

GUYS NIGHT
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INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

JEFF, early 40s, is fast asleep in a room that bears a woman's touch. The fluffy duvet matches the curtains, and the bed is crowded with superfluous pillows.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jeff used to be a fun guy. There was this one party back in college when he hooked up with three girls in one night. The third one wasn't even at the party. She was literally just running by. The party's in full swing, and Jeff's out on the front porch, and here comes this chick, out for a jog, headphones and everything, and Jeff intercepts her and talks her into the house. Everybody from college still talks about it, like, "Oh my God, remember when Jeff banged that runner?" But that was over 20 years ago. And I don't mean to sound like a prick, but he's just not the same guy anymore.

MONICA, late 30s, is spooned up behind him, lightly snoring into his ear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The chick spooned up behind him, that's Monica. She's the wife. And this is their typical sleeping dynamic. It says a lot about the whole relationship. I mean, if you ask me, there's just something really uncool about a chick spooning a guy. It makes me feel totally useless.

The dresser is cluttered with framed photos: Jeff and Monica on vacation, wearing matching sombreros. Jeff and Monica in Old West costumes, at one of those theme park photo shoots. Jeff and Monica at the spa, in bathrobes and mud masks. Each picture more incriminating than the next.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yeah, the pictures pretty much say it all. If you could time-travel back to the '90s and show these pictures to Classic Jeff, Classic Jeff would punch Married Jeff right in the fucking balls. You know what, don't even look at those.

Jeff yawns, sits up, and drops his feet on the floor. He stretches his arms, warming up for that long walk to the bathroom, when suddenly- a surprise in his lap.

He's got an erection. And just like that, he's wide awake, with a nervous smile.

He climbs back into bed and softly kisses Monica.

JEFF
Hey, sleepyhead.

MONICA
(still sleeping)
Mmmmm.

JEFF
Good morning.

She opens her eyes and checks the clock. 6:51.

MONICA
The alarm's set for seven. I need my sleep.

JEFF
Early bird gets the worm.

She reaches under the covers, and she's just as surprised as he is to find an erect penis. Now, she's wide awake, too.

MONICA
Your penis is hard!

JEFF
Yeah... so do you wanna?

MONICA
We have to be done in nine minutes, and I won't have time to cuddle you after.

She twists out of her bottoms. Jeff does the same.

Once they're both naked from the waist down, she climbs on top of him.

MONICA
It's been a while. I might get rough, just so you know.

JEFF
OK. That's fine.

MONICA
You're in the zone, just push.

JEFF
I am pushing.

She reaches down to help, but finds him deflating already.

MONICA
Jeffreybaby, you're at half-mast.

JEFF
Give me a minute. I just had it.

He closes his eyes and concentrates. As if that will help. He goes completely limp right there in her hand, and Monica slowly exhales.

MONICA
It's been four weeks. I've been sitting on this orgasm for almost a month.

JEFF
I know, Monica, I'm sorry... This never happened with anybody else, and some of those girls back in school were really subpar.

MONICA
It's fine. I'm just gonna get up.

She climbs off of him. He grabs her hand.

JEFF
No, wait. How about I go down on you?

MONICA
Aww, you're sweet. But that's not really your strong suit.

JEFF
What if I... touch you?

She's obviously frustrated, but trying to be constructive.

MONICA
OK, let's see what you got.

She settles back into bed. Jeff runs his hand beneath the sheets and finds her vagina.

JEFF
How's this?

MONICA

What is that, morse code? Be
smooth.

JEFF

Smooth. Like that?

MONICA

You're all over the map, baby.
Here, follow my lead.

She slips her own hand under the sheets and guides his.

MONICA

Oh, yeah. Yeah, right there.

Now, she's turned on. If you want something done right...

JEFF

There? I feel like we're coloring
outside the lines, no?

MONICA

It's good. Just be quiet, please.

JEFF

Sorry.

MONICA

Here, let me take over for a
minute.

Jeff retracts his hand and gives her some room to operate.

Monica bites her lip and closes her eyes. Really working
that thing. Going to town. Jeff isn't even in the game
anymore.

Then, she pauses.

MONICA

I've never done this in front of
anyone.

JEFF

You're doing great. Seriously.

MONICA

I can't finish with you watching.

JEFF

Should I take over?

MONICA

Or maybe you could just give me a minute?

(awkward pause)

I mean, it's just quicker if I...

It takes Jeff a moment to catch on. Then, it sinks in. He climbs out of bed, feeling a little rejected.

JEFF

I'll go brush my teeth.

MONICA

I'm sorry, Jeffreybaby. It's just that, now I'm all, you know...

JEFF

It's OK.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Jeff stands in front of the mirror, miserably brushing away.

Monica moans from the next room. At least somebody is having fun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Like I said, he's just not the same guy anymore.

EXT. JEFF'S OFFICE, PARKING LOT - JUST BEFORE 9AM

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE: Another day at the DIVISION OF STATISTICAL ENUMERATION, a large, colorless office building.

Jeff's gray Volvo rolls into the lot.

INT. RECEPTION - A MINUTE LATER

STEVEN, 30s, is the secretary. Dorky, upbeat, extremely naive, wearing a thick pair of glasses, and fresh off the bus from some hick town in Oklahoma. He's fairly effeminate, but nobody knows for sure whether he's in the closet or just a delicate Southern gentleman.

As soon as Jeff enters, Steven excitedly pops out of his seat and approaches. Hiding something behind his back.

STEVEN

Oh, good morning, Jeff! You're just in time! Open your mouth and close your eyes!

JEFF
Excuse me?

STEVEN
Open your mouth and close your eyes
and you will get a big surprise.

JEFF
OK, even if you're offering me
food, and I sincerely hope you are,
I really don't want to play-

Steven reveals a tray of assorted hors d'oeuvre samples.

STEVEN
I want you to help me taste-test
the amuse-bouche for tonight!

JEFF
Amuse...?

STEVEN
Amuse-bouche. Finger foods. This
is my first time hosting, and I
want everything to be just right.

JEFF
Yeah, I'm sorry, Steven, but I
don't think I can make it tonight.

STEVEN
(confused pause)
Was it my invitations? Was the
calligraphy too hard to read?

JEFF
No, it's just- I'm working on some
personal stuff with Monica. I'm
gonna stay in with her tonight.
But good luck with the, um, amuse-

STEVEN
Amuse-bouche! Just try one!

JEFF
I'm really not hungry. And
honestly, I don't like other men
shoving surprises in my mouth.

Jeff proceeds into his office, leaving Steven a bit crushed.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Jeff picks up the phone and dials.

JEFF

Hey Dad, you busy?

(pause)

I got a question. It's a little awkward, but you don't need to go into detail. Simple yes or no will do.

(pause)

Are you and Mom still, um... intimate? With each other?

(pause)

You're kidding. That much? Do you ever have trouble, uh, performing?

(pause)

Well, good for you, but... Dad, I asked you not to go into detail... OK, at least use biological terms, that's my mother you're talking about.

His co-worker VINCE barges in. Vince is a fast-talking, red-blooded alpha male. Early 40s, but emotionally stalled around 21. As usual, he's all riled up about something, and work is the last thing on his mind.

VINCE

You fucking pussy.

Jeff waves him away, but Vince snatches the phone and hangs up.

JEFF

Hey! That was important, Vince-

VINCE

Steven says you're bailing tonight.

JEFF

It's bad timing. Monica and I are working on some personal stuff, and-

VINCE

It's one night! You can't post bail for one night!?

JEFF

Gimmie a break, man. I got a ton of work to do here.

VINCE

Oh, please. This is neither the time nor the place. You just wait 'til Gene hears about this.

INT. BREAK ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

The break room is dark, until Vince appears in the doorway and flicks the lights on. Jeff reluctantly follows.

JEFF
Oh, come on. Don't wake up Gene-

VINCE
Gene, get up.

GENE, 70s, the grizzled, crotchety security guard is passed out on the couch. A man's man, left over from simpler, politically incorrect times.

GENE
(growls)
Fuck off. I'm hungover.

VINCE
It's an emergency.

GENE
I told you not to wake me if there's an emergency.

VINCE
Jeff's bailing on Guys Night again.

JEFF
I'm not bailing, I just... I need to work on some personal stuff with my wife.

VINCE
Personal stuff with his wife!

GENE
You want my advice? Don't be a queer.

JEFF
That's your advice for everything, Gene. It's offensive.

GENE
Damn right that's my advice, 'cause you're all a bunch of cupcakes, your whole generation. You wanna skip Guys Night? Here's what you do, don't be a queer. Boss thinks I drink too much? Don't be a queer. Steven might be a queer? Don't be a queer.

JEFF

Explain to me how spending the night with my wife makes me queer.

VINCE

I need this, Jeff. Ever since Jillian found those texts from Crazy Katie, I've been on lockdown. No happy hours, no golf, no business dinners, the only thing I'm allowed to do is Guys Night with you, and that's only because she thinks you're boring.

JEFF

Oh, I see. You're not allowed to do Guys Night unless I'm at Guys Night.

VINCE

It's all Crazy Katie's fault for texting me back in the first place.

JEFF

Uh-huh. Jillian knows that if I'm not there to babysit, you're gonna drag everybody to a strip club.

VINCE

Look, I already told her that you're coming. And as much as I enjoy lying to my wife, it's just easier if you're actually there.

JEFF

(annoyed pause)

I'll run it by Monica when I get home, OK? No promises.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - JUST BEFORE 5PM

The business day is winding down. Jeff sits behind his desk, staring out the window.

Through the window, he can see Gene standing by the flagpole, attempting to retire the flag. But there's a tangle in the cable, and Old Glory is stuck at half-mast. A Freudian omen.

Jeff turns his attention back to his computer. He takes a breath, and then slowly types a word into the search engine:

v... i... a...

A list of suggested results pops up as he's still typing:

viagra, viagra online, viagra samples, viagra prescriptions

Jeff gasps, surprised by the computer's presumption. Trying to act casual as he scrolls down through the results.

VINCE
Be firm tonight.

Jeff nearly jumps out of his seat. He looks up to see Vince standing in his doorway.

JEFF
What?

VINCE
With Monica.

JEFF
(exhales)
I told you, I'll run it by her.

VINCE
No, see, that's Married Jeff talking. Classic Jeff would get right up in her face and be like, "Listen bitch, I need a night with my bros."

JEFF
Classic Jeff would be divorced by now.

Jeff shifts in his seat and Vince lingers in the doorway, neither saying anything. An unofficial staring contest.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Jeff and Vince have been at the Division for, like, 15 years now. And Jeff always thought Vince was an asshole, even back when they were in their 20's. But you know how it is. As a guy gets older, he doesn't see his real friends much anymore, and he's got nobody to socialize with except for the clowns from the office. You hang around with a couple of nuts all day, the nuts become your best friends, whether you like 'em or not.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Monica is due home any minute. Jeff is setting the stage for romance. He's wearing a red satin bathrobe, cut way too high, showing off his hairy thighs.

He lights a few candles. He unfolds a Snuggie and lays it neatly over the couch. He fidgets with the remote control, scrolls through the digital shows, and cues up *Dancing With The Stars*.

The door opens. Monica enters, dressed in a sexy power suit.

JEFF

Hey there! Just in time.

She smiles curiously when she sees the preparations. Wine, candles, *Dancing with the Stars*, the robe. She takes off her shoes and jewelry while verbally patting him on the head.

MONICA

Aww, look at you! What's all this?

JEFF

Well, I know how much you like romance, so-

MONICA

And what are you wearing?

JEFF

It's a sexy robe. I feel kinda silly, but the craigslist ad said it was lucky. So, I thought maybe-

MONICA

Jeffreybaby, all this preparation is adorable. But you know I have Book Club tonight.

JEFF

On a Friday?

MONICA

We had to cancel Tuesday night. Candice didn't finish the book.

JEFF

Oh, but honey... I thought maybe...

MONICA

Thought what? Is your penis functional?

JEFF

Not at the moment, but maybe if we take it slow and really concentrate-

MONICA

That's what you said last Friday, remember? And we spent the whole night pulling taffy.

JEFF

(frustrated pause)

So I'll just watch DWTS by myself, I guess.

MONICA

Now, don't pout. If I keep it under two glasses of wine, I'll be home later tonight, and you can help me masturbate some more? OK?

INT. BEDROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Monica sits at her vanity, fresh from a shower, applying her make-up. Jeff enters the scene, frustrated and mopey. The sight of her in a towel, sexy and still a little wet, only worsens his mood.

JEFF

So... maybe I'll just go play cards with the guys.

She stops what she's doing and gives him a look.

JEFF

What? You're going out, why can't I?

MONICA

You have brunch with Nonner and Poopy in the morning.

JEFF

That's tomorrow?

MONICA

I wrote it on your planner a week ago. 9AM sharp.

JEFF

9AM? What happened to 10?

MONICA

Poopy never changes his clocks.
His body can't handle daylight
savings at his age. You know this.

JEFF

9AM brunch is breakfast.

MONICA

Jeffreybaby. This is our future
we're talking about.

JEFF

If it's our future, why do I have
to take your grandparents to brunch
by myself?

MONICA

Because you're a big boy, you
should be able to win them over
without my help. Poopy's hiring a
whole new team for the Dover
office, so-

JEFF

Poopy still calls me Jerry. He
does it on purpose.

MONICA

They hated Roger, too. But Roger
sucked it up and took them to
brunch, and today, he's Poopy's
vice-president.

JEFF

So basically, if I kiss your
grandfather's ass, I can go work
for your ex-boyfriend.

MONICA

Anything's better than that dead
end job at the DSE. This is a real
opportunity, and if you show up
tired and hungover-

JEFF

I'll be fresh as a daisy, OK? It's
a card game, it's not Mardis Gras.

We hold on Monica as she considers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Monica wasn't always like this.
Jeff introduced me after their
third date, so I've known her
(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
basically from the beginning. And
back in the day, she was a fun
chick. She used to be all about
road head, believe it or not. And
I'm talking unsolicited road head,
no awkward hints, she would just
start doing it, the way some people
play the license plate game.
Nowadays, when they go somewhere,
she doesn't even let him drive, she
says he's not aggressive enough
behind the wheel. And this job
thing, I think she's being a
capitol C about the job thing. I
could go on until I'm blue in the
face, but I try to stay outta her
business altogether.

MONICA

Fresh as a daisy. 9AM. And Jeff,
you're not leaving that brunch
until Poopy offers you a job.

INT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT, SITTING ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Steven's apartment is immaculate, yet cozy. Tastefully
decorated with prints of fine art and antique furniture.
More like an old lady's pad than a bachelor's.

Vince sits on the couch, dully flipping channels. Gene sits
beside him, shuffling a deck of cards like a pro. No music,
no conversation, just the ticking of a grandfather clock.

Steven emerges from the kitchen with a tray of fancy hors
d'oeuvres, which he lays carefully on the coffee table.

And let's clarify what everybody is wearing, because it says
a lot about them: Vince is dressed in cheesy Ed Hardy stuff,
which he's entirely too old and out of shape for. Gene is
dressed in black, a ringer for Johnny Cash. Steven is the
most fashionable, which only adds to his sexual ambiguity.

STEVEN

Now, these over here are caprese
salad samplers. Great to nibble on
if you're watching your waistline.

VINCE

Is something wrong with your TV or
do you really only get 13 channels?

STEVEN

I'm not sure how many I have total.
I never go higher than PBS, because
they always have something good on.

VINCE

So 13 channels. No ESPN, no HBO.

STEVEN

And these over here are picadillo empanadas. They're a tiny bit spicy, but I just figured, whatever! It's Guys Night!

VINCE

They look kinda gross. What do you got to drink?

STEVEN

Well, let's see, I have ginger ale, Diet Coke, several kinds of juice-

VINCE

Booze, Steven.

STEVEN

Booze...

