

I Like Disc

by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Room is a trash can. Clothes, cans, and fast food litter the floor. JEFF McGee, 24, lies snoring in bed. Alarm beside him bellows.

JEFF

What?!

Hand reaches over and slams the snooze button. Jeff sits up, unkempt, scratching his eye. Feet search for the floor.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jeff enters the pigsty and fixes himself a bowl of cereal. Milk spills, coffee boils. Pushes over a mountain of mail and sits at the table, gulps it down. Jeff adds to his stack of dishes, grabs a backpack, and heads for the door.

EXT. APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Beater car rots in the driveway. Jeff takes a bicycle from the garage. Straps on his helmet and rides off.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING

Jeff pedals through town, wind in his face.

INT. O'MALLEY'S GRILL - MORNING

Jeff ambles in, nods a half-assed greeting to his fellow employees and heads to clock-in.

INT. O'MALLEY'S GRILL - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jeff washes dishes. Overweight, bloodshot from head to toe, co-worker GEORGIE joins him at the sink.

GEORGIE

I don't know. I still don't think  
it's rape.

JEFF

The only reason she didn't say "no"  
is because she doesn't speak

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)  
English. You're bound to run into  
that in other countries. Not  
everyone on the planet speaks  
English, Georgie.

GEORGIE  
You're just jealous because I know  
how to get laid and you don't.

JEFF  
I'm working on it.

GEORGIE  
Working on it how? Jeff...do you  
even talk to women?

JEFF  
Yeah. I talk to women.

GEORGIE  
And not very successfully. You've  
had a crush on Julie since she  
started working here like six  
months ago. If it were me, I would  
have spread her open like five  
months ago. You gotta get on that.

JEFF  
Spread?

GEORGIE  
You like rolls, don't you? Warm out  
of the oven, spread a little  
butter. That's Julie.

Jeff stares at him.

JEFF  
Yeah, but...

GEORGIE  
Yeah, but...nothing. Listen,  
getting a woman is like ordering a  
pizza. Sometimes you're not exactly  
sure what the right combination of  
delicious toppings is, but if I  
know anything, it's that you're not  
gonna get anywhere if you're too  
afraid to talk to the girl behind  
the counter. And she's hot. I mean,  
she is really hot. Think about all  
of the kinky shit she's probably

(MORE)

GEORGIE (cont'd)  
into, I mean, she works at a pizza  
place so it's not like she's got  
some sort of moral high ground to  
stand on. Plus, free pizza.

INSERT: Pizza and breadsticks spin to slow techno.

GEORGIE (OS)  
You can cover her snatch in hot  
cheese and lick it off for days.  
All that tomato sauce, and the free  
bread sticks. Who doesn't love free  
fucking bread sticks?

INSERT: Pizza toppings sprinkle to the music.

GEORGIE (OS)  
I mean, pepperoni, sausage, green  
peppers, onions. Possibilities are  
fucking limitless.

George stares off.

JEFF  
Georgie...

GEORGIE  
The, uh, the point is, you need to  
talk to a girl before she's ever  
gonna be into you. You can't just  
expect Julie to throw herself at  
you for no reason. You need to make  
a move, and you need to make it  
quick. Before someone else stuffs  
her crust.

JEFF  
You're right. I just need to ask  
her out. Be smooth. Get her  
attention.

GEORGIE  
Hey, well here's your chance.

Julie saunters over.

JULIE  
Hey. Could one of you guys cover my  
shift tomorrow?

GEORGIE

Can't. I'm already scheduled to work.

JULIE

Jeff? Can you do it? I would totally owe you big time.

JEFF

I can't either. I gotta lot of stuff going on...some things I need to take care of. Sorry.

JULIE

Alright, whatever. Just let me know if something changes, okay?

Walks off.

GEORGIE

What did I say? I know how to get laid and you don't.

JEFF

I don't know. It just didn't feel right. I can always ask her later.

GEORGIE

No. It's over. You made your decision.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S GRILL - DAY

Jeff leans on the dumpster with bike at his side. JACK Uscola drives up in his flame-tipped car. Twenty-five and already a mid-life crisis.

JACK

Jeffrey.

JEFF

Jack.

JACK

O'Malley's giving out blow jobs now?

JEFF

Fuck you.

Jeff loads his bike into the backseat and gets in.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

They pull away from the restaurant.

JACK  
How was work?

JEFF  
Same old, same old. At least I have  
a job though.

JACK  
Whatever.

JEFF  
How about you?

JACK  
Another eight hours of mind-numbing  
bureaucracy. Finally off  
tomorrow...shall we celebrate?

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small party lights up the dingy one-bedroom. James PORTER,  
pretend know-it-all, pops the cap on a can of beer and  
entertains guests. Jeff and Jack come through the door.  
Floor is wet with foam.

JACK  
Porter!

PORTER  
Aww, Jackie!

JACK  
What?

PORTER  
Nothing. So listen--

JACK  
So listen, ever thought about  
drinkin' the foam?

Porter eyes him.

PORTER  
That bitch Cassie's rubbin' off on  
you, isn't she?

JEFF  
Don't call her that.

Both eye Jeff.

PORTER  
Something we should know, Jeff? You  
corn-dogging Jack's girl behind his  
back?

JEFF  
No I just--

JACK  
You can do better, dude.

JEFF  
I can?

JACK  
No.

Porter and Jack take the couch.

PORTER  
So listen, I had the most brilliant  
idea the other day.

JACK  
What's wrong with your face?

PORTER  
I'm growing a beard.

Jeff plops in a chair.

JEFF  
That's a horrible idea.

PORTER  
No it's not, think about it. Beards  
are totally bad-ass. People respect  
a man with a beard.

JEFF  
What?

PORTER  
And the ladies...it's a scientific  
fact that no woman can resist a  
beard.

JEFF

I've seen you with facial hair  
before...there's nothing bad-ass  
about a pubestache.

PORTER

Hey, don't be jealous just because  
I came up with this awesome idea  
before one of you did.

JACK

I dunno. I think it's a great idea.  
Abe Lincoln had a beard and  
everyone loved him, right?

PORTER

Thank you.

Jack rolls his eyes. Jeff trashes a beer can.

JEFF

It's getting kinda late. I better  
start heading home.

PORTER

It's 10:30. You've been here like  
ten minutes. It's not like you have  
to be up early tomorrow.

JEFF

I'm just worn out. I gotta lot  
going on right now...I'd rather not  
talk about it with you guys, you  
wouldn't understand. I'll see you  
guys later.

Jeff is out the door.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeff comes through the door, kicks off his shoes. Turns on  
his computer, and proceeds to nerd out to disc golf videos.  
Obsession apparent.

PORTER (VO)

So what's up with Jeff?



INT. PORTER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Guests are gone. Porter mixes beer and liquor in a glass. Takes a sip.

JACK  
What do you mean?

PORTER  
I dunno. He's been acting really sketchy lately. Taking off after ten minutes, not being into my awesome beard idea. It's odd.

Jack glances at his watch.

JACK  
Shit, I gotta get home. Cassandra's gonna be pissed. You don't happen to have any cologne, do you?

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Porter holds up a can of spray.

PORTER  
Lysol?

Jack isn't impressed.

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sniffs his shirt, shrugs. Tosses away his empty smoke pack.

JACK  
You know Cassandra. She hates it when I smoke.

PORTER  
I'm surprised she doesn't make you smoke a whole carton every time she catches you. Teach you the world's most pointless lesson.

JACK  
What are you talking about?

PORTER  
How retarded it is that every parent who catches their kid  
(MORE)

PORTER (cont'd)  
smoking a cigarette and then makes  
the kid smoke a whole carton.

JACK  
Yeah, I guess. Probably hurts more  
than it helps.

PORTER  
No, I mean the horrible logic  
behind it as a punishment. Imagine  
if that's how they punished people  
for other shit.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Gavel hits the counter.

PORTER (VO)  
Oh, you embezzled some money from  
your company?

BIG JUDGE tips over a tank full of cash and pours the money  
on top of a smiling COMPANY MAN.

PORTER (VO)  
Well now we're gonna make you  
embezzle all the money your company  
has. How do you like that?

Rich man swims with Franklins.

PORTER (VO)  
Not so pleasant now, is it?

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

OFFICERS escort a cuffed PEDOPHILE into the room. Waiting  
for him are twenty CHUBBY KIDS sitting indian-style.

PORTER (VO)  
Wait, so you're telling me you just  
molested that seven year-old a  
little bit? I think you're gonna  
have to molest the shit out of a  
whole classroom of seven year-olds  
as punishment.

Officers point at the children and shout in his ear.

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PORTER

Better go ahead and enroll yourself in some classes at the community college so you can get that teaching degree.

JACK

You sure know how to end a conversation.

Jack goes for the door. Porter yells after him.

PORTER

You know I'm right! Don't get all upset just because I taught you something.

INT. USCOLA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Place is neat, too neat. Jack hurries in to find cute-ish, live-in girlfriend CASSANDRA watching the Lifetime Channel. Friend SAMANTHA greets him with a frown, preppy to the point of prickly.

CASSANDRA

So, you finally decide to join us. Can I ask what took you so long to get home from work?

JACK

I went over to Porter's for a little bit.

SAMANTHA

I'd hardly call three hours "a little bit".

JACK

Whatever, it's not a big deal. I just went to hang out and have a few beers after work.

Escapes for their room. Cassandra corners him.

CASSANDRA

Jack...

JACK

Yes?

CASSANDRA  
We never spend time together  
anymore. You're always busy working  
or hanging out with your friends.

SAMANTHA  
Maybe if they weren't always  
getting drunk and acting like  
idiots, he might notice something  
like that.

CASSANDRA  
You weren't smoking, were you?

JACK  
No.

SAMANTHA  
He smells like smoke to me. Smoke  
and cheap cologne.

JACK  
Cologne?

SAMANTHA  
(BEAT)  
Yeah...

Jack smirks.

JACK  
I wasn't smoking.

CASSANDRA  
Promise?

JACK  
Yes. I don't know why you always  
make such a big deal out of  
everything. You don't trust me?

CASSANDRA  
Well, yeah. But...

JACK  
Relationships, like countries, are  
built on trust. Not fear. If we  
don't have that, what do we have?

Cassandra bites her lip. Sighs.

