

YOM *KIPPUR*

WRITTEN BY BRETT MELNICK

Grandview / Faisal Kanaan / Eddie DeDomenico

Note To Reader:

There will be certain moments of this script where we experience a heightened sense of reality due to the influence of Marijuana. These moments *will be italicized and written in dark green ink.*

In moments where we are experiencing this influenced reality, envision these scenes with a faster pace, amplified level of anxiety, and more visibly flushed aesthetic... Kinda like *as if it's gone through the Gingham filter on Instagram.*

It will appear as an entirely different world for our characters to explore and embark upon.

MUSIC CUE: "FIRE BURNING" BY SEAN KINGSTON

OPEN ON:

EXT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - DAY

CHYRON: 2009

We look out at the beautiful exterior of the Washington Catholic Academy-- the landmark of educated excellence in the suburban D.C. area. *I hear the Obama girls go there!*

We push in toward the school, transitioning through the school's second floor window, and into--

INT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

Quiet, pristine and adorned in the school's Blue and Gold color scheme. Everything down to the imperial texture flooring looks like it was hosed with a pressure washer.

The BELL RINGS, and the classroom doors swing open in a frenzy. Flooding the halls are the preppy co-ed STUDENTS of the Washington Catholic Academy-- blonde, white, perky and all dressed in their mandated Blue and Gold uniforms.

We forage through the hallway, watching students play pick-up basketball, flirt by lockers and take selfies.

At the end of the hallway rests a stained glass window of St. Francis. We pass through the window, and onto--

EXT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - DAY

Various playing fields, trimmed to perfection. Looking outward, we lock onto a **shed** in the distance, not far behind the school's MLB regulated baseball diamond.

We slowly push in on the shed.

NATE (O.S.)

*How can you feel bad for Sasuke?
He tried to kill his own brother!*

KYLE (O.S.)

*Only because Itachi was murdering
every member of the Uchiha clan!*

WYATT (O.S.)

*Can you two boners shut the fuck
up already and pay attention?*

INT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - TOOL SHED - DAY

The school's baseball utility shed. It's been repurposed into a make-shift man cave, full of posters of super models, refurbished furniture, and empty pizza boxes.

Resting on couches are NATE YAACOBI (15) and KYLE YAACOBI (12). They sit in filth, eating pizza and playing cards.

The boys put down their cards and turn to WYATT YAACOBI (16), sitting in a chair as he packs a matte gold bong. A Barack Obama "Hope" sticker is plastered onto the bong.

WYATT

*Now, feast your eyes on me. As I,
Wyatt Yaacobi, boldly travel where
no Mashugina has gone before!*

Nate smirks, grabbing a lighter as he walks toward Wyatt.

NATE

*I'd like to see you come back to
Earth after this hit.*

Nate hangs the lighter over the packed bong. Wyatt prepares to inhale, cupping his lips to the bong.

NATE

*Here we go, Wy. In Five! Four!
Three... Two... One! Blastoff!*

Time slows down, along with our Sean Kingston ballad, as Nate strikes down on the spark wheel, igniting a flame.

The flame burns the weed-packed bong. Wyatt inhales. Smoke rushes up the bong's shaft, through the empowering blue and red Obama sticker, as it enters Wyatt's mouth.

Time comes back to normal as Wyatt takes a beat to process the hit. He then begins to cough up a fit.

WYATT

Wat-- Wat-- get me some--

Nate drops the lighter, looking for water, and spotting an ARIZONA ICED TEA next to Kyle. He motions for it.

Kyle grabs the iced tea can and tosses it. Nate catches it and turns to Wyatt. He prepares to toss the can, as--

The toolshed doors open, revealing a SCHOOL NUN (mid-60s) just as surprised to see the boys as they are to see her.

All caught by surprise, the room stands still in silence.

NATE

(then)
Run!

Nate drops the can and books it to the toolshed door. Kyle quickly jumps up and runs along with Nate.

Wyatt, struggling to catch his breath, slowly follows suit. The Nun tries to grab him, but Wyatt stealthily dodges her as he escapes out of the toolshed door.

EXT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - TOOLSHED - DAY

Nate grabs a skateboard resting on the side of the shed and runs toward the road. Kyle and Wyatt, not far behind Nate, grab their boards and join him.

Off Wyatt's cross, the Nun exits the shed, scurrying over to a golf cart nearby. She starts the cart and floors the gas, charging full speed toward the boys.

EXT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - DAY

The boys drop their boards on the asphalt and skate away. Gaining ground in her golf cart, the Nun jumps the medium, picking up air as she bulldozes toward the boys.

Kyle, worried, turns and watches as the Nun nears.

NATE (O.S.)

Come on, Man!

Losing ground, Kyle closes his eyes, kicking hard against the asphalt to propel himself toward Nate and Wyatt.

As Kyle focuses ahead, Wyatt leans forward on his board, reaching for a silver dollar on the ground ahead of him.

Leaning too far, Wyatt capsizes, eating asphalt as he falls off his board. The Nun stops her cart, approaching.

Kyle turns as he passes, watching as the Nun steps out of her cart and over to Wyatt. A grimace on his face, Kyle turns back toward Nate. The two cross, skating away.

EXT. BALTIMORE BWI TRAIN STATION - SUNSET

Trains move in and out of the quiet station. Nate and Kyle sit atop an overhead medium, watching trains below their feet. Nate lights a joint. He turns to Kyle.

KYLE

(re: hit)
I'm okay. Thanks.

Kyle turns away, looking out in the distance. Nate takes a hit, joining Kyle as they watch the sunset.

WYATT (O.S.)

(then, yelling out)
Hey dick faces!

Nate and Kyle turn to the sound of the voice, spotting Wyatt, aggressively rattling the station's wire fence.

NATE

Wow. Mother Fitzgerald let you go early this time.

WYATT

Yeah. On good behavior. After I banged her in the sacristy!

A beat, then Nate and Kyle break into laughter. They laugh hysterically as they sit. Wyatt looks back angrily.

A train approaches the station. The sound of its horn gets louder and louder as it nears.

NATE

Wyatt fucked a Nun. Wyatt fucked a-

The noise of the train's HORN encapsulates the screen.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUE TITLE: YOM KIPPUR

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - KYLE'S ROOM - DAY

An ALARM goes off, waking Kyle up. Visibly older and more distraught, Kyle gets up, forcing himself out of bed.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

CHYRON: 2012

A packed BUS. Kyle sits by himself with his earphones on.

STUDENTS chat around him-- but we don't hear them. Instead, we hear an action packed scene of NARUTO as it plays on Kyle's phone.

Kyle, glued to his screen, watches the battle scene play.

INT. SCHOOL - NEWSPAPER CLASSROOM - DAY

Kyle writes organized bullet points onto his notebook.

JACOB BOGAGE (18, chubby) stands at an overhead projector. The projection reads, "Marketing 101."

BOGAGE

With September's issue two weeks away, I wanted to discuss strategies we could implement for marketing our new issue.

(then, with disdain)

Yes, *Tony Kang*?

TONY KANG (18), a stoner-type Hypebeast, sits at the back of the class with his hand raised.

TONY

Okay so hear me out. I'm hosting a rager at my place tomorrow night.

(sotto, to class)

Come through.

(then, to Jacob)

I'm thinking it would be *dope* to have newspaper ambassadors there to give out copies of the paper.

The STUDENTS turn away from Bogage as they look to Tony.

BOGAGE

We're a school-run newspaper, Tony. I don't know how that would be acceptable in any capacity.

TONY

Look. All I'm saying is, if we had someone to *hype up* The Warrior, maybe more kids would actually read the shit we work on.

Jacob, speechless, stares for a beat as the bell rings. Students gather their belongings and rush for the door.

TONY

(as he packs his bags)

Oh, *by the way*. For anyone coming through tomorrow, there's a five-dollar cover for food and alc.

(then, as he leaves)

Skooooo--

Kyle, slowly packing up his belongings at his seat, looks to Jacob, noting the visible frustration on his face.

INT. SCHOOL - NEWSPAPER CLASSROOM - LATER

The room now empty, Bogage and Kyle chat one-on-one.

BOGAGE

Only one *Sophomore* has ever held the title of beat writer on the *Warrior Newspaper* before you came around. You know that, right?

KYLE

Yes *I do*. And I'm thankful for the opportunity.

BOGAGE

Kyle, we publish in two weeks and you still don't have a *story*. *Is this job not important to you, or--*

KYLE

No, no. I love this job. It's--
(then, composing himself)
Look, I promise I'll get you an A+ story before we publish. I'm just a little behind. I'm sorry.

Bogage stands and scowls softly at Kyle.

BOGAGE

Okay. Well, we got the holiday starting tomorrow evening. Can I expect a draft from you Thursday?

KYLE

Consider it done. Again, sorry ab--

BOGAGE

Don't. *It's a learning curve*.
(then, turning serious)
Just make sure you have the thing by Thursday. Or *I will* have to fire you. *Just so you know*.

Bogage laughs, easing the tension as he pats Kyle on the back-- knocking the wind out of Kyle in the process.

EXT. JAMAL'S HOUSE - DAY

We open on a basketball **SWISHING** into a driveway hoop.

Crossing into frame, and after his ball, is JAMAL JACKSON (17). Jamal passes the ball to Nate. Now 18 years old, Nate has grown a lot since we saw him last.

JAMAL

Okay, how about Allie Hughes?

NATE

Ah, that's a no from me *dog*.

Kyle sits against the garage door with a TI-83 calculator on his lap, doing his homework as Nate and Jamal play.

JAMAL

Okay, okay. Amy Ginsberg.

Nate laughs, messing up his shot in the process.

NATE

Yes. Yes I have.

(then)

That was fucked up, Jamal. You messed up my shot.

JAMAL

Ha! That's what you get. Staring at some big ole Amy bitties.

Kyle puts his work down, chiming into the conversation.

KYLE

What are ya'll talking about?

Nate and Jamal turn to Kyle, directing their game at him.

JAMAL

We're talking about the girls we jerk it to.

NATE

But you wouldn't know anything bout that cuz you got a baby dick.

JAMAL

(laughing at Kyle)

This man just said you can't jerk because your dick too small, *Fam*.

Kyle puts his books down and quickly stands up.

KYLE

Fuck you both. Let me play.

A solid beat as Nate and Jamal encourage it.

JAMAL

Nate, your brother a freak!

NATE

He's not a freak. He just wants to fit in.

KYLE

What if I want to be a freak?

A beat as Jamal and Nate contain their laughter, then--

NATE

Okay, fine. Then tell us Kyle. How many girls have you jerked to?

Kyle thinks, taking his time to contemplate his answer.

KYLE

Twenty!

A short beat as Nate and Jamal absorb the comment, then--

JAMAL

Giggity Giggity! Nate your brother the jerking king. The Iron Fist!

Nate falls to the ground laughing as Jamal begins to parade around the driveway. Kyle looks back in confusion.

JAMAL (O.S.)

Ky a freak! Ky a freak! Ky a--

CUT TO:

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - KYLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle sits at a desk, typing a story onto his laptop. As he types, Kyle's mind begins to visibly drift.

Mentally distracted, Kyle scrolls over to Google Chrome. He hits Shift Command D, opening an incognito tab.

Kyle scrolls to the search bar, typing, "How to Jerk". A menu of suggested searches pop up: "How to Jerk Turkey". "How to be a Jerk". "How to Jerk (Dance)". Kyle clicks.

A YouTube video appears on Kyle's screen. A DANCER, standing in front of a white backdrop, speaks to camera. Kyle drags the ticker along to the middle of the video.

DANCER

One popular dance to showcase your stuff is the West Coast dance craze, *the Jerk!* Follow these ten steps to become a Jerk king today.

Kyle watches carefully. He begins to jot down notes.

INT. SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Students organize themselves into rows, sitting and talking amongst themselves as MR. FOSTER calls roll.

MR. FOSTER
Santiago? Webber? Weeks?... *Weeks?*

Kyle, in the far back corner of the row, sits by himself, minding his own business as Mr. Foster continues.

MR. FOSTER (O.S.)
Xiong?

Kyle turns, catching a glance at MEGGIE XIONG. He smiles, infatuated with her beauty as she raises her hand. Stuck in a trance, Kyle ignores Mr. Foster as he call his name.

MR. FOSTER
Great. *Okay*, let's get into pairs
and do some warm-ups. Boys with
boys, girls with girls. *And, go.*

STUDENTS stand and form pairs. A student crosses Kyle's eye line to Meggie, snapping him into reality. He stands.

Meggie gets up. Panning around, she notices the majority of class already in pairs.

MR. FOSTER
Okay, anyone not have a partner?

Kyle and Meggie stop their search. Standing on opposite sides of the gymnasium, they both raise their hands.

MR. FOSTER
Ah, damnit, you two! Didn't I say
boys with boys, girls with girls?
(then, with a heavy sigh)
Well, fine. Just no funny business
now, ya hear?

Kyle and Meggie turn to each other.

INT. SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - LATER

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Kyle and Meggie do arm stretches, warming up together.

- Meggie does Squats. Kyle holds her hands for support.
- Kyle and Meggie do reach-and-touch planks together.
- Kyle does Squats. Meggie holds his hands for support.
- Kyle does sit-ups. Meggie's shoes hold his feet down.
- Meggie does sit-ups. Kyle's shoes hold her feet down.

Meggie *crunches up* from the ground, her head landing within Kyle's crotch area with each successful sit-up.

Kyle stares at Meggie, his gaze glued to her as she does each sit-up. Her face landing right beside his crotch. Kyle, fixated on Meggie, puts on a big, elated smile, as--

GYM STUDENT (O.S.)

Holy shit! Look at that kid's
boner!

Kyle quickly snaps out of his gaze. He turns his head toward the voice, spotting THE ENTIRE CLASS opposite him, staring down at his giant gym shorts boner.

STUDENTS

Ha ha ha ha ha!!!!

Mr. Foster shakes his head.

MR. FOSTER

Damnit, kid! Know how much trouble
your boner's gonna get us in!

Mr. Foster crosses, frustratedly leaving the scene as students continue to laugh and take videos.

Kyle, face red, covers his boner. He nervously looks over to Meggie. Meggie grabs her stuff and quickly stands up.

MEGGIE

(making nothing of it)
It's fine. Really. You don't have
to worry about it.

Meggie quickly walks away toward the girl's locker room. Kyle, head down, stands to himself for a beat. Students continue to snap pics and laugh in the background.

INT. NATE'S CAR - DAY

Nate sits in the driver's seat, cruising around in the family's comfortable Toyota Prius. Kyle sits shotgun.

NATE

Why didn't you *tuck your boner in your waistband*?

KYLE

My shirt wasn't long enough. I would've had pre-exposed dick.

NATE

Hmm. I see. Yeah, that's no good.

KYLE

(then, anxiously)
Fuck me. I'm gonna be known as "Boner in Gym Class Kid" for the rest of my life.
(nervously ranting)
I have three fucking days to write an article for the paper. Now I got this boner shit in my face.

NATE

Look. This isn't gonna become your legacy, Kyle. This is high school. So much happens in a given day.
(then)
Remember Heather? That girl's 16 and has a baby! It's all we talked about an entire summer.

KYLE

A whole trimester.

NATE

But then something else happened and people forgot about it.
(then)
People forgot about Heather's baby. And they'll forget about your boner in gym class.

KYLE

You better be right.

NATE

You're way too uptight, Man.
(then)
Open the glove compartment.

Kyle turns and pulls the glove compartment handle down.

The glove compartment light shines down on a beautifully packed pre-rolled joint. It's so dank and pristine, you can smell it through the screen.

NATE (CONT'D)

You could use this more than me.

Kyle pauses, staring at the joint for a beat.

EXT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle and Nate walk to the door, then turn to one another.

KYLE

(paranoid, nervous)
Okay, how do I look?

NATE

Like a little bitch.

Nate chuckles to himself. Kyle angrily shakes his head.

NATE

(off Kyle's frustration)
But, in all actuality I'm really
not sure. I'm too high to tell.

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - DAY

Nate and Kyle leisurely enter the house, leaving their shoes at the front door as they walk up the staircase.

KATH (O.S.)

(from afar)
Look at that. The boys are home!

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The boys turn, spotting KATH YAACOBI, the boys' mother. She sits on a nice chair, drinking wine with DON YAACOBI.

