

"BROADCAST YOURSELF"

Written by

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INT. OFFICE BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY

DEAN WALLACE, (20'S), suit, tie, briefcase, nervously paces back and forth muttering to himself.

DEAN
(to himself)
Hello Mr. Jones, it's a pleasure to meet you. Mr. Jones have you been working out?

Dean shakes his head, repeatedly hits his forehead with the palm of his hand.

DEAN
Jesus Dean, get it together, you can do this.

Dean takes a deep breath, adjusts his tie.

DEAN
(to himself)
Mr. Jones, I love what you've done --

An office door squeaks open, a WOMAN sticks her head out.

WOMAN
Mr. Wallace, Mr. Jones will see you now.

Dean enters the office.

INT. MR. JONES OFFICE - DAY

MR. JONES, (50'S), talks on the phone, he gestures for Dean to take a seat. Mr. Jones hangs up the phone and turns his attention toward Dean.

MR. JONES
Business, business, business, it never ends. Oh, where are my manners? Doug Jones, VP of Sherman International.

Mr. Jones extends his hand and Dean shakes it.

DEAN
Mr. Jones it's a bla, ble, da, bla.

Dean freezes, his face flushes, Mr. Jones chuckles.

MR. JONES

Relax my boy, I'm not going to rip your head off and shit down your throat.

There's an awkward pause. SMACK! Mr. Jones hand crashes down on his desk, he laughs hysterically.

MR. JONES

Jesus, you should have seen your face, talk about funny, I needed that, I mean I really needed that.

Dean squirms in his chair, loosens his tie, he forces a faint smile, fake laughs.

MR. JONES

Okay, okay, no more funny business, let's get to work.

Mr. Jones opens a manila folder that rests on his desk in front of him.

MR. JONES

I have to say Jeff, I like your proposal, you definitely think outside the box. I see a bright future for you here.

DEAN

Thank you sir, but my name is --

MR. JONES

You see Jeff I have a vision for where I want this company to go and it's up to young men like yourself to make it happen. Not too long ago I was sitting where you are but wanted more.

Mr. Jones spins around in his chair and looks out the office window.

MR. JONES

If this proposal goes through Jeff you'll be on the fast track.

DEAN

Excuse me sir, my name... my name is actually Dean.

Mr. Jones turns back toward Dean.

MR. JONES

Are you sure? I could swear it was
Jeff.

DEAN

Yes sir, I'm pretty sure I know
what my name is.

MR. JONES

I must of called you Jeff a handful
of times.

DEAN

Yes sir, three to be exact.

MR. JONES

It looks like I got a case of the
Mondays.

DEAN

It's Tuesday sir.

MR JONES

Monday, Tuesday, what's the
difference?

Mr. Jones spins back in his chair toward the office window.

MR. JONES

As I was saying Jeff...

Dean looks frustrated, bites his knuckles.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY

Dean and Mr. Jones talk as they walk through a busy hallway.

MR. JONES

...we're up ten percent since the
last quarter.

DEAN

Impressive, especially considering
the state of the economy.

Mr. Jones pauses, notices something.

MR. JONES

I want you to meet someone.
Weathers can I see for a moment.

WEATHERS, (30's), walks over. Mr. Jones puts his arm around
Dean's shoulders.

MR. JONES

Carl Weathers I want you to meet
Jeff Wallace. He's a real go getter
so you better watch yourself.

WEATHERS

It's a pleasure to meet you.

DEAN

Like wise.

Weathers walks away.

MR. JONES

I think you two will make a hell of
a team.

DEAN

Sir, I hate to be a stiffler but
you're calling me Jeff again.

MR. JONES

Ridiculous!

They continue down the corridor.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Men and women in business attire sit around a conference
table. They listen on as Mr. Jones stands in front of a
wooden stand with a numbered chart on it. Dean sits to his
left observing.

MR. JONES

I'd like you all to meet Jeff
Wallace.

Mr. Jones turns toward Dean.

MR. JONES

It is Jeff, right?

DEAN

No, for the hundredth time it's
Dean.

MR. JONES

Alright, everyone Jeff Wallace.

DEAN

Cocksucker!

Dean eyeballs Mr. Jones, lunges across the table. CRUNCH!
He grabs him by the nuts causing him to wince in pain.

DEAN
Are you really that stupid or just
an ignorant asshole?!

Dean squeezes harder.

DEAN
Now what's my name?

In a girlish tone Mr. Jones cries out "Dean".

DEAN
That wasn't hard, now was it?

Dean releases Mr. Jones who collapses to the floor holding his groin area. He turns to the other men and women sitting around the table.

DEAN
Anyone else have a problem
pronouncing my name?

The room erupts with chatter as people yell out the name "Dean". Dean smiles from ear to ear. BANG! Two HEFTY SECURITY GUARDS suddenly appear and gang tackle him to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Two doors swing open. Dean exits as he takes his belongings out of a plastic bag. MISSY FOSTER, (20'S), attractive, walks beside him.

DEAN
...he had it coming. This guy
wouldn't stop pushing my buttons.

MISSY
Yeah, but that didn't give you the
right to turn his nuts into peanut
butter.

DEAN
Trust me, if I didn't do it, it
would be only a matter of time
before someone put that guy in his
place.

Missy rolls her eyes, glares at Dean unamused.

MISSY

Do you ever stop and listen to yourself? As usual it's never Dean's fault, time to blame the world.

DEAN

C'mon, I just spent the last four hours in jail. Can you give me a break?

MISSY

Let me think... uh, no!

DEAN

I need a drink.

INT. BAR - DAY

Dean pays for a couple draft beers and walks over to a booth.

INT. BAR, BOOTH - DAY

Missy sits with her arms folded and a scowl on her face. Dean places a beer in front of her.

DEAN

That should make you feel better.

MISSY

You're just gonna sit there and drink beers until you pass out?

DEAN

Yeah, that was the plan.

Missy shoots Dean a look, shakes her head in disbelief.

MISSY

Do I look like a drunk? How the hell is a beer going to make me feel better? What would make me feel better would be if my asshole boyfriend could hold down a job for longer than a month.

DEAN

Now we're name calling? I just want to have a drink, actually a bunch of drinks. Can you bust my balls later?

Missy's attitude softens, looks at Dean with sympathetic eyes.

MISSY

Sorry, you know I didn't mean that.

She caresses his cheek with the palm of her hand.

MISSY

It just feels like our life is stuck in repeat. Every time we take a step toward our dream we come crashing back to reality.

Dean takes a swig of his beer.

DEAN

I know, I know, but this type of stuff builds character.

MISSY

I don't think you do. If you did you wouldn't be pulling this shit.

DEAN

I'll make it up to you, I promise.

MISSY

You promise? Just like you promised my father you would do him right by this job.

DEAN

Don't worry, I'll smooth everything out with him. A bottle of Jack should shut him up.

MISSY

He cashed in a lot of favors to get you that job and for what? Nothing.

Dean leans toward Missy.

DEAN

Shh, I know what you want.

Missy looks appalled, she jumps to her feet.

MISSY

Are you fucking serious? You think some sloppy drunken sex is going to get you out of this one?

DEAN
I never heard you complain before.

MISSY
Why don't you get your head out of
your ass and listen to what I'm
saying.

Missy smiles, picks up her beer and pours it over Dean's
head. She flips him the middle finger and walks away.

MISSY
Oh yeah, keep your little friend
away from all of my holes tonight.

DEAN
That's not fair, I thought I had a
reservation.

MISSY
(to herself)
Asshole!

Missy exits the bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Missy lies asleep. She's awoken by a ruckus off camera. She
sits up, wipes the sleep from her eyes.

MISSY
Jesus Dean, it's two in the
morning.

The bedroom door opens. Dean appears in the doorway, butt
naked, slurred speech.

DEAN
Daddy's home.

MISSY
What are you deaf or retarded? What
didn't you get when I said not
tonight?

DEAN
Come... come on, wahs shorf
problem?

Tipsy, Dean staggers, leans against the door frame.

DEAN

Is the room spinning or is it me?

MISSY

You're wasted, you can't even talk.
How many did we have tonight?

DEAN

1... 3... 20.

MISSY

Well, take your one man party
somewhere else.

DEAN

Get ready, I'm coming in.

MISSY

I wouldn't do that if I were you.
Seriously, you're not going to like
what you find under these sheets.

DEAN

It's time to go muff diving.

MISSY

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Dean runs and belly flops onto the bed. We hear a terrible screech followed by whimpering. Missy turns on her lamp, Dean is lying there with a hundred thumbtacks sticking into his body.

MISSY

Enjoy the rest of your night big
boy.

Missy turns off her lamp and goes to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Missy enters to find the sink filled with bloody thumbtacks and cotton balls. Out the corner of her eye she spots a bottle of lotion and a porno magazine.

MISSY

Disgusting!

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

News blares from a TV, bacon sizzles in a frying pan, Dean stands shirtless with his back toward us in front of the stove. Missy enters.

MISSY

Please tell me you're not cooking your famous flapjacks. If you're trying to get some brownie points start by cleaning up the bathroom. It looks like you had a kegger in there.

Dean turns toward Missy, his upper torso is covered in bandages. Missy can't control herself and burst out laughing.

MISSY

See what happens when you don't listen to me. I told you not to jump into bed.

DEAN

I didn't think "no" meant a bed full of thumbtacks.

Missy takes a seat at the kitchen table. Dean scoops some eggs onto a plate in front of her.

DEAN

So that's all you got? What do you got in stored for me next time, barb wire?

MISSY

That's a good one, I'll add that to my list of ideas.

DEAN

Who are you and what did you do with my girlfriend?

MISSY

Ha, ha, very funny. It's no more Mr. Nice Guy, I've had to resort to drastic measures.

DEAN

I'm gonna have to keep my eye on you. I have no idea what you've got hidden up your sleeve.

Dean and Missy share a laugh.

DEAN

Seriously, I am sorry about what happened yesterday. I promise I'll get my act together.

MISSY

It's not all your fault. I should have believed you. If you said this guy was a jerk he must have been a jerk.

DEAN

Jerk is an understatement, this guy was a major prick.

MISSY

Well, it's over with. What are your plans for today? I hope they include the "classifieds".

DEAN

I was debating whether or not I should go get a tetanus shot.

Missy chuckles.

MISSY

I don't think that's necessary, I think you're going to be fine.

DEAN

Good, I've been dreading the thought of that needle all morning long. Anyway I know I need to get my ass out there and find a new job but I promised the kids at the "Y" I would referee the flag football game today.

Dean looks at Missy with puppy dog eyes.

DEAN

Is that alright with you?

MISSY

You don't need my permission Dean. Just remember playing football doesn't put food on the table.

Dean is visibly excited.

DEAN

You're the best baby.

Missy looks at a clock mounted on the kitchen wall.

MISSY

Geez, I have to get ready.

She gets up and kisses Dean on his head.

MISSY

Those kids are lucky to have you.
You have a big heart.

Missy exits the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YMCA - DAY

Dean's beat up pick-up putters to a halt. He gets out in front of a brick building with the letters "YMCA" painted on the side.

A group of YOUNG CHILDREN stand beside a whimpering older WOMAN who blows her nose loudly into a handkerchief. Dean walks over.

DEAN

Ms. Taylor what's wrong? Is everything alright?

Dean consoles Ms. Taylor who sinks her face into his chest and blows her nose. She lifts her face to reveal snot dripping down his shirt.

DEAN

Thanks for sharing that with me.

WOMAN/MS. TAYLOR

Oh Dean, what are we going to do?
The kids, what about the kids? God damn bank foreclosed, they locked us out.

DEAN

What do you mean locked us out?

A little boy named JOSE, (13), acne, steps forward.

JOSE

Are you deaf or something? What's she is trying to say is we're fucked, screwed, up shits creek without a paddle. You get what I'm saying?

DEAN

Yeah, thanks for clearing that up
for me.

Dean walks over to the front door of the "YMCA" to find it
padlocked shut. He shakes the door to no avail, it won't
budge.

DEAN

They can't do this, can they?

MS. TAYLOR

They can and did. Those bastards,
I'll... I'll...

Ms. Taylor sneezes, snot bubbles pour from her nose. All
the little boys yell "yuck" simultaneously.

DEAN

Okay, okay, everyone take a chill
pill. This isn't the end of the
world. If the bank wants money
we'll have to raise some money. How
much do they want?

Ms. Taylor breaks down and begins sobbing harder, she runs
off.

JOSE

What she's trying to say is --

DEAN

I'll take the PG version if you
don't mind.

JOSE

You white people take the fun out
of everything.