(confused pause)

Oh bullcorn, I think I forgot to buy alcohol!

VINCE

You have nothing? Not even beer?

Steven shrugs, amused by his own forgetfulness. And his amusement only pisses Vince off more.

STEVEN

I was in such a mad rush to get everything I needed for the finger foods-

VINCE

Nobody gives a shit about the fucking finger foods, Steven. If I wanted to eat finger foods I'd be at a goddamned bridal shower.

Gene reaches into his jacket and produces a silver flask.

GENE

I got 8 ounces of Beam. You two nancies are on your own.

Vince's cell rings. He checks the caller ID, then answers.

VINCE

What do you want, fuckface?

INT. JEFF'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Jeff is already on the way, speaking to Vince through a nerdy wireless headset.

JEFF
Guess who's coming to Guys Night!

VINCE
Well, that's more like it! Hang on, let me tell the guys.
(covers the phone)
Jeff escaped from the Nazi.

JEFF
I what?

VINCE
(back to Jeff)
Oh yeah, stop and get some booze. Apparently, Steven was expecting a bunch of fucking Mormons.

JEFF
Well, here's the thing. Monica's making me take Nonner and Poopy to brunch tomorrow, so I really shouldn't drink too much-

VINCE
Who the fuck are Nonner and Poopy?

JEFF
Monica's grandparents. I can't show up tired or hungover. They're easily offended-

VINCE
Oh, God forbid you offend Nonner and Poopy! Jillian lost both of her parents last year and I slept through both funerals. And guess what? She forgave me. Now be a fucking man and buy some alcohol.
(hangs up)
He's such a dick, I swear to God.

INT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT, SITTING ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The guys are gathered around Steven's poker table- actually, it's an antique mahogany with a green tablecloth. Gene deals the cards fast and furious, a formidable gambler.

GENE

Five-card stud is the game. Aces
play both high and low for
straights, three raise limit-

STEVEN

Would it be alright if we play a
warm up round with fun money?

VINCE

Fun money?

STEVEN

Fun money. Monopoly money. It's
just, Gene always wins so much of
mine. I'd really appreciate a fun
money round, just until I hit my-

GENE

Don't be a queer. We're playing
for real.

STEVEN

Can I wager a Red Lobster gift
card? I'm allergic to seafood, but
I believe it's transferable. 35
dollar value.

VINCE

You know what? Fuck this. Why are
we gambling this money when we
could be putting some nice young
ladies through college?

JEFF

Please don't start with that,
Vince. Let's just play poker.

VINCE

Steven, you got some workout pants
we can change into?

STEVEN

Workout pants?

VINCE

Like, black Adidas gym pants?

STEVEN

Hmmm. I have spandex.

GENE

Of course you do.

JEFF

What are we changing our pants for?

VINCE

Because it makes the lap dances
smoother on your dick.

GENE

Mmm-hmm. Streamlines the ejac.

JEFF

I'm not wearing Steven's pants, and
I'm not going to a strip club.

VINCE

Let me ask you something, Jeff.
When's the last time a woman
besides Monica gave you a boner?

JEFF

I don't cheat on my wife.

VINCE

Not cheating. I'm just talking
about some other woman giving you a
random boner. Take me for example.
I'm over 40 years old, married for
seven, but every time Linda from
accounting goes to the water
cooler, I pop a boner the size of a
tube steak.

STEVEN

Linda's a doll. I just love her.

GENE

And her ass is gettin' bigger. I
like that.

VINCE

So when's the last time, Jeff?

JEFF

Actually, uhh... well, this is a
little embarrassing, but...
(nervous chuckle)
It's been a while.

VINCE

How long is a while?

Jeff opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. He's already
turning red, sorry that he said anything.

VINCE

Wait. Are we talking about boners for random pedestrians or boners in general?

JEFF

It's just, you know...
(really embarrassed now)
Work has been very intense lately.

VINCE

Intense? You have the same job as me and I'm on youtube eight hours a day.

JEFF

Monica and I are... in a dry spell right now. Every marriage has dry spells. Right?

STEVEN

Well, have you tried-
(lowers his voice)
-alternate positions?

VINCE

Good point, Steven.

STEVEN

Dr. Oz recommends alternate positions to put the spice back in your bedroom.

VINCE

Jeff, if you want, I can demonstrate 20 or 30 positions that you probably never even heard of. Mostly involving the butthole.

GENE

Hold the phone. Are we talking about Jeff's cock not getting hard? That's what we're talking about?

Jeff hangs his head. A giant can of worms, now wide open.

VINCE

You know what I think? You did this to yourself, man. You've gotten so domesticated, with your brunch and your *Dancing with the fucking Stars*. Your dick doesn't know how to be a dick anymore. We're going to the strip club. I know one place, for ten bucks, they
(MORE)

VINCE (cont'd)
let you smell the pole. Now, if
that doesn't get you hard-

JEFF
For the last time, I'm not going to
some grimy strip club.

GENE
He doesn't need no strip club. He
needs Applejack Island.

Gene becomes deadly serious, as if somebody just dimmed the lights. Jeff rolls his eyes.

GENE
Yes sir, that town makes a man
harder than the Sunday crosswords.

VINCE
Applejack Island. That place
doesn't really exist. Does it?

STEVEN
What's Applejack Island?

GENE
You're damn right it exists. Just
not on any map.

JEFF
Guys. This is the 21st century.
Maps are fairly accurate these days-

STEVEN
What's Applejack Island?

JEFF
Applejack Island is a myth, Steven-

VINCE
It's, like, somewhere off the coast
of Jersey, there's this wild,
hedonistic party town-

JEFF
It's a fairy tale for horny
teenagers-

GENE
It's not a goddamned fairy tale.
It's as real as you or me, and I
been there.

A hush falls over the room. The stakes have just been risen.

VINCE
Bullshit.

JEFF
Yeah, no offense, Gene, but was this during one of your legendary drinking binges?

GENE
I been there plenty'a times. Now this is back when I was a kid, and yeah, naturally, I was drunk. But I been there alright, and I'll tell you one thing about that island. You'll have a furious erection all night long.

JEFF
Oh, come on. You're full of it.

GENE
I don't lie about matters of the cock.

STEVEN
I always wanted to see New Jersey! The Garden State- that just sounds so clean and friendly, doesn't it?

Nobody responds to Steven, but Jeff mulls it over. And Vince is already halfway to the door.

VINCE
Well, what are we still doin' here?
Let's finish our drinks in the car!

JEFF
No no no, not happening. I have a 9AM brunch.

VINCE
Oh, fuck brunch! Gene says he knows the way to Applejack fucking Island, I have wet dreams about this place while I'm wide awake, and you're still talking about brunch!?

We hold on Jeff as he considers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Now as you probably know, Applejack Island is the setting for a thousand tales of dark, dirty debauchery. And I've been to
(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
plenty of dark, dirty places, but I
can't say for sure whether or not
that island actually exists. All I
know is, Jeff's pulse just went up
a little.

Finally, he smirks and pushes himself out from the table.

JEFF

OK, sure. Let's just zip on over
to Applejack Island, and maybe the
lost city of Atlantis while we're
at it. But if we don't find
anything, we're stopping at Jersey
Taco and you pinheads are buying.

EXT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Vince opens a fresh beer as the guys exit the apartment. So excited that he's practically dancing.

VINCE

Fuckin' road trip! Now this is
Guys Night! Raw-doggin' randos and
pants-off dance-offs! Steven, you
drive stick?

GENE

Oh, you bet he does.

STEVEN

My first car was a stick shift.
Why?

VINCE

'Cause we're not goin' anywhere in
your little white Prius. Don't get
too drunk, and I'll let you drive
the Rover home.

We cut to reveal Vince's prized possession: a gleaming black 2012 LAND ROVER DEFENDER. Big, boxy frame on huge, jacked-up tires. A midlife crisis on wheels.

STEVEN

You'll let me drive your Rover?

VINCE

Just pay attention to my shifting
technique on the way. You'll need
to emulate my style so as not to
confuse the engine.

STEVEN

Oh Vince, I'd be honored! I won't have a single drop of alcohol!

VINCE

Jeff, let me get you some clothes.

Jeff looks himself over. Drab gray polo tucked into dockers.

JEFF

I'm wearing clothes.

VINCE

We're on our way to New Jersey, the style capital of the world, and you look like salesman of the month at a fucking cell phone kiosk.

Vince opens the hatch of his Rover and reveals a trunk full of supplies. Extra clothes, hair gel, lubricants, etc. He sprays himself with cologne as he rummages through the stock.

JEFF

I'm not wearing any of your dopey Ed Hardy stuff. I'm perfectly comfortable in what I-

Vince shakes up his beer, and then sprays it at Jeff.

JEFF

Goddamn it!

VINCE

Here. Dry clothes. Extra medium.

Vince tosses him an Ed Hardy t-shirt and Diesel jeans.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY / INT. ROVER - AN HOUR LATER

Somewhere in Jersey: The Rover cruises north along the Expressway. Vince at the wheel, Gene riding shotgun, Jeff and Steven in back. (Jeff now dressed practically identical to Vince.)

STEVEN

And this place is like some kinda Twilight Zone?

GENE

It's just hard to find. The locals, see, they keep it a big secret, most of 'em deny that it's even there. Only reason I know about it is I used to fool around
(MORE)

GENE (cont'd)
with this local broad. God, I
loved her. What was her name
again...

VINCE
They used to say it was a town full
of orgies and bachelorette parties.

GENE
Yeah, and that's on a slow night.

JEFF
We're wasting our time. Back in
college, me and my buddies spent a
whole night driving around, looking
for this place. What a disaster.
Stopped for directions in Belmar,
woke up in Elizabeth, with a wicked
hangover and a bad tattoo.

GENE
Elizabeth is nowhere near Belmar.

JEFF
Elizabeth was the girl I met in
Belmar. The point is, the island
doesn't exist.

STEVEN
Jeff, you really have a tattoo?

JEFF
Used to. It was a bad idea.

STEVEN
So what was it?

JEFF
It was the, um... the male symbol.
The circle with the arrow. Plus a
little exclamation point.

VINCE
It was badass. Then came Monica.

JEFF
I didn't remove it for Monica.

VINCE
Confirm or deny, Monica hated it.
Also confirm or deny, you got it
removed within a week of proposing.

JEFF
You can still see it, kind of.
(lifts his sleeve)
(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)
Well, not right now, but sometimes.
When the light hits it just right.

Gene leans forward as they approach a dark, unmarked ramp.

GENE
Wait wait wait. Slow down.

VINCE
Slow down for what?

GENE
Here's the exit. Turn here.

Vince slows and exits onto a spooky, single-lane road.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD / INT. ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Jeff watches uncertainly as the road leads them away from the lights and traffic of the Expressway, deep into the dark, dreary surrounding woods.

JEFF
I'm pretty sure this is just a service road.

STEVEN
Whatever the service is, I don't want it.

They ride in silence for a while, as a thick fog sets in and blankets the car.

The road beneath the tires turns to muddy gravel, leading to:

EXT. HARBOR / INT. ROVER - CONTINUOUS

A ghostly harbor, barely visible through the fog. An abandoned bait-and-tackle shop. Sagging docks with empty fishing slips in between, except for a few ancient, half-sunken rowboats.

VINCE
Gene, this is the deadliest dead end I've ever seen.

GENE
Just drive. Down by the docks.

Vince exhales. *Whatever you say.* He shifts gears and creeps down the sloping gravel toward the water.

The Rover reaches the edge of the harbor. The headlights fall upon a pier that leads straight into the fog. No end in sight.

GENE
That's it. Go.

VINCE
What do you mean, go? That thing wouldn't hold up a skateboard!

GENE
Listen knucklehead, you know some other way to Applejack Island?

Vince stares uncertainly into the fog. Finally, he shifts into first gear and inches forward.

The old, rickety planks creak beneath the tires.

They drive further. Vince leans over the steering wheel, nervously expecting the pier to fall apart beneath them.

Then, as they're driving, the architecture evolves. The creaky planks are succeeded by steel and concrete. Little by little, the lane widens.

VINCE
What the hell...?

The fog dissipates.

Suddenly, they're driving along a huge, two-lane suspension bridge, with steel girders and a smooth carriageway.

Vince, Jeff, and Steven stare out the windows, witnesses to a grand parlor trick.

Then, they see the lights. The bridge slopes down toward the glow of a distant island. An oasis in the mist.

GENE
And there she is. My shorts are getting tighter already.

JEFF
(quietly, to himself)
I'll be damned...

The bridge connects with land, and they reach the edge of Applejack Island.

The outskirts are dark and unfriendly. A nameless, old-fashioned tavern and a few small shanties. The dim

streetlights reveal a couple of random pedestrians, creepy fishermen-types who watch the Rover pass with eerie stares.

Instead of WELCOME TO APPLEJACK ISLAND, or something like that, they pass a large sign that reads simply: LOCALS ONLY!

JEFF
(re: the sign)
Not exactly a warm welcome.

VINCE
That's probably just for atmosphere. All these little coastal towns have signs like that. They're trying to be kitschy.

STEVEN
Oh sure, like when people fly little pirate flags on back of their boats. Some of them aren't even pirates, they're just havin' fun with you.

They pass another sign: SERIOUSLY, FUCK OFF.

JEFF
OK. Rationalize that one.

VINCE
Yeah, now I'm a little freaked out. And where are all the girls? I thought this place was supposed to be the Atlantic City of New Jersey!

JEFF
It's more like the New Jersey of New Jersey.

GENE
Just keep driving. There should be a garage up on Road.

VINCE
What road?

GENE
Just Road, that's what it's called. They don't name the streets here.

The guys look up as they drive through the next intersection. Sure enough, the sign reads simply, BOULEVARD and AVENUE.

VINCE
Now that's gonna be fun when we're drunk.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

They cruise a little further and stop at a traffic light. In the next lane is a black Cadillac with tinted windows.

STEVEN

The man in that car is staring at us.

The other guys look over. Sure enough, the DRIVER is watching them with an unfriendly scowl. He looks like a typical leg-breaker, shaved head and Velour tracksuit.

Gene rolls down the window. Jeff slumps down in his seat.

JEFF

Gene! Don't antagonize the locals-

Too late. Gene stares right back, and things heat up.

GENE

Can I help you with something, pal?

DRIVER

Yeah, where do you think you're goin' with those Delaware plates?

GENE

We're picking up a few more guys, than we're stoppin' by your mama's house. That's where.

A tense pause. The door swings open. The Driver jumps out.

JEFF

Oh, shit. Here we go.

But then- the Cadillac's rear window rolls down, revealing a middle-aged thug in the back seat. This is CARLO, 50s, the type of guy who can level a threat without raising his voice.

CARLO

Tommy.

The Driver pauses.

CARLO

Get back in the car.

Tommy does as he's told. Carlo watches him climb back in the driver's seat, and then turns his cold stare to the guys.

CARLO
Don't mind my driver. He's a real
hothead.

Vince tries to loosen things up with his wiseass diplomacy.

VINCE
Hey, no worries, man, that was
entirely our fault! Maybe you can
help us out, we're a little lost.

CARLO
Where you heading?

VINCE
Well, we're looking for the
intersection of our cocks with
young wet pussy!

Jeff, Gene, and Steven roll their eyes. Carlo stares at
Vince with no hint of a smile. An uncomfortable pause.

CARLO
This town's not exactly a meltin'
pot, you know.

VINCE
OK, what do you mean by that?

CARLO
I don't know how you boys found
this place, but I think you better
turn around, go home to Delaware,
and don't tell nobody you were
here.

The light turns green. Carlo rolls up the window, and the
Cadillac drives off.

INT. GARAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATE

The Rover creeps up the ramp of a shoddy parking garage and
screeches into an open spot. The guys exit the car, still a
little on edge from the last scene.