DON

Happy Yom Kippur, Boys. Come join
us. We have guests!

Peeking out from the kitchen and walking into the living room with a wine glass of her own is RINA YAACOBI.

NATE

Fuck, why...

KYLE

Please no...

RINA

Oh my gosh look at you two! Get
over here and give me a hug!

Nate and Kyle reluctantly walk down from the staircase and into the living room. Rina brings them in for a hug.

RINA

Look at you handsome young men.

NATE

(squished)

Thanks, Aunt Rina.

KYLE

(squished)

Thank you, Aunt Rina.

Rina swings the boys back and forth within her hug.

WYATT (O.S.)

Holy Shit!

Nate and Kyle turn toward the sound of the voice, spotting WYATT YAACOBI (19), walking in from the kitchen. Wyatt excitedly joins the boys in the living room.

WYATT

What the frick is up, Cuzzos?

The boys stare at Wyatt, feeling almost sorry for him.

NATE

...Sup Wyatt.

WYATT

Oh you know, just sleeping in the AM, partying in the PM. You feel?

(then, impressed)

I saw that video of you getting a boner, Kyle! That's what's up.

KYLE

(nervously, re: video)

There's a video?

Wyatt reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone. He fidgets with his phone, typing into a browser search bar.

WYATT

Dude, it's blowing up. Had forty-k views when I saw last. Watch!

(then)

Y'all have Wifi, or--?

KYLE

It only happened two hours ago.

WYATT

Wow. In today's day and age of virality, I'd consider that a critical success. Congrats, Ky.

The video plays on Wyatt's phone. He shows the boys.

INSERT PHONE: We watch a low-quality, shaky phone video of the scene in the gymnasium. The video is titled: "Twink Gets Big Boner in Gym Class." The video, in all of it's 480p goodness, catches a profile shot of Kyle's large pants boner.

WYATT (O.S.)

I mean, look. It's got it all.
Great title. Sex appeal.

We watch the continuation of the scene. Meggie runs away. Kyle sits on the ground by himself. He covers his head.

WYATT (O.S.)

And lots of self deprecation.
(as Kyle cries in video)
This is actually where I turned it
off last time. Got kind of sad...

NATE

I think he knows what happened Wy.

Nate pushes Wyatt. Wyatt recoils, putting his phone away.

WYATT

You're both seeing this all wrong.
You're about to be the talk of the
town, Ky! You should be excited.

Kyle nods along nervously-- his head drops dramatically.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Plus, you got yourself a good
sized dick. This here would be a
very different conversation if you
had a small dick... So, good thing
all of us have big dicks, right?
(then, nervously)
Because, like, if one of us had a
small dick, that would like,
totally be fucked!

RINA (O.S.)

Language, Wyatt!

Wyatt stops in place, angrily looking up to the ceiling.

WYATT

Sorry, Mom.
(then, yelling out)
Fuck!

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - SUNSET

Kyle, Nate, Wyatt, Kath, Don, Rina and JED YAACOBI, Wyatt's politically incorrect father, all sit together.

Amongst the table, Kath and Rita gossip, Wyatt builds a Meat Monster out of Gefilte Fish, Nate peacefully chews on Noodle Kugel, and Jed and Don fight over Nova Lox.

DIANNA YAACOBI (80s), the boys' Grandmother, sits at the end of the table. Overwhelmed by the nonsense around her, Dianna turns to Kyle, who pokes his food with his fork.

DIANNA

*Little one. What's new with you?
Any fun going on in your life?*

KYLE

*(in a paranoid high)
Uh. I don't know. Nothing really.*

Kath, speaking up, turns to Dianna.

KATH

Kyle just got a job on the school paper! He's too shy to admit it.

DIANNA

The youngest Yaacobi got a job?

Kyle turns to Nate for support. Nate nods to himself, mindlessly digging into his food. Kyle turns back.

KYLE

Well, there's no actual money in it, Nanni. It's more just a title--

DIANNA

*Well, that's a lot of fun, indeed!
You went out, with no help from anyone, and got yourself a job.*

Dianna turns, staring down Jed at the end of the table.

DIANNA

I think some people at this table should take note of that!

Jed breaks from his fight for Nova Lox, turning to Kyle. He grows larger and larger as spit spews from his mouth.

JED

*Well, I think you're brainwashed.
You and your socialist propaganda.*

(MORE)

JED (CONT'D)

*You're spreading lies and hate to
all of your lizard-scaled friends.*

*Jed angrily glares at Kyle. Kath gets up from her seat,
breaking the silence as she walks toward the fridge.*

KATH

*Uh-- who wants dessert? We grabbed
treats from PJs on the way home...*

*As Kath pardons herself from the table, Jed gives Kyle an
"I'm watching you" gesture. Kyle slides back in his seat.*

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - KYLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle sits at his desk, typing his story into a now
paragraph-long Microsoft Word document.

A loud knock at the door interrupts Kyle's rhythm.

KYLE

Go away. I'm working.

The door opens, revealing Nate at the other end.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

NATE

Don't let him bug you. He's just
jealous you're Nanni's favorite.

KYLE

Honestly, he can have it. I really
don't care. This family is stupid.

NATE

I'm not going to argue with that.
(then, with a sigh)
I'm gonna hit up Tony's house
party for a bit. *Why don't you
come along?* It could be fun.

KYLE

No. I have to work on my paper.

Kyle turns, ignoring Nate as he goes back to typing.

NATE

Come on. I just can't stand seeing
you sit here all *sad-like*.

KYLE

I'm not sad. *I'm writing.* This is what I like! Do you not get it?

NATE

Okay, what if I told you Meggie's gonna be there?

KYLE

Don't you think I've embarrassed myself enough for one day?

NATE

I don't know. Tony's parties are super chill. Maybe this could be a chance to fix things up?

Kyle thinks a beat, then turns back, closing his laptop.

KYLE

You really think so?

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jed lays a series of letters down onto a Scrabble board.

JED

I-E-R. *Sommelier.* Plus a triple letter on L. *Fifteen. Beat that!*

DON

I call bull. That's not a word.

While Jed and Don argue in the living room, Nate and Kyle surreptitiously walk down the staircase. Kath looks away from the game, spotting Nate and Kyle at the front door.

KATH

Where are you two headed?

Nate and Kyle quickly turn away from the doorknob and toward the living room. Anxiety seeps from their pores.

NATE

Oh, *um.* Well, *you know.* We were...
(a beat, then)
About to go to the girl's volleyball game! Kyle's thinking about writing an article about the team, so I'm giving him a ride.

Nate, garbling out his fib, smiles back to the family. Kath stares back, taking a beat to inspect his sincerity.

KATH

Okay. Have fun. Just remember,
there's synagogue tomorrow. Nanni
wants to sit with you--

WYATT

(interrupting)
Oh shit! A girl's volleyball game?
*I love girl's volleyball! Know
what I mean? With the bounce
bounce, and the ba-donk-a-donk?*
(then, excitedly)
Can I come with you?

Nate and Kyle sigh.

NATE

*I'm pretty sure anyone with a
police record isn't allowed--*

KATH

Come on you two. Take your cousin
with you to the volleyball game.

NATE

*Mom. He's nineteen and makes
creepy remarks about high
schooler's butts. No!*

Kath gets up from her seat.

KATH

Take your cousin along to the
game, or all three of you are
staying in and playing Scrabble.

Nate and Kyle frustratedly sigh as we--

CUT TO:

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Nate drives. Kyle sits shotgun. They both look visibly
frustrated as Wyatt, sitting in the back, rambles on.

WYATT

*All I'm saying is, if this Kony
guy is truly bad news, why don't
we shoot a bomb into Africa
tomorrow and kill him?*

Nate grinds his teeth in frustration.

NATE

Please stop talking, Man.

WYATT

But, like, know what I mean? Just send over some NAVY seals. Some Marines. Couple Task Force 141 motherfuckers. And take out Kony and his African Kid militia like--

Wyatt snaps his fingers. Nate turns to the backseat.

NATE

You are so fucking stupid, Wyatt! Just shut the fuck up.

The car goes silent. Wyatt sits quietly in his seat. Nate turns back around, focusing on the road.

WYATT

*(then, quietly)
You're the stupid one.*

NATE

What did you just say?

WYATT

Shutting the fuck up and stopping talking are the same things. So how can I do both?... Stupid.

Nate angrily scowls. He ignores Wyatt, shaking his head as he continues to drive. Wyatt looks out the window, spotting that Nate's car is now driving past the school.

WYATT

Oh, and lookie that. Strike number two. You just passed the school. Now we'll be late to the game because of you and your stupid.

A quiet beat between the boys, Nate turns to Kyle. They both shrug to one another.

Nate pulls the car over to the side of the road. He turns on his hazard lights, then turns to Wyatt.

NATE

Listen, Wy. We aren't going to school. We're going to Tony Kang's house party down the street.

Wyatt jumps up awkwardly from his seat. He gets tangled in his seatbelt in the process.

WYATT

Fuck yeah! *A high school party!?* I can't wait to pick up some chicks--

NATE

(interrupting)
But, we need to go through some ground rules first. You agree to the rules, or no party. *Kapeesh?*

Wyatt, inspecting Kyle's outfit, interrupts Nate.

WYATT

You're planning to go to a party like that? You look like you've been dressed by Quasimodo.

KYLE

Hey. I'll have you know that this is my lucky jacket. It gives me good luck.

WYATT

(smirking, then)
Mhm. Says the virgin.

NATE

Wyatt! Rules!

WYATT

Uh, fine. Okay. Lay 'em on me.

NATE

Rule number one, you must not talk for the remainder of this ride!

WYATT

Deal! *I mean...*
 (softly)
 Deal. Now rule number two. Hit me.

NATE

Rule number two. No accents, stereotypes or impressions for the entirety of the night. They're all racist, and you can't do them.

WYATT

Does that include my *Alberto The Taco Truck Owner* impression?

NATE

I don't even know what that is, but judging by the name, *yes*.

WYATT

(offensive Mexican accent)
But guys, I'm just harmless
Alberto the Taco Truck Owner. *I
just want to lay on my couch and
eat Tacos all day because I'm laz--*

NATE

(interrupting)
I will happily turn this car
around and drop you off at a bus
stop if you keep that going.

WYATT

Okay, *fine*. Alberto will take a
siesta. What's rule number three?

NATE

Rule number three. You must swear
on your life that you *will not* be
a fuckboy at this house party.

Wyatt takes a long beat to mull over this rule. Nate and
Kyle sit, waiting impatiently for Wyatt's answer.

NATE (CONT'D)

Wy?

WYATT

That's a lot to ask, Guys. I can't
stop being a fuckboy on a dime.
That's like telling Blake Griffin
to stop being tall.

KYLE

It's a yes or no, *Wy*. You either
swear to not be a fuckboy, or you
don't swear to not be a fuckboy.

NATE

Red pill, blue pill. Red pill,
blue pill. Which one you taking?

WYATT

Uh, uh, uh, uh.
(then, with conviction)
Fuck it, I'm taking the red pill
tonight, *Baby*. I solemnly swear to
not be a fuckboy tonight!

Nate and Kyle smile.

NATE

Great. Then we're set.

Nate shifts gears and drives off. The car is now finally quiet and composed-- the boys all excited.

WYATT

High school butts, here I come!

NATE

No!

KYLE

Stop!

EXT. KANG HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC blasts loudly from inside. The place is packed. KIDS smoke and drink on the front lawn.

Nate, Wyatt and Kyle head to the front door, passing by a group of PARTYGOERS who smoke a bowl on the front porch.

NATE

(to Wyatt)

And remember. No fuckboy-ing around tonight.

WYATT

You have my word, Nate. I promise
I will not act a fuck--

Wyatt turns, spotting the group hitting the bowl beside him. He crosses, walking toward the group.

WYATT

(interrupting himself)

Sick bowl, Brah. Can I get a hit?

Nate and Kyle look to each other, shaking their heads as they cross away and walk into the house.

NOW, WITHIN THE GROUP

The partygoers hand Wyatt the bowl, lighting it up for him. Wyatt inhales, smoking too much, and exhaling into the bowl. All the weed shoots out like a volcano.

INT. KANG HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate and Kyle walk into the house. MUSIC plays loudly around them. The boys look about, spotting kids drinking, dancing, doing keg stands-- it's a lot to consume.

Tony Kang, near the door, turns and greets Nate.

TONY

Yo! Fuck yeah. *Nate's here!*

Tony and Nate dap up. As they finish their dap, Tony looks to Nate's side, spotting Kyle.

TONY (CONT'D)

And shit! Little Yaacobi made it out, too. It's been a minute, *Man*.

KYLE

Yeah, *like fourth period ago*.

Tony offers Kyle a dap. Kyle improvises a dap back.

TONY

Dude, isn't this fucking crazy? I told the boys to extend an invite to the whole county. It's a rager!

(then)

You guys want a beer? We got a keg up if you wanna give it a pump.

KYLE

Hey Tony, is Dustin around?

TONY

(turning to Kyle)

You know what? *Lil bro bro* was in the kitchen when I saw him last.

(then, to Nate)

Here, let me show you this keg.

Kyle turns, looking toward the kitchen area of the house.

KYLE

Nate, can you come with me--

Kyle turns back to Nate, watching as Tony leads him into another area of the house. They vanish into an abyss of partygoers. Kyle nervously stands by himself.

INT. KANG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt walks around the busy venue, laying eyes on a table that's set with a near-demolished spread of finger foods.

Wyatt picks at the remains, crafting up a ham sandwich on Trisket crackers. Wyatt leans in, taking a bite.

As Wyatt eats, Jamal crosses in, chasing after Nicole Cruz (18), a school cheerleader. Wyatt turns, watching.

JAMAL

Come on girl. I'm sorry. I meant it in a flirtatious way...

Jamal exits, crossing by a window at the end of the room. Wyatt catches his eye on the window, looking down and spotting two GUYS by a fire pit outside. He stares.

INT. KANG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kyle steps into the kitchen. The counter is decorated with various liquor bottles and red Solo cups.

In the center of the kitchen sits a ping-pong table, repurposed for beer pong. The table is drenched in beer.

At the end of the table stands DUSTIN KANG (15). Dustin goes head-to-head in a game against two SKATER BOYS.

DUSTIN

Okay, okay. I'm calling *Island*.

SKATER 1

Ha. You can have it.

(to his friend)

No way this kid makes that.

Dustin straightens his elbows, lining up his shot.

DUSTIN

(then, distracting)

Holy shit what's that!?

Dustin points up to the ceiling. The skater boys look up. Off the boys' glance, Dustin releases his ball, bouncing it on the table, and sinking it in an isolated Solo cup.

The boys look down, recognizing that they've been duped.

DUSTIN

That's island, and a *bounce shot*.

Four cups. And balls back, *please*.

The boys roll the balls back to Dustin. Mid roll, Dustin grabs a ball and shoots at the last cup-- he sinks it.

SKATER 1

Ah!

SKATER 2

What the actual fuck!

Kyle walks over to Dustin. Dustin, giving post-game handshakes, turns, spotting Kyle.

DUSTIN

Oh crap! *Kyle's here?* What are you doing here, Man?

Kyle smirks. The two hug, huddling at the pong table.

KYLE

I came with Nate!

(then, re: beer pong)

That was real impressive what you did back there. How'd you do that?

DUSTIN

Oh. It's just practice. Every time Tony has a house party I just stay in the kitchen and play beer pong.

(then)

I put in more reps than a Chinese Olympic Ping-Pong team. Watch.

Dustin takes a ball from the table, shooting from between his legs. It lands directly in the cup opposite them.

KYLE

(then, pointing)

And who is that?

Dustin turns, spotting JOSH WEINSTEIN (18).

DUSTIN

Oh. That's Josh. He drinks for me when the other team makes a cup.

Josh waves, then lets out a loud burp.

KYLE

Oh. So you already have a partner?

DUSTIN

Yeah... But I'm sure Josh would be okay sitting one out. Right, Josh?

JOSH

(burping, then)

Sure.

EXT. KANG HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

RYAN GUERRERO (19) stands outside over a fire pit. Opposite him sits ADAM HOLLAND (18). A large metal tin rests beside Adam at the fire pit.

ADAM

Look, Man. The grub is hot.

