

WHISTLE WHILE
YOU TWERK

FADE IN:

INT. SEWER - TUNNEL - NIGHT

It's dark, dingy.

A raised, narrow walking platform runs alongside the circular tunnel. Dirty water flows just below the platform.

Up ahead is a bend. Flashing lights bounce off the moist brick wall of the tunnel. Heavy bass THUMPS, it's some sort of music.

Two men, RYAN, 24, handsome jock-type, and LUKE, 24, scrawny, awkward skater-type, walk along the platform, towards the bend. Luke looks down at the water with disgust, grasped in his hand is a bottle of Jack.

LUKE

I don't know about this, Dude.
Can't we just go get fucked up at
my place? This is kinda sketchy.

RYAN

You think everything's sketchy.
This is the fifth annual Dank-fest.
Trust me when I tell you the
bitches here are some of the
baddest you'll ever see. This will
be good for ya, Bro.

LUKE

Yeah right. Why would a bunch of
hot chicks part in a shitty sewer?

Ryan stops, pulls a baggie full of bright orange pills out of his pocket.

RYAN

Step out of your comfort zone. Let
your freak flag fly. And Dank-fest
isn't a party, it's a rave.

Luke looks back to Ryan, who pulls a pill out of the baggie.

LUKE

Are you seriously popping more X?
How many is that? Three?

Ryan motions for the bottle. Luke hands it to him, turns and looks to the lights at the end of the tunnel.

RYAN
Five, actually. I took two before
you picked me up.

Wide-eyed, Luke turns back to Ryan.

LUKE
Five!? Are fuckin' crazy, Dude?

Ryan pops the pill onto his tongue, washes it down with a swig of Jack. He stuffs the baggie back in his pocket, shoots Luke a smirk as he hands the bottle back.

RYAN
You sure you don't want one? This
shit will take you for a ride, you
know what I'm saying?

LUKE
I'm not rolling on X in a sewer!

Ryan shrugs, pushes past Luke, heads towards the lights at the end of the tunnel. He starts to bounce to music.

RYAN
Pussy.

He wildly slaps his limp hand against his chest as he shakes his head back and forth.

RYAN (CONT)
Shit's about to get retarded up in
here, Bro.

Luke SIGHS, follows behind Ryan.

LUKE
(under his breath)
Fuckin' rave in the sewer. Goddamn.

INT. SEWER - LARGE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The massive concrete room has been transformed into what is essentially a dance club. Four separate tunnels connect to the chamber.

Hundreds of PARTY-GOER'S dance in the center of the room. On the catwalk above them, the DJ, 28, keeps the party going in a makeshift booth.

Strobe lights flash constantly, give off a disorienting stop-motion effect. Electronic dance music BLARES.

Ryan and Luke enter the chamber, look out over the crowd.

RYAN

Fuck yeah. I told you it's crazy,
Bro. This is so sweet.

Visibly less enthused, Luke takes a gulp from the bottle.

CLOSE ON the bottle. A couple of partially dissolved pills float around the bottom.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER - LARGE CHAMBER - LATER

In the crowd, Ryan is all smiles as he dances with a HOT BRUNETTE, 22. He's having the time of his life.

A series of short, sharp WHISTLES gets Ryan's attention. He looks out across the crowd to see Luke dancing with JERONDA, 32, a tall, black, beautiful blond.

Wedged between Jeronda's lips is a whistle, which she BLOWS into as she moves her hips to the beat of the song.

Despite his best efforts, Luke struggles to keep rhythm. He couldn't possibly dance any whiter.

Ryan nods in approval, grins from ear to ear.

RYAN

Hell yeah, Bro. Get some!

As Jeronda continues to dance, her moves grow more vulgar and exaggerated. She thrusts back and forth as she BLOWS harder into the whistle, then pops her ass out and starts twerking hard against Luke's crotch.

Luke's eyes go wide as his hands instinctively shoot up in the air.

FAST ZOOM to Luke's left eye, into the dilated pupil.

CUT TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. JERONDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning sunlight shines through the bedroom window.

Two figures lay on a bed underneath a hot pink comforter. The figure on the right is twice the size of one on the left.

The left figure suddenly sits up. The comforter drops and reveals Luke. Groggy, he looks around the room.

The clothes Luke and Jeronda were wearing the night before are strewn throughout the small room, along with multiple brightly colored dildos of various sizes.

Luke looks to the figure who lays under the comforter beside him. Blond hair peeks out from under the comforter.

He shakes his head in disbelief, CHUCKLES to himself.

LUKE

(sotto)

Fuckin' rave in the sewer. Goddamn.

He gets out of bed, completely naked. As he moves for his clothes, he freezes and WINCES in pain.

LUKE

What the--

Carefully, Luke reaches back for his ass. His face twists in agony as he WINCES again.

LUKE (CONT)

-- Fuck!?

JERONDA (O.S.)

(deep, manly voice)

Morning, Sugar.

All the color drains from Luke's face as he turns back to see Jeronda sit up in the bed. Her strong bone structure and massive Adam's apple a dead giveaway that she's a man.

JERONDA (CONT)

Is Momma's little soldier ready for another taste?

A large tongue emerges from her mouth, moves from her thick nose to her square chin.

Luke shudders, horrified.

LUKE
W-what... happened?

JERONDA
What happened was you rocked my
world, Sugar. All. Night. Long.

With his hands covering his genitals, Luke inches backwards towards the bedroom door.

LUKE
I'm r-really... sorry. B-but I...
gotta get g-going...

Jeronda holds a hand out, as if she expects something.

JERONDA
Bail if you want. But you ain't
going nowhere with my lucky
whistle.

Confused, Luke frowns.

LUKE
What? W-what whistle?

Jeronda crosses her arms, grows impatient.

JERONDA
Listen, bitch. Either give me my
whistle. Or I'll take my whistle.
Ya' dig?

Out of the corner of his eye, Luke spots his underwear on the floor beside him.

LUKE
Listen. I'm n-not sure what--

He bends over to grab his underwear and releases a nasty, wet FART. But there is something strange about the fart. There is a slight WHISTLE to it.

The realization of his situation hits Luke like ice water, his jaw practically hits floor.

LUKE
Oh. My. God.

CUT TO:

BLACK