

COXBLOCKER

Written by

Greg Coolidge & Tim Dowling

09.06.00

FADE IN:

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLIFF CANTER(22) lays face down on his bed. His normally messy brown hair is plastered to his forehead, and he is wearing a trench coat. His eyes start to flutter open.

VOICE (O.S.)
Oh my god.

Cliff slowly raises his head, and allows his eyes to adjust. He sees MOLLY RYAN(21), a tall and athletic auburn haired beauty. Cliff smiles a cotton-mouthed smile with dried saliva all over his face.

CLIFF
Molly.

Cliff follows her shocked brown eyes to his hand: an empty bottle of tequila. Then to the night stand: a pile of used condoms.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Huh?

Cliff hears a NEIGH. At the other end of the room a horse paws at the ground. Cliff shoots to his feet.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Molly! I can explain!

Cliff's trench coat swings open, revealing the women's lingerie he is wearing underneath.

CLIFF (cont'd)
I normally don't drink.

She turns to leave but Cliff grabs her wrist.

CLIFF (cont'd)
No, no, no. That came out wrong. What I meant was . . . it's not how it looks.

The horse NEIGHS again. Cliff and Molly look and see a condom hanging out of the horse's rear end.

MOLLY
You're sick.

She turns and leaves the room. Cliff opens his mouth to call after her. The image FREEZES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (V.O.)
But what could I have said?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE- PRESENT

Cliff sits in a chair, shaking his head. Across from him a DOCTOR(50's), listens intently.

CLIFF
I mean, honestly. Put yourself in her shoes. How can it not look how it looks when there's a condom hanging out of a horse's ass and I'm clinging to an empty bottle of tequila? How can one possibly explain that?

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cliff is in total shock.

CLIFF (V.O.)
But that's kinda the point. You can't explain yourself when you've been cockblocked. And I'd been cockblocked.

The condom falls out of the horse's ass as he takes a shit on Cliff's rug.

CLIFF (cont'd) (V.O.)
And butt good.

TITLE CARD: COCKBLOCKERS

Following the title, in fades the definition . . .

SUPER: *cockblocker*: n. an individual that obstructs or impedes the advances of a man toward a woman, using any and all means necessary to prevent physical or emotional intimacy of any kind. A.K.A. *blocker*. SEE ALSO: *The Kibosh*

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Cliff shakes his head.

CLIFF
All I ever wanted was to fall in love. I didn't want to "get laid" or "bump uglies" or "pound pelvis" - I was very unlike my contemporaries in that way - I just wanted to meet a cool girl that was worth spending time with.
(beat)
But that never seemed to happen.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF(cont'd)

I always thought it was me: the way I looked or talked, or just bad luck with women.

(shaking his head)

But no. You see, every step of the way, there was always someone making sure it didn't happen for me. Some cockblocker.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry. I don't think I'm familiar with this practice. This . . . "cockblocking."

Cliff smiles knowingly.

CLIFF

You know something? A week ago I would have said the exact same thing. But it goes on all the time, and most people never even know it.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARTY - YEARS EARLIER - NIGHT

YOUNG CLIFF(16), wearing jeans and a flannel, sits on a couch with an ATTRACTIVE GIRL.

CLIFF (V.O.)

Like the guy who won't leave you alone with that girl you've been dreaming about for years . . .

SOME GUY sits on the end of the couch. He smiles at Cliff and cracks another beer. Cliff shakes his head and goes into the bathroom.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARTY - MINUTES LATER

Cliff comes back from the bathroom, only to find the guy and the attractive girl making out like crazy. They stop and look at Cliff. The guy's hand emerges from inside the girl's shirt, through her collar, and he waves to Cliff.

The image FREEZES.

CLIFF (V.O.)

Cockblocker.

INT. COLLEGE PARTY - NIGHT

Cliff is on the dance floor with a HOTTY. A PREPPY GUY approaches him, and takes him aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (V.O.)
 Or you think you've met "the one," and
 then some guy tells you "what a nut-job
 that girl is" and how "you don't want to
 get involved with her" . . .

Cliff nods and mouths "thanks."

INT. CHURCH - YEARS LATER

The preppy guy and hotty are standing at the altar kissing as the room applauds. Cliff watches on, from the audience. The preppy guy looks at Cliff and shrugs.

The image FREEZES.

CLIFF (V.O.)
 Cockblocker.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Cliff shakes his head.

CLIFF
 It's been going on all my life, right in
 front of me, and I never even knew it.
 Until now.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

A KNOCK at the door. Cliff answers, wearing his graduation robes. In the hallway, is a Latino PIZZA GUY on a low-rider bicycle.

PIZZA GUY
 Here's your fucking pizza, mah. Fucking
 sausage and ham, mah.

CLIFF
 (holding a twenty)
 Oh, no, that's . . . I didn't' . . . see,
 I'm a vegetarian, and . . .

The pizza guy grabs the twenty and rides away.

CLIFF (cont'd)
 (to no one in particular)
 Yeah, okay, that'll be fine . . .
 (calling after)
 Have a good one, bro!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff closes the door, and tosses the pizza on the table. He walks to the window.

CLIFF (cont'd) (V.O.)
 Every guy has that girl. That one, perfect girl that you'd do anything for. And even though you've never met her, you feel like you've known her your whole life. And then fate throws you into each other's paths . . .

(beat)
 And losing her becomes just about the worst thing you can imagine. For me, that girl was -

Cliff exhales as he watches Molly run on the streets below.

CLIFF
 Runner girl.

Cliff's best friend, ALAN FISHER(24), a tall black guy with an afro peeking out of his Detroit Tiger's cap, takes a look. He eats a piece of pizza.

FISHER
 Damn, man, she's got a name.

CLIFF
 What is it, then?

FISHER
 Boobs McBouncytits? How the hell should I know, you're the one who watches her run by here every day.
 (beat)
 Why don't you ask her out?

CLIFF
 Yeah, right.

FISHER
 Why not?

CLIFF
 Because, Fish, I'm not one of *those guys* that can just walk up to a girl and, you know . . .

FISHER
 Talk to her?

CLIFF
 Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISHER
(considering)
Yeah, I guess you do lead kind of a sad
social existence.

CLIFF
It's not *that* bad.

FISHER
No, it is. I mean, now that I think
about it . . . you've never even been on
a date before.

CLIFF
What? Fisher, please, I've been on a
date.

FISHER
Have you?

CLIFF
Yes! That one girl. Brittany. I took
her out.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION OFFICE - MONTHS EARLIER

Cliff and BRITTANY stand at the reception desk.

BRITTANY
Thanks, Cliff. You're a good friend.

He reaches for his wallet.

BRITTANY (cont'd)
Oh, Cliff, you don't have to.

CLIFF
Brittany, please. I wouldn't feel like a
gentleman if I didn't.

Cliff turns to the RECEPTIONIST, who sits in front of a sign
that reads: MELHALL ABORTION CLINIC.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

Fisher shakes his head.

FISHER
That was not a date!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
I drove.

FISHER
(nodding)
And you *did* pay . . .

CLIFF
Sounds like a date to me.

FISHER
Yeah, but, didn't she marry that dude
that knocked her up in the first place?

CLIFF
Well, yeah . . .
(off Fisher's look)
But that marriage isn't gonna last, man.
And now I'm in second position! When
they split, old Cliffy'll be right there
to pick up the pieces.

FISHER
That's the thing, man. You're always in
second position. You're the nice guy.
The friend.

A beat.

CLIFF
It's true.

Cliff collapses in a chair.

FISHER
Yo, man, what's with the gowns?

CLIFF
Leave me alone. We just graduated. A
lot of people wear the gowns after the
ceremony.

FISHER
(checking his watch)
Yeah, well, it's already . . . JULY.
(beat)
Cliff, we graduated six weeks ago, dawg.
You a'ight?

CLIFF
(shaking his head)
No. No, I'm not. Six weeks out of
school and I'm already having withdrawal.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF(cont'd)

(beat)

I can't do this. I can't handle the real world. I'll never meet a woman. Hell, I can't even find a job!

FISHER

I thought you had somethin' lined up?

CLIFF

So did I. Do you have any idea how hard it is to actually *land* a job these days?

CUT TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

A peppy STORE MANAGER wearing Capri pants, smiles at Cliff..

STORE MANAGER

I'm sorry. We're looking for someone much hipper.

(she touches Cliff's shirt)

Is this flannel?

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

An AIRLINE REP speaks to Cliff.

AIRLINE REP

We're looking for someone more ill-tempered and rude.

A CONCERNED PARENT steps up.

CONCERNED PARENT

Excuse me, my daughter is missing . . .

AIRLINE REP

I'm sorry, I'm on a break.

The airline rep places a closed sign on her desk, pulls out an apple, and begins eating.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES - DAY

A sullen DMV WORKER stares at Cliff's application.

DMV WORKER

We're actually looking for someone dumber.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DMV WORKER (cont'd)

To be honest, the fact that you even *applied* for this job makes you far too motivated to work at the Department of Motor Vehicles. Sorry.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

Cliff shakes his head.

FISHER

You gotta be more assertive, man. Don't take no for an answer!

Cliff shakes his head, dejected. Fisher give a sympathetic nod and puts a hand on Cliff's shoulder.

FISHER (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

(beat)

Listen, yo, I can hook you up with a job at the club. If you want. I mean, it ain't much - camp counselor, but-

CLIFF

Are you kidding me? I love kids!

FISHER

Psh. Shit. Tomorrow, then. Noon.

CLIFF

You're a good friend, Fish.

FISHER

Shit, man, I'm the best.

Cliff gives Fisher a hug. A water balloon comes through the window, drenching Cliff and Fisher.

VOICES (O.S.)

Queers!

Fisher turns to the window. In the building across the way, he sees RICK(23) and RICK(24), fraternity types similar in every way.

RICK #1

Up top, bro!

They high five like a couple of real idiots.

FISHER

(yelling)

Yeah, that's real funny, bitch! We'll see how funny it is when I -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff slams the window closed.

CLIFF
Shhh. They'll hear you.

FISHER
Yes, I know that. That's why I was
yelling.

CLIFF
Well, geeze, you don't want to piss 'em
off.

FISHER
Why not?

CLIFF
What if they did something to us?

Fisher removes his hat and wrings the water out.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Something else.

EXT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fisher slings a bag over his shoulder, puts the box of pizza
under his arm, and climbs onto a bike. They look up at the
Ricks, who are spitting on passers-by.

FISHER
Listen to me, man, you can't let people
walk all over you. If you don't say
anything, what's to stop people from
doin' shit like that? Stand up for
yourself, boy.

SLAM. Cliff is hit by Molly, who was running in the opposite
direction. He goes down.

CLIFF
Hey, watch where you're goin', asshole!

FISHER
Atta boy!

MOLLY
Excuse me?

He looks up and sees her.

CLIFF
Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. She offers him a hand up. He takes it.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Thanks.

RICK #1
That's more action than he's seen in
years!

RICK #2
Yeah, be careful or he'll shoot his wad
all over you!

Cliff closes his eyes.

MOLLY
You all right?

CLIFF
I will be as soon as I find my dignity.
(beat)
But I'm pretty sure I dropped that
somewhere else. A ways back, actually.

MOLLY
(cracking a smile)
Well, I hope you find it.

Cliff smiles.

CLIFF
Me too.

Molly puts her headphones back on her head.

MOLLY
You should keep your head up when you
walk, though.
(beat)
That smile's too cute to hide.

She smiles and waves as she takes off running. Cliff watches
her go.

CLIFF
(waving blissfully)
Bye.

FISHER
Nice, man. First meeting with your dream
girl - you knock her down and call her an
asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cliff watches her go. Fisher watches an OLD WOMAN drive by on a motorized cart.

FISHER (cont'd)
Damn, that bitch is fine.

CLIFF
That's disgusting.

FISHER
Clifford, I don't judge a woman by her color, creed, or age but, rather, by the content of her pocketbook. You see an old woman. I see a *single* woman wearin' more gold than Mr. T.

Fisher kicks off and rides away. He rings a bell on his bike as he passes the old woman.

FISHER (cont'd)
Bling, bling.

OLD WOMAN
Oh my.

CLIFF
(nodding to himself)
All right, real world. Give me your best shot.

SPLASH! Another water balloon hits Cliff, drenching him.

INT. KID'S GYM - DAY

A converted gym in the back of the fitness center, filled with all kinds of colored mats, balls, and foamed athletic equipment. A huge group of kids sit, staring at Cliff.

FISHER
Welcome aboard!

CLIFF
I thought you said I'd be a camp counselor?

FISHER
And you are. This is camp, and who needs more counseling than these blossoming young adults?

A GIRL(5) runs up and pulls on Cliff's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL
I'm five and three quarters!

Fisher smiles at Cliff.

FISHER
Camp starts at nine and parents pick up
and drop off their kids all day, until
five. This is Boris, he handles the
morning shift.

BORIS(45), a heavy set Russian with a thick accent, extends a hand. He has a Castro-style beard.

BORIS
Hello, comrade.

CLIFF
(shaking his hand)
Nice beard.

BORIS
(leaning close to Cliff)
Don't see them as harmless children. See
them as forty-seven tiny proletariats
capable of revolution. Together we can
break their will.

Cliff looks at the wide-eyed, harmless kids staring at him.
Boris exits. Fisher turns to Cliff.

FISHER
Yeah, he's a little intense, but he gets
the job done.
(beat)
So you take over at noon. You'll have
weekends off. You can use the gym's
facilities mornings, before work.

A pause. Cliff looks around.

CLIFF
Fisher, this is day-care. I'm a baby-
sitter.

FISHER
We prefer the term youth camp
coordinator.
(he pats Cliff again)
You're a pal. If you have any questions,
don't hesitate to ask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fisher exits. The door closes behind him like a drawbridge, and a series of locks are heard. Cliff exhales.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - RECEPTION DESK - LATER

Cliff is sifting through the drawers. Fisher leans over the counter.

FISHER

Turpentine's in the storage closet.
Men's locker room.

CLIFF

How'd you know I was lookin' for-

FISHER

Kids. Somebody's always gluin' somethin' to somethin'. What is it today, hand to the doorknob?

CLIFF

Ass to the toilet seat.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

A SMALL BOY sits on the toilet, pants at his ankles.

SMALL BOY

(screaming at the top of his lungs)

HELP!

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - AFTER

Cliff sifts through the storage closet. He finds the turpentine and closes the door. He is about to leave, when a snapping sound catches his attention. He moves to investigate.