RYAN

You've got nothing to worry about.

ADAM

And I'm telling you I do. *I'm hearing clicks on my phone, Ry.*

RYAN

And what to it? This is what you signed up for, isn't it? *You're in it now.*

ADAM

Well, no. Not necessarily.

Adam grabs the tin, holding it over the fireplace. Ryan gets up and angrily walks over. Adam holds Ryan back.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Just hear me out. Ditch the plan, burn the supply, and we stay quiet for a couple months. Then we can--

Ryan snatches the tin from Adam and angrily pushes him back. He lifts his shirt up, revealing a pistol holstered by his waist. Adam looks back nervously.

RYAN

Don't you threaten me. I'm a day away from a deal with the biggest private school in the state. This isn't the time to go quiet.

ADAM

(then, nervously)
Well that noise you're making is attracting a lot of attention, Ry.

RYAN

Mind your own business, stay the course, and I'll figure it out.

ADAM

You say that like a solution will just magically appear before us--

WYATT

(interrupting, runs over)
Holy crap! Ryan? Ryan Guerrero?

Wyatt walks over to Ryan and Adam. Ryan turns to Wyatt.

RYAN

Wyatt Yaacobi?

Ryan walks up to Wyatt and daps him up.

ADAM

Ry. Who the hell is this?

RYAN

Adam. This is Wyatt Yaacobi. We graduated together.

WYATT

(to Adam, re: Ryan)
This dude used to sell me so many drugs back in the day.

Adam, maddened, shoots an unimpressed glance to Ryan. Ryan ignores it, turning around and pampering Wyatt up.

RYAN

What on Earth are you doing here?

WYATT

I came with my cousins. They brought me along 'cuz I promised I wouldn't be a fuckboy!

Ryan pulls out the tin, walking back over to Wyatt.

RYAN

Well, what a nice get-together. Here. I want you to try this.

Ryan shows the tin to Wyatt. Wyatt looks down, taking off the lid and revealing a sizable portion of brownies.

RYAN

How about you bring these bad boys inside, share like one or two with your cousins, then give the tin back to me when you're done, okay?

Wyatt gives the brownies a big, heady whiff. He smirks.

WYATT

Well, what can I say? Thank you, Ryan! That's real generous of you.

Ryan closes the lid and hands the brownie tin to Wyatt.

RYAN

No problem, Man. Have fun!

Wyatt crosses and exits. Ryan takes a joint out from behind his ear and lights it. Adam looks to Ryan.

ADAM

Now, what the fuck was that?

Ryan takes a hit of his joint. He smirks to Adam.

RYAN

Coming up in a pinch.

INT. KANG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A crowd forms around the table. Dustin and Kyle stand on one end, FITZ and ROBBY, two varsity football stars, at the other. One red solo cup remains on both sides.

Fitz stands beside a PRETTY GIRL. He puts the ball up to the girl's lips-- the girl blows on his ball. Fitz then turns back to the table, taking a shot-- and sinking it!

CROWD

Oh!

Dustin and Kyle begin their rebuttal. Dustin fetches a ball and puts it up to Josh's lips. Josh burps on it.

Dustin then turns to the table, shooting his shot. The ball rims out of the cup, missing ever so slightly.

CROWD

Ohhhhhhhhh....

Dustin turns to Kyle, shaking his head.

DUSTIN

It's up to you now, Kyle.

Kyle holds the ball determinedly. He brushes the ball against his jacket, then looks out, eyeing his target.

Locked-on, he prepares his shot, lining up and aiming.

KYLE

(saying in Japanese)

Anta O Korosu Tame Deke Ni Ore We
Ikite Kita!

(translation on screen)

I've Lived For The Sole Purpose of
Killing You!

Kyle shoots. The ball flies slowly through the air, soaring with accuracy as it sinks into the last cup!

CROWD

Wow!!

PARTYGOERS

Holy shit did you see that?

Kyle smirks and does the Bernie. Dustin gives him a big hug. The jocks shake their heads, resetting their cups.

DUSTIN
That's what I'm talking about!
Sudden Death! *Let's get it!*

Dustin and Kyle break from their hug and line up cups.

DUSTIN
(looks into crowd, then)
Don't look now, *but you got a fan.*

Kyle looks into the crowd, immediately catching his gaze on Meggie. Meggie sits on the kitchen counter, chatting with her friends as she watches the game. Kyle blushes.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Too bad she only dates older
dudes. Tony told me she's seeing
the guy who created *Vemma*. *Must be
like twenty-three, twenty-four.*

WITHIN THE CROWD

Nate crosses, pushing others aside as he moves toward the beer pong table. He gets rows away from the action, as--

WYATT (O.S.)
Yo, Nate!

Wyatt pushes himself through the crowd to Nate.

WYATT
Follow me. I saved you a spot!

Wyatt crosses, heading to the table. Nate follows behind.

BESIDE THE TABLE

Nate and Wyatt stand court-side, watching the pong game.

WYATT
How long have you two been keeping
this from me? Kyle's a *BP* G-d.

NATE
I actually don't think Kyle's ever
played. *Kid is just a competitor.*

As Nate watches, he overhears bickering from the crowd. He turns, spotting a couple chattering HIGHBOYS.

HIGHBOY 1
Dude, this kid is fucking nuts.

HIGHBOY 2

*I know, right? Who would have
thought boner kid had game!?*

Nate shakes his head, turning away from the highboys.

NATE

(to Wyatt, sincerely)
I just hope high school isn't as
hard on him as he is on himself.

The crowd around the boys erupts in CHEERS.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

Yes!

KYLE (O.S.)

Yes!

Nate and Wyatt look out, watching Dustin and Kyle jump in excitement. Wyatt rushes toward the table. Nate follows.

AT THE PONG TABLE

Dustin and Kyle shake hands with Fitz and Robby. Wyatt walks over to the table-- Nate behind him.

WYATT

That was absolutely incredible!

KYLE

Well, thanks man.

WYATT

The three of us should celebrate.
Let's get high like old times.

Wyatt pulls out the tin of brownies. He presents them to the boys. Kyle and Nate stare down, taking in a whiff.

KYLE

(then, nervously)
*I don't know, Man. Getting high on
Yom Kippur? That doesn't feel
kosher.*

Nate grabs a brownie from the tin.

NATE

Neither is eating after sunset.

Nate lifts the brownie over his head and drops it in his mouth. He smiles to Kyle as he chews, grabbing another.

WYATT

(off Kyle's concern)
Come on, Kyle.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

This could be a night to remember
for the rest of our lives. Have
some fun for once.

Wyatt grabs a brownie from the tin, looking back at Kyle.
Kyle stares back at the two-- Nate and Wyatt cheer him
on. Kyle then reluctantly motions for the tin.

KYLE

*I guess one brownie never hurt
anybody.*

Kyle grabs a brownie. Nate and Wyatt smile back. The
three boys "cheers" one another with their brownies as
they lean in, *all taking a big bite.*

MUSIC CUE: "HOUSE PARTY" BY MEEK MILL plays as we--

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

- *Partygoers pour liquor into Kyle and Dustin's mouth.*
- *Nate aims a shot at the beer pong table. He makes his shot, and the crowd cheers around him.*
- *Wyatt shares a joint with six CHEERLEADERS.*
- *Kyle shoots back a rebuttal shot at the beer pong table, making the shot. The crowd cheers with him.*
- *Wyatt does a keg-stand in the living room.*
- *Kyle sits with Meggie on the couch. She makes a move toward him, and the two begin to make out.*
- *The crowd cheers as Wyatt completes his keg-stand. Partygoers help him down as he spits out alcohol.*
- *Josh Weinstein consumes beer can after beer can.*
- *A crowd of partygoers have formed around Wyatt. Wyatt showcases his dance moves from the middle of the circle.*
- *Nate showcases his moves in the middle of the circle.*
- *Kyle showcases his moves in the middle of the circle.*
- *Back on the couch, Meggie gets up and grabs Kyle's hand. She directs him into another room. Kyle goes along.*
- *We time lapse on the tin. Partygoers take brownies here and there. The bountiful tin quickly empties.*

- Nate, Wyatt and Kyle all share a piece of a brownie, smiling and laughing amongst themselves as we--

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - KYLE'S ROOM - DAY

Kyle wakes up abruptly to the sound of KNOCKING.

KATH (O.S.)
Time to get up, Kyle. Services
start in a ten minutes.

INT. NATE/KYLE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Directly outside of the room, we see Kath and Don knocking on both Kyle and Nate's bedroom doors.

KATH
(sighing, then)
We should have taken the locks off
these doors a long time ago.

DON
Trust me. With two teenage boys,
there are certain things you want
to be locked out from seeing...

INT. NATE'S CAR - DAY

Kath and Don sit in the front of the Prius, quiet amongst themselves as Don drives.

Nate and Kyle quietly sit in the back of the car, both visibly distraught and exhausted.

KYLE
(then, turning)
What the fuck happened last night?

NATE
I have no clue. No recollection
whatsoever.

KYLE
That's not what I'm looking for!
(grabbing his stomach)
I'm churning. I feel like Gollum
as he melted in the depths of
Mount Doom.

NATE

You're probably just hung-over.
Embrace it... *I remember my first
beer.*

KYLE

Are you patronizing me?

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Dianna patiently stands outside of the synagogue. A large congregation of SERVICE GOERS file their way inside.

Kath, Don, Nate and Kyle walk up to the Synagogue.

DIANNA

Aww. Look at the four of you. You
all look so beautiful.

Dianna hugs Don and gives him a kiss on the forehead.

DIANNA (CONT'D)

My son and his beautiful family.

Dianna hugs Kath and Nate.

KATH

Hi, *Di*. How are you?

DIANNA

I'm a lot better now that I've
found you. *You had me schvitzing.*
(then, turning to Kyle)
Ah. Look at this one. I could eat
him right up.

Dianna gives Kyle a big hug. Whiffing in Dianna's perfume, Kyle gags in his mouth.

Dianna lets go of Kyle, as Rina and Jed approach.

DIANNA

Ah, and look at that timing.
(then)
What's the matter with you two?
You don't use clocks?

RINA

Hi, Mom. How are you?

Dianna gives Rina a hug. She lets go, turning and glaring at Jed for a beat.

DIANNA
Where's my grandson?

RINA
We were hoping the boys could help
us figure that out, *actually*.
(then)
Wyatt didn't come home last night,
and isn't responding to his phone.
(then)
Not that this isn't unusual for
Wyatt. But, he knew about
services. I don't get it.

Nate and Kyle nervously turn to each other.

RINA (CONT'D)
You two wouldn't have happened to
catch where Wyatt went last night
after the game, would you?

Nate gives Kyle a "stick to my lead" glare.

NATE
(turning to family)
*Oh, yeah. Yeah, come to think of
it, we did.*
(thinking as he goes)
He, went, home... With, a...

KYLE
(interrupting)
Person on the volleyball team!

The family all turns to Kyle in surprise.

DIANNA
(in disbelief, to Kyle)
Wyatt went home with a stranger
Erev Yom Kippur?

Kyle nods. The whole family looks back in surprise.

JEFF
Jesus. That fucking kid.

DIANNA
I just, I-- I-- don't know.

Dianna, shaking her head, frantically paces.

DIANNA
Well, services will start any
minute. We can't wait for *lovebird*
any longer.
(crossing into Synagogue)
You coming, Kids?

The family, flustered, holds in place. Then Don turns and follows Dianna. Rina, Kath and Jed follow suit.

Now alone, Nate angrily turns to Kyle.

NATE

What was that?

KYLE

I was following your lead.

NATE

Which I was still in the process of leading. You can't just make up an enormous fib like that.

KYLE

(then, sarcastically)
Oh right. Sorry. Because you clearly had it handled...

The two cross, joining the family in the Synagogue.

INT. TRAP HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

An old, dirty, unfinished basement. Very minimalist, the basement interior consists of concrete, fiberglass, and drywall. Corded swag lights shine down from above.

Wyatt lays on the ground-- his back tied-up to a lightning rod that goes through the ceiling. A cloth covers his face, shrouding his view from anything.

Wyatt abruptly wakes into consciousness. His mouth muffled by tape, he wiggles around the floor.

WYATT

(muffled)
Help! Help!

RYAN (O.S.)

Save your energy, Pal.

A hand crosses in, pulling off the cloth covering Wyatt's face. Wyatt, panting for breath, looks around the barren basement, spotting Ryan and Adam.

RYAN

No one can hear you here.

WYATT

Ryan? Where the fuck am I?

Ryan circles around Wyatt.

RYAN

Well, this is a basement. Some people choose offices, some warehouses. But this is where I choose to do my business.

WYATT

Business?

RYAN

You think trapping is a hobby?

Ryan leans down, entering Wyatt's eye line as he wipes his finger on the ground and inspects a layer of dust.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Gotta mop this floor down soon...

WYATT

I'm sorry, Man. That's cool and all. But I'm really confused.
(then)
Why the fuck am I here?

Ryan walks toward a workstation in the distance. He grabs a metal tin from a workstation shelf, handing it to Adam.

RYAN

Oh, right. Why you're here. Well, last night, if you do recall, you took something from me. And today, well, today I need it back.

WYATT

Wha- what are you talking about?

RYAN

Okay. We want to play dumb, huh?

Adam stuffs the tin in Wyatt's grill, squishing his face.

RYAN

Take a sniff. See if this refreshes your memory.

Adam steps back, opening the tin up and revealing the weed brownies inside. Wyatt closes his eyes and takes a whiff-- it's a rush to the system.

WYATT

Wow. That shit's fucking loud!

Ryan laughs to himself as he stands up over Wyatt.

RYAN

That *shit* you're referring to is a highly addictive culinary mixture of Caramel, cocoa powder, and the best weed in the market, melted down into a delicious schmear of *cana butter*. Otherwise known... as *Pudgy Fudgy*.

WYATT

(giggling)
Pudgy Fudgy.

RYAN

Wha- what's so funny?

WYATT

Nothing, Mr. *Fickelgruber*. I'll just get on my way to the *Chocolate Factory* now.

RYAN

(growing frustrated)
Pudgy Fudgy isn't a joke. We'll soon be deploying around the entire county!

WYATT

Better call for the Oompah Loompahs then!

RYAN

You really don't like the name?

WYATT

I mean, I'd probably like it if it was a children's book.

RYAN

You know what. Just shut up! *Shut up*. Adam, shut him up!

Wyatt laughs at the interaction. Adam slaps Wyatt across the face. Wyatt, taken aback, quickly quiets himself up.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I was very upset to discover I'm missing a tin of my supply. And I believe it's in your possession.

Wyatt, concerned, looks around in shock.

WYATT
(pointing at himself)
Mine?

RYAN
Don't play coy with me. You took
my tin! Now tell me where my
fucking drugs are!

Wyatt, looking around nervously, takes a beat to himself.

WYATT
Oh... Well, we ate them all.

RYAN
What do you mean you ate them all?
I said have a couple and give the
tin back when you're done!

WYATT
*Oh. I thought you meant have all
the brownies, then just return the
tin back to you...*

RYAN
Okay. Well then where's my tin?

WYATT
Yeah, that's gone too...

Wyatt, without any other defense, sits and nervously
smiles at Ryan and Adam. Ryan and Adam stare back.

RYAN
(then, turning to Adam)
Do you still own that Scalpel?

ADAM
Yeah.

RYAN
I want you to go get it, please.

Adam crosses, rushing up the stairs. Ryan folds his arms,
staring angrily at Wyatt. He then crosses upstairs.

Wyatt, left all alone to himself, gulps loudly.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

The Synagogue CONGREGATION fills up every pew of the
Synagogue. It's a completely packed house.

A RABBI stands at the podium, reading from the Torah.
Behind him rests a large Torah arc.

The Yaacobi family stands in two rows of pews. Dianna stands at the end of the pew-- Kyle beside her. To Kyle's side stands Nate. Don, Kath, Rina and Jed stand behind.

RABBI

(in Hebrew)
She-ma Yisrael, Adonai Eloheinu,
Adonai echad. *Baruch shem kavod
malchuto l'olam va-ed.*

The congregation sings along with the Rabbi.

