

Celebration Day

Written by

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FADE IN:

CELEBRATION DAY

EXT. WOODED TRAIL ALONG BUFFALO BAYOU - HOURS BEFORE DAWN

SUPER:

HOUSTON, TX - BUFFALO BAYOU TRAIL 1993 - SATURDAY 4:15 AM

OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

Five male teens and "EARL," the dog, in varying states of DISREPAIR, run for their natural born lives...

We alternate between **SLOW MOTION & REAL TIME.**

The FLICKER of flashlights BOB behind them--we FREEZE on each of our heroes.

A Japanese 18 year old, breaks from the race, JUMPING into the nearby BAYOU, and coming up for air.

MASAKAZU YOSHI: long jet black hair, SAUCER-LIKE PUPILS, terror-stricken.

BRADEN BOYD, 18, bangs covering his face, RETRIEVES his fallen comrade, putting him on atop his back, ala *PLATOON*.

BRADEN, SOUNDGARDEN T-shirt, faded Levi's & cowboy boots.

FLASHLIGHTS gain ground...

CHARLIE BUNKER, 18, the biggest, and most ADULT-LOOKING of the GANG, SPRINTS ahead, Flannel Shirt flapping around his waste, cargo shorts, Doc Martins, long hair flying.

CHARLIE and NIKO PARK, 18, KOREAN, DIRT-COVERED Vision Street shirt, CAMOFLAUGE bandana, LUG a *heavy-looking canvas DUFFLE bag*.

JASON DEVLIN, 18, and "EARL" haven't stopped, and find themselves in a clearing, alone.

JASON, BADMOTORFINGER t-shirt, jeans and boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"EARL," small BLACK CAPE DANGLING from his COLLAR, barks incessantly.

JASON
(shushing)
Earl! Shut it!

NIKO, CHARLIE, and BRADEN spill into the clearing.

DROPPING the canvas bag.

DRUG-ADDLED & out of breath:

BRADEN
What the fuck do we do!?

CHARLIE
...we head for the rope swing!

NIKO
Negative.

JASON
I'm not going to jail like
this!?

NIKO
Jail!?

The FLASHLIGHT BEAMS peek through, BLINDING our escapees.

MASA
It's all or none of us!?

JASON and CHARLIE pick up the DUFFLE BAG, and start off, CLUMSILY, but determined.

BRADEN and MASA glare at NIKO:

Ok, we run.

With that, our ESCAPEES DISAPPEAR down the trail.

END OPENING CREDITS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPER: "The following is a true story...only the names have been changed...to protect the guilty."

-BON SCOTT "Jailbreak" (ACDC)

INT. ROADSIDE DENNY'S - JUST BEFORE DAWN

SUPER: SEVERAL WEEKS EARLIER

A SULLEN mood pervades a group of four families, sitting at nearby tables, SPREAD out, picking at their food, sparingly.

The Boyd's, Bunker's, Yoshi's, and Devlin's, have been through this routine too many TIMES...

DON, early 40's, greying, and handsome, in a WALT CLEAVER way, sits next to ANN, early 40's, cute and ALERT, sipping coffee.

BRADEN, and co. steals glances at each other, throughout the INTERROGATION.

DON
(to Braden)
What were you thinking!?

ANN
(overlapping)
Don...

DON
I'm serious...you're 18. You're gonna have a police record. And you can forget about college.

ANN
It's done Don.

DON
Stealing alcohol!? What the hell were you thinking?

BRADEN picks at his eggs...catches CHARLIE'S eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A wide-eyed look that says "blah...blah...blah"

The YOSHI'S: Father NOBU, 40's, carefree & hip, wears a British Top Cap, and mother KAME, 30's, beautiful, petite, reserved, eat as if this is all very UNECESSARY.

NOBU

(to MASA)

On' nano ga sukidesu ka?

Subtitles: Do you like girls?

KAME chokes on her food.

MASA

Ya.

NOBU

Sore de, naze aneta wa itsumo
onaji otokonoko no maweri ni
burasagatte imasu ka?

**Subitiles: Then why do hang
around these same boys?**

MASA catches JASON's glance, as NOBU drones on..

NOBU

Watashi wa anata no nenreidatta
toki ni watashi wa sekkusu o
shite ita. Anata wa mada
shojodesu ka?

**Subtitles: When I was your age I
was having sex...are you still a
virgin?**

MASA

(defensively)

No.

KAME

Kiitekudasai.

**Subtitles: Please Nobu the others
are listening.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOBU

Anata wa hontōni korera no
amerikahito ga nihongo o
hanashite iru to omoimasu ka?
kore o mite.

**Subtitles: You really think these
Americans speak Japanese. Watch
this:**

NOBU waves at JASON'S DAD, NICK, a friendly smile.

NOBU (CONT)

Oioi. anata no kodomo wa
haishadesu. miru?

**Subtitles: Hey Asshole...your kid
is a loser...(to KAME) See?**

JASON'S Dad NICK looks back, strangely, then politely
WAVES.

NICK

(to himself)

Hmmm...nice guy...

NOBU (CONT)

(to MASA)

Anata ga sekkusu o shite irunara,
watashitachi wa koko ni imasen.

**Subtitles: If you were having
sex, we wouldn't be here.**

BRADEN looks to JASON'S Dad, NICK, late 40's, ruggedly
handsome, perpetual SCOWL, and mom JULIE, a bit older,
slight drawl, seen it all.

JASON

So...you are you still gonna pay
for guitar lessons?

NICK puts his fork down..STARES a hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

You ain't gettin a hill of beans
boy.

JASON

What does that even mean?

NICK

Son...you're gonna shut up now,
and you're not gonna open your
mouth till were home...

INT. BOYD FAMILY TAURUS - NIGHT (CONT)

CINDY, DOZES lightly in the back seat, DON drives, as
BRADEN gazes, SULLEN, out the window.

DON

Who are you so mad at?

BRADEN

Huh?

DON

Do you think you're hurting your
mother and I?

BRADEN

What?

DON

Because you're hurting yourself.
And I'll tell you something. If
you think you can just flip a
switch...

BRADEN

Ok.

DON

These habits...smoking
marijauna, cigarettes, with
those boys on the dock...getting

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

kicked off the damn tennis team,
they will swallow you up so fast

DON (CONT)
it'll make your head spin!

BRADEN
(still out the
window)
Ok.

DON
Do you believe me?

BRADEN
Yes.

CINDY chimes in, awake.

CINDY
Braden, you're going to want more
than this, and we just don't want
it to be too late.

BRADEN stews, a thousand yard stare.

EXT. BOYD'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT (CONT.)

SARAH LANGDON, 19, brunette, full figured, CHARISMATIC, and
BRADEN, make out passionately...on the hood of her TOYOTA
PASEO.

TIPSY from their night out, music spills out of open doors.

Dialogue happens over, through their KISSING.

BRADEN
I love you.

SARAH
You're the one.

BRADEN
You're the one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I love you...

BRADEN, SLIDES off the hood, onto the ground, takes SARAH with him!

OUCH!

No use getting up,..more kissing.

BRADEN

Where'd you come from?

SARAH

Where'd you come from?

BRADEN

You ever feel like we..., "us"...
are happening too early?

A pause...

SARAH

Huh?

BRADEN

I don't know. Just that you're
going off to college and..

SARAH

(overlapping)
An hour and half away..

BRADEN

And I'm planning on it...

SARAH

(overlapping-
reassuring)
You will baby...

BRADEN

Well, anyway, I just, if I'm
being honest, I'm scared.

SARAH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Of what?

BRADEN

Losing you...this..., like it's a phase..

SARAH

Does it feel like "a phase"?

BRADEN

No.

Back to kissing...

EXT. AERIAL HOUSTON, TX SUBURBIA - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT DAY FRIDAY 7:30 AM

A HOUSTON SUBURBAN GRID, ala *GOOGLE EARTH*:

UPPER middle class homes, manicured backyards, lawns, SWIMMING POOLS.

DRONE: At our ZENITH...a cloud formation: "*Celebration Day*"...

We PUNCH through the title.

SWOOPING along the freshly-rained **BUFFALO BAYOU**, we pass HOMELESS men, FISHING.

Beer cans, trees, clumped together, and sewage, LITTER the MARSHY waterway.

HOVERING over STAFFORD HIGH SCHOOL, and a Marquee that reads: "**WILD & FREE OF 93'-This is a DRUG FREE SCHOOL ZONE**"

A GOLF CART ZIPS towards a few stragglers near the ENTRANCE...THE CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD.

The teens HUSTLE inside, giving him the bird.

INT. STAFFORD HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - MORNING

A concert-T-wearing, pimple-faced teen, PEEKS his head out

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the BATHROOM, keeping WATCH.

Another "long-hair" FLOATS down the hallway, PASSING a handful of fliers to our LOOKOUT.

Inside two stalls, teens pass a half-smoked JOINT.

THE LOOKOUT enters, we catch a glimpse of tonight's WHAT and WHERE: "IF YOU TAP IT THEY WILL COME-10 KEGS!!!"-423 LAKESHORE DR.-\$5 cover"

INT. STAFFORD CAMPUS DETENTION CENTER - MORNING (CONT.)

We SLIDE across "CAMPUS DETENTION CENTER," on an open DOOR and into a STERILE, 4-walled classroom, moving cubicle-to-cubicle, the day's OFFENDERS.

A GOTH-girl, 16, pool of SALIVA dripping onto the desk...open bottle of WHITE OUT nearby.

A mullet-wearing *metal-head*, 15, carves the beginnings of *SOUNDGARDEN* onto his desk with his PROTRACTOR.

SLOW ZOOM THROUGH the legs of the PE COACH/CDC Supervisor to our SCENE 1 heroes...MASA & CHARLIE, discussing their escape.

A note CONSPICUOUSLY lands near MASA'S feet.

Nonchalantly opens to: ".....get to the chopper!"

The PE COACH sees EVERYTHING, nonplussed, waiting patiently to POUNCE.

MASA scribbles, crumbles, tosses back to CHARLIE..

CHARLIE reads: "If it bleeds we can kill it..."

PE COACH

(clearing his
throat)

Bunker...Yoshi...congratulations
you just bought yourselves lunch
for two, right back here.

MASA grabs his 1 book, stands, STARTS for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PE COACH

Where the hell you think you're going?

MASA

(under his breath
to Charlie)

Come on!?

MASA pauses, trying poorly to get CHARLIE'S attention.

MASA

Psst. Whatever. I'm leaving.

After a beat, CHARLIE, overcoming brief PARALYSIS, grabs his backpack and follows MASA out.

The PE coach WAVES, smiling. "It's your funerals."

INT. JASON DEVLINS 1990 BLACK TOYOTA CELICA - MORNING

Outside a fast food joint, JASON bangs his head FURIOUSLY, JAMS the volume knob to the right.