JEFF
I think we should listen to that
guy.

STEVEN
I agree. He had the most sinister,
piercing brown eyes.

GENE

Christ Almighty. One bozo gives us some guff and you little fops wanna turn back.

JEFF

You made your point, OK? We found The Island. Apparently, there's been a minor apocalypse since you were last here, but it's real and I stand corrected.

GENE

Give it one drink. If your cock's not hard after one drink, we'll turn around and go home. I promise.

JEFF

(sighs)

Fine. One drink. But it's not like this place is even remotely...

He trails off as they turn a corner. Welcome to the jungle.

EXT. BOULEVARD - A MOMENT LATER

The guys reach a sprawling strip of rowdy bars, cheap motels, and dark nightclubs with no names. Cobblestone streets with gas lamps on the corners. Occasional, random fireworks in the air. It's like the French Quarter of the Old West.

Any laws regarding open alcohol or public decency are flagrantly ignored. The sidewalks are a parade of drugs, alcohol, and partial nudity. Hot, trashy girls everywhere, and every one of them quite obviously trying to get fucked.

The guys' reactions are priceless. Like spellbound kids getting their first look at Disneyland. Gene just smirks, as if to say, *I told you so.*

STEVEN

Ohhh my stars...

VINCE

Somebody call my wife. I'm never going home again.

GENE

Well, ladies, where do we begin? We got the Turkish bath right there, opium den over there. Hot damn, there's the panhead massage place! Follow me!

STEVEN

I can't go to a massage parlor, I'm far too ticklish! And I'm allergic to all those fancy oils they use.

GENE

Yeah, but see, in this town, they jerk you off first, and the rubdown is optional.

VINCE

Hang on, everybody. Let's not go crazy until we get some drugs in our system. I'm gonna score some coke.

JEFF

Whoa, wait a minute! What happened to your New Year's resolution?

VINCE

My resolution was to do less coke. Not no coke.

JEFF

No, this is not gonna be one of those nights. I gotta be home at a reasonable hour, or I'll never hear the end of it from, from, uh-

STEVEN

Monica.

JEFF

Monica. Exactly. Point is, I agreed to one drink.

VINCE

Look around, Jeff. This is New Jersey. Can-I-buy-you-a-drink doesn't work here. These chicks won't even look at us unless we score a little blow.

JEFF

You're being ridiculous. I'm not here to meet chicks and I don't-

VINCE

Observe.

Here come two sexy JERSEY SLUTS. Young, dumb, teetering on high heels. As they pass, Vince coughs and mumbles under his breath:

VINCE
Cocaine.

The Sluts do a quick about-face and smile flirtatiously.

VINCE
Oh, hello there.

SLUT #1
Did you just cough the word
"cocaine?"

VINCE
Maybe. Where are you girls going?

SLUT #2
F Club. Tonight's Roaring 20's
night.

VINCE
What's that, like, moonshine and
jazz music?

SLUT #1
Nobody over 30 allowed.

VINCE
Nobody over 30. Is that written in
stone, like a law? Or is it kinda
flexible, like a restraining order?

SLUT #2
(right to the point)
Do you have any coke or not?

VINCE
Well, as a matter of fact-

JEFF
No, we don't. Sorry.

The Sluts exchange a look. *Forget these guys.* They exit.

VINCE
Damn it, Jeff, I will not let you
chaperone me here! This town is my
Mecca! These people are my soul
mates!

A BUM approaches, hand outstretched.

BUM
Brother man, you spare some change?

VINCE
Get away from me.
(back to his friends)
I'm going to F Club. Who's in?

JEFF
They said nobody over 30. We're
all over 30. Gene would be retired
by now if he didn't hate his wife.

VINCE
It's a club full of younglings!
We'll be the sexy elder statesmen
getting lazer-beamed by all the bad
girls with daddy issues!

JEFF
You're missing the point. We'll
never get in.

GENE
Well. Dirty Lou's place used to be
a few blocks that way.

VINCE
Who's Dirty Lou?

GENE
Town locksmith and a minor league
paper hanger. If he's still in
business, he can whip up some fake
IDs.

VINCE
Fake IDs from Dirty Lou. That
sounds foolproof.

JEFF
Just a minute now. I have a 9AM
brunch. I'm not getting a fake ID
to chase two trampy girls to some-

Jeff abruptly pauses. The guys look at him expectantly. A firecracker explodes overhead, filling the sky with color.

JEFF
Movement.

VINCE
Penile movement?

JEFF
Just a flurry, but I definitely
felt something.

VINCE
It was those sluts!

JEFF
Now, hold on. It could be a fluke.

GENE
That's no fluke. That's The
Island, workin' her sexy magic.

VINCE
Your dick is responding to sluts!
We're goin' to F Club!

JEFF
No, that's not- I love Monica. I
have no desire to meet other women.

VINCE
And you don't have to meet other
women, but you can't deny what is
happening down there. Your dick is
pointing at destiny. Trust your
dick for once. Follow your dick.

We hold on Jeff as he considers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
OK, I know a lot of females are
saying, "Don't do it, don't do it."
Ladies, do me a favor, sit down and
shut up for a minute. The man
clearly expressed fidelity to his
wife, so what's wrong with a little
window-shopping? I'm not sayin' he
should cheat on Monica with those
two slam-pigs, I'm just excited for
a change of scenery here.

EXT. DIRTY LOU'S LOCKSMITH STAND - A FEW MINUTES LATER

DIRTY LOU looks like Yoda, but slightly taller. Small,
wrinkled, eyes barely open. His rickety operation is not
much bigger than a fruit stand.

The guys are lined up against a blue backdrop, as the old man
adjusts the shutter on a large antique camera.

STEVEN
This is so exciting! I always
wanted a fake ID but my folks
wouldn't allow it!

VINCE
You're not supposed to tell your
folks, retard.

JEFF
(grumbles)
Still can't believe we're doing
this. I feel like I'm applying to
be a pedophile.

DIRTY LOU
Whatty want your names to be?

VINCE
Something Jonas.

STEVEN
It can be anything I want? Shoot,
let me think here.

JEFF
Doesn't make a difference, Steven.
We're only gonna use 'em once.

STEVEN
I always liked the name "Chase
Hunter." I saw it on a soap opera.

VINCE
Chase Hunter? That sounds fake.

JEFF
And redundant.

STEVEN
No, wait. Doctor Chase Hunter.

GENE
PhD in proctology, I presume.

DIRTY LOU
Up here, Doc. Smile.

Steven looks up at Dirty Lou with a huge smile. FLASH.

EXT. F CLUB - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The guys wander down a dark, vacant lane, beneath a sign that reads simply, LANE. The thumping bass of house music becomes audible as they approach a large, windowless building. The DOORMAN is a short, surly guidio.

The guys hand over their IDs. Vince and Jeff manage to act casual, but Steven is shaking in his boots, and Gene still looks old and gray, even behind a pair of dark sunglasses.

DOORMAN
You guys are all 29?

VINCE
Yeah.

DOORMAN
(to Gene)
You, too?

GENE
Big three-oh next year.

DOORMAN
Yo, no offense, but... you gotta be the most strung-out looking 29-year-old I ever met.

GENE
Stay away from crystal meth.

DOORMAN
Touché.

The Doorman grills Steven as he hands their IDs back.

DOORMAN
Chase, you're from Piscataway?

Steven stares nervously into space.

DOORMAN
Chase?

VINCE
(elbows Steven)
He's talking to you, Doc.

STEVEN
Oh, yes! What?

DOORMAN
Piscataway?

STEVEN
Yes, that's where I live and practice medicine.

DOORMAN
You related to Ace Hunter?

STEVEN
(nervous pause)
He's my brother-in-law.

DOORMAN
(instantly lightens up)
No shit! Yo, tell him all the guys
from F Club say what's up.

STEVEN
Oh, I will, thank you.

INT. F CLUB, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The guys pocket their IDs and head inside. Once the Bouncer is out of sight, Vince grins and slaps Jeff on the back.

VINCE
Hook line and sinker, boys! You're
only young twice!

They pass a narrow locker room, where people are stuffing their personal items into small, shoebox-size lockers.

JEFF
I don't get it. What's with the
lockers?

VINCE
Must be a local thing. You put
your keys and stuff into a locker
so you don't lose 'em when you're
drunk. Actually kind of ingenious.

JEFF
That seems less secure than just
keeping those things in my pants.

INT. F CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The guys proceed through a dark hallway, which leads them to:

The coolest, sexiest party of all time. Raised dance floors, bathed in florescent light. Plushly furnished private bungalows, enclosed by billowing curtains. Gorgeous half-naked dancers, in cages suspended from the ceiling. And a very young crowd. Most of the girls fresh out of school.

VINCE
(so excited)
Would you look at these buckets?
They're young enough to be our
mistakes!

JEFF
Jesus, why don't we just crash a
prom while we're at it?

VINCE
I know you're joking, but prom
season's right around the corner.

Vince leads everybody to the nearest bar and signals the bartender. The other guys are trying not to stare, but they're mesmerized by the entertainment.

STEVEN
Well, what in the-? Girls dancing
in cages? Now I've seen it all!

GENE
Why is this stupid music so goddamn
loud?

VINCE
It's house music, Gene! It's
supposed to be loud and stupid!

Jeff's pocket vibrates. He takes out his cell and checks the caller ID: Monica.

JEFF
Ah, great. I gotta take this.

VINCE
Oh come on, man. Can't you go one
night without being considerate to
your wife?

Jeff cranes his neck, looking for a respite from the noise.

JEFF
How am I supposed to hear anything
in this place?

GENE
Try getting your head outta your
ass.

JEFF
I'll be back in five minutes.

Jeff hurriedly exits the scene, phone ringing in his hand like a time bomb. Vince rolls his eyes.

VINCE
His loss. Let's go mingle. Gene,
you're my wingman, try not to look
so old.

GENE

You just find me a panhead with a
big ass and I'll take it from
there.

VINCE

Steven, you're the Greek chorus.
Laugh at our jokes and corroborate
any lies. OK?

No response. Steven is watching a pack of guidos fist-pump
on the dance floor.

VINCE

Steven.

STEVEN

You guys go ahead, I'm having a
great time watching these maniacs
over here on the dance floor. They
got some crazy moves, these guys!
(claps)

VINCE

(stunned pause)
OK, seriously, man. Are you gay or
what?

STEVEN

Why does everybody always...? No,
I'm not a homosexual. I don't even
watch *Glee*.

GENE

You got nothing to be ashamed of,
kid. Far as I can tell,
everybody's a queer nowadays.

VINCE

Yeah, seriously. Just tell us if
you are, so we can be more
sensitive when we make fun of you.

INT. NEAR THE COATROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff rushes to the back of the club, trying to escape the
music and crowd noise, the phone still ringing in his hand.
He finds a dark corner next to the coatroom- the only quiet
corner in the whole damn place.

A young woman stands nearby, minding her own business,
tapping out a text message. She resembles Audrey Hepburn,
petite with an air of delicate sophistication.

Jeff settles into the corner, then snaps his phone open-

JEFF
Hi, honey! I-

-but in that same moment, Audrey Hepburn answers her own phone and screams excitedly:

AUDREY
(into her phone)
Heyyy bitch! Where you at, you fuckin' skank!?

Jeff cringes and slaps his hand over the receiver. We don't hear Monica's reaction, but it's not good.

JEFF
Monica, I- No, it's nobody! I-

AUDREY
(into her phone)
Yeah, hurry up and bring some coke!
I'm so fucking horny for coke!

JEFF
Honey, pay no attention to-

AUDREY
(into her phone)
I said, I'm so fucking horny for coke!
You're so fucking deaf, Mom,
I swear to God!

Jeff lowers his phone and stares angrily at Audrey. This little bimbo is killing him.

INT. NEAR THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Back at the bar, Steven is reassuring Vince and Gene of his heterosexuality.

STEVEN
I just don't get it. Is it because I don't have a ladyfriend?

VINCE
It's because everything you say makes you sound like a gaylord.
Such as the word "ladyfriend."

STEVEN
OK, in all honesty, I did have a prostrate exam when I turned 30, but I found it very uncomfortable.

VINCE

Either way, it'll do you good to
have some sex.

GENE

Opposite sex.

VINCE

Yeah, seriously. Let's go find
some lay-ups.

Vince and Gene pound their drinks and slam down empty glasses. Then, just as they're making their move, the music fades. A pause, followed by the DJ's voice, bellowing over the sound system:

DJ (O.S.)

What's up, F Club!? It's now
exactly 12 midnight, and you know
what that means!

The crowd cheers. Girls scream, guys high-five.

Vince, Gene, and Steven look at each other, confused.

STEVEN

What happens at midnight?

From somewhere above their heads, a loud electronic rumble begins. Like the sound of a giant washing machine.

The crowd cheers even louder, as huge streams of thick blue foam cascade down from the ceiling ducts.

VINCE

Holy shit! It's a foam party!

GENE

A what?

VINCE

They fill the whole club with foam!

GENE

What the hell's the sense of that?

VINCE

Because it's scientifically proven
to make girls horny! Come on,
doesn't anybody read Maxim?

STEVEN

Oh, no. I gotta get out of here!
I'm allergic to foam!

VINCE

Allergic? To foam? How do you even know something like that?

STEVEN

Because I've been at one of these things before. It was at a place called Bubbles, down in Key West-

GENE

Right, 'cause that's where straight guys go to hang out. Club Bubbles in Key West.

STEVEN

Where's the exit!?

VINCE

They're about to flood this joint with hot, sexy foam and you wanna leave!?

STEVEN

I'll break out in rashes all over my body, Vince! When you had that rash on your ding-dong, who picked up all your creams at the pharmacy? That pharmacist looked at me like I was some kinda sex pervert!

We hold on Vince, annoyed at being made to feel guilty.

VINCE

Ahhh, fucking hell. Come on.

They set off in search of an exit. Vince and Gene lead the way for Steven, brushing foam away as giant mounds enclose from all sides.

Meanwhile, the rest of the crowd is having a blast. Dancing, hooking up, horsing around. Vince spots two gorgeous girls making out beneath a sudsy waterfall, and he curses Steven under his breath.

Finally, the guys reach the exit doors, but they're intercepted by a giant, juicehead BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

Doors stay closed while the foam's on.

VINCE

(to Steven)

You heard the man. Tough break.

STEVEN

Please sir, you don't understand.
I have an allergy!

BOUNCER

Bro, I don't care if your face is
on fire. Doors stay closed while
the foam's on.

Steven spins around, surveying the club. Huge banks of foam
everywhere. Oozing toward our heroes, who stand trapped in
one of the last dry corners.

Steven nervously scratches. His face suddenly beat red, his
neck swollen with welts.

GENE

Damn, you weren't lying, kid.
You're redder than a Cherokee's
asshole.

STEVEN

Oh no, it's starting! I'm itching
in places I'm not supposed to
scratch!

VINCE

We'll try the mens' room! Come on,
I think it's this way.

INT. NEAR THE COATROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff squeezes his cell with both hands as Loudmouth Cokehead
Audrey Hepburn loudly yaps away.

AUDREY

-and bring me some tampons, OK!?
(pause)
Tampons, Mom! For my pussy!

He taps her on the shoulder. She looks up at him.

JEFF

Excuse me, I'm trying to use the
phone, too! Can you please keep
your voice down!?

AUDREY

(deadpan pause)
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize
your conversation was more
important than mine. I'll try to
be quiet.

JEFF
Thank you.

AUDREY
I'm Audrey, by the way.

She offers her hand, and Jeff quickly shakes it.

JEFF
Jeff. Now, if you don't mind-

He waves her away, and then returns to his call with Monica.

JEFF
(into phone)
Honey, I'm so sorry. Are you
there? Listen, I-

AUDREY
Oh, fuck me, Jeff! Fuck me hard!