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't be so quick to jump on you.

Jack places a hand on her shoulder.

JACK

And maybe I need to work harder. Make sure you feel like you can trust me.

Cassandra smiles.

SAMANTHA

Oh, gag me.

JACK

Listen, I've had a really long day, so I'm gonna hit the sack. But you girls enjoy the movie.

CASSANDRA

Alright, sweet dreams.

Kisses him goodnight. Jack victory-walks to bed. Closes the door with a grin. Cassandra munches on popcorn. Samantha just stares at her.

SAMANTHA

What was that?

CASSANDRA

What was what?

SAMANTHA

What are you, French? You caved. You had him. We both know he was smoking, and he just lied through his teeth about it.

CASSANDRA

We don't know that. And he's right, sometimes I do jump to conclusions.

Samantha shuts off the TV. Sits forward.

SAMANTHA

Honey, he walks all over you. I know you think you're being tough, but he's playing you.

CASSANDRA  
He's not cheating.

SAMANTHA  
Not that! We've talked about  
this...BE firm. He needs to learn  
who the boss is in this  
relationship, and it sure as hell  
ain't Tony Danza.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jeff wakes up on his couch, still dressed from the night  
before. KNOCKING at the door.

PORTER  
(yelling through the door)  
Come on, let's go! Open the fucking  
door.

JEFF  
H-h-hold on. Give me a second.

Porter and Jack wait outside.

PORTER  
What the hell's he doing?

Jeff cracks the door and sticks his head out.

JEFF  
What's up, guys?

JACK  
I dunno, you tell us. I thought we  
were going to the something or  
other today.

PORTER  
Yeah, assface. We've been trying to  
call you for like thirty minutes.

JEFF  
Oh, uh, sorry. I was up late,  
completely passed out.

PORTER  
What are you talking about? You  
went home at ten last night.

JACK  
Yeah, what the hell?

JEFF  
I just got caught up with stuff  
when I got home. You know how it  
is.

JACK  
Whatever. Just hurry up and get  
ready.

JEFF  
I don't know if I can. I've been  
putting off a couple things I  
oughtta take care of. You guys  
should go without me.

PORTER  
Stop dicking around. You're not  
backing out on this one.

JEFF  
Fine, just give me a minute.

Tries closing the door but Porter steps forward.

PORTER  
What, we can't come in?

JEFF  
Oh, it's just...kind of a mess in  
here. You don't want to come in.

Porter pushes the door open and they barge in. Stop in the  
foyer, scanning the mess of frisbee golf memorabilia.

PORTER  
Dude, what the fuck?

JEFF  
What?

PORTER  
What's with all these fucking  
frisbees and shit?

Jeff closes the door.

JEFF  
I, uh, I'm...

JACK  
You're what?

PORTER  
A homo?

JEFF  
No, I'm not a homo.

PORTER  
You sure? I mean, we were talking about it the other day and decided that we're okay with it if you are. No judgment, you're still our friend, even if you do like the cock.

JEFF  
I don't like the cock.

JACK  
Well what's the issue then?

PORTER  
I'm pretty sure it's the gay thing. It's the gay thing, right?

JEFF  
It's not--

PORTER  
It's not like he's ever been with a girl. You don't have to keep acting so weird, making excuses for why you're "busy" and shit.

JEFF  
It's disc golf. I'm a disc golfer.

JACK  
What?

JEFF  
A disc golfer. I play disc golf. Like with frisbees.

EXT. DISC GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jeff hurls a frisbee through the air, shiny grin on his face, frumpy shirt on his back.



INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

PORTER

See, I told you, he's gay.

JACK

Or obsessed.

JEFF

I'm not fucking gay.

PORTER

Well you do play disc golf...

JEFF

I like girls.

JACK

Well then what's the issue? Are you afraid or something?

JEFF

Look, I'm not afraid. It's just...

JACK

What?

JEFF

There's already this girl I like that I'm talking to, but I met her online...and the disc golf thing is embarrassing enough.

PORTER

Are you sure it's really a girl? May be Chris Hanson. That shit's real, ya know?

Jack and Porter sprawl on the couch.

JEFF

I'm sure. Well, pretty sure. We've been talking for a few months now. I really like her. The only problem is I haven't been completely honest with her.

JACK

So what, nobody's completely honest on the internet. She's probably been a little less than forthcoming with you on a few details.

JEFF

She thinks I'm like a professional discer or something.

PORTER

Why the fuck would you let her think something like that? You're supposed to impress girls you like, not scare them off with your weird hobbies.

JEFF

I was trying to impress her. She's really into discing, and I kinda got carried away.

PORTER

Like a fucking baby...

JEFF

Everything was going fine, but then she decided she wants to meet.

JACK

So meet her. Isn't that the point?

JEFF

Well yeah, but she wants to meet me at the state tournament.

PORTER

State tournament?

Jeff tosses a magazine -- DISC GOLF WEEKLY. Headline: STATE TOURNAMENT IN JULY.

JEFF

For disc golf. The tournament for the state championship is coming up in a few weeks.

Porter flips through the magazine.

PORTER

They have tournaments for disc golf!?

JACK

Well what's the problem? Meet her at the tournament.

JEFF  
She kinda thinks I'm competing.

JACK  
Are you?

JEFF  
Well, no, I'm not really good  
enough.

JACK  
So why does she think you're gonna  
be competing?

JEFF  
I told you, things got a bit out of  
hand. She's attractive. HOT...

PORTER  
I'm sure you think she's  
attractive, but come on...this  
girl's into disc golf. And she's  
trying to meet up with you off the  
internet? She's probably not great  
looking.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jeff sits at his computer, loads her disc golf profile.

JEFF  
That's her profile. Jenny.

Jack and Porter lean over him. Jenny is tall, blonde, and  
sparkly. Username ILIKEDISC.

PORTER  
Hot damn. That girl is speaking to  
you!? You gotta get your ass to  
that tournament.

JEFF  
I want to. I've been practicing,  
but--

PORTER  
Fuck it, if you actually have a  
shot with her, I'll help train you.

JEFF  
You don't know anything about disc  
golf.

PORTER

Doesn't matter. I know about being a winner, and that's what counts. In a few weeks, you'll be good enough to win all over her face. And I'm sure Jack doesn't have anything better to do.

INT. USCOLA APARTMENT - DAY

Jack does the couch potato as Cassandra skips around.

CASSANDRA

It's spring cleaning day!

Jack drops potato chips on the floor.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

JACK

Pretty much.

JEFF

Seriously? You guys would do that?

Porter paces the room, steals his gum.

PORTER

Look, this disc golf shit is just about the lamest thing I've seen you do, but if there are girls like that who are into this shit, that's an upside.

JACK

Where is this thing?

JEFF

Houston.

PORTER

Awesome. I can say hello to the boss.

JEFF

Alright. When do you want to start?

PORTER

How about right now?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jeff comes out of his room in track suit and headband.

JACK

Fuck you.

EXT. DISC GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jack, Porter, and Jeff journey across stretches of green, hurl frisbees to the grass. No progress yet. Group stays positive: Porter sends one disc zipping toward Jeff's head. Nose takes the brunt.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeff watches disc golf training videos in his track suit. Emulates stances, throwing techniques, the whole nine holes.

ON TV

Disc golfer MATTHEW interviews. Cool-ish guy trying hard to be nerdy.

MATTHEW

Disc golf is a beautiful sport,  
worthy of the Olympics in my  
opinion. To hold a frisbee...is to  
be God holding his children.

EXT. DISC GOLF COURSE - DAY

Porter and Jack sit in opposing trees, play catch with a disc as they watch Jeff struggle on the field. Frisbees bounce off metal, brick, and bark. Big bear of a fellow golfer grimaces from afar.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

ON TV

Matthew gushes.

MATTHEW

There is nothing quite like it. It  
is a sport of peace, not violence.  
Love, not hate.

EXT. DISC GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jeff angrily manhandles a goal basket. Throws a disc into the trees, barely misses Porter.

EXT. ELECTRONIC STORE - ALLEY - DAY

Jack and co-worker HACKEL smoke by the dumpster.

JACK  
Everything set?

HACKEL  
All squared away. Sort of. You know, same old, same old.

JACK  
It's the only time they could schedule an interview, so thanks. Cassandra's...you know.

HACKEL  
Don't sweat it. Just make sure you're back before my shift ends, otherwise I can't do nothin' for you.

JACK  
Shouldn't take me more than an hour or two.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Jack leans on his broken-down car, hood smoking. Little bell rings and Jeff appears beside him on his bike.

JEFF  
Hey, man, what's up?

JACK  
You kiddin' me?

JEFF  
What?

JACK  
The bike. I told you I needed a ride to my interview and you show up on a bike?!

JEFF

What? My car wouldn't start again.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jeff douses hood flames with a fire extinguisher.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

JACK

So then call me back! What am I supposed to do now? I'll be late for the interview.

JEFF

I can still give you a ride if you want. Just hop on.

JACK

What are you talking about?

JEFF

Just get on. If we go now, we can still make it.

Jack reluctantly gets on the back and they ride away.

EXT. ALLEYS - DAY

Jeff and Jack tunnel between buildings, slow down as they approach a large office.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Perfect glass gleams in the sun. Jeff pulls over to the curb and Jack hops off, checks his watch.

JACK

Shit, I'm like five minutes late already.

Sprints for the entrance, straightens tie and jacket.

JEFF

Still coming to Porter's tonight?!

Jack disappears inside.

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - LATER

Jeff and Porter drink together. Jack bounds through the front door and grabs the beer out of Jeff's hand. Downs it.

JEFF  
How'd it go, killer?

PORTER  
Yeah, you in the market for a secretary or what?

JACK  
It was brutal. Cassandra's gonna be pissed.

Slouches in a chair.

PORTER  
What do you mean 'Cassandra is gonna be pissed'? She didn't have a bad interview.

JACK  
Yeah, but you know how she is. Pushing me to think about the future and shit. She got really excited when I agreed to the interview.

JEFF  
Agreed? You didn't want the job?

JACK  
Well, I suppose you could call it a "good" job. Good money, nice benefits, all that shit. It's just, a job like that--

PORTER  
What is it anyway?

JACK  
The Census Bureau. A job like that means being someone.

PORTER  
Like with a personality.