A little boy nicknamed GOGGLES, (12), wearing a thick pair
of glasses steps forward.

GOGGLES

I overheard Ms. Taylor talking on
the phone yesterday.

DEAN

What did you hear? I want it word
by word.

GOGGLES

Are you sure?

DEAN
Yes, word by word.

GOGGLES
She said "where the hell am I
suppose to get a hundred thousand
dollars you stupid asshole! I hope
you choke and die you cocksucker!"

Dean puts his hand over Goggles mouth.

DEAN
Enough, that's enough. When I said
word by word I didn't mean reside a
cursed filled tirade. I have to
start carrying a bar of soap with
me.

JOSE
Yeah, because you stink.

All the little boy's laugh.

DEAN
Ha, ha, real funny, I'll show you
stink.

Dean grabs Jose's head and presses it against his ass and
rips a massive fart.

DEAN
Your new name is shit head.

JOSE
That's not cool man, gross, I can
taste it.

All the boys yell "hello shithead" and laugh. A boy named
KEVIN, (13), braces, steps forward.

KEVIN
Seriously Dean, what are we going
to do? I'm only thirteen and girls
are still gross. So it's either the
"Y" or start dealing grass for my
older brother.

Dean looks dumbfounded.

DEAN
Whoa, whoa, don't you boys go and
do anything stupid. I'll get us out
of this, I promise.

JOSE

It looks like the shit has really
hit the fan.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Dean enters, throws his keys on the counter. Missy sits at
the table clipping coupons.

DEAN

What a day!

Dean yawns, stretches, Missy rolls her eyes.

MISSY

I know, you really must have worked
up an appetite with all that
nothing you did.

DEAN

You can say that again.

MISSY

Any nicks or bruises that need
mending?

DEAN

No Ben-Gay for me today. The game
was canceled, all the kids were a
little bummed out.

MISSY

What for?

DEAN

The bank foreclosed on the
property, they even chained the
doors.

MISSY

Sorry to be the barer of bad news
but there is a thing called paying
your bills on time.

DEAN

I know, it just sucks. I feel like
I was really starting to get
through to those kids.

Dean turns toward the sink. A piece of paper is taped to
his back. It reads "I'm with asshole". Missy notices it.

MISSY
I can see that. They must think
very highly of you.

DEAN
Yeah, what can I say? I have that
affect on people.

Missy stands, walks over to Dean and gives him a kiss and
hug. She rips the paper off his back and crumbles it in her
hand.

DEAN
What's that?

MISSY
Oh nothing, just a piece of lint.

DEAN
Did I ever tell you you're the
best?

MISSY
Yes, but it never gets old.

DEAN
I'm going to watch some TV.

Dean exits the kitchen. Missy unfolds the paper and looks
at it. She starts laughing.

MISSY
Now that's funny.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, LIVINGROOM - DAY

Dean sits in a reclining chair watching TV. Missy enters
and sits on his lap.

MISSY
So what do you want to do?

Dean looks at Missy confused.

DEAN
I want watch the news.

MISSY
Come on, I'm bored, let's go out. I
hear that new Italian restaurant is
really good.

DEAN

I don't know if I'm in the mood for Italian. How about we stay in and order some Chinese?

MISSY

Don't be a jerk. We haven't gone out in so long. I won't take no for an answer, plus you're still on my shit list.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

On a more tragic note Steve Pratt, billionaire and founder of You Zube has gone missing in the Pacific ocean. As you all know Mr. Pratt was traveling around the world by boat to commemorate the 10th anniversary of his multimedia company.

Dean jumps up in his chair knocking Missy crashing to the floor with a thump.

MISSY

Not funny Dean, not funny!

DEAN

Shoosh!

MISSY

Shoosh yourself!

DEAN

Please, shut up for a minute.

Dean's eyes are glued to the TV:

NEWSCASTER

Mr. Pratt ran into a severe storm cell late last night and has not been heard since. A massive rescue search has already begun for everyone's favorite You Zuber. This may be disturbing but here is his last radio transmission.

A picture of Steve Pratt fills the TV screen.

STEVE PRATT (V.O.)

Mayday! Mayday! This is the sea vessel "In Your Face", heading 997802. I've ran into a major storm
(MORE)

and taken on a lot of water. Jesus, this was stupid, who's idea was it anyway? Oh yeah, tell my publicist she's fired. Holy shit that's a big wave, I'm really fucked --

The report ends. Dean shuts the TV off and plops down into his recliner. Missy pushes herself to her feet.

MISSY

Who's stupid enough to do that? These rich idiots are always trying to find new ways to kill themselves. When you play with fire, you get burned and he got burned.

Dean turns and scowls at Missy.

MISSY

Why do you care? It's not like you knew him.

Dean grabs his phone and frantically punches in some numbers.

INTERCUT - DEAN'S LIVING ROOM/CONFERENCE ROOM

DEAN

Charlie, it's me Dean. Please tell me this is some type of publicity stunt.

CHARLIE

I wish I could but this is as real as it gets. We're doing everything we can to find your father.

DEAN

I'll be on the next flight to New York.

CHARLIE

I don't think that's a good idea. It's like a media circus here. To be honest I can't even talk right now. Stay where you are and I'll contact you when I can.

DEAN

If you hear anything I want to be the first to know.

CHARLIE

Okay, I've got to go, the press conference is starting.

Dean hangs up the phone, swallows hard and turns toward Missy who stands speechless.

DEAN

This isn't the way I wanted you to find out.

Missy looks at Dean unsure.

MISSY

You're serious, your father is Steve Pratt?

DEAN

I know this must sound crazy but it's the truth, he's my father. My name is Dean Pratt.

Missy puts her hand over her mouth, tears well in her eyes. Dean moves toward her.

MISSY

Stay the hell away from me!

DEAN

Look, I'm really sorry. This has been eating me up inside. I've been wanting to tell you for so long.

MISSY

Oh my God, I've been living a lie. I have no idea who my boyfriend is.

DEAN

Don't say that, it's me. I'm the same guy you fell in love with, the same guy who made you a terrible breakfast this morning.

MISSY

What other secrets are you hiding? Are you a psychopath? A closet fag? Are you even a man?

DEAN

You don't understand. Why don't you sit down and cool off.

MISSY

Cool off! You're an asshole!

Missy walks over to Dean and grabs his nuts. He winces in pain.

MISSY

Now you know how it feels to have something crushed.

Missy releases Dean and storms out of the room, slamming the door. Dean collapses to the floor clutching his nuts.

DEAN

Hey! Where are you going?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Patrons drink and socialize. Dean enters and takes a seat at the bar. The BARTENDER walks over.

BARTENDER

Hey Dean, what will it be?

DEAN

Make it a double.

BARTENDER

Rough day?

DEAN

You have no idea.

The Bartender pours Dean a double shot of whiskey and it quickly disappears.

DEAN

Keep them coming.

The Bartender pours a second double shot of whiskey.

BARTENDER

She's all yours.

He places the bottle of whiskey on the bar in front of Dean and walks away.

DEAN

Bottoms up!

Dean downs the shot and surveys the bar. His eyes stop on Ms. Taylor who is slouched in a booth. Beer bottles and shot glasses cover the table.

DEAN

You have to be shitting me.

He gets up and walks over to the booth.

INT. BAR, BOOTH - NIGHT

Ms. Taylor looks up to see Dean standing in front of her.

MS. TAYLOR

Look what the cat dragged in. What are you waiting for? Take a load off.

Dean sits beside Ms. Taylor.

DEAN

I didn't figure you for much of a drinker.

MS. TAYLOR

I've been known to put back a few drinks and suck some dick in my day.

Dean gulps, stares at Ms. Taylor.

DEAN

Did you say what I think you just said?

MS. TAYLOR

What are you queer?

Dean shakes his head and laughs.

DEAN

I think you've had enough to drink for one night.

MS. TAYLOR

What are you my mother? How about giving an old lady a jump? I see how you undress me with your eyes.

DEAN

Trust me I'm not, the thought of it is actually turning my stomach.

MS. TAYLOR

You don't even have to be conscious, I'll do all the work.

Ms. Taylor gropes Dean's crotch region.

DEAN

Are you crazy? People are watching.

MS. TAYLOR

I don't care, let them watch. Maybe they'll learn a thing or two.

Ms. Taylor lunges onto Dean and starts licking the side of his face. The other patrons in the bar notice the commotion and look on.

DEAN

Get off me you crazy bitch!

Dean looks overwhelmed, pushes Ms. Taylor off him and turns to the other patrons in the bar, humiliated.

DEAN

My aunt, she's off her medication, don't worry I have this under control.

MS. TAYLOR

I forgot to mention I'm missing all my teeth. I'll suck your cock dry like never before.

Ms. Taylor spits her false teeth out of her mouth and onto the table. She grabs Dean's hand and sucks on his finger like it was a dick.

DEAN

Enough is enough, I'm taking you home before you do something you'll regret.

Dean grabs Ms. Taylor by the arm and drags her out of the bar.

EXT. PARKING LOT, BAR - NIGHT

Dean escorts Ms. Taylor over to his pick-up. As she stands by the passenger side door she starts to piss herself. A young couple walking by notices and stares.

MS. TAYLOR

What the fuck you looking at, you never seen a grown woman piss herself?

She spits in there direction as they walk away. The doors unlock, Dean runs over to help her in. He notices her pants soaked with piss.

DEAN

Oh gross, is that piss? I guess you couldn't hold it. What have you done with the sweet old Ms. Taylor everyone loves?

MS. TAYLOR

She dried up and left the building honey.

Dean opens the door and places some newspapers down on the passenger side seat and helps Ms. Taylor in. As he reaches the driver's side door he watches it lock.

DEAN

Hey, what do you think you're doing? This isn't funny.

The car window rolls down a couple inches.

MS. TAYLOR

The only way you're getting in here sugar is if I see your frank and beans.

DEAN

You perverted old hag, open the fucking door or else.

MS. TAYLOR

Come on, show mommy the goods. I need something for when I go home.

DEAN

Jesus, when will this day end?

Ms. Taylor jumps in the driver's sit and starts the engine. She hits the gas pedal, the engine roars.

MS. TAYLOR

Hell yeah, now the party's starting.

DEAN

This is a bad idea, please open the door.

MS. TAYLOR

Sorry, gotta go.

The car slowly inches away. Dean jumps in front of it, hands waving in the air.

DEAN

How about if... if... I'll show you
my ass.

MS. TAYLOR

I guess that will have to do.

Dean tentatively walks over to the driver's side window and lowers his pants. He presses his ass cheeks against the window as Ms. Taylor howls like a Wolf. She unlocks the door and he jumps in.

INT. DEAN'S PICK-UP - NIGHT

Dean is flustered, embarrassed, doesn't look in Ms. Taylor's direction.

DEAN

We are no longer friends.

Ms. Taylor mutters something and passes out. Dean peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. STREET, RED LIGHT - NIGHT

The pick-up comes to a stop at a red light.

INT. DEAN'S PICK-UP - NIGHT

Dean waits patiently for the light to change. Ms. Taylor sits up, turns and pukes into his lap. She passes out with her head in his lap. Dean grabs her by her hair and pulls her up, as her head bobs up and down he looks out his window at a car that pulled up beside him.

DEAN

No! No! No!

Dean makes eye contact with an older MAN who looks at him with disgust. Before Dean can roll down his window the car peels away.

DEAN

This just keeps getting better and
better

Ms. Taylor raises her head. Puke drips from the side of her mouth.

MS. TAYLOR

KFC on me.

She passes back out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MISSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean walks up to the front door, clothes covered in puke stains. He rings the doorbell, JOE FOSTER, (50'S), man from the car that pulled up beside Dean at the red light answers the door.

JOE

You got a lot of nerve showing your face around here buddy.

DEAN

Look, you have the wrong idea. I can explain.

JOE

Zip it! My little girl has been crying her eyes out all day because of you. She won't tell me why but after what I saw earlier tonight I don't know if I want to know.

DEAN

Mr. Foster it wasn't what it looked like. If you give me a chance I can explain.

JOE

Really, it looked like you were getting your rocks off with some trashy whore.

DEAN

She's just a friend, actually I wouldn't even call her that. She threw up and passed out in my lap.

JOE

Oh, is that a new sick, twisted thing you punks are doing these days? I want you and your perverted mind staying away from my little angel.

DEAN

Are you thick headed? Have you heard anything I've said? Nothing happened it was just one crazy mix up.

JOE

My daughter is better off without you. I have no idea what she see's in you. It's time for you to go.

DEAN

This is bullshit! No, I'm not leaving.

Joe smiles.