She screams it right over his shoulder. Jeff snaps his cell shut, wide-eyed. He's dead.

INT. BY THE RESTROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Vince and Gene push foamy clubbers out of their way, clearing Steven a path to the mens' room.

They're not fast enough. By the time they near the restroom, a giant tidal wave of foam has concealed the entrance. Now, they're helpless. Surrounded on all sides by suds.

STEVEN
We're trapped! What do I do?

Vince looks up. Directly above their heads is a steel cage. A girl dancing inside, but plenty of extra room.

VINCE
You'll be safe in the cage. Come on!

Vince and Gene hold out their hands. Together, they boost Steven up. He grabs the bottom of the cage and pulls himself inside. Just in the nick of time.

Down below, the perfect storm of foam closes in on Vince and Gene, swallowing them up like Egyptians in the Red Sea.

INT. INSIDE THE CAGE - CONTINUOUS

The curvy, barely-dressed CAGE DANCER is in her zone. Gyrating to the music, eyes closed. She doesn't even notice Steven as he's climbing up.

Then, she turns around, and she's face to face with him.

CAGE DANCER
Hey!! What the fuck-!?

STEVEN
Please let me explain, ma'am. My name is Steven Fortescue, and I'm about to break out with the most awful rash-

CAGE DANCER
Get out!!

STEVEN
Please let me stay! I'll dance if I have to!

CAGE DANCER
Get out of my office!! Now!!

She starts throwing punches. Steven puts his hands up and shrieks. There's nowhere to go, and no way to dodge her.

STEVEN
Please! It's an emergency!!

The Cage Dancer shoves him with everything she's got.

Steven falls out of the cage, shrieking all the way down.

STEVEN
Ahhhhhhh!

He disappears into the foam, and we hear a muffled thud as he hits the floor.

The music stops.

The crowd lulls, confused and alarmed by whatever just happened.

Vince and Gene rush through the foam, waving suds out of their way, searching.

VINCE / GENE
Steven!
Where are you, kid?

A few seconds go by, and no sign of him. Did the fall kill him? Did the foam?

Then, a creature bursts up from the froth with a mighty roar.

STEVEN
Rrrrahhhhh!

Actually, it's more like a cry of terror. Steven has mutated into a hideous freak. His face swollen beyond recognition. His eyes contorted, his ears and nose mushroomed, his lips purple, his glasses gone. He looks like the Toxic Avenger.

STEVEN
Lettt meee out!!

Girls scream. Guys scream. The crowd panics and flees as if a ravenous zombie were loose in their midst.

INT. NEAR THE COATROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff turns a corner, and finally finds some privacy. He calls Monica. Again. She picks up after half a ring.

We don't hear her end of the conversation, and we don't have to. Jeff's frantic, defensive tone says it all.

JEFF
Monica! I... OK, listen, don't
get mad. I'm at a nightclub.
(pause)
Yeah, I know, honey, but we're only
staying for one drink! I promise!
You have my word, I'll be home by-

Then, Jeff hears the screams. He steps out from his corner and approaches the crowd. That's when he sees:

Steven, lurching through the foam, horribly disfigured, arms outstretched. Blind as a bat without his glasses. Vince and Gene are chasing after him, like two Dr. Frankensteins pursuing an escaped monster.

The rest of the crowd runs for their lives, screaming.

A buxom blonde slips in the foam and falls to the floor, helpless in the creature's path. She screams her lungs out as Steven staggers toward her. A classic horror movie moment, and Steven's the monster.

Jeff blinks in disbelief.

JEFF
Honey, I'll call you back!

He snaps his phone shut and rushes into the foam to help his friends.

EXT. F CLUB, BACK ALLEY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The guys have retreated to a dark, smelly alley behind the nightclub. Luckily, there's a hose.

Steven is stripped down to his tightie-whities, leaning on a dumpster, shivering while Vince sprays him down. Still swollen and disfigured, unrecognizable beneath the welts.

VINCE
(quietly, to Jeff)
You got a boner yet?

JEFF
Exactly what part of this situation should I find arousing?

Jeff cleans Steven's glasses, then hands them back.

JEFF
Here, Steven. I think you're improving.

GENE
Don't patronize the kid. He looks like a goddamn leper.

STEVEN
I need Allergin. It's only gonna get worse unless we find a drug store and get me some Allergin.

GENE
How 'bout you go wait in the car, and we'll stop on the way home?

VINCE
Wait next to the car.

JEFF
Nobody's waiting in the car. There's gotta be a drug store on the island.

VINCE
And what if there's not? We can't go out in public with The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Jeff takes out his cell and holds it up to the moonlight. The screen blinks and flickers as suds drip off.

JEFF
Oh, son of a bitch! That stupid
foam screwed up my phone!

Vince inspects his own- also soggy and useless.

VINCE
Ah, fuck. Mine too.

GENE
And that's why they had a locker
room, you dumb shits.

STEVEN
I need Allergin.

JEFF
If I don't call Monica back, she's
gonna think I'm out having fun!

VINCE
Oh, forget about your bucket wife
already. They respect you more if
you give 'em dead air once in a
while.

GENE
Damn right, that's why I don't have
a cell phone. Technology is for
queers.

JEFF
I hung up on her mid-sentence. You
ever hang up on a woman who didn't
flip out about it?

STEVEN
I need Allergin!

VINCE
OK OK! We'll find a phone! We'll
find some fucking Allergin! Jesus
Christ, one little medical
emergency and everybody freaks out!

EXT. THRIFT DRUG - A SHORT WHILE LATER

In a dark corner of Applejack Island, the last of the Thrift
Drug stores still stands.

The guys exit the store. Steven opens a bottle of Allergin,
pours some into a plastic spoon, winces as he swallows, and
then looks at his friends, hopeful. But no change.

STEVEN
How do I look?

GENE
You should probably just chug that
thing, kid.

Steven grimaces as he takes another sip, now from the bottle.

JEFF
There's gotta be a pay phone around
here somewhere.

VINCE
I think I saw one back in 1985.

He spots one. An old-fashioned phone booth, across the street, in front of a dilapidated liquor store.

JEFF
Bingo.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - A MOMENT LATER

Jeff hurries to the phone booth, only to find a frayed wire where the receiver should be.

JEFF
Damn it!

He looks around, and notices two ADOLESCENT PUNKS, standing at the side of the parking lot- actual punks, with mohawks, piercings, spiked collars, etc. 12 years old, if that.

He clears his throat and approaches.

JEFF
Hey guys. Sorry to interrupt the,
uh, loitering, but do either of you
have a cell phone I could use?
It's an emergency.

The Punks exchange a look. Not especially friendly.

PUNK #1
It's gonna cost you.

JEFF
I'll give you five bucks. Five
bucks for five minutes. Please,
I'm desperate here.

PUNK #1
We don't want money.

PUNK #2
We want alcohol.

Jeff stares at the Punks, and now it makes sense. This is why they're staked out in front of a liquor store.

Vince, Gene, and Steven approach, observing as Jeff negotiates. Steven now finally returning to normal.

JEFF
I can't buy you alcohol. That's against the law. I'm offering you five bucks and good karma, fair enough?

PUNK #1
Explain to me how to get drunk on good karma.

VINCE
Just buy 'em some booze, Jeff.
Nobody likes a role model.

JEFF
They're minors.

VINCE
Oh, and you never snuck a drink when you were a kid? I had my first beer when I was 13 and look at me now. I'm basically a genius.

Jeff stews for a moment, and then turns back to the Punks:

JEFF
What do you want?

INT. LIQUOR STORE - A MINUTE LATER

Jeff hands his credit card to the little old Korean behind the register, who reaches beneath the counter and produces a bottle of Absinthe. And not the mass-produced, Americanized brand. This is the real shit, imported from Switzerland with a green fairy on the label.

STEVEN
I've never even heard of Absinthe.
Is it strong?

VINCE
Put it this way, these kids are gonna be absinthe from school for a while.

JEFF

You know we could get arrested for this. Contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

GENE

Contributing my ass. Those kids were delinquents when we got here.

CA-CHING. The Korean bags the Absinthe and hands it to Jeff.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - A MOMENT LATER

The guys exit the store, but the Punks are gone. Jeff looks around, confused.

JEFF

Ah, great. Where'd they go?

PAUNCHY COP

Looking for somebody?

The guys spin around and see TWO COPS approaching. One big, paunchy, out of shape. The other short, stocky, steroids for breakfast. Imagine Kevin Smith and Henry Rollins.

JEFF

Excuse me?

PAUNCHY COP

Who exactly are you lookin' for?

Jeff hesitates and turns to Vince for help. No luck.

VINCE

Yeah, Jeff. Who are you looking for?

PAUNCHY COP

I really hope you guys aren't buying alcohol for minors.

JEFF

No, no sir. Definitely not.

PAUNCHY COP

You sure about that? 'Cause we just ran two of 'em outta here. Two little fuckers, always hassling folks to buy 'em Absinthe.

JEFF

Uh-uh. Haven't seen 'em.

PAUNCHY COP
There's only one thing we don't
abide on this island, and that's
drunk kids.

JEFF
That's a good policy.

STEROID COP
What's in the bag?

Oh, shit. The guys look at each other, but nobody answers.

STEROID COP
Let's have it.

Jeff nervously hands the paper bag to Paunchy. He reaches in and reveals the bottle of Absinthe. The cops share a look.

PAUNCHY COP
OK, up against the car. Hands on
the hood.

JEFF
Sir, please. I can explain.

STEROID COP
Hands on the hood, motherfucker!

The guys do as they're told. The Cops pat them down.

VINCE
Sir, if I may. I studied law and
almost graduated from one of the
finest law schools on the world
wide web. And I happen to know-

JEFF
Just shut up, Vince.

VINCE
-that nothing you charge us with
tonight could possibly hold up in
court. That bottle of Absinthe is
entirely circumstantial.

PAUNCHY COP
Circumstantial.

VINCE
Yeah, that's right. That bottle
was purchased for our own personal
enjoyment.

PAUNCHY COP
(scoffs)
Oh, you guys drink Absinthe?

VINCE
Yeah, that's right. We drink
Absinthe. We drink Absinthe on the
reg.

The Cops exchange a look. Steroids hands Vince the bottle.

STEROID COP
Bottoms up.

Vince looks down at the bottle, and realizes what he just signed up for.

The Cops stare at him. Doubting him. Challenging him.

VINCE
OK. No sweat.

Vince opens the bottle and summons his nerve.

Then, he takes a swig. Spontaneous combustion in his mouth. Fire lapping the walls of his throat. But he gets it down.

VINCE
(labored)
Wow, that's so good. Really hits
the spot.

The Cops stare him down, not even close to satisfied.

Vince stares back. Reluctantly, he takes another, bigger swig. He wipes his mouth, trying not to gag, but gagging anyway.

VINCE
Oh, look at me hogging all the fun.
Here you go, Jeff.

Vince passes the bottle to Jeff, and the Cops nod.

Jeff looks at the bottle, a cold sweat coming over him. He takes a gulp, coughs uncontrollably, and passes it to Gene.

Gene guzzles the Absinthe. A commendable effort, but even he can't get it down without his eyes watering.

The Cops grin as the guys pass the bottle back and forth, Jeff and Vince gagging like schoolgirls.

VINCE
Don't just stand there. Help us
out, Steven.

STEVEN
But Vince. I'm driving, remember?

STEROID COP
Designated driver?

STEVEN
(proudly)
Yes sir!

STEROID COP
'Atta boy. Why don't you go 'head
and drink his share, Vince.

VINCE
Oh, you gotta be fuckin' kidding me-

Steroids pulls his gun and FIRES at Vince's feet. Vince jumps backwards, stunned.

VINCE
Whoa! Hey! I'm a white male
taxpayer, damn it! You can't just-

Steroids FIRES three more times. BAM BAM BAM. Each shot coming closer to Vince's heels.

VINCE
OK! OK! I'm drinking!

He guzzles more Absinthe, his heart racing.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Vince discards the empty bottle in a trash can as the guys lumber across the street, aptly named Street. Their mouths still burning, their legs beginning to wobble. All except for Steven, who's still chipper and sober.

STEVEN
Hey Vince, thanks again for
choosing me to be the designated
driver tonight. If I'd a' drank
all that liquor, I'd have such a
bellyache right now.

VINCE
Go fuck yourself, Steven. And
Gene, little help next time.

GENE

What exactly did you want me to do?

VINCE

I don't know, talk to them in cop or something. Why do we even hang out with you if you can't get us outta trouble?

GENE

I'm a retired C.O. from Delaware, you jackass. And in case you didn't notice, this island's got its own set of rules. You wanna start a pissing contest with the local blue, count me out.

JEFF

Anything woulda been better than chugging Absinthe. That stuff tastes like a pissing contest.

VINCE

And now we're gonna be hammer-fuck wasted in about ten seconds.

GENE

Ahh, we'll be fine. That stuff's nothin' but sugar and green.

VINCE

Absinthe was illegal for years.

GENE

That's a bunch of hooey. Some pussy Congressman probably crashed his car.

Gene suddenly pauses, staring uncertainly at the street in front of them.

GENE

Where'd that Yeti come from?

VINCE

What?

Everybody stops walking. Up ahead of them, a HOOKER in a fur coat is crossing the street. Gene stares at her, fixated.

GENE

Tell that fuckin' Yeti to stop eyeballing me or we're gonna have a problem.

VINCE
Gene, that's a chick in a fur coat.

Gene isn't listening. He raises his fist and shouts:

GENE
You just keep walking straight back
to Nepal, motherfucker!

The Hooker looks up at him and nervously quickens her stride.

VINCE
Oh boy. He's seeing shit already.
This might be a good time to write
our addresses on our hands.

JEFF
I say we just go back to the-

Jeff takes a step forward, but his leg turns to jelly. He falls to his knees like an infant wavering in his first step.

JEFF
Something's wrong with my legs.

Vince bursts out laughing. Instantly wasted.

JEFF
My legs. I can't feel my legs.
This isn't funny, Vince!

Vince laughs harder and harder, holding his sides, tears streaming. Not even reacting to Jeff anymore, just uncontrollably cracking up.

Steven stares at his friends, frightened. Jeff losing power over his limbs, Vince laughing like a mental patient.

Gene rolls up his sleeves and lumbers toward the Hooker.

GENE
OK, fuckface. I warned you.

She sees him coming and runs off, screaming.

Steven grabs Gene and pulls him back to the group.

STEVEN
No, Gene! There's no such thing as
Yetis in this part of the world!
Leave that poor woman alone!

Jeff grabs a lamppost for leverage and labors back to his feet, legs quivering.

JEFF

My feet are numb... My legs are
useless... The impotency is
spreading...

Vince howls with laughter, rolling on his back.

STEVEN

Everybody pull yourselves together.
Y'all are acting like a bunch of
crazy homeless veterans!

Steven takes Vince's hand and pulls him up off the ground.
Jeff wobbles toward them and grabs Steven for support.

STEVEN

Let's all just call it a night, OK?
Does anybody remember how to get
back to the garage?

He looks around, overwhelmed, but can't get a sense of
direction. It's a block full of dark, unmarked buildings,
possibly abandoned.

Then, two SHOWGIRLS appear at the edge of the street. Like,
actual Vegas showgirls, wearing sequinned costumes,
extravagant headresses and giant heels. They hurry across
the road and approach what seems to be an empty building.

But as the door opens and the Showgirls slip inside, the guys
catch a glimpse of a lively, crowded casino. Chiming slot
machines, spinning roulette wheels, beautiful women, and
bouncy swing music. It's only a fleeting glance, and then
the heavy, sound-proof door swings shut again.

The guys do a collective double-take.

STEVEN

OK, now I'm seeing things.

JEFF

No, I saw it, too.

VINCE

I saw girls.

GENE

I saw gambling.