JACK  
Having RESPONSIBILITIES. Growing up. And I don't really care. I'm cool with the way my life is now.



INT. USCOLA APARTMENT - DAY

Jack as couch potato again. Cassandra vacuums the potato chips at his feet.

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK  
Don't fix something if it ain't broken, right? Who needs it?

JEFF  
Everybody else.

JACK  
And we should all be like everyone else? Live according to procedure? Be orderly? Fuck that.

JEFF  
I guess.

PORTER  
ANYWAYS, Jeff and I were just talking about the tournament.

JACK  
What about it?

JEFF  
I got a message from Jenny today.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jeff at his computer. Types away. Computer CHIME welcomes Jenny's response:

JENNY (VO)  
I'm gonna kick your ass at that tournament. So bring your game, disc boy! LOL.

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

JEFF  
She's serious about meeting me there. I have to go if I want a shot with her.

PORTER

Which I still think is crazy, because let's face it, she's a dude. But either way, the entire deal makes a great excuse for a road trip. Three of us can get out of town, have a little fun. Nothing like drinking in another area code.

JACK

I dunno, there's no way Cassandra will go for it.

JEFF

You have to come.

PORTER

Look, this trip is not a question, this is a requirement. Your girlfriend will just have to deal with it, because I'm not letting something that stupid ruin this for us.

JACK

I'll see what I can do.

INT. USCOLA APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Jack and Cassandra argue around the living room. Cassandra chases him into the kitchen.

CASSANDRA

We're supposed to be adults now, and you never seem to act like it.

JACK

It's just a road trip. A weekend with my friends. Why are you making such a big deal out of it?

CASSANDRA

Maybe I wouldn't if it was just the road trip, but it's not. You're always acting like this guy who couldn't give a fuck.

JACK

(mumbling)

Maybe 'cause I don't...

CASSANDRA

What?!

Jack turns to face her. Looks her in the eye.

JACK

You know there is nothing more important to me than making you happy. I spend all of my time focused on trying to do that, and I just think that a lot of this stress, this friction we're having...I think that it would be good for me, good for the both of us, if I got a little time away to recharge.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff and Porter watch as Jack licks his finger and sticks it to a socket. Outlet shocks him and they all scream.

INT. USCOLA APARTMENT - DAY

JACK

A weekend with the guys. That way when I come back, I'll be completely focused on us building a life together. BUT...I guess I'll understand if you think that's too much of me to ask. To strengthen this. Us.

CASSANDRA

Well no, I've...Sam and I have talked about this. Your lack of direction, like you're coasting along trying to live this college life forever.

JACK

Samantha knows "jack" about relationships. I love her to death, but we both know she's a little jealous of us.

CASSANDRA

Jack, that's not the point.

JACK

Cass, if you can honestly tell me that Samantha is an unbiased observer, then I have no problem taking her opinion into consideration. But I think if you're honest with yourself--

CASSANDRA

Jack--

JACK

I'm not saying she's a bad person, but I do think it's important--

CASSANDRA

Jack! Listen...you're right. I'm sorry.

Takes his hand.

CASSANDRA

This job just wasn't meant to be.

INT. INTERVIEW OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits in front of his SUIT MAN employer.

SUIT MAN

So we'll run your background, check, double-check, sent it to our liaison to verify, and we should those results within three to five days. Make that three to seven business days.

Jack crosses his legs, fidgets a lot.

SUIT MAN

Are you all right?

JACK

I really gotta pee.

INT. USCOLA APARTMENT - DAY

CASSANDRA

Go have fun with your friends. You deserve it.

Jack smacks one on Cassandra's cheek.

JACK  
Thank you so much. You have no idea  
how awesome you are.

CASSANDRA  
Best girlfriend ever.

JACK  
That's an understatement!

EXT. DISC GOLF COURSE - DAY

Grass CRUNCHES under Jeff's sneakers. He stands in the middle of the field, Porter behind him, Jack napping against a tree.

PORTER  
Throw it.

JEFF  
Patience.

Gazes across the hill, staring down a metal basket. Raindrop hits his hand. Jeff looks up at the sky. Wind is picking up.

PORTER  
Hurry up.

Jeff puts one foot forward, takes a deep breath, and throws it. Frisbee glides under the sky and...CHINK. Lands in the metal basket. Jack opens an eye and spots the goal.

JACK  
Hot shit, McGee!

Gets up and joins them on the green. Jeff looks at Porter in disbelief.

JEFF  
I made one?

PORTER  
(grinning)  
Progress, motherfucker!

High-fives him hard. Jeff shakes away the pain.

EXT. DISC GOLF COURSE - MONTAGE - SUNSET

Trumpets announce Jeff's triumphant upswing. He towers at the peak of a hill, hurls a frisbee into the falling sun. Disc lands in the goal. Jack and Porter leap, ecstatic. Another goal. And another.

CUT TO:

Frisbee spinning through the air. One skids in the grass.

CUT TO:

Another crashlands in a tree. Hit and miss.

EXT. COURSE PARKING LOT - DAY

Porter glances over Jeff's equipment, handles a disc.

PORTER

Hmm.

JEFF

What?

PORTER

Looks like a flying saucer.

EXT. DISC GOLF COURSE - DAY

Storm brews in the sky. Jack and Porter cower in the grass, but Jeff stands tall, feet planted firmly. Licks a finger and holds it up, touching the wind.

JACK

What the fuck is he doing?!

Jeff smiles. Watches the trees, the clouds, the grass. Goal hunkers straight ahead at fifty yards. Jeff chucks disc hard to the right. Wind sends it curving left.

JEFF

E.T. phone home.

Disc has tunnel vision, sights set on a chrome basket. Spirals through the wind and rain, lands smack dab on target. Jeff beams. Peace amid chaos.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeff sits in front of a large birthday cake. Twenty-five candles lit.

PORTER  
Go ahead now, blow. You've had  
plenty of practice.

Jack laughs. Jeff blows.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeff watches home videos of disc golfers. Jack and Porter kick open the front door, walk in. Stop at the sight.

PORTER  
You have home videos of you disc  
golfing as a kid?

JEFF  
Uh, not exactly.

JACK  
What do you mean?

JEFF  
Well, it's just a video I shot the  
other day at the course.

PORTER  
What the fuck!? You've been video  
taping little kids at the park?

JEFF  
It's not like that.

JACK  
That's just creepy.

PORTER  
Our friend's a creeper.

JEFF  
Just LOOK at the kid. His technique  
is beautiful. I've never seen  
anything like it before. So I  
pulled out my camera to get some  
footage, improve my game a bit.

JACK  
He IS improving.

PORTER  
I don't care, it's still not kosher for you to be videotaping little kids at the park. A junior high girl's volleyball practice is one thing, but this is just wrong.

JACK  
Yeah, seriously. You oughtta stop this kind of shit. Regardless of what you're actually doing, you're sorta asking for trouble if a parent sees you. Then we got some neighborhood watch bull on our hands.

JEFF  
It's not like this is a habit. I just happened to see the kid throwing and it was really impressive.

Pauses the video.

JEFF  
Anyhow, we need to talk about the tournament. I figure we all meet over here around eight. That way we make it there by four or five.

PORTER  
Hell yeah. This shit's gonna be off the chain mofizzles.

JACK  
Uh, yeah. Tone it down a little?

PORTER  
Aw, don't be like that, playa.

JACK  
Seriously. You sound like if Corky from "Life Goes On" tried joining a street gang.



EXT. STREET ALLEY - DAY

CORKY from "Life Goes On" tries joining a street gang. Approaches a gang of THUGS smoking by the dumpster. One pulls a switchblade.

CORKY  
Aw, don't be like that, playa.

Thugs rush him and perform face reconstruction.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

Thugs dump his aching body in the trash and sag their way inside for a bite.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PORTER  
Dude, what the fuck!? Are you okay?

JACK  
I'm fine. You just sounded like an asshole.

JEFF  
You guys both okay with the plan?  
We meet here at eight, get on the road as fast as possible.

PORTER  
Works for me.

JACK  
Yeah, me too.

JEFF  
Awesome.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Jeff and Porter load luggage into Porter's car. Jack and Cassandra pull up in her car. Good-bye kisses and he's on the curb. She drives off, Jack waves.

PORTER  
You're late.

JACK  
I'm tired.

JEFF  
Sleep in much?

JACK  
We had to.

Grabs his crotch mockingly.

PORTER  
Just help us, henpeck.

JACK  
If only you knew.

Piles in his suitcase and helps with the rest: cooler, food, beer, liquor, juice, condoms, handcuffs, rubber chicken, more beer, and Jeff's disc golf equipment. Trunk door slams shut.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Car zooms down the interstate, maneuvers around traffic.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - MORNING

Trio sit in silence. Porter flips on the radio and begins scanning through presets.

JACK  
Turn that shit off.

PORTER  
It's my car.

JACK  
I can't stand listening to the radio. It's repetitive. Always the same generic songs.

PORTER  
You like Celine Dion?

JACK  
No. Why?

PORTER  
Because you're whining like a bitch.

JEFF

If we're gonna listen to it, find something that doesn't suck.

Jack takes over, scans the radio.

PORTER

Dude, presets. Use the presets.

JACK

Presets!? It's not like I'm gonna break it. Just seeing what else is available.

PORTER

There are presets for a reason. That way you only hear the good stations.

JACK

Except you don't have any good stations.

PORTER

Look, just put it back on the presets. I'm serious.

JEFF

For once.

Porter grabs the dial.

PORTER

Here!

Turns it to a weather station.

RADIO HEAD (VO)

Hurricane Bob will land in Florida this weekend...

JACK

The weather? Who gives a fuck? Besides, they know about as much as a psychic.

Porter's phone rings in the backseat.

PORTER

Shit, just turn it off. I have to take this.

Jack turns off the radio. Jeff looks at Porter's three separate phones, each with a different label.

JEFF

Why do you have three phones again?

PORTER

My job.

Porter takes the phone with the label "CRYBABY" and puts it to his ear.

PORTER

This is Jimmy with the suicide prevention hot line, with whom am I speaking?

ZOE (OS)

Zoe.

PORTER

Zoe. Okay, what can I help you with today, Zoe?

Jeff and Jack exchange "WTF" glances.