INT. TOWEL STORAGE ROOM - SAME TIME

Cliff creeps around the corner into a large storage room. He stops in the entrance. He sees the back of an OLDER MAN, sitting on a pile of towels. A fly buzzes. The man snaps his towel. No more buzzing. Cliff slowly backs out, amazed.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Cliff makes his way through the locker room. Fisher finds him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER
 You find everything all right?

CLIFF
 (flustered)
 Yeah, I just . . .

They hear a MAN'S VOICE singing to himself around the corner.
 They step toward the showers to take a look.

FISHER
 The hell . . .

INT. SHOWER AREA - SAME TIME

ROD(25), a hard-bodied personal trainer with a tan as fake as his personality, stands in front of a scale, wearing only a G-string, and his finely groomed mullet. He looks in the mirror and starts gyrating his hips.

ROD
 (singing)
 Ain't nothin' but G-string, baby.
 (hopping on the scale)
 This scale is the one that weighs me.

He watches the numbers, then smiles. He looks in the mirror and kisses at his reflection. He then grabs one of his pecs with both hands and licks it.

FISHER
 Damn.

Rod turns around, casually.

ROD
 What's up, brotha man?

FISHER
 Yo, Cliff. This is Rod.

Rod is staring at himself in a wall-sized mirror. Cliff nods to Rod's reflection.

FISHER
 (sniffing)
 Damn, what's that smell?

ROD
 That's body oil. I like to lube up
 before I work out. Up top!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rod holds up his hand, and Fisher reluctantly slaps it. Rod exits. Fisher shakes the grease off his hand.

FISHER
That shit is nasty.

INT. POOL - MINUTES LATER

Rod dives into the pool and a huge ring of oil seeps out around him.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - SAME TIME

Cliff and Fisher watch Rod begin to swim laps.

FISHER
Yeah, so that's Rod. Personal trainer and resident alpha male.

CLIFF
Seems like a cool guy.

FISHER
(disgusted)
Cool guy? Man, whoever heard of a dude lickin' his own boob?

CLIFF
I guess you're right.

Cliff and Fisher make their way back to the reception desk.

CLIFF
Fish, what do you do here?

FISHER
Psh. I practically run the joint, yo. Membership, reception, employment, you name it. But what I really want to do is valet.

CLIFF
(confused)
Why?

FISHER
Are you kiddin' me? What better place to find a single woman with a bankroll-
(grabbing his crotch)
-and a taste for dark meat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
My bad. I always forget you're lookin'
for a sugar momma.

FISHER
Yeah, well, apparently I wasn't "good
enough" for the job, if you know what I
mean.

CLIFF
They wouldn't let you valet because
you're black?

FISHER
That's what I'm sayin'.
(beat)
That and that grand-theft auto thing.
But still. Racist, man.

Fisher shakes his head. Molly walks into the building and approaches the desk.

MOLLY
Excuse me . . .

Cliff turns around.

CLIFF
Hey!

Molly cocks her head, slightly confused.

MOLLY
Hey . . .

She reads his name tag.

MOLLY (cont'd)
Cliff.

CLIFF
You have no idea who I am, do you?
(off Molly's sheepish reaction)
The guy with the smile too cute to hide?

She thinks.

CLIFF (cont'd)
The guy who knocked you down and called
you an asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY
(smiling)
Oh, right! Sorry. I'm just used to looking at the top of your head.

Fisher coughs on the water he's drinking. They look at him.

FISHER
I'm sorry. My mind's in the gutter. How can we help you?

MOLLY
Actually, I'm interested in a membership.

CLIFF
Oh. Well, you'll want to talk to Mr. Fisher, here -

Fisher squeezes Cliff's balls from behind, quieting him instantly.

FISHER
You know what, Cliff, I was gonna go check on the kids for a while, so if you wouldn't mind taking care of Miss . . .

MOLLY
Molly. Ryan.

CLIFF
(pained)
Sure.

FISHER
(releasing Cliff's balls)
Perfect. Cliff is great, he'll tell you everything you need to know.

Rod steps in. He strikes a pose that is identical to a life-size stand-up of himself, that he is standing next to. The caption reads: NEW MEMBERS - FREE SESSION WITH ROD THE BOD!

ROD
Hi, there. I'm Rod.
(looking her up and down)
Is there something I can help you with?

Molly looks from the stand-up Rod to the real Rod.

MOLLY
That's all right.
(she looks at Cliff and smiles)
I'm being helped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rod looks at Cliff.

ROD
Ooh. Was this guy helping you?

MOLLY
Yeah.

ROD
Yeah. That's no good. See I got a real
important job I need him to do.

Rod looks around for a job to give Cliff. He steps close to him, so that Molly can't hear their conversation.

ROD (cont'd)
(indicating some large bags)
I'm gonna need you to throw away that
cement. A.S.A.P.

FISHER
Yo, Rod. I'm headin' that way all ready.
I'll handle it.

ROD
Yeaahhh . . . You're black, right?

A long pause.

FISHER
Yeah . . .

ROD
Yeah, that won't work.

FISHER
(defensive)
Why not?

ROD
I wouldn't want people to think we give
the shit jobs to the black guys.
Besides, we don't want you nosin' around
the parking lot, right bro?

Fisher just stares at him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Cliff heaves a bag of cement into the dumpster. He bends over and grabs his back. He hears a MAN'S VOICE, yelling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE
There's the son of a bitch who stole our
cement!

Cliff looks up. He sees three burly CONSTRUCTION GUYS running toward him. They surround him.

CONSTRUCTION GUY
Grab his ankles, T-Bone.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Molly sits in a chair. Rod is behind a desk. He stares at her intently. He gives his trademark, grotesque smile.

ROD
Okay. Name?

MOLLY
Molly. Ryan.

ROD
(flaring his nostrils)
I like that.

Molly leans forward and takes the form.

MOLLY
You know what? I can just fill this out.
Save us some time.

ROD
Ooh. And brains.

Molly smiles.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The construction guys toss Cliff's limp body into the dumpster. They dust off their hands and head in. Moments pass.

The older man from the towel room, cigarette dangling from his lips, walks toward the dumpster carrying a bag of garbage. He tosses the bag in.

CLIFF
Umph.

The older man stops and listens. Nothing. He shakes it off, reaches behind the dumpster and pulls out a can of beer. He cracks it and starts drinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (cont'd)
Uuuu . . .

The older man steps up on the dumpster and looks in. He sees Cliff's lifeless body. Staring at Cliff, the older man doesn't notice his ashes fall into the dumpster. A small fire starts at Cliff's feet.

The older man notices.

OLDER MAN
Oh, shit.

He goes to pour his beer on the fire, but it's empty. He jumps down and grabs another from behind the dumpster. He quickly cracks it and pours it on the fire, but it has grown and one beer isn't enough.

He reaches for another, but can't find one. He pulls out the box. Empty. Thinking quickly, the older man hops up on the dumpster. He looks around, quickly, then unzips his fly.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Molly holds a small cup in her hands, filled with urine. She hands it to Rod.

MOLLY
Urine sample.

ROD
(smiling)
Thank. You.

MOLLY
I'm sorry. What did you need that for,
again?

Rod smiles a perverse grin, as he slides the sample off the table and into his lap. A moment of silence.

ROD
I've been looking over your application.
Pre-med, huh?

MOLLY
Yeah, I'm studying to be a veterinarian.

ROD
Oh, so you're one of those animal lovers,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
Yes. I am.

ROD
(nodding)
The girl's into animals. I can dig that.
(going over application)
Yeah, I thought about med school.

MOLLY
(skeptically)
Yeah?

ROD
Pediatric gynecology.

Molly puts it together.

ROD (cont'd)
That's a joke.

MOLLY
That's sick.

A beat.

ROD
You didn't think that was funny?
(Molly shakes her head)
Really?

MOLLY
Really.

ROD
(nodding)
Okay. Fair enough. Just one more blank
to fill in . . .
(cocking an eyebrow)
Home phone number?

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The older man slaps Cliff, and his head flops, lifelessly, from side to side. The older man looks around to make sure no one is watching. He takes one last drag off of his smoke, and puts it out on Cliff's hand.

CLIFF
(shooting up)
EEEYAHHHHH!!!

He catches Cliff as he starts to fall back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (cont'd)
What happened? Where am I? Who are you?

EARL
They call me Earl "The Pearl" Bonner.

CLIFF
(freaking out)
The kids! Oh no!

EARL
It's all right. Fisher took care of it.

INT. KID'S GYM - SAME TIME

The kids are all seated quietly. Boris stands in front of A SMALL GIRL. He speaks at her, through a megaphone.

BORIS
(into megaphone)
Number thirty-one. You are not special snowflake! Everyone is same! Everything you do is for good of your fellow play group!

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Cliff relaxes.

CLIFF
Thank god.
(sniffing)
What smells like piss?

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - RECEPTION DESK - LATER

Earl drops Cliff's charred shoes into the garbage outside the men's locker room. Fisher is behind the reception desk.

CLIFF
Wow. I mean, the ass kicking I understand. But was it really necessary for them to douse me in beer, light me on fire, then piss on me?

EARL
(shaking his head)
Barbarians.

A nearby door opens. Rod and Molly exit. Molly spots Cliff and waves. Cliff waves back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
Clint. You look like shit.

CLIFF
Yeah. I think you might have made a
mistake on those -

ROD
Whoa. Whoa. I don't make mistakes.

CLIFF
No. That's not what I mean. It's just .
. . I don't think I was supposed to throw
away that cement.

ROD
I said garbage. I said throw the garbage
away. Why would you throw away cement?

CLIFF
I don't know.

Rod looks at Cliff, then at Molly.

ROD
You know, somethin', Clint. If you would
have paid attention to what I was saying,
instead of undressing this fine lady with
your eyes . . .

Rod takes a moment to do just that, as Molly is turned
around. He mouths: OH YEAH . . . She turns back.

ROD
(quickly turning to Cliff)
Then you wouldn't have ended up looking
like that.
(shaking his head to Molly)
Men.

Rod leads Molly away, shaking his head in disgust.

FISHER
What an asshole.

CLIFF
No. He's right.

FISHER
What do you mean he's right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF
It's my fault. You heard him. Who
throws away cement?

FISHER
You shouldn't a been doin' that shit in
the first place. When are you gonna
learn to say "no"?

Earl steps in.

EARL
Excuse me. Cliff?

CLIFF
Yeah?

EARL
I don't mean to pry, but I couldn't help
noticing the way you were looking at that
girl.

(beat)
And the way she was looking at you.

Earl steps closer. He points to Cliff's head.

EARL
Your problem isn't here . . .

Cliff puts his hand on his own chest.

CLIFF
It's here?

EARL
No. It's here.

He points to the life-sized stand-up of Rod. Cliff looks at
it for a moment, trying to figure out Earl's comment. He
turns back.

CLIFF
What -

Earl is gone. Vanished.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Where -

Fisher looks down and sees Earl crouched by the door.

FISHER
Yo, Earl. We can still see you, dawg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Earl stands up and gathers his dignity.

EARL

I know.

He walks into the locker room.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Who is that guy? Earl the Pearl.

FISHER

Psh. More like Dirty Earl. Worked in
the men's locker room since the place
opened, far as I know.

(beat)

Seen more sausage than Hickory Farms.

CLIFF

(disgusted)

That's disgusting. Why would anyone keep
that job?

FISHER

What can I say? Some people like to look
at great works of art . . . some like to
look at sweaty balls.

Cliff takes one last look at Molly, as Rod shows her the
facilities. He then checks out the cardboard stand-up of Rod.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cliff looks in the mirror, at his scrawny body. He flexes.

RICK #1 (O.S.)

Pussy!

He lowers his arms.

EXT. LIFETIME FITNESS - EARLY MORNING

The parking lot is nearly empty, as the early morning
diehards begin to arrive.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Cliff tightens his laces. He stands up proudly and takes a
look in the mirror. A RANDOM GUY laughs. Fisher strolls in.

FISHER

Comin' in early to buff up, are we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
 Sort of . . .

Fisher gets a wide grin. He slaps Cliff five.

FISHER
 Yeah, boy. You going after a little Miss
 Molly, huh?

Cliff's smile quickly fades to a look of consternation.

CLIFF
 Fisher, don't try and help me out.

FISHER
 Baby, when have I ever done you wrong?

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE BARBECUE - YEARS EARLIER

Cliff stands over a grill, tending to the cooking brats. He is chatting up a SEXY DAME.

SEXY DAME
 (flirtatiously)
 You're quite the chef.

Fisher steps up, holding a forty. He's drunk.

FISHER
 (indicating cooking meat)
 Psh, woman, you think those are big you
 should see Cliff's dick!

Fisher holds out his hand for five. Cliff slaps it, reluctantly.

FISHER (cont'd)
 My man!

Cliff lets out a nervous laugh. The sexy dame walks away.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - PRESENT

Fisher nods.

FISHER
 A'ight. I'll hang back. If that's how
 you wanna play it.

Fisher smiles and punches Cliff playfully in the chest. Cliff is knocked back a few steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
Ow.

Cliff and Fisher head out. Rod emerges from the shower, glowering. Two TEENAGERS see Rod.

FIRST TEENAGER
Jesus, man. Put a towel on.

They pass him.

SECOND TEENAGER (O.S.)
Did you see that guy's dick?

FIRST TEENAGER (O.S.)
It looked like an egg.

Rod grabs a towel and wraps it around himself, stalking off.

INT. FITNESS AREA - SAME TIME

Molly is stretching out in front of a treadmill. Cliff approaches a Stairmaster. He steps on, and the steps just sink down. He steps off, embarrassed. Molly spots him.

MOLLY
Cliff!

He turns. She waves him over.

CLIFF
Hey, Molly.

MOLLY
Were you gonna hit the Stairmaster?

CLIFF
No. I'm an employee so, you know, it's probably not a good idea if I hit any of the equipment.

Molly laughs.

MOLLY
Shut up.

CLIFF
Okay.

MOLLY
So. You wanna hit the treadmill with me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff sees Fisher standing nearby, pretending to clean some equipment. Fisher nods slowly.

CLIFF (cont'd)
 Yeah. Okay.
 (smacking the console)
 Let's hit the treadmill.

MOLLY
 Awesome.

She climbs on and starts pressing buttons. Her treadmill starts moving, and she works into a slow jog. Cliff follows suit.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - FITNESS DESK - SAME TIME

Rod watches on, seething. DEVIN(20's) and MICKEY(20's), Rod's buddies and fellow trainers, stand beside him. They, too, are purveyors of fine mullet, though smaller than Rod's.