RED and YELLOW awning- "**Rocket Burger:**" *Engineered By Burger Experts.*

BRADEN PACES nervously in front of a pay phone.

JASON rolls down the window.

Rapidfire:

JASON

(over music)

It's 8:35. If they're still there, it's not happening!

BRADEN

(yelling back)

Ok, Fuck!

JASON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Make the call!

BRADEN

Fuck off?!

JASON

Don't be a pussy!

Radio announcer chimes in:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

One...night...only...get ready
Houston...Seattle invades Astro
Arena...Soundgarden...and their
groundbreaking Badmotorfinger
Tour.
Tickets now available at Sound
Warehouse.

BRADEN inserts the quarter, and we hear it DROP.

MASA and CHARLIE find themselves wrestling in the restaurant
play area's "plastic balls," with a 6 year old EAST INDIAN
boy, as the boy's mother looks on, concerned.

INT./EXT. BOYD'S HOUSE - MORNING

A 90's CORDLESS phone rings on the BEDSIDE table...

1990's *Home and Garden*: The BOYD Residence.

An old ROTARY phone rings in a BACKROOM,...SOUNDGARDEN, LED
ZEPPELIN tapestry's ADORN the walls.

An electric guitar and TUBE AMP collect dust nearby.

TANGLED video game controllers, NINTENDO gaming system.

STEAM comes off the placid swimming pool, surrounding the
deck.

MASA and CHARLIE stop pegging each other with plastic balls,
as CHARLIE takes one in the forehead.

Tackles an unsuspecting MASA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ANSWERING MACHINE picks up...

ANN BOYD (VO)

You've reached the Boyd residence...(the family members chime in throughout) "DON", "BROOKE", "ANN", (BROOKE doing BRADEN impression)and "BRADEN," are out searching for the holy grail but since only the pure of heart can find it, we should be back shortly...(ALL TOGETHER): LEAVE A MESSAGE...

JASON EYES BRADEN, turns down the music...

Out the front windshield:

BRADEN, grinning ear-to-ear, signals: "TOUCHDOWN!"

INT. STAFFORD HIGH SCHOOL LOCKERS - MORNING (CONT.)

We interrupt two attractive teen girls, GOSSIPING.

SARAH LANGDON, 18, attractive brunette, shoulder-padded lime green BLAZER, CAMISOLE white top, and EMILY BURKE, 18, pretty BLONDE, black HALTER TOP, silver choker necklace.

Walk and talk:

SARAH

(closing her locker)

So. Did you sleep with him?

EMILY

Maybe...

SARAH

Was he any good??

BROOKE

Ya...we did it like 9 times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Not an answer.

EMILY

It was...fast.

SARAH

All 9 times?

EMILY

No.

SARAH

Well there's that.
Please tell me he wore
protection.

EMILY

Totally. The first few...several
times for sure.

A look from SARAH.

EMILY (CONT)

I'm careful. So...Braden
promised to take you skiing, and
then, nothing?... Asshole.

SARAH

Let's not.

EMILY

You basically "hang out" with
one hot club owner in Cancun, a
personal fantasy by the
way...and he bails? Lame.

SARAH

(sighing heavily)

EMILY

How many times has he done the
same shit!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

..

EMILY

He fucking deserved it Sarah,
and I'll tell you something
else. You deserve better.
Everyone knows it.

SARAH

To be continued.

They round a corner, disappearing.

INT. NEIGHBOR HAROLD DAVIS' KITCHEN - MORNING (CONT.)

HAROLD DAVIS, late 40's, former military, GLARES out his
kitchen window... *delinquent neighbors*.

BRADEN and co. smoke cigarettes in the driveway, MUSIC
SPILLING from a nearby car.

EARL runs out of HAROLD'S sightline, towards his front
door.

HAROLD

Shit.

JOY

Language Harold!?

JOY DAVIS, cute, late 30's, BUSTLES in the kitchen, with a
crying newborn.

HAROLD

(distracted)

Where the hell are the boys
parents? It's disgraceful.

JOY

You just can't help yourself can
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAROLD REMEMBERS...scrambles for the FRONT DOOR.

A sizable pile of DOG POOP REVEALED on the WELCOME MAT...

MASA, BRADEN, CHARLIE, and JASON HUDDLE-UP.

After a few awkward beats.

BRADEN
Alright bring it in.

JASON
It's on bro!

CHARLIE
So fuckin on!

JASON
(to Charlie)
Fucktard.

CHARLIE
Dick.

BRADEN
Ice and tap?

JASON
Check.

CHARLIE
Doobage?

JASON
We're gonna make a run for the
border before the action starts.

DAPS all around, pats on the back.

BRADEN
Ok...I'm not driving. Here's the
biggest thing tonight...if you
remember nothing less...Everyone
stays...

Waiting for a response...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOTHING.

BRADEN (CONT)

In the backrooms...fuck.

Faint, weak murmurs: "Ya totally," "Of course dude..."

BEHIND we see HAROLD, now carrying a shovel, filled with DOG POOP towards BRADEN'S front door.

DUMPS it on the BOYD'S welcome mat. SMILES.

BRADEN misses the act, but catches HAROLD, heading back.

BRADEN

Howdy Mr. Davis!

HAROLD IGNORES the fake pleasantry.

BRADEN (CONT)

Digging for buried treasure?

HAROLD continues inside.

The group eats this up, laughing hysterically.

BRADEN

Sweet...thanks Mr. Davis. We'll do lunch. Guy loves me.

JASON

Yes he does.

BRADEN

...I can't believe they left me.

JASON

Doesn't mean anything... wish my parents trusted me.

BRADEN

I think they finally just gave up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Gave up?

BRADEN

Like their give-a-shitter just
broke.

CHARLIE

It's all a test man.

MASA

(making fun)

*It's all a test man...It's all a
test man.*

CHARLIE slaps MASA, and again, they're wrestling.

ABRUPTLY, we hear Tires SCREECHING in the distance, and
WHIP TO:

A blue Buick station wagon SPEEDS down the street, up the
driveway, PLOWING into a pair of TRASHCANS, that spill all
over the DAVIS' driveway.

Stunned looks all around.

BRADEN JASON MASA CHARLIE

Andre...

Fallen Trashcans & garbage litter the driveway, the station
wagon door is KICKED open, interior beeping...

ANDRE, 18, wiry and MANIC, dons a tie dyed SOUNDGARDEN
shirt, long shorts, Doc Martins, and a plaid shirt around
his waist.

ANDRE, a little off, approaches the group, opens his
wallet:

CLOSE-UP:

A full sheet of LSD, replete with design(3D Swirl) and
title, "MIND RAPE," along with 100 perforated paper hits,
MINUS Three in the upper corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE breaks the silence...

CHARLIE

(to Andre)

Are you trippin right now?

ANDRE just GRINS.

BRADEN

Hold the fuck on...everyone's
not dropping acid!

MASA CHARLIE JASON ANDRE

(chiming in one by
one)

Hell ya...thought that was the
plan...I thought I would...It is
decidedly so.

BRADEN

Yall are gonna help me work the
door, tap the kegs, and make
sure nothing gets stolen...
while being on acid?

MASA CHARLIE JASON ANDRE

(chiming in one by
one)

Of course dude...we got your
back bro...hell ya...outlook
good.

BRADEN

This is fucked. Alight...Just
please. Remember...everyone
stays where???

Waiting for a response...

NOTHING.

BRADEN (CONT)

...fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASA CHARLIE JASON ANDRE
Here...in the house. In the
living room. Yes, definitely.

BRADEN
(interrupting)
NO.., not in the house...NOT in
the fucking house. Shit.

INT. NEIGHBOR HERBERT'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

ALLIGATOR PICTURES, related literature, LITTER a desk.

A NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY DEGREE in ANIMAL SCIENCE.

HERBERT JOHANSEN, handsome, in a *Robert Shaw from Jaws*
way, greying, 50's, SCANS a pond shoreline with BINOCULARS.

SPYING a SMALLISH 5-FT. ALLIGATOR, STRETCHED out on a
nearby shoreline.

HERBERT (OC)
Depleted from many parts of your
range...loss of habitat. Thirty
years ago many believed you
would never recover...

HERBERT (CONT.)
After 15 years look at you now
Poseidon...Just a baby. Not
affected by water salinity.
Prosper little one. You are now
at the top of the food chain.

The COLLAR of a smaller dog is SPOTTED a few feet away.

INT. BOYD LIVING ROOM AREA - EARLY AFTERNOON (CON'T)

BRADEN & JASON, watch a near-by TV. BRADEN clearly worried,
preoccupied.

Screams and yelps echo outside.

TV REPORTER
Day 13 of the Waco Standoff...It
was almost 2 weeks ago today

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

that David Koresh, a self-proclaimed modern day Jesus Christ, and his legion of Gods Marines, killed 4 ATF agents and

TV REPORTER (CONT)
wounded 16 more...(BRADEN turns the volume down)

JASON
...why'd they choose Waco???...
(noticing BRADEN)
Miami...Seattle..fuckin
Honolulu...Snap out of it.

BRADEN
What the fuck am I doing?

JASON
Dropping acid, throwing a rager,
probably getting laid.

BRADEN
I got rejected from the only
college I applied to.

JASON
Getting laid?

BRADEN
... and, I can't stop thinking
about her...

JASON
Who?

A look from BRADEN.

JASON
(sarcastic)
What is her name? Susan, Cindy,
Samantha, SARAH! Nailed it. You
realize how many women are gonna
be here?

Putting his arm around BRADEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADEN

Ya.

JASON

A lot...was the answer. She
cheated bro. You're a free man
far as I'm concerned.

Our conversation is cut short by ANDRE, who FLINGS the
sliding glass door open.

ANDRE

It's time.

CIRCLED UP, our heroes take turns placing 2 paper tabs of
LSD on EACH of their tongues.

Anticipatory silence, CONSPIRATORIAL looks to each other.

CHARLIE

Alright...bring it in!

Group hug.

MASA

Y'all fucking ready!?

JASON

Do we really have 10 kegs?

CHARLIE

Niko said 10.

MASA

Ya that means nothing.

INT./EXT. ROCKET BURGER - AFTERNOON

CLOSE on the party flier from earlier: "*IF YOU TAP IT THEY
WILL COME-10 KEGS!!!*"

We pan back to REVEAL a long-haired teen, reading,
finishing his drink...

We follow him as he begins to DISTRIBUTE fliers to all the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

tables.

Varying reactions from EXCITED - WHATEVER.

He comes to a family of four...OOPS...SMILES...moves on.

Identical sequence in the PARKING LOT.

Close on the flier, pan back to REVEAL a female teen, who hands them to drivers "out-stretched arms".

INT. BOYD'S RENT-A-CAR - AFTERNOON

DON BOYD, BRADEN'S 1990's "Walt Cleaver" father 45, glasses, conservative dress, driving ANN, pretty and younger than her years, 40, and daughter BROOKE, cute, braces, 13.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

In what's been dubbed the "Whack Heard Round The World", olympic figure skater Tonya Harding today pleaded guilty to conspiring to sabotage fellow Olympian Nancy Kerrigan...