VINCE

Asian girls.

GENE

Don't wait up.

Gene marches toward the casino. Vince follows.

STEVEN

Gene! Vince! Get back here, we're supposed to stick together!

Steven follows, with Jeff hanging on him, slowing him down.

INT. CASINO - HOURS PASSING

This is where the night goes off the rails. The guys discover an underground Casablanca-style casino, and a wild MONTAGE of high-rolling, hard-partying mayhem ensues. Through the drunken haze, we see:

- Vince, playing craps with a group of girls. Crashing the photos of a second group. He performs a magic trick for a third group, making his wedding band disappear with a quick sleight of hand.
- Gene, at the blackjack table. Betting big and drinking bigger. A cocktail waitress approaches with his drink. In one fell swoop, he grabs the drink, chugs it, smashes the empty glass on the floor, grabs the waitress, kisses her, and then smacks her ass as he returns to the game.
- Steven, wearily attempting to control his friends. Gene raises another shot, Steven swats it away, Gene mouths the words, *Don't be a queer*. Vince gets down on one knee, proposing to a showgirl, and Steven pulls him up to his feet.
- Jeff, wandering through the casino, exploring the games, marveling at the shiny machines. Drunk off his ass, but finally starting to enjoy himself. Big smile.

We see the casino through Jeff's eyes. People laughing and cheering, machines chiming, time passing. The world spins around him, fast and fuzzy, louder and louder.

Then, he spots a pay phone. Finally! He rushes over, plunks some change in, and dials. The call rings, then goes to voicemail.

MONICA'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, it's Monica. Leave a message.

He takes a deep breath. Determined to leave a sober, articulate message.

JEFF

Monica, it's me. Listen, I know it's late, and I know you're concerned, but I will absolutely positively be at brunch at 9AM
(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)
 tomorrow, and even though your
 grandparents are old and scary, I'm
 gonna charm the shit outta them and
 Poopy's gonna give me a job, or
 else I swear to God I'll cut his
 fucking throat.

(confused pause)
 No, wait. That sounded bad. I
 don't know where that came from.
 But anyway, what are you wearing?
 (confused pause)
 Honey? You still there?

Jeff trails off, confused, when his eyes fall upon:

Monica. In the casino. Crossing the crowd with three of her
 girlfriends, all of them glammed up for a big night.

Jeff stares at her, dumbfounded. Where did she come from?
 And what the hell is she doing here?

He rubs his eyes, trying to clear the fog from his mind.
 Then, he loses sight of her in the crowd.

STEVEN
 Jeff! There you are!

JEFF
 Huh?

Jeff snaps out of his daze, the world clear and steady again.
 Steven is at his side, exasperated.

STEVEN
 For goodness sake, you can't just
 wander off like that! We're in a
 secret casino, y'all are drunk, and
 some of these games give the
 dealers an unfair advantage!

Steven takes Jeff's hand and leads him to a blackjack table,
 where Gene is lost in the game and Vince is babbling to a
 waitress.

STEVEN
 Now, you just stay put! Buddy
 system from now on!

JEFF
 Monica. She's here somewhere.

STEVEN
 Her Book Club meets at a casino?

JEFF
 No. But she's here. I saw her.

STEVEN

Jeff, I think maybe that's the
Absinthe messing with your mind.
Vince thought he saw Princess Diana
by the craps table before.

VINCE

It was her! She's alive, damn it!

STEVEN

I pray to God that's true somehow,
but Princess Di wouldn't be seen in
a place like this! She's royalty!

As Vince and Steven debate, Jeff spots the same group of women. Except this time, he gets a clearer look. It's not Monica, just a passing resemblance.

He pauses, relieved, as the lookalike walks by.

JEFF

Hey, you're right. It's not her.

VINCE

Don't worry, pal. Even if she is here, she'll never recognize you.

JEFF

Why not?

VINCE

Because you're having fun.

Vince and Steven both laugh.

Jeff doesn't. It lands hard.

JEFF

Guys, how long have we been doing
Guys Night for?

VINCE

Shit, let me think. The very first
one was Jillian's 35th birthday,
that was about three years ago.

JEFF

We've been doing Guys Night every
month for three years and you've
never seen me have fun?

VINCE

Fun? I can't even remember the
last time you laughed, and I say
hilarious things constantly.

STEVEN

You're still good company. Every boy scout troop needs a stiff old scoutmaster.

JEFF

I used to be fun. Back before I failed out of grad school, I partied so hard that I failed out of grad school.

(pause)

I was different then. I was Classic Jeff. Classic Jeff once arm-wrestled a lesbian for a night with a bi-sexual cheerleader.

(pause)

Now, I work 40 hours a week like it's my job, and I can't even get a boner.

VINCE

Don't talk that way. I'm on a mission to get your dick hard tonight, and there aren't many guys I would say that to.

STEVEN

That's right, Jeff. That little old ding-dong's gonna come back to life, and he'll be sturdier than ever. Just you wait.

JEFF

(not convinced)

I hope you guys are right. I'm too young to be this old.

Jeff rubs his face, the spell of the Absinthe gradually weakening. Still drunk, but getting his wits back.

A round of cheers from the blackjack table.

That's when Jeff notices Gene's huge pile of chips. He's winning big, attracting a crowd. Deadly serious, not acknowledging anybody except the Dealer, and systematically kicking her ass.

JEFF

Wow. Gene's on fire.

VINCE

Shhhh. Don't disturb him. He's in some kinda drunken gambling trance.

JEFF
How much is he up?

VINCE
I lost count when that redhead
walked by, but somewhere around ten
G's.

JEFF
Ten thousand dollars?
(oh, shit)
How long have we been here?

He stands on his toes, anxiously searching for a clock. No such thing in a casino.

STEVEN
Mmm, I'd say three, four hours.

JEFF
Three or four hours!?

We cut back to Gene, who mumbles to himself and raps the table with his knuckles. *Hit me.*

The Dealer hits him.

Gene mumbles again, then makes a swiping motion. *I'll stay.*

The Dealer flips her card. She busts.

A round of applause as Gene wins another stack of chips.

Gene grunts to himself and places another bet.

JEFF
OK, we gotta leave! Now!

VINCE
Leave!? Gene's one blackjack away
from that new liver, and you wanna
leave!?

JEFF
Just tell him to quit while he's up
and let's go! Monica's gonna have
my fucking balls for this!

Vince exhales and throws his hands up. What a buzzkill.

At that point, a large, surly PIT BOSS approaches Gene. Six-foot-three, broad-shouldered, buzz cut, dark suit.

PIT BOSS
Excuse me, sir. May I speak to you
in private?

GENE
Buzz off, flattop, you're bad luck.

PIT BOSS
Allow me to rephrase the question.
Leave your chips on the table and
follow me.

The smiles around the table suddenly vanish. Vince steps in.

VINCE
Whoa, what's your problem, cowboy?
We were just leaving.

PIT BOSS
(to Vince)
You. Shut your mouth.
(to Gene)
You. This way.

GENE
You. Don't be a queer. I'm on a
roll, now scram.

A tense pause. The Pit Boss exchanges a glance with two FLOORMEN- security guys who have been observing the exchange from their stations. Nobody moves.

PIT BOSS
Have it your way.

He turns and leaves the table.

But obviously, this isn't over. The guys nervously scan their surroundings. They're being watched by Floormen from every corner.

VINCE
Oh, crap. What'd you do, Gene?

The guys watch as the Pit Boss crosses the room and approaches the CASINO MANAGER, who stands in the distance with his back to them. The Pit Boss whispers in the Casino Manager's ear.

So right now, the hierarchy is becoming apparent: The FLOORMEN are the muscle; a bunch of them scattered throughout the casino, and they stay fairly invisible unless there's a problem. The PIT BOSS is in charge of the Floormen. And the CASINO MANAGER is in charge of everybody. He's the guy you really don't wanna piss off.

The Casino Manager turns around, and sure enough: CARLO, the heavy from the back of the Cadillac. The same guy who told them to leave town upon arrival. He locks eyes with the guys. Instant recognition.

VINCE
Of course.

Carlo nods to the Pit Boss, and both of them approach the guys. The onlookers quietly disperse. Shit, meet fan.

CARLO
My boys from Delaware. You guys
don't take advice too well, do you.
I tell you to go home, and you
steal from my casino.

VINCE
Steal? Nobody stole anything!

PIT BOSS
The old man. He's a cheat.

VINCE
Bull-shit!

PIT BOSS
He was counting cards.

VINCE
You can't prove that!

PIT BOSS
He was counting out loud.

Vince looks at Gene. Gene shrugs, as if to say, *yeah, maybe*.

Jeff and Steven swallow hard.

CARLO
(quietly, to the Pit Boss)
Take him downstairs.

The Pit Boss gestures. Two Floormen advance and grab Gene.

VINCE
Hold on, hold on! This is a big
misunderstanding! I can explain!

Carlo cocks any eyebrow. On that note, the Floormen pause, Gene pinned tightly between them.

Carlo stares at Vince through narrow eyes.

CARLO
Oh, yeah? You got five seconds.

Vince raises a finger, a determined expression on his face, but says nothing. Everybody watching him.

Then, his face loses color. He doubles over and pukes.

Green vomit his the floor. Everybody groans and recoils, fearful for their shoes, momentarily distracted.

That's when Gene spins around and punches one of the Floormen across the jaw, laying him out across the blackjack table. He kicks the other one in the balls.

GENE
See you in hell, suckers!

Gene grabs Vince, and the guys run for it. They scramble through the maze of games and gamblers, searching for the nearest escape.

But two new Floormen appear in their path, like linebackers in the end zone.

Gene thinks fast and snatches a tray of chips from a craps table. He throws it at the Floormen. Chips fly everywhere.

Before the chips even hit the ground, a crowd descends upon them like buzzards on a carcass. Greedy chaos.

The guys plow through the frenzy and head for the exit.

EXT. CASINO - A MOMENT LATER

The guys burst through the door and run for their lives.

A few moments later, Carlo and his men emerge from the casino. Seriously pissed off, ready for blood.

EXT. ALLEY - A MOMENT LATER

The guys duck into a dark alley and race through the shadows. As they're running:

JEFF
Damn it, Gene! You can't go around punching people in New Jersey!
They invented the mafia here!

GENE
Oh, I suppose you little dandies had a better idea!

JEFF
Were you counting cards or not!?

GENE
No, I was rubbin' a goddamned
rabbit's foot. Of course I was
counting cards!

STEVEN
I just wanna go home! This is a
nice place to visit, but I don't
wanna die here!

At that point, the bad guys appear behind them. Still on
their asses, with the length of the alley between them.

The guys reach the end of the alley and duck around the
corner. That's when they spot:

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The First Episcopal Church of Applejack Island.

VINCE
Sanctuary!

They race toward the church and slam into the door. Locked.

Everybody looks around, and they spot another entrance. The
church annex sits at the rear of the building. Lights in the
windows. They race for it.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

By the time the Floormen reach the end of the alley, they've
lost sight of the guys. They look at each other, catching
their breath.

A moment later, Carlo approaches. The Floormen are afraid to
meet his eyes. But he doesn't explode, he just recalculates.

CARLO
They're driving a Land Rover
Defender with Delaware plates. Get
eyes on every garage and parking
lot in town, and don't let 'em
leave the island.

INT. CHURCH ANNEX - A MOMENT LATER

The guys burst into the annex and pull the doors shut behind
them. Everybody out of breath, flushed with relief.

One by one, they turn around. That's when they see:

A room full of people, roughly 30 altogether, their folding chairs forming a large half-circle. Mostly men, a few women, everybody staring at them. Coffee and donuts in the back of the room. Apparently, some kind of support group.

The shaggy, bearded ringleader at the head of the room waves them over. This is BARRY, 60ish, an aging hippie.

BARRY

Hello there, welcome! Come have a seat. I'm Barry.

The guys awkwardly shuffle toward the few free chairs, exchanging dubious looks as they sit.

For a long, strange pause, nothing is said. Everybody just watching the newcomers, sizing them up.

Eventually, Barry turns to WADE, a shabby drifter-type.

BARRY

Wade, would you like to continue?

WADE

Uhh, yeah, so anyway, I told my old lady I was goin' out for one drink. Course, there's no such thing as one drink in this town. I woke up three days later in the dumpster behind Clancy's, with two black eyes and blood in my stool. That was a year ago. That was my rock bottom.

Scattered mumbles and nods from the crowd.

WADE

I almost relapsed tonight. I got in a fight with the old lady, drove out here, walked up to Clancy's and stood on the doorstep. Took a lot of will power, but I walked away. And that's how I got here.

Polite applause from around the room.

VINCE

(grumbles, to himself)
Jesus Christ, we're in AA.

BARRY

You did the right thing, man.
Anybody else wanna share?

AARON stands. He's slight, ineffectual, the sensitive type.

AARON

I'm Aaron. I'm from Toms River and I've been sober for three years.

(breaks down, crying)

I got so tempted tonight. Went out for a drive, just to clear my head, and before I knew it, I was back here on The Island. I had a moment of weakness, but thank God, I made it here instead.

Aaron sits, still sobbing. Everybody claps. Barry sniffles.

BARRY

Amen, brother. Glad you made it. Does anybody have any words for Aaron?

GENE

(under his breath)
I got four words for him.

JEFF

Shhh.

The man seated next to Jeff stands up. He's a big, brawny redhead named FITZIE. A hardass fisherman-type.

FITZIE

I'm Fitzie. I live here on The Island, and I'm sober nine years.

The crowd claps. Jeff, Vince and Steven make sure to clap, too. Gene hiccups.

FITZIE

When you're a party boy, this island is paradise. When you're sober, it's Guantanamo fucking Bay.

CROWD

Hell yeah.
Damn right.

FITZIE

So many times I thought about packin' up and movin' to the mainland. Thing is, my house has been in the family for three generations. So I'm still here, tryin' to stay dry in a town overrun by drunks and whores.

CROWD

Hell yeah.
Damn right.

FITZIE

Every night, I lie in bed, I listen to the sounds of other peoples' parties. When I fall asleep, I dream about murder. Killin' every single motherfucker on this island with a fillet knife.

BARRY

OK, let's try to stay positive here.

FITZIE

You know what my neighbors were doing when I left the house tonight? Fillin' a kiddie pool with Jack Daniels. Whole block smells like whiskey. I can handle the noise and the music, but the smell of Jack, it just pushes my crazy button. I'd kill 'em all and I'd sleep like a baby, I swear to fucking God.

Vince holds his breath. Jeff discreetly slides his chair away from Fitzie.

BARRY

OK. Thanks for sharing, Fitzie.

Scattered claps from around the room, and tension like a thick fog. Barry redirects the conversation.

BARRY

Would any of the newcomers care to introduce themselves?

Jeff and Vince check out the light fixtures, doing their best to remain anonymous. Gene hiccups.

BARRY

Anybody?

Steven stands up. Jeff, Vince, and Gene look at him like he's walking into a firing squad.

STEVEN

Hello, everyone. My name is Steven Fortescue. I'm originally from Ragbottom, Oklahoma, and I'm a Gemini.

Polite applause from around the room, which encourages a smile from Steven.

STEVEN

And I would just like to say that I agree with this gentleman over here. I have never cared for the smell of Jack Daniels. It just smells like turpentine to me.

A quiet pause. Nobody is sure whether to clap at that.

BARRY

Right on. How'd you wind up here on The Island, Steven?

STEVEN

Oh, I'm just visiting. Having a Guys Night with my friends.

BARRY

I see. Is that what led you to our group tonight? Is Guys Night a trigger for you?

STEVEN

A trigger?

BARRY

A temptation to drink.

STEVEN

No, I'm not drinking tonight. To be totally honest, I'm just here to hide out for a while.

What an idiot. Jeff, Vince, and Gene scope out the nearest exits. Ready to make another run for it, if necessary.