DEVIN
 Why don't you just go over there and tell her she's got a great rack?

Rod shakes his head.

MICKEY
 Or a tight ass. That'll work, too.

ROD
 You'd think that, wouldn't you? But this one's different, boys. She doesn't go for the usual fare.

DEVIN
 Urine sample?

ROD
 She looked at me like I was some kind of pervert. And that's usually my closer.

Mickey and Devin shake their heads.

MICKEY
 Wow. What *is* she into then?

Rod nods at Cliff.

ROD
 A different breed of man, fellas. A different breed of man.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD(cont'd)

If she wants the nice guy, I can give her
the nice guy.

(stroking the mullet)
How's the hair?

MICKEY/DEVIN
Great . . . awesome.

DEVIN
(stroking his mullet)
What about us?

ROD
Comin' along, boys. You blow drying,
like I showed you?
(off their profuse nodding)
Good. Pretty soon you'll be just like
me.
(fluffing his mullet)
Un. Stoppable.

He moves toward Molly.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - SAME TIME

Molly and Cliff are running, side by side. Rod approaches.

ROD
(doing his best Eddie Haskell)
Hey, Molly!

MOLLY
Hi, Rod.

ROD
(acting like a normal person)
So. How are things?

MOLLY
Fine. Cliff and I were just working out.

Cliff nods.

CLIFF
Hey, R -

ROD
Great. So what'd you do last night?

MOLLY
Nothing. Just stayed in and studied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
 That's right. Veterinarian.
 (cocking an eyebrow)
 Dr. Molly. That's sex . . .
 (catching himself)
 . . . ist.

MOLLY
 (confused)
 What is?

ROD
 (thinking quickly)
 Well, I mean . . . they have waiters and
 waitresses, they should have doctors and
 doctresses.

Molly laughs. Rod laughs along with her. Cliff can't believe what he is hearing.

MOLLY
 (looking at Cliff, laughing)
 Did you hear that?

Cliff quickly smiles.

CLIFF
 Yeah.
 (giving Rod a thumbs up)
 Good one, man.

ROD
 Yeah, I'm a pretty funny guy.
 (off Molly's laughter)
 Wow, what a great laugh.

MOLLY
 Thanks.

A beat. Rod milks the pause, staring at Molly.

ROD
 Anyway, Molly, I was thinking - if you're
 not doing anything tonight -

Cliff's eyes go wide.

ROD (cont'd)
 We could hang out. You know, have some
 dinner. Watch MacGuyver.

Rod strokes his mullet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY

Oh, that's really sweet, Rod, but I'm
baby-sitting for my brother tonight.

ROD

That's cool. Now that I think about it,
I actually got something goin' myself.

MOLLY

But another time, maybe?

ROD

Yeah, I can probably do that. I'll call
you.

Rod fires the finger gun at Molly.

MOLLY

Bye.

As he leaves, Rod pulls the plug to Cliff's machine out with his foot. SLAM! Cliff's machine comes to a screeching halt. His feet don't. Cliff goes flipping over the front of the machine and hits the floor. Molly hops off her machine.

MOLLY (cont'd)

Cliff!

Cliff sits up.

MOLLY (cont'd)

Are you all right?

He clutches his side. Rod is nearly on top of them.

ROD

What the hell are you doin', man? You
almost ended your life, there.

CLIFF

I don't know what happened.

ROD

(looking at Molly)

I'll tell you what happened. You were
screwin' around on a very serious piece
of equipment. Have you ever even used a
treadmill before?

Cliff looks at Molly.

CLIFF

Not really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROD
Jesus, man, this ain't a toy. You could have seriously injured yourself.

MOLLY
He's right, Cliff.

Rod puts his arm around Molly.

ROD
And you can't just hop on here every time you want to impress a girl. A treadmill is not a pick-up line, and a way to a girl's heart is not through her sports bra.

(he turns to Molly)
Which reminds me, I still owe you a free session.

Earl taps Cliff on the back.

EARL
Ahh, excuse me, were you using this machine?

Cliff looks at Earl. Then at Molly.

CLIFF
Ah. Yeah. Yeah, I was.

EARL
I'm really sorry, sir. I accidentally pulled the plug.

A pause. Cliff is trying to put it together. Rod's eyes are wide. Earl plugs the machine back in and walks away. Molly looks at Rod.

ROD
(begrudgingly)
Just be more careful.

He trudges off.

MOLLY
Should we finish it out?

CLIFF
You go ahead.
(rubbing his side)
I think I'm gonna call it a day.

He heads off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MOLLY
Hey, Cliff.

He turns back.

MOLLY (cont'd)
Tomorrow morning, same time?

CLIFF
I don't know, every time you run anywhere near me, I seem to end up scraping myself off the floor.
(beat)
But, yeah, I think I'll risk it.

She smiles and he heads off.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Cliff is putting on his shirt for work. Rod enters the room.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Hey, Rod -

ROD
Listen, Clint, I don't even think telling you this is necessary, after you made such an ass of yourself on the treadmill, but just in case.
(stepping closer to Cliff)
You're new here, so maybe you don't know the rules, but Rod the Bod gets first crack at all the new members. Once I'm through, you and your kind can fight it out for sloppy seconds. You got that?

Cliff nods. Rod leaves.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Cliff enters the bathroom and steps up to a urinal. He checks his stream for a moment, then looks up. Earl has appeared right next to him.

CLIFF
AHH!!!

Cliff sprays urine all over himself. He regains his composure.

CLIFF (cont'd)
(nervously)
Earl the Pearl right? How's it goin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL
Listen, kid, I didn't come here to make
small talk.

CLIFF
Neither did I, to be honest.

EARL
You're being cockblocked.

CLIFF
Cockblocked?

EARL
Yeah. And in a big way, too. I didn't
pull the plug on that machine. It was .
. . *someone else*.

CLIFF
What? Why?

EARL
Because he's cockblocking you.
(beat)
You know? Blocking your cock.

Cliff looks at him blankly.

EARL (cont'd)
He's purposely making you look like an
ass so that gal won't go for you. I did
all I could, taking the heat for your
dive, but he'll be back.

CLIFF
Are you saying . . . Rod pulled the plug?
On purpose?

EARL
Bingo-bango, kid. He's doin' everything
he can to make sure you guys never have
"that moment."

CLIFF
Why are you telling me this?

EARL
Because it's wrong. What he's doing is
wrong.
(beat)
And she seems like a nice girl. I'd like
to see her with a good man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cliff nods to himself. He looks to Earl.

CLIFF

Thanks-

Earl is gone. Cliff turns back to the urinal, but thinks better of it. He heads for a stall, opens the door, and finds Earl crouched on the toilet, hiding.

EARL

Just ignore me. I'm not even here.

Cliff nods and turns around. He exits.

INT. KID'S GYM - LATER

Cliff reenters the gym, zipping up his fly. He pats Fisher on the back.

CLIFF

Thanks for filling in.

Something catches Cliff's eye. He works his way through the crowd to the back of the room where a SMALL BOY(7), has been staple-gunned to the wall.

CLIFF

What happened? Are you all right?

SMALL BOY

(sniffling)

They said I have a girl's name.

CLIFF

Well . . . who cares what other people say? I bet you've got a great name. What is it?

The boy shakes his head.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Is it Aaron?

SMALL BOY

No.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Is it . . . Kelly?

The boy shakes head, no.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Is it . . . Robin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The small boy bursts into tears.

SMALL BOY
It's Betsy!

Cliff wasn't ready for that.

CLIFF
B-B-Betsy. Really? That's . . . that's . . .

BETSY
(sobbing)
It's a girl's name!

CLIFF
No. No. No it isn't.

BETSY
It's not?

CLIFF
No. I mean, yes, *some girls* have that name -

Betsy's eyes narrow as he prepares to bawl.

CLIFF (cont'd)
But, I happen to know a lot of boys named
Betsy, too.

Really? Who? BETSY

CLIFF
Ah. Well.
(beat)
It's a surprise. I'll tell you, but not
today. Okay?

Betsy smiles and nods.

TNT. KID'S GYM = LATER

Cliff is talking to Fisher as parents begin to pick up their kids. Fisher scopes the women as they pass.

FISHER
Cockblock? What kind of man would do somethin' like that?

CLIFF

CONTINUED:

FISHER
Speak of the angel.

Cliff looks up and sees Molly enter the gym. She waves as she crosses toward him.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Holy shit. What do I do? What do I do?

FISHER
Relax, man. Just talk to her.

CLIFF
What am I supposed to say?

FISHER
Tell her she looks healthy. Gym chicks dig that.

CLIFF
What if I can't think of anything? What if I freeze up? Or. . . or, what if I think I'm saying something witty, but it offends her? Like, what if I make a cancer joke and her aunt has cancer?

FISHER
How many cancer jokes do you know?

She's there.

MOLLY
Hey, guys.

FISHER
If you two will excuse me, I'm gonna go pry that kid's hand off his crotch.
(yelling as he goes)
Boy, you're gonna stunt its growth!

An awkward pause between Molly and Cliff.

CLIFF
You look good.

His face goes pale.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Healthy, I mean. You look healthy. No . . . no, terminal illnesses, I hope?

He swallows. She laughs at his cute uncomfortability.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY
No, I'm okay.

CLIFF
Good. Good to hear. Cause, you know . . .
. somethin's goin' around.

MOLLY
(she laughs)
Yeah.

Betsy the boy comes running up to Molly.

MOLLY
Hey, Bets.

CLIFF
Oh my god, you have a child.

Molly laughs.

MOLLY
No, no.
(a beat)
Really. I swear. Both my parents work
so, you know, oldest child picks up the
slack. This is my little brother-

CLIFF
Betsy.

MOLLY
You two know each other?

BETSY
Cliff told me he knows boys named Betsy!

MOLLY
Really. Who?

CLIFF
Well . . .

BETSY
It's a surprise.

MOLLY
(smiling at Cliff)
I'm sure it is.

Long, painful pause. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Earl appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EARL

Hi. I'm sorry to interrupt you two . . .
Cliff, pal, I'm really sorry but I can't
hang out tonight like I promised.

CLIFF

Wh -

EARL

I hate to bail on a friend like this, but
somethin' came up.

(handing Cliff an envelope)

Here are the tickets, but I don't know
where you're gonna be able to find two
other people to go to Pokemon on such
short notice.

Betsy's eyes light up.

BETSY

Pokemon 4: The Wrath of Pikachu?!

CLIFF

Oh . . .

(turning to Molly)

Ah, listen, you guys wouldn't be
interested in something like that, would
you?

MOLLY

You know what, I think my brother is
going to explode if I say no . . .

Sure enough, Betsy is holding his breath and is bright red.

CLIFF

That'd be unfortunate. Especially for
the janitorial staff.

(off Molly's laugh)

So it's a date?

(beat)

I mean, it's . . . an informal gathering .
. . of newly acquainted people . . . at a
local movie theatre?

MOLLY

(smiling)

Yeah.

She reaches into her purse and searches for cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLIFF

No, no, put your money away. You can buy me popcorn at the movie.

MOLLY

(smiling)

Okay. Thanks, Cliff.

(to Betsy)

What do you say?

BETSY

Thanks, Cliff!

Molly smiles and exits with Betsy. Cliff waves until she is out of sight.

CLIFF

(to Earl)

That was genius, man! Where'd you come up with those tickets?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Earl is walking down a city street. He passes a MAN IN A GIANT POKEMON COSTUME, waving and standing next to a sign that reads: POKEMON 4: THE WRATH OF PIKACHU! SNEAK PREVIEW! TICKETS ON SALE! A car revs its engine.

VOICE FROM CAR (O.S.)

Hey, Pokemon! You suck!

A brick hits the giant Pokemon and knocks it flat. Tires squeal as the car pulls away. A GIANT COSTUMED SUBWAY SUB runs over to help. The sound of a car in reverse, is followed by another brick, knocking the sub down, as well.

VOICE FROM CAR (cont'd) (O.S.)

Yeah! Up top!

Earl hears them high five, and pull away. He surveys the fallen characters around him, then takes passes from each, and continues on his way, making sure no one has seen.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - RECEPTION DESK - PRESENT

Earl sips from a Subway soft drink container.

FISHER

Shit, Earl, if Rod can cockblock, what was that, a cock-assist?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL

It's called "wing-manning." I acted as your wing man. And yes, it's one of the few known defenses against the cockblock.

(beat)

Now listen carefully. It is essential you get a good-night kiss, tonight. Physical contact is taken very seriously by women and if you kiss her - if you can achieve that base level of intimacy - Rod should be forced to concede. It's like a dog marking his territory . . .without the urine, of course. In most cases. You understand?

Cliff nods. He looks at Fisher.

CLIFF

That's amazing. Who knew this was such an intricate practice.

(turning to Earl)

How do you know so much about-

Earl is gone.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Where'd he go?

FISHER

I don't know, man. He disappeared.

A LITTLE GIRL points to the vending machine.

LITTLE GIRL

He's back there.

They look behind the vending machine. There he is.

FISHER

Earl?

EARL

(stepping out from behind the machine)

Sorry. Whenever I give out sage like advice, vanishing mysteriously just seems like the right thing to do.

(beat)

But forget about me. You got a girl waitin' for you, kid. Go get her.

Cliff turns and leaps into the air. Music kicks in and the image FREEZES, with his him in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Whoa, whoa.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

The doctor shakes his head.

CLIFF
What?

DOCTOR
How were you able to freeze in mid-air?

CLIFF
Okay. I embellished a bit for the sake
of conveying my emotional state. Just go
with me on this, okay?

EXT. BETSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cliff rings the doorbell and waits. Molly opens the door with Betsy next to her leg. Cliff kneels down and holds up a hand to give Betsy a high-five.

CLIFF
Hey, pal.

Betsy's lip quivers and he starts bawling.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Wh . . . what?

MOLLY
What happened?

CLIFF
I don't -

BETSY
He called me "gal."

CLIFF
(defensive)
No. No. I said "pal." I said "hey,
pal." Bud . . . buddy . . . bro. Bro!
How ya doin', bro?

Betsy stops crying and starts to smile. Molly shakes her head.

MOLLY
Come on. Let's get out of here.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

The marquee reads: POKEMON 4: THE WRATH OF PIKACHU!

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - SAME TIME

Cliff, Betsy, and Molly watch the movie. Betsy is totally in to it. Cliff and Molly are totally confused.