ANN turns down the radio.

ANN

How about we sing a song? Come on Brooke. Ok! "John, Jacob, Jingle Heimer Smith...his name is my name too.."

DON

Dammit honey...not now.

ANN

Come on Don...how about this one..."Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright..."

DON

Good God...!? I've gotta tinkle like the devil. Stop it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKE

No Dad. No. Mom can sing
whenever she wants!

BROOKE begins to cry.

ANN

Thank you honey. Don are you
feeling ok? Do you want me to
drive?

DON

God no.

BROOKE

I think I'm getting car sick.

ANN

Ok honey we'll switch soon...how
about we play a game? Let's play
charades!

DON BROOKE

NO!!!

EXT. NIKO PARK'S DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

NIKO PARK, 18, Korean with SWAG, SKATER cap, mutters to
himself, LOADING two KEG SHELLS into a WHITE CHEVY BLAZER.

NIKO

I said two shells...that's what
you said Niko...not my fucking
problem.

SUDDENLY NIKO'S mom peeks out the door.

NIKOS MOM

dasi munjega saeng-giji
anhneunge joh-eulgeoya! nuna
gat-eun meosjin hangug aideul-
eul wae geunyang nol su issni?

Subtitles: You better not get

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**into trouble again! Why can't
you just hang around nice Korean
kids like your sister?**

NIKO climbs into the drivers seat, half listening.

NIKO

(out the window)

Jae-eun neoleul pul-eojugehaeseo
mianhae.hajiman jae jaeneun
naiga du beon-ina baeg-in
namjawa segseuleulhagoiss-eo.

**Subtitles: Sorry to disappoint
you Mother but...Jae-eun is
having sex with a white man
twice her age.**

With that, he drives away, leaving his mom screaming behind
us...

NIKO'S MOM

(screaming)

No...maldo andwae, neoneun-i
gajog-eul bulmyeong-
yeseuleobgehaneun salam-iya.
dangsin-ui baeg-in chingudeulgwa
geu mayag-eul plusibsio.
geugeosdeul-eun munjeibnida.
uliga yeogiseo jadolog haejuni
un-i johda ...

**Subtitles: Nonsense! You are the
one who degrades his family!?
Smoking those drugs with your
white friends. They are the
trouble. You are lucky we let
you sleep here.**

INT. NEIGHBOR DAVIS' KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Our next-door-neighbor-from-hell PEERS out the window--
WAITING to pounce.

MATTHEW, the oldest son, 11, all-American, enters, SLINGING
his backpack onto the table, grabbing a snack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOY

Your father thinks Braden is
having another party.

MATTHEW

I wanna have a party.

SIDEWAYS look from HAROLD.

HAROLD

I tested the motion detector
last night. Those kids park in
our driveway, the police will be
here so fast it'll make their
heads spin.

MATTHEW

Did you here about the
Anderson's dog?

JOY

Oh, did they find Rocky?

MATTHEW

...the alligator ate him.

JOY

Matthew...there's no alligators
in Texas.

MATTHEW

The National Geographic guy did
it.

JOY

There's nothing in that lake but
pollution...stay out of there.

EXT. BOYD POOL AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

PAN UP from the pool, a nearby 90's Stereo System, UP to
the ROOF:

In "rock band formation," the gang, BANGS their heads in

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

unison.

The ACID has taken hold!

We move from MASA (bass guitar) to CHARLIE (drums) to BRADEN (guitar) to JASON (lead singer) No ANDRE?!

Fast moving clouds against a reddish sky, their own private *Black Hole Sun*..

EARL the dog barks from down below.

From behind, each member takes FLIGHT...over the roof's edge.

SPLASH!!! We follow MASA'S descent...AGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

INT. BOYD'S BACKROOM AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

Close on ANDRE'S EYES...terror-stricken, LOST.

Zooming back, we view ANDRE in his underwear, HOLDING a cordless phone.

ANDRE reaches into his CROTCH for the acid... and HOLDS it up, for closer inspection.

All but a few hits left?!

ANDRE opens his mouth...to reveal the remainder, close to the full sheet.

BAM!!! MASA BURSTS in, MANICALLY searching for something--

MASA

(loudly)

Ahhh where are the towels...why do people need towels?

Rifling through a nearby closet, MASA pulls out a few BLANKETS?!, SMELLS them, ...notices ANDRE, now in his UNDERWEAR.

Mutual recognition. A brief QUICK DRAW of looks to each other...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASA moves first... S-L-O-W-L-Y exits, with blankets.

JASON and BRADEN RESURFACE from the bottom of the pool simultaneously...EYES WIDE.

BRADEN

"what the fuck was that?!?!"

JASON

"ummm that is a watery wonderland of adventure."

CHARLIE STARES at himself in a bathroom mirror, FLEXING, and from his **POV: a CRO-MAGNUM hominid.**

CHARLIE

Hmmm that's new.

INT. SARAH LANGDON'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

SARAH HOLDS a PIC of she and BRADEN, looking the perfect, albeit, dramatic couple...while she talks on her CORDLESS.

INTERCUT: EMILY paints her TOENAILS.

EMILY

You're coming Sarah.

SARAH

Whatever.

EMILY

Amy's driving. We'll pick you up around 8. We're gonna have Rita's at The Patio, then apparently there's a keg.

SARAH

No...

EMILY

What? Stale beer, vomit, and shacking up with random guys not do it for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Well...ya!

EMILY

See what you've been missing? Be

EMILY (CONT)

ready and look hot.

SARAH

Yes mam.

EMILY

Ta Ta.

Leaving SARAH gazing back to the picture...setting it face down.

INT. BACKROOM AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

POV "HOME VIDEO CAMERA": JASON recording the festivities WITH an oversized VHS Camcorder.

ZOOMING in on BRADEN playing NINTENDO.

JASON (OC)

We are rolling... Action Braden:
what's your prediction for
tonight?

BRADEN is transfixed.

JASON (OC)

Braden...Braden...Braden...
Braden!

Nothing.

JASON (CONT). (OC)

BRADEN! BRADEN! BRADEN!

BRADEN pauses the game, looks intensely to JASON.

BRADEN

(wild eyed)

My mission is clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON (OC)
...glad someone's is.

JASON WHIPS to CHARLIE & MASA, who sit in CHAIRS, FACING each other.

Overhead, chairs, 10 feet apart.

CHARLIE and MASA, SILENTLY, stare into each others eyes.

Acid-induced ESP.

JASON (OC)
Y'all are freaking me the fuck out!?

CHARLIE and MASA laser-focused on each other.

CHARLIE
(coming out of a
trance)
Ahhhhh...what the shit.

MASA
I read minds.

JASON (OC)
Where the fuck is Andre?

MASA
(recalling)
That's what I came in here for.

POV "HOME VIDEO CAMERA" (CONT.)

BRADEN, PANIC'ED!

BRADEN
DUDE it's 5 o clock.....we have no weed.

JASON (OC)
I'm not driving right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADEN
I'll do it...it's destiny.

JASON (OC)
Fuck ya destiny.

The group files into the next room to find:

ANDRE...in ONLY underwear, STILL HOLDING the cordless phone.

EARL, panting by his side.

CHARLIE
Why are you in your underwear
dude?

JASON (OC)
Why are you in your underwear
dude?

ANDRE'S POV: A throng of PAPPARAZZI, BULBS flashing.

A cacophony of voices.

ANDRE
There was no other choice!! I
don't have it...!!

MASA
Uh oh.

POV "HOME VIDEO CAMERA" (CONT.)

JASON (OC)
Oh.....oh....oh...ohh..oh..what
is happening?

BRADEN
We gotta move people...get
dressed Andre...we're burning

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

daylight!

MASA

Andre took the rest of the acid.

Silence...

After a pregnant pause, ANDRE brandishes the NEAR EMPTY plastic bag from his crotch.

It FLOATS to the floor.

CHARLIE

Andre? You ok?

ANDRE, WILD-EYED.

CHARLIE

He'll be fine.

INT. JASON'S 1990 CELICA - DUSK

BRADEN driving, JASON SHOTGUN, MASA and CHARLIE in the backseat.

A prolonged silence is broken.

CHARLIE

So Andre's cool right?

Silence.

EXT. DILAPIDATED APARTMENT COMPLEX - DUSK

A low rent apartment complex, the Celica PULLS up to a nearby dirt field, and parks.

A LATINA GIRL, 12, walks up to the driver's side.

BRADEN fumbles, rolling down the window.

BRADEN

That was fast...

LATINA GIRL

(pulling out a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 small baggie)
Dimebag...

 JASON
 No mas...mucho
 mas..libra.

Subtitles: No much more. A pound.

 LATINA GIRL
Libra?

Subtitles: Pound?

The girl WHISTLES, an older associate, 20's, WHITE, neck tattoo, shaved head, tank top, comes over.

A few hushed whispers.

 WHITE ASSOCIATE
Dinero?

No response.

 WHITE ASSOCIATE (CONT)
Money bitch!!

BRADEN fumbles with his wallet, drops it in the floorboard.

Has to get out of the car, to look.

Finds it, gets back in the car, and pulls out a wad of cash, holding it outside the window.

 LATINA GIRL
Andale cavrone...come now.

She begins walking towards the complex.

Nobody moves.

CHARLIE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fine. Give me the fucking money.

JASON BRADEN MASA
(relieved-chiming
in one by one)
You're the man
Charlie...nice...we got your
back bro.

CHARLIE FOLLOWS the salesmen.

Glancing back...our 3 stragglers STARE back, WIDE-EYED.

INT. SARAH LANGDON'S BEDROOM - DUSK

SUZANNE LANGDON, SARAH'S doting mother, attractive, late
40's, ENTERS to SARAH, applying the last of her makeup.

Notices a SOUNDGARDEN t-shirt on her vanity table. Keepsake
from you-know-who.

SUZANNE
You look hot.

SARAH
Shut up.

SUZANNE pulls up a chair, OFFERS to do the finishing
TOUCHES.

SUZANNE
We don't hate him.

SARAH starts to tear up a bit, FIGHTS it.

SUZANNE
Have you ever heard the saying
"you can't control who you
love?"

SARAH
Yup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZANNE

I know it hurts. I also know
he's crazy in love with you.

SARAH

(scoffs)

SUZANNE

You don't get arrested passed
out in your girlfriends front
yard, if you're not in love...

SARAH

(giggles)

SUZANNE

And Morris totally caught him
hiding in your closet..naked.

SARAH

(laughs)

SUZANNE

Busted.

SARAH

I love it when you try to be
cool.

SUZANNE

Honey...I'm the coolest.

SARAH

So move on.

SUZANNE

When your ready...being this in
love-- call it whatever you
want. I'm speaking for both of
you: it's kind of a treasure.

