

THE MCSLOBS

"DUNGUS GETS A DATE"

by
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(Based on, A True American Family)

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ACT ONE

EXT. /ESTAB. MCSLOB'S HOUSE - DAY

INT. MCSLOB'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Arley is exercising to Richard Simmons on the television while Tess sits in her wheelchair shoveling down a pint of chocolate ice cream.

A sweat line runs the length of Arley's spine and drips to the floor. A wet spot is between her feet. She can barely keep up with the routine.

INT. RICHARD SIMMONS WORKOUT STUDIO (ON TV)

An obese Richard Simmons is gayly jumping to the oldies throwing his arms and legs wildly with uncoordinated effort. He faces the viewers.

RICHARD
(CRYING)

I love you all so much. Remember being fat is not bad for your health, it's all that nasty, gooey cholesterol. So take all the cholesterol medication you can to keep it under one sixty and stuff your face like a pig.

He looks back towards his workout class.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(TO CLASS)

Isn't that right class?

CLASS

Yes Richard.

Richard claps his hands together and faces the viewers.

RICHARD
(STILL CRYING)

So what if you have to book two seats
on an airline or even three or four.
Richard loves you and that's all that
matters.

He turns around and bends over. He pulls his shorts down and
a brown stain is as bright as day in the middle of his cotton
white underwear.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(SMILING)

Check out the size of **my ass**.
(BEAT)

I'm proud of it. That's three and a
half seats right there.

INT. MCSLOB'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

ARLEY

Oh, Richard. You know how to tell it
like it is.

She stands in place, catching her breath.

TESS
(ENCOURAGING ARLEY)

Come on mom! You can do it!

She extends a spoonful of ice cream towards Arley and Arley
leans over the coffee table, out of breath, and eagerly
swallows the spoonful.

ARLEY
(SAVORING THE TASTE)

That tastes so good after a hard
workout.

TESS

I'll save you some, finish the
workout.

She smiles maliciously.

ARLEY

You better, you brat.

She continues exercising to Richard Simmons.

The front door opens and Jess walks in all pompous. She
stares at Arley as if Arley is a piece of garbage and then
looks over to Tess with an equal look.

JESS

I see you too are doing something
constructive.

She notices the pile of sweat between Arley's feet.

JESS (CONT'D)

That's gross. I want to throw up.
(BEAT)

But guess what.

She twirls around on one foot.

JESS (CONT'D)
(TO TESS)

I am trying out for the cheerleading
squad and they say I have the best
shot at winning. All the others are
ugly.
(BEAT)

Don't you wish you could try out for
cheerleading.

She looks down at the wheelchair.

TESS
(TO JESS)

You want some ice cream?

She scoops some ice cream and throws it directly into Jess's face.

JESS
(TO TESS)

I should hit you real hard, but you're
in a wheelchair and all defenseless.

That would be **real mean**.

She picks up her foot and places it under the wheelchair and pulls up, tipping the wheelchair over backwards.

Tess falls backwards and the pint of ice cream lands right on top of her face. She starts crying.

TESS
(SCREAMING)

Mom!

Arley looks over. She is shocked.

ARLEY

How many times have I told you two not
to fight. Now you've wasted a whole
pint of ice cream.

JESS
(TO ARLEY)

Sucks to be you!

She walks toward the kitchen door and opens it. Koko squeezes out and Jess walks in and closes the door behind her.

Koko runs over to Tess and starts licking the chocolate from her face.

INT. DUNGUS' BASEMENT APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The alarm clock on the tray tables reads **3:00 p.m.** The room is a disaster.

Clothes and soda bottles litter the floor, concealing most of the carpet. The computer rests on the floor and is the one part of the floor that seems to be cleared.

Dungus opens an eye. He quickly throws the covers off and sits up in bed in a hurry.

DUNGUS

Not again.

He looks down at his sheet and sees the usual yellow stain. Tiny worms have started to grow there and seem to be thriving.

Dungus reaches for his bong and takes a hit.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

This crap has got to stop man. I'm
thirty three years old and still
pissing the bed.

(BEAT)

I gotta call the Fuss man. He'll no
what to do.

He reaches down to the floor and digs through some rubble and brings up the portable. He dials.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)
(TALKING INTO PHONE)

Yeah, who's this?
(LISTENING)

I need Dr. Fuss it's an emergency...
(LISTENING)

I keep pissing the freaking bed...
(LISTENING)

I'll hold for him...
(LISTENING)

Dr. Fuss. I'm still wetting the bed.
I'll never get a girlfriend at this
rate.

(MORE)

DUNGUS (CONT'D)
(LISTENING)

I'll be there man.

INT. MCSLOB'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arley is still jumping to the oldies.