ZOE (OS)

Lately I've been feeling...it seems like nobody in my life, nobody really loves me. I mean it, they dont, they dont even--

PORTER

Alright, alright, hold on. Do you really believe that? I find it hard to believe that there is no one who loves you. What about your parents? Don't you think your parents love you?

ZOE (OS)

Hell no, they're the worst of it. Dad's got his computer and whatever job he does, traveling all the time. He'll be away for like days at a time. Then Mom, she watches General Hospital and reads Twilight all day. I've got nothing. A big, fat IGNORE button. That's it.

PORTER

Look, I know it might seem like they ignore you and they don't care, but I'm sure that's not the case. Sometimes it can seem like people aren't giving you the proper

(MORE)

PORTER (cont'd)  
amount of attention, when in  
reality they are. In the real world  
they are trying, they're trying oh  
so hard...

Porter's second phone labeled "WEB" rings.

PORTER  
Hey, uh, Zoe, can you hold on for  
just a second? I'm gonna need to  
put you on hold. It'll just be a  
minute so stay with me.

Porter switches calls.

PORTER  
(Indian accent)  
Hello, and thank you for calling  
the internet support hot line. My  
name is James, and I will be your  
technician. Can you please verify  
for me the phone number for your  
account?

CUSTOMER (OS)  
513-348-5775.

PORTER  
Alright, and can you please verify  
for me your username and password?

CUSTOMER (OS)  
Username is Chubs6982. Password  
is...Hansonboy.

PORTER  
Is Hanson your last name, sir?

CUSTOMER (OS)  
No.

PORTER  
That's what I thought. Now, what  
seems to be the problem with your  
internet today?

CUSTOMER (OS)  
My internet keeps freezing. Not the  
computer, it only happens when I'm  
online.

PORTER  
Alright, I would like to help you  
solve that problem.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - LATER.

PORTER  
(Indian accent)  
Okay, I am not sure what's causing  
the problem. What I'll do is create  
a ticket for one of our higher  
level technicians to look at this  
issue for you. You should be  
contacted about it within 48 hours.  
Is there anything else I can help  
you with?

CUSTOMER (OS)  
No, no, thanks for nothing.

PORTER  
Alright, since there is nothing  
else I can assist you with, I will  
terminate this call. Thank you for  
calling the internet support hot  
line, and once again I am sorry we  
were unable to solve your problem  
today. Goodbye.

Porter switches back to "CRYBABY."

PORTER  
Hello, Zoe? I'm sorry that took  
longer than expected. Are you still  
with me? Zoe, this is Jimmy, are  
you still there?

Porter hangs up.

PORTER  
Oh well...

JEFF  
You don't think that girl just  
killed herself, do you?

JACK  
(sarcastic)  
No, no, no, no way...

PORTER

Probably.

JEFF

You're kidding, right?

PORTER

Nah. You'd be surprised how often that happens. I mean, it's true what they say. You can't help everyone.

Porter pulls out a pack of cigarettes, rolls down his window and lights one.

JEFF

You could have helped that girl. She called looking for help.

PORTER

Yeah, and so did the internet guy. That's why I said, "You can't help everyone."

Map on the dashboard flies out the window. Jeff scrams for it to no avail. Porter ignores it, smokes away.

JEFF

Great. Now what?

PORTER

It's just a map. They give them away at rest stops.

JEFF

The directions were on the map. How are we supposed to get to the tournament without directions?

JACK

We'll be fine. We know where we're going. Just keep driving, pay attention to the signs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Porter's car passes a sign surrounded by foliage: LOUISIANA.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Jeff's eyes follow the sign. Jack fidgets.

JEFF

We're completely lost.

PORTER

Look. There's a gas station up ahead. We can stop and ask for directions, get ourselves back on track. I need to fill up anyway. I'm starving. Aren't ya'll starving?

JACK

I just gotta piss somethin'.

Pulls over to the station.

EXT. TRUCK STOP STATION - DAY

Rickety-old shack of a place. Even the gas is crusty. Jeff pumps the car.

JACK

You need anything from inside?

JEFF

No.

Porter and Jack head for the entrance.

JEFF

Don't take too long, alright? I want to get back on the road ASAP!

They're gone.

INT. TRUCK STOP STATION - DAY

Jack and Porter walk in. Santa Claus with a glass eye hunches behind the counter: GAS ATTENDANT stares them down. Jack hurries to the bathroom. Porter smiles nervously.

PORTER

Kid's got a bladder like a pregnant woman.



GAS ATTENDANT  
Your friend's pregnant?

PORTER  
What? No...uh, we're looking for  
directions to Houston. Could you  
help us?

GAS ATTENDANT  
I don't serve trannies or their  
friends. Trannies stay outside!

EXT. TRUCK STOP STATION - DAY

Jeff breathes in gas fumes, happy sigh. Notices a big bear  
of a man staring at him from an adjacent pump. Jeff averts  
his eyes. Pump clicks finished and he puts it up, strides  
around the corner of the station.

EXT. STATION OUTHOUSE - DAY

Jeff approaches. Transvestite hooker CHRIS propositions near  
the door. Gold teeth and hairy cellulite.

CHRIS  
I'll touch yo' dick for three  
dollas.

JEFF  
No thanks.

CHRIS  
Aw baby, come on, you look like you  
could use a good time.

INT. TRUCK STOP STATION - DAY

Jack is back. Porter lifts up his shirt.

PORTER  
See? All man.

Jabs him in the gut. Jack reels.

GAS ATTENDANT  
Alright. But we don't got no  
directions. Food 'n gas!

Jack and Porter look for food. Porter spots a product called  
GOAT LUBE.

PORTER

What do you think? For a goat, or  
from a goat?

JACK

For a goat. From Louisiana.

EXT. STATION OUTHOUSE - DAY

Chris rubs shoulders with Jeff.

CHRIS

Lemme release some of that sticky  
white tension inside ya. I'll do it  
real good. Professional like.

JEFF

That's okay. I'm not interested.

CHRIS

Well, you know where I'm at if you  
change your mind. I'll put a smile  
on you face. Half off, cause you  
kinda remind me of myself at your  
age, all innocent like.

Jeff retreats inside the bathroom.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jack browses the snack area. Jeff joins him.

JEFF

(whispering)

I just got hit on by a fucking  
tranny.

JACK

No you didn't.

JEFF

Seriously. I went to use the  
bathroom and this tranny hooker was  
just chilling there by the door.

JACK

You fucked a tranny...?

JEFF

What? Fuck no.

JACK  
No shit. You oughtta tell Porter,  
he'll flip.

Jeff scans the place.

JEFF  
Where'd he go?

JACK  
Who the fuck knows.

EXT. TRUCK STOP STATION - DAY

Jack and Jeff walk for the car with snacks and soda. Porter emerges from the side of the building with a grin on his face and a bag of burritos in hand.

JACK  
What are you so happy about?

PORTER  
Nothing.

JEFF  
No...what's up?

PORTER  
Just got lucky.

JACK  
What!?

PORTER  
Yep. I was on my way to the  
bathroom, and all of a sudden this  
bitch comes up, makes me an offer I  
couldn't refuse.

JACK  
Seriously?

PORTER  
I busted all up in her face like a  
Mary Kay employee. Only cost me  
\$4.50 too.

JEFF  
Yeah...

PORTER

She even let me eat while it was happening. Kinda wish I got her number, but whatever.

Circles for the backseat.

PORTER

Let's get out of here before she realizes I gave her Canadian quarters.

JACK

You're the boss.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Road trip continues. They pass a big sign that reads: WELCOME TO TEXAS. Jack drives, Porter clutches his stomach in the backseat. Groans.

JACK

You feeling okay?

PORTER

I dunno. My stomach's killing me.

JACK

How come?

PORTER

Has to be the hot dogs I got from the gas station. I havn't had anything else all day.

JEFF

All you've eaten today are truck stop hot dogs? No wonder you feel like shit.

PORTER

Yeah, I guess. Could have been egg rolls. I'm not really sure.

JACK

What do you mean you're not really sure?

PORTER

I didn't eat both.

JACK

Then what do you mean "it could have been egg rolls"?

PORTER

Exactly what I said. It's gotta be the hot dogs or egg rolls that I ate. I'm just not sure which it was. They were kinda crusty, and I'm not some sort of "food expert" or anything. But I'm like 95% sure it was one of the two. Though I suppose it could've been burritos. But I mean, who would eat a burrito that looks like a hot dog or an egg roll?

JEFF

That's disgusting.

PORTER

(gagging)

Pull over, quick. I think I'm gonna vomit.

Jack pulls over.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

Porter quickly gets out, rushes for the bushes, and vomits for mercy. Jack and Jeff get out of the car, watching Porter from a distance. Porter's "PREGGO" phone rings.

JEFF

Doesn't he get in trouble if he misses a call?

JACK

Take the call for him.

JEFF

That a good idea?

JACK

It's not like there's a high standard for this kind of thing. You can answer a phone, can't you?

Jeff grabs the phone, answers.

JEFF

Crisis-pregnancy helpline. It's a fetus not a hangover. My name is, uh, Jim. Can I help you make the right choice today?

Pause.

JACK

What are they saying? Put it on speaker.

Jeff clicks speaker phone. Voice of Zoe returns.

ZOE (OS)

I just don't know what to do. It's really hard to be in ninth grade and be all alone, no one to love you. And I don't even want a baby. But I realized, you know, maybe I could like convince my teacher to love me if I let him bareback and finish inside. I was gonna take care of it and buy Plan B the next weekend when I stole my sister's ID to go clubbing. But then Trey just started ignoring me all of a sudden, and so I thought that if I just keep it, then he'll have to love me forever. Right?

JEFF

Have you talked to him at all about it? Maybe if you discussed it with him, it might make things easier.

ZOE (OS)

Well, I tried. But he didn't really make any sense.

JEFF

How so?

ZOE (OS)

Well, he was silent for a while, and then asked me to wait for him so he could grab something from the car.

JEFF

That's not that strange. News like that can be hard to process.

ZOE (OS)

No, the weird part was...when he came back he just handed me a coupon for fifty percent off at a dry cleaner, told me that 'covered him', and then left. And now, he won't talk to me anymore. What does that even mean?

JEFF

Zoe, I'm gonna have to put you on hold for just a minute. But we're gonna figure this out just as soon as I return.