SUZANNE finishes SARAH'S makeup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
Did not expect that.

SUZANNE
(exiting)
Ya well...you deserve
happiness...put yourself first
for a while.

SUZANNE starts to EXIT, REMEMBERS the reason she came up.
Presenting a TASER, attached to a key chain.

SARAH
What the hell is that?

SUZANNE
Honey that's a taser. I got one
for both of us.

SARAH
I love you. Why?

SUZANNE
Because you're a beautiful young
women in a world gone to
hell...Plus it's awesome! Wanna
see how it works?!

The two share a laugh as we:

EXT. HAROLD DAVIS DRIVEWAY- DUSK

Neighbor-from hell's son, MATTHEW DAVIS, shoots hoops, when
his attention is DIVERTED.

ANDRE has wandered outside...in his underwear, cordless
phone in tow.

ANDRE and MATTHEW'S eyes meet...ANDRE stops talking.

MATTHEW

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(breaks silence)

Hey...

ANDRE turns, SPRINTS back INSIDE.

INT. DILAPIDATED APARTMENT - DUSK

CHARLIE, sits, arms around knees, INSIDE the POT dealers apartment UNIT...

CHARLIE reacts hears SHOUTING, laughing, silence, in the next room.

Sitting on either side of him, are two cardboard BOXES, which he suddenly NOTICES.

CHARLIE gets the courage, lifts a flap from the box:

JACKPOT! Quarter pound bricks of PRIMO GANJA, saran-wrapped.

CHARLIE closes it. GULP.

POSSESSED, CHARLIE jumps up, GRABS 2 BRICKS from each box, and BOLTS!!!

JASON, BRADEN, and MASA, WRESTLE outside the car, shirts off, oblivious.

BRADEN has MASA over his shoulder, SPINNING him around.

JASON tackles them both to the ground, as we hear screaming in the distance:

CHARLIE (OC)

Start the car!!!

The threesome jump up, out of breath...

CHARLIE (OC) (CONT)

Start the fucking car!?

CHARLIE sprints ahead, glancing over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHIND, 70 yards or so...the dealers give CHASE.

The tattooed white associate, the LATINA girl, and a larger, new, HISPANIC DEALER, 30's, overweight.

CHARLIE drops a brick...stops, RECONSIDERS, sprints ahead.

CHINESE FIRE DRILL:

JASON jumps in the drivers seat...thinks better of it, CLIMBS on top of BRADEN, who is now in the passenger SEAT.

MASA circles to the driver's side BACK seat, DAMMIT, locked!?

Driver door opens, and Guess who's driving?

MASA positions himself in the HOT seat, buckling his seatbelt.

JASON climbs in the backseat.

CHARLIE
OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!?

CHARLIE arrives...PANIC STRICKEN, banging on the window.

JASON & BRADEN whip to MASA, rev'ing the engine.

BACK PASSENGER-side is child-locked, no-one can find the button.

CHARLIE
Jesus open the door!!!

MASA manages to roll down the BACK PASSENGER window, CHARLIE dives in HEAD FIRST, legs dangling, as they LUNGE forward and STALL...!

The DEALERS have "caught up", and NECK-TATTOO grabs CHARLIE'S leg.

TUG-OF-WAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASA RESTART'S the car, finds 1st GEAR, and they lurch forward, breaking the dealers grasp.

The LATINA GIRL SPRINTS along the driver's side for a few, throwing rocks that PING off the side...MASA SPEEDS ahead.

A few SPEED BUMPS, and a right turn, find the gang at a DEAD END!...

DECISION TIME... FRONT WINDSHIELD: a half-fallen fence, and beyond, a field, leading to the main thoroughfare.

BACK WINDSHIELD: CHARLIE and JASON peek through to see our dealers have caught up, WALKING ominously to the car, NECK TATOO pulling out a PISTOL.

JASON CHARLIE
PUNCH IT!!!!!!

MASA, FLOORS IT, up & over the fence.

SLOW MOTION: The CELICA BOUNCES through the field, DEALERS trailing.

Tracking the compact car through a few DIRT POTHOLES.

Finally, one tire onto the main road, then the others, SPEEDING through a YELLOW light, to FREEDOM...

SHIT EATING grins all around.

INT. BOYD MASTER BEDROOM - DUSK

Back at home, ANDRE is standing on the bed, talking to 911 on the cordless, CONFUSED.

EARL sits at attention.

The following is **INTERCUT**:

ANDRE
Yes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A young, fresh-out-of-the-academy DISPATCHER, white, goes through the motions.

Headset on, a SWITCHBOARD above him.

911 DISPATCHER
Sir what's your emergency?

ANDRE
Andre.

911 DISPATCHER
What's the emergency?

ANDRE
Yes.

911 DISPATCHER
Sir. Can you give us the address of where you are, and your callback number?

ANDRE
No.

911 DISPATCHER
What?

ANDRE
What.

911 DISPATCHER
Sir is someone there with you?

Looking to EARL.

ANDRE
Yes...

NIKO, our KOREAN keg master, MUSIC blaring, makes his way up BRADEN'S driveway.

AMBLING up behind, through HAROLD DAVIS' driveway, is DRAKE BOOZER, 19, pony-tail, plaid polo, slacks, two attractive

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

females in tow.

Triggering HAROLD'S motion detector. FLOODLIGHTS blast away.

DRAKE and co. join NIKO...

NIKO

What up Drake.

DRAKE

Where they at?

NIKO

Fuck if I know...maybe out back.

NIKO

(to DRAKE)

Mind giving me a hand?

DRAKE

What's in it for me?

ANDRE hears the DOORBELL. Ding Dong.

ANDRE has begun to apply MAKEUP (blush, lipstick, eye shadow)...poorly, and is admiring his work, as EARL starts to bark.

ANDRE

Shit!!!

Ding Dong.

ANDRE grabs RUBBING ALCOHOL, and starts wiping...THE BURN?!?!

NIKO tries the door...hmm it's open.

EXT. HAROLD DAVIS WINDOW - NIGHT

AFTER a beat, the blinds fly up...it's HAROLD.

DRAKE helps NIKO load the KEGS, onto a dolly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKE

Where's the other 8?

TEEN GIRL #1, 17, hot pink nails, fake tan, peeks into NIKO'S trunk: a hodge-podge of FISHING & HUNTING equipment.

TEEN GIRL #1

Going fishing?

NIKO

You could say that.

The group FILES inside.

INT. JASON'S CELICA - NIGHT

MASA and co. ROUND a final turn, when they spot a POLICE unit behind them...SHIT!?

CHARLIE

Just be cool...we're not doing anything wrong.

BRADEN

We're not?

JASON

(whispered)

Everybody shut the fuck up.

Celica pulls up, followed by the FUZZ.

The boys head inside, nonchalantly...leaving certain PACKAGES behind.

SQUAD CAR (SPEAKER)

Hold it right there gentleman.

FUCK!

The driver, female, 30, attractive in a hard-bitten way, EXITS, this is TRACEY GARRITY, followed by her male partner, African American, 20's, STONE COLD. OMAR SHIVERS.

CHARLIE

Evening mam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER TRACEY

You boys call 911?

BRADEN'S POV: The officers are MID EVIL HEADSMEN, speaking in LATIN:

OFFICER OMAR

Putas est Ludus? Exaudi me!

BRADEN

No.

FEMALE OFFICER

No what?

BRADEN

We didn't do it?...

FEMALE OFFICER

You boys been drinking this evening?

MASA'S POV: The officers are American TET OFFENSIVE Soldiers.

The officers whisper AUDIBLY to each other.

OFFICER TRACEY

Think we should take em downtown?

OFFICER OMAR

Ya, I think a night in county would straighten em out.

ANDRE walks outside, eye shadow still SHOWING.

OFFICER GARRITY

(noticing)

Well aren't you cute. Are you our 911 caller?

ANDRE'S POV: The officers are GREY ALIENS, who TILT their

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

heads curiously.

ANDRE

(gone)

Yes...

CHARLIE

(covering)

Andre, always the hero... He was just worried about us. Thanks man.

Putting his arm around ANDRE, attempting to exit.

OFFICER OMAR

(to CHARLIE)

Nobody was talking to you.

OFFICER GARRITY

(to ANDRE)

So...what's the emergency?

An urgent call from the CB of both officers.

911 DISPATCHER (OC)

Attention all units. Possible 245 in progress. The suspect is still on the scene. All units in the area, please respond.

Furtive glances all around.

OFFICER GARRITY

(into cb)

10-4. Dispatched to a 423 Lakeshore Dr. We're in route. Get you our ETA shortly.

STOPS before heading back to the squad car.

OFFICER GARRITY (CONT)

You boys just dodged a bullet. 911 calls are a matter of life and death. Make us

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

come back and you'll be a day late and a
dollar short.

Arms folded in proud satisfaction, HAROLD WATCHES from his
front yard.

INT. VAIL SPA - NIGHT

Inside a nice family ski lodge, "living room" area.

DON is battling the new remote and tv.

DON
INPUT...GUIDE...enter. Shit!

ANN helps BROOKE unpack.

ANN
(to DON)
I'm going to call.

DON
Fine.

ANN
Just make sure he's ok.

BROOKE
I want pizza.

DON
Now you're talking.....can you
find us a good pizza joint
honey?

ANN
Hang on...

ANN grabs the cordless, TURNS away.

After a few rings:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPLIT SCREEN: ANN/ANDRE

ANDRE finds the TALK button. ANSWERS the cordless.

ANDRE

Hello...

A celebration ENSUES behind him. The COPS have left!

SCREAMS, yells, daps, hugs.

ANN

Braden?! Can you go somewhere I
can hear you?

ANDRE

Yes.

ANDRE is now alone in another room.

ANN moves to a more private area...

ANN

(muffling her
voice)

Having a few friends over?
Everyone's gone by midnight, you
hear me?. Not while we're away.

ANDRE

Mom?

ANN

Who's this?

INT./EXT. THE PORCH BAR - NIGHT

EMILY, SARAH, and a new girl, AMY, 17, a few extra pounds,
animated, at the bar, being EYED by a PAIR of SLIGHTLY
OLDER douche bags.

SARAH and EMILY finish their Margarita's, FEELING IT, while
AMY nurses a beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Maybe I should just sleep with
the first guy I meet...FUCK IT!

EMILY

Yes. You. Should. But make sure

EMILY (CONT)

he wears a condom.

SARAH

Ok kettle!

The conversation heard OVER the crowd.

EMILY is desperately trying to get the bartender's attention
finally does.

BARTENDER, handsome and witty, late 20's.

EMILY

Two more!? Then close me out.

AMY

Mamma's just getting warmed up!?

SARAH

Mama's driving.

BARTENDER

(over the noise)

Sorry, I need to see ID's.

AMY

Did you call me a tease?!

BARTENDERS

ID's!