MEW-MEW
(on screen)
Mew!

MEW
(on screen)
This is not good, Mew-Mew. Mew-To has nearly doubled in size!

A universal GASP from all the children in the theatre. Cliff looks around, confused.

MEW-TO
(on screen)
Rahh!!! There is no escape, Mew-Mew!

MEW-MEW
(on screen)
Mew!

MEW
Mew-Mew!

An anime wall breaks and a nondescript yellow creature comes flying through the air.

MEW/MEW-MEW
(on screen)
Mew-mew-To!!!

All the kids cheer. Cliff looks around, further confused.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Cliff, Molly, and Betsy exit the theatre.

BETSY
Wasn't that awesome, Cliff?

CLIFF
Yeah! Totally!

BETSY
Who's your favorite?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
Ahh . . . Mew-mew . . . mew . . . two.

Molly laughs.

MOLLY
You're not a big Pokemon fan?

CLIFF
What can I say? I was raised on the
Muppet Show.

MOLLY
Get out. I love the Muppets! Who's your
favorite?

CLIFF
Gonzo. No question.

MOLLY
He's up there, for sure. But for us
gals, we've never had as great a roll
model as Miss Piggy. She really knew how
to flex those feminine wiles . . .

CLIFF
(imitating Miss Piggy)
Kermie? Would you bring moi some
chocolate?

MOLLY
(laughing)
That's amazing . . .

CLIFF
You think?

MOLLY
(still laughing)
That is by far the *worst* Miss Piggy I
have ever heard in my life.

They continue to walk.

EXT. BETSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cliff's car pulls into the driveway. Molly, Cliff, and Betsy
get out.

MOLLY
Go get your P.J.'s on kid. Tell mom I'll
be right in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETSY
Bye, Cliff! Thanks!

Betsy runs into the house.

CLIFF
She's a good kid.
(beat)
He's a good kid. I'm sorry.

MOLLY
It's okay. You're definitely not the
first to make that mistake.

CLIFF
Why Betsy? If you don't mind me asking.

MOLLY
Oh, it's a long and sordid tale of lost
love. Basically, there was this girl,
Betsy. My dad's dream girl, and when he
finally got a chance to take her out,
some guy told her he was a . . . a
transvestite priest, with an affinity for
clown porn.

CLIFF
Oh my god.

MOLLY
And she never spoke to him again.

CLIFF
(to himself)
The cockblock. It's everywhere.

MOLLY
What?

CLIFF
Nothing.

MOLLY
Anyway. He vowed to name a child after
that girl -his lost love . . . my mother
named me, and Bets got the shaft.

CLIFF
Wow. What a story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY
Which reminds me. Good luck finding
another boy named Betsy. I've been
looking for years.

Molly smiles. A pause. There's the moment. They lean in to kiss, but stop suddenly when a siren sounds, and bright lights appear.

VOICES (O.S.)
Neighborhood Watch! Nobody move!

Molly covers her eyes from the blinding light. Rod emerges from the light.

ROD
Molly! What are you doing here?

CLIFF
Rod?

MOLLY
I live here.

Rod throws his arms out in surprise, pointing his high-powered flashlight at Cliff, who grabs his eyes and hits the ground.

ROD
Wow! That's crazy! What a coincidence!
(a beat, as Cliff stands up)
I'm sorry. Did I scare you guys? We're
Neighborhood Watch. You know, just out
patrolling the streets, keepin' 'em
clean, helpin' old people, you know . . .
do stuff.

MOLLY
That's really nice of you.

ROD
It is, isn't it? Anyway, this looked
like a potential date rape situation so,
you know, better safe than sorry.

MOLLY
(smiling)
Oh! No, we're okay. But thanks, Rod.
For caring.

ROD
It's what I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Molly smiles at Rod. Cliff's moment is lost.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cliff enters his apartment and tosses his keys on the table.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cliff slips into his boxers and slides into bed. He drifts off to dreamland.

CUT TO:

CLIFF'S DREAM

An anime sequence, reminiscent of the Pokemon movie. ANIME CLIFF turns his head.

ANIME CLIFF
Mew-Mew, there is Molly.

An ANIME MOLLY, with pursed lips, is tied to a pole.

MEW-MEW
Surely you cannot reach her!

ANIME CLIFF
The laws of physics say it cannot be done.

ANIME EARL shows up.

ANIME EARL
Thank goodness for flying shoes!

Anime Cliff and Anime Earl press buttons on their sneakers and built in after-burners pop out. They fly through the air. Molly stands with arms outstretched.

ANIME CLIFF
We are almost there!

Anime Earl hands Anime Cliff lipstick, which he promptly applies.

ANIME EARL
I can also be called Wing-Man!

A GIANT ANIME PENIS erupts from the ground.

ANIME CLIFF (cont'd)
Oh no! This cannot be!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The penis rises, towering over them. Anime Earl goes slamming into the giant cock. Out of the top of the giant cock, Rod's head emerges, laughing a sinister laugh.

ANIME CLIFF (cont'd)
Mew-mew! Save yourself!

Mew-mew begins to run away. The giant Rod cock begins moving up and down. He opens his mouth and blows a load all over Mew-mew, who ends up stuck to a wall.

MEW-MEW
Mew-SPEW!!!

Anime Earl whips the giant penis with a gym towel.

ANIME EARL
It is no use. There is no defense
against his milky discharge!

ANIME CLIFF
I must kiss Molly!

ANIME EARL
With tongue! With tongue!

Anime Cliff starts to run toward Molly. Just as he is about to reach her, the giant Rod cock bats him aside, sending him flying through the air and off a cliff. The giant cock bends over and swallows Molly whole.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cliff shoots up in his bed. His alarm sounding.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Cliff presses down his combed hair, looking into the mirror in his living room.

THE WINDOW ACROSS THE WAY

The Rick's hang out the window, yelling as they eat.

RICK #1
You look like a bitch, you little mamma's boy!

RICK #2
Yeah! You got a mom, dude!

Rick #1 looks at Rick #2, skeptically. Rick #2 searches nervously for a way to fix his nonsensical comment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK #2 (cont'd)
And I fucked her last night!

RICK #1
Yeah! Up top!

They high-five like idiots. The image FREEZES.

CLIFF (V.O.)
Rick and Rick were married three years later . . . to each other. They moved to the west coast, where they fulfilled their lifelong dream of opening a movie theater, where they showed classics of the adult cinema under the clever and auspicious heading: RICKS' CHICKS WITH DICKS FLICKS.

As romantic music swells, A SERIES OF DISSOLVES appears.

-Rick and Rick in wedding gowns, kissing.

-Rick and Rick in a convertible heading west, dressed like Thelma and Louise.

-Rick and Rick standing proudly in front of their marquee.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Whoa, whoa, whoa.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

The doctor is stunned. A pause.

DOCTOR
Whaaat?
(a beat)
How do you know what kind of films they showed.

A long pause.

CLIFF
I've digressed. Where was I?

DOCTOR
You had a horrible nightmare about a giant anime penis.

CLIFF
(smiling)
I was falling in love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Music swells.

MONTAGE - FALLING IN LOVE

-Molly spotting Cliff on the bench press. It rests on his chest and he shakes his head. Finally, she just picks it up and lets him free.

-Cliff is on the Stairmaster flipping through a book entitled Famous Men with Women's Names.

-Cliff is on a treadmill, next to Molly. Rod tries to pull the plug, but finds it duct taped to the floor. He looks up and sees Earl holding the roll of tape, smiling.

-Cliff is in the kid's gym reading: From Robin Hood to Robin Yount: Heroes With Girly Names.

-Molly spotting Cliff on the bench press. He actually gets out a few reps. Molly applauds, and Cliff promptly drops the bar on himself.

INT. KID'S GYM - DAY

Cliff is watching over the youngsters. Earl is next to him.

CLIFF (V.O.)

Yes, those were the best three hours of my life. But they had to end sooner or later.

EARL

So? Last night?

CLIFF

Was amazing! You should have been there.

(beat)

Actually, it's probably better you weren't.

EARL

And you kissed her, right?

CLIFF

Almost.

EARL

Dammit, Cliff!

CLIFF

It's not my fault! I was this close, and Rod showed up with the Neighborhood Watch-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL

What?

(throwing his hands up)

He did it again! He cockblocked you!

(off Cliff's blank stare)

There's no Neighborhood Watch. That's the oldest block in the book! And he blocked the first kiss. This guy's smart. And he's gonna strike again.

BETSY (O.S.)

HELP!

Cliff eyes shoot up, scanning the gym.

INT. THE FAR CORNER OF THE GYM - SAME TIME

Betsy is surrounded by three BIG TODDLERS. The BIGGEST TODDLER, grabs a whistle that is hanging around Betsy's neck.

BIGGEST TODDLER

Nice whistle.

INT. KID'S GYM - SAME TIME

Cliff pushes his way through the crowd, with Earl following. They find the big toddlers gut punching Betsy. Each time they do, the whistle sounds. He's swallowed it.

CLIFF

Hey! Stop it! What are you guys doin'?

The big toddlers stop.

BIGGEST TODDLER

Punching Betsy.

SMALLEST BIG TODDLER

Up top!

The big toddlers high five. Earl lifts the whistle string, hanging out of Betsy's mouth like a piece of spaghetti. The whistle sounds with each breath.

CLIFF

Bets, what happened?

The biggest toddler raises a fist at Betsy, threatening him.

BETSY

(whistle sounding)

I swallowed it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL
Somehow I doubt that.

CLIFF
(turning to the toddlers)
Time-outs for all of you!

Cliff looks up, just in time to see the biggest toddler come flying at him. All hell breaks loose. Kids are screaming, and the toddlers are beating on Cliff, Earl, and Betsy.

ROD
HEY!

Everything stops. The only sound is the whistle, every time Betsy breathes.

ROD (cont'd)
Get off of them!

He pulls everyone apart. Molly enters.

MOLLY
Betsy?

The whistle sounds.

MOLLY (cont'd)
(freaking)
Oh my god! What happened? Bets, are you okay?

BETSY
(whistle sounding as he nods)
Mm-hmm.

CLIFF
Molly, it's not my fault.

ROD
Cliff . . . it's your job to take care of these kids. It is your fault.
(he turns to Molly)
Molly, just calm down. He's breathing. Everything will be fine. I'll take you to the hospital. I'm on my way there now, actually, to do some volunteer work with the elderly.

CLIFF
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY
(trying to remain calm)
Thanks, Rod.

Molly scoops Betsy up and carries him out. Rod smiles at Cliff and follows her out.

CLIFF
Volunteer work?

EARL
(appearing at Cliff's side)
Yeah. And I've got two testicles.

CLIFF
What?

EARL
Nevermind. I'll bet my nut . . . s . . .
plural - that that guy - that *cockblocker*
- set up that smackdown to make you look
bad.

CLIFF
Well it worked.

EARL
Come on. He made his move. Now it's our
turn. Let's block some cock.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Cliff's car pulls up. Cliff, Earl, and Fisher climb out.

CLIFF
(to Fisher)
Just stay with the car.

FISHER
You got it, dawg.

Cliff runs for the entrance. A HOT NURSE wheels a WOMAN(40's), with a TRACHEAL RING in her throat, past Fisher.

NURSE
Here's your car, Miss Chambers.

Fisher sees her pushed up to a Porsche. He turns back.

FISHER
'Sup.

The nurse smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER (cont'd)
Not you.

The woman with the tracheal ring turns to Fisher. She takes a drag off a cigarette, through the ring.

FISHER (cont'd)
'Sup.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

Rod hugs Molly, consoling her.

ROD
Hey. It's okay. He's gonna be all right.

MOLLY
Thanks, Rod.

Cliff enters the hospital.

CLIFF
Molly -

MOLLY
Cliff-

ROD
What are you doing here?

CLIFF
I just . . . wanted to make sure everything was okay.

ROD
Haven't you caused enough pain for one day?

Earl approaches.

MOLLY
Earl?

CLIFF
(searching for an explanation)
Ahh . . . he's . . . ahh . . .

EARL
It's all right, Cliff, no secrets here.
(to Rod and Molly)
I'm having some tests done - there was a lump - but, I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds up a cup holder with four coffees.

EARL (cont'd)
Coffee?

They all reach for a cup. Earl quickly grabs Rod's cup and switches it with another.

EARL (cont'd)
Why don't you take this one. I already sipped that one and, you know, *germs*.
(switching cups)
Yeah, I think that's better.
(turning to Cliff)
Cliff, would you mind walking me to my car? I'm feeling a bit light-headed.

Cliff nods.

EARL (cont'd)
It was nice seeing you two.

Earl grabs Cliff and dashes out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTER

Cliff trots to keep up with Earl.

CLIFF
What was that about?

EARL
Rod likes his drinks "stiff."

Earl pulls out a small vial. Cliff reads it.

CLIFF (cont'd)
(reading)
For penile dysfunction take one drop.

EARL
Or ten, in this case. You know what I say: if you can't beat him-

CLIFF
Join 'em?

EARL
That, or give him an uncontrollable boner while he consoles the woman you love.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

Rod sips his coffee. A bulge has begun to rise in his pants. Rod touches Molly's face.

ROD

Molly, that was a terrible thing that happened today, and I want you to know, I would never let anything like that happen to you, or your family. Ever.

Molly smiles. Rod takes a step closer to her, poking her with his member.

MOLLY

Ow.

She looks down and notices Cliff's bulge.

MOLLY (cont'd)

Ah, Rod -

ROD

Listen, I want you to know, I'm here for you. I won't flake like Clint did.

MOLLY

Cliff.

ROD

(pointing to himself)

No, Rod.

(beat)

Oh, Geeze, you're in shock.

(he pulls her in for a hug)

It's okay. I'm here, sweetie. Rod's here.

She fights with all her might not to be pulled in.

MOLLY

No, Rod, it's okay -

He pulls her harder.

ROD

Go on, darlin'. Have a good cry.

She fights to get away.

MOLLY

No . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She is pulled in. Her eyes go wide as she feels his thang poke her. Rod holds Molly tightly.

ROD
That's it. Let it aaaaall out.

She pulls away.

MOLLY
No. Really. I'm fine.

Molly shakes it off.

MOLLY (cont'd)
(to herself)
I think I'm pregnant.

He looks down at his bulge.

ROD
Excuse me.

He turns and heads for the bathroom.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTER

Cliff and Earl make their way to Cliff's car.

EARL
Revenge is a dish best served erect.