RABBI

*V'ahavta et Adonai
Elohecha, b'chol l'vavcha
uv'chol nafsh'cha uv'chol
m'odecha--*

CONGREGATION

*V'ahavta et Adonai
Elohecha, b'chol l'vavcha
uv'chol nafsh'cha uv'chol
m'odecha--*

NOW, WITH THE YAACOBI FAMILY

The congregation takes a seat. The Yaacobis follow along.

As he sits, Kyle's stomach GROWLS loudly. Dianna notes it with her eyes and tries to ignore it. Nate does the same.

KYLE

(then, groaning)
Ohhhh.

Nate, concerned, puts his program down and turns to Kyle.

NATE

Dude. Are you okay?

KYLE

(groaning quietly)
I have to throw up.

Nate looks back at Kyle with concern.

NATE

*Well, like how soon? Give me an
ETA.*

KYLE

Now.

Nate raises his eyebrows to their highest level. He looks around-- they're at the very front of the Synagogue.

NATE
We just got through the Shema.

KYLE
I-- I--

Kyle quickly leans over, stuffing his head into the book holder backing of the pew. All goes silent as we--

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. SYNAGOGUE - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: "ENDERS TOI" BY TAME IMPALA

We slowly open on the synagogue, now from Kyle's POV.

Kyle looks to the podium. The Rabbi has disappeared, but his words spew out from above, playing slowly and ominously through the Synagogue like the Halo song.

RABBI
(slow and ominous)
V'shinantam l'vanecha v'dibarta
bam b'shivt'cha b'veitecha--

Kyle turns to Nate, who inaudibly shouts back to Kyle. All the people around the synagogue begin to slowly implode in shape, squeezing in to form blue circles.

The objects in the synagogue then begin to alter in shape, shifting before Kyle's eyes into big red squares.

Kyle begins to float up into the air. He flails his arms, keeping up as he doggie paddles through the Synagogue.

Kyle paddles over to the Synagogue podium, landing and walking over to the Torah.

Kyle unfolds the long, ancient Hebrew scroll. The sides of the Torah unwind and roll onto the floor. The Hebrew text shifts in shape and size, now forming a pixelated, 2-dimension image of Kyle's face. The 2D Kyle face pulls a large joint, also formed out of Hebrew text, up to his face. He lights it and inhales.

The 2D Kyle exhales, and a wave of colors flow out from all around him-- dispersing out like a lava lamp.

As the face of the 2D Kyle radiates a serene smile, we--

CUT TO:

INT. SYNAGOGUE - CONTINUOUS

Now, back in reality, Kyle sits hunched over, his head buried into the aisle pew as he violently throws up.

The service has temporarily stopped. Service goers all look over at Kyle. Nate and Dianna comfort Kyle, patting his back as he throws up.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - LOBBY - DAY

Kyle sits on a bench at the synagogue entrance. Nate stands before him, engaged in a chat with Kath and Don.

NATE

Look, I'm sure it's just nausea or something. These symptoms aren't uncommon when you're fasting.

Kath and Don look to each other. Don shrugs in agreement.

KATH

I'd just hate for us all to leave services. Your mother's been very excited for today...

NATE

(speaking up)
Well, we don't all have to leave.

Kath and Don turn back to Nate. They listen closely.

NATE (CONT'D)

I could take the car back to the house, look after Kyle until the break fast, then meet up with you all at Nanni's after services.

Kath looks to Don. They ponder the thought for a beat.

KATH

We could catch a ride with your mom. I'm sure she'd appreciate some extra hands setting up.

DON

Okay... Well, if you say so.

Don reaches into his pocket, grabbing the car keys. He throws the keys to Nate. Nate catches them in his hand.

DON

See you at sunset, Kid. Don't do anything stupid.

NATE

Sunset!

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

The boys swing open the Synagogue doors, walking outside.

NATE

(impressed)
That was exactly the distraction we needed, Man! Nice thinking.

KYLE

What are you talking about?

NATE

How did you get yourself to vomit on command?

KYLE

(thoughtfully)
Oh sure. Well, how I did that was--
(angrily)
I didn't! I vomited on reflex. Because that's how people vomit.
(then)
I feel very sick right now. *Like a high fever.* Like that Joseph Gordon-Levitt movie where he has to keep moving or he dies. So if I could just go home and get a moment of peace and quiet--

NATE

The Dark Knight Rises?

KYLE

The Dark Knight Rises what?
(then, frustrated)
Did you just suggest *The Dark Knight Rises* as *that JGL* movie? Why in the world would I refer to *The Dark Knight Rises* as *that JGL* movie? There's like two JGL scen--
(then, remembering)
Premium Rush! That's the name of the movie I was thinking of.
Premium Rush. Figured it out, no thanks to you...

Nate, deep in thought, ignores Kyle completely as he brainstorms. Metaphorical lightbulbs go off in his head.

NATE

No. No. We're not going home now,
Kyle. We're going to find Wyatt!

KYLE

(shaking his head angrily)
Nate. I just *puked* in Synagogue. I
need to lay down, pull out my
laptop, and write my article as I
replenish with Pedialyte. The only
place I'm going right now is home.

Nate steps into the car and starts it up.

NATE

Okay. Well, *good luck with that*.
I'm gonna go find our cousin.

Nate closes his door and starts driving. The car begins
to exit the parking lot. Kyle musters back a weak yell.

KYLE

Wait! *Wait!* Nate!

Kyle slowly walks after the moving car, crossing as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - DAY

Nate pulls into the parking lot and exits the car. Kyle
follows close behind as Nate walks around the school.

NATE

Are you familiar with the concept
of state-dependent memory, Ky?

KYLE

No, what's that?

NATE

Well, I first learned about it my
junior year... Kelly Kyber got
fubar drunk at Stetson's New Years
party and lost her car keys at his
house. No one could drive their
family Pontiac for months! *Kelly's*
whole family had to take a bus!

KYLE

I really don't care, Nate.

NATE

Just chill out. You didn't even let me finish...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. STETSON HOUSE - NIGHT

CHYRON: 2011

We stroll into a lively high school party. It's a throng of drinking games, puking teens and make out sessions.

A CROWD has formed around KELLY KYBER (17, FUBAR drunk), cheering her on as she takes shot after shot of Fireball.

NATE (V.O.)

(recounting his memory)

Now, flash forward to spring break and Stetson hosts another party. Kelly Kyber shows up her usual Fubar-esk self and takes like six shots of Fireball. Then she just straight books it to the kitchen.

The entire party watches in amazement. Then, as if she hit a wall, Kelly stops drinking. Turning away, she quickly crosses. The crowd quiets.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. STETSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kelly drunkenly stumbles into the kitchen. She pushes herself toward the kitchen counter, where a Quaker Oats barrel sits by itself.

Reaching the counter, Kelly drops her hand into the oats barrel, digging around inside.

NATE (V.O.)

Kelly stuffs her hand into this family-sized Quaker Oats barrel... And boom! There are her car keys.

Kelly pulls her hand out of the oats barrel, now holding a Maryland flag lanyard in her grasp. At the end of the lanyard rest her car keys. As Kelly smiles at her keys--

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - DAY

Returning back to present-day, Nate finishes his story.

NATE

Her keys were in Stetson's Oats
for four months! *Isn't that crazy?*

KYLE

*Why didn't the family just get a
second key made for their car?*

NATE

*Ugh. Because then I would have
never learned this valuable lesson
on the power of state-dependent
memory. Duh!*

Nate stops as he reaches the Washington Catholic Academy tool shed. He smirks, pulling against the toolshed door.

INT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - TOOL SHED - DAY

The doors to the shed open, and Nate and Kyle walk inside, revealing the space from years past.

Kyle looks around in awe. Not much has changed to the space since he was here last-- the couches and chairs look as old and rusty as ever before.

NATE (CONT'D)

*So, I'm thinking... Similarly to
Kelly Kyber, if we can get as high
as we were last night, it may
refresh our memory as to what
happened to Wyatt.*

Nate walks over to an extra cushy cushion chair in the back of the shed. He digs in to the cushy chair's chunky ridges, pulling out the infamous Barack Obama matte gold bong from years past. It shines back majestically.

KYLE

(surprised at the sight)
Barack O-Bong-A?
(then, in disbelief)
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
*You're kidding right? This is your
big plan? Getting high?*

Nate cleans the bong up, preparing it for use.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(then, off Nate's silence)
We'll go to hell for this, Nate.
When we die, this is what G-d will
point to on our resumes to keep us
from entering Heaven. It's the
face tattoo of Heaven admission.

NATE
If there's one thing Kelly Kyber
taught me, it's that you make the
worst choices under the influence.
*And, also, that to best remember
those poor choices, it helps to be
under the influence again.*

KYLE
I feel like neither one of these
things are really good things.

NATE
Look, Man. *Think of it this way.*
(a long beat, then)
You threw up in a Synagogue.
You're already going to hell, so--

Kyle, frustrated, grabs the bong and begins to pack it.

KYLE
Man, fine. Let's just do this
then. I'm ready for it!

Nate nods, ready to commence the plan, as we--

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Kyle sets the bong down on the table.
- Nate packs the bong with weed.
- Kyle cuts off the lighter's safety and strikes a light.
- Kyle and Nate now stand over Barack O-Bong-A. Packed pristinely, the bong glistens back brightly at the boys.

KYLE
(letting out an exhale)
Fuck, Man. I guess it's time to
Yolo this shit.

NATE

Ugh. That's so four months ago.

KYLE

Yolo isn't cool anymore?

NATE

It aged poorly after Drake got his hands on it.

KYLE

Fucking Drake.

Kyle strikes the bong with his lighter. Nate puts his mouth to the bong, inhaling as he takes in the whole hit.

As he finishes, Nate moves his face away from the bong, taking a beat, then exhaling a great deal of smoke.

NATE

Now your turn.

INT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - TOOL SHED - LATER

Kyle sits in a cushioned seat. Visibly nervous, he tries to keep himself calm as Nate packs the bowl. Kyle looks at the bong, exchanging stares with *Barack O-Bong-A*.

KYLE

Are you sure we should do this?

NATE

Dude.

(loses train of thought)

...Yes.

Kyle metaphorically straps himself in.

KYLE

Okay, here goes.

Kyle puts his lips on the bong. He braces himself.

NATE

In five, four, three, two, one--

(then)

Blastoff!

Time slows down as Nate strikes the lighter. Kyle sucks in as the lighter flame burns the tightly packed bowl.

Smoke travels up the bong, through Barack O-Bong-A's stoic, patriotic gaze, as it reaches Kyle's lips.

Kyle inhales, taking in every last puff. *As smoke enters Kyle's body, we push in on Kyle, who thinks deeply as we--*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KANG HOUSE - VARIOUS

We flash through brief instances of the night that were previously blocked out from Kyle's memory:

- Playing beer pong with Nate, Wyatt and Dustin.*
- Making out with Meggie on the couch.*
- Crowd surfing over a large group of partygoers.*
- Eating brownies with Nate and Wyatt.*

As we watch Kyle, Wyatt and Nate bite into the brownies--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - TOOL SHED - CONTINUOUS

Kyle jumps out of his seat, shooting into consciousness.

KYLE

Brownies.

Nate, taking another hit in the corner, quickly turns.

NATE

(coughing, then)
What?

KYLE

Wyatt gave us a tin of weed brownies last night. We all took one. And everything after that is a blur. Could those brownies maybe trace us back to Wyatt?

NATE

I mean, I guess it's not impossib--

A RINGTONE goes off from Kyle's pocket, interrupting the riff. Nate turns to Kyle, who reaches for his phone.

Picking up his cell phone, Kyle looks down, but there's no call-- weird. The phone continues to ring.

Kyle searches his body, reaching into the pocket of his jacket, and pulling out a circa 2005 RAZR FLIP PHONE.

Nate glances at Kyle, looking down at the phone in confusion. Kyle shrugs back, then flips the phone open.

INSERT: *A new message from "<3." The message reads, "Hey Babe. Need to pick up tin."*

KYLE

(reading aloud)

"Hey Babe. Need to pick up tin."

Kyle clicks the curser, moving to the next message.

KYLE

"Can you grab it from your gym locker and meet me at three pm on the soccer field?"

Kyle turns away from the phone and looks to Nate.

NATE

Who is that?

KYLE

The number's saved as "less than three." Could this be a pen name?

Nate snatches the phone from Kyle, taking a look.

NATE

That's a heart symbol, you fool.

KYLE

Oh. Well that explains Babe.

(then, disappointed)

So it's not the Pig in the city...

NATE

No. But whoever that phone belongs to, they know about the brownies.

(then, typing into phone)

I think I have an idea...

KYLE

Hey. That's mine.

Kyle tries to grab the phone back but Nate restrains him.

NATE

(as he types)

The fuck are you kidding? You just found it in your jacket.

KYLE

*Jacket is mine, ergo phone belongs
to me.*

NATE

*(as he finishes typing)
Okay whatever. How's this?
(reading his message)
"Of course I'll grab it, you sexy
load. What locker number?" Sent!
(then, to Kyle)
I ended the text with six dashes
and a greater sign to make it look
like a long penis.*

Kyle snatches the phone back from Nate.

KYLE

*Why the fuck would you ask him
what the locker number is? That's
such a sus response--*

Kyle is interrupted as the phone rings again. He looks.

INSERT: *From "<3", "609 ;)"*

Kyle reads the message, then gives the phone to Nate.

NATE

*Six-o-nine. Looks like we just
found ourselves a lead!*

Kyle nods in agreement, folding the phone closed.

KYLE

*(then, looking around)
Holy shit. Have we been inside
this whole time?*

INT. TRAP HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Wyatt sits tied up, looking around as he tries to collect his bearings of the basement. Taped along the basement walls are detailed maps of the D.C. Metropolitan area. Certain areas are circled, others are slashed out.

As Wyatt looks around, the basement door OPENS. Wyatt turns to the staircase, listening as FOOTSTEPS approach.

As the steps gets closer, a small Asian boy appears down the staircase. Holding a non-stick pan, he HUMS to himself as he walks over to the basement workstation.

WYATT
 (yelling out)
 Hey! You! You over there.

Startled, the small Asian boy tosses the pan. Weed brownies fly into the sky as he looks over. Nervously spotting Wyatt, he quickly turns back to the workstation.

ASIAN BOY
Oh, no. No one here. No me.

WYATT
 Your response only makes me more certain you're there! Who are you?

The Asian boy turns around, stepping closer to Wyatt and revealing himself. This is JAEHWAN (18).

JAEHWAN
 My name a *Jaehwan*.

Wyatt stares at Jaehwan, perplexed.

WYATT
What? Your name is Jamal?

JAEHWAN
 No, racist. My name *Jaehwan*.

Jaehwan begins to pick up the brownies from the ground.

WYATT
I know. I heard you the first time. You can't be a Jamal. Jamal is like... an African name.

JAEHWAN
 You're really digging yourself a deep hole right now. If I recorded this conversation, they'd put you on a *Fuckboy list*.

WYATT
 Right. Easy for you to say! You're in a basement making drugs.

JAEHWAN
 I would not be *Fuckboy* for making drugs. You would be *Fuckboy* because you are a racist!

Jaehwan, holding a dozen brownies under his arm, spits at Wyatt. Wyatt scoots himself out of the way-- avoiding.

JAEHWAN

You're disgusting.

Jaehwan turns, walking back toward the workbench.

WYATT

Wait! Please. Wait! Please don't
leave me here. Those people.
They're going to hurt me.

Jaehwan turns back around, angrily glaring at Wyatt.

JAEHWAN

They will not hurt you. They only
want to extort you until they get
what they want from you.

Wyatt, mouth agape, attempts to break out of his ropes.

WYATT

You fucking sick people. What
makes you think you can just
kidnap and tie up innocent people?

Jaehwan, looking down at Wyatt, shakes his head.

JAEHWAN

No... We are both prisoners.
(then, with a sigh)
If I left this house, Ryan will
call immigration and try to have
me sent back to my home country.
That is why I must work.

Jaehwan lowers his head, going back to work. Wyatt looks
to Jaehwan, spotting an ankle monitor on his leg.

WYATT

Listen here, *Jamal*. My name is
Wyatt Yaacobi. *And I promise you.*
I'm gonna get you out of here!

Jaehwan, focused at his workstation, shakes his head.

JAEHWAN

You don't know what you've gotten
yourself into, Wyatt Yaacobi...