Tess still lays incapacitated looking up at the ceiling.

Koko sits, a look of guilt on his face, as he stares at the load he left directly under Arley's feet.

Arley steps in the load and it oozes up between her toes. She looks down at Koko with a look that could kill.

ARLEY

You dam pig! Why couldn't you do it in
Granny's room!

Koko takes off and runs into another room. Atop the door jam a red emergency light starts flashing.

INT. DUNGUS' BASEMENT APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Dungus stands and puts on a pair of filthy jeans. He slips his feet into a pair of sandals.

DUNGUS

This is some crazy shit going on here.
I'll never accomplish anything. I'm a
real loser.

He looks to the stain on his bed. He grows curious and gets closer to the stain, inching up on it. As he gets closer he notices the tiny worms wiggling on the moist cotton. One of the worms metamorphosizes into a mosquito and flies directly onto Dungus's nose and lays a stinger in it. He slaps it and splatters mosquito guts all over.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)
(TO MOSQUITO)

Serves you right for messing with the
Dung man.

He reaches for his bong and takes a hit. His eyes shine a blood shot red.

He heads up the stairs.

INT. MCSLOB'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arley is still jumping to the oldies, her clothes stick to her skin with sweat and pieces of poop fly off her foot as she moves. One of the pieces lands on Tess who is still lying there incapacitated.

A door opens in the hallway, smoke pushes out, and Dungus emerges. He looks over toward Arley.

DUNGUS
(TO ARLEY)

Mom. I've got an emergency appointment
with Dr. Fuss.

ARLEY

You need me to drive you?

DUNGUS

Mom. Remember last week, the DWI, and
they sold my car at auction.

ARLEY

How could I forget. That was one of
the best cars this family ever owned.
(BEAT)

I guess I'll have to drive you.

Dungus looks up at the emergency light flashing atop Granny's door. His eyes go wide.

DUNGUS

No one checked on Grandma!

He runs into Granny's room.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dungus notices the **EKG** monitor is flatlined. He reaches for the paddles and places them on her chest. He hits a button and an electrical charge hits Granny's body sending it jumping inches off the hospital bed.

Her colostomy bag pops off and her urinary catch becomes unplugged, sending feces and urine in all directions.

Koko makes a mad dash out of the room.

The line on the monitor indicates a normal heartbeat.

Dungus looks up at another monitor.

DUNGUS

Speak.

He waits.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

Speak woman!

Granny communicates her words onto a monitor rigged up especially for her.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

What would I do without you, my boy.

DUNGUS

That was a close call Grandma. How long were you out?

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

I saw the tunnel. At the end of the tunnel your grandfather was waiting for me. It was so romantic.

INT. DEATH TUNNEL - (FLASHBACK)

There is a light at the end of a dark tunnel. Dungus's grandfather stands at the end decked out in an Armani suit.

Granny is pulled towards the light by an invisible force. She is still in her hospital bed and with all the contraptions that keep her alive and help her communicate.

She stops directly in front of her husband.

HUSBAND (WILLIE)
(SARCASTICALLY)

Irene. You look great. I've never seen
you look so alive.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

That's flattering Willie. You have
Dungus to thank for all this.

WILLIE

Dungus. How is the bastard, still
smoking that nasty herb?

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

It helps keep him sane living in a
psycho house.
(BEAT)

It's been a long time Willie. Have you
been a dirty boy?

WILLIE
(GETTING NERVOUS)

I'm in heaven Irene. How dirty could I
be?

He shrugs his shoulders.

A group of female angels fly down and start groping Willie. A
bulge appears in his pants.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
(SCREAMING)

Bad thoughts, bad thoughts.

He tries to shake the bad thoughts from his head.

ETHEREAL VOICE
(TO WILLIE)

You just got yourself three days in
the can.

A door opens under Willie and fire emerges.

WILLIE
(TO IRENE)

I love you honey. See you soon.

He falls down.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

I love you too, you dumb jackass.

Granny moves backwards through the tunnel by the same
mysterious force which pushed her forward.

GRANNY (CONT'D)
(VIA MONITOR)

You're not sending me back to that
hell hole!

ETHEREAL VOICE

It's not your time.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

When is my time?

ETHEREAL VOICE

That's up to Dungus, isn't it?

Granny is speechless.

ETHEREAL VOICE (CONT'D)

Speak.

Granny remains speechless.

ETHEREAL VOICE (CONT'D)

Speak woman!

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - (BACK TO SCENE)

Dungus looks at Granny with the utmost respect.

DUNGUS

That sounds so romantic Grandma. I
wish I could find a girlfriend.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

If you'd stop pissing the bed, you
might. And get off that dope, it makes
you stupid.
(BEAT)

You're a virgin. A boy your age should
get his pecker wet.