Jeff puts her on hold. Jack laughs while Porter paints the bushes behind them.

JEFF

What should I say?

JACK

Just leave her. He did.

JEFF

Well...she's considering killing her kid.

JACK

Is that really a bad thing? I mean, do we really want that girl passing her genes on?

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

PIMP takes a hit on his pipe, turns to CRACK WHORE.

PIMP

Hey...aren't you Zoe Craig's daughter?

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

JEFF

Shit. That's fucked up.

JACK

If there was ever a case for some bleach in the gene pool, this is it.

JEFF  
Bleach in her hair.

JACK  
What?

JEFF  
Nothing. I got a thing for blondes.

JACK  
Whatever. Do it. Do a good deed for  
humanity.

Jeff switches back.

JEFF  
Hello, Zoe?

ZOE (OS)  
Yes.

JEFF  
Okay now, where were we?

Zoe rambles on.

JEFF  
Uh-huh. Uh-huh. I understand.

Jack squints as he notices something down the road.

JACK  
Hey, give me those.

Jeff hands him the pair of binoculars from around his neck.  
Jack looks through them, spots a state trooper vehicle  
coming their way.

JACK  
Shit. Cops.

Jeff turns.

JEFF  
Zoe, I'm gonna have to call you  
back.

CLICK.

JEFF  
What?



JACK  
Porter didn't pay his insurance.

JEFF  
Fuck us all...

JACK  
Porter! We gotta go!

Porter hunches over and Jack pushes him in the car, leaps in the driver's seat. Jeff climbs in and they drive off.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Jack puts pedal to the metal. Jeff checks the rear-view mirror: cruiser lights come on.

JACK  
Too fast?

JEFF  
Ya think?

Sirens sound. Porter groans, holding his belly.

PORTER  
I gotta hurl again.

JACK  
Out the window!

JEFF  
What the hell are we doing? Pull over!

Jack only speeds up, swerves around other cars.

JEFF  
Jack, stop! We're in a FUCKING POLICE CHASE! What the hell is wrong with you?

JACK  
I have a warrant!

PORTER  
What?

Porter hangs his head out the window, mouth agape, tongue flapping in the wind.

JACK  
It was a hit and run.

JEFF  
You fucking--

JACK  
A cat! I hit a cat!

Engine roars.

JEFF  
Oh. Okay.

Porter gags, drool flying.

JEFF  
Porter, you didn't pay the  
insurance?

PORTER  
And give away free money?!

Car swings wildly around an eighteen-wheeler, Porter's stomach lurches. Chubby TROOPER MIKE is in cold pursuit, sweating and cursing his way through traffic.

JEFF  
Jack, just pull over the fucking  
car!

JACK  
We can't pull over now!

Second cruiser joins the fray. Jeff spots it.

JEFF  
No shit...

Two sets of sirens.

JEFF  
We're fucked.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Another swerve. Station-wagon fender-benders a braking pick-up. Traveling family gawks at the chase.

TIMMY  
Dad, where's the camera?!

FATHER

What?

TIMMY

Youtube! Youtube!

Another lurch. Porter's stomach heaves. Out spews the burrito in a steady projectile stream. Vomit blankets the first cruiser's windshield. Mike flicks on wipers but it's too late: rear-ends a tiny convertible at 60mph. Demolition.

Second cruiser banks around quick to avoid collision. Wheels tremble and car skids into the ditch.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Porter finishes. Spits out a couple more pieces and closes the stained window. Jeff sits in disbelief.

JEFF

Whoah.

Porter burps.

PORTER

Good driving.

JACK

Grand Theft Auto. You know you love it.

JEFF

We're fugitives.

JACK

We're free. Suck it up.

Guns it and they speed away.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Trooper Mike on his radio.

DISPATCH

You get the plates?

TROOPER MIKE

(out of breath)

Yeah...

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

Jack barrels into the parking lot.

JEFF

What are you doing?

Jack grabs a screwdriver from the glove box. Climbs out, zips to the front of the car and begins unscrewing the license plate. Then the back plate. Tosses them in the trash and screws in a replacement. Jeff and Porter watch.

JEFF

You're shittin' me.

PORTER

Fake license plates?

JACK

Those are the fakes.

Points to the trash. Jack dusts off, grabs a map, throws it in the backseat. Looks at Jeff and Porter.

JACK

Gotta lighter?

JEFF

You want a smoke NOW?

JACK

Just give it.

PORTER

Here.

Tosses him a lighter. Jack flicks it on and chucks it in the trash with his plates.

PORTER

Hey! That was a good lighter.

Jack climbs back in the driver's seat. Stare at Jeff and Porter just standing there.

JACK

What are you waiting for?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Fire truck and ambulance are on the scene, tend to the destruction. Mike and fellow trooper SWANKY stand together.

SWANKY  
Christ.

TROOPER MIKE  
Boss'll be here soon.

SWANKY  
Eisenhower's coming?

TROOPER MIKE  
Yes, sir, almighty.

Flashes a grin.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Group continues on their journey.

PORTER  
Gotta admit, Jackie, that was pretty incredible.

JACK  
Thank you.

JEFF  
So what now?

JACK  
What do you mean, what now?

PORTER  
Now we go to the tournament. Like we planned. You get the girl and we all have a happy ending. Gang-bang, ya know?

JEFF  
What...?

Porter laughs.

PORTER  
Kidding!

JACK  
No worries, brother. We'll make it.

Tosses him the map. Porter's phone rings, he answers.

PORTER  
Hello?

ZOE (OS)  
Is this suicide prevention?

PORTER  
Yes it is.

ZOE (OS)  
Hi. My name is Zoe.

Jack and Jeff grin.

EXT. REST STOP - LATER

State troopers infest the place. Question the owner and others. Trooper Mike looks over one of the gas pumps, spotting tire marks. Then the trash can: a heap of smoking metal, burnt. Grabs the charred license plate.

TROOPER MIKE  
Fellas!

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Jeff scans the map. Looks up. Spots a sign: FRANK ZANEY DISCOURSE.

JEFF  
Here!

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - DAY

Porter's car banks into the parking lot.

PORTER (OS)  
This it?

JACK (OS)  
Frank Zaney, right?

Passes the sign and parks. Guys climb out, stretch.

PORTER  
That was quick.

JEFF  
Quick? Took us five hours!

JACK  
Quit your bitchin'. We made it. Now  
where's the bathroom?

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

The other officers inspect Trooper Mike's findings. Part ways to let the boss through. EISENHOWER, two spurs away from a cowboy, looks it over. Twirls a mustache.

EISENHOWER  
Crack.

TROOPER MIKE  
Sir?

EISENHOWER  
They're out there somewhere. Foot  
the word.

SWANKY  
They're carrying new plates. We  
can't possibly--

EISENHOWER  
Mike, you get the make and model?

TROOPER MIKE  
Yes, sir.

EISENHOWER  
Then put a word out. We'll find  
'em, one way or another.

INT. COURSE LOBBY - DAY

Jeff faces the check-in for competitors. TOURNAMENT ORDERLY sits behind a computer and folding table.

JEFF  
I'm here to check-in for the  
tournament.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
Alright, I'll need your name and  
confirmation code.

JEFF  
Confirmation code?

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
Yes, you should have received a  
confirmation code when you  
registered for the tournament. It  
verifies that your registration was  
completed successfully and that  
you're eligible to compete.

JEFF  
I registered like a month ago, but  
I never got a confirmation code.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
Well, without the code we can't let  
you compete. Standard procedure.

JEFF  
Don't you have records or  
something? Somewhere to look up my  
registration?

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
I could look, but I'm not going to,  
because it's not going to do you  
any good. Even if I were to find  
something with your name on it, the  
rules clearly state that a  
confirmation code is required to  
check-in. Without it you're  
ineligible.

Jeff shakes his head.

JEFF  
Fine.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
If you find your code, the check in  
table will be open until 9 o'clock  
tonight.

Jeff joins Jack and Porter by the entrance.

JEFF  
The guy says I can't check-in  
without a confirmation code.



PORTER  
So what's the problem? Just give  
him your confirmation code.

JEFF  
I don't have one.

JACK  
Well then how do you get one?

JEFF  
You're supposed to get it when you  
register, but I never received one.

PORTER  
I got it.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Jack, Jeff and Porter emerge from the stalls wearing all  
black and carrying various ropes and tools. Stare at  
themselves in the mirror.

JACK  
This is never going to work.

PORTER  
Yes it will. Trust me.

JEFF  
Seriously. This is a horribly  
stupid plan.

PORTER  
Only if by "horribly stupid" you  
mean "brilliant".

JEFF  
No. I mean "horribly stupid".

JACK  
Then we go back to the hotel?

Porter turns on them.

PORTER  
You guys always do this! Every time  
I come up with a plan, you bail at  
the last minute. Well it ain't  
gonna happen this time. We are  
getting you laid, we are getting  
you into this tournament, and we

(MORE)

PORTER (cont'd)  
are going to make something of this  
trip. One way or another.

INT. COURSE LOBBY - DAY

Porter strolls by the check-in table with burrito bag at his  
side.

PORTER  
Hey, man, I got an extra. Want it?

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
Where'd you get it?

PORTER  
Concessions.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
They any good?

PORTER  
Mouth-watering.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
(shrugging)  
Yeah, why not?

Takes the burrito.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
Thanks.

PORTER  
Don't mention it.

Porter takes a seat by the television, watches televised  
golf as the guy scarfs it down.

INT. COURSE LOBBY - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Porter glances from the couch. Tournament Orderly grabs his  
stomach, doesn't look good. Stomach heaves and the guy runs  
for the bathroom. Porter quickly takes his spot.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Orderly barges in and bounds for the stall. Vomits in the toilet. Stops momentarily. Orderly breathes.

INT. COURSE LOBBY - DAY

Porter types relentlessly. Searches a database of confirmation codes.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Tournament Orderly keeps breathing, elbows resting. Feels better. In the stall next door Jack waits with the second burrito. Drops it over the guy and it lands on the toilet seat in front of him. Jumpstarts another vomit.

INT. COURSE LOBBY - DAY

Porter searches and searches. Big bear of a man passes by. Fake smile a go.

PORTER  
Hi, how you doin'?