The girls reach in their purses, hand them over.

BARTENDER looks at SARAH'S then EMILY'S, and hands them
back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then AMY's...

BARTENDER
Valerie Bertanelli?

AMY
Want an autograph?

BARTENDER
(after a beat)
You two can stay, "One Day At A
Time" has to go.

The girls start to go.

AMY
I was gonna get you free Van
Halen tickets...maybe meet
Eddie, Sammy, but your loss!

BARTENDER
If David Lee Roth ain't
singing...it ain't Van Halen
honey!

INT. AMY'S CAR - NIGHT

AMY drives, EMILY sits shotgun, SARAH in the back.

They freshen up their makeup.

EMILY
Awesome Amy.

AMY
He's was just wishing he coulda
got himself a little slice a
this..

Giggles.

Knowing it will get shot down:

SARAH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ok ladies how bout we pick up
some vino, go to Em's, and watch
The Fisher King? "Great idea
Sarah... let's". "Yaaa Sarah
gets it"

EMILY

Nope. Aaron's going to be there,
and I wanna make sure he's
staying faithful.

AMY

Single White Female.

EMILY

I'm not that bad...

AMY

Keep telling yourself that.

EMILY

(sarcastic)

I'll stay forever and ever
Aaron...till death, do you
part...muahahahaha

SARAH

Yay...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

A CARAVAN of 6 cars, music BLARING, turn onto BRADEN'S
street.

IT HAS BEGUN...

BRADEN, CHARLIE, and JASON form a make-shift WILL CALL.

The CELICA, looking like it's been OFF-ROADING, SITS
perpendicular at the gate. This is our "TURNSTILE".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKE, his female companions, approach.

BRADEN pockets a few 5's, a line clumsily forms.

EVERYONE acting their COOLEST, and seeing who's here?.

Our TEEN GIRL #1 flirts with BRADEN.

TEEN GIRL #1

(to BRADEN)

How are you? Are you scared?

BRADEN looks confused.

DRAKE

Oh ya dude, forgot to tell you,
COOPER is supposed to make an
appearance.

CHARLIE

FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT

JASON

Shut up man...

BRADEN

I don't even know my name right
now.

CHARLIE

Names.

JASON

Ya tripping entirely too hard.

TEEN GIRL #1

Somebody should kick HER ass for
not telling you she was engaged.

JASON

Who gets married at 18?

DRAKE

Y'all take off. Go mingle. Girls
and I will work the door for a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

few. Don't say i never gave you
nothing.

Half hearted: "Ya we'll be back in a bit bro," "thanks
bro", "we'll be right back."

BRADEN hands over the money, and relieved, the group heads
inside.

As they depart, DRAKE brandishes a bottle, mixers, and
three tumblers.

DRAKE was born for this moment.

The bar is open, and so is THE LINE:

A gaggle of 5-6 girls line up, followed by 4-5 guys, and so
on, down the driveway.

DRAKE
Alright people. 10 kegs, 10
dollar cover, have it ready!

A few patrons: "WHAT!?" "FLIER SAID 5!".

DRAKE
Then take your asses home!

Grumbles. NO-ONE has anything else to do.

DRAKE
That's what I thought, let's
go!.

DRAKE'S girls hand out red cups--RECEIPTS for the evening.

DRAKE POCKETS a few 10's.

INT. BRADEN'S PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN:

ANDRE is still on the phone...with BRADEN'S MOM, ANN.

ANDRE
I think I'm gay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANN

Well so is Jodie Foster and she's just great.

ANDRE

Braden thinks I'm gay.

ANN

He's never mentioned it. Andre put Braden on the phone.

ANDRE

No.

ANN

Yes.

ANDRE

No.

ANN

Why not?

ANDRE

I'm scared.

ANN

Why? Did you take something Andre?

ANDRE

Yes.

ANN

What did you take?

DON and BROOKE look on.

INT. BRADEN'S BACKROOM - PARTY - NIGHT

The party is in FULL SWING.

25-30 party goers ENCIRCLE an upside-down TEEN, who drinks

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

from the TAP.

KEG STAND: "GO! GO! GO! GO!"

A ARRAY of girls stand off to the side, smoke cigarettes, GOSSIP about the new ARRIVALS.

BRADEN mans the TAP, perma-grin, as guys and girls anxiously hold out their RED cups.

BRADEN'S POV: THEY ARE CARTOONISH BOBBLE HEADS, SOLICITOUS SMILES, CLOSING IN.

A MOSH PIT FORMS: 3-4 teens begin to slam into each other.

Spilling a few of the surrounding girls beers.

They step back, DISAPPROVING.

MASA and CHARLIE spot each other from opposite sides of the makeshift PIT.

CUE: *Dream Weaver, Like The Wind, Careless Whisper.*

They take running starts, and LEAP on top of the crowd.

Getting a BOOST, CROWD SURFING.

GO-PRO inside the PIT, shoulders CONNECT, body's COLLIDE.

We're ABOVE the mosh pit, watching it SWAY, to and fro...

CHARLIE and MASA drift together, HIGH FIVE. BROMANCE!

EXT. BRADEN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

R & B music pumps out of the CELICA now, as DRAKE and the girls DANCE, neglecting their DOOR duties.

A few PATRONS slip by. DRAKE grabs a few 10's, and goes back to dancing, bottle in hand.

The LINE is STILL 20-30 strong.

CUTTING in line obnoxiously, here comes:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOPER DANIELS, 20, handsome but rough, athletic, and two GOONS, 19, 20.

KRISTEN, the OBJECT of tonight's FIGHT, a pretty nonplused teen, 18, looks like she'd rather be ANYWHERE ELSE.

COOPER
(to DRAKE)
Where is he?

IMPATIENT patrons scream at the hold-up: HEY!, LET'S GO!, WHAT THE FUCK?!

DRAKE, in no hurry to respond.

DRAKE
(to COOPER and Co.)
Y'all are holding up my line.

TEEN GIRL #1
First come first serve dude.

COOPER
We're not here to drink.

DRAKE whispers to TEEN GIRL #2, who gives COOPER the side-eye and EXITS, presumably to find BRADEN.

DRAKE
Alright, y'all wanna stay, you gotta pay.

COOPER, looks to his lackey's, WELL?!

They begrudgingly reach into their wallets.

INT. BRADEN'S BACKROOM - NIGHT

MOSHING continues, BRADEN, now in the thick of it, alongside MASA and CHARLIE.

A teen runs through the crowd and straight into the wall, COLLAPSING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON FINISHING a BEER BONG with NIKO and a few others.

The funnel being filled, end of the hose being held, the release, the countdown...

JASON coming up for air, dazed.

TEEN GIRL #2 whispers to JASON, who LIGHTS UP, turns and whispers to NIKO.

THEY head for the PIT, push through, whisper to MASA and CHARLIE, who GRAB BRADEN, pulling him out.

JASON and co. dragging BRADEN out.

Over the music and the crowd:

JASON
(yelling)
COOPER'S here! Are you ready?

BRADEN
What?!

Grabbing BRADEN by the SHOULDERS.

JASON
COOPER! He's outside! YOU. CAN.
DO. THIS.

CHARLIE
Just think: what would Chuck
Norris do!

MASA
Rip his fucking guts out
BRADEN!?

The GANG exits.

RECOGNIZING the drill, a series of PARTY-GOERS FOLLOW--
THERE'S GOING TO BE A FIGHT!?

EXT. BRADEN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEADY-CAM SLOW MOTION: From left to right, NIKO, CHARLIE, BRADEN, MASA, and JASON, STRUT to the RING.

BRADEN
Why is this happening...?

JASON
You hooked up with his fiancé.

BRADEN
Right.

OVERHEAD VIEW of the FIGHT FORMATION-**DRONE**

SURPRISE: PATRONS are already circled up--this is the RING.

COOPER, shirt off, STALKS back and forth, polishing off a beer, taking a BUMP of coke from the outside of his hand..

BRADEN and COOPER circle each other.

BRADEN
Hey. I don't even know you man.

COOPER
I know you dude.

BRADEN
Ok. She didn't tell me.

COOPER, already committed to the performance...

COOPER
Fuck you bitch! Can't believe she'd waste her time with a high school fuck like you.

THE GANG and COOPER'S GOONS jaw from the cheap seats.

GOON
Beat his ass Coop!

JASON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fuck him up Braden!

GOON

(to JASON)

Don't even think about jumping
in!

JASON

Ain't nobody here scared of
y'all!

GOON #2

Your boy is fucked. Come on
COOP, finish this fool.

MASA

(losing his shit)

Murder his ass BRADEN!?

CROWD looks to MASA, held back by CHARLIE.

BRADEN TURNS away, finds KRISTEN, one final try for LOGIC.

KRISTEN, unfazed, converses with another girl.

BRADEN

Kristen!?

KRISTEN, back turned, holds up the back of her hand.

BRADEN (CONT)

You never told me. TELL HIM.

No reaction.

JASON

(SCREAMING)

BRADEN!?

SLOW-MOTION:

While turned to KRISTEN, COOPER has taken a running start,
WINDS UP, and proceeds to punch a defenseless BRADEN...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASA
D-U-C-K.. D-U-D-E!!!

Smiles wash over the GOONS.

SLOW-MOTION CONT: A straight right to the cheek---Back to real time, IMPACT-SMACK!!!

REPLAY via DRONE. SMACK! REPLAY via GOPRO. SMACK!

BRADEN, STUNNED, takes 3 steps back, hunched, HOLDING his cheek.

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL FIELD - DAY

BRADEN walks slowly through a flower-filled field, ala *Gladiator*.

A scantily-clad bald GIANT, shoulder pads, LITTLE PERSON on his shoulders, greets BRADEN.

The LITTLE PERSON, DONNING a viking helmet, speaks.

LITTLE PERSON
A decision to make you have.

BRADEN
I do?

LITTLE PERSON
Why else would we be here?

BRADEN
I don't know.

LITTLE PERSON
Stay here you can, or go back
and fight your battle you will.

BRADEN
What if I don't want to fight?

LITTLE PERSON
Then join the other pussies over

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

there...

Motioning to a group of weak-looking pre-pubescent boys, PLAYING BAD-MITTON, in their underwear.

They squawk and flail with no real purpose.

LITTLE PERSON

Your choice it is.

BRADEN weighs his options.

BACK TO THE PRESENT.

BRADEN SLOWLY raises his head, LOCKS eyes with a shocked COOPER, and charges, full steam ahead.

ALTERNATING aerial DRONE.

BRADEN rams COOPER with his shoulder, SLAMMING him to the concrete.

The crowd ANGLES for a better view.

BRADEN HEADLOCKS COOPER, and proceeds to PUNCH him repeatedly in the face, and head.

Fist into cheek, fist into forehead, fist into ear.

MASA, NIKO, JASON, CHARLIE, and DRAKE, cheer like it's the last lap of the *Indy 500*.