JOE

I was hoping you would say that.

Joe picks up a pellet gun that was leaning against the wall inside the house and cocks it.

JOE

You got to the count of three to get of my property or else.

DEAN

Come on, is this a joke?

Dean eyes the gun and laughs.

DEAN

Or else what? You going to shoot me with a bibby gun? Give me a break.

Joe raises the gun and aims it in Dean's direction.

JOE

One!

DEAN

I'm not scared, this thing couldn't hurt a fly.

JOE

Two!

DEAN

Come on, give me your best shot!

JOE

Three!

BANG! Joe pulls the trigger and shoots Dean dead center in his forehead. Dean's mouth opens with a soundless scream, he reaches for his head in extreme pain.

DEAN

You fucking shot me!

Joe has a surprised expression on his face.

JOE

I did, didn't I. I mean, there's plenty more where that came from now get lost

Dean rubs his forehead, blood trickles down his face. He angrily steps toward Joe.

JOE

I would think twice, I'll shoot you again if I have to.

DEAN

Alright, alright, but this isn't over you son of a bitch! I'm going to shove that gun so far up your ass you'll be shitting bullets for a week.

Dean walks away as Joe keeps a close eye on him.

DEAN (O.C.)

Shit, that really hurt.

Joe pumps his fist in the air and closes his door.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Joe walks over to a liquor cabinet, puts a few ice cubes in a rocks glass and fills it with bourbon. He takes a seat at his desk.

JOE

That punk didn't know who he was messing with.

He opens his desk draw and pulls out a photo album and a red marker.

JOE

No one is good enough for my little girl.

Joe flips through the album. The pages are filled with photos of various men with red "X" marks across their faces. He pauses on a picture of Dean and smirks.

JOE

Nice knowing you Dean!

Dean's face is crossed out with red marker.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET, BUSHES - DAY

Dean, bandage on his head, is huddled in a circle with Jose, Goggles and Kevin across from Missy's house. They're speaking in hushed voices.

DEAN

We've gone over the plan three time. You guys ready to do this or what?

Jose sticks his hand out.

JOSE

Aren't we forgetting something?

Dean reaches in his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

DEAN

This is highway robbery.

KEVIN

We're taking all the risk. What happens if we get caught?

DEAN

If you get caught I don't know who you are.

Dean hands each kid a five dollar bill.

JOSE

Hey, you said ten not five.

DEAN

I don't trust you little booger heads. You'll get the rest when the job is finished.

GOGGLES

I'm scared.

KEVIN

Don't worry, I got you covered.

Kevin tosses a water balloon up and down in his hand.

JOSE

It's too late to chicken out know, there he is.

Dean and the kids get down in the bushes and watch Joe get out of his car and enter his house.

DEAN

There's our man. Let's give this dick what he deserves.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe sits in a recliner reading a newspaper. The doorbell rings, he gets up to answer the door.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Joe opens the door, no one is there. He sniffs the air repeatedly, his face cringes, he looks down to find a paper bag on fire.

JOE

Jesus Christ!

Joe stomps on the bag as ashes fly all over the place. When the fire is out he looks down at his shoes that are now covered in dog shit. Off camera we hear children laughing.

JOSE (O.C.)

Next time use a fire extinguisher
dip shit.

Joe looks up to see Jose, Kevin and Goggles pointing and laughing.

JOE

You little shits, you'll --

Before Joe can finish his sentence he is bombarded with water balloons. He's drenched from head to toe.

KEVIN

Catch us if you can you dickhead!

Jose, Kevin and Goggles run away followed by Joe. Dean sneaks out of the bushes and enters the house.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Dean enters to find the pellet gun leaning against the wall. He takes a tube out of his pocket that reads "super glue" and covers the trigger and barrel of the gun with it.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE, MISSY'S ROOM - DAY

Dean enters to find Missy lying on her bed listening to her Ipod with her back toward the door. He stands quietly staring at her and smiles.

DEAN
Missy, Missy --

Dean is interrupted as a loud fart rips out of Missy's ass followed by a belch. He watches as she picks her nose and eats it. She turns, startled, takes her headphones out of her ears and sits up in her bed.

MISSY
Not cool Dean, you scared me half to death. What are you doing here?

DEAN
You really have to ask that.

Missy raises an eyebrow.

MISSY
How long have you been standing there?

DEAN
Let's just say I saw a side of you I never seen before.

MISSY
I'm mortified!

Missy covers her face with a pillow.

DEAN
If it will make you feel any better I ran out of toilet paper earlier so I used my hand. Oh, and I was also out of soap.

Missy lowers the pillow from her face.

MISSY
I hope you're joking.

Dean wipes his hand on his shirt and places it behind his back.

MISSY
Yuck, that's gross.

Missy throws her pillow at Dean.

MISSY

I'm still mad at you. What do you want?

DEAN

I love you so much, I don't want to lose you.

MISSY

You have a funny way of showing it.

Dean walks over and sits on the edge of Missy's bed.

DEAN

What can I say? I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. I'm not going to sit her and say my life was horrible because it wasn't. I wanted people to love and like me for who I am not because how big my bank account is or how many times I can get you laid.

MISSY

That still doesn't --

DEAN

Please, let me finish, I don't have much time before that lunatic gets back.

Dean sighs.

DEAN

I wanted real life experiences. You remember how excited we were when you got your promotion or how low we were when we had to borrow money from your father to make rent?

MISSY

How can I forget?

DEAN

I wouldn't trade those moments for all the money in the world.

Dean grabs a hold of Missy's hand.

DEAN

I can't sugar coat this and I'm not gonna try to. If I never did this I would've never met you and your all that matters to me.

MISSY

You had me at toilet paper.

Missy throws her arms around Dean and passionately kisses him.

DEAN

You're taking this better than I expected.

MISSY

I could never stay mad at you, especially now with what's happening with your father. What type of person do you think I am?

DEAN

You're the sweetest, most forgiving woman on the planet.

Missy smiles.

MISSY

No more secrets, let's get everything out there. We have to be a hundred percent honest with each other.

DEAN

I agree.

MISSY

I'll start. My name wasn't always Missy. It was Mike until I had my sex change.

Dean looks unsure, doesn't know what to think. Missy starts laughing.

MISSY

I'm kidding, I'm kidding, sorry, I couldn't help myself. You know everything there is to know. Your turn.

Dean wipes his forehead.

DEAN

Not funny. Ah... I'm the youngest of three kids. I have a brother named Carl, he's a real money grubbing anal prick. I also have a sister named Miranda, she's a lush
(MORE)

and shes never met a bottle of wine
she didn't like.

MISSY

Sounds like your average family,
but there has to be more. I get it,
every person wants to be there own
man or women but why have such a
resentment for You Zube?

DEAN

That's easy for you to say you
didn't grow up with a video camera
in your face twenty four hours a
day.

MISSY

I know, and that's why I want you
to share those experiences with me,
let me in, I want to know
everything.

DEAN

I don't know, I'm embarrassed, I'd
rather not.

MISSY

Not good enough, now spit it out.

DEAN

Okay, okay, when I was sixteen...

EXT. HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Dean, (16), sits at a picnic table, Carl, (19), Carl's
Friend, (19), walk over.

CARL

Hey shit for brains, what's going
on?

DEAN

Nothing, I was just leaving.

Dean stands, turns to walk away. Carl's Friend grabs him by
the shoulders and forces him to sit back down.

CARL'S FRIEND

Not so fast loser, we're just
getting started with you.

DEAN

Let me the fuck go!

Dean turns to Carl.

DEAN
Get control of your monkey or
else --

CARL'S FRIEND
Or else what dick head?

Carl's Friend "charlie horses" Dean in the shoulder.

CARL
Alright, let's get this show on the
road.

DEAN
What are you up to Carl?

Carl turns and looks toward the rear of the house.

CARL
Dad, we're ready when you are.

STEVE (O.C.)
Give me a minute.

DEAN
This isn't funny.

CARL
Relax, you're going to be famous.

CARL'S FRIEND
Yeah dude, you're going to be on
everyone's "A" list.

Steve runs out of the house with his video camera rolling.

STEVE
Whatta you boys got for me?

Carl looks at his friend and they begin to laugh.

CARL
Let's do this.

CARL'S FRIEND
Time to get our hands dirty if you
know what I mean.

Dean has an uneasy expression on his face as he watches
Carl and his friend surround him.

DEAN

What.. what are you doing? Dad?

STEVE

It's all fun and games, nothing to worry about.

Carl and his friend both grab a handful of Dean's underwear from behind.

DEAN

No, no, no, let me go, dad, please, do something!

At the same time Carl and his friend tug and give Dean an atomic wedgie. His underwear stretch, we hear them rip, they're pulled over his head. Dean cries out in pain as everyone laughs at his expense.

CARL'S FRIEND

Holy shit, dude, we got them over his head.

CARL

That's what you get for wearing whittie tighties.

DEAN

Jerks, assholes!

STEVE

Enough with the language son. We're all friends here.

DEAN

That's easy for you to say, you just didn't have your underwear ripped over your head.

Dean reaches in his pants and pulls out his ripped underwear. On the rear there is a skid mark of shit and blood. Carl's Friend notices.

CARL'S FRIEND

Unreal, check this out, I don't think this dude ever heard of toilet paper.

CARL

What are you five?

Dean is flustered, embarrassed, doesn't respond.

CARL'S FRIEND

Hey dude, your new nickname is
"skid mark".

END FLASHBACK

INT. MISSY'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Dean and Missy continue to talk.

MISSY

So what's the big deal? That's kids
being kids. Everyone gets picked
on.

DEAN

It wouldn't have been so bad if I
wasn't called "skid mark" until I
graduated. It got so bad my parents
even started calling me it.

Missy giggles.

MISSY

Well, that's all in the past, you
don't have to worry about that
anymore.

Missy's bedroom door slams open. Joe, sweating profusely,
barges in with the pellet gun in his hands.

JOE

I thought I heard your perverted
voice.

Joe raises the pellet gun in Dean's direction.

MISSY

Daddy, have you lost your fucking
mind?

JOE

I don't know what you see in this
loser.

Missy steps between them.

MISSY

I don't find any of this amusing.
This has gone on long enough, It's
time for you two to get on the
same page.

JOE
Sorry pumpkin, I can't do that.
This guy is bad news and I won't
let him bring you down with him.

Missy sniffs the air.

MISSY
Wow, it stinks in here. Who shit
themselves?

Dean looks at his hand while Joe looks down at his shit
covered shoe.

DEAN
He's lost his mind, he'll use that
thing.

MISSY
No he won't, he's just trying to
scare you.

Dean points to his bandaged forehead.

MISSY
Daddy, I can't believe you shot
Dean.

Joe can't look Missy in the eyes.

MISSY
That is it, give me the gun.

Joe shakes his head "no".

MISSY
If you love me you will.

JOE
Fine!

DEAN
Yeah, tell him.

Missy turns toward Dean who immediately shuts up.

JOE
Don't worry mister, this doesn't
change anything, I'm going to be
watching you like a hawk.

Joe sticks out his hands with the gun in them. Missy grabs
it but when she tries to lift his arms lift.

MISSY

Real funny.

JOE

I... I can't open my hands.

Joe wildly starts shaking his hands but the gun won't budge. He glares at Dean.

JOE

You had something to do with this, didn't you?

DEAN

I plead the fifth.

Dean runs out of the room followed by Joe.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Joe walks in, the pellet gun still glued to his hands. A WOMAN turns, notices the gun, backpedals, drops her bags and runs out of the store.

JOE

I really need some help.

Joe walks up to the register. The CASHIER is writing something on a receipt.

JOE

This is an emergency, please --

The Cashier looks up to see Joe holding the gun. He's visibly frightened, he raises his hands in the air.

CASHIER

Take what you want, please don't kill me!

JOE

No, this isn't what it looks like.
I --

CASHIER

Here take it, take it all!

The Cashier opens the register and starts shoving money into a paper bag. In the distance we hear the echo of police sirens getting closer and closer. Joe runs out of the store.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe is shaking, he looks terrified, he's on his knees, gun held over his head.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
Put the gun down or we'll put you
down!

JOE
I can't, I fucking can't! Don't
shoot! Don't shoot!

Joe is surrounded by five cruisers with there lightbars flashing and ten officers with there guns drawn.

POLICE OFFICER
Sir, you're surrounded, don't do
anything you'll regret.

An officer takes out a Taser Gun and zaps Joe. Electricity surges through his body as he shakes violently. Urine seeps through the front of his pants as he falls face first to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Joe, sweat moons under his arm pits, shaking sporadically, bandages covering his hands sits across from DETECTIVE WALKER, (40'S), hard ass, by the books.