DUNGUS
(EMBARRASSED)

Grandma, that's enough.

Arley calls out.

ARLEY (O.S.)

Dungus. Is Grandma okay?

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

Kill her! Kill her!

DUNGUS

You're acting German again.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

I ain't German. I'm a Muslim.

DUNGUS

We're Irish Catholic. We don't believe
in forcing the world to have one
religion. Let the Muslims be wrong and
rot in hell.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

Let them all simmer on the embers of
Satan and laugh as their limbs are
burned for their evil ways and
torture.

DUNGUS

That's right Grandma. To be a Muslim
is to be a terrorist.

INT. MCSLOB'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Arley turns and runs towards **Granny's** room. She runs right
over Tess and **POPS** Tess's colostomy bag.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arley shows up at the door.

ARLEY
(TO DUNGUS)

How's Granny?

DUNGUS
(ANSWERING)

Fine mom, fine.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

Kill her! Kill her!

ARLEY

Wow. She's getting homicidal in her
old age. Who pissed her off?

DUNGUS
(ANSWERING)

No one, just go. I'll clean this mess
up.

Arley looks around the room and notices the feces and urine
all over the floor and walls.

ARLEY

Social services can't say we're
starving her.

She smiles.

ARLEY (CONT'D)
(TO DUNGUS)

I'm gonna go warm up the car. I'll be
waiting outside. Bring me a soda.
(TO GRANNY)

Love you mom. Be back.

She turns and leaves.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

Love you too, you big fat bitch.

DUNGUS
(CALLING OUT)

Jess!

The sound of a **DOOR** opening and Jess appears in Granny's
doorway.

JESS

What do you want Dungus?

DUNGUS

Granny's got a nice mess for you to
clean up.

JESS
(REPULSED)

I ain't cleaning up shit.

Dungus reaches for a towel on the dresser and wipes some feces off the bed rails. He throws the towel straight at Jess and the feces splashes on her shirt.

Jess gags and dry heaves.

DUNGUS

You want internet access tonight. You
want to keep talking to your boyfriend
who is twenty years older than you?
Then you'll clean up shit.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)
(TO JESS)

You're going to clean my room until
it's spic and span, you whore.

JESS
(CRYING)

Don't...call...me a whore.

DUNGUS
(SMILING)

Have fun.

The sound of a car starting. The engine struggling to kick over.

INT. MCSLOB'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dungus runs right over Tess's face and heads towards the front door. He holds a two liter soda in his arms.

EXT. MCLSOB HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Arley's mini van is tilted to one side as her weight has put a strain on the cars structure.

Smoke pours out of the back of the van. The engine struggles to maintain a constant idle.

Workers from the drive in convenient store across the street come out to witness the mushroom cloud that issues forth from the mini van's tailpipe. They all look up watching the cloud rise higher and higher.

Cars on the main road stop, some coming to a screeching halt, the drivers getting out of their vehicles and looking up into the sky.

EXT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

As it flies over Long Island. It's passengers look out the window and witness the mushroom cloud. They are horrified.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

An Egyptian pilot speaks into a microphone.

PILOT

Ladies and gentleman. Do not be
frightened, but I think a McSlob has
either farted or started up their
crappy car. We are unable to land
there and will be landing at Newark
instead.

EXT. MCLSOB HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dungus flies out the door, holding the soda bottle. He jumps down a few of the steps and notices the smoke pouring out of the vans tailpipe. He trips and falls.

DUNGUS

This is freaking embarrassing.

He gets up and limps to the van, opens the door, empty soda bottles and fast food bags fall out. He hops into the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Arley is eating days old french fries she pulled out from one of the fast food bags.

Dungus looks out the window and looks towards the second floor of the house. He **SEES** Jess staring out the window laughing hysterically on the phone. He turns to Arley and looks her up and down.

DUNGUS

Mom. You are fat. You really need to get that stomach surgery. It would be a lot healthier.

ARLEY
(IN DENIAL)

I'm losing weight. I've been advancing through all the Richard Simmons tapes he has.

DUNGUS

Mom, haven't you noticed that he's been getting fatter himself with each new DVD.

ARLEY

I think he's getting skinnier. He's so sexy.

The van pulls off and makes a right turn onto a main road, smoke trailing behind.

The van travels down the main road. Other cars keep a safe distance behind, staying clear of the smoke.

The van stops at a light in the left hand turn lane.

Another car pulls up with a carload of teenagers. They look toward Dungus and Arley and burst out laughing. The driver signals Dungus to roll down his window.

Dungus reluctantly rolls down the window.

DRIVER
(TO DUNGUS)

Is that your girlfriend?

DUNGUS
It's my mom.