The basement door OPENS, and Ryan and Adam appear from
upstairs. Adam walks toward Wyatt, cutting off his ropes.

ADAM

(yelling out)
Get up. Get up now.

Freed from the ropes, Wyatt slowly gets up, facing Ryan.

RYAN

If you can't give me back my goods
then you'll pay them off with your
service. Once your debt is paid,
then I'll let you go. *Probably.*

Adam strikes Wyatt in his back. Wyatt coughs.

RYAN

And it just so happens I got your
first task right now.

Wyatt stands up straight, nervously nodding back to Ryan.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

GIRLS freely walk about the locker room, wearing bras and underwear as they change post-volleyball practice.

GIRL 1

*Oh my gosh, Becky. Your
tits are so perky.*

GIRL 2

*Can I bounce another dime
on your ass, Alexa? It's
just so fun.*

The girls all laugh and chatter amongst themselves. One girl crosses, passing by a janitor's closet as she makes her way to the locker room shower.

We hold on the janitor's closet, pushing in as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - JANITOR CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Kyle stand squished inside the dark closet, struggling to keep still as they step on boxes, mops and dead rats. Kyle, bent over, looks out the closet keyhole.

NATE

*(struggling for balance)
Come on, Man! Give me a turn.*

KYLE

No way. This is a dream come true.

Watching through the keyhole, Kyle spots the captain of the volleyball team, SYDNEY MORGAN, step onto an aisle bench in the center of the locker room.

SYDNEY

*Okay, ladies. Who's ready for the
eleventh annual boob comparing
competition!?*

Nate rushes toward the door, pushing Kyle out of the way.

NATE

Okay, it's my turn now.

*Kyle pushes back against Nate for a peek at the action.
The two fight back and forth from the janitor's closet.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The girl's locker room has now emptied out. One last GIRL grabs her belongings and crosses out of the locker room.

As the locker room door CLOSES, the janitor closet door flies open. *Nate and Kyle rush out, breathing for air.*

NATE

Jesus, Man. Wear some fucking DEO.

KYLE

*Maybe when you stop farting up
your fucking lentil bean burritos.
(then, frustratedly)
I'm like legitimately concerned
for your gastrointestinal tract.*

*The brothers turn and walk down the hallway, looking for
locker number 609. Kyle inspects the lockers on the left,
Nate inspects lockers on the right.*

*Finally, Kyle spots it-- locker number 609-- sitting
above two other lockers in the middle of the aisle.*

KYLE

Okay I found it! 609.

Nate turns and looks over at the locker.

NATE

*Great. Great. That's it, alright.
(then, noticing lock)
Just one issue here.*

*Nate grabs ahold of the lock to the locker. He pulls
hard, but it doesn't budge.*

Kyle inspects the lock's six-letter combination padlock.

NATE (CONT'D)

Should I check the janitor's closet for pliers?

KYLE

No no. We can't break the lock.

NATE

Okay... and what do you suggest?

KYLE

Well, it's a six-letter combination padlock with seven possible letters per wheel. Do the math and that's only...

(doing math in his head)

Five-thousand-forty permutations to choose from. We'll figure it out in no time.

Nate looks back, shaking his head in total disagreement.

NATE

What? No we won't. What you're suggesting is like if Boggle fucked CIA encryption software and had a child.

KYLE

You're blowing all of this out of proportion. Watch this.

Kyle grabs the lock and puts it up to his ear. He listens closely as he turns the letters on the lock.

KYLE

(quietly, as he listens)

Just got to listen closely for the click as I turn, and the combo will reveal itself to me.

Kyle nods and inputs a code. Smiling, he looks to Nate and pulls on the lock-- nothing budes.

KYLE

Damnit.

(reading his combination)

It's not hurrah? It worked exactly like that in this episode of Sherlock I saw.

NATE

Sherlock makes everything look easy! The man possesses an unrealistic set of tools for deduction.

KYLE

(disappointed)
Well. I guess we do have a problem, then--

Kyle is cut off as the door to the locker room SQUEAKS open. Kyle and Nate stare to each other nervously. Then, without a word, the two turn, searching for hiding spots.

Nate runs toward a locker room aisle in the distance. Kyle, hearing the footsteps closing in, drops to the ground, hiding himself under the locker room aisle bench.

Kyle squeezes in, shutting his eyes as he becomes one with the bench. As the FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, Kyle opens one eye, looking up at the feet of a girl as she stops at locker 609 and enters the locker combination.

Her face blocked by the locker room bench, Kyle watches her arm enter the locker, grabbing a sweatshirt, and revealing a metal tin in the back of the locker.

Kyle looks up in shock at the sight of the tin. The girl's foot steps back, hitting Kyle. Kyle covers his face, holding in a nervous gasp, as--

MEGGIE (O.S.)

Kyle?

Kyle opens his eyes. Meggie Xiong stares down at him.

MEGGIE

Kyle, what are you doing here?

KYLE

(a beat, then, nervously)
I could ask you the same thing, you know.

Meggie pauses, looking around the **Girl's locker room**.

MEGGIE

No. You really can't.

Kyle pushes himself out from under the locker room bench.

KYLE

Well I'm-- I'm writing an article for *The Warrior* about how creaky the benches in the girl's locker room are. So, thought I'd do some investigative reporting to get the dirt myself, you know.

Kyle pushes the locker room bench. It doesn't creak.

MEGGIE

Mhm.

(then, changing subject)
Hey, can I actually talk to you about something real quick?

KYLE

Um, yeah, sure. What's up?

MEGGIE

(relieved)
Okay, great. Um...

Meggie looks around-- it's quiet, but not quiet enough. She grabs Kyle with her as she walks to a different spot.

Meggie stands with Kyle in a secluded area of the locker room-- her back now turned away from her locker.

MEGGIE

(working up courage, then)
Look, Kyle. Last night was fun.

Kyle looks back in surprise. He's truly speechless.

As he stares blankly at Meggie, Kyle spots Nate out of the corner of his eye. Nate quietly walks over to Meggie's locker, searching for the tin.

MEGGIE (O.S.)

And, I know we agreed for what we did to be our little secret...
But, I felt bad keeping something like this from my boyfriend...

Kyle quickly looks back to Meggie, his face turning red.

KYLE

Boyfriend?

Meggie nervously smiles.

MEGGIE

You're really cute, Kyle. But, the guy I'm seeing. My boyfriend. And his crowd. They wouldn't be very happy with me, or with you, if they saw the two of us together after what we did last night.

(then)

So, maybe we can just keep a distance for a little, and forget about what happened? That okay?

Kyle, speechless, stares at Meggie for a long beat.

Out of the corner of his eye, Kyle watches as Nate pulls out the tin from Meggie's locker. Holding the tin, Nate quickly sneaks away to another part of the locker room.

KYLE

(then, confused)

Wait. What happened last night?

MEGGIE

(smiling back)

Exactly.

Meggie kisses Kyle on the cheek, walking to her locker.

Kyle, frozen in space, watches as Meggie grabs her jacket and closes her locker door. Meggie waves to Kyle then crosses, heading out the locker room door.

As the door CLOSES SHUT, Nate slides back into the aisle, holding the tin in his hand as he looks to Kyle.

NATE

(re: tin)

Look what I foun--

(stopping himself)

Holy shit, Man. You have a giant erection!

We look back to Kyle, now spotting a giant pant tent erection that appears to only be growing.

NATE

Have you learned nothing? Tuck your boner in your waistband!

(then)

You gotta stop leaving yourself wide open to embarrassment, Ky.

Nate puts the tin down, shaking his head as he tucks Kyle's boner in his waistband.

Kyle, still mesmerized, stands perfectly still in place.

KYLE

*(dazed, short of breath)
I've never been so in love and
scared at the same time...*

NATE

*Jesus, Man. What happened between
you and her?*

KYLE

*I honestly have no clue. But I'm
going to get so high tonight to
recount every second of it.*

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

*Nate and Kyle walk out the locker room door, stepping
outside and walking toward the soccer field.*

NATE

*Okay, we got our tin. It's nearly
three pm. What time did your sext
buddy say to meet him?*

*Kyle, ahead of Nate, jots down on a notepad, ignoring
Nate's comment.*

NATE (CONT'D)

Kyle, are you good?

Kyle comes back to reality, turning back to Nate.

KYLE

What's that? Yeah.

NATE

*(spotting notepad)
Are you writing notes?*

EXT. SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

*Nate and Kyle walk onto a poorly-trimmed, uneven public
school soccer field. There's nothing special to it. A
forest rests downhill, left of the field.*

Nate and Kyle stop as they reach the center of the field.

KYLE

*Yeah. Well, no. Well... I told
you. I got a story due tomorrow.*

NATE

We're about to deliver a tin of weed brownies to a rando on a burner phone. Our cousin is missing. And you find this to be a good time to begin breaking a story? Is this a joke to you?

KYLE

Does it sound like a joke? Am I fucking laughing, Nate?

(then)

I'm more than just an accomplice on your stupid suburban excursions. I want to go home.

NATE

You could have went home at any point in this, Kyle!

KYLE

Are-- you-- fucking serious, Nate?
You're really telling me that I--

A RUSTLING from the forest startles the two. Nate jumps, quickly hiding behind Kyle

NATE

Shh. Shh.

Nate and Kyle turn to the forest, spotting Wyatt. Wyatt wades through the bushes as he walks onto the field.

NATE

Wyatt?

Wyatt looks up. Spotting Nate and Kyle.

WYATT

Nate? Kyle? What are you guys doing here?

NATE

We left services to come find you. What are you doing he--

KYLE

(interrupting)

No! No more of this small talk.
What the fuck is going on, Wyatt?

Wyatt joins Nate and Kyle at the center of the field.

WYATT

*Look. I think we should all calm
down a bit. I can explain this.
But first I need that tin.*

Nate and Kyle look back at Wyatt, unloading their anger.

NATE

*We were all worried sick
about you. And you're out
here pushing weed brownies?*

KYLE

*I've had it up to here with
you, Wyatt. I trusted you.
I threw up in Synagogue.*

*Wyatt takes insults left and right from Nate and Kyle. As
the yelling calms, he leans in toward the boys.*

WYATT

*(quietly, to boys)
Guys, please just do this for me.
Don't make me fuck this up...*

*Before Wyatt can finish, SIRENS go off from afar.
Headlights beam down at them from the parking lot above.*

*The boys turn and look up, spotting a police car. The
flashing red and blue lights overwhelm their perspective.*

*Two POLICE OFFICERS stand outside the car. An OFFICER
speaks into the intercom. The sound echos across the
field-- to the boys it feels like a million cops.*

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

*(through car intercom)
No one move. You're surrounded.*

Wyatt, Nate and Kyle hold for a beat, standing in fear.

WYATT

*(then)
Run!*

*Wyatt takes the tin from Kyle's hands and quickly books
it for the forest. Nate and Kyle chase after Wyatt.*

EXT. FOREST - DAY

*Wyatt runs through the forest, carrying the brownie tin
by his side as he navigates around trees and branches.
Nate and Kyle chase after Wyatt from behind.*

KYLE

You better fucking talk, Wyatt!

Wyatt, facing forward, yells backward as he runs.

WYATT

(short of breath, running)
Look. I'm being blackmailed, Guys.
The brownies. They're more than
just weed brownies...

NATE

I'm sorry. What do you mean more
than just weed brownies?

WYATT

It's a whole drug ring. You don't
want to get involved in this. Ryan
will be very unhappy if I don't
get this tin to him.

KYLE

Ryan? Who the fuck is Ryan?
(then)
Hey. Are you dating Meggie?

Wyatt continues to run, visibly perspiring.

WYATT

Meggie? Is that the girl who gave
you a boner in your YouTube video?

Wyatt begins to cough. He stops, putting his hands on his
knees as he breathes heavily. Nate and Kyle catch up.

NATE

Wyatt, look. We need to know
what's going on here.

Wyatt, getting his breath back, gets up from his fetal
position. He turns to Nate and Kyle.

WYATT

This doesn't have to do with you
two. But me, I have a debt to pay.
And the sooner I pay it off, the
sooner this can all go back to
normal. So just fucking let me be.

NATE

Wyatt, if you're being blackmailed
right now, then this is a much
bigger problem that involves all
of us. And we should work with the
police while we have the chance.

Wyatt shakes his head.

WYATT

*Don't get yourself involved in
other people's business, Nate.*

*Wyatt grabs the brownie tin from the ground and books it
to the end of the forest. Nate and Kyle sprint after him.*

EXT. FOREST / EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

*Wyatt reaches the end of the forest, looking out to the
open road, and spotting two police cars already
positioned outside waiting for him.*

*Wyatt looks to his right, spotting a skate park. He
sprints toward the fenced-off skate park.*

Nate and Kyle turn and follow after Wyatt.

INT. SKATE PARK - DAY

*Wyatt climbs the skate park fence, hurdling over, and
dropping down inside. YOUNG KIDS skate around him.*

*One young skater, TIMMY (9), wears a helmet and pads as
he stands below Wyatt, looking up in fear. Wyatt grabs
Timmy's skateboard, pushing him down as he runs away.*

*Nate and Kyle drop down into the skate park. They grab
two skateboards along the fence and follow after Wyatt.*

EXT. ROAD - DAY

*Wyatt skates on the asphalt of the open road. A police
car, SIRENS WAILING, chases up to him from behind.*

*Nate and Kyle catch up, skating past the wailing cop car.
As the road slopes downhill, The boys look down-- the
slope tilts more and more as they stare. A police
blockade at the very end of the slope blocks the road.*

*Nate nervously stares down at the blockade. He turns to
Kyle, who bobs his head while he chuckles to himself.*

NATE

Kyle! Why are you laughing?

KYLE

*(evidently out of it)
I thought of something funny.*

Nate shakes his head frustratedly, turning back to Wyatt.

NATE
 (yelling out)
 Wyatt. Watch out!

Wyatt cruises downhill, looking behind him as the chasing cop car flees. He smirks, laughing joyfully as he turns forward, now spotting the awaiting police blockade.

With too much momentum to stop, Wyatt surveys the area ahead. He spots a divot in the road beside the blockade.

Wyatt locks onto the divot, bracing himself as he speeds up. He crouches down, leveling himself with his board.

Feet away, Wyatt pops the tail of his skateboard, doing an ollie over the divot and propelling himself into the air. Wyatt scales the car, landing past the blockade.

Nate and Kyle look out, watching Wyatt's landing.

| | | |
|-------|------|-------|
| | NATE | KYLE |
| Woah! | | Holy! |

Wyatt stops his board, looking out from the other end of the blockade as he catches his breath.

Now Nate's turn to cross, he attempts Wyatt's routine, crouching down and popping the tail of his skateboard. Nate lifts up, grabbing major air as he flies over the police blockade.

Kyle watches Nate land his jump. Excited, but nervous, he now prepares himself for the police barricade. Closing his eyes, Kyle crouches down and leaps up in the air.

Time slows down as Kyle mystically pops up on his board, floating in the air as he approaches the blockade.

Wyatt and Nate watch nervously as Kyle flies in the air.

WYATT
 (time ramped down)
 Woaaaaaah.

Kyle opens his eyes, looking forward from mid-air and spotting the police blockade feet away. He SQUEAKS in fear-- He doesn't have the air he needs to cross it.

KYLE
 (time ramped down)
 Fuccccccck.

Time speeds back up as Kyle prepares to jump ship and hop off his board. He quickly attempts to re-navigate.

With too much momentum behind him, Kyle and his board hurtle right into the police car.

Kyle hits the police car door, ricochetting off, and falling onto the ground. Off Kyle's VIOLENT CRASH, we--

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL - DAY

Kyle's eyes slowly open. Regaining his consciousness, he looks around, spotting himself in an empty jail cell.

KYLE

(defeated)
No. No. No. No. No.

Kyle quickly gets up from the ground, looking around more intensively, and walking over to the jail cell bars.

Kyle shakes the bars, frustration growing as he shakes.

KYLE

Someone help me! There's been a mistake! I'm not the one you want.

NATE (O.S.)

Oh, thank G-d. You're awake.

Kyle peeks his head out from behind the bars, following the sound of the voice, and spotting Nate, looking back at him from the jail cell to his right.

KYLE

(mellowed)
Nate. You're here too?

NATE

Don't get too excited. There's a lot of other places I'd rather be right about now.