KRISTEN continues her conversation, NEVER noticing.

DRAKE and GOON #2 make a silent COMPACT: enough is enough.

PULLING BRADEN, who continues to THRASH about, off his foe.

DRAKE

(to GOON #2)

Your boy took a cheap shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOON #2

You ain't lyin.

GOON #1

Y'all got some brew left?

DRAKE

Ya man, y'all are tight.

GOON #1 and #2 head back.

COOPER struggles to his feet with DRAKE'S help, and walks to KRISTEN.

DRAKE

(parting shot)

Go tell your girl you got Nancy
Kerrigan'ed!

KRISTEN

What the fuck happened to you?!

SERIOUSLY!?

COOPER grabs KRISTEN'S hand and drags her away.

DRAKE

Alright fireworks are over!
Y'all ready to get your drink
on?!

Hoots and hollers, as the crowd disperses in the party's general direction.

The GANG MOBS BRADEN.

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL FIELD - DAY

The LITTLE PERSON looks on with pride, a bit tearful.

Addresses the BADMITTON BOYS.

LITTLE PERSON

Did you see that? That's how you
fuck somebody up...Pussies.

EXT. BOYD'S DRIVEWAY AREA - NIGHT

The GANG HUDDLES together, MILKING the victory.

Talking over each other.

MASA

So proud.

JASON

I didn't know you had it in you
man.

BRADEN is clearly SHAKEN UP, literally.

His EYE begins to swell, discolored.

DRAKE

We heard that sucker punch
downtown son.

NIKO

Our boy can brawl!

JASON

Hell ya, looked like he saw a
ghost after that punch...

CHARLIE

Yall still frying as hard as I
am?

Head nods all around.

JASON

Maybe harder.

NIKO

(to BRADEN)

You ok dude?

BRADEN, not all there, SHAKING.

TEEN GIRL #2 makes her move--

TEEN GIRL #2

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hey, come with me. Let's get
some ice on that.

The GROUP continues their FIGHT RECAP--clearly this was
more for THEM.

A SPUTTERING keg, being PUMPED for all it's worth.

A TEEN girl VOMITS in the corner, friends hold her hair.

Another couple makes out, GRAPHICALLY, nearby.

STONERS pass a huge joint, guy flips it, and SHOTGUNS
another girl, who COUGHS violently, laughs.

ANDRE enters, still on the cordless, STILL in his
underwear, FOLLOWED by EARL.

ANDRE
(pushing through)
...get off me...Braden!?

ANDRE PICKS his way through the crowd ala *The Walking Dead*

ANDRE'S POV:

The guests are ZOMBIES, who stumble and SWAY, SLURRING,
DROOLING, and WHAT'S that OVERPOWERING SMELL!?

Reality: A few odd stares in ANDRE'S direction, and
reactions to EARL--so cute, etc.

ANDRE
(to ANN)
I think they got him!?

JASON, talking to TEEN GIRL #1, spots ANDRE, and makes a
BEELINE.

JASON
Holy shit.

ANDRE
You're still alive!

Giving JASON a hug that lasts a little too long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON
Why are you still in your
underwear? Who are you talking
to?

As JASON grabs the phone.

SPLIT SCREEN: JASON/ANN

JASON
Hello?

ANN
Who's this?

JASON
Who's this?

ANN
This is Ann Boyd, you're in my
house.

JASON GLARES at ANDRE.

JASON
Hey Mrs. Boyd...We were just
about to hit the sack.

HOLDING his free hand over his free ear.

ANN
Jason?

JASON
Uh-huh.

ANN
Listen to me very carefully. You
need to get Andre to a hospital.

ANDRE starts to URINATE...on the floor.

JASON
Will do. Hang on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cupping the phone.

ANN

Jason?!

JASON

What the fuck?!..

People start to NOTICE, making room.

From the crowd we hear: "Dude," "are you really taking a piss!?" "Wow...awesome"

ANN

Jason!?

JASON

Yes mam.

ANN

Put Braden on the phone!

JASON

I'll have him call you back.

ANN

Jason!

JASON

(distracted)

Yes!

ANN

Get Andre to a hospital and have Braden call me IMMEDIATELY. Do you understand?

ANDRE BEGINS to PLAY with himself, fascinated.

A couple of girls giggle nearby.

JASON

(looking to ANDRE)

Yup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANGS UP, starts to drag ANDRE away, when a slew of DRUNK patrons TURN on JASON.

JASON'S POV: An angry MOB, PITCHFORKS, in need of JUSTICE.

ANDRE'S POV: Zombies.

ANGRY DRUNK TEEN #1

Where's the other 8 kegs?

ANGRY TEEN #2

Flier said 10!

ANGRY DRUNK TEEN #1

Ya...

ANGRY DRUNK TEEN #2

WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY?!

ANGRY DRUNK TEEN #1

Ya...

JASON GRABS ANDRE, WHISKS him into the main house...LOCKING the door.

The door shakes and RATTLES...

EXT. BOYD'S DOCK - NIGHT

NIKO, MASA, and CHARLIE finishing the last of a joint on a small BOAT dock.

Beyond them, a smallish LAKE, surrounded by woods.

An inflatable POOL raft, plastic OAR, tackle box, fishing rod, and SLEDGE HAMMER, sit nearby.

CHARLIE

(exhaling a hit)

This is a terrible idea.

NIKO is readying the raft, preparing to launch.

MASA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Is this Braden's pool raft?

NIKO focused. No reaction.

MASA
(genuinely)
We're going to catch an
alligator in a pool raft?

NIKO
(not looking up)
We're gonna knock it out first.
Jesus.

MASA
Uh-huh. Of Course.

EXT. BOYD'S DOCK - NIGHT

Alternating AERIAL view- **DRONE**

NIKO PADDLES the group to the middle of the LAKE.

FROM across the LAKE, we see NIKO'S SPELUNKING *headlight*.

NIKO secures the oar, and FLOATS silently.

After several AWKWARD beats.

CHARLIE
(loudly)
What now!?

NIKO
Shhhhhh....

NIKO's spelunking headlight scans the shoreline.

A SPLASH startles the group---just a BULLFROG.

INT. NEIGHBOR HERBERT JOHANSEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HERBERT, our Alligator-loving NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC neighbor,
looks on.

WHAT'S THIS???

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERBERT looks around for a phone book.

EXT. BOYD'S DOCK - NIGHT

NIKO's MAG-LIGHT PANS STEADILY over the shoreline, PASSING our **PREDATOR**, then, quickly back.

SPOTLIGHT GATOR!

NIKO
(whispered)
Holy shit!?

MASA, CHARLIE, and NIKO move to get a better look, ALMOST tipping the raft.

NIKO
(whispering)
Hand me that ziplock bag.

CHARLIE grabs the ziplock bag marked BAIT., handing to NIKO.

MASA
Is that bacon?

NIKO
Apple smoked.

INT. AMY'S CAR - NIGHT

AMY DRIVES, EMILY sits shotgun, and SARAH, backseat, KAREOKE at the top of their lungs, pulling into an upscale residential neighborhood.

They have their own solos, harmony's, they've done this before.

EMILY and SARAH have advanced to a HAPPY DRUNK state.

SARAH looks out the window, RECOGNIZING her surroundings.

SARAH
Emily!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Yes?

SARAH

Where's this party?

EMILY

We're close.

AMY

(handing it back)

It's in my purse.

EMILY

Totally not necessary...

SARAH finds the flier...

SARAH

MOTHERFUCKER!?!?

EMILY AMY

Jesus!? What?!

SARAH

Braden's house.

EMILY AMY

Shit.

EMILY

Sarah what do you wanna do?

SARAH

(fuming)

Just go!?

EMILY

We don't have to. Seriously.

SARAH

Fuck that asshole!?

EMILY

We're going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
(determined)
We're going!?

EMILY
Your not going to do
anything...crazy.

SARAH
DRIVE!?

EMILY
Sarah?

INT. HAROLD DAVIS' DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

HAROLD'S MOTION DETECTOR goes off:

A DRUNK TEEN PEES in HAROLD'S lawn, HAROLD comes out, on
cue.

HAROLD
This look like a port-a-potty to
you son!? Get the hell off my
property!!!

The DRUNK TEEN FUMBLES with his zipper, WAVES drunkenly.

HAROLD
(storming back
inside)
That's it.

INT. HAROLD DAVIS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

HAROLD DIALS 911 into a ROTARY phone.

A mini tv plays nearby:

REPORTER (OC)
The jury reached a guilty
verdict in the ongoing Rodney
King saga earlier today, as two
of the four officers were

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

convicted in Federal Court for
violation of civil rights.

HAROLD

(turning tv down)

Yes..Harold Davis...there's
about 75 intoxicated teens next
door with no parental
supervision...423 Laksshore Dr.,

HAROLD (CONT)

WHAT?...yes I'll hold....JESUS!?

INT. BRADEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRADEN and TEEN GIRL #2 sit on the edge of his bed.

She DABS an ice pack on BRADEN'S eye, now a sizable
HEMATOMA.

TEEN GIRL #2

(seductively)

Hey, lean closer.

BRADEN COMPLIES, DAZED.

TEEN GIRL #2

You took a pretty good shot...
Then, you totally overpowered
him.

BRADEN feels his eye.

BRADEN

Do you have a mirror?

TEEN GIRL #2 reaches for a COMPACT.

BRADEN opens the compact:

His eye, purple, PROTRUDING a good inch from his face,
along with a few broken blood vessels around his PUPIL.

He DROPS it, SPOOKED...

TEEN GIRL #2

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hey, I don't know what your situation is right now, but I'm not dating anyone.

BRADEN looks over, SQUINTING through his one good eye...

EXT. BOYD'S DOCK - NIGHT

SLOW-MOTION: The bait FLIES through the air, LANDING harmlessly on the shoreline.

Through shadows...the alligator appears, about 5 FT. long, motionless.

CHARLIE holds the MAG LIGHT steady, MASA looks on, FREAKED!?

On the 2nd CAST the BACON-WRAPPED bait LANDS, inches from our reptile.

CHARLIE

(whispered)

Bullseye!

NIKO

(hushed)

Nobody fuckin move. Tennis balls.

MASA

Huh?

NIKO

Tennis balls...hand me the fuckin tennis balls!?

NIKO begins throwing tennis balls at the gator to WAKE it.

INT. BRADEN'S BACKROOM - PARTY - NIGHT

DRAKE SWAYS, "picking up" the easiest target he can find..at the moment.

DRUNK GIRL

(slurring)

You're funny....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKE
(slurring)
Are you're religious?...cause
you're the answer to all my
prayers.

DRUNK TEEN GIRL eats it up.

DRUNK GIRL
(slurring)
You're wasted.

DRAKE
I'm just intoxicated by you
darling.

SOMEONE taps DRAKE on the shoulder...he SHRUGS IT OFF.

DRAKE
...come back later.