Fisher is taking a piece of paper from the tracheal woman. He sees Cliff and Earl, and dashes over.

TRACHEAL WOMAN
(through ring)
Call me!

FISHER
(to Earl and Cliff)
Kinda gives new meaning to deep throat action, huh?

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - LATER

Cliff drives. Earl is in back, and Fisher is up front.

FISHER
Earl, I thought you were against cockblocking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL

I am. That was a *counter cockblock* - a cockblock of necessity. All I did was keep you in the game and buy you some time.

CLIFF

What game?

EARL

Are you serious about getting this girl?

CLIFF

Yeah!

Beat.

EARL

I can help.

CLIFF

You're gonna help me with Molly?

EARL

No. Only you can help you with Molly.

(beat)

But I can help you with Rod.

FISHER

Whoa, whoa. What's in it for you?

Earl's eyes glass over.

EARL

Redemption. I've got an old score to settle. With myself.

CLIFF

What are you talking about?

EARL

I can see where you're headed, kid. Good lookin' guy. Whole life ahead of him. And all of it ruined - your confidence crushed - because of the cockblock. And before long, you'll have a job starin' at old man cock for the rest of your life.

Beat.

FISHER

That's your job, Earl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EARL
And that's my life.

CLIFF
What?

EARL
You think it was always like this? You think I aspired to stare at shriveled wang and wash the very towels those scrotums are scrubbed with. Nah. It used to be different. I was gonna be a fashion designer.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1979

The house is alive with the 70's. Lava lamps, bead doors, bean-bag chairs, and disco clothes.

EARL (V.O.)
It was New Year's Eve 1979. I was living in New York City and I was on the verge of pushing men's fashion to new heights.

A tasty 70's groove kicks in, as YOUNG EARL enters the party. He is wearing platform shoes with lava lamps in the base, bell-bottoms that could house a family of midgets, and the widest collar known to man. He is known and greeted by all.

HOT GIRL
Hey, Earl.

TALL BLACK GUY
Earl, my man, lookin' good. Lookin'
reeeeeeeeee -

The tall black guy smacks himself.

TALL BLACK GUY (cont'd)
. . . eal good.

Early does a funk shake and moves on. He passes TWINS who rub his hairy chest.

TWINS
Hi, Earl.

Earl moves on, but speaks to them.

YOUNG EARL
Later on, girls. I got a cravin' for an Earl sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Earl is greeted by MAX(40's), also a fashion maven.

YOUNG EARL (cont'd)
Mad Max!

MAX
Earl the Pearl. Lookin' good.

YOUNG EARL
Check it. Widest collar, highest
platforms, and biggest bells EVER
designed.

MAX
No kiddin'. You could house midgets in
those things.

YOUNG EARL
And how.

Earl opens a flap on his pants, and a MIDGET comes out from each side.

EARL (V.O.)
Flashier clothes, easier women, midgets
in your pants . . . it was all too good
to be true. And it couldn't last
forever.

MAX
Earl. Somethin' I want to show you.

Max waves a GUY over.

MAX (cont'd)
Friend of mine designed this. Thinks it
might revolutionize men's fashion.

The guy approaches. He is wearing a double breasted, pin-striped suit. His hair is slicked back. Total 80's Wall Street.

MAX (cont'd)
It's called an Armani.

Earl scoffs.

MAX (cont'd)
What do you think?

EARL
Please. What's next? Neon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They laugh. The guy walks away.

EARL (cont'd)
And what's with that hair?

Earl picks out his own fro, lovingly. Earl and Max have a good laugh.

EARL (cont'd) (V.O.)
But it wasn't a joke. It was the end of an era. It was the end of free love, and the beginning of "me" love. It was the beginning of the most narcissistic, self-centered, self-indulgent period in American history.

Everyone stands around watching the countdown on the television.

MAX
Less than a minute, everyone!

The party goers cheer. Everyone seems to be coupling up. Earl looks around. He spots a YOUNG DAME standing alone. He approaches.

EARL (cont'd)
Hi there. I'm Earl.

YOUNG DAME
Hi. I'm Ellen.

EARL
Ellen, it's a special night. And you deserve to spend it with a special person.

(beat)
What do you say we smoke some pot and make sweet love?

She smiles and takes his hand. Before they move, ARMANI GUY is there.

ARMANI GUY
(to Earl)
How are you doin' man?

EARL
(confused)
Do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARMANI GUY
 (to Young Dame)
 This guy, two months ago, shows up at his
 parole meeting - I'm a counselor -

YOUNG DAME
 Parole meeting?

EARL
 I think, maybe -

ARMANI GUY
 Statutory rape. But that's neither here
 nor there. Anyway, he was fed up. He
 told me he wasn't going to let genital
 herpes ruin his life.

Earl is totally confused. The girl edges away from him as Armani guy continues to speak.

ARMANI GUY (cont'd)
 And I'm proud of him. I'm proud that he
 still has the *balls* - chancre infested
 though they may be - to approach an
 attractive woman like yourself, and offer
 to give you the gift that keeps on
 giving. Thank you, miss. For supporting
 our little petri dish, here. And maybe
 even taking a little home for yourself.

Armani guy extends his hand.

ARMANI GUY
 I'm Dave, by the way.

She shakes his hand.

YOUNG DAME
 Ellen.

ARMANI GUY
 Ellen. Listen. It's a special night.
 And you deserve to spend it with a
 special person.
 (beat)
 What do you say we snort some coke and
 you give me a blow-job?

She smiles at Armani guy, then looks to Earl.

PARTIERS
 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

YOUNG DAME
Sorry.

PARTIERS
2 . . . 1 . . .

The crowd erupts in cheers. Armani guy and the young dame begin to make out. Earl stands alone.

EARL (V.O.)
It was the 80's.

The television flashes "1980."

EARL (V.O.)
And that was it. I had become victim to the first cockblock of the modern era.

A RANDOM GUY pops his head in the room.

RANDOM GUY
Hey, everybody! Turn off that disco music and listen to this!

He cranks up the stereo as "Take On Me," by A-Ha begins to play.

EXT. LIFETIME FITNESS - 1980

Brand new. A huge sign reads: GRAND OPENING, NOW HIRING.

EARL (V.O.)
And with the 80's came personal fitness.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - 1980

Earl is wearing a velvet gym-suit, as the MANAGER looks over his application.

EARL (V.O.)
I always wanted to be in on the new trends, so I applied for work.

The manager looks up.

MANAGER
We got the perfect job for ya.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - AFTER

An OLD MAN wipes the sweat off his balls and tosses the towel to Earl, who catches it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER
Welcome aboard!

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - PRESENT

Earl stares at a towel, wistfully.

EARL
And I've been here ever since.

CLIFF
But why?

EARL
Because I was scared. I was scared to reenter a social scene where a man's sexual advances toward a woman could be subverted by another man. And I just lost it. I lost my swagger, my pannage, my *confidence*. I couldn't find the balls to approach women anymore, now that I knew what could happen - now that I knew about the cockblock.

A pause. Cliff and Fisher take in the story.

FISHER
So you've been hiding. Here. In the men's locker room. For twenty years. Staring at saggy balls.

EARL
(defeated)
Yes.
(beat)
And that's why I want to help you, Cliff. Why I need to help you. To vindicate myself. The world's already lost one good man to the cockblock. Let's not lose another.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A young, hip bar that looks crappy on the outside on purpose.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

Cliff, Earl, and Fisher are at a table surveying the scene in this hopping twenty-something bar.

EARL
Okay, before we start, my three cardinal rules of cockblocking.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL (cont'd)

One: Never cockblock without cause. Only when your own territory is in danger.

Earl nods to a situation developing at the bar where some GUY is moving in on a MAN and his DATE.

EARL (cont'd)

Two: Never cockblock a friend. Should be obvious, but you'd be surprised what guys will do for a piece of ass.

Cliff looks at Fisher and nods.

EARL (cont'd)

And the third and most important rule of cockblocking: never get involved in a cockblocking war.

Cliff nods.

EARL (cont'd)

Now, in what I like to call this "living laboratory" we can study a few of the more common manifestations of the cockblock.

Earl scans the crowd and spots a proper specimen for study.

EARL (cont'd)

First. The very shameless "third man in" maneuver. These two have initiated conversation, undoubtedly the hardest part of meeting women. And the young man entering . . . now . . .

Another MAN enters the group.

EARL (cont'd)

Is the third man in. He knows these two guys, acts like he's there to talk to them and . . .

The man sits down.

EARL (cont'd)

Ends up making himself comfortable. He has piggy-backed onto their initiation and, due to the now uneven ratio, has decreased the odds considerably that anyone will see any action.

CLIFF
Cockblocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Earl looks around and finds another example.

EARL

Ooh, and here's something you should definitely be aware of. It's actually a female cockblock known as the "ugly friend."

CLIFF

The ugly friend?

Earl nods and indicates a HOT GIRL with an UGLY FRIEND, both talking to an ATTRACTIVE MALE.

EARL

See, this guy and this gal are really hitting it off, but her "ugly friend" isn't gonna let it happen, because she's jealous, see. She's had enough of always being in the shadows and she thinks, "if I can't get any, then nobody can." A very loose canon, the ugly friend.

FISHER

But if you've got a wing man-

EARL

Exactly. The wing man can perform what we call "taking one for the team," hooking up with ugly friend, so that his partner can get some true action.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta hit the little boys room.

He gets up and leaves.

CLIFF

Geeze. This cockblocking stuff is a lot more complicated than I thought.

FISHER

Shit. Rod in the house.

CLIFF

What?

Fisher nods and Cliff sees Rod chatting up some GIRL.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Look at him. He's all over that girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FISHER
Looks like he's takin' her temperature
the old fashioned way.

CLIFF
(irate)
That son of a bitch! He could care less
about Molly. To him she's just a notch
on his headboard. Another piece of ass.

Cliff stands up. Fisher grabs his shirt.

FISHER
Whoa. What are you doing?

CLIFF
I'm gonna give that asshole a taste of
his own medicine.

FISHER
Yo, man, I know you ain't talkin' about
cockblockin'. After what Earl just said.

CLIFF
What am I gonna say to him? You're a
jerk? You treat women badly?
(beat)
This is the only one way to deal with a
guy like him.

Cliff heads over to Rod. Earl returns to the table a moment
later.

EARL
Where'd he go?

Fisher nods to Cliff, who is approaching Rod and his girl.

AT THE BAR

Rod strokes his mullet, talking to his girl.

ROD
It's where I derive my power from,
really. Without my hair, I'm nothing.
Sometimes, I have dreams where I'm a
superhero, and the hair acts as a cape.

The girl nods, impressed. Cliff approaches.

CLIFF
Hey, Rod! What's happenin', man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROD
Clint. I didn't know you were twenty one.

CLIFF
Yeah. Two actually. What's up?

ROD
Just fishin' for some tail . . .
(he smacks the girl's butt)
And I think I got a nibble.

She laughs.

CLIFF
Wow. You amaze me.

ROD
Well, I amaze me, too.

CLIFF
Yeah . . .

ROD
That's great, Clint. Why don't you take off so I can, ahh . . . do some stuff to this gal, if you know what I mean.

CLIFF
That was subtle, but I think I got it.

Cliff takes a moment. He looks at the girl and snaps his fingers.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Hey! You must be, Anna!

The girl gets a confused look on her face.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Rod has told me so much about you. Three years, huh? And I hear you two are engaged! Congratulations. That's great.

GIRL
I'm not-

CLIFF
Well, I'll let you to get back to it. I know how Rod loves to roll play. What is it tonight, the sailor and his retarded sister? I'm sorry, I shouldn't even be asking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLIFF(cont'd)

Probably takes the fun out of it.
Anyway. It was really nice meeting you.
(Cliff looks to Rod)
Rod.

He nods and walks away. Rod is devastated.

AT THE TABLE

Cliff returns and sits down.

EARL
What did you just do?

A loud SMACK penetrates the bar.

GIRL (O.S.)
ASSHOLE!

A moment later, Rod is at the table. He places his hands in front of Cliff. His face is dripping with the girl's drink.

ROD
You just dug your own grave, pal. See, I can be the nice guy. I can make Molly think I'm sweet, and charming - I can be a pussy, just like you, if that's what it takes to tap that ass. I can play your game.

(beat)
But now we're gonna find out if you can play mine.

He walks away. Earl gets up and leaves without saying a word.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Earl is making his way across the parking lot. Cliff exits the bar and follows him.

CLIFF
Earl. Earl!

Earl spins around.

EARL
What did I say? What did I just say?
(beat)
I said never - which clearly didn't mean now - cockblock without cause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
He had it coming, man. How else can I deal with a guy like that?

EARL
Subtlety, subversion, and sabotage. The three esses of cockblocking. That was obvious, ill-planned, and, most importantly, will have painful consequences that I wouldn't wish on any man.

Earl turns and walks away. Fisher runs up. Cliff turns to him.

FISHER
Where'd he go?
(looking into darkness)
Damn. The old fool did it. He vanished mysteriously.

A horn HONKS. Fisher and Cliff jump. They look up and see Earl in his car. He leans out the window.

EARL
Get the hell outta the way!

They step aside. He drives past them and down the road.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cliff enters his apartment and throws his keys on the table. Fisher follows him in.

FISHER
Earl was just being dramatic. It ain't as bad as all that.

Cliff walks over to the window and exhales.

RICK #2 (O.S.)
Damn, man! Don't you get any pussy?

Cliff looks up at the Ricks.

THE RICKS' WINDOW

The Ricks lean out, taunting Cliff.

RICK #1
You want us to send our dog over?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK #2
Yeah, he'll lick the peanut butter off
your balls if you let him! Up top, bro!

Rick #2 holds his hand up for five but Rick #1 shakes his head and goes back into their apartment.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Cliff stares up at the Ricks, fuming.

CLIFF
(to himself)
How about you assholes get a life and
leave me the hell alone.

Cliff turns away.

RICK #1 (O.S.)
What'd you say, bitch?

Cliff turns back.

CLIFF
(nervously)
Ahh, no thanks! I . . . I got my own dog.

Cliff winces at his own excuse.

RICK #1 (O.S.)
Fuckin' pervert.

Cliff nods his head in agreement and closes the window.

FISHER
Call her.

Cliff walks over to the phone, picks it up and dials.

CLIFF
(into phone)
Hello, Molly?

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT/MOLLY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

MOLLY
Cliff!

CLIFF
Hey. It's not too late is it?

MOLLY
No. Not at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
Oh.

