TOM AND JAKE

by

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EXT. NORTH WOODS - DAY

The sun rises barely bursting through the clouds. A light covering of snow carpets the field and leafless trees. A hunter’s deer blind sits in the middle of this wilderness.

INT. HUNTER’S BLIND - DAY

The camouflaged blind allows two hunters to sit inside with room for their gear and not much else. TWO MEN already hid in the blind:

JAKE (20s), bleary eyes and fine features, has coordinated hunting attire which looks like the pictures from a hunting magazine.

TOM (20s), stout with suspenders to hold up his pants, sits heavily in the blind with a tired face and stubble on his chin. His clothes look rumpled but serviceable.

Jake fiddles with his thermos.

JAKE
Coffee?

Tom crouches with his eye to the scope of his rifle.

TOM
Hush, I seen one.

JAKE
Would you move your fat behind so I can see too?

TOM
You ain’t the lead dog, so your view of my behind ain’t gonna change anytime soon.

Jake continues to look down the scope of his rifle.

JAKE
Let me see!

TOM
I am telling you straight Jake. Don’t screw this shot up for me.

Tom breaks his concentration to give Jake a “fuck you” look.
JAKE
Okay then, take your best shot.

Jake fakes a loud sneeze.

Tom pulls the trigger. The rifle barrel kicks. A small puff of smoke escapes the barrel.

TOM
You son of a saint.

Tom smiles in wonder.

TOM
Big rack. Must have had a twenty point antler.

JAKE
Trophy? I don’t believe you.

TOM
You don’t have to believe me, you just have to repeat it back at camp.

JAKE
Like when we were sport fishing in the stocked pond?

TOM
That’s right, that bass was twelve pounds.

Jake mimes drinking a bottle.

JAKE
More like 12 ounces.

LATER

JAKE
How long are we going to stay in this blind looking for bucks we can’t hit?

TOM
You’re just set out to ruin this for me ain’t ya?

JAKE
No greater pleasure.
TOM
Why don’t you go back to camp
and drink with the other beer
hunters? Those assholes are
probably still in bed.

Jake yawns and stretches.

JAKE
No, I don’t need any more
beer. I’m still hung from
last night. Besides, we might
get lucky.

TOM
All right then, let’s switch
places.

Tom moves his large frame to let Jake have another view of
the woods. And Tom’s fat ass.

JAKE
Thanks Tom. You think you
could spot me a few bucks?

TOM
You can see fine.

JAKE
No, I mean men in your
wallet.

TOM
What are you on?

JAKE
The men on paper. In your
wallet.

TOM
How’d you know I have
pictures of men in my wallet?

JAKE
I was talking about money.
Dead presidents. Every man
has money. Why, what did you
think I was asking about?

TOM
N-n-nothing. Mind your own business. You hunting or what?

JAKE
Just looking for a buck...

Jake searches the landscape with a pair of binoculars.

TOM
See anything?

JAKE
I am beginning to see a little clearer now.

TOM
Could you be any louder? That way, it’s easier for the bucks to sneak up on us.

LATER

JAKE
Hey Tom. You like naked pictures of women?

TOM
Sure do! Especially when they’re with a man.

JAKE
Do you like them big?

TOM
Yes I do.

JAKE
The man or the woman?

TOM
(farts)
Did you hear one?

JAKE
Thought I heard one. A buck snort. Nearby.

TOM
(giggling)
Me too.

Tom waves his hand so Jake can smell the pungent odor.

JAKE
Was that you?

TOM
My bad.

JAKE
That was a pretty high note for a buck snort.

TOM
What are you saying’ Jake?

JAKE
That sounded like a virgin ass to me.

TOM
What are you talking about?

JAKE
No need to be all anal retentive about it.

LATER

JAKE
Hey Tom, you want to shoot this buck? Help me aim the rifle.

TOM
You’re acting like a total wimp. Can’t you shoot your own rifle?

JAKE
I can but if you could help me with this, I’ll remember your twenty point buck.

Tom leans over Jake and whispers in his ear.

TOM
This is my rifle, this is my
gun. One is for hunting, the
other is for fun.

JAKE
See. I told you. We just
might get lucky.

Tom and Jake embrace as they slide onto the floor of the
blind. Hunting clothes are strewn outside. The frenzy
increases and shakes the blind.

Nearby, a huge buck mounts another buck in a hip thrusting
frenzy. The beast with eight legs has twenty antler points.

LATER
Still in the hunter’s blind.

The two men enjoy an après sex moment. They smoke
cigarettes and drink Budweiser beer.

Tom and Jake dress in suits reminiscent of Pavarotti.
Camouflage hats sit on their heads.

[NOTE: Cue hypnotic BALLAD by Norm Sherman.]

Tom and Jake hear the music. They pinch the cigarettes out
and hide the bottles.

Jake ducks down out of sight. Tom surprises himself with a
beautiful baritone voice and sings with operatic flair.

TOM
(singing)
We are hunters. Big buck
hunters. Party all night. Up
for a fight.

Tom ducks down out of sight, Jake stands up. Jake also
surprises himself with a wonderful tenor voice and also
sings with operatic flair.

JAKE
(singing)
Hunting all day. We say “No
way!” Wake us at dawn. All we
do is yawn.
Jake knows the drill. He ducks, Tom sings. This time Tom wears the heavy chains and attitude of a soulful street crooner. Tom wears his hunting hat instead of the expected pullover hat. Same melody, different attitude.

TOM
(singing)
Old enough to bleed. Old enough to butcher. That’s how we keep the fawns, off our fucking lawns!

Tom repeats the drill. He ducks, Jake sings. This time, Jake dresses and sings like a country western singer to the same melody. Jake wears his hunting hat instead of the expected cowboy hat.

JAKE
(singing)
We could hunt ducks. But we say “That sucks!” If you like to butt fuck, do it out in the truck!

Tom and Jack both stand up for the final verse. The two dress in their initial hunting ware. They sing the same melody as a rowdy man chorus. Swaying side by side.

TOM AND JAKE
Deer camp, it’s a beer camp.
Deer camp, it’s a queer camp.
(ad lib)...

FADE OUT.

TOM (OS)
What the fuck was that?

JAKE (OS)
Love?

THE END