KYLE

Well where the fuck is Wyatt? He's the one who should be behind bars!

WYATT (O.S.)

Sounds like you got your wish...

Kyle turns to the jail cell to his left, spotting Wyatt.

WYATT

How you feeling? That was a pretty gnarly wipeout you had earlier.

(then)

You straight *Nigel Beaverhausen-ed* that shit, Man.

Wyatt starts laughing. Nate joins along in the joke.

KYLE

(angrily yelling back)

Hey, how about you just shut the fuck up already, Wyatt!

WYATT

Come on, *Man*. Have a little fun.

KYLE

Your *fun* is what got us into this mess to begin with.

WYATT

What? No it's not. It's Nate's fault for bringing us to that party to begin with.

Nate angrily turns to Wyatt's jail cell.

NATE

Oh yeah? You're really gonna say this is my fault?

KYLE

(yelling, interrupting)

Can we all just stop for a minute?

Kyle's yell quickly shuts both Nate and Wyatt up.

KYLE (CONT'D)

This isn't *one* of your faults.

It's both!

(then)

I never asked to go to your party!
I never asked to eat your fucking brownies. And when Aunt Rita and Uncle Jed couldn't find you, I couldn't have cared *less* about finding you.

(then)

Everything I've ever done, I've done because it's what one of you two wanted. Now I'm being punished for it *in the most extreme way*. I hate you both so much!

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

When this is over I don't want to
see your fucking stupid faces ever
again!

Kyle lets out the last breath of his angry rant. Nate and
Wyatt, visibly embarrassed, look away.

SECURITY GUARD

(then, chiming in)
You know your buddies are only in
here because they came back for
you, *right?*

Kyle looks up, following the voice and spotting a
SECURITY GUARD. Surprised by this information, Kyle turns
to Wyatt, who shrugs back. Kyle then turns to Nate, who,
head lowered, nods back.

The silent, tense moment is interrupted by a loud BUZZ
from the prison room door. The door opens, and a young
cop, OFFICER YATES, enters.

OFFICER YATES

Yaacobi. Wyatt, Nathaniel and
Kyle. Detective Sergeant Barbosa
would like a word with you three
in her office. Now.

The prison room door BUZZES once again as Wyatt, Nate and
Kyle's cells are electronically opened. As the three step
out, Kyle looks over to Wyatt and Nate nervously.

INT. POLICE STATION - SERGEANT BARBOSA OFFICE - DAY

Nate, Kyle and Wyatt busy up the small office, sitting on
office chairs opposite the desk of County Police
Detective Sergeant MARLENE BARBOSA.

Barbosa sits at her desk, reading a charging document.

BARBOSA

*Possession. Possession with the
intent to sell--*

Nate stands up in shock.

NATE

Selling? No. We aren't selling an--

BARBOSA

(ignoring, continuing)
Avoiding arrest... Sit back down.
(MORE)

BARBOSA (CONT'D)

Three counts of petty theft for those skateboards you boys stole.

(then, to Wyatt)

And the phone we confiscated from you has three different torrented versions of Toy Story Three...

Nate and Kyle look to Wyatt, who shakes his head.

WYATT

I couldn't find the English Dub.

Nate turns back to Detective Sergeant Barbosa.

NATE

Look, Ma'am. *This* is all just a giant misunderstanding.

Barbosa takes off her glasses, motioning for Nate to sit.

BARBOSA

That's Detective Sergeant Ma'am to you, son. And if you don't sit back down, I'll throw all three of you back behind bars and let the judge determine your fate.

Nate sits back down in his chair, quieting himself up. Barbosa pulls out a plastic-wrapped bag of the brownies.

BARBOSA (CONT'D)

We ran a detailed toxicology test on those sweets you were carrying, and found absurdly high traces of THC in each individual brownie.

(then, with seriousness)

This product is unregulated, potent, and highly dangerous. You could really mess someone up selling these out to the masses.

A beat of silence lulls over the room. Nate and Kyle turn to Wyatt. Wyatt turns back, shrugging in disappointment.

WYATT

This is my fault. I stole those brownies at a party last night.

(then)

The only reason these two are here is because they were good cousins, and went to find me when I didn't show up to services this morning. They've done nothing wrong.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

If there's a penalty to pay for this, *it belongs to me*. Not them.

The boys comfort Wyatt, patting him on the back. Barbosa nods, dropping the charging document onto the table.

BARBOSA

I'm gonna be frank with you three.

(then)

We've been on the scent of a major drug ring for almost three months now. *This is a very tip-top, coordinated effort, conducted by vetted, experienced individuals.*

(then, pointing to Wyatt)

This one has a juvenile offense for trespassing onto a farm and videotaping himself sucking a cow utter. Why would you even do that?

WYATT

2010 was a different time...

Barbosa leans in toward the boys.

BARBOSA

Our bust earlier came from an anonymous call. But anyone with a little experience in this line of work can tell pretty straight forwardly that the whole deal was nothing more than a set-up.

KYLE

What do you mean a set-up?

BARBOSA

I don't know. Every once in a while we see a situation where someone tries to protect their own skin in the game by throwing someone else under the bus.

(then)

I know you three aren't the kingpins behind this operation. You're too dumb.

NATE

Well, have I just heard the most backhanded compliment or what?

BARBOSA

But, you were caught red handed, with a list of offenses to each of your names, meaning you'll be tried. And if you're found guilty on these counts, you'll likely get a couple months in Juvie.

*(then, aside, to Wyatt)
Two to six years in federal for you, though. That cow utter shit will get you tried as an adult.*

WYATT

It always comes back to the cow utter shit.

BARBOSA

Unless you three would be willing to work with us to bring in the real kingpin. Then, I could likely get you boys off Scott-Free.

Barbosa sets her arms on the table, awaiting a response. The boys look to one another, nodding in agreement.

NATE

Listen, whatever it is we have to do. If it means no jail time, then you got yourself a deal.

WYATT

Wait. Add the cow utter thing into the arrangement! We help you, and you take that video off the Internet using your police powers.

BARBOSA

*(shaking her head)
Sorry. You're on your own on that one, Kid.*

WYATT

*(a beat, then, nodding)
Touché...*

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Nate and Kyle tread back and forth on the grass. Wyatt sits on a stone dam that looks over a small lake.

As he looks out at the quiet lake, Wyatt's phone rings. Wyatt looks down to his phone, spotting that he has seventeen new messages. He reads the most recent text.

INSERT: "Get your puny ass to your Grandmother's tonight to break fast, or no Xbox for a whole year. XOXO, Dad."

WYATT

(putting phone away, then)
You guys think it's nice in Mexico?

NATE

I mean, probably... *Why?*

WYATT

Well, after our chat with Mrs. Officer, I see it we got about 24 hours to change our names and flee the country. I'm thinking Lance Calzone. I'll go door to door selling Calzones to the Mexicans.

NATE

Dude, you have to stop with this.

WYATT

It's not my fault you didn't think of the name sooner, Nate.

Kyle, pen and notepad out, turns to Wyatt.

KYLE

We aren't leaving the country. We agreed with Detective Barbosa that we're going to help bring in this kingpin. And if any of us has the info we need to do it, it's you. So, let's talk, Wy.

Wyatt, taken aback, stands up and smirks to Nate.

WYATT

What's gotten into him? I've never seen him so snippy before.

KYLE

You've never seen me stand between freedom and Juvie before.

WYATT

Nate, you seeing this? Little Kyle wants to boss me around and tell me what to do. How cute is this?

Kyle angrily runs over to Wyatt, getting into his grill as he stares him down.

KYLE

(speaking in Japanese)
*Kimi wa boku no sonzai riyuu o
 ubatte shimatta.*

(translation on screen)
 You have taken away my life
 purpose.

WYATT

(then, agitated)
 What's wrong with you, Man?

NATE

You've angered him, Wyatt. Kyle
 yells in *Naruto* when he's angry.

Kyle cuts his gaze, catching his breath as he turns away.

KYLE

I have only two wishes left at
 this point. To finish my story,
 and to not go to jail. So *don't*
you fucking mess with me, Wy.

Wyatt steps back, nodding along.

WYATT

Okay. Don't *plotz* on me, Man.

KYLE

(then, looking to notes)
 Wyatt, while we were running, you
 mentioned a Ryan. Who is that?

WYATT

Ryan is the kingpin. Ryan
 Guerrero. He graduated with me-- I
 think. Or maybe he didn't graduate
 now that I think about it.

(then, remembering)
 Oh my gosh! I forgot about Jamal.

KYLE

What? What are you talking about?

WYATT

Jamal. The little Asian boy that
 Ryan trapped in his basement to
 make his drugs! I promised Jamal
 I'd get him out.

(then)
 Guys, what I said about Mexico.
 Forget it.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

From now on, I'm focused on this mission. Jamal's waiting for me!

Kyle and Nate stare back at Wyatt for a solid beat.

NATE

Wait. Do you mean Jaehwan?

WYATT

He said his name was Jamal.

NATE

There's no Asian kid named Jamal, Wyatt.

WYATT

That's what I said and he yelled at me. He called me a fuckboy.

NATE

That's because you are a fuckboy.
(then)
Jaehwan is a kid in my Physics class. He once proved Mr. Howard's two trains prompt wrong... But he hasn't shown up to class for at least a month now. Are you saying Jaehwan is trapped in Ryan Guerrero's basement?

WYATT

I swear on my own mother.

NATE

Okay, well don't do that, because that's also our aunt...

Kyle excitedly steps forward, jotting notes.

KYLE

Can you take us to this basement?

WYATT

I mean, I can try.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The boys walk out of the woods, stepping into suburban civilization as they turn onto the sidewalk.

WYATT

Well, *transparently*, I was blindfolded.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

But I remember it like it was my own house. Small. Smelly. Lots of stairs.

KYLE

In the time between the house and the school... how long would you say you were in the car?

WYATT

I don't know. I'd say about *six*, seven minutes.

KYLE

Okay... That's somewhere between a two to three mile proximity. Nate, search for townhouse communities within three miles of Ardwood.

Nate pulls out his Android phone and begins a web search.

NATE

On it.

KYLE

Great. Now Wyatt. Think deep here. Who else have you met that may be involved in this drug ring?

WYATT

Well, there's this one guy who acts as the muscle of the operation. His name is--
(then)
Oh, fuck.

Wyatt stops in his tracks, spotting a van directly ahead. Adam Holland stands outside, awaiting the boys.

Adam, holding a pellet pistol in his hand, taps his pistol on the van's metal door loudly.

ADAM

Time for a ride, Boys.

NATE

Wyatt. Who's that?

WYATT

(nervously)
That's him.

NATE

That's *Oh Fuck?*

WYATT

Yeah. Just act cool and follow me.

Wyatt, clearly trying to look cool, slowly struts over to the van. Nate and Kyle shake their heads as they follow.

INT. ADAM'S VAN - DAY

The boys enter, stuffing themselves into the back seat. Adam steps into the driver's seat. He turns to the boys.

ADAM

So, if it isn't the three little troublemakers.

Wyatt, Nate and Kyle look back nervously.

WYATT

(nervously professing)
Look, Adam. I know we've had our hardships in the past, but I promise you. Just let us live, and I'll let you do whatever you want with me. *Anything. Say the word.*

Adam shakes his head in disgust.

ADAM

What? No. No. I'm not gonna kill you. Are you crazy?

The boys sit in the back of the van, semi-relieved.

NATE

(then, raising his hand)
Um. Okay. If I may, Mr. Adam. If you're not gonna kill us, then why are we in the back of your van?

Kyle reaches into his pocket, taking out his notepad.

ADAM

Look, I followed you three from the station.

KYLE

Mhm. Fascinating.

NATE

Wouldn't have thought that.

ADAM

And I'm no stranger to a shakedown. I take it they let you out in exchange for helping them catch Ryan?

The boys look back in surprise.

WYATT

How did you know that?

KYLE

*Wait. He may not know anything.
He's just saying this in hopes we
admit we worked out a plea...
(realizing his mistake)
I mean... Fuck.*

WYATT

*Fine. You got it out of us. We
worked out a plea in order to
catch your boss. What's it to you?*

ADAM

*Everything. Ryan's gone off the
rails. He's hell-bent on
controlling the DMV area drug
scene... That's why he set you
three up. To cover his trail.
(a beat, then)
It seems we have a common enemy.
I'd like to team up. I help you
three put Ryan behind bars, and we
can all clean our slate of this
once and for all. What do you say?*

WYATT

*It depends. Can you take videos
involving cow utters off the web?*

NATE

*Shut up about your cow utters.
(then, to Adam)
This sounds great and all, but I'm
still lost. Why would Ryan set me
and Kyle up? He doesn't know us.*

ADAM

*(pointing to Wyatt)
Oh. Well, he tried to set you and
Meggie up. But I guess the message
was lost in translation...
(then)
Apparently she cheated on him with
another guy last night. And, well,
he's furious.*

Kyle's eyes pop open in shock.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I mean, I've seen Ryan mad before.
*But this... If he ever discovered
who hooked up with Meggie last
night, he would...*

(then)

I worry just thinking about it.
Hopefully that'll never happen.

Kyle looks around nervously.

WYATT

Geez. Sounds like that person
would be toast.

ADAM

Toast indeed.

(then)

Well, anyway. Are you guys in on
this plan, or what?

Nate and Wyatt nod their heads. Kyle nervously smiles.

INT. DIANNA'S HOME - SUNSET

The home is decorated for company. A platter of food
traditional for breaking fast lays out on a large table.

Don and Jed eat Nova Lox bagels from the table as Kath
and Rina furiously type on their phones.

KATH

I just don't get it. The boys are
seeing our texts, right?

(then, turning to Don)

Or maybe they're not getting them?

DON

They're getting them. Believe me.
I've seen our family cell bills.

RINA

Wyatt's read receipts say he's
seen every one of my texts. I even
threatened to take away his Dairy
Queen privileges and still
nothing.

JED

Kid's a fuckboy. What'd you
expect?

DON

Okay. Look. I know we're all feeling a little bit worried right now. But, at least it brings me some solace knowing that we're dealing with all this together.

Rina and Jed angrily turn to Don.

RINA

The fuck is that supposed to mean?

JED

I knew it was a bad idea to let our beautiful angel hang out with your two little devil-children.

Don angrily turns to Jed.

DON

Oh yeah? Devil children? Your kid is the one who taught my boys what a brown eye was.

JED

Well, it's a good thing he did, or else they'd never know.

DON

Oh fuck you, Jed.

Don drops his plate. Jed angrily takes a big bite of his nova lox, dropping his plate and staring back at Don.

Don and Jed go at it, tussling and pulling at each other's hair as Rina and Kath shake their heads.

INT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Nate, Kyle, Wyatt and Adam burst into the shed. Adam carries a large postal tube in his arm.

INT. WCA TOOL SHED - MOMENTS LATER

The boys all sit down. Adam sets the postal tube down on a foldable table beside *Barack O-Bong-A*.

ADAM

Tonight Ryan's making a deal with the Washington Catholic Academy's prime dealer, Blake McGowan.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
It's important we catch him in the
act if we want to take him down.

The boys watch attentively as Adam unravels the tube,
revealing a large poster blueprint of a suburban mansion.

ADAM
This is how it's gonna go...

We hold on the mansion's blueprint image as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RYAN GUERRERO TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Adam stands outside Ryan's house. He knocks on the door.

ADAM (V.O.)
At eight-thirty p.m. I arrive at
Ryan's townhome.

After a beat, Ryan opens the door, letting Adam in.

As Adam steps inside, Ryan looks out, checking both ways
before walking inside and closing the door behind him.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. RYAN GUERRERO TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ryan paces nervously. Adam stands and talks inaudibly.

ADAM (V.O.)
I explain the bust. That the
county police have captured you
three and that we're in the clear.

Ryan smiles, cheering as his anxiety dissipates.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. RYAN GUERRERO TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Now, at the basement workstation, we see a large metal
tin slide onto the table. The lid reads, "Pudgy Fudgy."

Ryan takes the top off the tin, setting evenly sized
squares of brownies down into the container. Ryan fills
the tin to the brim, closing the lid and crossing.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. RYAN GUERRERO TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Ryan and Adam exit through the front door. Adam heads toward a convertible Jaguar XJ8 car parked outside.