DRUNK GIRL sees who's tapping him.

DRUNK GIRL
(behind DRAKE)
Hey...he said he's busy!

DRAKE
It's really loud in here!? Maybe
we should..

Another FIRMER tap, almost a PUSH.

DRUNK GIRL
Is that your girlfriend?

DRAKE turns, REVEALING... SARAH.

AMY and EMILY, LINGER behind.

DRAKE
Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Where is he Drake?

DRAKE

I'm sorry where are my manners.
Sarah, this is, I'm sorry your
name was...

DRUNK GIRL

I never gave it to you. Amber.

DRAKE

Amber this is Sarah.

SARAH

Pleasure. Where the fuck is he!?

DRAKE

Skiing, right? He left me the
key. Don't tell anyone it got
this outta hand, huh?.

DRAKE notices EMILY.

EMILY feigns disinterest, but there's something she likes.

SARAH

(exiting)

Don't even think about it Drake.
My friends have taste.

EMILY and DRAKE share one final GLANCE.

INT. BRADEN'S PARENTS MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

SARAH, AMY, and EMILY barge in:

JASON is trying to DRESS ANDRE, and it's going...POORLY.

EARL sits on the bed, WEARING A BLACK CAPE, PANTING.

JASON

Work with me dude.

GIGGLES from the girls, recognizing EARL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON looks up, after getting one of ANDRE's legs into a pair of SHORT, jogging SHORTS.

SARAH

Hi, Jason...Andre? Where's Braden.

JASON ANDRE

(simultaneously)

Skiing/With some girl in his room.

Damn.

JASON

No more talking Andre. Andre took a sheet of acid.

AMY

Oh I wanna stay and watch this....

SARAH STORMS out, AMY and EMILY linger to take in more of the entertaining duo.

JASON

(half-hearted)

No. Wait. please.. stop..

INT. BRADEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SARAH EXPLODES through the door!

BRADEN is laying in TEEN GIRL #2's lap, as she ICES his eye.

SARAH

Piece of fucking shit!?

TEEN GIRL #2

Excuse me?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKE, stumbles by the OPEN door, looking for EMILY.

DRAKE
Hey...where did...

SARAH
Fuck off Drake!

The dialogue OVERLAPS, gaining intensity.

SARAH (CONT)
Get the fuck out, slut!?

BRADEN BOLTS up, gets between the girls.

SARAH
Did you sleep with her?!

TEEN GIRL #1
None of your fucking business.

SARAH grabs a chunk of her hair....AGH!!!

DRAKE
(enjoying the cat
fight)
No, stop...

BRADEN
Maybe I did!?

Uh-oh.

SARAH pulls her key chain, with a free hand, and grabs her
TASER....ZAP!?!?

BRADEN'S eyes go wide, he CRUMBLES in a heap.

DRAKE half-tackles SARAH, holds her tight.

The key chain and TASER drop, and TEEN GIRL #2 grabs it.

SARAH
Let me go!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKE
Are you going to chill?

SARAH
Fuck you!?

TEEN GIRL #2
What the fuck man!?

SARAH
Let me go!?

BRADEN from the ground.

BRADEN
Let her go dude.

DRAKE lets go, GRABS TEEN GIRL #2, who puts the taser on a nearby table as they slink out...

DRAKE
Sarah have you seen Emily?

SARAH just glares.

TEEN GIRL #2
(parting shot)
Fucking psycho!

SARAH
Whore!

DRAKE
Awesome...

EXT. BOYD'S DOCK - NIGHT

5 tennis balls litter the shoreline, next to the MOTIONLESS alligator.

1 more ball. NIKO KISSES it, let's it fly:

A direct hit! One EYE opens. A STIR of the tail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Watching with bated breath.

NIKO LURCHES forward, a BITE!!!

After a beat, MASA and CHARLIE grab NIKO, to anchor him.

NIKO begins to reel in the PRIZE.

One problem...

DRONE/AERIAL POV:

Instead of reeling the alligator, it's the RAFT that's been caught.

The faster NIKO reels, the faster the raft approaches the shoreline.

ABRUPTLY we hear a SPLASH!! It's MASA... swimming for shore.

NIKO

What the fuck?!

CHARLIE

NIKO?

The raft DRAWS dangerously close to the shore.

NIKO

Don't you think I know!

CHARLIE

Abort!

NIKO

Negative!

CHARLIE

Cut the line!!

NIKO

Grab the sledgehammer!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Fuck that!

NIKO

Grab the fucking sledgehammer!!

CHARLIE

Cut the line!

NIKO

Hammer!

PAUSE...the raft LANDS gently, a foot from POSEIDON.

NIKO and CHARLIE hit the deck!...Nothing.

After a beat, they PEEK over the raft, the GATOR calmly chewing the bait, NONPLUSED.

NIKO'S hand finds the sledgehammer.

CHARLIE shakes his head, mouthing: "DON'T DO IT MAN!"

NIKO counts down silently: 3, 2,...1

POPPING up like a "jack-in-the-box", NIKO BLUDGEONS the Gator.

After finishing the job, CHARLIE pops up, and hits the gator "one last time" with the plastic OAR...

Back at the dock, a SOAKING wet MASA looks on.

INT. HERBERT JOHANSEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CU on HERBERT'S LIP, quivering in anger--the death of his pride and joy.

Zoom back, as he picks up the phone and dials: FISH AND WILDLIFE.

EXT. BRADEN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Flashing police lights set off HAROLD'S motion detector.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Surprise. The Police are BACK.

Our female & African-American TAG-TEAM, OFFICER OMAR,
OFFICER GARRITY, exit, SCAN the perimeter.

INT. BRADEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONT)

BRADEN and SARAH mid argument:

SARAH
She has very nice skin!

BRADEN
I'm tripping my balls off!

SARAH
I give a shit.

BRADEN
Did you see my eye?

SARAH
How could you do this? It's
fucking embarrassing.

BRADEN
I'm a fuck up.

SARAH
That's a cop out!

BRADEN
Don't you think if I knew what
was wrong with me, I'd fix it?

SARAH stops.

SARAH
Oh please.

BRADEN
I don't know how to handle my
feelings. I suck at it. I love
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADEN buries his head in his hands...

SARAH
Not buying it. I don't feel
sorry for you.

SARAH finally softens, puts her face to his ear.

SARAH
You suck at this.

After a beat, BRADEN turns to her, and they hold each other
for the first time tonight.

SARAH
What happened to your eye?

DING-DONG!

Oh shit. BRADEN tries to pull himself together.

SARAH
You're friends lock themselves
out?

BRADEN
They don't ring the doorbell.

EXT./INT. BRADEN'S FRONT DOOR - ENTRY WAY -NIGHT

Over the shoulder we see SARAH & BRADEN, now the *happy couple*, approaching the Officers at the door.

BRADEN
(fake yawn)
Evening officers. Is there
something I can help you with?

OFFICER OMAR
Where're your parents son?

BRADEN
Out for dinner, they should be
back shortly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER GARRITY
It's 2 in the morning.

SARAH
(covering)
Getting some quality couple
time. Ihop.

In clear view, as SARAH talks, ANDRE follows EARL on "all
fours", followed by two intoxicated teen girls, with RED
CUPS.

The TEENS stop COLD...LOCKING eyes with our cops.

And that's all the probable cause they needed.

The officers let themselves in.

SARAH
Denny's?

INT. BRADEN'S BACKROOM - NIGHT

The OFFICERS enter, QUICKLY taking charge.

A slew of DRUNK teens "make a break for it", slipping and
falling, but continuing on.

Many just FREEZE.

Shouts of "Five-0!," "Party's Busted!" and "Save Yourself!"

OFFICER GARRITY
Good evening kids...get comfy.

WEAVING through drunken carnage, to the keg, we SPY A DRUNK
TEEN, hand still holding the tap.

DRAKE spots EMILY & AMY, and makes his move.

DRAKE
(whispering to
EMILY)
Hey, follow me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Creeper.

DRAKE

You can come too, every cock
block girl ever. Do y'all want
MIP's?

Begrudgingly, they follow DRAKE.

EXT. BOYD'S POOLSIDE AREA - LATE NIGHT

NIKO and CHARLIE LUG a conspicuous CANVAS BAG up to the
main house.

After a few beats, MASA appears soaking wet.

NIKO

CHARLIE

(startled)

Jesus!?

Fuck!

MASA

So what now?

CHARLIE

Are we bringing this inside?

All 3 stop.

INT. BRADEN'S BACKROOM - PARTY - NIGHT

OFFICER OMAR selects two male teens to carry the keg
outside and DRAIN it.

OFFICER OMAR

You two, grab that keg and
follow me. And you...

TEEN GIRL #2

OFFICER OMAR (CONT)

Start collecting cups.

INT. BOYD FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT

"The BAGGIE," containing 5 hits of LSD, sits on the floor, as we:

PAN UP to ANDRE, sitting at the "head of the table", WILD-EYED.

Zoom back, revealing OFFICER GARRITY.

Rows of driver's license's, now on display.

DOWNTRODDEN teens look on.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING STRIP CENTER - NIGHT

Two men in WHITE HAZMAT SUITS, LOAD the last of their gear into an unmarked white VAN, and peel out.

INT. BOYD MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

DRAKE, EMILY, AMY, TEEN GIRL #1, and JASON, are bunkered down in the master bedroom.

BRADEN and EMILY enter.

DRAKE has EMILY laughing, AMY reapplies her makeup.

JASON jumps up and BEAR HUGS BRADEN.

JASON
Dude...how long's it been?

BRADEN
Time...

JASON
Masa and Charlie?

BRADEN
There not here?

JASON looks to BRADEN, who looks to SARAH.

SARAH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just go.

BRADEN kisses her passionately, they take a sweet moment,
and BRADEN EXITS with JASON.

EXT. BOYD DRIVEWAY - NIGHT (CONT)

The two teens pour out the remnants of a SPATTERING keg.

DRUNK TEEN #1 tries to sneak a sip...BUSTED.

OFFICER OMAR
Fucking serious?

MALE TEEN #1
It's cashed sir...

TEEN GIRL #2 emptying red cups onto the nearby grass.

INT. HAROLD DAVIS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

HAROLD is gazing out the window, smiling, as he eats
POPCORN.

EXT. PERIMETER OF THE BOYD HOUSE - NIGHT

BRADEN and JASON CREEP along the side of the house.

The VAN turns onto the CULDESAK, and stops, as the two men
HOP out, head to the BACK of the VAN...

INT. BOYD FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT

OFFICER GARRITY is helping herself to some coffee, signing
tickets.

SUDDENLY a couple of EMBOLDENED teens grab their ID'S and
BOLT!

OFFICER GARRITY gets up briefly, gives half-hearted
pursuit.

ANDRE seizes the opportunity, picks up "the baggie,"
containing 2 remaining hits of acid...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then SPIES the OFFICER'S COFFEE CUP!?