Barry turns deadly serious, staring at Steven as if he's reading his mind.

BARRY

Steven, I've been doing this for twenty years. Seen a lot of faces come through that door.

(tense pause)

But my first meeting, I was hiding out, too. Sitting right where you are, just trying to live through the night.

Steven exhales, relieved to have found a common soul.

STEVEN

That's exactly how I feel! I just wanna live through the night.

BARRY

Has your life become unmanageable?

STEVEN

Unmanageable? I do feel that way sometimes, sir. Why, just a few hours ago, I was half-naked in an alleyway, gettin' sprayed down by a strange hose, and I kept askin' myself, how did it come to this?

BARRY

I've been there, brother. I've been half-naked in those alleyways, gettin' sprayed by strange hoses for two bucks at a time.

Steven nods. Not exactly on the same page.

BARRY

Now, answer me this. Are you here to admit that you're powerless over alcohol?

STEVEN

I am totally powerless! I try to limit myself to just one, but if I have two or three, I get absolutely goofy!

BARRY

We wanna help you, Steven. Are you ready to accept help?

STEVEN

I am, Barry! I really am!

BARRY

Embrace me, brother.

Barry stands. Steven approaches him. They hug.

The entire crowd applauds. Some standing, some cheering. Fitzie is holding back tears.

Jeff, Vince, and Gene stay in their seats. Gene hiccups.

INT. CHURCH ANNEX - AN HOUR LATER

The meeting is finally over. Some people exiting, some hanging around, bullshitting and drinking coffee.

Jeff, Vince, and Gene stand in the corner, impatiently waiting for Steven, who's saying his goodbyes.

JEFF

Well, that was the longest hour of my life, and I've seen every episode of *Sex and the City*.

GENE

I'm about to take twelve steps right into oncoming traffic.

VINCE

Can somebody please just grab Steven before they make him their new president?

Steven finally returns, and he's practically walking on air.

STEVEN

Isn't this fun? I always thought these programs were full of hobos and Irishmen, but everybody here is so nice!

GENE

Just wrap it up, will ya?

STEVEN

OK, OK. I'm waitin' on Maxine. She's a new friend.

VINCE

Hey, we're not here to make friends with these partypoopers. Let's get-

Vince trails off as Steven's new friend approaches. MAXINE is a statuesque knockout, mid 30s. Poised and sophisticated, all brainy sex appeal, like a TV newswoman.

MAXINE

Hey guys. Steven says you need a lift?

VINCE

Um, yeah, we're parked at a garage, down by the, um, Boulevard.

MAXINE

Sure, no problem. I'm this way.

She heads for the door, Vince stealing a look at her perfect ass as she does.

VINCE

God damn. Where the hell was I when that woman was a drunk?

EXT. CHURCH ANNEX - A MOMENT LATER

The guys exit the church and Maxine leads their way. She points to the lavish, towering condo at the end of the block.

MAXINE

My condo's over here. Just gotta run upstairs, grab my car keys.

INT. MAXINE'S CONDO, ELEVATOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Maxine pushes the button for the top floor. The doors close. The guys stand shoulder to shoulder, quietly impressed.

VINCE

So you live here on The Island?

MAXINE

Just weekends, here and there. Whenever my girlfriends and I need the occasional break from married life.

VINCE

Right on. I take occasional breaks all the time.

MAXINE

You guys are welcome to stay, hang out if you want. If you're not in a rush.

JEFF

I have a 9AM brunch.

MAXINE

9AM brunch is breakfast.

JEFF

My point is, we've had a very exciting night and I'm afraid I need some sleep.

MAXINE

And my point is, sleep is for
people afraid of having a very
exciting night.

Vince cocks an eyebrow, impressed, then points at Maxine.

VINCE

Winner.

INT. MAXINE'S CONDO - A MOMENT LATER

Maxine leads the guys into her place. Plushly furnished, three bedrooms, fully-stocked bar, floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the ocean. Gas fireplace blazing, club music on the stereo.

STEVEN

My goodness! This must be the
fanciest condominium I've ever
seen, and I've seen at least four.

Maxine slips behind the bar as the guys survey the room. Vince plops down on the couch, making himself right at home.

MAXINE

What are you guys drinking?

VINCE

Are you kidding, after a night of
AA? I never wanted a beer so bad
in my life.

GENE

Same here.

STEVEN

Ginger ale, if you have it.

MAXINE

I've got Heineys, is that cool?

VINCE

I would love some Heiney.

JEFF

Now, I'm confused, Maxine. Are you
or are you not in recovery?

MAXINE

If I don't have a little fun
sometimes, what's there to talk
about at the next meeting?

VINCE

That's probably the smartest thing I ever heard come out of a chick's mouth. Get Jeff a beer, too.

JEFF

No, I'm fine. I'm trying to sober up.

MAXINE

Glass of water?

JEFF

(sighs)

Yeah, sure.

Maxine passes out drinks.

MAXINE

Cheers.

The guys mumble thank-yous, and Maxine returns to the bar to fix one for herself.

At that point, two sexy, barely-dressed women emerge from one of the bedrooms. BRENDA and KELLY, early 30s, are just as gorgeous as Maxine, and also have that classy-whore vibe. Both holding drinks, giggling in a way that suggests trouble.

BRENDA

Oh, hey everybody!

KELLY

Didn't know we had company.

The guys don't realize that they're staring.

MAXINE

Boys, these are my girlfriends.

Girls, these are my new boyfriends.

BRENDA

I'm Brenda.

KELLY

I'm Kelly.

The guys mumble hellos, all of them a little humbled.

KELLY

This should be interesting. We've never taken on four at a time.

The girls giggle.

The guys do a collective double-take. These chicks are either aspiring comedienne or big-time sluts.

BRENDA
I don't know about Grandpa though.

KELLY
Hey Grandpa, do all your parts still work?

GENE
Grab your ankles, let's find out.

The girls laugh loudly, impressed by Gene's frankness.

GENE
Speaking of which, where's the head? I gotta poison the well.

Maxine points the way, and Gene slips into the bathroom.

Kelly turns up the music. Brenda dims the lights. They begin to dance together. Slowly and playfully undressing each other. Boobs popping out all over the place.

The guys can't believe their eyes. Jeff sits down next to Vince, pulling Steven along with him.

JEFF
This is totally shady.

VINCE
(excited)
I know, right?

JEFF
Something's off. Hot, rich women don't seduce middle-class guys for fun.

VINCE
Of course they do. It happens every night on Cinemax.

JEFF
Oh, get real. I'm pretty sure these women are prostitutes.

STEVEN
Prostitutes? I don't think their husbands would condone that.

JEFF
They don't have husbands, Steven. This is a shakedown. They're pros.

VINCE

OK, so what if they are? We don't have to fuck 'em, we'll just make 'em put on a weird sex show.

STEVEN

Y'all are being silly. Prostitutes are Puerto Rican with fishnet stockings and secret male genitals. I'm gonna ask Maxine-

VINCE

No, don't ask her, that's rude.

STEVEN

(clears his throat)

Maxine, if you don't mind my asking, just what do you do for a living?

Maxine looks up from the lemon she's slicing.

MAXINE

I know what you're getting at, Steven. And no. We don't want your money.

The guys chuckle nervously. Maxine resumes slicing.

MAXINE

I'm in medical sales.

VINCE

Medical sales. Good for you!

(quietly, to Jeff)

I'm pretty sure we can still talk 'em into a weird sex show.

JEFF

You keep saying "weird." Why does it have to be weird?

VINCE

OK, the usual sex show, whatever that is. Let's not forget the whole point of this evening, Jeff. Pun intended.

Jeff looks up at Brenda and Kelly. Grinding each other, making eyes at them. Meanwhile, Vince whispers in his ear like a devil on his shoulder.

VINCE

I know you're getting a boner. My Aunt Grace would have a boner by now.

JEFF

It's not gonna be easy to sustain with you whispering in my ear.

VINCE

So you are?

JEFF

(annoyed pause)

One drink. Only because I don't wanna be rude.

Vince grins. Jeff sinks into the sofa and sips his water.

We hold on Brenda and Kelly, dancing and undressing, as Jeff watches.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now, some people would consider this cheating already. I disagree, and I'm very firm on this. See, if this were back in the day, Jeff would be finger-blasting one or both of these chicks already. So let's take a moment to admire his restraint, despite the fact that these two dumpsters are totally begging for it. That's called dedication, ladies. If it were up to me, I'd be splitting somebody's vulva in half.

Just as Brenda and Kelly are about to start humping, Gene returns. His good humor noticeably absent.

GENE

Put those drinks down, boys. We're leaving.

VINCE

Like fucking hell we are.

MAXINE

What's your rush, Grandpa?

GENE

Better luck next time, lady.

(to the guys)

They want our organs.

The party comes to an awkward halt. Maxine puts her drink down. Brenda and Kelly stop dancing.

VINCE
Mine's available.

GENE
Not like that, asshole. There's chlorhexidine in the bathroom and the tub's full of ice. This broad's not in AA. She was there lookin' for clean kidneys.

VINCE
Oh, for the love of God. Organ thieves are an urban legend, like Illuminati or hermaphrodites.

STEVEN
I've heard that urban legends are all totally based on true stories.

VINCE
Where'd you hear that?

STEVEN
Friend of a friend.

JEFF
(stands)
OK, maybe we should just leave.

Maxine calmly reaches behind the bar. She pulls out a revolver and twists a silencer onto the barrel.

MAXINE
Nobody's leaving. Sit down.

Everybody freezes at the sight of the gun.

GENE
Put the piece away, kiddo. You look like an idiot.

MAXINE
Sit down, Grandpa.

She steadies the gun on Gene.

Gene stares her down, unafraid.

GENE
I said put it away, bitch, before I start passin' out knuckle sandwiches.

Maxine cocks the hammer.

We hold on Gene, sizing her up.

We hold on Maxine, the gun steady in her hand.

Gene approaches her.

Maxine pulls the trigger.

JEFF / VINCE / STEVEN
No!!

PSHHHT. Gene takes a bullet in the chest. It knocks him off his feet and onto his back.

An incredulous pause.

A whisper of smoke from the silencer.

Jeff, Vince, and Steven stare at Gene's body, motionless on the floor.

Maxine turns the gun on them.

MAXINE
You three. Sit. Drink.

The guys abruptly take their seats, as Vince clumsily pleads for mercy.

VINCE
Maxine, please... You don't wanna do this... My organs are highly toxic and contagious...

Maxine approaches and cocks the hammer again. Jeff, Vince, and Steven sink into the couch, point blank and helpless.

MAXINE
Drink.

They raise their drinks to their lips, hands shaking. Steven nervously examines his glass of ginger ale.

STEVEN
I can't drink this.
(frightened pause)
I'm allergic to ice.

Maxine coldly stares at him. Give me a break.

VINCE
Just take the ice out, Steven.

Steven nervously fishes the ice out of his glass, lays it on the coffee table, and sips the ginger ale.

Maxine gestures with the gun.

Vince and Jeff also take small, frightened sips.

BRENDA / KELLY

Maxine!

Look out!

Suddenly, Gene is behind her. She spins around, but not quick enough. He deflects the gun and punches her.

Maxine hits the floor. The gun skids across the carpet and under a couch.

Brenda and Kelly advance. Gene backhands Brenda, knocking her over a coffee table, and then slugs Kelly, dropping her to the floor.

Maxine pops up again. Then Brenda, then Kelly. Attacking like sexy zombies. Gene lays them out, one after the other, with vicious right hooks.

Jeff, Vince, and Steven just watch, bewildered, as Gene beats up three women without breaking a sweat.

Finally, when all three are down at once, Gene turns to the guys:

GENE

The hell are you waiting for?
Let's get outta here!

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

The guys burst out of the apartment and race down the hall. They plow through the door of the stairwell and disappear.

A moment later, Maxine staggers out of her room, her mouth gushing blood. She looks at the empty hallway and wipes her mouth. Defeat.

MAXINE

Fuck!

EXT. CONDO - A MOMENT LATER

The guys rush out of the condo, turn a corner, and catch their breath at the side of the building. Everybody scared and bewildered.

JEFF

Organ thieves! I told you this was
a bad idea, Vince!

VINCE

No, you said they were prostitutes!
So we were both wrong!

JEFF

Where'd they get you, Gene? Are
you shot?

Gene confusedly pats himself down.

GENE

It's the damndest... I don't feel
nothing...

He finds a small hole in the front of his jacket, but no
wound in his chest.

He reaches into his breast pocket and removes his flask. A
hole in one side, a pimple on the other. He shakes the flask
and hears a rattle.

Stunned silence. Steven crosses himself.

GENE

Gentlemen, this might be a good
time to go play some slots.

He empties the flask into his hand, rolls a slug between his
fingers, and grins.

The other guys are too spooked to smile.

VINCE

Holy shit.

STEVEN

It's a Guys Night miracle.

GENE

My wife always said this flask was
gonna kill me. Well, I can't wait
to see her stupid face now.

Steven leans against the wall, suddenly overwhelmed.

STEVEN

I feel faint. All this excitement,
messing with my head.

JEFF

I don't feel so hot either.

GENE

Whatever they drugged us with, it's kickin' in. Hopefully, nobody drank enough to get knocked out for good.

VINCE

I'm scared. I've never been drugged by anybody but myself.

JEFF

Let's get back to the car. Fast.

The guys hurry toward the street, where a taxi is parked on the curb.

The CABBIE, an enormous Puerto Rican woman in fishnet stockings, possibly transvestite, rolls down the window.

JEFF

Are you on duty?

She takes a good, hard look at Jeff, and smiles.

CABBIE

I am now, papi.

EXT. STREET / INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Vince, Steven, and Gene are in the back, all three of them breathing heavy, eyes glazing over. Like three lobotomies.

Jeff sits in the passenger seat, sweating unnaturally, struggling to stay awake, feeling the Cabbie's eyes on him.

CABBIE

You alright?

JEFF

Just anxious to get home.

They ride in silence for a while, Jeff fighting the sandman.

CABBIE

You know, we runnin' a special this weekend.

JEFF

(nodding off)

Oh yeah?

CABBIE

You sittin' in the love seat. For an extra twenty, I reach over
(MORE)

CABBIE (cont'd)
there, work all that anxiety right
out.

JEFF
Just drive, OK?

He's desperately trying to keep his eyes open, but his head suddenly weighs 100 pounds.

CABBIE
Might even be able to find you a
coupon...

The Cabbie reaches over and grabs his dick. Jeff abruptly wakes up and swats her hand away.

JEFF
Just drive! Please! Vince, are we
almost there!?

In the back seat: Vince, Steven, and Gene are out cold.

Jeff reaches back and smacks Vince across the mouth. WHACK.

VINCE
OK! Jesus! I'm up, I'm up!

JEFF
Do not leave me alone up here!

Steven chuckles, and then goes back to sleep.

WHACK. Jeff smacks Steven even harder.

STEVEN
Hey!

JEFF
You, too! Keep your eyes open!

GENE
Better give me one of those.

WHACK. Jeff smacks Gene across the mouth, and Gene opens his eyes again.

JEFF
Now do me.

BAM. Gene punches Jeff in the nose, rocketing his head back.

JEFF
Owww! Jesus Christ, Gene! That
was a punch!

GENE
Don't be a queer.

JEFF
Who's a queer!? Call me queer one more time, old man. I'll beat you like a fucking pinata.

Stunned silence from the back seat.

VINCE
Holy shit. He's back.

STEVEN
Who's back?

VINCE
Classic Jeff! It's him!

A moment of quiet reverence, everybody staring at Jeff as if he just sprouted wings.

JEFF
No, not Classic Jeff. Still Married. But when Married Jeff gets loud, Classic Jeff wakes up, and nobody wants that. So get me off this fucking island and spare yourselves the wrath.