(beat)
Well that's good.

Fisher winces at Cliff's piss poor phone skills.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Ahh, listen, this may sound weird, but I was just about to order a pizza and have myself a little Muppet movie marathon and I thought, maybe, you know, if you were ahh . . . you know, I mean, if you wanted to, ahh . . . bail me out here and finish my question for me . . .

She laughs.

MOLLY
Come over and join you?

CLIFF
That be great! I'd love that!

MOLLY
(laughing)
That sounds great.

CLIFF
(dazed)
Okay.

Cliff hangs up the phone and looks at Fisher.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Twenty minutes.

FISHER
(smiling)
I'll be right back.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Barry White plays softly. Cliff plugs in one last lava lamp and surveys the room: bean bag chairs, lava lamps, a black light and a series of psychedelic posters.

FISHER
Well?

Fisher steps back from a poster he has just put up: a 70's black-light poster of two naked, black people with huge afros making love. Cliff looks around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
I think it might be a little much.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - TEN MINUTES LATER

The room is back to normal. Fisher stands by the door holding the 70's paraphernalia in a box.

FISHER
You're sure about this?

CLIFF
Yeah.

FISHER
(pulling out a record)
Not even the Barry?

CLIFF
I'm all right, Fish.

FISHER
A'ight. Do it to it, bro.

They slap five. Fisher turns to the door. Someone knocks.

CLIFF
She's here.

They look at each other.

CLIFF (cont'd)
In the closet. In the closet.

Fisher nods. He jumps in the closet.

FISHER
Listen, man, just open the door, kiss her like she's never been kissed, and end this thing.

Cliff nods.

CLIFF
Okay.

Cliff closes him in the closet. Another knock. Cliff runs his hand through his hair, adjusts his shirt, and exhales. He opens the door, grabs face, and . . .

PIZZA GUY
You better take your fucking hands off me, mah, before I fucking kill you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff removes his hands.

CLIFF
Sorry. I thought you were somebody else.

PIZZA GUY
\$15.50, bitch.

CLIFF
Where's the pizza?

PIZZA GUY
I got fucking hungry, okay? Now quit
your bitching and give me my \$15.50
before I have to get serious, homes!

A beat. Cliff nods. He reaches into his wallet.

CLIFF
Okay, all I have is a fifty so . . .

PIZZA GUY
(grabbing the fifty)
Shut the fuck up, mah. You talk too much.

CLIFF
Keep the change!

He rides away, down the hall. Cliff closes the door and exhales. Another knock. Cliff regains his courage, opens the front door, grabs face and . . .

CLIFF
Rod?

Rod grabs Cliff's cheeks.

ROD
Good to see you, too, Clint.

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

Fisher first registers confusion, then anger.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Rod turns to Cliff.

ROD
Listen, Clint, about tonight.

CLIFF
Look, Rod -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
I'm sorry.

CLIFF
What?

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

FISHER
What?

Fisher covers his mouth.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

ROD
What the hell was that?

CLIFF
That - That - That was nothing.
(beat)
There's an echo in here.
(beat)
In here . . . in here . . . in here . . .
(off Rod's confused look)
Well, anyway, apology accepted, Rod.

He moves Rod toward the door. Rod turns back.

ROD
No, I mean, that was a cute prank you guys played and I overreacted.

CLIFF
Well, I'm sorry I even engaged in such juvenile activity.
(Cliff opens the door)
So, I guess we're even, pal. Let's just call each other forgiven and go home.

Cliff heads for the door, again, but Rod leans against it.

ROD
You're a good friend, Clint.

He hugs Cliff. Cliff reciprocates, awkwardly.

ROD (cont'd)
By the way. I got a favor to ask.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Cliff carries a suitcase into the apartment. Rod is sitting on the couch watching television.

CLIFF
I'm just gonna put these in the closet.

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

The door opens.

FISHER
What the hell is goin' on, man?

CLIFF
It's just for one night.

FISHER
What? Man, Cliff -

CLIFF
He apologized, all right. Everything's cool.

FISHER
It's bullshit. Even if he meant it, which I'm sure he didn't, you got the finest piece of ass you've seen in years on her way over here right now. Do you really want him here?

(Cliff doesn't respond)
Cliff.

CLIFF
Okay, no.

FISHER
Then tell him to leave.

ROD (O.S.)
Who the hell are you talking to?

CLIFF
Ahh, no one. Myself. I'm a . . .
paranoid schizophrenic.

Cliff winces at his excuse.

ROD (O.S.)
Whatever. Just keep it down. I'm watchin' Nascar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
Sorry.
(to Fisher)
I know.

FISHER
Do you? You're always making excuses for yourself, and apologizing, and taking shit from people. I mean, if you let this asshole stay here don't ask me for sympathy when it ruins everything with Molly.

There's a knock at the door.

CLIFF
I'll handle it, okay.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Rod is already at the front door.

MOLLY
(surprised)
Rod. What are you doing here?

ROD
My place is being fumigated so I'm crashing here, tonight.

MOLLY
Oh. Cliff?

Cliff closes the closet door.

CLIFF
Hey!

They hug. Rod follows suit by hugging her, as well. An awkward pause.

CLIFF (cont'd)
So. Molly, you know Rod.

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

Fisher shakes his head.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Cliff is still nodding. Rod makes his way to the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
 (reaching into a bag)
 You guys want beers?

Molly nods. He hands her one.

MOLLY
 Cliff?

CLIFF
 No. No thanks. I have a bit of a
 drinking problem.

A pause. Cliff thinks about what he's said.

CLIFF (cont'd)
 I mean . . . I have a problem with
 alcohol.
 (beat, Cliff clarifies)
 I mean- Last time I had a beer I pissed
 my pants and french kissed a dog for a
 dollar.

Cliff exhales.

CLIFF (cont'd)
 Wow. That almost came out really wrong.

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

Fisher shakes his head.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Molly is laughing hysterically.

ROD
 And every day, I would come home from
 school, and my mom would ask me what
 happened to my underwear!

Molly tries to stop laughing.

MOLLY
 Why didn't you just tell her?

ROD
 What was I gonna say? Mom, pack me a
 better lunch because the bullies that
 steal it tear my underwear out of my
 pants whenever I get carrots?

Molly laughs even harder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD (cont'd)
(smiling)
It's not funny.

MOLLY
I know, it's not. I just, I bet you were
so cute . . .
(laughing again)
Walking home with your Underoos in your
pockets.

CLIFF
(laughing)
One time . . . this kid made me drink my
own urine.

He chuckles. Molly and Rod don't. Cliff's laughter slowly
trails off.

ROD
Anyway, that's why I got into personal
fitness. I didn't think anyone should
ever have to feel that helpless.

MOLLY
(looking at Rod admirably)
Wow. That's great.

A moment passes. Molly looks at her watch.

MOLLY (cont'd)
Geeze. I gotta get outta here.

She stands up. Cliff stands up and opens his mouth, but Rod
has beaten him to the punch.

ROD
Well, thanks for coming over, Molly. I
had a great time.

MOLLY
Me too.
(looking at Cliff)
With both of you.

She heads to the door. Rod follows her.

MOLLY (cont'd)
(turning back)
I'll see you tomorrow, guys.

Rod closes the door and walks past Cliff, into Cliff's room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROD (O.S.)
See you in the morning, Clint.

Cliff opens his mouth to object, but stops himself.

EXT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sun has risen over Cliff's complex.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rod is asleep in Cliff's bed.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Cliff is asleep on the couch.

INT. CLOSET - MORNING

Fisher is asleep in the closet.

EXT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Cliff and Fisher are in Cliff's car. Rod stands next to the window.

ROD
Thanks again for lettin' me stay.

Cliff waves and pulls out. Rod watches them go. He pulls a key out of his pocket and smiles, mischievously.

ROD
I'll be seein' you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Cliff and Fisher walk toward the entrance of the fitness center.

EARL (O.S.)
Psst.

Cliff and Fisher look around.

CLIFF
Earl?

Earl drops out of a tree behind them. Cliff and Fisher jump.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Jesus! Do you always have to appear like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL

Listen, I just wanted to apologize for last night. You're new at this, and I should have been more understanding.

(beat)

People make mistakes, Cliff, and that's okay.

FISHER

Cliff let Rod stay at his place last night.

EARL

(livid)

What? Are you retarded?

FISHER

Yeah. And Molly was there, too.

EARL

WHAT?! He cockblocked you, didn't he?

CLIFF

Yeah, but it doesn't matter. It was just for one night.

EARL

It does matter. It always matters. You just broke the unspoken rule of cockblocking: never trust anyone who's cockblocked you. Ever.

(beat)

It's happening, isn't it? She's starting to like him.

Cliff doesn't respond.

EARL (cont'd)

I knew it! I knew this was going to happen!

CLIFF

Knew what was gonna happen, Earl? That your chance to make up for some mistake you made twenty years ago would get screwed up? Well guess what? That's my dream girl he's stealing.

EARL

He's not stealing, kid. You're losing her, fair and square.

Cliff turns and storms into the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISHER
Yo, Cliff! Come on, man!

Fisher turns back to Earl, who is trying to climb back into the tree.

FISHER
Earl, man, it's obvious you can't vanish mysteriously so why don't you just stop tryin', dawg.

Fisher heads into the building. Earl falls from the tree and hits the ground with a thud.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff is storming down the hall. Fisher catches up to him.

FISHER
Cliff -

CLIFF
No. I don't need his help. Kiss a girl.
How hard is that?
(beat)
I can handle this on my own.

Cliff stares at Earl, hard, from across the way.

CLIFF (cont'd) (V.O.)
But nothing could have been further from the truth.

MONTAGE - MAJOR COCKBLOCKS: THE RISE OF ROD AND FALL OF CLIFF

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLIFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rod conspiratorially pulls a key from his pocket. He scans the hall to make sure no one is watching. He slips the key into the door, opens it, and enters.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rod appears to be wallpapering. He smiles deviantly as he applies a moist sponge to some paper on the ceiling.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cliff and Molly lay down on his bed. He leans in for the kiss, but she turns away at the last minute and looks at the ceiling. He looks up and sees pornography plastered to the ceiling. A picture of a naked woman peels off, and flutters down on top of Cliff's face.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - DAY

Cliff walks past the gym, and stops when he sees Rod spotting Molly on the bench press. Rod smiles and waves.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rod slips into the apartment, again. He moves to a table, sits down, and pulls a LARGE BURRITO out of a paper bag. He smiles and takes a huge bite.

INT. CLIFF'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cliff opens the door and lets Molly in. He smiles, but follows Molly's disgusted face to the toilette, where there is a huge pile of unflushed shit.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - DAY

Cliff exits the locker room and sees Rod with his arm around Molly, posing for a photograph. The flash goes off, and the photographer returns the camera to Rod. Rod hugs Molly and Cliff's heart sinks.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cliff and Molly enter his room and find a huge poster of an underwear model, with Molly's face superimposed in the picture. Cliff just closes his eyes.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - AFTER

Cliff exhales.

CLIFF

I'm . . . I'm really sorry.

(beat)

I just haven't been myself, lately.

MOLLY

Cliff . . .

(she searches for words)

I- I don't know what happened. I mean,
I like you . . . I want to like you . . .

(beat)

Things just got weird.

CLIFF

I know. I know. It's . . . See . . .

MOLLY

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He can't explain.

CLIFF
Forget it.

A pause.

MOLLY
(nods her head, emphatically)
Okay.

CLIFF
What?

MOLLY
No, that's a good idea. Let's just
forget it. All of it. Start fresh.
We'll hang out all day tomorrow and
create some new memories. Whattaya say?

CLIFF
Definitely. And I promise, things will
be different.

MOLLY
Okay. I'll pick you up at seven.

CLIFF
In the morning?
(off Molly's nod)
Geeze, that's early.

MOLLY
Trust me. The sooner we start fresh the
better.

Cliff nods.

MOLLY (cont'd)
See you tomorrow.

She gets out of the car.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - AFTER

Cliff pulls away. Molly walks toward her front door.

ROD
Molly.

She jumps. Rod is on the doorstep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
 Rod. You scared me.
 (beat)
 Neighborhood Watch?

ROD
 Huh?
 (remembering)
 Oh! Yeah! Just keepin' the streets safe.
 (beat)
 Listen, Molly, I was wondering . . . would you like to have dinner with me?

MOLLY
 (checking her watch)
 Wow. It's kinda late, don't you think?

ROD
 (cocking an eyebrow)
 Then how about breakfast?

MOLLY
 Yeah . . . I actually have plans tomorrow.

ROD
 In the morning?
 (she nods)
 Really? Doin' what?

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cliff enters the apartment. He closes the door behind him.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - LATER

Cliff has bedded down and is about to nod off, when there is a knock at the door.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The knocking continues. Cliff answers, and sees Rod, Devin, and Mickey standing there.

ROD
 Surprise!

CLIFF
 Rod?

ROD
 Happy birthday, buddy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
(checking his watch)
My birthday's in December.

ROD
(forcing his way in)
Let's not split hairs, man. Besides,
it's about time you and I sat down for a
brew. Here, have a drink!

Rod pulls a beer from a bag.

CLIFF
I'm really tired and, the thing is, I'm
not a big drinker.

ROD
I know. Come on. What's one beer gonna
do?

CLIFF
If I have a beer can I go back to bed?

ROD (cont'd)
Of course. Here, have a seat. I'll grab
you a brew.

Cliff sits down. Rod goes to the counter and empties half a
beer. He refills it with Jack Daniels, and brings it to
Cliff.

CLIFF
Thanks.
(sipping it)
Wow. That's really strong.

ROD
It's an ice beer. Go on. Drink up.

He tips Cliff's can back for him. A horse NEIGHS.

CLIFF
What was that?

ROD
Nothin'. Now polish this and hit the
hay.

Devin and Mickey lose it. They die of laughter.

CLIFF
What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY
(through tears of laughter)
Hay is for horses!

Cliff is totally confused. Rod smacks Devin, who stops laughing. Cliff takes another sip, cringing as he does.

CLIFF
Yikes. That's already startin' to get on top of me.

ROD
You'll be fine.

CLIFF
(forcing another gulp)
Like I said, I'm not much of a drinker,
so stop me if I start to get -

SLAM! Cliff falls face down on the table. He's out.

ROD
Let's do this.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Cliff shatters.

CLIFF
The rest is just images. Flashing moments of fleeting consciousness.

MONTAGE - FLASHES OF IMAGES

-Cliff being dragged by his feet.

