

COXBLOCKER

Written by

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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)

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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)

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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.

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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)

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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.

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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.

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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)

EEEEYAHHHHH!!!

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.

BETSY  
Really? Who?

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

Betsy smiles and nods.

INT. 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  
I don't know, Fish. I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

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 it's 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 there 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 vile. 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' reeeeeeeeeee -

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 goes 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 shutters.

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)

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 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

They 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.