DRIVER
She is one big bastard. My friend here
likes big women. I mean huge.

ARLEY
(TO DRIVER)

He likes his women big, does he. How
about a souvenir?

She reaches between her legs.

Dungus covers his eyes.

DUNGUS
(TO ARLEY)

Mom, that's disgusting.

She throws a stained washcloth through her window and it
lands directly on the kid's steering wheel.

The driver reacts with shock.

DRIVER
That's like sour milk man.

He steps on the gas and goes through the red light.

A police cars pulls up behind the car, siren blaring, and
pulls the car over to the side.

A green arrow and Arley makes a left.

EXT. PSYCHO CLINIC - ESTABLISHING

EXT. PSYCHO CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Arley and Dungus pull into a parking spot.

DUNGUS

I wish they'd change the name of this place. It kind of puts a stigma on you.

ARLEY

No one knows you come here. It's the people that don't come here you have to be scared of.

A man walks up to the van all disheveled and carrying a shotgun.

Dungus rolls down the window.

MAN
(COCKING SHOTGUN)

A spaceship landed. They want to take us all. You better get out of here fast.

He runs off.

We **HEAR** the shotgun go off and people screaming.

Dr. Fuss pulls up in his Harley. He is wearing leather pants that expose his butt cheeks. He parks his motorcycle and hops off. He waves toward Dungus and draws his watch up to look at the time. He waves Dungus inside the building and walks in ahead of him.

END OF ACT ONE

(ACT TWO)

ACT TWO**INT. DR. FUSS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dungus sits across from Dr. Fuss on a child's chair. The room is filled with children's toys so patients can play out their fantasies and nightmares. Psychiatric books line the shelf just where Dr. Fuss is sitting.

Dr. Fuss rubs his leather tie.

DUNGUS

I don't think I'm going to amount to anything.

DR. FUSS

We still have much to explore. It's only been three years and psychoanalysis can take years of trying to break through the roots of your issues.

(SMILING)

You have some serious sick issues.

DUNGUS

My issues.

DR. FUSS

Your issues are deep rooted Dungus. It will take years of therapy. We may never, ever finish. Time is short in this world.

DUNGUS

Are you telling me I have a chance of carrying my messed up psyche into the next life?

DR. FUSS

It's a possibility.

DUNGUS

That is not going to happen.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Tombstones shine in the moonlit night.

A bald and frail, old Dungus has just finished digging up the grave of Dr. Fuss. He pops open the casket and the skeleton of Dr. Fuss leans out.

DUNGUS
(TO DR. FUSS)

I am not going to the next life with
my mental issues. You need to listen
you box of bones.

He shakes Dr. Fuss and the head falls off.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

I still piss the bed.

INT. DR. FUSS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

DR. FUSS

Your Oedipal complex is one issue out
of many.
(BEAT)

When did you stop sleeping in your
mother's bed?

DUNGUS

At twenty three.

DR. FUSS
(SMILING)

How do you feel about that?

DUNGUS

Well if she was a Playboy Bunny I would have loved it. But she is so fat, it's embarrassing and shameful. I guess I just needed some extra time to nurture.

(BEAT)

Not to ignore the Oedipal issue, but I need to get to the bed-wetting. I keep pissing the bed. What girl is gonna go with a guy that pisses the bed.

DR. FUSS

Do you wake up and notice the bed wet?

DUNGUS

Yes.

DR. FUSS

Is it sticky?

DUNGUS

I know what you're thinking. You think I had a wet dream. That's disgusting. It's just piss.

DR. FUSS

How often have you been masturbating?

DUNGUS

About twice a day. I try to do it as much as possible.

Dr. Fuss leans back in his chair, getting more comfortable.

DR. FUSS

How is it?

DUNGUS
(SMILING)

It feels great.

DR. FUSS

Oh, that sounds so nice...Oh!!!

He leans back in his chair, his eyes closing, his head convulsing for a split second and he comes back to. He leans forward in his chair.

DR. FUSS (CONT'D)
(STRAIGHTENING TIE)

As far as the bed-wetting there is a kind of hypnosis we can try.

DUNGUS

Really.

DR. FUSS

It could somewhat decrease the bed-wetting and give you more confidence with men...I mean women.

DUNGUS
(SMILING)

I'll do anything.

Dr. Fuss smiles.

DR. FUSS

Well let's get started. There is a possible side effect. It could be a simple tic or you may defecate the bed instead of wetting it.

He reaches under his desk and rolls out a **TOY DRAGON** to face Dungus. He presses a button and the dragon's eyes turn a bright yellow and they start to swirl.

DR. FUSS (CONT'D)

Look into its eyes Dungus.

Dungus stares into the dragon's eyes. His eyes turn bright yellow and start to swirl in sync with the dragon's.