Back to typing. Finds a list: OPEN CODES.

PORTER  
Bingo.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Orderly spits out the last of it, sits up, looks around for the source of the burrito. Not a trace. Then looks at the floor in the stall next to him: a pile of human feces. Poor guy launches a waterfall.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - DAY

Jack and Porter head for the car, confident. Jeff catches up beside them.

JEFF  
Well?

PORTER  
You're in.

JEFF  
(excited)  
What?!

PORTER  
You can thank me later.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jeff, Jack, and Porter treat themselves to complimentary coffee and snacks.

JEFF  
Those burritos saved our ass TWICE.

PORTER  
Yeah. We're stopping by that station on the way back.

JEFF  
Why?

PORTER  
Gotta thank Santa Claus.

Downs the rest of his coffee, grabs his coat, and heads for the door.

JACK  
Where you going?

PORTER  
I'll be back in a few.

JEFF  
We're all still going out tonight, right?

PORTER  
Of course. Be right back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack snores in a chair. Jeff practices disc stances. Porter returns with a scuzzy "pubeard."

JEFF  
About time.

PORTER  
Sorry I'm late.

JEFF  
Hurry up. I can't be out too late,  
tournament's at noon.

PORTER  
I know, I know, I just need to  
shave first.

JEFF  
Alright.

PORTER  
Mind if I borrow your razor? I'm  
thinking I need a trim so I don't  
scare off the ladies tonight.

JEFF  
Yeah, just make it quick.

Porter enters the bathroom and shuts the door behind him. Sound of electric razor buzzes through the door. Then silence. Bathroom door opens, Porter emerges looking the same as before.

PORTER  
Alright, done. Let's head out.

JEFF  
I thought you said you needed to  
shave?

PORTER  
Yeah, I know. I just did.

Jeff stares at him.

JEFF  
Aw, what the fuck?!

Porter slaps Jack awake.

PORTER  
Rise and shine.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack chats with Cassandra on the phone, smokes a cigarette. Jeff and Porter walk out of the hotel in their best club posh.

CASSANDRA (OS)  
So what are ya'll doing tonight?

JACK  
Look, babe, I gotta go. The guys are here. I'll call you later. Promise.

Jack hangs up.

JACK  
What's the plan, ho-bag?

JEFF  
Get some burgers, then a sports bar, drink for a few hours?

PORTER  
Nope!

JEFF  
You have something better in mind?

PORTER  
I'm glad you asked. We start at that steakhouse a few miles up the road. Steak dinners and a few beers. After we've got ourselves some full stomachs and a nice buzz, we're hitting the clubs. I've already scoped 'em out, and I think we might have a shot at making the VIP list at one of them. Then, we finish the weekend with some crazy shenanigans, some chaotic adventure that I can't possibly describe at this point because we have no idea what it'll be or how it'll turn out.

JEFF  
Adventure, huh?

PORTER  
That's life.

Jeff and Jack look at each other.

JACK  
Let the party begin...

PORTER  
Ha!

To the driver's seat.

JACK  
Shotgun!

JEFF  
Backseat!

They hop in. Porter turns the ignition, radio comes on.

JEFF  
Hey, Jack, put on that one song.  
"Tonight's gonna be a good  
night..."

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Silverware clink and buzzed voices collide. The three friends chomp down on bloody steak and pints of beer.

EXT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack, Jeff and Porter exit the steakhouse.

JACK  
A--

JEFF  
A what?

JACK  
--mazing. I could go back to the  
hotel and pass out happy

PORTER  
Oh no, we're not going back to the  
hotel yet. If you need to  
masturbate, you can do it in the  
bathroom at one of the clubs like a  
normal person.

EXT. GULF GLITZ CLUB - NIGHT

Jack, Jeff, and Porter wait in line. Big BOUNCER at the front, loud music emanating outside.

PORTER

Remember, when we get up there,  
call me Todd.

JEFF

Wait, what?

PORTER

Todd. We discussed this already.

JEFF

No we didn't.

PORTER

Yes. We did. Earlier. VIP list,  
remember?

JEFF

I remember the VIP list, but you  
never said anything about calling  
you Todd.

JACK

Yeah. I'm not calling you Todd.

PORTER

Well then how do you expect us to  
get in here? This is the hottest  
club in town.

JEFF

So you're not actually on the list.  
You're just trying to steal someone  
else's spot.

PORTER

No. I just knew they wouldn't put  
us on the list, so I pretended to  
be someone else. I told the guy I  
was Todd Jovi, but they're not  
gonna buy it unless you guys  
pretend my name is Todd.

JACK

Todd Jovi? Who the hell is Todd  
Jovi?



PORTER

Todd Jovi. You know, Bon's brother.

JEFF

Bon who?

PORTER

Bon Jovi. The guy with the band.  
They have that song, what is it...  
"Whoa oh we're half way there. Whoa  
oh living on a prayer." Don't act  
like you don't know who I'm talking  
about.

JACK

You're an idiot.

PORTER

I'm not an idiot. You're an idiot.  
I'm a genius.

JACK

If you were such a genius you would  
realize Bon Jovi isn't the guy's  
full name.

PORTER

I know that, but it's not like  
anyone cares about his middle name,  
whatever it is.

JACK

No, you ass. Bon Jovi is his last  
name. His first name is Jon. As in  
Jon Bon Jovi.

PORTER

No it isn't. Stop fucking with me.

JEFF

Actually, it is.

PORTER

Wait...seriously?

JEFF

Seriously. How did you not know  
that?

PORTER

Well...shit. I don't want the fake  
to go to waste.

Grabs his wallet, pulls out the ID.

JEFF  
You got a fake ID?

PORTER  
Well it's not like they're gonna believe I'm Todd Jovi if my driver's license says James Porter, now are they?

JACK  
Fuck it, who cares.

They reach the front of the line.

JACK  
Might as well get a laugh out of this.

INT. GULF GLITZ CLUB - NIGHT

Group sits under speakers and strobe lights. Jack stares out at the dance floor, arms folded. Porter laughs in his ear.

PORTER  
What I tell ya?

JEFF  
He was right.

JACK  
I give. You were right.

PORTER  
Damn straight. Now...something tells me there are three lovely young ladies out there waiting for us. Am I wrong?

Jack smirks. They enter the mass of gyrating bodies, find the nearest girl, and get behind them.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Jack, Jeff, and Porter stagger out of the club and keep walking. Sweaty, surly, full of energy.

JEFF  
That was fantastic.

JACK  
Health inspector should shut it  
down on account of retards running  
the joint. Todd Jovi?! Christ.

PORTER  
You can thank me later.

JEFF  
Where to next?

PORTER  
Just work our way down the street.  
See if we can top ourselves at the  
next one.

JEFF  
I gotta be back by--

Blonde bimbo MEREDITH walks past, leans in and licks Jeff  
across the forehead before scampering off with her friends.  
Jeff halts on the sidewalk, watches her go.

JEFF  
Wh--what was that?

PORTER  
I'm pretty sure that girl just  
licked you on the forehead. Would  
you like to verify that for me,  
Jack?

JACK  
What it looked like to me.

JEFF  
Uhm, why?

PORTER  
Probably wants a piece. You should  
chase her down.

JEFF  
Very funny. You know I'm here for  
Jenny.

PORTER  
Don't be that guy. You haven't even  
met her yet. Don't let her have  
that much control over you. You're  
just gonna end up miserable.

JACK  
He's got a point.

Jeff looks at him.

JACK  
I'm not saying he's right about everything. Just, he does have a point about not letting a girl control you. If you give in too easily, you'll end up regretting it.

PORTER  
You know it.

JACK  
On everything else he says, he's pretty much a moron.

INT. PORTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Porter and Jack watch the President speak on TV.

PRESIDENT (OS)  
Yes, he was very candid about...

PORTER  
Candid. I wonder if there's a "candon't."

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Porter licks his chops and stares after the girls.

PORTER  
Well look, if you're not gonna do it, I'll step in and have a go at it.

JEFF  
Why don't you get an actual girlfriend?

PORTER  
What, like you?

Porter laughs.

PORTER  
I don't follow.

JEFF  
Of course. I mean a relationship.  
You know, commitment to something  
besides your cock?

JACK  
You're barking up the wrong tree,  
Jeff.

JEFF  
All I'm sayin' is...why whores?

PORTER  
They're cheaper.

JEFF  
(nodding)  
Ah...

PORTER  
You in or what?

JEFF  
She's drunk, I'm sober. That's a no  
in my book.

PORTER  
Snooze, ya lose.

Porter turns and runs after Meredith.

JACK  
So, uh, next bar?

JEFF  
Yeah, sure. He's a dog, he'll find  
his way back.

EXT. GULF GLITZ CLUB - NIGHT

Meredith and her friends approach the line. Porter sneaks  
from behind and drapes an arm around her shoulder.

PORTER  
Hello...?

MEREDITH  
Meredith.

PORTER

Todd Jovi. Good to meet ya.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Room is disheveled. Meredith sleeps with her head on Jeff's chest. Jack is passed out, half in bed, half on the floor. Strange girl COURTNEY is in the bed beside him. Jeff wakes, wipes the drool from his chin.

JEFF

I'm never drinking again.

Notices Meredith.

JEFF

What the...

Spots Jack.

JEFF

(whispering)

Jack.

(louder)

Jack.

JACK

(mumbling)

Five more minutes, Cassie. I promise.

JEFF

Jack! Wake up!

JACK

What?

JEFF

What the fuck happened last night?

JACK

What do you mean?

JEFF

What happened last night?

JACK

We went to a steakhouse for dinner...then hit a few bars before heading back here. You weren't that drunk. You should remember this.

JEFF

Did we come back with anyone?

JACK

Nah. Porter disappeared after some ho bag. Why? Is he not back yet?

JEFF

No. But where the hell did these girls come from?

JACK

What girls?

JEFF

The girls in our beds.

JACK

(finally rousing)

Wait, what?!

Jack startles and looks around the room.

JACK

Shit...who are they?

JEFF

That's what I'm asking you.

JACK

I don't know. They weren't here when I went to sleep.

JEFF

Same here.

JACK

What am I gonna do? What about Cassandra? Shit.

JEFF

What are you gonna tell her?

JACK

I have no idea. What do you even say?