DETECTIVE WALKER
...so you're telling me the glue
fairy came and glued your hands to
that gun?

JOE
If you think I had something to do
with this, well think again.

DETECTIVE WALKER
I've seen some stupid things in my
day but this tops them all.

Detective Walker begins to laugh and Joe joins him. Detective Walker abruptly stops, stares long and hard at Joe.

DETECTIVE WALKER
Does it look like I find this
funny?

Joe is flustered, at a loss for words.

JOE

I don't know, you're laughing one minute and then you look like you're going to kill me the next.

DETECTIVE WALKER

Who's your supplier, we're you getting the stuff?

JOE

What? I... I... this is crazy. I want to speak to an attorney.

DETECTIVE WALKER

You think you can buy your way out of this one? Not this time pal.

Detective Walker punches the table, jumps to his feet, throws his chair off the wall. Joe flinches in fear, raises his hands in self defense.

DETECTIVE WALKER

I'm not going to let you pollute our streets anymore. You're gonna go away for a long time for this, and I mean long.

Joe sits motionless, scared to death. There's a knock on the door, a plain clothes officer enters. Detective Walker walks over to him, they discuss something. They both look in Joe's direction and share a laugh.

The plain clothes officer leaves, Detective Walker walks over to Joe. In a polite, soothing, calming voice he speaks.

DETECTIVE WALKER

Your story checks out, you can go.

JOE

But... you...jail.

DETECTIVE WALKER

Get your ass moving before --

Joe bolts out of the room before Detective Walker can finish his sentence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe gets behind the wheel, begins hyperventilating. He rummages through his car looking for something. He picks up a paper bag and breathes into it repeatedly. After a few moments he regains his composure, puts his keys in the ignition and turns on the radio.

RADIO JOCKEY (V.O.)

...on a more funnier note. Some wacko got some free shock therapy from our boys in blue earlier today when he walked into a hardware store with a pellet gun glued to his hands. Is it a full moon tonight because the weirdos are really coming out today.

Joe shuts the radio off, tightens his grip around the steering wheel and grits his teeth.

JOE

Dean!

EXT. BOAT - DAY

CARL PRATT, (30'S), sunglasses, tank top, sits on the deck of a speed boat. Wind zips through his hair as water splashes in his face. He surveys his surroundings through a pair of binoculars, cups his hands around his mouth and shouts.

CARL

Dad! Dad! Are you out there?
Please, answer me.

The boat rocks back and forth, Carl loses his balance and falls off the side.

MAN (O.C.)

Cut! Cut! Cut!

We pan back to reveal that we're actually on a sound stage and not in the middle of the ocean. A miniature boat sits in a pool filled with water, fake clouds and a sun are painted on the walls behind it. A film crew is set up, a MAN holding a microphone walks out of the shadows.

MAN/DIRECTOR

Everyone take five!

He throws the microphone off the ground, it smashes to pieces.

DIRECTOR
Coffee, where's my fucking coffee!

Carl dust himself off and pushes himself to his feet. His assistant MAX, (20'S), runs over.

CARL
Who's the idiot controlling this thing? I almost killed myself.

MAX
You okay boss?

Max checks Carl for injuries.

CARL
Do I look okay? My hairs a mess and there goes my manicure.

Carl plucks a split end from his head.

MAX
You were unbelievable, I felt your emotion. Brad who?

CARL
I was, wasn't I?

The Director walks over.

DIRECTOR
Mr. Pratt, I'm terribly sorry, you can't find good help these days.

CARL
Well, you're lucky I didn't get hurt or your ass would be back waiting tables.

DIRECTOR
I think we got all the shots we need.

CARL
Are people going to buy this, is it realistic?

DIRECTOR
This is some of my best work.

CARL
That doesn't say much.

DIRECTOR
I can assure you next time this week you're going to be America's new golden boy.

CARL
Good, I want these photos plastered on every magazine cover from here to Russia.

Carl and Max exit the sound stage. The Director takes a deep breathe and slouches down in a chair.

INT. YOU ZUBE HEADQUARTERS, CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Carl sits behind a massive desk. His walls are littered with photos of him with everybody from the President to Peyton Manning. There's a knock on the door.

CARL
Come in.

An attractive BLONDE wearing a tight blouse and short skirt enters. Carl presses his intercom.

CARL
Stacey, hold all my calls.

STACEY (V.O.)
Yes Mr. Pratt.

CARL
Ms. Jacobs, please, have a seat.

MS. JACOBS takes a seat in front of the desk, crosses her legs. Carl eyes her up and down.

CARL
I'll make this short and sweet.
We're giving Malone the promotion.

WOMAN/MS. JACOBS
Malone! He's only been here for three months.

CARL
Yeah, but I like his style, he's willing to do whatever it takes to get what he wants.

MS. JACOBS

That kiss ass, he's not going to screw me over. I'll do anything, overtime, come in early, work weekends.

Carl licks his lips.

CARL

Why don't you start by uncrossing those legs.

MS. JACOBS

Excuse me?

CARL

Don't play stupid, you heard me.

MS. JACOBS

Sir, I...

CARL

See, you have an advantage over Malone and you're not using it.

MS. JACOBS

And what would that be?

CARL

I don't want to fuck him, now do I?

Ms. Jacobs tentatively uncrosses her legs.

CARL

Wider!

She spreads them wider, hikes up her skirt.

CARL

Let's see that stink hole.

Ms. Jacobs panties hit the floor. Carl is visibly excited.

CARL

Get over here.

Ms. Jacobs stands, walks behind Carl's desk, gets down on here knee's.

CARL

What are you waiting for? This dick isn't going to suck itself.

Ms. Jacobs disappears behind the desk. Carl leans back in his chair and closes his eyes.

STACEY (O.C.)
Hey, you can't go in there.

WOMAN (O.C.)
Bite me!

The office door slams open. The voice belongs to MIRANDA, (20'S), who staggers in, face covered in smeared make up. Carl doesn't move or open an eye.

STACEY
Sir, I tried to stop her but she wouldn't listen. I think she's drunk.

WOMAN/MIRANDA
You are one annoying bitch.

STACEY
I would never.

MIRANDA
Yeah, I would never wear those shoes with that dress.

Miranda obnoxiously laughs.

CARL
That will be all Stacey, I can handle it from here.

STACEY
Yes Mr. Pratt.

Miranda repeats "yes Mr. Pratt" in a devilish tone as Stacey exits the office.

CARL
I have to say you have impeccable timing.

MIRANDA
Oh, shut-up. I need a drink.

CARL
It's ten in the morning. Don't you think it's a little early to be hitting the sauce?

MIRANDA

Ha, usually I'm half in the tank by now.

Miranda walks over to the bar and pours a shot of scotch. She chugs it and pours another.

MIRANDA

I've had a real shitty day, I think a photographer got a shot of my cooch when I was getting out of my car.

CARL

That's what happens when you chase your oatmeal with a vodka and tonic.

MIRANDA

I don't want to hear another one of your lectures, I'm not in the mood for it.

Miranda chugs the second shot and pours a third.

CARL

Easy with the teeth. I said suck it not bite it.

MIRANDA

What?

CARL

Oh nothing, just talking to myself.

Miranda raise an ear, she can hear a slurping sound coming from somewhere in the office.

MIRANDA

What's that sound?

CARL

What? You're hearing things.

Miranda takes a seat in front of the desk. She notices Ms. Jacobs panties on the floor.

MIRANDA

What do we have here?

She picks the panties up and smells them.

MIRANDA

Smells like a sea breeze. You
collecting pussy points again?
Where is the little tramp?

CARL

You're going to meet her any
second.

Carl's body twitches, veins bulge from his head, he lets
out a series of grunts. Ms. Jacobs jumps to her feet, her
hand covering her mouth that is filled with semen. She
tries to run out of the office but before she can she
accidentally spits the semen into Miranda's face.

CARL

Miranda, meet Ms. Jacobs our new
DOD.

Miranda wipes her face with the panties and hands them to
Ms. Jacobs.

MIRANDA

If anyone ever speaks a word of
this I'll kill you!

Ms. Jacobs exits the office.

MIRANDA

I usually take it on the tits, not
my face. You have any more
surprises hiding under your desk?

CARL

You actually handled that better
then expected. I was waiting for
you to blow your top.

MIRANDA

I have much bigger things on my
mind. Did you forget are father is
missing?

CARL

I can't worry about that right now,
I have a business to run.

MIRANDA

You cold hearted asshole. He's your
father for God sake.

CARL

And he's probably fish food by now.

MIRANDA

It's only been a couple days. You don't know that. He could be on his way back as we speak.

CARL

Great, that's the best case scenario but I know dad and I know he'd want things to continue running smoothly.

MIRANDA

But --

CARL

Do you like sitting on your ass in that fancy mansion drinking Martinis all day? If you do, you better get on board with what I'm doing. I'll be running things soon.

MIRANDA

Aye aye captain!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Steve Pratt, eyes closed, torn clothing, lies on a sandy beach in the middle of nowhere. Wooden debris washes up beside him with each incoming wave. A crab wobbles up to his face, CRUNCH, its claw tightens on his nostril.

STEVE

Ahh!

Steve's eyes shoot open, he reaches for his face, feels the crab. He jumps to his feet, runs around with his arms flailing in the air.

STEVE

Get it off me! Get it off me!

The crab lets go and falls to the sand. Steve stops running, gathers himself, surveys his surroundings. In front of him is endless ocean, to both sides are sandy beaches, he turns to find a dense jungle leading to who knows where.

STEVE

Hello ! Hello !

He kneels and picks a stick off the ground. He tentatively enters the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A sweaty Steve moves through the dense jungle. Immense trees, plant life, vines and foliage are abundant. The sky is filled with birds calling, insects buzzing and a barrage of unknown noises. He raises an ear, in the distance he can hear running water.

STEVE
Water! Water!

Like a mad man Steve runs through the jungle until he reaches a small creek.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Steve drops to his knees and scoops handful after handful of water into his mouth and over his head. He takes a couple deep breathes, pauses, raises an ear, he can hear some kind of chanting in the distance.

STEVE
I hear you! I'm coming!

Steve runs deeper into the jungle. The chanting is getting louder and louder. He reaches a small clearing, ducks down behind some brush.

EXT. JUNGLE, CLEARING - DAY

A group of INDIGENOUS PEOPLE, bodies covered in clay, facial piercings, armed with spears and blow darts, dance around a bonfire.

STEVE
What the hell?

Steve watches as a Tribesman punctures a hole in a monkey's neck and drinks its blood.

STEVE
Oh my --

He begins to gag, convulse and dry heave. Frightened, he turns to leave but is met face to face with another Tribesman.

STEVE
This... this isn't what it looks like. I love monkey blood, I had some last night.

The Tribesman smiles, raises his right hand which is clutching to a shrunken head. Steve's mouth opens in a soundless scream, he back pedals and then runs cowardly into the jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

SUPER "THREE WEEKS LATER"

Dean and Missy sit in the backseat of a New York taxi as it makes its way through the city's busy streets.

DEAN

I still can't get my mind around this. Why would they call the search off, he could still be alive.

MISSY

I can't answer that, that's between you and your family.

DEAN

If I were you I would get ready for the fireworks, we don't play well together.

MISSY

This is not the time to be bickering. You've lost a loved one and this should bring you closer as family.

Dean laughs.

DEAN

These two people make your father look like a saint. Trust me, you're going to want to rip your hair out after five minutes with them.

MISSY

No one can be that bad, you're exaggerating.

DEAN

Don't say I didn't warn you.

The breaks squeak as the taxi comes to a jarring halt. Dean and Missy are thrown face first into the protective shield separating them from the driver.

DEAN
You okay?

MISSY
Yeah, I'm fine.

They both look up to watch the TAXI DRIVER get out the vehicle cursing with a bat in his hand.

DEAN
Ah New York, you gotta love it.

MISSY
This guy is nuts.

TAXI DRIVER (O.C.)
Who you calling an asshole? I'll show you an asshole, get over here you little fuck!

We hear windshields smashing and pedestrians screaming.

DEAN
Wow, that had to hurt. Did you see that?

MISSY
Can we go before that psycho gets back?

DEAN
Good idea.

Dean throws some money down on the backseat and they exit the taxi.

INT. LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

Carl and Miranda sit in front of a desk with Charlie seated behind it.

CARL
Where is he? He's already twenty minutes late.

MIRANDA
You know Dean, he was late for his own birth.

CARL
He should do us a favor and just stay home and collect his check.

