapskate.

GREGOR

No you don't?

DAD

....Oh, and I gave them out to  
trick-or-treaters a few times when  
I was too drunk to go buy candy.

GREGOR

How many you still actually have?

DAD

Including that . The other ones  
buried somewhere in the Caribbean.  
A map to its location is locked in  
safe deposit box of a Swiss Bank.  
Can't be too safe.

GREGOR

You are one twisted fuck, dad.

DAD

Take care of it, son. That picture  
saved my life. It may save yours,  
too one day.

GREGOR

I will...Hey dad?

DAD

What?

GREGOR

You can party with me anytime.

Dad

Thanks son. Your life starts now.

They embrace, Dad SNIFFLES.

GREGOR

Now get outta here. Go home and  
bone mom for me.

Dad waves and EXITS. Greg SLAMS door behind him.

GREGOR

Guess I was wrong. I always took my  
dad for a cross-dressing homo.

Greg pulls PINK DRESS and PURSE from bag. He SLIDES dress  
over head and puts purse on shoulder.

GREGOR

I must have gotten my fashion sense  
from mom.

He pulls TUBE OF LIPSTICK out and APPLIES IT while looking in mirror.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS

INSERT - PICTURE OF ACE SMOKING BLUNT WITH THE DALAI LLAMA.

SUPER: DR. JOSEPH "ACE" MOMMA"

5 TIME WINNER OF NOBEL PRIZE AND ONLY MAN TO MAKE COVER OF TIME AND HIGH TIMES SAME MONTH.

INSERT - PICTURE OF WINGER CROUCHED ON TREE BRANCH, RAMBO KNIFE IN HIS MOUTH, LOOKING DOWN AT DEER BELOW.

SUPER: MISSING - FRANKLIN ULYSSES WING, AKA "WINGER"

LAST SEEN PLAYING LASER-TAG AT BUCKHANNON IHOP WITH THE WEST VIRGINIA STATE MILITIA.

INSERT - PICTURE OF BIG BUCK APPLYING CAMEL CLUTCH TO TURBAN CLAD MAN IN WRESTLING RING AS CAPTAIN AMERICA CHEERS HIM ON.

SUPER: BRETT "BIG BUCK" ROGERS

WWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, WITH BROTHER, STEVE.

INSERT - PICTURE OF SHOCKER, CLIPBOARD AND PEN IN HAND, LOOKING DOWN ON BIG BREASTED FEMALE AS SHE BLOWS HIM.

SUPER: ZAK "SHOCKER" JOHNSON

QUALITY CONTROL - NEW TALENT- BUNNY RANCH, LAS VEGAS, NV

INSERT - PICTURE OF REMOTE STANDING BEHIND A PODIUM ON A KEG, GIVING SPEECH TO SUPPORTERS.

SUPER: WILT CHAMBERS, AKA "REMOTE"

MAYOR, TONAWANDA, NY

INSERT - PHOTO OF ROY STANDING IN FRONT OF A RECYCLING MACHINE, STUFFING BEER CAN INTO SLOT. BEHIND HIM IS DOCKED AIRCRAFT CARRIER, LOADED WITH CANS.

SUPER: CYRUS Roy

SECRETARY OF RECYCLING, US GOVERNMENT, WASHINGTON, DC

INSERT - STATUE OF DP HAS REPLACED STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR. HE TOASTS WITH A BEER MUG AND PICKS HIS NOSE.

SUPER: TONTO "DIRTPAW" KOWALSKI

SUPREME OVERLORD, PLANET EARTH

INSERT - MUG SHOT OF MAC STRAIPACH, HAIR BADLY RECEDED, HOLDING BOARD CONTAINING HIS CONVICT NUMBER, "530477351".

SUPER: MAC STRAIPACH

ARRESTED FOR SACROFRICOSIS AT "SIFL AND OLLY", (CAUGHT BEATING OFF TO SOCK PUPPETS).

INSERT - PICTURE OF TODD'S HEAD, MOUNTED ON THE WALL LIKE A DEER. BELOW HIM, IN EASY CHAIR, SITS WOOKIE, HOLDING A MUG OF BEER AS HE READS CHILDRENS' BOOK IN FRONT OF HIS FIREPLACE. AT HIS FEET IS TYLER, GUTTED AND TURNED INTO A BEARSKIN RUG.

SUPER: RIP TYLER HARDING/TODD OSTRYKER

...ACTUALLY, FUCK 'EM. ROT IN HELL, BITCHES!!

INSERT - KLAN ALPINE CREST

SUPER: RIP KLAN ALPINE, 1918-2002.

THE BEST THERE IS, WAS OR EVER WILL BE.

FADE TO BLACK.