INT. DUNGUS' BASEMENT APARTMENT - LATER

Dungus sits on his bed, phone propped up against his ear. A phonebook rests open on the bed. He talks into the phone.

DUNGUS
(INTO PHONE)

I need to make an appointment for a
waxing.

He listens and pulls his pants leg up and reveals a mess of tangled, dark, long leg hair.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)
(INTO PHONE)

Better make it a full body wax. I'm
like really hairy. I feel like a
Persian rug. My self esteem is shot.

EXT. JOE'S WAXING - ESTABLISHING

INT. JOE'S WAXING - CONTINUOUS

Dungus sits in a waiting chair, looking uncomfortable, as women get their finger and toe nails manicured by Chinese attendants.

A door in the back is closed shut. On the door reads, "**BLAZING GAY JOE**". The door opens and Joe walks out with a smile from ear to ear and hands flopping from side to side. He walks towards Dungus.

JOE
(TO DUNGUS)

You must be Dungus. It's a pleasure.

He looks Dungus up and down.

Dungus smiles awkwardly.

JOE (CONT'D)

I've been looking forward to our appointment. I was so excited to hear that Dr. Fuss referred you. He's my therapist too. But that's between you and me. Our little secret.

He smiles and extends a hand.

Dungus and Joe shake.

JOE (CONT'D)

You have such smooth skin texture. I love it. Come with me and let's take off all that nasty, stinky hair.

They walk toward Joe's room. Joe stops Dungus in the middle of the store.

JOE (CONT'D)

(TO ALL)

Ladies.

The women look up.

JOE (CONT'D)

We are turning my friend Dungus into a new man today. He is getting a full body wax.

DUNGUS

(THINKING TO SELF)

Queers. They can't stop talking.

JOE

Dungus, let's see the back. Show the ladies.

Joe pulls up Dungus's shirt and exposes his thick, black back hair. He pulls a clump and stretches it out.

CHINESE WOMAN

It look like he growing moss. It must be so moist and I think animals grow there.

JOE
(SURPRISED)

Dungus. This is a disaster.
(TO CUSTOMERS)

Ladies. Can he pick up a woman or a man with a back like this?

ALL

No.

JOE
(TO DUNGUS)

No one wants to be lying under you in passion, reach around and grab a fur coat. Didn't your mother teach you hygiene

DUNGUS

My moms a slob.

JOE

Well, lets clean you up and make you look all sexy.

They walk to Joe's room and close the door.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe gestures Dungus to lay down on the table.

JOE

Would you like a hairless back first
or would you like to do the front
first.

(BEAT)

Personally, I would rather save the
best for last.

He raises his eyebrows seductively.

DUNGUS

Doesn't matter to me.

JOE

We'll start on the shoulders and work
our way down.

His expression turns maniacal.

JOE (CONT'D)

Take off your shirt you closet faggot!

DUNGUS

I'm not a fag.

JOE

That remains to be seen.

Dungus pulls off his shirt.

Joe calms back down and becomes exceptionally tranquil.

JOE (CONT'D)

Now lye still, close your eyes and
relax.

DUNGUS

Is this gonna hurt?

JOE

It's gonna sting a tiny bit, but no
biggie. Just keep your mind off of it.

Joe spreads hot wax on Dungus's shoulder and pats the strip down. He pulls the strip off with one quick swipe.

Dungus lets out an agonal scream and flies up on the table.

DUNGUS

This is torture dude. You are a sadist
man.

He looks toward his shoulder and notices beads of blood where the hair was ripped from their follicles.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

I'm freaking bleeding. I gotta go
dude. This is insane.

He starts to get up and Joe pushes him back down.

JOE

Dungus we need to get that mess off of
you. You look like a monkey. I have a
less painful way and the hair is sure
not to grow back. They'll be a slight
stench for a few weeks, but it will
subside...Now lay back down and close
your eyes.

Dungus lays back down and closes his eyes.

Joe reaches down to the floor and grabs a gas can. He pours it on Dungus from neck to foot and places the can back down.

He reaches for a fire extinguisher and pulls a lighter from his pocket.

DUNGUS

I smell gas.

Joe lights the lighter and waves it close over Dungus's hairy back. The hair engulfs in flames in a second and singes way down to the skin in smoke. Dungus's pants go aflame and then the underneath hair. Joe puts out the flames with the fire extinguisher. He wipes the foam off part of Dungus's back and exposes red, blistery skin.

JOE

It looks so sexy baby.

A large blister on Dungus turns yellow and starts to protrude. It finally pops and oozes a yellow puss.

JOE (CONT'D)

Turn over and let's finish the front.

INT. JOE'S WAXING - CONTINUOUS

Woman are still getting manicures and pedicures.