MIRANDA

You'd love that, wouldn't you?

CARL

Charlie, can we get this show on the road? I have a busy schedule. Some of us do work.

Carl turns and looks at Miranda.

CHARLIE

Sorry, your father left very specific instructions, they state everyone must be present, including your brother Dean.

MIRANDA

I need a drink.

Miranda picks up her purse and pulls out a bottle of red wine.

MIRANDA

Do you mind?

CHARLIE

Not at all.

CARL

You better lock your liquor cabinet, she'll drink you dry.

MIRANDA

Don't listen to him Charlie, I brought enough for everyone.

Miranda shakes her bag. Inside we hear what sounds like numerous wine bottles clanking together.

INT. HALLWAY, LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

Dean pauses as he reaches the office door. He turns to Missy.

DEAN

I can't do this, I can't go in there.

MISSY

I know this is tough but you have to. You can't run from this.

DEAN

I'm giving up on him, I feel like I'm letting him down. If I go in there I'm saying my father is dead.

MISSY

No, there's always hope. Your father could show up tomorrow or even three years from now. Your just putting his affairs into place, that's all.

DEAN

I guess you're right.

MISSY

Don't worry, I'll be by your side the entire time.

Dean takes a deep breath, composes himself and enters the office.

INT. LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

Carl, Miranda and Charlie turn to see Dean and Missy enter.

DEAN

Sorry I'm late.

CARL

The prodigal son returns and look he brought a little friend. That's how to keep us waiting "skid mark".

MIRANDA

Hey, baby brother.

Miranda staggers to her feet and plants a wet sloppy kiss on Dean's cheek.

MIRANDA

I've missed you so much. You don't call, you don't write.

DEAN

I would but if I remember correctly you said "you hated my guts and you would cut my balls off if I ever came near you again".

Miranda laughs.

MIRANDA

I told the kid I wanted a bottle of rum and he comes back with a bottle of vodka. What was I suppose to say?

DEAN

That's in the past, I'm not hear to fight.

Miranda sits back down as Charlie walks over to Dean.

CHARLIE

It's good to see you Dean. I wish it was under better circumstances but that's out of my hands.

DEAN

Its been a long time, to long.

Dean and Charlie give each other a hug.

MIRANDA

Who's the cute piece of ass?

DEAN

Oh, that's my girlfriend Missy.

MISSY

Hello.

MIRANDA

I bet you two must make crazy monkey love every night. Am I right?

No one pays attention to what Miranda says.

CARL

What happened to that big titted Puerto Rican girl you were chasing around?

DEAN

Not now, this isn't the time or place for this. Jesus Carl, our father may be dead and this is what's on your mind.

CARL

Go ahead, tell her.

MISSY

There's no need to, I know all about her.

CARL

Oh really, you do.

MISSY

Actually she lives with us, we share Dean. You may heard of it, it's called a menage a trois.

Dean whispers in Missy's ear.

DEAN

Thanks, I owe you one.

MISSY

Any other questions you have about our sex life?

CARL

No.

Miranda is now slouched down in her chair asleep, heavily snoring.

DEAN

Did I miss anything?

CARL

Yeah, sleeping beauty polished off two bottles of wine like it was the end of the world.

CHARLIE

For God sakes, will one of you get her up.

MISSY

I'll do it.

Missy walks over and kneels beside Miranda. She softly nudges her shoulder.

MISSY

Miranda, Miranda, time to get up.

Nothing, Miranda is still asleep. Missy nudges her shoulder a little bit harder.

MISSY

Hello, Miranda, wake up sleepy head.

DEAN

My turn.

Dean shakes Miranda like a rag doll but she still doesn't wake up.

DEAN

I tried, she's out like a log. I don't think the human body is suppose to consume that much alcohol in such a short period of time.

CARL

Amateurs, a bunch of amateurs!

Carl grabs Miranda's bag and takes out a bottle of wine. POP! The cork flies off, her eyes bolt open.

MIRANDA

I'll have a glass.

CHARLIE

Is the circus over? Are you done getting reacquainted?

Everyone says "yes" and Dean and Missy take a seat.

CHARLIE

Good, let's get on with this.

Charlie takes a seat behind his desk and takes a folder out of a drawer.

CHARLIE

Your father was a great man and a dear friend. He loved you kids more than anything in this world. He was never a suit and tie guy, he was an outdoors man, loved to travel, get his hands dirty. But when he was given the opportunity to form Yoo Zube he did it. Not for fame, not for himself, he did it to provide a better way of life for his loving wife and three children.

Dean smiles, holds Missy's hand.

CHARLIE

I remember when Steve and I met for the --

Miranda lets out a monstrous belch.

MIRANDA

Oops, excuse me.

CHARLIE

Ah, forget about it. Let your father explain everything himself.

Charlie turns an LCD monitor toward Dean and the others that rests on the desk. He presses play on a remote control. Steve Pratt pops onto the monitor:

STEVE

I'm glad you all could make it. If you're watching this that means I didn't make it back from one of my crazy adventures. Your mother always said I would get myself killed and I guess she was right. First things first, Carl put the emery board away.

Carl shakes his head and smirks. He puts the emery board into his pocket.

STEVE

Miranda, I hope you're not hitting the sauce already.

Miranda raise a wine bottle.

MIRANDA

This one's for you dad.

She chugs what's left in the bottle.

STEVE

Dean, please tell me you remembered to wear clean underwear?

Dean says nothing, looks down at the floor embarrassed.

STEVE

I know I didn't always express it but you kids meant the world to me. I hope you know that everything I did was for you. I love you all so much.

Tears begin to roll down Dean's cheek.

DEAN

I love you too Dad.

STEVE

I know you all must be busy, especially you Carl so I'll make this short and sweet. Charlie is going to get my affairs into order and you all will get a hefty sum that should provide for you and you families for generations. Now for You Zube, this was a difficult decision considering Carl has been my right hand man but I wanted it to be fair among you three. It's simple, whoever gets the most hits on You Zube within the next seven days gains full control. Have fun posting and make your old man proud.

The recording ends.

CARL

Unbelievable, and people say there is no such thing as a free lunch.

MIRANDA

I'm fucked!

Dean jumps to his feet.

DEAN

This is crazy, I don't want anything to do with this. I don't know why we're even here, we should still be looking for him.

Charlie looks at Carl and sighs. Dean notices.

DEAN

Whoa, what was that for, am I missing something?

CHARLIE

I'll let Carl explain.

CARL

You were going to find out sooner or later but I'm the one who called off the rescue search.

DEAN

You what?

CARL

While you're off doing who knows what some of us are still in the real world and have to make tough decisions.

DEAN

He's your father, you think he would stop looking for you?

CARL

Maybe, maybe not. I can't worry about that right now, I have a business to run.

MIRANDA

Was that business you were taking care of the other day with Ms. Jacobs?

DEAN

I'll show you business!

Dean lunges at Carl and grabs him around the throat.

DEAN

Son of a bitch!

Carl begins to gag.

CARL

I'm going to sue your ass.

BANG! Charlie's fist slams down against his desk.

CHARLIE

Enough! I will not tolerate this foolish behavior in my office. You should be ashamed of yourself, your father is gone and this is how you remember him.

Dean releases Carl who gasps for air.

DEAN

You're right, I'm sorry.

Charlie hands each of them a business card.

CHARLIE

Each of you have been assigned a moderator. You can call him day or night and he will tell you where you stand.

CARL

I'll let you all in on a little secret. When I win and I will win this contest I already have a buyer for You Zube.

DEAN

You wouldn't?

MIRANDA

He would, he's a selfish asshole.

DEAN

We won't let you do this, we won't let you ruin dad's legacy. Right Miranda?

MIRANDA

Speak for yourself, don't get me in the middle of this.

CARL

It looks like you're all by yourself, once a loser always a loser. Let's get out of here.

Carl and Miranda get up to leave.

DEAN

Don't do this, we can beat him, I know we can.

MIRANDA

Sorry little brother but what Carl wants Carl gets. I'm a drunk, I can barely remember yesterday plus he writes the checks.

Miranda gives Dean a hug.

MIRANDA

I'll be routing for you.

CARL

Good luck, I think you're going to need it.

Carl laughs hysterically as he and Miranda exit the office.

MISSY

What a jerk! I thought they were never going to leave.

DEAN

Try living in the same house hold
as him. It was a living hell.

MISSY

Someone needs to stick a foot up
his ass and deep.

CHARLIE

That's Carl being Carl. In his head
he's making the right decision.
He's a business man, a vulcher, he
doesn't care about people's
emotions, all he cares about is
money. I didn't think he would take
it this far.

DEAN

How can I stop this?

CHARLIE

There's only one way, win that
contest.

DEAN

You make it sound so easy. I'm not
that full of confidence at the
moment. I've been fired from my
last three jobs.

MISSY

We can do this, let's bury that
smug prick.

CHARLIE

She's a feisty one, I like that.

DEAN

Alright I'll do it, but not for
myself but for dad.

CHARLIE

He would be proud of you Dean. You
were his favorite. You reminded him
of himself when he was young.

DEAN

He had a hard way of showing it.

CHARLIE

He pushed you kids but always had
pure intentions.

DEAN

Yeah, I know but I miss him so much.

CHARLIE

We all do, we all do. You need anything, you let me know.

Dean gives Charlie an appreciative smile and he and Missy exit the office.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Dean waves down a taxi he cringes, rubs his stomach.

MISSY

You look horrible, is every thing okay?

DEAN

My stomach, I don't think those clams and shrimp are getting along.

MISSY

Time to get you back to the hotel.

Missy puts her fingers in her mouth and whistles. A taxi pulls up in front of them. She helps Dean in.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Dean leans against the backseat door, eyes closed. Missy rubs his head.

MISSY

You're so cute when you are sick.

DEAN

Take a picture, it will last longer.

Missy raises an eyebrow.

MISSY

Good thinking!

Missy reaches in her bag and pulls out a video camera. Dean looks at her confused.

DEAN

How is that suppose to help me?

MISSY

Don't be an idiot. People love to see other people in pain. Maybe we'll get lucky, now smile for the camera.

DEAN

Nothing is going to happen, trust me.

At that moment Dean's stomach rumbles, he squirms in his chair.

DEAN

I think I'm going to be --

Before he can finish his sentence he turns his head toward the window, it's closed, puke erupts out of his mouth and splashes against the window and his face. Dean is covered in puke, Missy loves what she is seeing.

MISSY

That's it! That's it! People are going to love this, and you said you couldn't do it.

Dean looks up to see the TAXI DRIVER giving him the evil eye.

DEAN

I'll clean this.

TAXI DRIVER

I know you will.

The Taxi Driver raises a baseball from below his seat.

DEAN

What is that in the labor agreement, every driver must carry a bat?

TAXI DRIVER

It comes in handy when schmucks like you throw up in my cab.

DEAN

Good point.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Dean walks out of the bathroom wearing a bathrobe and towel wrapped around his head. Missy is sitting on the bed with her laptop, online.

MISSY

I like the new look. You feel any better?

DEAN

Considering I've been hunched over a toilet for the past hour I would say no.

MISSY

I ordered you some chicken noodle soup, it should be here any minute.

Dean sits on the bed.

MISSY

You're not going to frigging believe it!

DEAN

Now what?

MISSY

I posted that video of you throwing up on You Zube and we've already got a thousand views.

DEAN

You what!

Dean grabs the laptop from Missy.

DEAN

I thought you were joking.

On the computer screen Dean watches as he pukes all over himself.

DEAN

This is so embarrassing, how could you?

MISSY

Relax, I didn't post your name. Look at the title.

Dean looks back at the screen. It reads "moron vomits in cab, on cab and self".

DEAN

Now I'm a moron, just great.

MISSY

A thousand views is good, right?

DEAN

I wouldn't get our hopes up. You Zube has over two billion viewers each day, we'll have to wait and see.

MISSY

A thousand today, ten thousand tomorrow. If we have to post a hundred videos we will.

DEAN

Can you promise me one thing?

MISSY

Sure.

DEAN

No more posting unless you clear it with me first.

MISSY

Alright, I promise.

Missy has her fingers crossed beside her waist out of Dean's view.

INT. CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Carl is leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed. Max enters with a magazine in his hand.

MAX

You made the cover, it's fabulous.
I know --

Carl raises a finger and hushes Max. His body twitches, veins bulge from his head, he lets out a series of grunts. A MAN jumps to his feet, his hand covering his mouth that is filled with semen. He runs out of the office.

CARL

Good talking with you Malone.

MAX

Do I even want to know what that was all about?

CARL

That's Malone, he's trying to get a leg up on a promotion.