UMMM...why not???

The FEMALE OFFICER returns, speaking into her CB, and resumes ticketing.

OFFICER GARRITY
Hey couple of loose ends got
away, see if you can't track em
down.

ANDRE is frozen.

OFFICER GARRITY (CONT)
You're awful quiet
over there.

EXT. PERIMETER OF THE BOYD HOUSE - NIGHT

MASA, CHARLIE, and NIKO CREEP along the side of the house,
carrying the TROPHY BAG.

MATCH-CUT with BRADEN and JASON.

MASA and co. hear FOOTSTEPS, hit the deck!

JASON and BRADEN do the same.

After a beat...

BRADEN
(too loudly)
This is private property!

CHARLIE POPS his head up, followed by NIKO, MASA.

SMILES all around.

SUDDENLY...

SLOW MOTION STEADY CAM, ala *E.T./STRANGER THINGS*:

Around the corner, 2 HAZMAT SUIT-WEARING officials,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASHLIGHTS drawn.

Panic'ed, the gang scrambles for the bag, and RUN.

The HAZMAT men give chase, as the gang AMBLES down the steps toward the woods.

NIKO TRIPS, CHARLIE drops the bag. Thud!

BRADEN and JASON pick up the slack, GRABBING either end.

Near the steps we see that EARL is loose.

The HAZMAT tandem hit the steps, EARL nipping at their heels.

Buying the gang a little time.

BRADEN, running, hears barking:

BRADEN
"Earl!? Come on boy!"

EARL perks up, and heads towards the woods in pursuit.

MATCH-CUT TO OPENING SEQUENCE

EXT. WOODED TRAIL ALONG BUFFALO BAYOU - HOURS BEFORE DAWN

Five male teens and "EARL" the dog, in varying states of DISREPAIR, run for their natural born lives...

We alternate between SLOW MOTION/REAL TIME:

JASON, BADMOTORFINGER t-shirt, jeans and boots.

"EARL," a small BLACK CAPE DANGLING from his COLLAR.

Catching their breath.

NIKO, CHARLIE, and BRADEN spill into the clearing.

DROPPING the canvas bag.

INT. BOYD FRONT DOOR AREA - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teens are being handed tickets as they exit the front door...their names are being rattled off ala ROLL CALL.

OFFICER OMAR
Jenkins...have a great night.
Norwood...safe travels. Smith,
Matthew don't let the door hit
ya...

This goes on as OFFICER GARRITY calls the hospital.

FEMALE OFFICER
(on the phone)
This is officer Garrity. We're
on site and I've got an
unresponsive young man (trailing
off)... we believe ingested a
large amount of hallucinogens.
Possibly LSD.

ANDRE has drifted off to a far off dimension.

INT. PSYCH WARD ALL WHITE PADDED ROOM - DAY

POV: A couple of DOCTORS enter, look directly into the CAMERA with various instruments.

INT. PSYCH WARD LAB TABLE - DAY (CONT.)

POV: Same DOCTORS are hooking up "shock electrodes", as they whisper to each other, GLARING menacingly.

EXT. PSYCH WARD PATIO - DAY (CONT.)

We see ANDRE from behind now, in a wheelchair, as his parents and sister approach, with flowers.

We follow ANDRE'S GAZE, through his family, FINDING...the GIANT and LITTLE PERSON, from BRADEN'S fight, as they dance.

The LITTLE PERSON WINKS & POINTS, as we cut to:

EXT. ROPE SWING - LATE NIGHT

BRADEN scouts to see if the HAZMAT GUYS are still in pursuit.

BRADEN
(calling back)
I think they're gone.

DRONE FOOTAGE: MASA mid-air, mouth agape, swinging on a FIRE HOSE to safety.

CANVAS bag nearby.

CHARLIE follows-- GO PRO POV.

EARL chases the boys to the edge, then flies to the other side to greet them.

JASON
Think they're gone?

BRADEN
Nope.

JASON
Wanna go back?

BRADEN
Nope.

CHARLIE
We should keep moving...

BRADEN
Yup. Let's go...

The group STARTS to heads off, NIKO and CHARLIE carrying the bag.

SUDDENLY, FLASHLIGHTS PEAK THROUGH WOODS IN THE DISTANCE.

NIKO spots it, DROPS the bag.

NIKO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(screaming)
SHIT!

The gang grabs NIKO, "SHHHHHH!!!!"

Two pairs of RUBBER BOOTS, stop cold.

HAZMAT #1 (OC)
(screaming)
Hey! Don't move!

The group looks to the canvas bag, back to the men.

EARL barks incessantly.

THE BOOTS sprint towards our group.

The gang SKINS OUT, disappearing down the trail, LEAVING THE BAG.

EXT. BRADENS DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

Ambulance sirens startle us just outside.

STEADY CAM follows two hospital tech's past OFFICER OMAR, into the house.

POV: ANDRE scanning the approaching TECH'S in fisheye-close-up, audio is drowned in and out.

HOSPITAL TECH 1, take ANDRE's pulse, asks questions that can't be made out.

Flipping POV, we see a small crowd gathered around the terror-stricken ANDRE.

DREAM SEQUENCE: ANDRE'S father appears in a study.
Handsome, graying, late 40's.

He turns and looks, disapprovingly.

Taking his glasses off, nods, he wipes a tear from his eye.

ANDRE's little sisters, cute but annoying, stare and stick their tongues out. Resume giggling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The LITTLE PERSON & GIANT, PUMP their fists in encouragement.

Snapping back, ANDRE now hear's every word, and seems suddenly SOBER.

HOSPITAL TECH #1
Andre how much LSD did you take?

ANDRE
Can everyone just relax for a second?

HOSPITAL TECH #2
Andre, how much LSD?

ANDRE
About eighty-five, but I'm fine.

TECHS steal a quick glance. Huh!?

HOSPITAL TECH #2 reaches into his case, furnishing a syringe and bottle.

ANDRE
That's not necessary.

TECH #2 continues, as TECH #1 moves to secure ANDRE'S arms.

ANDRE
What are you doing?

TECH #1
Just relax Andre, you're gonna be ok.

ANDRE
(screaming)
I'm ok now!!! AGHHHHHHHH!!!

TECH #2 plunges the syringe into ANDRE'S right shoulder.

EXT. BRADENS DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

HAROLD stares as the HOSPITAL TECH'S roll a writhing ANDRE on a stretcher, into the ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few neighbors LOOM outside their front doors, on either side of the culdesak, STARING....

ANDRE

(screaming)

What the fuck is wrong with
you!?

ANDRE'S POV: We're above ANDRE, floating on his back down the bayou... eye's to the sky.

Back to reality: Florescent lighting blinds him as the AMBULANCE TECH #2 is taking blood pressure, shining a pin-light into his eyes.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - BEFORE DAWN

Our gang SPILLS out onto a residential street...nobody out yet.

A collective breath.

After a beat...MASA starts walking in one direction, presumably home.

CHARLIE notices.

CHARLIE

Later Masa...

MASA

(without looking
back)

I'll call y'all tomorrow about
the tickets.

CHARLIE starts off in the opposite direction.

CHARLIE

Soundgarden baby. I'll bring the
acid.

HA HA HA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADEN, stands, lost in thought.

JASON
We're parked at your house dude.

NIKO
Come on..

The threesome starts off in another direction.

EXT. ROPE SWING - DAWN

The HAZMAT men's feet approach the bag with a certain mammal.

We follow their hands picking up... the now, EMPTY BAG!

They look at each other.

INT. BOYD MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

SARAH is catnapping, when she WAKES, checks her watch.

We follow her out of the empty room, into the hallway.

SARAH
Em?...Amy?

SARAH enters BRADEN'S BEDROOM to find:

EMILY and DRAKE making out in BRADEN'S "WATER bed".

The bed SLOSHES, AMY is passed out COLD next to them.

They don't stop, as SARAH leaves them be.

Into the living area...trash, beer cans, cigarette buds, as far as the eye can see.

A random party-goer is passed out on the family piano.

SARAH tries to wake him:

SARAH
Hey! Hello. Wakey
wakey. The cops are

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

gone.

Nothing.

SARAH continues onto into the BACKROOMS.

The SAME guy is passed out by the keg.

EXT. BRADEN'S RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAWN

A few of the neighbors, SUITED up, heading to work.

They pause, give our trifecta looks, as they toss their briefcases into their sedans, and proceed.

HAROLD is getting MATTHEW ready for school in the driveway.

MATTHEW spots the gang approaching the driveway.

HAROLD quickly drags him into the passenger side...

HAROLD

(piping up)

Your parents are going to know every detail of last night.

BRADEN

Promise?

HAROLD

You think you're pretty cool.

BRADEN

Yes.

HAROLD

We had your type back in my day...they ended up garbage men, janitors, construction workers,... so you have that to look forward to.

JASON

Give it a fucking rest man.

HAROLD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nice language...Losers.

MATTHEW STARES out the window, as the group gives him a series of faces, laughing.

JASON and NIKO make their way to their vehicles.

JASON gives BRADEN a hug.

JASON

Well, that happened.

BRADEN

What do you think happened to Andre?

NIKO

You don't take a sheet of acid...Alright y'all.... Next time don't say you have 10 kegs.

The front door is cracked, as BRADEN heads for his bedroom.

Opening the door, DRAKE is now having sex with SARAH, bed SLOSHING, and AMY'S eyes are now *wide open*.

AMY turns, looks at BRADEN.

In BRADEN'S parents bedroom.

SARAH is fake sleeping, as BRADEN climbs in bed, quietly...

After a few beats, SARAH opens her eyes halfway.

SARAH

You look terrible.

They kiss.

SARAH

They took Andre to the hospital.

BRADEN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Probably a good idea.

SARAH
His parents are there, he should
be fine...

SARAH
Promise me something.

BRADEN
Anything.

SARAH
That you'll never lie to me
again.

BRADEN
Ok.

SARAH
If were gonna fuck each other
over, let's at least have the
decency to give a heads up.

BRADEN
I'm sorry.

SARAH
Me too.

BARKING echoes outside.

BRADEN
Earl. He's locked out.

INT./EXT. BRADEN'S POOL AREA - DAWN

We follow SARAH and BRADEN out of the house, to the pool
area, where we find EARL barking.

We REVEAL the OBJECT of EARL'S attention:

POSEIDON, the GATOR, swims innocently through the pool as

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

we:

One last look...

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS

CELEBRATION DAY

EASTER EGG 1:

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAWN

We see OMAR & GARRITY pull up to a traffic light.

GARRITY is driving, as her partner naps in the passenger seat.

She slowly turns to an adjacent car, idling...

A conservative man in his 40's, suit and tie, slowly turns, waves.

POV: The mans EYES POP OUT OF HIS HEAD & HIS TONGUE FALLS TO THE FLOOR...

GARRITY rubs her eyes.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS

FADE OUT:

CELEBRATION DAY