DUNGUS (O.S.)

Do I have to cover it.

JOE (O.S.)

Wow! That's a big boy. You might want to tuck that between your legs. We don't want that getting damaged.

(BEAT)

Ready?

A puff of smoke jumps up above Joe's room and the sound of the extinguisher shooting out foam.

The women look towards Joe's room.

JOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You look fabulous.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dungus sits up in shock. His chest is lobster red and blistery.

JOE

Put some aloe on that when you get
home and by tomorrow it will all heal.

He gets excited, claps his hands together and starts to cry joyfully.

JOE (CONT'D)

I have to tell Dr. Fuss about this.
Did you ever think of going to the
Seamen's club. It's a lot of fun.

DUNGUS

That's a gay club. My tunnel is exit
only.

JOE

One day it'll get a grand entrance.
Don't worry.

He walks out of the room.

EXT. JOE'S WAXING - MOMENTS LATER

Smoke is pouring out the seams of the front door. Fire breaks through the windows. The **DOOR** blasts open and Joe comes running out holding a towel around his waist and a portable phone up to his ear. The women fly out behind him.

JOE
(INTO PHONE)

Help! My place is on fire. I was
trying to burn off the hair on my butt
and the flames jumped to the nail
chemicals.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

It's humiliating. I'm naked and just
have a towel on.

EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Dungus walks on a sidewalk heading home wrapped in a white sheet. His cell phone **RINGS**. He pulls it up to view and it is covered in burn marks. He flips it open and reads the text message.

TEXT MESSAGE

Dungus. Do Grandma a big favor. Pick
me up a mint chip malted from Nasty's.

DUNGUS

(INTO PHONE)

Okay.

TEXT MESSAGE

Thanks. Hurry your stinky ass up!

Dungus closes the cell phone. He suddenly realizes he has no money.

DUNGUS

I should have been Colombian. I'd have
no problem hiding money anywhere.

EXT. NASTY'S - ESTABLISHING

INT. NASTY'S - CONTINUOUS

Dungus stands in front of the counter, looking odd, wrapped in his sheet.

An Indian man is behind the counter. He looks frightened. His name is Kadiwar.

KADIWAR

Dungus. It looks like you finally
cracked. I think you need inpatient
therapy.

DUNGUS

Relax Kadiwar. I didn't crack yet. I just got a full body wax.

Kadiwar relaxes.

KADIWAR

You mean a full body burn. You be red for about three days. The blisters last about two weeks...Trust me that fag Joe burned off the hair on my you know what. My wife likes it smooth. She doesn't like getting hair in her mouth. She actually popped one of the blisters. It was gross, went all over her hair.

DUNGUS

That's nasty.

KADIWAR
(SHRUGGING SHOULDERS)

Well.

DUNGUS

Can you do me a solid. I need a mint chip malted for grandma. I'll get you tomorrow.

KADIWAR

Anything the old fart wants. I think she only has a few days left.

(MORE)

KADIWAR (CONT'D)

But I thought that five years ago. She
owes me like thousand dollars already.

DUNGUS

I'll make sure she puts you in her
will.

KADIWAR

I make a large.

EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Dungus walks down the block holding the malted in one hand
and securing the sheet with the other.

A car pulls alongside him packed with teenagers. They throw
eggs at him and yolks spread all over the sheet. He ducks
behind a set of hedges.

The car takes off. The teenagers screaming in delight.

Dungus pops his head up, making sure it is safe. He runs off
down the street, the sheet flapping behind him.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dungus stands at Granny's bedside, still wrapped in his
sheet, holding the malted.

DUNGUS
(SMILING TO GRANNY)

Got you a large.

Granny's eyes move toward the malted.

GRANNY
(VIA MONITOR)

Thank you my boy. You're real

chill...Now feed me!

Dungus reaches for a funnel with a tube. He guides the tube
down Granny's throat and pours the malted into the funnel.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

That tastes so good. Better than the baby food fatso feeds me. She would have drank the malted before she got home...What the hell happened to your skin?

DUNGUS

I went to a place to get hair off my body.

GRANNY

I'm glad you did. You were looking like a monkey. What girl would want to get in bed with you.

DUNGUS

That's why I did it. I'm going on the computer and getting a date.

GRANNY

Watch out you don't pick up a weirdo. She might chop you to pieces. And make sure it is really a girl before you pay.

DUNGUS

I got it all under control.

INT. DUNGUS' BASEMENT APARTMENT - LATER

Dungus sits in the dark in front of his computer engaged in a video conversation with a voluptuous female, her name is Sapphire. At the same time he is playing **ZOMBIE WARS**.

DUNGUS
(INTO MICROPHONE)

You are so hot. Your lips and your voice really turn me on. I like women with a deep voice. It sounds like you party hard, get real wild.