MAX

Enough about that, I can't believe you haven't seen this.

Max tosses the magazine onto the desk, it has the picture from the photo shoot with "Son on a Mission" written in bold lettering. Carl picks it up and looks at it. A smile spreads across his face.

CARL

I am one handsome bastard, ain't I?

MAX

It came out much better than I expected.

CARL

You threaten someone with their job and they'll do wonders for you.

MAX

With publicity like this we might be calling you senator Pratt soon.

CARL

Senator Pratt, hmm, I like the sound of that. It rolls off your tongue. Say it with me.

Carl and Max say "Senator Pratt" simultaneously a handful of times.

CARL

I want you to hit the streets, poll some people and see what they say.

MAX

Yes sir.

CARL

How about that other matter, has it been taken care of?

MAX

It wasn't cheap but both stars are on board. They're ready when you are.

CARL

How much?

MAX

A cool million each.

CARL

A million each! Who the hell do these people think they are?

MAX

This is going to create so much buzz, everyone around the world is going to watch this.

CARL

Good, as long as I come out on top is what really matters.

MAX

Should I fly them in?

CARL

No, I want my brother to think he actually has a chance at winning and then I'm going to squash him like a bug.

MAX

He won't know what hit him.

Carl and Max laugh.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Steve, beard, filthy, is bent down in a bush taking a shit. One turd hits the ground followed by a second. He reaches for leaves to wipe and grabs some that are covered in fire ants.

STEVE

Easy Steve, easy.

He wipes once, twice a third time. His eyes bulge from the socket, pain spreads across his face, he screams.

FADE OUT:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Steve's screams echo throughout the jungle. Birds fly into the sky frightened.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, LIVINGROOM - DAY

Dean talks on the phone as he enters. Missy's watching TV.

DEAN
...I am, really? Okay, thanks.

Dean hangs up the phone.

MISSY
So what's the verdict?

DEAN
Surprisingly I'm in the lead.
Neither Carl or Miranda has posted
anything yet.

MISSY
I say we get our butts moving. We
got an early lead let's build on
it.

Dean grabs a pen and a notebook of paper and sits beside Missy.

DEAN
If we put our heads together I know
we can come up some great material.

MISSY
Me and you are unstoppable.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - 4 HOURS LATER

There's a knock on the front door. Dean opens the door to see Jose, Goggles and Kevin standing there.

DEAN
I'm glad you guys could come.

JOSE
So what's the deal? You're cutting
into my video game time.

DEAN
Come inside, I'll explain
everything.

Jose and the others enter Dean's house.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dean, Missy, Jose, Goggles and Kevin are spread out across a sofa, loveseat and the floor.

JOSE
...you're what?

DEAN

I know, I know, I should have said something before.

KEVIN

You're bucks up and you only paid us ten stinking dollars each to take care of her father.

Kevin looks in Missy's direction.

MISSY

What is he talking about?

DEAN

Nothing, he's delirious.

MISSY

I thought we agreed on no more secrets.

DEAN

I... um... I paid them to put a flaming bag of dog poop on your father's porch and then to bombard him with water balloons. Harmless fun, we do it all the time.

MISSY

And you wonder why my father hates your guts.

GOGGLES

I thought you said it was because you're porking his little girl.

Dean puts his hand over Goggles mouth.

DEAN

Whoa, whoa, I think we're getting a little off track here. You guys gonna help me or what?

Missy folds her arms and angrily sits back in her chair. Jose ponders Dean's question for a moment.

JOSE

Fine we'll do it, but you're going to owe us big time.

DEAN

It's a deal.

KEVIN

I go on You Tube to watch people do stupid things, make fools of themselves and for the latest music videos.

MISSY

That's what I told him. I posted a video called "moron pukes in car, on car and self" yesterday and it's already got three thousand views.

GOGGLES

I watched that earlier, that was really disgusting.

JOSE

See, funny and stupid sells, we have to capitalize on that.

DEAN

I don't know funny.

MISSY

I can tell you one thing, he sure does no stupid.

Missy and the kids laugh at Dean's expense.

JOSE

You wanna see funny?

DEAN

Yeah, that's why I called you guys over.

Dean stands.

DEAN

Okay, let's see the funny.

Jose kicks Dean in the nuts, dropping him to floor.

JOSE

Now that's funny.

Jose and the others crack up laughing. Missy doesn't look amused.

MISSY

I can't believe you, you should have told me you were going to do that, I would have got the camera.

KEVIN

I think you should go get the camera, we're gonna have some fun with him.

Missy exits the room as Dean pushes himself to his feet.

DEAN

I didn't find that very funny.

JOSE

I know, that's why we're here.

DEAN

Rule number one, no more kicking in --

Jose kicks Dean in the nuts for a second time, sending him crashing to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

JOSE

Did you get that?

Missy is standing behind Dean holding a video camera. She gives Jose a thumbs up.

DEAN

I think it's going to be a rough couple of days.

GOGGLES

You can say that again.

MISSY

So, how is this going to work?

KEVIN

I think the best thing is for Dean to do his everyday routine and we'll surprise him.

JOSE

Yeah, keep it real, no staged crap.

DEAN

I'll agree to that but I want to make one stop first.

Dean turns and smiles at Missy.

MISSY

Oh no!

DEAN

Oh yes!

MISSY

You know he'll kill you.

DEAN

We'll see about that.

INT. JOE FOSTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dean hides a video camera behind a plant in the corner of the room.

DEAN

(walkie talkie)

How's it looking?

MISSY (V.O.)

You're no Steven Spielberg but the picture isn't to bad.

DEAN

(walkie talkie)

Your old man is going to shit his pants when he sees these.

MISSY (V.O.)

Just get your butt moving.

Dean empties a duffel bag onto the bed. Plastic spiders, scorpions and worms fall out.

DEAN

Payback is a bitch.

He hides the fake insects between the sheets, underneath pillows and in the draws.

EXT. MISSY'S CAR - DAY

Missy, Jose, Goggles and Kevin watch what Dean is doing on a laptop. They look up to see Joe's car pull into the driveway. He gets out and jogs into the house.

MISSY

(walkie talkie)

Abort! Abort! He's in the house.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dean runs over to the window and looks out to see Joe's car in the driveway. His eyes swivel in eight directions looking for a place to hide.

DEAN
(walkie talkie)
Oh shit! I'm trapped!

MISSY (V.O.)
Hurry, hide!

Dean grabs his duffel bag and dives underneath the bed as Joe enters the room.

JOE
Sweetie, I hope I didn't keep you waiting.

Joe closes the bedroom shades, lights some candles and puts some soft rock on his stereo.

JOE
I'm in the mood for some loving, I hope you feel the same way to.

He walks over to the closet door and opens it. He pulls out a fully blown up rubber woman dressed in a nightgown.

JOE
Hi dear, you miss me?

Joe dances around the room with the rubber woman. Spinning, dipping, grinding.

INT. MISSY'S CAR - DAY

Missy can't believe what she is watching on the laptop.

MISSY
Daddy, what is wrong with you?

JOSE
Man, this guy is whack.

GOGGLES
Least he got a girlfriend.

KEVIN
Yeah, a plastic one.

Jose, Goggles and Kevin laugh.

MISSY
This is not funny. He must be confused or something.

Missy looks back at the screen, turns her head in disgust.

MISSY

I think you three have seen enough.
I don't want you scarred for life.

Jose, Goggles and Kevin turn their heads.

MISSY

Don't do that, oh no.

Missy covers her mouth with her hand, sickened.

DEAN (V.O.)

Help, a little help. What the hell
is this guy doing?

MISSY

(walkie talkie)

Trust me, you don't want to know.
The boys are going to create a
diversion, run out the back door.

DEAN (V.O.)

I'm ready when you are.

Jose, Goggles and Kevin exit the car.

EXT. MISSY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jose cautiously sneaks up to the porch and places a bag of dog poop down. He lights it on fire, rings the doorbell and runs away. A moment passes, Joe opens the door in his boxers and T-shirt, notices the burning bag of poop.

JOE

You little punks, I came prepared
this time.

He picks up a shovel that was leaning against the inside wall.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Dean crawls out from beneath the bed, gets to his feet. He turns to see the rubber woman sitting on the bed, candles burning and can hear the soft rock playing.

DEAN

What the...

Freaked out, he shakes his head and runs out of the room.

EXT. MISSY'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe has gotten rid of the burning bag of shit. He stands triumphantly with his shovel in his hands.

JOE

See what happens when you use your head.

KEVIN (O.C.)

Heads up!

A soccer ball zips through the air, hitting Joe in the face, knocking him unconscious. He falls to his lawn face first into the bag of shit.

INT. MISSY'S CAR - DAY

Missy's driving, Dean sits in the passenger seat and the kids are in the backseat.

DEAN

Unreal, that was like some crazy Mission Impossible shit. My heart has never beat that fast.

JOSE

We thought you were toast.

DEAN

What the fuck was happening in there? I think your father is turning into Norman Bates.

MISSY

Don't say that, he's a sweet man. He's just lonely since my mother left.

KEVIN

Say what you want. We got some killer stuff for You Zube.

MISSY

Out of the question. No way, I won't do that to him and that's the end of that.

JOSE

Dean, put this chick in her place.

Missy turns toward Dean.

MISSY

Yes Dean, why don't you put me in my place, you're the big strong man.

DEAN

Sorry boys, I have to agree with her on this one. I don't care if I make a fool of myself but when it comes to other people that's a different story.

MISSY

Thank you.

JOSE

We can't use nothing, not even the soccer ball?

MISSY

Actually that was pretty funny, I'll let that one slide.

The car pulls over to the curb and the boys get out.

KEVIN

You better watch your ass, we're coming for you.

DEAN

I don't look forward to it.

Missy and Dean drive away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

MATT, (20'S), spiked hair, leather pants, hits a cigarette. He turns to see PAUL, (20'S), facial piercings, spiked wrist bands walking toward him.

MATT

Shit man, what took so long? I called your ass like an hour ago.

PAUL

I got here when I could. This better be good.

MATT

Some broad in there is wasted, I mean totally fucking smashed. She's been going on and on about how she wants to make some kind of movie or something.

PAUL

What are we waiting for. Let's give this bitch what she wants.

MATT

Hell yeah, man!

Matt throws his cigarette to the ground and they enter the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Patrons are drinking, playing darts and socializing. Matt points toward the bar.

MATT

That's her.

Matt and Paul watch as Miranda puts back a double shot.

PAUL

You didn't say she was hot. Look at those tits, they're ripping through her shirt.

MATT

Time to rock n roll bro.

Matt and Paul walk over to Miranda. Beside her on the bar rests a video camera.

MATT

Hey beautiful, can I buy you a drink?

MIRANDA

Save the sweet talk Romeo and make it a double of bourbon.

MATT

Coming right up.

Matt orders a round of drinks. Paul's eyes are glued to Miranda's chest, she notices.

MIRANDA

Take a picture, it will last longer.

Matt turns to Paul and whacks him in the back of the head.

MATT

Real smooth dip shit.

He turns back toward Miranda.

MATT

Sorry about my friend, he's an idiot.

MIRANDA

I think he's kind of cute.

Miranda blows Paul a kiss, he catches it, pretends to put it in his pocket.

PAUL

I'll save that for later.

MATT

We heard you're looking to make a movie.

MIRANDA

You heard right. You two boys think you got what I need?

MATT

Oh yeah, I think we can come up with something.

Matt turns to Paul and smirks.

MIRANDA

I like what you're selling, let's get out of here.

Miranda stands, walks toward the front door. Matt and Paul stare at her ass.

PAUL

Tonight's starting to get interesting.

MATT

Let's get her back to my place before she sobers up.

Matt and Paul howl like two college kids and slap each other five.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

We move down the hallway, voices are coming from another room.

MATT (O.C.)
You think you can fit that whole
thing in your mouth?

MIRANDA (O.C.)
Oh baby, it tastes so good.

PAUL (O.C.)
Fuck yeah, suck on that pickle.

MIRANDA (O.C.)
It's so big, I don't know --

PAUL (O.C.)
Swallow it, bitch.

We can hear Miranda cough and gag.

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miranda is lying on the floor in her bra, shitfaced. Her chest is covered in lettuce, mustard and ketchup. A cheeseburger rest on the floor in front of her. Matt is recording everything with a video camera.

MIRANDA
This is a mess.

She picks up the burger and takes a bite. Lettuce hangs from her mouth as she chews with her mouth open.

MATT (O.C.)
I hope she don't got alcohol
poisoning.

Miranda sits up, crosses her legs.

MIRANDA
Jesus Christ.