-A horse being led through the apartment.

-Cliff being dressed in women's lingerie.

-The bottle of Jack Daniels being poured on Cliff and his bed. Devin strikes a match and holds it over Cliff. Rod grabs his hand and shakes his head "no."

-Rod places the empty bottle in Cliff's hand.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

The doctor leans forward.

DOCTOR
So you didn't actually . . . "have relations" . . . with the equine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
What? No! God, no.
(beat)
I don't think so. They just made it look
like I did.
(beat)
And they did a damn fine job of it.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A knock. No response. Another knock. Molly pushes open the all ready ajar door.

MOLLY
Cliff?

She looks around and moves toward his bedroom.

MOLLY (cont'd)
Cliff. You ready?

She enters his room.

MOLLY (cont'd) (O.S.)
Oh my god.

A moment passes. Molly emerges from the room, livid. Cliff follows her, wearing women's underwear.

CLIFF
Molly!

She spins back, livid.

CLIFF (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

MOLLY
You know what? Sorry isn't gonna take
the condom out of that poor horse's rear
end!

(beat)
Rod was right about you. You're a two-faced bastard who lies to women to get what he wants. I don't know you at all.

CLIFF
(stunned)
What?

Rod enters the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
Somebody mention me?

MOLLY/CLIFF
Rod?

ROD
(acting surprised)
Molly! Cliff, and the boys and I did a
little drinkin' last night and I just
wanted to come by and make sure he was o-

He peeks his head into Cliff's room.

ROD (cont'd)
My god! That poor creature!
(beat)
Cliff, how could you? I mean, I saw your
eyes flicker with bestial thirst when we
walked past her last night but my god
man, that pony was some child's birthday
present!

CLIFF
But, I . . .

Rod turns to Molly.

ROD
I am so sorry you had to see this. It's
no sight for a lady. Especially an
animal lover, like yourself.

CLIFF
Molly, please, I-

MOLLY
Don't usually drink, I know. But last
time it was a dog. This time it's a
horse. What's next?

ROD
Logic would say an elephant. Because the
animals seem to be getting bigger.
(putting his hands on Molly's
shoulders)
Go on. Get out of here. I'll call a
vet.

MOLLY
Thanks, Rod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Molly looks at Cliff, who gives her an imploring stare. She turns and walks out. Rod looks at Cliff.

ROD (cont'd)
Golden rule of cockblocking, Clint.
Never cockblock a cockblocker.

Rod smiles and exits the room.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE- PRESENT

Cliff looks up.

CLIFF (cont'd)
So. Whattaya think I should do, doc?

DOCTOR
Well, Cliff, to be honest, I'm stumped.
I mean, in my twenty three years as a
dermatologist I've never heard a problem
like this.

Cliff nods.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
I'm sorry I couldn't be more helpful.

Cliff gets up and moves to the exit.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh, but, Cliff . . .

Cliff turns back, hopefully.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
(smiling)
Your skin looks great.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - SAME TIME

Cliff walks down the hallway, carrying a box. Fisher intercepts him.

FISHER
Cliff, man, don't do this. Don't quit.
I need you.

CLIFF
You don't need me. Boris can handle
those kids.

INT. KID'S GYM - DAY

The kids sit in rows, quietly. Boris paces in front of them. A LITTLE GIRL sneezes.

BORIS
Number eight! On the wall!

The little girl stands up sheepishly, and walks to the wall at the far end of the gym. She stands facing it. A pause.

BETSY
Where's Cliff?

Boris walks over and gets in Betsy's face.

BORIS
Number fourteen. Stand up.

BETSY
My name is Betsy.

BORIS
You are number fourteen. Don't ask so many questions. And get on the wall for having girl's name.

Betsy's lip begins to quiver. She runs out of the gym. Boris turns to a small girl.

BORIS (cont'd)
She will be caught.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - SAME TIME

Fisher shakes his head.

FISHER
Man, those kids hate that guy. And they love you. Come on. If nothing else, do it for them.

Cliff considers it.

CLIFF
Too late, Fish. I got my stuff all packed and I'm walking out of here while I still have my pride.

Fisher looks in the box.

FISHER
That box is empty, yo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
 So it is. I just want people to know I'm quitting. That they won't have Cliff Canter to push around anymore.

A random PERSONAL TRAINER appears.

PERSONAL TRAINER
 Yo, Clint. I need that box.

CLIFF
 Here you go, man.

Fisher grabs Cliff.

FISHER
 Look, man, you're overreacting. Nobody really believes you nailed that horse.

A RANDOM GUY pats Cliff on the back and NEIGHS like a horse.

FISHER (cont'd)
 We know you didn't.

CLIFF
 Who's we? Does that include Molly?

FISHER
 Well . . . no.

CLIFF
 Then it doesn't matter. She gave me more than enough chances, Fish. Porn on the walls, shit in toilet . . . she gave me the benefit of the doubt. And you know what? I was too much of a pussy to stand up to Rod. And now some kid's pony is in my apartment, and she thinks I deflowered it, and I can't blame her for not wanting anything to do with a guy like that.

Cliff exits the building. Fisher shakes his head. Some OLDER WOMEN are heading for the pool. Fisher smiles and nods.

FISHER
 'Sup ladies.

INT. KID'S GYM - LATER

Molly enters the gym. All the kids are sitting in rows, silent. Molly stares at them. She turns to Boris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
 (nervously)
 I'm . . . I'm looking for my brother,
 Betsy.

BORIS
 Ahh, yes. Number fourteen. The boy with
 girl's name. She is gone.

MOLLY
 What?

BORIS
 She is big cry baby. There is no room
 for big cry babies, here -

Molly slaps Boris. His lip begins to quiver.

MOLLY
 You should be ashamed of yourself.
 Treating children like that.

BORIS
 Sorry.

MOLLY
 And shave that beard. Looking like a
 dictator is not something to be proud of.

He nods and runs out of the room.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - LATER

Molly is walking down the hall with Betsy. Earl sees her and rushes over, but Rod gets there first. Earl dives behind a plant and listens in.

ROD
 Hey, good lookin'.

MOLLY
 Hi, Rod.

ROD
 (looking at Betsy)
 I was talkin' to the kid.

FIRST TEENAGER
 Dude, that kid's like six.

SECOND TEENAGER
 Pervert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rod looks and sees the teenagers staring at him.

MOLLY
I'm sorry, Rod. Now's not a good time.

He grabs her wrist.

ROD
Wait a minute. Molly, we're friends.
And when you tell me it's not a good
time, that throws up red flags that say,
"I need to be with people right now."
(beat)
Molly . . . I'm people.
(off her confused look)
You need to get out. And I'm just the
man to take you.

He lifts her chin up but, because her face is already up, he forces it toward the ceiling.

ROD (cont'd)
How 'bout it?

MOLLY
Okay.

ROD
Great. Tomorrow. We do the town.

She smiles and leaves. Rod watches her go. He looks in the mirror and blows himself a kiss.

ROD
Rod the Bod, you are the ladies' god. Up
top, stud!

He high fives with his reflection.

FIRST TEENAGER
What a tool.

The teenagers shake their heads and walk away.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Cliff enters the apartment, wearing his graduation robes. He drops his keys on the table and enters his bedroom. A knock at the door. Cliff answers. It's the pizza guy.

PIZZA GUY
\$15.50, mah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
 What? I . . . I didn't even order a
 pizza.

The pizza guy steps up in Cliff's face.

PIZZA GUY
 I'm gonna count to three, mah. And then
 I'm gonna have to get serious. One . . .
 .two . . .three. . .
 (beat)
 Four . . .five . . .I'm still fucking
 counting, mah! Where's my fucking money?

Cliff grabs the pizza guy by the shirt.

CLIFF
 I DIDN'T ORDER THIS PIZZA! In fact, I
 never order the pizza you bring me!
 Cheese! Plain cheese! How hard is that?

PIZZA GUY
 Fucking a, homes. You need to chill the
 fuck out.
 (beat)
 You havin' bitch problems, mah?

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - AFTER

Cliff and the pizza guy sit at the table, passing a joint.

PIZZA GUY
 A fucking horse? That's fucked up,
 homes. I tell you what - I'd fucking cut
 that fucker's heart out, mah.

CLIFF
 I know. I know. I just- I can't handle
 confrontation.

PIZZA GUY
 (smiling)
 You handled me okay, mah.

Cliff smiles.

CLIFF
 I did, didn't I?

PIZZA GUY
 (standing)
 I got three more deliveries to fuck up,
 so I got to go.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIZZA GUY(cont'd)

But listen, mah, me and my homeboys, we get together on Thursdays and just talk, you know, about issues, and what's on our minds, and shit. So if you wanna come by, and have a good cry, just let me know.

CLIFF

Thanks, man.

They bump fists.

PIZZA GUY

Good luck with that bitch, homes.

The pizza guy exits.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Cliff falls down on his bed. He rolls over and finds himself face to face with Earl. He leaps up.

CLIFF

AHH!

Earl awakens.

EARL

I was wondering when you'd come back.

CLIFF

Jesus, what the hell are you doing here?
You scared me half to death!

EARL

We need to talk.

CLIFF

There's nothing left to talk about. It's over.

EARL

Cliff -

CLIFF

No, you were right. I broke the rules. I played his game. I started a war, and Rod finished it.

EARL

No. He didn't.

(beat)

We're gonna finish it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
What are you talkin' about?

EARL
He finally talked Molly into going on a date with him -

CLIFF
What? How? He's a total player!

EARL
You and I know that, but *she* doesn't.

CLIFF
How can Molly not see through him?

EARL
Look, I can't give Rod credit for much, but one thing I can say is that he knows how to land women. And, on top of that, he's a great cockblocker. And this one was text book. He drives her out of your arms and right into his. It's like getting a girl on the rebound without the baggage of her previous relationship.

CLIFF
Oh, great. Well, as if this couldn't get any worse -

EARL
Wait. Listen. This is our chance to set this right. This is our chance to eliminate Rod from the picture for good.

CLIFF
By exposing him for what he really is?

EARL
How? Are you gonna tell her all the horrible things you know about Rod? And then what? You look like the desperate man he's painted you as, willing to do anything to win her over.

CLIFF
I am that man.

EARL
No, my friend, we're going to win this war by using the most devastating, indefensible, irrevocable cockblock ever devised . . .

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EARL (cont'd)

(beat)
The bush whack.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

Cliff, Fisher, and Earl walk toward the entrance.

FISHER
The bush whack?

EARL
Please, don't mention it by name until
we're inside.

CLIFF
Why are we at a bowling alley?

Earl stops the group.

EARL
Because what I am about to tell you is
over twenty years of my rumination on how
to counter the cockblock. It is so
secret in nature, that I can only reveal
it's intricacies to you at a location
that no girl-loving man would ever
frequent.

(beat)
A Ladies Profession Bowling Association
event.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MINUTES LATER

Cliff, Earl, and Fisher sit at a table. Loads of overweight
women with bad hair bowl behind them.

FISHER
Damn, those are some husky bitches.

EARL
Like I said. Ne'er a man to be found.
(beat)
Okay. Here it is. See, the "cockblock"
is based on the principal of blocking
another man's cock. But, even in it's
finest execution, the cockblock only
succeeds in making the guy look bad. See
there's nothing to stop him from trying
to get back into the girl's good graces.
And if he's persistent enough, he will.

CLIFF
A la Rod.

CONTINUED:

Earl nods.

EARL (cont'd)

But the *bushwhack* reverses that principal. In essence you are whacking a woman's bush: you're making *her* look bad, so that the guy is turned off.

FISHER

So instead of the chick being freaked out by the dude, the dude is freaked out by the chick, and he doesn't want nothin' to do with her no more.

EARL

Exactly.

CLIFF

Damn, that's good.

EARL

What can I say. The "bushwhack" is my contribution to society.

FISHER

Psh, now that's just sad.

EARL

That may be true. But if I can see my brainchild executed in my lifetime, I can die a happy man.

CLIFF

Let's do this.

They get up and begin to exit. Cliff bumps into a FEMALE BOWLER that looks especially mannish.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Excuse me.

FEMALE BOWLER

(with a voice deeper than his)

Excuse me.

EXT. LIFETIME FITNESS - THE NEXT DAY

Molly exits the building. Fisher spots her and runs over to her.

FISHER

Molly!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
Hey, Fish.

FISHER
Listen, I heard about everything. . .
(touching her arm)
And if you ever need to talk, I'm here.

MOLLY
Thanks.

She walks away. Fisher proudly holds up her purse.

INT. TOWEL STORAGE ROOM - AFTER

Fisher enters and finds Cliff and Earl.

EARL
Did yo get it?

Fisher tosses the purse to Earl.

CLIFF
What? How -

FISHER
I didn't always work at a gym, you know.

EARL
Okay. You guys know what to do?

They nod.

EARL (cont'd)
Let's do it.

They all put hands in the middle.

EARL (cont'd)
One . . . two . . . three . . .

ALL
(quietly)
Bushwhack.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Rod is freshening up. He is wearing a polo shirt and khaki pants. Earl and Cliff converse, loudly around the corner.

EARL (O.S.)
How you holdin' up, kid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (O.S.)
What? About Molly?

Rod's eyes perk up.

CLIFF (cont'd) (O.S.)
To be honest I'm a little relieved. I
don't know how much more rectal bleeding I
could have taken?

ROD
(to himself)
Rectal bleeding?

He looks around the corner.

AROUND THE CORNER

Earl is holding an ice-pack on Cliff's bare ass. Rod's eyes go wide.

CLIFF
She was really aggressive with that
thing.

EARL
I just can't believe she carries it in
her purse.

CLIFF
Well, you can't blame her. I think she
just misses having one of her own. You
know since the operation.

Rod's eyes narrow.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - LATER

Rod is striding toward the exit. Fisher stops him.

FISHER
Excuse me, Rod?

ROD
What?

FISHER
Whoa. Little tense are we? Nervous
about the big date?

ROD
How do you know about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER
 Girls talk.
 (beat)
 Anyway, Molly left her purse here, so if
 you wouldn't mind giving it to her,
 that'd be great.

Earl sets the purse on the counter with a THUD. The sound of metal hitting the counter reverberates in Rod's ears. He picks up the purse and takes off.

FISHER (cont'd)
 Thanks.

INT. ROD'S CAR - AFTER

Rod drives along. He digs through the purse and pulls out a giant, metallic dildo. He stares at it in amazement.

ROD
 One of her own . . . before the operation?

He hits it against the dashboard, which cracks.