INT. GARAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The cab pulls away as the guys enter the garage. Jeff leads, with Vince, Gene, and Steven sauntering behind.

But as they reach their parking spot:

JEFF
Well, look at this. Car's gone.

Vince looks up. An empty space where his Rover should be.

VINCE
My Rover.
(stunned pause)
Where the hell is my Rover?

Now, he's wide awake, flushed with panic.

VINCE
This is a mistake. Gotta be a mistake. It's the wrong level, or the wrong garage-

STEVEN

No, this is right where we left it.
(pause)
You know, I think somebody stole
it.

VINCE

Oh, you think so, Steven? Well,
thank God we brought the fucking
gumshoe over here!

GENE

Let's not get hysterical. First
off, we gotta file a report. Maybe
we can use the phone over at the
massage parlor.

VINCE

Who didn't lock their door? Tell
me you guys locked your doors.

JEFF

Doesn't have to be unlocked to be
stolen.

VINCE

But did you or did you not lock
your door?

JEFF

Yeah, I did. Back off.

VINCE

Gene?

GENE

'Course I locked the door. We're
one block down from the chicken-and-
waffles place. 'Course I locked
it.

VINCE

Steven?

Steven is half-asleep, wobbling in place.

VINCE

Steven.

STEVEN

(wakes up)
Yes, I did. You said, "everybody
lock up," I took my little thing
out, I hit the button, and I-
(confused pause)

VINCE
You what?

Steven quietly re-traces his steps. He takes his keys out of his pocket, examining the electronic lock on his keychain.

VINCE
Tell me you tried to lock the door of my Land Rover Defender with the remote control from your Prius.

STEVEN
I believe I did.

VINCE
(furious pause)
That fucking remote is for your own stupid car, Steven! It doesn't work on other cars!

STEVEN
Yes, I know that, Vince! It's just a habit is all. Force of habit.

VINCE
You stupid fucking rube!! Do you have any idea how long and hard I worked for that car!?

STEVEN
I thought it was a birthday present from your wife.

VINCE
Exactly!! I had to be nice to my bucket wife for seven fucking years!!

Vince doubles over, practically hyperventilating with anger.

VINCE
I'm gonna kill you, Steven. I'm gonna kill you. I...

Then, as the drugs intensify, anger ebbs into exhaustion.

VINCE
I'm gonna rest. And then I'm gonna kill you. Don't go anywhere.

Vince leans against the concrete wall, and then sits down. As soon as his ass hits the pavement, he's out cold.

JEFF
Ah, for Christ's sake. Not this again.

WHACK. Jeff slaps him across the mouth. No response.

JEFF
Vince! Wake up!

WHACK. He slaps him again. Still nothing. Vince is lightly snoring already, dead to the world.

Jeff turns around, and discovers that Gene and Steven are also unconscious. Sitting against a car, leaning on each other, sleeping like babies.

JEFF
Oh, that's just beautiful. I'm in a goddamned nursery.

He fights back a yawn, contemplating his next move.

Suddenly, a black Hummer with tinted windows speeds up the ramp. It roars toward Jeff and stops at his feet.

The doors open. The Pit Boss and four Floormen emerge.

JEFF
(quietly, to himself)
OK. What now?

The bad guys approach, surrounding him on all sides.

PIT BOSS
Get in the car.

JEFF
I have a 9AM brunch.

The Pit Boss chuckles and exchanges a look with the Floormen.

PIT BOSS
It's just been cancelled. Get in the car before you get hurt.

Jeff sighs. By this point, he's more bored and annoyed than intimidated. He looks at the Floormen, towering over him. He looks at his friends, useless.

JEFF
(under his breath)
Alright, you fucks. You want Classic Jeff, you got him.

Jeff slugs the Pit Boss. CRACK, right in the jaw.

The Floormen advance. Jeff headbutts the first one in the teeth. He kicks the second in the kneecap. Fighting as dirty as possible.

It's a valiant effort, but he's completely outnumbered. Before long, he's on the ground. Still kicking and biting, but without much effect.

The Floormen overpower him, pummeling him even as they're dragging him toward the Hummer.

INT. WINE CELLAR - AN HOUR LATER

Somewhere among the columns of wine bottles, in a dark, dank cellar: Jeff is bound to a folding chair, hands zip-tied behind him, wearing nothing but his underwear. He's bloody and swollen, the living shit now thoroughly kicked out of him.

Vince, Steven, and Gene are also tied to their chairs, also in their underpants. Everybody slowly coming to. Their clothes lay in a pile nearby, wallets tossed on top.

Vince lifts his head, his eyes slowly adjusting.

VINCE
Where the hell are we?

JEFF
In the casino. Underground.

VINCE
Jesus, what happened to your face!?

JEFF
I got in a fight with the cast of *Sopranos*.

VINCE
Why are we naked?

JEFF
They're gonna kill us if we don't buttfuck each other.

VINCE
What!?

JEFF
Oh, relax. They searched us, that's all.

STEVEN

I was not raised to point fingers, but I'd like to point out that the reason we're here is the same reason I always lose so much money on Guys Night. Because Gene cheats at cards.

GENE

I never cheated you, you're just lousy at poker. You can't even bluff without giggling.

VINCE

Yeah, Steven, if you'd locked the fucking door, we'd be back in the civilized world right now!

JEFF

This is your fault, Vince. Everyone else was content to sit around Steven's apartment being bored. But no. You wanna get drunk and chase girls and stay out all night, 'cause you can't stand being 40 years old and married.

A quiet moment as Vince digests all that. Jeff nailed him.

VINCE

You know what, you're right. I'm pathetic. I'm still chasing the highs that I felt when I was young and single, because honestly, I can't find the high in being old and married. My life is a lie.

(pause)

But I still think this is Steven's fault.

JEFF

I swear to God, if I don't make it to brunch-

GENE

Jesus Mary and Joseph, enough about the brunch! It's a phony meal invented by queers, why is it so goddamned important!?

JEFF

It's really none of your business, Gene. But it's about a job, OK?

A confused pause.

STEVEN

You have a job.

JEFF

A good job. Monica's grandfather is opening a new branch in Dover. I'm gonna swallow my pride and kiss his ass, and get the hell outta the DSE.

Another confused pause. Nobody saw this coming.

STEVEN

Why would you wanna leave the DSE?

VINCE

Yeah, what are you, stupid? You get paid to sit around and bullshit with your bros all day. Why would anybody walk away from that?

JEFF

You're not my bro, Vince. You're a guy I work with. There's a difference.

A bitter pause. Nobody responds. Now, the toothpaste is out of the tube.

VINCE

Well, fuck you, then.

A door creaks open. Carlo enters, followed by his goons.

For a little while, he says nothing. He looks down at the guys as if they're a mess on the floor.

CARLO

Gentlemen. I'm sure you realize by now that our little town operates, as we like to say, under the radar. We like it that way. And we stay under the radar by following one simple rule. If you make enemies on The Island, you don't leave The Island.

STEVEN

Sir, I would like you to know that I personally was not participating in any of those card games earlier tonight. Just for the record.

CARLO
(to the Pit Boss)
Get that on the record, will ya?

The Pit Boss slugs Steven across the jaw, knocking the glasses right off his face.

JEFF / VINCE / GENE
Hey!
Leave him alone!

Steven slowly lifts his head again, seeing stars, mouth open. He starts to cry.

Jeff, Vince, and Gene mutter under their breath, cursing their captors, lamenting the whole night.

Carlo extends his hand. The Pit Boss collects the pile of wallets and hands them over.

Carlo opens the first wallet, and raises an eyebrow.

CARLO
Who's the badge?

GENE
Right here.

Carlo looks closer, reading the badge's engraving.

CARLO
Department of Corrections.
Wilmington. Retired.

VINCE
Yeah, that's right. Gene was a corrections officer for 32 years. Tell 'em, Gene.

CARLO
Oh, is that right? 32 years? What a lovely coincidence. I'd like you to meet some of New Jersey's finest. Also retired.

The Floormen smirk.

Gene flashes Vince a bored look. *Any other bright ideas?*

Carlo inspects Jeff's ID, then Vince's, not particularly impressed by either.

CARLO
You boys shoulda stayed in tonight.

Carlo opens the last wallet, and his smile vanishes.

CARLO
Chase Hunter?

No response from Steven, still spinning from the punch and softly crying.

VINCE
Chase.

Steven sniffles and looks up.

CARLO
You're Chase Hunter?

Steven nods.

CARLO
Any relation to Ace Hunter?

STEVEN
(pause)
He's my brother-in-law.

That's when Carlo feels his ulcer acting up. Suddenly, he's afraid to meet Steven's eyes. He looks to his Pit Boss and Floormen, who are equally spooked.

The guys exchange a look. Now what?

Carlo nervously gestures to the Pit Boss. The Pit Boss gestures to the Head Floorman. The Floorman produces a switchblade from the back of his pants.

Steven can't see anything without his glasses, but senses somebody approaching.

STEVEN
Who's that? What's going on? I'm
allergic to semen!

The Floorman slices through Steven's bindings, as Carlo stammers an apology.

CARLO
We... we had no idea...

Steven finds his hands freed. He confusedly rubs his wrists as the Floorman cuts the other guys loose.

CARLO
Please, Mr. Hunter, I can't tell
you how sorry... This will never
happen again...

We hold on Steven, who wipes his eyes and clears his throat.

STEVEN
Well. See that it doesn't.

CARLO
...Let's put this whole incident
behind us... And I hope we don't
have to burden your brother-in-law
with the details of this night...

STEVEN
Unfortunately for you, mister man,
he's going to hear all about this.

CARLO
Oh, but please... Be reasonable...

STEVEN
Reasonable? We've been roughed up,
stripped naked, and I just had the
eyeglasses punched right off my
face! I was scheduled to take a
jazzercise class tomorrow, and now
I'll have to spend my whole
Saturday at Lens Crafters!

CARLO
(nervously pleading)
Next time you're in town, whatever
you want, I'll take care of you...

Jeff, Vince, and Gene stare blankly at Steven. *Don't push
your luck, idiot.*

STEVEN
No sir, I don't think I'm ever
coming back to this town. Between
these shenanigans here, and my
friend's car being stolen-

CARLO
Whose car?

VINCE
(nervous pause)
My Land Rover Defender. Black.

Carlo and his men exchange a look. They have it, of course.

CARLO
Let me see what I can do. OK?

Carlo hurriedly exits the cellar, taking his goons with him.

The guys are alone again. They stand in silence for a moment, confused and unbelievably relieved. Finally, they collect their clothes and get dressed.

VINCE

OK, I don't know how you did that, Steven, but don't push it!

JEFF

Seriously! What are you waiting for, tickets to the buffet?

STEVEN

I'm not ready to accept that man's apology. Our civil rights have been violated!

GENE

We're lucky our cornholes weren't violated. Now clam the hell up.

Carlo returns to the scene.

CARLO

Good news. Your Rover turned up at a chop-shop across town, but I set 'em straight. She's gonna be fine, they're bringing her back now. I even had 'em throw in a wax job.

We hold on Vince, who plays it cool, even though he wants to kiss the guy.

VINCE

OK, then. Thank you.

The guys head for the door, Carlo still desperately making amends as they exit.

CARLO

Mr. Hunter, please. Any time you're back on The Island, just ask for Carlo and I'll take care of you. Rooms, girls, drinks on the house. Whattya say?

STEVEN

(cool pause)

We drink Absinthe on the reg.

CARLO

Of course. Absinthe for everybody. All you can drink.

EXT. CASINO - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The guys squint and cover their eyes as they exit the casino. Surprise, it's morning.

STEVEN
Is that the sun already?

JEFF
(spots a clock)
7:33. I got an hour and a half.

Steven holds Vince's arm for guidance as everybody hurries down the steps toward the street.

Right on cue, Vince's Rover pulls up, stopping at their feet. The Pit Boss steps out of the driver's seat.

PIT BOSS
Mr. Carlo would like to express his sincerest apologies once again for-

VINCE
Yeah yeah. We're all square.

PIT BOSS
Just be careful leaving town.
There's a checkpoint on the Expressway.

The Pit Boss hands Vince the keys, and then exits the scene.

VINCE
Over here, Steven. Take these.

STEVEN
Take what?

He holds out his hand. Vince presses the keys into his palm.

STEVEN
The keys? You're giving me the keys!? I can't drive!

VINCE
You'll be fine. I'll ride shotgun, tell you how you're doing.

STEVEN
I'm legally blind without my glasses!

VINCE

The guy said there's a checkpoint.
Just get us past the cops, and then
I'll take over.

STEVEN

(raises his hand)

Vince, I can't even tell how many
fingers I'm holding up right now.
That's how blind I am.

VINCE

Jeff?

JEFF

I'm still burping up Absinthe.

GENE

Don't look at me. I'm drunker than
Churchill on Spring Break.

JEFF

OK, well, somebody has to drive.

At that point, a Bum staggers toward Vince. The very same Bum that approached them upon arrival.

BUM

Brother man, you spare some change?

VINCE

You again? Man, don't you have
anything better to do?

The Bum shuffles away.

But then, a lightbulb over Jeff's head. He catches up with The Bum and makes a proposition.

JEFF

Hey, buddy, wait up. By any chance, you know how to drive?

BUM

I lived in a van for three years.

JEFF

Close enough.

(pulls out some cash)

Twenty bucks to drive us back to
the mainland.

VINCE

Whoa whoa whoa!

(grabs Jeff's arm)

(MORE)

VINCE (cont'd)
I'm not letting this guy drive my
Rover! I wouldn't let him squeegee
the fucking windshield!

JEFF
Oh, lighten up. Just because he's
fallen on hard times doesn't mean
he can't handle basic automotives.

VINCE
Look at him! He's probably drunker
than we are!

JEFF
(to The Bum)
Have you been drinking, sir?

BUM
Nahh.

JEFF
(to Vince)
You hear that? Nahh!

VINCE
I'm not buying it.

JEFF
Smell his breath.
(to the Bum)
Go ahead, sir. Breathe on my
friend.

VINCE
No. You stay away from me.

The Bum approaches Vince, loudly exhaling.

VINCE
That's enough! Stop breathing on
me, Bum!
(back to Jeff)
He's not driving, and that's final!

Jeff squares off with Vince, chest to chest, his voice low.

JEFF
I have under 90 minutes to get to
brunch, and somebody has to drive.
If I don't make it, I swear to God,
I'm gonna knock you the fuck out
and hook up with Jillian. Got it?

We hold on Vince, impressed and intimidated. Finally:

VINCE

After the checkpoint, we're putting
him in the trunk.

EXT. BRIDGE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Applejack Island fades from view as the Rover speeds across the foggy bridge. A few seconds later, the island is completely invisible again, lost in a cloud.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY / INT. ROVER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Rover cruises south along the Expressway.

The Bum is driving, with Vince nervously scrutinizing him from the passenger seat. Jeff, Steven, and Gene are squeezed into the back, Jeff nervously watching the clock.

JEFF

You're gonna have to speed up, man.

BUM

I'm goin' with the flow of the traffic.

JEFF

Yeah, but the left lane is wide open.

BUM

Left lane is for passing, brother.

VINCE

Oh, I don't fucking believe this.
The Bum is the voice of reason.

Traffic bottlenecks as they approach a blockade formed by flashing lights and police cruisers.

VINCE

(nervously mumbles)

Here we go...

The Rover rolls to a stop. The guys cross their fingers as a humorless STATE TROOPER approaches.

The Bum rolls down the window and flashes a patchy smile.

TROOPER

Morning. Where you boys heading?

BUM

Delaware.

TROOPER
You live there?

BUM
Do now.

TROOPER
Anything to drink?

BUM
Scotch if you got it.

VINCE
(quietly, to the Bum)
He means, have you been drinking.
Idiot.

BUM
Oh, no sir. Designated driver for
these four gentlemen.