SAPHIRE

I'm glad I could turn you on. I expect you to do the same to me tomorrow night.

DUNGUS

Don't you worry your luscious lips. I'm going to turn you on like you've never been turned on before.

Dungus gets distracted as his online game goes bad and a group of zombies attack his character in the woods.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)
(SCREAMING)

I don't believe it.

He furiously taps on the arrow keys.

SAPHIRE

Believe it baby. I hear you going at yourself.

The zombies bring his character down and tear it to pieces.

DUNGUS
(SCREAMING)

Damn!

SAPHIRE

I like it when my men scream.

INT. DUNGUS' BASEMENT APARTMENT - MORNING

Dungus sleeps under his blanket. His eyes open and he stares at the ceiling. He **HEARS** Jess yelling upstairs.

JESS (O.S.)

You can't try out. You're in a wheelchair, you gimp. Now let me put my makeup on.

DUNGUS

That kid's a rude bitch.

He throws off the covers and to his relief he did not wet the bed.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

Weird.

The stain is still visible and the mosquitoes swarm directly above it.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

That's even weirder.

Dungus reaches for an empty peanut butter jar and opens it. He scoops some mosquitoes in the jar and puts the lid back on. He jumps out of the bed, wearing only his boxers. His skin is still red and blistery. He runs up the stairs.

INT. MCSLOB HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dungus approaches a closed door. He opens it, just enough to squeeze the peanut butter jar in and let the mosquitoes out. He closes the door.

JESS (O.S.)
(SCREAMING)

What the!

Dungus turns around smiling and runs back downstairs, slamming the door behind him.

JESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'll never make it now. I look like a
pizza face.

ACT THREE**INT. MCSLOB BATHROOM - EVENING**

Dungus stands in front of the mirror, dressed in a suit, and looking like a million bucks. He is greasing his hair back.

Tess wheels into the hallway.

TESS

You look like you're from the fifties.

DUNGUS

That's the new style babe, retro.

TESS

Cool.

Arley walks into the hallway and inadvertently pushes Tess's wheelchair out of the way with her hip.

ARLEY

(TO DUNGUS)

You look like you're going on a date.

DUNGUS

I am mom. And she's a knock out.

ARLEY

Well, I hope you score.

DUNGUS

Would you mind dropping me off?

ARLEY

For my favorite son, I would do anything.

(BEAT)

Do you have enough money?

DUNGUS

I just printed some out.

He pulls a wad of money out of his jacket pocket and flashes it to Arley.

EXT. GOLDSTEIN'S RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING

INT. GOLDSTEIN'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tables run the length of both walls in a romantic setting. Dungus and Sapphire sit at a table for two. They are finishing up their dinner.

SAPPHIRE

You are so hot.

Dungus smiles and he starts to develop a tic, his head twitching to the left.

DUNGUS

You're the hottest thing I ever had.

You're the only thing I ever had. I guess I did pretty good for a first time.

He rubs his leg up Sapphire's.

SAPPHIRE

You dirty thing you. Want to go to my place and do some acrobats?

DUNGUS

Oh, yeah.

His tic becomes more pronounced.

SAPPHIRE

You drive big boy. I want to check out your hot rod.

DUNGUS

Me...You want me to drive.

SAPHIRE

I'm the type that doesn't like to do
any work.
(BEAT)

What kind of car do you have?

Dungus looks out the window and spots a red Ferrari parked
outside.

DUNGUS

A Ferrari.

SAPHIRE

I knew there was something special
about you.

A waiter walks up to the table.

WAITER

Would you like some matza
balls...Italian matza balls.

DUNGUS

No thanks. Got plenty of balls.

SAPHIRE

Believe me. There are plenty of balls
at this table honey.

Dungus's tic gets more pronounced. He is having trouble
making eye contact. He stands and pulls out a hundred dollar
bill and hands it to the waiter.

WAITER

I used to have a tic too. I had it for about two years after a rabbi at our temple did some disgusting things to me...What's your story, a rabbi or a catholic priest?

DUNGUS

Actually my shrink.

WAITER

We hope you enjoyed your meal...Have a good evening.

Sapphire stands and trips on her high heels.

SAPPHIRE

(SMILES)

We're gonna go have some dessert.

Dungus escorts Sapphire out of the restaurant arm in arm. Sapphire is blowing kisses at him.

EXT. GOLDSTEIN'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dungus and Sapphire stand on opposite sides of the Ferrari.

DUNGUS

What are you waiting for beautiful.
Get in. I'm going to take you on the ride of your life.

SAPPHIRE

(SMILING)

That sounds so kinky.

Sapphire and Dungus hop in.