She puts her hand on her head, noxious.

MIRANDA
This is fun.

She picks up the burger and takes another bite, spilling sauce all over her face.

PAUL (O.C.)
Are you okay?

Miranda
I'll be fine, I'll be fine.

Drool leaks out the side of her mouth.

PAUL (O.C.)
I think she's had enough, this is crazy.

MIRANDA
Oh shut up, fuck you!

Miranda picks up a Big Gulp and takes a swig, followed by another piece of the burger.

MIRANDA
My life sucks, I have nobody, I --

She passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Dean is sound asleep. Missy places a skillet in his palm and closes his hand, giggling the entire time. She looks toward a video camera that sits on a tripod at the bottom of the bed.

MISSY
Sorry baby, this might hurt.

Missy takes out a feather and starts to tickle his nose with it. Dean snuffles, wiggles his nose, clearly irritated. CLUNK! The skillet comes crashing down on his face.

INT. EXAM ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Dean, nose crooked, swollen, nostrils stuffed with gauze, two black eyes, is being seen by a DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
It was a clean break, we just need to pop that baby back in.

DEAN

Pop what? No way Doc, it's fine. I like it, it makes me look distinguished.

DOCTOR

Trust me, you won't feel a thing.

DEAN

I'm not ten anymore, of course it's going to hurt. I look like Owen Wilson for God sakes.

DOCTOR

I'll do it as fast as possible. Here we go.

Dean flinches as the Doctor raises his hands toward his face.

DOCTOR

Ready?

DEAN

Please hurry.

DOCTOR

Okay, on the count of three.

The Doctor grabs Dean's nose.

DOCTOR

Three!

CRACK! He snaps it back into place.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Missy is sitting, reading a magazine.

DEAN (O.C.)

Fuuuuuccckkkkkkk!!

MISSY

I think it's time for me to go.

She puts the magazine down and sneaks out of the hospital.

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dean gets out of a taxi, pays. He enters his apartment.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Dean enters, throws his pain medication down on the table, looks for Missy.

DEAN
Missy! I'm home! Hello, earth
to Missy!

He gets no response.

DEAN
Unreal, she breaks my nose and goes
out for the day.

Dean grabs his medication, reads the label. It reads "do not take with alcohol".

DEAN
No alcohol my ass.

He pops open the bottle and takes out two pills. He walks over and opens the fridge. As he does someone jumps out of the fridge in a skeleton costume screaming and waving their arms wildly.

DEAN
Ah! Ahh! Ahhh!

Dean backpedals, frightened. He turns to run and SMACK! He runs face first into a wall, knocking himself unconscious. Kevin, camera in hand, runs in from another room.

KEVIN
Ouch, that looked like it hurt.

The skeleton mask comes off revealing Jose beneath it. He tentatively approaches Dean.

JOSE
Dean, Dean, shit he's out cold.

KEVIN
Is his nose suppose to look like
that?

JOSE
No, what are we going to do?

KEVIN
He's going to be pissed, let's get
out of here, he doesn't know it was
us.

JOSE
You're right.

Jose and Kevin race out of the house as Missy enters.

MISSY
Where's the fire boys?

JOSE
Hi Missy, Dean's really fucked up,
gotta go, bye Missy.

KEVIN
Yeah, see ya.

MISSY
What... what are you talking about?

She turns to see an unconscious Dean lying on the kitchen floor.

MISSY
Shit! Shit! Shit!

INT. HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - DAY

Dean, nose crooked, swollen, nostrils stuffed with gauze, two black eyes, is being seen by the Doctor.

DOCTOR
Two broken noses in one day, what
are going for some type of record?

DEAN
What? I didn't do this on purpose.

DOCTOR
Is everything okay at home? Spousal
abuse is a serious matter. You
shouldn't be embarrassed, some
women have mean streaks.

DEAN
You got this all wrong, I'm a
clumsy idiot that's all.

DOCTOR
If you say so.

The Doctor puts on a pair of rubber gloves.

DOCTOR
Okay, you won't feel a thing.

Dean looks at the Doctor with a dumbfounded expression.

DEAN

You know I was in here an hour ago
and you said the same thing. Guess
what Doc? It hurt like fucking
hell.

DOCTOR

On the count of three.

Dean closes his eyes and braces himself. The Doctor grabs
his nose.

DOCTOR

One, two,...

Dean opens his eyes.

DEAN

I thought you said --

DOCTOR

Three!

CRACK! He snaps it back into place. Dean screams in pain.

DEAN

Asshole, what happened to three?!

DOCTOR

Stop being a baby. Here, have a
lollipop.

The Doctor reaches in his desk and pulls out a lollipop and
hands it to Dean.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MISSY'S CAR - DAY

Dean looks miserable, Missy rubs her hand through his hair.

MISSY

Someone's a grumpy head. I know
what will make you feel better.

DEAN

What, a bat to the knees?

MISSY

Don't be silly.

DEAN

I just want to get this over with.
This isn't what I signed up for. No
more surprises, no more games, I
can't handle much more.

MISSY

Fine, I'll call the boys over and
we'll get rocking.

MONTAGE: DEAN'S EMBARRASING MOMENTS

- Dean pours hot sauce in his eye, screams in pain.
- Dean jumps a ramp with a bike, crushes his nuts on crossbar.
- Dean falls on his ass rollerblading.
- Dean smokes ten cigarettes at once.
- Dean gets attacked by a dog, it bites his ass as he climbs up a tree.
- Dean trips and falls down a flight of stairs.
- Dean licks dog shit off the bottom of a sneaker.
- Dean rummages through a dumpster, pulls out a handful of maggots and eats them.
- Dean sledges down the stairs a la "HOME ALONE" and crashes into the wall.
- Dean is hit with giant Yoga ball in the head.
- Dean belly flops onto a rose bush.
- Dean whacks a stick against a crack in a wall. A swarm of angry wasps fly out.
- Dean steps on a rack, it whacks him in the face.
- Dean washes Jose's mouth out with a bar of soap.

END MONTAGE

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean lies on his bed exhausted. His eyes are bloodshot, face bruised, body covered in scratches and wasp stings, hands wrapped in white bandages. Missy enters.

MISSY

I uploaded everything into the computer. We added twelve more videos. This is some funny stuff.

DEAN

...I just want to get some sleep.

Dean passes out, snores like a polar bear. Missy covers him with a blanket.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Carl, saliva spraying from his mouth, barks demands at the Director who nods his head obediently. The stage door opens, Max walks in.

MAX

Carl Pratt I'd like you to meet Lady Gaga and Katy Perry.

LADY GAGA, white bustier with 3-D geometric shapes on right shoulder and left chest, white panties, white gloves and shiny 3-D glasses enters.

LADY GAGA

So whatta ya think, sexier enough?

She spins a full three hundred and sixty degrees showing Carl her entire package.

CARL

You really know how to make an entrance.

MAX

If you like that, check this out.

Lady Gaga is followed by KATY PERRY, rhinestone-encrusted leotard, glittery dancing shoes and her blunt-banged hairstyle.

KATY PERRY

Some one turn on the heat. I'm going to freeze an ass cheek in here.

CARL

This is going to be the best money I've ever spent.

Carl devilishly grins, rubs his hands together.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Dean enters, hair a mess, groggy eyed. Missy sits in a recliner, laptop on her lap.

MISSY
You look like hell.

DEAN
What time is it?

MISSY
It's two, I didn't want to wake you. It look liked you needed some sleep.

Dean yawns, stretches.

DEAN
I haven't slept like that in a long time.

MISSY
Well, it's not everyday you get your ass handed to you. You took a real beating yesterday.

DEAN
I bet you enjoyed every single minute of it.

Missy smiles.

MISSY
Fuck yeah! You had it coming.

DEAN
Please tell me it was worth it.

MISSY
So far everything is peachy. We're up to three hundred thousand total views.

Dean looks surprised.

DEAN
Really, I have to say I'm starting to get a good feeling about this. We might actually pull this off.

MISSY
We might, no, we're gonna.

DEAN

What's the tally on those two other clowns?

MISSY

Carl is still a no show and Miranda posted some crazy video of her drunk off her ass woofing down a cheeseburger.

DEAN

Cheeseburger?

MISSY

It's pretty funny and disgusting at the same time. She's a real mess.

DEAN

I don't think, actually I'm positive we don't have to worry about her. It's Carl, why hasn't he posted anything? Its like he's toying with me.

INT. SOUND STAGE - SAME TIME

Cameras are rolling. Carl and Max watch intently as Lady Gaga and Katy Perry are in the middle of a full passionate make out session on a couch.

MAX

This is hot, I mean steaming hot. I don't know how much more of this I can watch.

Max licks his lips, breaths heavily.

CARL

Control yourself, act like you've been laid before.

MAX

What the... I think a nipple just slipped out.

CARL

Where?!

Carl and Max move in for a closer look.

CARL

Good eye, I don't know how I missed that.

MAX
I'll be back in fifteen.

CARL
What? You can't leave now, we're in
the middle of the shoot.

MAX
Somethings can't wait.

Max runs off the sound stage. Carl looks over his shoulder,
takes out his cell phone.

CARL
(cell phone)
Yes Stacey, have Ms. Jacobs meet me
in my office in a half hour. We
have to go over her raise.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: LADY GAGA/KATY PERRY KISS

-- Time square video screens are plastered with the video.

-- Two young girls in a public library watch it on a
computer monitor.

-- A fraternity of horny college guys are huddled around a
TV hooting and hollering.

-- Max sits at his desk, hands in his pants, jerking off.

-- People are watching the video in North America, South
America, Europe, Africa, Asia and Australia.

END MONTAGE

INT. DEAN'S PICK-UP - DAY

Dean is parked outside Missy's house. He reaches in his
pocket and pulls out a jewelery box. He opens it, revealing
a diamond engagement ring, he stares long and hard at it.

DEAN
For your sake I hope you make this
easy.

Dean exits his pick-up.

EXT. MISSY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dean rings the doorbell, Joe opens the door, shovel in hand.

JOE
Oh, it's you.

He puts the shovel down.

DEAN
Expecting company?

JOE
Actually that is none of your
business. Now what the hell do you
want?

DEAN
We've been butting heads for a long
time for no reason. We both want
the same thing.

JOE
Oh really, and what would that be?

DEAN
To make your daughter the happiest
woman in the world.

Joe looks down at Dean's hand, notices the jewelery box.

JOE
If that is what I think it is, my
answer is no.

DEAN
I need your blessing, she loves you
to much, I won't have her pick
between the two of us.

JOE
So what you're saying is, you won't
propose unless I green light it?

DEAN
Yes, it looks that way.

Joe chuckles.

JOE
I guess you two are never going to
be hearing wedding bells.

Dean reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a couple
folded pictures.

DEAN

I didn't want to stoop to these
measures but you left me no choice.

JOE

There is nothing and I mean nothing
that will make me change my mind.
You hear me?

DEAN

You sure about that?

Dean hands Joe the pictures, he unfolds them, can't believe
his eyes, at a loss, he self-consciously looks away. The
pictures are of him and the rubber woman dancing.

JOE

Where... how... you wouldn't.

DEAN

I'll ask again. Can I have your
daughter's hand in marriage?

JOE

What's going on here, you trying to
blackmail me?

DEAN

Exactly!

JOE

You can't do this.

DEAN

Maybe, maybe not, it's your call.

Joe raises his hands to hug Dean.

JOE

(gritted teeth)

Son!

They embrace one another.

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Dean pulls up, gets out of his pick-up, Kool-Aid smile
spread across his face, a bounce in his step. He notices
Missy sitting on the front steps with a deflated look on
her face.

DEAN

Baby, what's wrong?

Missy throws her arms up in the air.

MISSY

It's over Dean, it's fucking over.

DEAN

What's over?

MISSY

Carl, he really screwed you good this time. He knew we couldn't beat him, he just let us think we could.

DEAN

How bad is it?

MISSY

He got Lady Gaga and Katy Perry to make out with each other. It's all people are talking about. It's already got seven million views.

DEAN

Wow!

Dean sits beside Missy, puts his arm around her.

MISSY

You don't seem to upset.

Dean breathes a sigh of relief.

DEAN

Too be completely honest, I'm not. I never thought we had a chance winning, my brother is a marketing genius, runs a multimillion dollar company.

MISSY

Then, what was all this for?

DEAN

It didn't hurt to try, we gave it our best shot and I couldn't be happier.

MISSY

I guess you're right, but I really hate loosing to that motherfucker.

Dean kisses Missy on the lips.

DEAN

When I asked if you cared about the money did you mean what you said?