The Trooper takes a long look at the guys in the back seat. Jeff nods. Steven squints. Gene hiccups.

Then tension mounts. The Trooper stares without blinking. Finally, he waves them forward.

TROOPER
Drive safe.

BUM
OK, you have a fine day now. God
bless you.

The Rover creeps through the blockade.

A collective exhale as they return to the open road.

VINCE
You did great, Bum. Pull onto the
shoulder. I'll take it from here.

BUM
Ahh, don't worry none. I got this.

VINCE
Seriously, pull over. I'll get us
back to Delaware.

BUM
Fuck Delaware. We're going to New
Orleans.

Vince stares at him, unamused. This Bum's got a sense of humor now.

VINCE

Dude, if you couldn't find adequate housing in New Jersey, what makes you think you'll find it in New Orleans?

STEVEN

I can't go to New Orleans! That town's full of creoles and girls gone wild!

BUM

New Orleans is where it's at, brother. We'll get laid, we'll get fucked up.

VINCE

You make a good case, Bum, but the answer is no. Now pull over.

Vince grabs the wheel and jerks it toward the shoulder.

BUM

Get yo' hands off this wheel, bitch! We goin' New Orleans!

The Bum veers back into the center lane.

VINCE

This is my car, Bum!

Vince and The Bum wrestle for control. The Rover lurches dangerously between lanes as the Expressway nears a bridge.

JEFF / GENE / STEVEN

Hey hey!
Watch the road, you assholes!
What's happening!?

The Bum hits the gas. The car accelerates.

VINCE

OK, dickhead! You asked for it!

Vince reaches for the emergency brake.

GENE

Not the e-brake! You're gonna-

Vince jerks the brake. Not smart at 80 miles per hour.

The tires squeal.

Heads whiplash.

The Rover spins out of control, screeches across the shoulder, and plows through a guardrail. Right off the side of the bridge.

We hold on the guys' faces for a moment in mid-air, when gravity see-saws and death seems inevitable.

The Rover hits water, head on. The weight and speed of the car plunges it almost completely underwater upon impact.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

A moment of hysteria before the guys realize that they're still alive. And by that point, water is rushing in all around them, air space condensing.

STEVEN

What's happening? Why are my feet wet?

VINCE

The windows! Roll up the windows!

JEFF

Fuck the windows! Everybody out!

They evacuate the sinking vehicle, wrangling through the windows as the water rushes in.

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The bumper disappears. The Rover is now fully submerged, leaving nothing but a few bubbles.

A moment later, the heads appear. First Jeff, then Gene, then Vince, everybody gasping for air.

VINCE

Where is he... Where'd he go...

Vince spots The Bum crawling onto the shore. He staggers to his feet, then runs off and disappears beneath the overpass.

VINCE

This isn't over, Bum! I'll see you in court! I'll fucking ruin you!!

Jeff, Vince, and Gene swim to shore. They crawl to the muddy bank, still catching their breath, Vince getting emotional.

VINCE

This is so wrong... No driver should outlive their vehicle...

GENE

Oh, pull yourself together. It's only a car.

VINCE

That car was my soul mate, Gene! I haven't cried since September 11th, when I lost four grand on that Ravens game. But goddamn it-

JEFF

Guys. Where's Steven?

Oh, shit. All three of them look around and make a terrible realization. Steven is still in the lake.

VINCE

Oh, fuck...

JEFF / VINCE / GENE

Steven!

They rush back into the water, swimming as fast as they can toward the remaining bubbles.

They disappear beneath the surface. The lake is still again.

A long, agonizing pause while the guys are underwater.

Gene pops up first, alone, out of breath.

Jeff appears next, also alone.

Finally, Vince returns to the surface- with Steven in his arms. And he's unconscious. Practically blue.

The guys drag Steven back to solid ground. They lay him down in the mud, and Vince lightly slaps his cheek.

VINCE

Steven. Come on, buddy. Wake up.

No response. Gene kneels over him, searching for a pulse.

GENE

He's not breathing.

Jeff and Vince gasp. A moment of dread.

GENE

Get back.

Gene tilts Steven's head, opens his mouth, and begins CPR.

VINCE
Jesus Christ, Gene. You can't let
him die. Please don't let him die.

Gene pumps his sternum, then breathes into his mouth.

Still no response.

JEFF
Come on, Steven! Come on!

VINCE
Please don't die, please don't die.

Gene pumps harder.

Still nothing.

Vince is on the verge of tears, shaking, scared to watch.

VINCE
I was such an asshole to him...
All the names I called him, I never
even told him he was my friend...

JEFF
Come on, Steven... Come on...

VINCE
Fuck, Gene! Are you doing it right
or not!?

GENE
Just shut up, Vince.

Gene frantically pumps Steven's sternum. It's the first time
we've seen him genuinely frightened. But still nothing.

VINCE
I'm sorry, Steven! I'm so sorry!
You're my best friend, don't you
fucking die on me!

Gene holds Steven's nose and breathes into him.

Then, very slowly, Steven lifts his arm. He wraps a hand
behind Gene's head.

Gene opens his eyes, mid-resuscitation. The mouth-to-mouth
has turned into a kiss.

Gene recoils, spitting. Relieved and repulsed at once.

Steven sits up, dazed. Jeff and Vince rush over and hug him.

JEFF / VINCE
Steven!
You're alive!

STEVEN
What's going on? I still can't
see...

JEFF
Gene saved your life.

STEVEN
That was Gene?

GENE
You fucking kissed me!

STEVEN
You kissed me first!

GENE
I was administering CPR, which you
translated into French, you little
daffodil!

STEVEN
How long was I unconscious?

GENE
You fucking kissed me, Steven!

STEVEN
The last thing I remember-

GENE
Ohhhh no, don't even try to mince
your way outta this one! You gave
me a big wet Hollywood kiss while I
was saving your goddamned life!

STEVEN
I like men.

Everybody freezes. Did he really just say that?

JEFF
You what?

Steven half-smiles, his eyes bright with discovery.

STEVEN
It's... it's like nothing ever
made sense until I felt Gene's
manly lips against my own. I feel
like Dorothy Gale in the land of
(MORE)

STEVEN (cont'd)
Oz, like the whole wide world's in
color for the very first time!

VINCE
He thinks he's Dorothy. Now, it's
official.

A quiet pause, everybody watching Steven. Steven with a
strange new sense of certainty.

STEVEN
But... if I'm gay... what happens
to us?
(sad pause)
Are you guys still my friends?

Jeff and Vince look at each other and shrug.

JEFF / VINCE
Yeah.
Of course.

STEVEN
Gene?

A dramatic pause. We hold on Gene as he thinks it over.
Finally, he cracks a smile and chuckles to himself.

GENE
Kid, I don't care what you are,
long as you know what you are. I'm
just glad you're alive.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY, SHOULDER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The guys walk along the road, wet and dirty. Jeff is two
steps ahead of the others, still doggedly bent on brunch.

VINCE
Nothing like a good car wreck to
sober you up.

GENE
Me too. Maybe for good.

VINCE
What, like, on the wagon? Don't
tell me that AA bullshit sunk in.

GENE
No, jackass. My flask is ruined.
I got no choice.

Vince chuckles. Gene doesn't.

GENE

But you know, I've been thinking.
I'm gonna lay off the hard stuff.
That bullet had my name on it,
maybe Somebody's trying to tell me
something.

They reach an exit ramp. Vince covers his eyes, looking into the distance.

VINCE

OK, there's bound to be a store or something if we follow the exit. I gotta call triple A, see if they got some kinda scuba team.

JEFF

I'm gonna follow the Expressway,
try hitchhiking.

VINCE

Hitching, are you crazy? You'll never get a ride looking like that.

JEFF

Well, no shit, Vince, but I can still make brunch if I get lucky.
You do you, I'll do me, and I'll see you on Monday.

With no further goodbyes, Jeff abruptly turns and walks off.

Vince, Steven, and Gene exchange a look. Finally, Vince shrugs, and they walk off in the opposite direction.

After a little while, Jeff pauses. He looks back at them.

GENE

You sure you're alright, kid?

STEVEN

Yeah, I'm OK. You guys really don't mind if I'm a homosexual?

VINCE

You're one of us, Steven. Always will be.

GENE

Damn right. If you think you're a queer, go 'head. Be a queer. Anybody got anything to say about that, I'll give 'em a knuckle sandwich.

At that moment, Jeff can't help but smile. At a distance, from behind, they resemble great guys.

JEFF

Hey.

The other guys stop walking and turn to face him.

JEFF

When's the next Guys Night?

VINCE

(pause)

Are you serious?

JEFF

I'm ready when you are, bro.

Jeff and Vince share a look. This is how guys make up. Subtly, without much fanfare.

VINCE

I'm glad you're back, man. But first things first, I gotta chill out with the wife for a while. I think tonight's my anniversary, anyway.

JEFF

OK. Let's figure it out when we black back in.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY SHOULDER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jeff wrings out his shirt, then wipes his muddy hands on his pants. Doing what little he can to clean up, but he still looks like a disaster. Filthy, tired, unshaven.

A car approaches. He musters a smile and extends his thumb.

No luck. The car zooms by. This sucks.

A few seconds later, another car approaches.

He holds his thumb higher. Still no luck. The car zooms by.

JEFF

Oh, gimmie a break! I'm not gonna kill you!

Another car approaches. A sedan with Delaware plates.

Jeff waves his arms and steps toward the road. Getting aggressive.

The car passes. Then brakes.

Jeff sighs appreciatively and jogs toward the car.

The passenger door opens. A woman emerges.

MONICA

Jeff?

Jeff freezes when he sees her. Yeah, it's Monica. Returning from a Girls Night, in a car full of women. Still glammed up from the previous night.

MONICA

What. The. Hell are you doing here!?

JEFF

Hi honey.

(pause)

You got room for one more?

MONICA

What are you doing out here? What happened to your face? Why are you hitchhiking? Why are you... wet?

JEFF

It's a long story. It all started last night, at Steven's apartment.

(pause)

And I'd really like to leave it at that.

Monica blinks in disbelief.

EXT. DELAWARE BORDER / INT. SEDAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The car zooms past a sign that reads NOW ENTERING DELAWARE.

Monica and Jeff sit in the back seat. Monica with her arms angrily crossed, Jeff sitting in a small puddle.

Monica's THREE GIRLFRIENDS are crammed in the front. None of them talking, just awaiting whatever juicy meltdown is on the way.

JEFF

You look really nice.

MONICA

Don't even try to butter me up.

JEFF
It's not a compliment, I'm just
saying.

MONICA
Saying what?

JEFF
You lied to me about Book Club.

MONICA
I most certainly did not! I did go
to Book Club, but Candice still
hasn't finished *One Hundred Years
of Solitude*.

CANDICE
(from the front seat)
That books sucks. Oprah lied.

MONICA
The point is, we can't talk about a
book that Candice still hasn't
finished.

JEFF
So you went out with your girls
instead.

MONICA
Don't you turn this around on me!
You're wet and dirty and
hitchhiking at 8:23 in the morning!
I don't know what you've been up
to, but it's obviously not very
wholesome!

JEFF
Hey, I wanted to stay home and
attempt sex last night, remember?

MONICA
At least I'm presentable! You have
brunch with Nonner and Poopy in 37
minutes, and you look like a
fucking Katrina refugee!

Jeff hangs his head, and that's when something catches his eye. The sunlight hits his arm at an angle that reveals the faint profile of his old tattoo: the male symbol, plus exclamation point.

It's the first time that he's noticed it in a long time, and at that moment, it sparks the old Classic Jeff fire.

JEFF

Monica.

(solemn pause)

Fuck brunch.

MONICA

Excuse me?

JEFF

You heard me. I'm not going anywhere near that fucking brunch, I'm not in the mood to watch Poopy gum down canteloupe. Now, if you wanna talk about McDonalds' breakfast menu, I'm down.

A hush falls over the car. Monica's girlfriends are quietly stunned. This war just went nuclear.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Jeff undresses, dropping his dirty clothes on the floor, trudging toward the bathroom.

Monica trails him, furious.

MONICA

Fuck brunch!? Fuck brunch!?

JEFF

I'm gonna spend my Saturday like God intended- hungover on my goddamned couch, watching my TV. Is that too much to ask!?

MONICA

This was supposed to be a fateful brunch! This is your career!

JEFF

Let's get one thing straight. I'd take a job as Adolf Hitler's fucking bathroom attendant before I spend one day working for your disgusting old grandfather.

MONICA

Poopy is not disgusting!!

JEFF

When I do leave the DSE, it'll be for something I wanna do. And you know what, maybe I don't wanna

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)
leave just yet. I like my job. I
have friends there.

MONICA
I never should have let you out!
One night with those guys and they
talk you out of upward mobility!

JEFF
Oh OK, so you're allowed to run off
and have fun with your friends, but
I'm not!

MONICA
It's called a double standard,
Jeffreybaby! Those fucking idiots
bring you down!

JEFF
Yeah, well sometimes I think you
bring me down. And another thing,
I've had enough of this "Jeffrey-
baby" business! I'm not your
fucking baby! From this day forth,
you call me Jeffrey-Man! Got it!?

Jeff continues to undress, piling wet clothes on the floor,
piece by piece. Monica takes her jewelry off, slamming it
down on the coffee table, piece by piece.

MONICA
Well, maybe I should just leave,
Jeffrey-Man!

JEFF
Fine.

MONICA
Fine.

JEFF
I'm getting in the shower.

MONICA
I won't be here when you get out.

JEFF
Promise?

MONICA
Oh, you better believe it, asshole.
And don't even think about-

She trails off when she notices his dick. Fully erect.
Pointing right at her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 And just like that, I'm back.
 She's looking at me. I'm looking
 at her. And I'm harder than
 Chinese math. All this honesty,
 all this impoliteness, all this
 unfiltered aggression, it fills me,
 it strengthens me, and I can't
 relax for one second until Jeff
 throws her right down on her back
 and fucks the shit out of her.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Jeff throws Monica down on their bed and makes intense,
 passionate love to her.

Monica screams. Jeff grins. It's wild. It's primal. It's
 just what they need.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Being a dick gets you blamed for a
 lot of bullshit. *Always thinking
 with his dick, couldn't keep his
 dick in his pants.* Etcetera,
 etcetera. Wars are fought, empires
 fall, and I'm not gonna lie, most
 of the time, some guy's fucking
 dick is to blame. But we have been
 known, from time to time, to
 salvage true love. To bring a
 dying romance back from the ashes
 and return it to hot, fiery glory.

MONICA
 (screaming)
 I love you! I love you! Oh
 Jeffrey, I love you!

Total ecstacy.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Jeff and Monica lie side by side, in a sweaty, happy daze.

JEFF
 What were we fighting about, again?

MONICA
 It was, um... oh, I forgot. Who
 cares.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I think he finally gets it. The babytalk, the brunches, the *Dancing With The Stars*- that's what brings me down. Fuck that shit. Be good to your woman, but don't ever forget that I'm down here. Act like a man, and I'll always be straight with you. OK? And Monica. Yeah, I know she comes off a little bossy, but that's what happens when an intelligent woman isn't sufficiently challenged and stimulated. I mean, yeah, she likes wearing the pants sometimes. But guess what she likes even more. Not wearing them. Either way, I don't think she'll be such a tight-ass anymore. I'll make sure of that.

Monica rolls onto her side. Totally, indescribably satisfied. Jeff spoons up behind her and kisses her. A perfect reversal of their positions from the opening shot.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What I've been trying to say is, man and woman- they're not exactly equal, that's the wrong word. What they are is complimentary. His masculinity compliments her femininity. And that brings me back to the subject of Guys Night. Hold it sacred, for that very reason, because a night with the guys is sometimes exactly what your woman needs.

(pause)

Anyway. I think I've made my point.

THE END.