Ryan locks the front door of the townhouse, walking over and stepping into the passenger seat of the car.

ADAM (V.O.)

At nine p.m. Ryan and I leave the house and head over to Blake McGowan's party. We'll drive out, turn the corner...

The car backs up, turning onto the road.

ADAM (V.O.)

And at nine o'one you three enter.

As the car drives away, Wyatt's head pops out of the shrubbery. Wyatt looks out, then waves in Nate and Kyle.

Nate and Kyle cross in, helping Wyatt out of the bushes. The three walk toward the house garage. Kyle plugs a combination into the garage keypad and the garage opens.

The three walk into the garage, as we--

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. RYAN GUERRERO TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kyle, Nate and Wyatt walk down the basement staircase. Jaehwan's face lights up at the sight of Wyatt.

ADAM (V.O.)

You three enter the basement and free Jaehwan.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. RYAN GUERRERO TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Jaehwan slides a *Pudgy Fudgy* tin onto the workbench. He takes off the lid, revealing the tin's empty insides.

ADAM (V.O.)

Then, with Jaehwan's help. You'll *dummy* up the tin with a tape recorder. This way, we'll be able to record everything that's said during the deal.

Jaehwan places a tape recorder at the bottom of the tin and turns it on. He then conceals the recorder under a red, circular cardboard trap door.

ADAM (V.O.)
Fill it, close the lid, and take
it along with you.

The boys fill the tin with brownies and cover it with its signature lid. Kyle carries the tin as the boys cross.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. RYAN GUERRERO TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Nate starts the car. Kyle sits in the passenger seat. Wyatt sits backseat, waving to Jaehwan as the car pulls out of the driveway.

ADAM (V.O.)
At nine-thirty p.m. you three load
the car and drive off.

Nate's car turns onto the street. Jaehwan waves back. As Nate's car drives down the quiet lamp-lit street, we--

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. WASHINGTON CATHOLIC ACADEMY - TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Back in the shed, Adam concludes his step-by-step voiceover spiel. Nate, Wyatt and Kyle listen intently.

ADAM
Kyle and Nate. I'll set out some
clothes in the garage for you two
to change into.
(then)
You'll enter Blake's party and
swap the tins out by ten-fifteen
so that Ryan has the dummy tin by
the time of his meeting.

Adam goes into a bag beside him, taking out walkie-talkies and handing one to each boy.

ADAM
(re: walkie)
We'll use *these* to communicate
with each other through the night.
(then)
Any questions?

Kyle raises his hand. Adam points to him.

KYLE

What do we do if one of us is in trouble?

Adam holds a walkie up to his face, showing the boys.

ADAM

If you're in danger, codeword is Frankenweenie.

The boys confusedly nod back. Nate raises his hand.

NATE

Why Frankenweenie?

ADAM

It's my little cousin's favorite movie. That a problem?
(as the boys shrug)
Guys. This is literally a word we'd only need to use if something goes wrong.

The boys stare back nervously.

KYLE

Yeaaaaah...

WYATT

Can we do something maybe more festive? Like *Mazel Tov? Knishes?*

Adam flails his arms, giving in.

ADAM

Okay then. Codeword is *Mazel Tov*.
Now, *any important questions?*

A long beat, then Wyatt raises his hand.

WYATT

Yeah. Well, you mentioned Nate and Kyle in the plan once we get to Blake's. But you didn't mention me? What do you want me to do?

Adam turns, staring at Wyatt for a long beat.

ADAM

Oh, right. *Ummmm...*

CUT TO:

INT. NATE'S CAR / EXT. MCGOWAN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt, dressed in sweats, sits in the driver's seat of Nate's Prius. He yells out the window to Nate and Kyle.

WYATT

This is so fucking unfair. I have to sit in the fucking pixie wagon all night while you two get to party in a mansion?

Nate and Kyle, looking polished-up in button down polos and Khakies, stand outside on the lawn beside the mansion's long driveway. Kyle wears his lucky jacket.

NATE

First off. It's not a *pixie wagon*, it's a getaway car.

WYATT

Your fucking dashboard lights up when you plug in an aux cord. You think The General Lee did that?

KYLE

Wyatt. Adam made it very clear. Stay back in the getaway car, and call for help if something goes wrong. You can't come inside. If Ryan saw you he'd get suspicious.

WYATT

Man, I never get any action. Now I don't even get to shoot my shot?
(then)
This is unconstitutional. George Washington Carver would not approve.

Kyle and Nate look back in confusion.

KYLE

George Washington Car--
(stopping himself)
Wait. Do you really not know who the first president of the United States was?

WYATT

I just said it, *stupid*.
(off their confused faces)
And he would not be happy to hear that you two are keeping me from getting my artichoke squeezed...

NATE

Dude. Can't you just shut up and watch Porn or something?

Wyatt looks back-- a lightbulb going off in his head.

WYATT

(deceivingly)
I cannot believe you'd suggest I just sit here and watch porn all night without distraction. How disgusting.

(then, in a hurry)
Okay, don't you guys have to like, go inside now or something?

Nate and Kyle look away from Wyatt, concealing their smiles as they turn to one another.

The two stare at each other for a serious beat. Nate hands Kyle the Pudgy Fudgy tin.

NATE

You ready for this?

Kyle nods and stuffs the tin into his jacket.

The two turn, stepping off of the lawn and walking onto the mansion's long concrete driveway.

EXT. MCGOWAN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CUE: "CLIQUE" BY KANYE WEST

We follow Nate and Kyle as they cross in, walking up the driveway toward a sprawling suburban mansion.

Preppy-dressed Partygoers walk amongst them, holding liquor bottles and 30-packs as they near the mansion.

INT. MCGOWAN MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A Chandelier hangs over a sprawling party venue. A DJ stands behind a booth, bumping along to his mix. Strobe lights refract off the Chandelier's glass, bouncing through the ballroom.

Partygoers are spread about, drinking and dancing on the dance floor. Elevated tables rest on both ends of the ballroom dance floor.

Nate and Kyle enter the ballroom, flabbergasted as they eye the luxurious scene around them.

NATE

If only Tony Kang could see this.

Nate and Kyle prop up at an elevated table.

KYLE

This house party would be like if
Tony Kang's house party died and
went to house party Heaven.

A WAITER arrives at the table with a tray of appetizers.

WAITER

Smoked Salmon?

Nate and Kyle light up with excitement. They rush for the Waiter's plate, taking more than a modest helping each.

NATE

(taking a bite, delighted)
Ughhh. It's so good.

KYLE

(as he bites in)
I could not think of one better
food to break fast to.

The waiter nods, smirking as he crosses off.

WAITER

(softly, in German accent)
Jews.

Nate looks down to his watch, checking for the time.

INSERT: Nate's analog watch reads 10:09.

Nate looks up, turning toward the ballroom entrance.

On Nate's turn, Ryan and Adam enter-- right on cue. Ryan, carrying the tin of brownies to his side, walks with Adam to a table on the other end of the ballroom.

Nate, eyeing Ryan and Adam's entrance, turns to Kyle. He taps his nose (a la *The Sting*), nodding in Ryan's general direction. Kyle looks down to his watch.

INSERT: Kyle's digital Naruto watch reads 10:10.

Kyle looks up, nodding to Nate. Nate then turns, heading across the ballroom floor. Kyle stays put, keeping watch.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE BALLROOM:

Nate walks over to Ryan's table, interrupting.

NATE

Hey. I'm so sorry to bug you man,
but I couldn't help but notice...
You're the guy who rolled in with
the XJ8, right?

Ryan turns, sizing Nate up.

RYAN

Yeah. What about it?

NATE

I think I just saw some kids
messing with your hood ornament.

RYAN

Are you fucking--
(turns, snaps at Adam)
Keys. Keys.

Adam digs into his pocket, pulling out Ryan's keys. He
tosses them to Ryan. Ryan catches them.

RYAN

Stay here and keep watch.
(then, motioning to Nate)
Come with me. Show me who you saw.

Kyle, on the other side of the ballroom, watches Ryan and
Nate cross outside. As Ryan and Nate exit the ballroom,
Adam gives Kyle *The Sting* gesture, motioning him to come.

Kyle nods, nervously walking across the ballroom floor.
Partygoers grind, twerk, and *Dougie* all around him as he
squeezes himself through the congested dance space.

Kyle digs into his jacket, pulling out the dummy tin.
Feet from the table, he prepares to swap the tins, as--

Meggie crosses in, stopping in the line between Kyle and
the table. She looks to Adam.

MEGGIE

Adam, do you know where Ryan wen--
(then, spotting Kyle)
Kyle?

Kyle stops in his tracks, quickly concealing the brownie
tin back into his jacket.

KYLE

(nervously)
Meg-- Meggie?

Adam steps in.

ADAM

You two know each other?

MEGGIE

Uh. No.

KYLE

No. What a crazy thought...

Adam stares back suspiciously for a beat. A silence looms over the three-- and is broken as Ryan crosses back in.

RYAN

(then, to Adam)
False alarm. Couldn't find anyone out there. I convinced that *dumb kid* to watch my car, though.

Then, spotting Meggie, Ryan wraps his arm around her.

RYAN

Oh, hey *Babe*. Nice to see you.

Meggie turns to Ryan. The two kiss. Adam turns to Kyle, shrugging as he notes the tin with his eyes.

Kyle takes the hint, quickly grabbing the dummy tin from under his jacket. Without blinking an eye, Kyle swaps the tin on the table out with his dummy tin. He quickly stuffs Ryan's tin into his jacket, then looks to Adam, nodding.

Meggie and Ryan break out of their kiss. Ryan smiles to Meggie, then checks his watch.

INSERT: Ryan's digital watch turns from 10:14 to 10:15.

RYAN

(then, looking to Meggie)
Sorry to make this short, but we gotta go. Have an *important meeting* scheduled.

Ryan leans down toward the table and takes his tin. On his way back up, he trades a glance with Kyle, who nervously stares back. Ryan points to Kyle, confused.

RYAN

And, *uh*, who are you?

Kyle nervously pauses. Meggie then speaks up for him.

MEGGIE

This is my friend Kyle. He's in my class and wanted to say hi before he left. Isn't that right, Kyle?

Kyle terrified, stares mindlessly at Ryan.

KYLE

*(coming to his senses)
Yes. Yes that's right.*

A long beat as Ryan looks back at Kyle inquisitively.

RYAN

You look familiar? Do I know you?

KYLE

No-- No, I don't think so.

Ryan stares for a second longer, then nods back.

RYAN

Are you fucking cool, Kyle?

KYLE

*(a beat, then, nervously)
Um, sure. Yeah, I'm cool.*

Ryan smirks to himself.

RYAN

Okay. Then prove it.

Ryan removes the lid of the tin, showcasing the brownies to Kyle. Kyle stares at the tin for a nervous beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)

*(then, aggressively)
Show me that you're cool.*

Kyle turns to Adam, who shares a nervous glance.

Kyle then turns back to Ryan, staring for a beat then nodding. He takes a brownie from the tin, and slowly puts it up to his mouth. Meggie and Adam watch back nervously.

Kyle takes his time as he slowly bites into the brownie. Ryan nods, smiling as Kyle chews and swallows.

RYAN

*(then, patronizing)
Mhm. Nice to meet you, Kyle.*

Ryan turns away, motioning for Adam to follow. He waves goodbye to Meggie, then crosses.

KYLE
(as Ryan crosses)
Nice to meet you...

Meggie and Kyle, now alone at the table, turn to each other. Kyle shrugs. Meggie scoffs, then crosses away.

Kyle, distraught, shakes his head as he turns, crossing.

EXT. MCGOWAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kyle walks down the driveway to the getaway Prius. Wyatt sits inside, parked in the same spot as before. Nate, leaning on the hood, turns to Kyle as he approaches.

NATE
(excited)
How'd it go?

KYLE
Fine.

Kyle pulls Ryan's brownie tin out from under his jacket and drops it in the passenger seat of the car.

WYATT
That wasn't convincing.

KYLE
Neither is your Mexican accent.

Nate turns to Kyle.

NATE
What's going on with you, Kyle?

KYLE
Nothing. I'm just trying to focus
on my payback. How about you?

As Kyle stares to Nate and Wyatt, the boys' walkie-talkies begin to go off.

ADAM (O.S.)
(through walkie)
The Eagle has landed. Engage alpha
two protocol.

Kyle then turns, leading the way back to the mansion.

Nate, spotting Kyle walk away, quickly rushes after him.

WYATT
(now by himself)
Okay... Good luck you guys.

Wyatt stares out the window, watching as the boys leave eyesight. He then begins to unbutton his pants.

WYATT
Now back to my *Wy time*.

INT. MCGOWAN MANSION - VIP SECTION - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "THUG WAFFLE" BY FLATBUSH ZOMBIES

Ryan and Adam walk through a set of beaded shell curtains as they enter a secluded hallway.

Adam looks around, surprised by everything happening around him-- kids drinking, taking lines, playing darts, dropping it low on stripper poles.

Overwhelmed, Adam turns forward, following Ryan as he approaches another door. DEWSHANE, Blake's bodyguard, stands watch, motioning for Ryan to stop.

Ryan ignores, crossing through the door, and entering the other room. Adam follows suit, crossing--

DEWSHANE
Woah woah. He's in a meeting.

INT. MCGOWAN MANSION - BLAKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Adam enter, spotting BLAKE MCGOWAN (18, a *Nate Jacobs*-type) sitting behind an office desk as he looks up at the ceiling. Spotting the door open, Blake turns.

BLAKE
(caught off guard)
Woah, ever heard of knocking.

A GIRL pops up from under his desk and rushes away. Blake recomposes himself. Dewshane enters from behind.

DEWSHANE
Excuse me. You two can't be back--

BLAKE
(interrupting)
No, D. It's all good.
(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(spotting the brownie tin)
This is *exactly* the man I've been
waiting for.

EXT. MCGOWAN MANSION - NIGHT

Nate and Kyle walk back up the long mansion drive-way.
Kyle angrily storms forward. Nate catches up from behind.

NATE
Yo. Cool it, Man. What's got your
panties in a bundle?

Kyle stops, he looks down to the ground, taking a beat.

KYLE
*I've lost, Nate. Meggie won't ever
like me. I'll never be the writer
I want to be. I'll just always be
a loser like everyone in this
fucking town.*

NATE
*This is all because that girl
isn't interested in you?*

Kyle, angered, walks away.

KYLE
Fuck off.

NATE
Come on. Just talk to me.

Nate, chasing after Kyle, grabs his arm. Kyle looks back.

NATE (CONT'D)
Kyle. You're the most gifted,
hardworking, *fucking* encyclopedia-
brained human I know. And I'm not
saying that just to make you stop
whining. You're bound for
greatness. And I'm thankful to see
that greatness in my own blood.
(then)
*I'd hate to say it out loud, but
you're kinda the hero we all need,
but don't deserve.*

Kyle smirks at the comment.

NATE (CONT'D)

That's why I say, *with all sincerity*, it's time you fucking recognize it. You don't need this chick to prove how great you are.

Kyle takes a beat to absorb Nate's comment. He nods back.

INT. MCGOWAN MANSION - BLAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Blake sits at his desk-- Dewshane by his side. Ryan sets his tin on the desk.

Blake opens the tin, looking down in awe as he rests his eyes on the brownies.

BLAKE

So this is it. *The holy grail.*

(then)

I must admit, I've been excitedly awaiting the day I'd get to see your goods with my own eyes. *I've heard so much about them.*

Ryan, complimented, smiles back.

RYAN

Word spreads fast when the news is good. You let me sell these on your school grounds, and I'll give you ten percent of my profits.

Blake smiles at the offer. He lets it settle for a beat.

BLAKE

Unfortunately, the news I've heard is not all good.

(then)

My sources tell me that you have *some heat* on your trail.

RYAN

I assure you, whatever you heard, it's handled. The scent is lost.

Blake looks down at the brownies as they rest in the tin.

BLAKE

Well, as happy as I am to hear it... I'm still not assured.

(then)

I want forty percent. Then you can sell on my grounds.

RYAN

(infuriated)
You're crazy.

BLAKE

Forty percent of your profits.
Otherwise, the liability is *truly*
just not worth it for me.
(then)
Either that, or, you can go back
to selling on public school turf.
Your call.