MISSY

You know I did.

DEAN

I'm going to do what I should have done since the beginning.

MISSY

What?

DEAN

Do whatever it takes to find my father.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Joe places ten hundred dollar bills into a scantily clad dressed woman's hand we assume is a prostitute. She's dressed in fishnet stockings, wearing a tank top with no bra and smacking on a mouthful of gum.

PROSTITUTE

You sure you want the works?

JOE

Oh yeah, don't leave anything out and I mean anything. I want this to be the party of the century.

PROSTITUTE

Whatever, it's your dollar.

Joe hands the Prostitute a piece of paper.

JOE

Be at this address tonight at seven and don't be late.

PROSTITUTE

Chill, I've been around this rodeo before, I'll be there.

The Prostitute spits out her gum, licks her lips.

PROSTITUTE

You look like you could use a good fuck. I've got a few minutes.

She looks over at a dumpster in the middle of the alley.

PROSTITUTE

Why don't you step into my office.

Joe recoils, looks sickened, turns and runs off. The Prostitute puts the money and paper into her fishnet stalkings.

PROSTITUTE

Yuppy fuck, you don't know what you're missing!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Dean goes to unlock his door when he notices it's slightly ajar. He tentatively enters, calls out.

DEAN

Missy... Missy, you home?

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - DAY

Dean cautiously moves through the apartment, nothing seems to be out of place, there's no sign of an intruder.

DEAN

Who's ever in here you better watch out, I know Kung Fu.

Silence, no response. Dean enters his bedroom.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

The room looks like its been hit by a hurricane. Drawers have been emptied, clothes thrown all over the place, mattress flipped upside down. Someone was clearly looking for something.

DEAN

Unreal!

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, CLOSET - SAME TIME

Someone is watching Dean's every move. We watch as a pair of hands in leather gloves takes out a glass bottle that reads "chloroform" and pours the liquid into a white handkerchief. The closet door slowly opens and the person sneaks out.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Dean kneels down and picks up an armful of clothing. As he stands he's grabbed from behind, handkerchief placed over his nose and mouth. Within seconds he loses consciousness and falls to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A taxi pulls up and the Prostitute who was talking with Joe earlier gets out looking at the piece of paper he gave her. She's followed by three other scantily clad dressed women.

PROSTITUTE

Yeah, this is the place.

PROSTITUTE 2

What are we waiting for? Let the partying begin.

The four women enter Dean's apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEANS' APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Missy, groceries in hand, approaches the door. Off camera we can hear music blaring, people yelling, glass breaking. It sounds like the party of all party's is taking place from inside.

MISSY

What the...

Missy walks up to the door and presses her ear against it, listening. Someone or something crashes against the door from inside the apartment, frightening her. She back pedals, drops the bags of groceries, something smashes inside.

MISSY

This isn't funny!

She takes out her keys, unlocks the door and enters.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Missy enters to find a couple leaning against the wall in a middle of a passionate make out session. The GUY pulls up the WOMAN'S shirt and takes her tit out of her bra and begins sucking on it.

MISSY
What the hell, who are you people?!

The Guy looks in Missy's direction.

GUY
You want a taste?

MISSY
Sorry, I think I'll pass. I'm
lactose intolerance.

Missy scampers by the couple toward the living room.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Missy enters to find a mosh pit. People are jumping off the walls, floor and each other. The room is trashed, furniture overturned, TV screen smashed, holes in the ceilings. Partygoers are sniffing lines of cocaine, hitting bongos, crude sexual acts taking place.

MISSY
Oh my --

SMASH! Missy watches as a PARTYGOER jumps out the window, shards of glass go in all directions.

MISSY
Oh my God!

Missy runs over to the window and looks out it, worried expression spread across her face. She finds the Partygoer on his feet, shard of glass sticking out the side of his head, blood streaming down his face.

MISSY
Are.. are you okay?

The Partygoer looks up, begins laughing hysterically, jumps up and down ready to party.

PARTYGOER
Dude, that was awesome! Let's do it
again.

MISSY
I think you need to see a doctor.

PARTYGOER
Okay, what is he selling?

MISSY

No, you got a piece of glass
sticking out of the side of your
head.

PARTYGOER

Rock on!

He ignores Missy and climbs back through the window. He's
met with a rowdy applause from the other partygoers. Missy
puts her hands on her head, looks puzzled.

MISSY

Dean... Dean... Dean!

She's taped on the shoulder and turns to see a NAKED WOMAN
holding a ten inch dildo behind her.

NAKED WOMAN

You wanna play hide the dildo?

MISSY

AHHHH!

Missy turns and runs away.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean, unconscious, is handcuffed to his bed, wearing
nothing except a pair of thong underwear and a blindfold. A
ball gag is stuffed in his mouth, nipple clamps clamped
around his nipples.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Time for you to be punished.

A DOMINATRIX steps out of the shadows. She's wearing a
Master G's Bondage Bra, opera length latex gloves, latex
thigh-high stalkings, six inch leather heels and she's
carrying a braided leather cane.

WOMAN/DOMINATRIX

Wake up you filthy maggot!

She whips Dean repeatedly with the braided leather cane
leaving red welt marks behind.

DOMINATRIX

So you want to play rough, huh?

She jumps on Dean in the cowgirl position and begins
smacking him in the face. She then tightens the nipple
clamps around his nipples. Dean awakens, screams muffled by
the ball gag, head swiveling in ten directions.

DOMINATRIX

So good for you to join us.

The beds headboard bangs off the wall as Dean struggles to free himself. The handcuffs dig into his flesh as he squirms.

DOMINATRIX

Relax, I'm going to take good care of you. I think we need to loosen you up a little bit.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Missy moves through the apartment. She reaches her bedroom door and enters.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Missy enters and slams the door closed behind her. She turns around to find Dean bound and gagged to the bed. The Dominatrix stands off to the side lubing up a set of anal rings.

MISSY

Dean!

Dean's head raises, he pleads for her help but Missy can't understand a word he's saying.

MISSY

What the fuck is going on here?

DOMINATRIX

Sorry sugar but I'm a one trick pony, you're going to have to wait your turn. I don't mind if you watch but keep quiet.

Tears begin rolling down Missy's face, her body trembles, face turns beat red. She turns and runs out of the room.

DOMINATRIX

Was it something I said?

She turns, looks at Dean, raises the anal rings.

DOMINATRIX

You may feel a burning sensation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Missy enters, throws her purse off the wall, smashing a mirror to pieces. She drops to her knees sobbing.

MISSY
Why Dean, why?

Off camera we hear a bang, it gains Missy's attention.

MISSY
Daddy, is that you? This isn't the
time for any of your bullshit.

Missy pushes herself to her feet and walks down the hallway. She reaches the study.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Missy looks around, the room is dark except for a small lamp that's resting on a desk. She walks over to shut the light off when she notices her father's photo album. She sits down and flips it open.

MISSY
What is this?

Page after page is turned until she reaches the crossed out picture of Dean. She stares long and hard not knowing what to think. A floor board squeaks, Missy looks up to see her father standing in the doorway.

JOE
I can explain.

MISSY
Please tell me I'm seeing things?
You didn't daddy, you didn't.

Joe stutters, at a loss for words.

MISSY
I hate you, you ruined my life!

Missy throws the photo album at Joe and angrily storms out of the study.

JOE
Sweetheart...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Steve Pratt runs frantically through brush, constantly looking over his shoulder, fear spread across his face. In the distance we can hear tribal chanting getting closer and closer.

STEVE

Stay the hell away from me, you savages!

Steve falls to the jungle floor, gets back to his feet, keeps moving. He erupts out of the brush onto a rocky ledge.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

Steve looks down, it's a two hundred foot drop onto sharp rocks and rough seas. He puts his hands on his head, he's trapped, no place to go. The chanting has gotten closer, the bushes start to shake.

STEVE

Please, I don't want to die, I'm begging you!

Steve falls to his knees, holds his hands in a praying position. The tribesmen look menacing with their spears drawn as they step out of the brush and move toward him.

STEVE

You don't have to do this!

Steve closes his eyes, braces himself. A Tribesman speaks in fluent English.

TRIBESMAN

You Steve Pratt?

Steve nervously squints open one eye, looks confused.

STEVE

You speak English?

TRIBESMAN

Of course, doesn't everyone?

STEVE

But --

TRIBESMAN

You Billionaire Steve Pratt or not?

STEVE

Yes, the one and only.

The tribesmen yell, shout and begin to celebrate.

TRIBESMAN

We've been searching this entire island for you. You're a slippery guy, hard to find.

STEVE

I don't understand.

TRIBESMAN

Follow me, I'll show you.

Steve follows the tribesmen into the jungle.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Tiki huts with satellite dishes on the roof sit in a clearing. A wild hog roasts on a fire, women wash clothing in buckets and naked children playfully run around.

TRIBESMAN

You very famous man.

The Tribesman points to the satellite dish.

TRIBESMAN

We find you, get reward, come see.

The Tribesman enters a hut followed by Steve.

INT. TIKI HUT - DAY

Steve takes a seat in front of a TV with a picture of Dean paused, standing behind a podium on it. The Tribesman presses play.

DEAN

Hello, my name is Dean Pratt, I'm willing to pay the people or peoples responsible for my father's safe return twenty five million dollars.

The Tribesman pauses the clip.

TRIBESMAN

I think you owe us twenty five million dollars.

STEVE
Yes friend I do, and thank you.

Steve's eyes water as he looks at Dean on the TV screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YMCA - DAY

Dean gets out of his pick-up. He looks like he hasn't shaved in weeks, his clothes are filthy, bags under his eyes. He looks up at a giant banner that reads "Grand Reopening" hangs from the front of the building.

DEAN
What is this?

A Man with his back toward us hands Jose, Goggles and Kevin some cash. He turns, it's Steve, shaven, all cleaned up. He notices Dean.

STEVE
It's about time you got here.

DEAN
Dad, what are you doing here?

STEVE
It's good to see you to.

DEAN
Sorry, this just isn't a good time for me.

STEVE
I know son, but things always have a strange way of working out.

Steve gives Dean a hug, looks back at the "YMCA".

STEVE
She's all yours.

Steve hands Dean a set of keys.

DEAN
Are you serious?

STEVE
These kids have a lot of good things to say about you. This is where you belong.

Jose, Goggles and Kevin run over, hands full of candy.

JOSE

Dean, your father is the coolest.

KEVIN

Yeah, he gave us a hundred bucks each. It sure beats that ten you gave us.

GOGGLES

I think I have a sugar high.

Goggles sits down on the ground, rocks back and forth.

DEAN

Look at me, I'm a mess, I can't help these kids.

STEVE

She said you would say that.

DEAN

Who said what?

Steve looks toward the limousine followed by Dean. They watch as the door opens and Missy steps out. Without saying a word she runs over and jumps into Dean's arms kissing him madly.

DEAN

What... what --

MISSY

I do, I'll marry you!

DEAN

You will?

Dean spins Missy around in the air.

DEAN

But how did you know?

MISSY

My father, he came clean, he told me everything.

DEAN

Speaking of the devil.

Missy and the others turn to see Joe and Ms. Taylor walking toward them, hand in hand.

MISSY

Am I seeing things?

DEAN

I think they make a cute couple.

MISSY

You didn't!

DEAN

Trust me, they deserve each other.

MS. TAYLOR

Sorry we're late, your father is a real mouthful.

Ms. Taylor wipes the side of her mouth.

JOE

She has no teeth, you hear me. She has no teeth.

DEAN

We heard you the first time.

STEVE

I think that's a little to much information. I just ate lunch.

JOSE

Are we going to get this party started or what?

STEVE

I like your style.

They all start walking toward the front of the "YMCA".

DEAN

Hey dad, I almost forgot. What happened with Carl?

STEVE

Let's just say he's starting from the bottom up.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A WOMAN, (50's), obese, beads of sweat on her forehead sits behind a desk. There's a knock on the office door.

WOMAN

Come in.

The door opens, Carl walks in wearing a janitors outfit and carrying a broom.

CARL

If you a have moment I was hoping I could interview for that position.

WOMAN

Really, you think you're qualified?

CARL

Yes of course, please just give me a chance, I can't stand looking at this broom for another second.

WOMAN

I don't know, I'm not buying it.

CARL

I'll do anything, you hear me, anything.

WOMAN

Anything you say.

The Woman smiles, gestures for Carl to come over to her, he does. She hikes up her skirt revealing her varicose veined legs.

WOMAN

This pussy isn't going to eat itself.

Carl whimpers, falls to his knees.

WOMAN

Now that's a good boy.

THE END