JEFF

Apologize. And then grovel like hell.

JACK  
Maybe she doesn't have to find out.

JEFF  
If you cheated, she needs to know.

JACK  
Yeah, but maybe I didn't. Neither of us actually remember how they got here.

JEFF  
You're kinda stretching it, don't you think?

JACK  
And if I didn't do anything, there's nothing to tell her.

JEFF  
You still woke up in the same bed as another girl. We both know she wouldn't be okay with that.

JACK  
Yeah, she would flip out. Fuck!

Bathroom door swings open, in walks Porter.

PORTER  
What are you boners making so much noise about? You're gonna wake the strange.

JACK  
I'm in deep shit. Cassandra's gonna freak if she finds out I cheated on her.

PORTER  
You cheated on your girl!? With who?

JACK  
Uh, whoever the fuck this is beside me, I would assume.

PORTER  
Seriously? When? Sometime in the past 5 minutes?



JACK  
I dunno. Last night.

PORTER  
No, you didn't. Unless you did in the past 10 minutes or so. I would have noticed.

JACK  
What do you mean?

Porter dresses himself.

PORTER  
Well, I've been in the shitter for about five or ten minutes, but otherwise I know you were passed out last night. I think I would have noticed if you joined our little sourie. And by the way, her name is Courtney. Seriously, have some class. They are people after all. Well, sort of.

JACK  
So, I'm safe?

PORTER  
Safe as a condom. Now, aren't we supposed to be on our way to the park so Jeffy-poo here can play a game of fetch and get himself laid?

Jeff and Jack get out of bed, go for their suitcases.

JEFF  
Wait, what about these girls?

PORTER  
What about them?

JEFF  
We can't just leave them here.

PORTER  
Why not? They'll get the message. Just because they're whores doesn't mean they've gotta be stupid.

JACK  
Well they did sleep with you.

PORTER

And with you too. So put some pants on and let us accomplish what we came here to do.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - MORNING

Jeff, Jack, and Porter walk confidently, on foot to the course. Jeff with frisbee bag in tow.

EXT. COURSE LOBBY - MORNING

Reporter interviews Disc golfer Matthew.

REPORTER

Why is frisbee golf important to you?

MATTHEW

It is the last frontier of sports. All others, baseball, football, basketball, even golf, tennis, and track, they have respect, they're on television, they're on ESPN. DISC golf, that's what WE call it, has none of those. Until now. Maybe not ESPN, but we have reporters and cameras watching us for the first time on this beautiful morning, and I couldn't be more ecstatic. Disc golf is the last discovery in athletic competition.

REPORTER

Athletic, you say?

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - MORNING

Jeff, Jack and Porter reach the top of a hill overlooking the tournament grounds. Dozens of disc golfers roam the grassy knolls.

MATTHEW (VO)

Absolutely.

Tournament officials work hardily, media personnel go to and from, state troopers act as security.

EXT. COURSE LOBBY - MORNING

Matthew laughs.

MATTHEW

They even got fucking state  
troopers watching the place!  
Whoops...can I say that?

INT. COURSE LOBBY - MORNING

Trooper Mike and Eisenhower question the tournament orderly.

TROOPER MIKE

We got a tip concerning a  
suspicious vehicle that was seen  
here last night.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY

Suspicious?

TROOPER MIKE

This car might have been involved  
in a police chase yesterday about  
forty miles up the road.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY

Might have been? You guys have the  
plates, right?

Mike and Eisenhower exchange looks.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - MORNING

Porter gazes at the crowd full of polos and billowing  
slacks.

JACK

Wow.

JEFF

What?

JACK

Sometimes I wonder...about people.

INT. COURSE LOBBY - MORNING

Mike leans forward.

TROOPER MIKE

We know what the car looks like.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY

Listen, I'm sorry, officer, but here at Frank Zaney we don't keep any records of--

EISENHOWER

You don't keep tabs on guests at all?

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY

What? No--

EISENHOWER

I noticed this place is severely lacking in camera security.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY

Yes, unfortunately Frank Zaney failed to renew its own Patriot Act for 2010.

Eisenhower stares him down.

EISENHOWER

You getting smart with me, boy?

Orderly eyes their name-tags.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY

Your name is Mike, and your name is Eisenhower...

EISENHOWER

Yes.

TOURNAMENT ORDER

Eisenhower...like Ike. Mike and Ike.

Eisenhower seethes.

EISENHOWER

Son, you ever seen the movie "Super Troopers?"

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - MORNING

Jack and Porter hang back as Jeff approaches checkpoint.

CHECK GIRL

Name?

JEFF

Jeff McGee.

Checks her notepad.

PORTER

You seen the girl?

JACK

Nope.

CHECK GIRL

All right, Mr. McGee, go ahead and make your way to tent three.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - MORNING

Eisenhower looks over the sold out parking lot.

EISENHOWER

Search it.

Tournament Orderly watches as state troopers inspect the entire lot.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL

This is outrageous.

EISENHOWER

This is what we do, Mr. Tournament Orderly. You have a problem with it, radio your supervisor, and he'll radio his supervisor...

Orderly backs down.

EISENHOWER

That's what I thought. No time for bureaucrats.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - TENT - DAY

Jeff, Jack, and Porter take a seat under one of three tents housing competitors. Fellow golfer flashes a smile.

DISC GOLFER  
Beautiful day, huh?

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - DAY

Orderly receives a call on the radio.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY  
Yes, sir?

SUPERVISOR (OS)  
I'm getting calls. Check the weather for me.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - TENT - DAY

Jeff and the disc golfer compare frisbees.

JEFF  
You have the series X?!

DISC GOLFER  
Yep.

JEFF  
Get outta town!

JACK  
Yes, please, get the fuck outta town...

INT. COURSE LOBBY - DAY

Orderly rushes to the television, flips on the weather.

WEATHERMAN  
Hurricane Bob has taken a dramatic shift and now looks to be headed for the Texas coast. Those in Houston better brace themselves.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - TENT - DAY

Jeff receives a text message, checks his phone.

JENNY (VO)

Meet me at Beanie Baby Coffee House  
in three hours.

JACK

No sign of Jenny girl, pal.

JEFF

She just sent me a text. She wants  
to meet at some coffee house later  
on.

PORTER

Really?

JEFF

Yeah. After the tournament. Guess  
she bowed out.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - DAY

State troopers continue their search. Trooper Mike  
recognizes Porter's car down the lot. Clouds blanket the  
sun.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - TENT - DAY

ANNOUNCER shouts through a megaphone.

ANNOUNCER

All competitors make your way to  
tent four, from there we will begin  
the first round!

Jeff and the others gather their things.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - DAY

Trooper Mike circles Porter's car, stops at the backseat  
window. Crouches to get a good look at his reflection and  
the red vomit stains smothering it.

TROOPER MIKE

Sir, I found it!

Eisenhower is at his side.

EISENHOWER

You sure?

TROOPER MIKE

Positive. This is the one.

INT. COURSE LOBBY - DAY

Orderly talks with his supervisor.

TOURNAMENT ORDERLY

Sir, shouldn't we make an  
announcement?

SUPERVISOR (OS)

I gotta confirm with chain of  
command. We'll make the call if  
needed, don't you worry.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - DAY

Disc golfers and guests gather under tent four. Raindrop  
hits Jeff's hand. Looks up at the sky, commence drizzling.

ANNOUNCER

Looks like we'll be getting a  
little rain today. There will be  
umbrellas waiting for all athletes  
and guests at the first hole.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - DAY

Troopers gather around Mike and Eisenhower.

SWANKY

It's registered to a James Porter,  
sir.

EISENHOWER

We're going in.

SWANKY

We need a warrant to search the  
vehicle.

EISENHOWER

Do we, now?



EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - FIRST HOLE - DAY

Tournament orderlies pass out incredibly small umbrellas.  
Porter looks it over.

PORTER  
(impressed)  
Spiffy.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - DAY

Eisenhower stands before his troopers.

EISENHOWER  
Did anybody here sign up for this  
job to retrieve warrants?

Shakes of the head.

EISENHOWER  
No. Warrants are a short-cut to  
being Trooper What's-His-Face the  
rest of your natural life.  
Following procedure, well it ain't  
always such a straight-shot to  
success. Stir things up a bit, and  
you might just find yourself giving  
a speech one day. So we will go  
into this vehicle, we will find out  
what they are doing, and we will  
find them on the green if that is  
where they lay.

Drizzle picks up, thunder rumbles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Meredith jolts awake to the rumbling. Scans the room, then  
slowly gets up and walks to the window. Drizzle turns to  
pouring rain, pounding the window.

MEREDITH  
Courtney!

COURTNEY  
(sleepy)  
They'll be back, don't worry...

MEREDITH  
No, look!

Through the window she sees a tree trampled by winds.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - FIRST HOLE - DAY

Everyone huddles under their futile umbrellas. Lightening flashes overhead.

JACK  
Sorry, man.

JEFF  
We're not done yet.

Announcer on his walkie-talkie.

ANNOUNCER  
Sir, what is going on?!

SUPERVISOR (OS)  
I am in the process of  
confirmation.

ANNOUNCER  
Confirmation? There is thunder and  
lightening out here, we have to  
postpone!

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Officer retrieves hand cuffs, condoms, and a rubber chicken from the trunk. Squeaks with a squeeze.

EISENHOWER  
Sodomites.

Trooper Mike rummages through the glove box.

EISENHOWER  
Anything?

TROOPER MIKE  
Smells like egg rolls.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - DAY

Crowd jitters in the rain, impatient. Detractors leave for the tents. Golfer gets off the phone.

DISC GOLFER  
My brother says it's the hurricane!

Hubbub ensues. Announcer argues on his radio.

ANNOUNCER  
Sir, what is the word?!

SUPERVISOR (OS)  
We have an order to things around here, you should know that. Five more minutes.

Supervisor hangs up.

ANNOUNCER  
Fuck it.

Holds up megaphone.

ANNOUNCER  
Everyone inside! The tournament has been postponed until further notice!

Jeff sinks.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - DAY

Trooper Mike finds a copy of DISC GOLF WEEKLY with Jeff's name on it.

EISENHOWER  
So what are they, Mikey? What's the word? Guest or Athlete?