ROD
 Good god.

He adjusts himself in his seat. He looks at it for a moment, then reaches into her purse, pulling out a small vial. He picks up and reads it. His eyes narrow.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

Cliff's car pulls off to the side of the road, a few doors down from Molly's house.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - LATER

Cliff is in the driver's seat, Earl is in shotgun, and Fisher is in back.

CLIFF
 Gonorrhea?

EARL
 (smiling)
 Yup.

CLIFF
 Where the hell did you get gonorrhea
 medication?

A pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL

Never mind that, now. Between the metallic penis and alleged anal fetish, genital corrective surgery, and a good case of the clap, this is an infallible bushwhack.

FISHER

Now what?

Earl looks out the window.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Rod gets out of his 1980 Camaro with T-tops, and walks to Molly's door. She comes out and follows him to his car, noticing the license plate: HOT ROD.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - SAME TIME

Earl smiles.

EARL

Now, we sit back and watch it all unfold.

Cliff starts the car and they follow the car.

MONTAGE - ROD AND MOLLY HAVING A GOOD TIME

-Laughing and eating at an outdoor restaurant. At a nearby table, Cliff looks at Earl, who checks his watch and nods his head.

-Rod and Molly playing mini-golf, seemingly having a good time. Cliff stares at Earl, who taps his watch.

-Rod and Molly at the beach, playing Frisbee.

EXT. CLIFF'S CAR - AFTERNOON

The car is parked at the edge of the beach, next to the pier.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Fisher has a pair of binoculars.

FISHER

Yup. They're goin' for a walk on the pier.

Fisher hands Earl the binos. He takes a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
Earl, is this gonna unfold anytime soon?
(beat)
I can't take this anymore.

He goes for the door. Earl grabs him.

EARL
Any minute, now. It'll all start to
unravel.

CLIFF
You said that six hours ago.

He goes to get out. Fisher stops him.

FISHER
Rod ain't the sharpest tool in the shed.
Maybe it'll just take him longer to put
it all together. Don't worry, Cliffy.
They'll end up -

EARL
Kissing.

CLIFF
What?

Cliff grabs the binoculars and looks.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

It does look as though they are kissing.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - SAME TIME

Cliff throws down the binoculars.

CLIFF
That's it. I'm sorry, Earl. But this
just isn't gonna work.

Cliff gets out of the car and takes off, toward the pier.

EXT. THE PIER - SAME TIME

Cliff is walking at a clipped pace toward the pier.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - SAME TIME

Fisher is looking through the binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER
Earl, I don't know man, looks to me like
they're just talkin'.

EARL
Oh, they are.

Earl smiles.

FISHER
You lied to him?

EARL
I had to do something to get him off his
ass.

FISHER
Damn, Earl. That boy's gonna get his ass
kicked.

Earl smiles and nods. His smile fades.

EARL
You think?

They jump out of the car and take off after Cliff.

EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT

Molly and Rod are at the end of the pier, eating ice-cream
and talking.

MOLLY
You know, Rod. I was really wrong about
you. I mean, when I first met you, I
thought you were like this sleazy, gym
guy with a mullet.

ROD
What's a mullet?

A beat.

MOLLY
But, I guess I was wrong. I mean, you're
really a sweet guy.

Cliff approaches.

MOLLY
Cliff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fisher and Earl have nearly caught up, but stop ten feet away from Cliff. He makes eye contact with them and Fisher moves to help, but Earl grabs his arm and holds him back.

ROD

Holy shit, what are you doin' here? Did you follow us, you little horse-fuckin' pervert?

CLIFF

No.

(beat)

Yes. Okay, fine. I followed you.

(beat)

Aren't you disgusted by her?

Molly's eyes go wide in surprise.

MOLLY

Excuse me?

CLIFF

I mean she rectally ravages men with a metallic dildo, she's got a raging case of gonorrhea, and . . . and she's had corrective surgery on her penis, for god's sake!

MOLLY

What?

CLIFF

Doesn't that turn you off in the least?

ROD

Actually, I was excited we had so much in common.

MOLLY

What?

Fisher looks at Earl.

EARL

Well that backfired.

MOLLY

What the hell is going on, Cliff?

ROD

Why don't you take a walk, Clint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cliff just stands there for a moment. He looks to Earl, who is now standing amidst the crowd that has gathered.

CLIFF
My name is *Cliff*.

ROD
What are you talking about?

CLIFF
(turning to Rod)
My name is Cliff. Not Clint. Cliff.
And you make me sick. You are hanging
out with the coolest girl on the planet,
and all you can do is spit out lines that
are about as sincere as a greeting card.

SECOND TEENAGER
It's true, man.

FIRST TEENAGER
Yeah. He's a total cheese ball.

The teenagers walk off.

CLIFF
And the worst part is, you don't even
really like her. You just want to play
her, and then throw her away like a used
condom.

ROD
Who said anything about throwing away
used condoms?

FISHER
Damn. That's nasty.

CLIFF
That's what I'm talking about. You're
not a lady's man, Rod. And you never
will be. And cockblocking guys like me
is just your way of making up for your
own shortcomings as a man.

MOLLY
Cock-whating?

CLIFF
Cockblocking! It's where-

Earl and Rod are in front of Cliff in a heartbeat, backing
him away from Molly, toward the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EARL/ROD
Whoa - whoa - what are you doing?

CLIFF
I'm gonna tell her what's going on. She deserves to know.

ROD
You can't do that.

CLIFF
The hell I can't.

Cliff tries to move. Earl stops him.

EARL
He's right, kid. It's the unwritten rule of cockblocking. You can never tell a female that it's going on.

CLIFF
I thought it was never trust anyone who's cockblocked you?

EARL
That's the *unspoken* rule.

CLIFF
What about never cockblock a cockblocker.

ROD
That's the golden rule.

Cliff thinks about this for a moment, then shakes his head.

CLIFF
You know what? I don't care. These are stupid rules for a practice that doesn't even deserve to have a set of rules.
(beat)
Now get out of my way.

He approaches Molly.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Molly, this has all been one stupid display of testosterone.

MOLLY
That's redundant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLIFF

See, I didn't put that picture of you on my wall, or cover my ceiling in porn, or leave shit in my toilet, and I especially didn't have sex with that horse. Rod just made it look like I did.

MOLLY

(to Rod)

You put the condom in the horse's ass?

ROD

(moving closer to her)

I was wearing gloves.

MOLLY

I think I'm going to be sick.

ROD

Wait a minute, aren't you flattered? That I went to such lengths to be with you?

MOLLY

No!

ROD

(pulling her in)

Dr. Molly, pullin' a little reverse psychology. I like that.

MOLLY

(pushing him away)

No. It's not reverse psychology, it's . . .forward psychology.

ROD

(figuring it out)

Wait, so, what you're telling me is that the horse and the condom is a deal breaker, and your anger is *not* a thinly veiled invitation for sex.

MOLLY

An invitation for sex?

(a long pause)

Rod, I'm a virgin.

ROD

Nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MOLLY
And I don't plan on having sex until I'm married.

FISHER/EARL
What?

ROD
(to himself)
Fuck this.
(turning to Molly)
Listen, Molly, I don't think things are gonna work out. The timing is just wrong. It's not you it's me.

MOLLY
My god, you both make me sick.

She walks away. Cliff goes after her.

CLIFF
Molly, wait.

MOLLY
What? What could you possibly say that could explain this?

Romantic music swells.

CLIFF
Explain it? Nothing. All I can say is that I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was such a coward. I'm sorry I stooped to his level and said bad things about you. I'm sorry I didn't have the balls to stand up to Rod and end this stupid game. But most of all, I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner.

(beat)
Those moments we had, where I wasn't trying to explain the shit in my toilet and the pornography on my walls . . . those were the greatest moments of my life. Because of you. And I don't want that to end. And I don't care if you are a virgin. So am I!

MOLLY
I was lying about that. It's a just a trick women use to find out what a man's real intentions are.

ROD
Son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLIFF
 I was lying too!
 (beat)
 Who am I kidding? I'm the poster boy for
 abstinence by default.
 (off Molly's laugh)
 Please, Molly, I'm begging you . . .
 (in Miss Piggy voice)
 Will you give moi a second chance?

MOLLY
 (fighting back a smile)
Second chance?

The crowd holds its collective breath.

MOLLY
 (skeptically)
 I ravaged you with a metallic dildo?

CLIFF
 People say crazy things when they're in
 love.

She smiles at him and they hug. The crowd applauds. Rod pulls Cliff away.

ROD
 Oh, that's it. I will not be beaten by a
 little bitch like you.
 (tossing Cliff down, and
 rolling up his sleeves)
 My shortcomings as a man? You're about
 to find out just how short my comings
 are!

SECOND TEENAGER
 That's sick!

MOLLY
 Rod, what happened to helping the
 helpless?

ROD
 What?

MOLLY
 (imploring)
 You said you never wanted anyone to feel
 like you did when you were bullied.
 Remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ROD
(thinking and remembering)
Oh! No, that was all bullshit to get
into your pants. No, I was actually the
one giving out the beatings. It's been a
while, but I think I still got it.

MOLLY
You asshole!

Rod pulls back a fist, but Earl grabs a towel from around a swimmer's waist. SNAP! Cliff has been dropped, and Rod turns around holding his hand.

ROD
You got somethin' to say old man?

EARL
I think I've heard just about enough out
of you.

Earl snaps the towel once again, wrapping it around Rod's head. Rod grabs at his face, but Earl simply gives a good tug, sending Rod reeling toward the end of the pier.

CROWD
YEAH!

At the last second, Rod's flailing arms grab hold of an OBESE WOMAN. She goes over with him.

CROWD (cont'd)
OH!

Fisher's eyes go wide. He takes a run and dives in after her. The crowd holds its collective breath. Moments later, Fisher's hand reaches out of the water, grabbing a ladder. He has the obese woman in his arms. The crowd cheers.

OBESE WOMAN
How can I ever repay you?

Fisher puts up a finger, asking for a moment to catch his breath.

FISHER
What kind of car do you drive?

Romantic music kicks in.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - AFTER

Molly and Cliff wave to Fisher and the obese woman, who are in a convertible Jag with a vanity plate: FAT RIDE.

INT. ROD'S MUSTANG - SAME TIME

Fisher starts the engine. He turns back to Cliff and waves.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Molly looks at Cliff and smiles. They kiss under the setting sun. In the distance, the obese woman disappears into Fisher's lap, and they drive off together.

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Molly and Cliff are kissing in front of the window. They separate and look into each other's eyes.

CLIFF
Thanks for givin' me a second chance.
(off her look)
Or a seventh chance, but who's counting.

She looks out the window.

MOLLY (cont'd)
It's a great view.

CLIFF
Yeah, you can see the whole city.

They look.

MOLLY
You know what? I used to run past here
almost every -

CLIFF
Day! I -

She looks at him.

CLIFF (cont'd)
I know.

MOLLY
You're just full of secrets aren't you?

They smile at each other. She leans in close to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK #1 (O.S.)
Yeah! Bitch boy's finally gettin' some action!

RICK #2 (O.S.)
Yeah!!!

MOLLY
Just ignore them.

Cliff nods. He leans in closer.

RICK #1 (O.S.)
Lick her butt, dude!

Cliff tries hard to tune them out.

RICK #2 (O.S.)
Make her fart on you, man!

RICK #1 (O.S.)
Yeah, up top, bro!

They high five. Cliff pulls back.

CLIFF
I'm sorry, I-

Molly turns to the open window.

MOLLY
(yelling)
Why don't you two assholes go out and find your own girls and show a little respect to those of us that don't have to masturbate tonight!

A pause.

RICK #1
Sorry.

RICK #2
We're sorry.

The sound of a window closing. Cliff is stunned.

MOLLY
You've had big night. I figured I'd handle that one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF
(raising his hand for five)
Yeah, up top, girlfriend.

MOLLY
Girlfriend?

CLIFF
(nervously)
Ah, I mean . . . it's a figure of speech.

She puts her arms around his neck and smiles.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Or not.

They lean in and kiss, long and good.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS - MORNING

Cliff and Molly enter, together. They look totally happy, and totally disheveled. The female bowler from earlier approaches them.

FEMALE BOWLER
Cliff!

CLIFF
Hey!
(to Molly)
I almost forgot. I got a surprise.

INT. KID'S GYM - DAY

The are sitting in rows, quietly. Fisher enters with Cliff and Molly.

KIDS
CLIFF!

They mob him. Boris approaches Molly. She looks at his face. He has shaved the beard, which has been reduced to a Hitler style mustache. Molly just stares at him.

BORIS
(smiling)
I shaved beard, like you said. It's much better now, no?

Molly is speechless. Fisher steps in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHER
 Boris. You've done a bang up job, but
 Cliff's gonna take over, full time.

Boris looks at Molly and smiles.

BORIS
 Thank you.
 (pointing to his stache)
 I feel like new man.

Boris puts on his sunglasses and exits.

MOLLY
 Are you sure we should let him go,
 looking like that?

FISHER
 He'll be fine.

EXT. THE STREET - MORNING

Boris stands on the street trying to hail a cab. Down the way, a group of Hasids notice Boris. To them, he appears to be "seig heiling" a cab. He turns to them and smiles, kindly.

The Hasids smile at each other, and a chain drops out of one of their robes. They start toward him.

INT. KID'S GYM - MORNING

The kids quiet and gather around Cliff.

CLIFF
 Okay, guys, I have a very special guest
 today . . . professional bowler . . .
 Betsy Jones.

The female bowler enters to applause from the kids. Betsy's eyes go wide. A SMALL GIRL pokes Betsy.

SMALL GIRL
 Another boy named Betsy, Betsy!

A SMALL BOY leans over to Betsy.

SMALL BOY
 You could be a bowler, too, Betsy!

Betsy is in heaven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
Cliff . . . I don't think that's a man.

CLIFF
Shh. Like you said, I'm full of secrets.

They embrace for a passionate kiss. Earl watches on, proudly. A tear forms in his eye.

FIRST TEENAGER
Are you cryin' old man?

EARL
There's the bravest young man I've ever met. He faced a cockblock the likes of which I've never seen. And he won, using the best defense their is. Confidence.

FIRST TEENAGER
Cockblock? Is that like when I do whatever my girlfriend tells me because I'm afraid she'll withhold sex if I don't?

Earl smiles broadly. He puts his arm around the teenager.

EARL
No, son, that's called "pussy whipped."
And that's a whole other story.

A whip CRACKS.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.