Blake leans back in his chair. Ryan turns to Adam. Adam looks back, shaking his head no. Aggravated, Ryan turns.

RYAN

You know what?
(sighing, defeated)
You have yourself a deal.

BLAKE

Good. That's what I was hoping.

Blake smirks, leaning forward and placing the brownie tin on his lap. Reaching into the tin, he picks out a brownie and inspects it thoroughly.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Your product will be very popular
on my grounds.
(mesmerized by brownie)
And, with my influence, I expect
we'll see a major uptick of sales
within the next three months--

Before he can finish, a GUNSHOT goes off, shooting Blake right in the chest.

Blake falls out of his chair and onto the ground. The tin, and all the brownies inside of it, fly into the air.

Dewshane runs for the door. But, before he can escape, a bullet shoots him down. Dewshane falls, joining Blake, and the tin on the ground.

Adam nervously looks down at the mess below him. He turns to Ryan, who now stands with his pistol in his hand. Ryan takes another shot at Blake, then holsters his pistol.

Adam, speechless, reaches down to his walkie, nonchalantly pressing down on the talk button.

ADAM
 (quiet, nervously)
 Mazel Tov. *Mazel Tov.*

EXT. MCGOWAN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The party continues to go on inside. Nate and Kyle reach the front doorstep, when--

ADAM (O.S.)
 (through walkie)
 Mazel Tov. *Mazel Tov.*

Nate and Kyle turn, quickly staring at one another anxiously for a beat. The two then nod, running inside.

EXT. MCGOWAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt sits in the driver's seat of the getaway Prius, watching Pornhub on his phone.

PORNHUB GIRL (O.S.)
 (moaning, through phone)
Ohhh. Ohhh, fuck.

ADAM (O.S.)
 (then, through walkie)
 Mazel Tov. *Mazel Tov.*

Wyatt, taken aback, quickly turns to his Android phone, flipping off Pornhub and switching to his dial-pad.

Wyatt dials "911". He clicks "call", waiting for the phone to dial-- as his screen turns black.

A "*charge battery*" visual appears on Wyatt's screen.

WYATT
 (with a heavy sigh)
 No! *Damn you, Pornhub.*

Wyatt frantically puts his phone into the car's USB adapter. As he does, the dashboard changes colors. Wyatt impatiently sits, letting the phone charge.

WYATT
C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon.

Wyatt looks down at the phone, checking its charge. The phone continues to show the charge battery screen.

WYATT

*Ahhhhhhh.***INT. MCGOWAN MANSION - BLAKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan leans down, checking Blake's pulse.

ADAM

Wha-- what did you do that for?

Ryan begins to pick up the brownies on the floor.

RYAN

He was mocking me. You heard it.
He thought he could take advantage
of me. *Well*, that's what he gets.

ADAM

Are you joking? He was harmless.
You just shot a kid, Ryan! How are
you going to explain this?

Ryan ignores Adam, reaching for the flipped over brownie tin. He flips the tin over, revealing the voice recorder inside of it. Ryan stares concernedly at the recorder.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(off Ryan's silence)
Are you listening to me?

Ryan holds the recorder in his hand, turned away from Adam so he cannot see it.

RYAN

I don't know. How about you tell
me?

Ryan slowly stands up from the ground. As he gets up, he turns, facing Adam as he holds the recorder in his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Did you do this, Adam?

Spotting the recorder in Ryan's hands, Adam slowly puts his hands up. He motions for Ryan to stay calm.

ADAM

Look. I can explain.

Ryan pulls out his gun, slowly stepping closer to Adam.

RYAN

I trusted you, Adam. *I trusted you*
and this is how you pay me back?

Ryan stops, pointing the gun at Adam as he aims his shot.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No more explaining.

Ryan squeezes the trigger, FIRING, as the door flies opens, hitting Ryan and knocking him to the ground.

Nate and Kyle enter the room, quickly rushing over to Adam, who now hunches over on the ground. Nate spots Adam's foot bleeding from the gunshot.

NATE

Adam. Adam. Are you alright?

ADAM

I'm fine. Don't worry about me.
Get Ryan!

Nate tends to Adam as Kyle turns away, scanning the room and spotting two dead bodies and a gun on the ground.

Looking away from the gun, he then spots Ryan, slowly shaking off the fall as he starts to get back up.

Ryan looks up, collecting his bearings and spotting Kyle. The two stare down for a beat, focusing on the gun.

Then, like one strong seismic wave to the frontal lobe, *the brownie hits Kyle's system. His vision warps-- the room slowly turning into a kaleidoscope image.*

Kyle watches as what appears to be nine different Ryans all get up from the ground and rush toward the gun. Kyle quickly comes to his senses, sprinting forward.

It's neck and neck. Ryan swoops down, reaching for the gun. Kyle sprints with full-force, sliding past Ryan as he picks up the gun and grasps it in his hand.

Spotting the gun in Kyle's hand, Ryan turns, booking it out of the room. In a fog, Kyle turns to Nate and Adam.

ADAM

Run! Chase him down!

Kyle nods, turning and running after Ryan.

INT. MCGOWAN MANSION - VIP SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Party-goers, oblivious to everything around them, party on. Ryan pushes party-goers out of the way, rushing through the VIP section shell curtains. Kyle follows.

INT. MCGOWAN MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The DJ blasts music through his speaker-- it plays slowly and ominously through the ballroom like the Halo song.

A door to the ballroom opens as Ryan makes a beeline to the mansion entrance. Kyle follows from close behind.

EXT. MCGOWAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Wyatt sits, impatiently waiting for his phone to charge.

WYATT

Okay, let's do this now.

Wyatt checks his phone status, still seeing the "charge battery" visual on the phone screen.

WYATT

You have to be kidding me!

Wyatt frustratedly takes his phone out of the charger and throws it at the windshield. Off its ricochet, the phone lands in Wyatt's lap and loads a welcome screen.

WYATT

Oh, fuck you, Google.

Wyatt dials "911". He sits, waiting for the line to connect, as he looks out the windshield.

As he looks forward, Wyatt spots Ryan furiously sprinting away from the mansion.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

(through phone)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

Wyatt continues to look out the window, now spotting Kyle, running after Ryan with a gun in his hand.

WYATT

(focused on the chase)

Hey, one second.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Okay...

Wyatt grabs the brownie tin and steps out of the car. He runs after the two, holding his phone to his ear.

WYATT

Okay, hi. This is Wyatt Yaacobi calling. I need to be directed to Detective Sergeant Barbosa immediately. It's an emergency.

Wyatt rushes forward, chasing after Kyle.

EXT. BACKYARD - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Ryan runs through various backyards, ducking swing sets, dogs and sprinkler systems. Kyle follows close behind.

Ryan grabs the stake of a badminton net out from the ground and throws it back at Kyle.

Kyle spots the stake coming at him in kaleidoscope vision. He leans back, doing the Matrix limbo as he dodges the stake. Then, recomposing himself, Kyle sprints forward, crossing--

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adults and their children walk about, playing games and schmoozing with each other as they eat off small plates.

Kath and Don talk to GUS (80s), the family's great uncle. He looks like a turtle. Kath and Don listen as they eat.

GUS

(slow and incongruently)
Then I decided to take my manure
and put it in my living room. That
way, I wouldn't have to go outside
when I was feeling runny, you see?

Kath, disgusted, looks away, spotting Dianna walking by out of the corner of her eye. She looks disappointed.

KATH

Excuse me for a second--

Kath exits the conversation, walking over to Dianna.

KATH

Hey, *Di*. I just wanted to say. I'm so impressed with that platter you put together. So beautiful.

DIANNA

(aloof)
Oh. Thank you, *Katherine*.

KATH

Anything else we can help with?

DIANNA

Nothing you can do. I just wish my grandchildren cared to show up.

Dianna sighs, crossing away and leaving Kath by herself.

EXT. BACKYARD - VARIOUS - DAY

Kyle continues to chase Ryan-- their breath getting heavier and heavier as they run.

KYLE

(exhausted)
Stop. Running!

RYAN

(just as tired)
Fuck. Off.

Ryan turns forward, spotting a tall wooden fence ahead of him. He quickly changes course, rushing uphill to a nearby road. Kyle pivots along with Ryan, turning.

EXT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ryan runs up from the backyard, jumping over a garden of roses planted in the front yard, and crossing--

Kyle runs up from the backyard, arriving at the garden.

KYLE

Stop resisting. Stop resisting--

Kyle hurdles the tall rose garden, getting snagged on a thorn in the process. Losing his balance, Kyle falls to the ground, generating a loud THUD. His gun falls out, flying onto the lawn.

INT. DIANNA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gus stands by the door, continuing his chat with Don.

GUS

Most people my age can't poop. Me,
I cant stop pooping! I don't unde--

A loud THUD from outside grabs Gus's attention. Gus turns toward the door window, looking out and spotting Kyle.

GUS

Oh my! There's a boy trapped in
your rose garden, Dianna.

Don runs to the door, spotting Kyle on the ground.

DON

(looking out window)
Kyle?

The comment grabs the attention of Dianna, who quickly walks over to the front door.

Don, Dianna, Kath, and the extended Yaacobi family now huddle at the door, looking out the front door window.

EXT. DIANNA'S HOME - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Kyle lays on the ground, grabbing his back in pain.

Ryan stops, turning back around at Kyle. Now spotting his gun on the ground, Ryan smirks. He walks toward it.

RYAN

*So, this is the fucking kid.
(then)
I recognize you now. You're the
kid from the boner video. You're
the one who hooked up with my
girlfriend!*

*Kyle lays in the garden, painfully grabbing his back.
Thorns have gouged themselves into Kyle's lucky jacket.*

KYLE

Ow. Oh, Man.

Ryan leans down, picking up his gun from the ground.

RYAN

*And, if I wasn't angry enough at
your stupid fucking face, now I
have to remember it as the one
that went and fucked up my deal.*

Ryan cocks his gun and points it at Kyle.

RYAN (CONT'D)

*You thought you could be a fucking
hero? Well guess what? You failed.
And now I'm going to show you what
happens to heroes who fail.*

*(then)
Any last words?*

*Kyle squirms around on the ground. Out of breath, he
gives up, looking up at Ryan.*

KYLE

*(shouting in Japanese)
Hiro wa kesshite taorenai monode
wa arimasen. Kare wa yume o
miushinau koto naku tachinaoru
jinbutsudesu.*

Ryan looks back, confused. He shrugs.

RYAN

What?

KYLE

*A hero isn't the one who never
falls. He's the one who gets back
up without losing sight of his
dreams.*

*Ryan, confused, shakes his head at Kyle. He recomposes,
realigning his shot on Kyle, as--*

WHACK, a red metal saucer comes flying through the sky,
smacking Ryan in the face. The saucer ricochets off of
Ryan's face as Ryan comes falling to the ground.

Running into frame is Wyatt-- holding the base of the
brownie tin as he quickly grabs the gun from the ground.
He sets a foot down on Ryan, keeping him from getting up.

Wyatt surveys the land, looking to the rose garden and
spotting Kyle on the ground.

WYATT

Kyle!

Kyle slowly begins to get himself up from the ground.

KYLE

Wyatt!

Kyle rushes forward. The two hug over Ryan's unconscious body. As they hug, police SIRENS wail from a distance.

Dianna, Kath, Don, Rina and Jed run out from the house, comforting Kyle and Wyatt.

Police cars arrive on the street, their sirens wailing and lights blinking as they approach the scene, and we--

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - VARIOUS - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "POLISH GIRL" BY NEON INDIAN

The bell rings, and students rush out of their classrooms, walking about as they switch classes.

CHYRON: TWO WEEKS LATER

Students bicker all about the busy hallway, reading a copy of the Warrior Newspaper as they navigate the hall.

Tony Kang crosses in, displaying copies of the newspaper in his hand for any passing student who wants one.

TONY

Fresh off the press! Read all
about it. It's paper day. Get your
Warrior Newspaper today!

Two students pass by, grabbing copies from Tony's hands and walking along to class.

The students read their papers, crossing as they pass by a hallway wall with the front page taped up to it.

PAPER HEADLINE: "Ardwood Cousins Bust Public School Drug King on Highest Holy Day," Written by John Blake.

INT. SCHOOL - NEWSPAPER CLASSROOM - DAY

Jacob stands next to Kyle, a newspaper open in his hands as he nods respectfully to Kyle.

JACOB

I must admit I had my doubts. But, you came through like you said you would. I'm quite impressed.

KYLE

Well, thank you Jacob.

JACOB

No. I'm not kidding, Kyle. *This* here is a *real story*. A story that could start a career.

(then)

So, given all that, I just can't understand why you insist on publishing with a pen name.

Jacob hands Kyle the paper. Kyle reads, nodding.

JACOB (CONT'D)

John Blake. Who's John Blake?

Kyle puts the paper down, looking at Jacob.

KYLE

I've just decided I'd rather stay away from the attention for a while. *You take the credit.*

Jacob stares back at Kyle in complete disbelief. Kyle nods, then crosses out of the classroom.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

The bell rings and Kyle exits the newspaper classroom. He walks the hallway, passing by students at their lockers.

As he walks, Kyle passes by Adam-- his foot in a boot as he leans against the wall and talks with his friends.

Spotting Kyle in the distance, Adam turns and playfully gives Kyle *The Sting* signal. Kyle smiles, giving the signal back as he crosses down the hallway.

INT. SCHOOL - MEGGIE'S LOCKER - DAY

Meggie puts her books away as she chats with her friends, BECKY and ANA.

BECKY

So Meggie, you'd be down to go thrifting on Monday, right?

ANA

"Walk into the club like, what's up? I got a big cock!"

The girls all laugh amongst themselves.

BECKY

Anastasia, stop. You're too funny.

ANA

If I was lucky enough, I'd strap-up and fuck that Macklemore in all his holes. He's a lyrical genius.

MEGGIE

(embarrassed)

You two are too fucking much.

Becky stops laughing, turning and spotting Kyle patiently standing by. She taps Ana's shoulder. The girls all turn.

Kyle stands feet away from the girls, quietly working up the confidence to speak.

KYLE

Hey Meggie. Can I talk to you?

Becky and Ana smile, chuckling as they turn to Meggie.

BECKY

(turning to phone)

Oh wow. Look at the time. We have a study session we're late to.

Becky and Ana turn, leaving Meggie and Kyle alone.

ANASTASIA

See you tonight, Meggie.

Meggie closes her locker, turning to her friends.

MEGGIE

See you tonight!

Meggie then drops her smile, turning to Kyle. Kyle stares, working up the courage.

KYLE

Hi.

MEGGIE

(crossing her arms)

Hi.

KYLE

How are you doing?

MEGGIE

I'm okay.

Kyle, without a follow-up, nods for a beat.

MEGGIE

(then)
Ryan and I broke up.

KYLE

Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

MEGGIE

It's okay. Adam told me everything.
(then)
Turns out Ryan wasn't as nice a guy as I thought he was...

KYLE

(nervously)
Yeah... what an assfuck.

Meggie smirks at the comment. Kyle smiles back.

MEGGIE

Yeah. An assfuck indeed.

Meggie cracks a smile, opening up to Kyle.

MEGGIE

What brings you this way, Kyle?

KYLE

(a beat, then)
Well. I was curious if you'd ever be interested in hanging out with a nice guy sometime...
(nervously pausing, then)
Maybe I could take you out to Cold Stone this weekend? On me.

Meggie smirks. Kyle anxiously awaits Meggie's response.

MEGGIE

(then, smiling)
Yes. Yes you could. I'd like that.

Kyle smiles. Meggie swings her backpack on.

MEGGIE (CONT'D)
Walk with me to class?

KYLE
(excitedly)
Sure.

Kyle and Meggie grab their belongings and begin to walk.

MUSIC CUE: "YOU'RE A JERK" BY NEW BOYZ

MEGGIE
So, tell me more about our date
this weekend.

KYLE
I was thinking I'd have my
chauffeur pick you up around seven
and drop us off at the Coldstone
in the Hillcrest Village Center.

MEGGIE
Oh wow. A *chauffeur*. How fancy.

KYLE
Well, he just got his associates
and is looking to break in to the
transportation industry. So I
thought I'd give him a shot.
(then)
He's also my cousin...

As Meggie and Kyle romantically stroll through the
hallway together, we--

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS

The cast all does *the jerk* over rolling credits.