TROOPER MIKE  
Both, sir.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - FIRST HOLE - DAY

Jeff stands in the rain and wind as everyone retreats inside.

PORTER  
Jeff, we should probably go.

JEFF  
Just one goal. That's all I want...

JACK  
Jeff, it's a fucking hurricane!

EXT. FRANK ZANEY LOT - DAY

Eisenhower picks his team.

EISENHOWER

Trooper Mike, Johnson, and Swanky,  
you're with me. Everyone else post  
up here in case they return.

Four of them move out to the course.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - FIRST HOLE - DAY

Jeff stares down the green, eyes locked on the goal.

JACK

Dude!

JEFF

Stay calm, Jackie.

EXT. ZANEY CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Disc golfers and others hurry for shelter. Eisenhower and  
his gang block the entrance.

EISENHOWER

We are looking for a James Porter  
and Jeff McGee!

CHECK GIRL

Jeff McGee?

Points down the green.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - FIRST HOLE - DAY

Jeff watches the trees, the grass, the sky. Takes a frisbee.

PORTER

Jeff, seriously, this is no time  
for--

WHISTLE sounds off. Jack and Porter turn to see the gang of  
troopers waiting for them. Jeff glances over his shoulder,  
sees them too.

PORTER

You're kidding.

JACK  
NOW we're fucked.

They look at Jeff. And Jeff runs for the trees.

JACK  
Jeff!!

EISENHOWER  
HEY! Freeze!

Eisenhower and his troopers draw their guns, sprint for the boys. Jack chases after Jeff, Porter shrugs and follows their lead. Three friends dart into the forest. Troopers are close behind but slip and slide in the mud.

JACK  
Jeff, what are we doing? What the hell is wrong with you?!

One after another Jeff, Jack, and Porter leap over a river bank. They keep running, and arrive at a post housing motorized golf carts. Eisenhower and his men splash clumsily through the river.

JEFF  
Get on!

Tosses Porter keys to a golf cart.

JEFF  
You drive!

Porter grabs the driver's seat. Jeff and Jack climb on the back. Porter fires up the engine, guns it. Tires screech, spinning in the mud.

PORTER  
Fuck! Come on, come on!

Jeff sticks a frisbee under the left rear wheel, golf cart takes off just as troopers come bounding from the river. Eisenhower motions.

EISENHOWER  
Grab one, goddammit!

He and Trooper Mike each take the wheel of a golf cart. JOHNSON with Ike, Swanky with Mike. Keys in the ignition and they both speed off in pursuit.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY PROPERTY - DAY

Trio drive off course through the wind, rain, and debris.  
Maneuver between trees, shrubs, and flying squirrels.

JACK

We are so going to prison.

Cover their heads as a bullet ricochets off the roof.

JACK

What the fuck?!

JEFF

They're shooting at us.

PORTER

Can they do that?

Mike and Ike walkie-talkie with each other.

TROOPER MIKE

Can we do that?

EISENHOWER

Shoot to halt, not kill.

Johnson aims for the tires. Fires, hits a tree. Bark sprays Porter.

PORTER

Shit!

JACK

Guys, what are we doing?! Jeff?

Jeff is silent.

JACK

Jeff!

No response. Jeff simply grabs another disc from his bag and sends it spiraling toward Johnson in the enemy cart. Like a boomerang it knocks the gun from his hand.

JOHNSON

Christ!

EISENHOWER

What the hell was that, Johnson?!



JACK  
What are they doing?

JEFF  
Here we go.

Eisenhower stomps down on Johnson's right foot, accelerates.

EISENHOWER  
Fuckin' feather-foot!

They speed up, parallel to the boys. Jeff readies another disc. Eisenhower quickly fires, misses again. Chamber is empty. Begins reloading, ducks as another disc comes their way, dodges it.

Eisenhower raises the gun once more, focusing. Fires and this time connects, blows out their right back tire. Collective screams from the three friends as they veer out of control. Collision course for a large tree stump.

PORTER  
Uh oh.

Stump acts like a jagged ramp, golf cart soars and overturns simultaneously. Vehicle crash-lands in an open field. Jeff, Jack, and Porter are thrown from their seats. Sprawled in the grass.

EISENHOWER  
Crack.

Lowers his gun.

JOHNSON  
Hot shit, boss.

EXT. FRANK ZANEY COURSE - SIXTH HOLE - DAY

Jack and Porter lay bruised beside the heap of plastic, climb to their feet. Jeff staggers to his own a few yards ahead. Gazes across the plain. Rain stops, wind picks up. Johnson and Eisenhower screech to a halt behind them.

Jeff watches, frisbee in hand, as a tornado reaches from the clouds and touches down on the grass, churning in the dirt. Jack and Porter are awestruck. Troopers watch it too. Peace amid chaos.

JACK  
Whoah.



JOHNSON  
Back-up, sir?

EISENHOWER  
Sssh.

Twister tears through the country, demolishes several farm houses in the distance. Sirens finally sound off.

PORTER  
Shouldn't we run?

Jeff holds a finger to the wind.

JACK  
Jeff...

Jeff lowers his hand, facing the tornado, facing the goal. He readies his stance and throws a curve. Disc has tunnel vision, sights set on a chrome basket. Spirals through the wind and rain and lands smack dab on target. Jeff beams. Peace amid chaos.

PORTER  
Uh...yeah!

Claps half-heartedly.

JOHNSON  
Sir? Back-up?

EISENHOWER  
I'm my own back-up.

Makes his way over to Jeff as Johnson proceeds to handcuff both Jack and Porter. Eisenhower stands behind Jeff, who merely watches the twister's destruction. Jeff places his hands behind his back and Eisenhower cuffs him.

EISENHOWER  
Beautiful day, huh?

INT. HOUSTON JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Jack and Porter hang their heads. Jeff looks out the window, watches the rain.

JACK  
Maybe Cassandra's right.

PORTER

What?

JACK

We're twenty-five years-old. I'M  
twenty-five years-old. And look at  
where we are.

JEFF

And look at where we are.

PORTER

Huh?

JEFF

Like you said...that's life.

JACK

No. No, that's not life. For  
losers, maybe. We drove fifteen  
hundred miles for a fucking disc  
golf tournament and some chick you  
met online. Instead, we accomplish  
neither of those. A hurricane and  
prison, that's what we got.

JEFF

We got an adventure.

JACK

What, like some coming-of-age shit?  
Seems kinda backwards to me. Like  
fucking chaos.

JEFF

(smiling)

Exactly.

TROOPER MIKE

Hey!

Turn to see Trooper Mike frowning at the cell door.

INT. DISCHARGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Trio stand in front of DISCHARGE LADY.

DISCHARGE LADY

You fellas' must be friends with  
some pretty powerful people. Ain't  
too often a case like ya'lls gets  
dismissed. 'Specially with all the  
red tape. Count 'yer stars, kids.

Speechless. Lady stamps their discharge papers.

DISCHARGE LADY  
They left a note.

Hands Jeff an envelope with his name on it. Opens it.

JEFF  
(reading aloud)  
Beanie Baby's tomorrow morning.  
Don't forget -- Jenny.

EXT. HOUSTON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jeff, Jack and Porter exit the building. Pass Eisenhower in dramatic fashion.

JEFF  
Beautiful day indeed.

Porter makes a whiplash sound.

EXT. HOUSTON STREETS - NIGHT

Jack and Porter crowd Jeff, excited.

JACK  
Shit!

PORTER  
I never thought I'd say this, but  
you gotta date her, do her, and  
marry the fuck out of her!

JEFF  
Marry her?

PORTER  
She's rich, and she's bailing you  
out of jail before you've even met  
her. I think that's a good sign.

INT. BEANIE BABY COFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

Jeff sips a frappuchino, glances around for Jenny. Finds a big bear of a man instead. Armani suit and hair like Einstein. A company man. He locks eyes with Jeff, leaves his table. SPENCER takes a seat in front of Jeff.

SPENCER

Jeffrey?

JEFF

Uh...huh?

SPENCER

Don't say a word. If you interrupt me, I won't be able to get it all out. So if it gets awkward, just please be quiet and let me do what I need to do.

Jeff stares, speechless.

SPENCER

It's gonna be the best option for both of us in the long run, because I don't want to make a mess of things when I unload on you. I've been keeping it inside for far too long...it's been WELLING up, you know? For months now.

Spencer takes a deep breathe. Jeff looks around the place, speechless for the second time.

SPENCER

I can remember the first time I saw you, and how I felt deep down inside. I'm tired of it being a secret. I'm tired of having to pine from afar. Reprinting your photo because it stains and runs and ends up looking like that one painting by that Norwegian guy.

Tries taking Jeff's hand, he recoils.

SPENCER

I long to feel the warmth of your touch, that penetration. I long to feel completed, appreciated, fulfilled. I'm, I, I have to say it. I can't contain it any longer. I'm... I'm in love with you. And I truly believe that if you give it a chance, you can learn to love me too. If you're willing, we can transform this fantasy into something real. Something beautiful.

Jeff sits there for a moment, digusted. Then gets up and runs out of the store. Spencer panics.

SPENCER  
Wait, Jeff! No! Don't go!

EXT. SUICIDES ANONYMOUS - MORNING

Jack and Porter stand outside, down the street from the coffee house.

JACK  
This is it?

PORTER  
Yep. And they allow me to work from home a state away. Pretty cool, huh?

JACK  
I guess.

PORTER  
All three hotlines in the same place, so they--

Stops as Jack spots Jeff across the way.

EXT. BEANIE BABY COFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

Jeff fast-walks away from the shop. Spencer appears over his shoulder.

SPENCER  
Jeffrey! Come back, please! Jeff!

EXT. SUICIDES ANONYMOUS - MORNING

Jack and Porter meet Jeff at the corner curb, watch Spencer waving a block behind him.

PORTER  
Shit on a stick.

JACK  
Who the fuck is that?

PORTER  
Dude looks like ManBearPig.

Jeff squints, staring past them.

JEFF

Jenny?

Jack and Porter turn back around to see a female exiting the hotline center. Tall, blonde, sparkly, pregnant, and sporting a name tag: HELLO, MY NAME IS ZOE. But her face is Jenny. She waves at Spencer.

ZOE

Hey, Dad!

She crosses the street, and gets hit by a car.

CUT TO BLACK.