Dungus reaches under the steering column and rips out some wiring. He crosses two together and the car starts with its distinctive Italian purr.

SAPHIRE (CONT'D)

Don't you have a set of keys baby?

DUNGUS

I always loose my keys, so I never use them.

He looks back towards the restaurant and sees a muscular man standing up from his seat. The man points in Dungus's direction.

Dungus floors the Ferrari and it pulls out with a screech and a blast of burnt rubber. He flies through a red light an oncoming traffic and then eases it into a proper lane.

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

I think it's better if we take a side road.

He turns down a side street.

Saphire starts groping Dungus's chest.

SAPHIRE

I like dark streets baby. No telling what can get hard.

She reaches for her pocket book and pulls out a nail clipper.

DUNGUS

What are you going to do with that?

SAPHIRE

You'll see. I'm kind of kinky.

DUNGUS

While I'm driving?

SAPHIRE

Get a little risky baby.

She leans her body under the steering wheel and takes off Dungus's shoes. She rips his socks off with her teeth. She starts clipping away at his toe nails. She starts **moaning** and rolling her **eyes** back in her head.

Dungus starts ticking like a lunatic, barely keeping his eyes on the road.

DUNGUS
(SCREAMING)

OWE!!!!

He almost loses control of the car.

SAPHIRE

Just a little blood baby. Let me suck
it.

Dungus notices hair on Sapphire's legs. His eyes go wide.

DUNGUS

You've got hair on your legs.

SAPHIRE

I've got an even bigger surprise for
you. I hope you're wide like the
midtown tunnel.

Dungus floors the Ferrari back onto the main road, cutting off a police car. He loses control and smashes the Ferrari into a tree. Both airbags go off. Dungus is unconscious.

EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Ambulances and police cars surround the Ferrari. A news van is parked nearby with its satellite elevated. Rescue personnel and curiosity seekers fill the scene.

Dungus lays on a stretcher by the ambulance. A **TV CAMERA CREW** runs over to him.

REPORTER

Are you Dungus Mcslob?

DUNGUS
(ANSWERING)

Yeah.

REPORTER

Do you know that you helped catch the

TOENAIL KILLER.

DUNGUS

Toenail Killer...A serial Killer.

Arley pushes her way through the camera crew almost knocking them over. She has her hallmark pint of icecream in her hand, shoveling it down as she approaches Dungus.

ARLEY
(MOUTHFUL)

My boy.

She rubs his head.

ARLEY (CONT'D)

I was so worried about you. Annie called and said you were in an accident. I thought the worst.

She puts her head on his chest.

ARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you're okay.

She shovels some more icecream in.

A police officer walks up to Dungus.

POLICE OFFICER

Dungus McSlob. We are going to have to arrest you for grandtheft auto.

ARLEY
(SHOCKED)

What?

POLICE OFFICER

His boyfriend said he stole the car.

ARLEY

My son would not steal a car. And my
son is not gay.
(TO DUNGUS)

Are you gay Dungus?

DUNGUS

No, I'm not gay mom. I'll explain
later.

Arley looks over toward the curb and sees Sapphire sitting
down, hands cuffed behind his back. She waddles over to him.

ARLEY
(TO SAPHIRE)

You stole that car, you transidiot.

She kicks him square in the head and his wig goes flying.

ARLEY (CONT'D)

And you were going to kill my son. You
disgusting pervert. You should be
deballed.

SAPHIRE

Kill him yes. Steal a car no.

ARLEY

You stole that car too, you social
misfit.

Arley turns around and pushes her butt into Sapphire's face. She farts and Sapphire's face gets stuck there. We **HEAR** the muffled screams from Sapphire as the farts keep blowing.

ARLEY (CONT'D)

You smell that you faggot. Take it all
in you sick twisted jerk. You must
have had bad parents to raise you like
this.

She pulls away from Sapphire and Sapphire's face is smeared with fecal matter. Sapphire takes a deep breath and collapses.

SAPHIRE

Okay I forced him to steal the car
with my toenail clipper. Someone get
this crazy lady away from me.

POLICE OFFICER
(TO DUNGUS)

I'm sorry Dungus. You are a hero
tonight.

All scream in joy. The camera crew moves in closer and camera's start to flash as more reporters converge on the scene.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

The room is dark with only a small light above Dungus's bed. He lies down comfortably with an I.V. in his arm. The bag of fluids has a label marked, "**DEMORAL**". Dungus squeezes a button to let some more medicine in.

DUNGUS
(TO SELF)

I don't care if I piss the bed
anymore. If a girl is going to like
me, they'll like me for who I am.

(MORE)

DUNGUS (CONT'D)

No more meeting these crazies on the
internet.

He smiles and dozes off.

THE END

