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FADE IN:

INT. SHELLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We PAN AROUND inside a much cluttered, typical females room. There are clothes strewn about on the floor. In the middle of the room is a queen sized bed with TWO LUMPS under the covers.

One of the lumps, WILDCARD, early 20's white boy is waking up and getting out of bed. He looks over to the other LUMP.

He pulls the covers off of the Lump and sees that it is an ugly, obese lady in her early 30's. She is SCANTILY CLAD and Wildcard shivers at the thought of maybe having had sex with her.

WILDCARD

(to the Gods)

GOD. Damn. You. Jack Daniels !

He looks around for his clothes and in the process TRIPS over the Lumps very big thong panties. He holds them up and SHIVERS again.

Then he cautiously SNIFFS them, makes a disgusted look and throws them at the wall.

He finds and puts on his pants and shirt. Checks his pockets for his wallet. It's there.

He then starts to count the used condoms. He picks up five of them off of the floor.

INT. SHELLY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUING

He WASHES his hands ferociously with hot water.

He WALKS out of the bathroom.

INT. SHELLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He finds his clothes and starts to get dressed. He pulls out his CELLULAR and calls his friend.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILDCARD'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

FIESTO, early 20's Mexican-American is driving when his phone RINGS.

FIESTO
 (into the phone)
 This is the Latin Lover.

Beat.

FIESTO (cont'd)
 Holy frijole, Wildcard, I was JUST
 about to call you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN WILDCARD AND FIESTO

INT. SHELLY'S BEDROOM

WILDCARD
 Dude. Where's my car?

FIESTO
 I'm driving it. Handles real well.
 I don't like the turn radius and
 the backseat is too small. Hard to
 fuck back there.

WILDCARD
 It was meant for driving, not...

FIESTO
 I mean, I had to open the windows
 just to get some leverage. Mucho
 disapointamente .

WILDCARD
 Shut the fuck up and come get me.

FIESTO
 Sure thing Mijo. Donde esta?

WILDCARD
 Good question. Hold on.

Wildcard looks around the room and finds the Lump's purse. He opens it up and pulls out her license.

WILDCARD (cont'd)
 Okay. I'm at 5516 Belaire # 1123.

FIESTO

Oh, I'm not too far from there.
Probably about 15 minutes. Aight.

WILDCARD

Hurry up before the beast wakes up
and wants to talk or something. Oh
and bring me some coffee while
you're filling up my gas tank.

FIESTO

Cream, sugar, lowest octane?

WILDCARD

Hazelnut if they have it. No sugar.
87 is fine.

FIESTO

Anything for you.

Fiesto hangs up.

INT. SHELLY'S GIRL'S BEDROOM

Wildcard hangs up the phone and heads for the front door.

He turns back around and RUMMAGES INSIDE her purse and takes
her cash.

He sees an Ipod and takes that as well.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

This is a different LADIES bedroom. On the bed is an AFRICAN
AMERICAN MALE, CHICKEN TENDER, 20's, sleeping over the covers
and wearing what appears to be girls thong underwear. Chicken
weighs about one hundred pounds wet with two bricks in his
pockets.

Next to him is an average looking Caucasian YOUNG LADY who is
wearing a bra and his boxers. They call her BRITNEY.

Then the girl's huge FATHER **BUSTS** open the door.

FATHER

(yelling)
Britney!!

Chicken Tender and Britney JUMP awake. Chicken jumps out of the bed and doesn't know where to go. He spots the window and RUNS for IT.

The father tries to block the way, but Chicken is too fast and tries to JUMP through the window. But he is too skinny and BOUNCES off and lands on the floor with a THUD.

Britney's hysterical MOTHER enters the room with a sweep broom as the Father tries to catch Chicken Tender, but he proves to be elusive, even in this tight room.

The Father makes a grab for Chicken and SLIPS on a banana peel and lands on the floor.

Chicken takes the opportunity to gather his clothes and RUN for the open door as the Mother HITS him with the broom.

MOTHER
(southern drawl)
Shoo, shoo. Git outta here.

Chicken BOLTS out of the room and scrambles to get out of the house. The Father is up and in hot pursuit.

MOTHER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Oh Britney. Not with a Black guy.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
(very upset)
MOM!! How could you? He likes me.

FATHER
I'm gonna fuckin' kill you boy!

The father slips on another banana peel in the hall.

Chicken finally reaches the front door, unlocks it in the nick of time and bolts outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE BRITNEY'S HOUSE

He hops into his BMW which is parked on the lawn.

There is a SMALL CROWD gathered in front of the house, WHISPERING about what might be going on inside.

He starts the car and PEELS out of there.

The Father gets to the front and sees the crowd.

FATHER

What's the matter? Like your
daughter's aren't sluts too!

BRITNEY (O.S.)

DADDY!!!! HE LIKES ME!!

FATHER

(To Britney)

Shut your fuckin' yapper. Off to
the nunnery with you.

He SLAMS the door.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTLAW'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

This bedroom is typical BACHELOR PAD with a king sized bed.
There is a LONE MAN sleeping. He is OUTLAW. No one knows how
old he is. He looks like a surfer dude from Cali with a hard
body.

He wakes up to the sound of the VACUUM from the other room.

He puts on a robe and goes into the kitchen.

INT. OUTLAW'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

There are TWO HOT CHICKS in their robes cleaning the house
and cooking. The BLACK CHICK is TIFFANY, 19 and looks a
little bit like Beyonce. The other is MARCELLA, 18 and
Latina.

Tiffany is cooking up some bacon and eggs. Outlaw sidles over
and hugs her from the back and gives her a little nibble on
the neck.

TIFFANY

(giggling)

Not now baby. My eggs are going to
stick.

Outlaw detaches himself and goes over to Marcella, who is vacuuming and gives her a big hug. She kisses him on the lips.

Tiffany puts the eggs on a plate, turns off the burner and joins in on the fun, first kissing Outlaw, then Marcella. Then all three kiss at once.

OUTLAW

I wonder if my boys had as much fun
as me?

CUT TO:

EXT. SHELLY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - SAME TIME

Wildcard is at the entrance to the apartments with a flat screen TV and a dvd player at his feet.

A flamboyant NEIGHBOR MAN gets out of his apartment and looks at Wildcard and nods hello. Wildcard nods back.

NEIGHBOR

Is that Shelly's stuff?

WILDCARD

Yea. Me and her are moving in to my apartment. I'm just waiting for her brother to help me bring some stuff over.

NEIGHBOR

Wow. That's great. Especially since she lost all that weight. I'm so glad she found someone to make her happy. You truly are an angel.

WILDCARD

Thank you sir. That is very kind of you. As a matter of fact, we just found out yesterday we're expecting a baby. And I would be honored if I could name him after you.

The neighbor beams.

NEIGHBOR

Oooh. You're going to name him
Virgil Wayne.

Fiesto pulls up in a Chevy Aveo. Wildcard MOTIONS for him to POP THE TRUNK which Fiesto does. Wildcard puts the loot in the trunk, closes it.

WILDCARD
 (to Virgil)
 Hey. When Cheryl wakes up. Tell her
 I'm with her brother, okay.

NEIGHBOR
 Sure, but her name is...

Wildcard gets in the car and SLAMS the door shut.

INT. WILDCARD'S CAR

They BUMP KNUCKLES. Fiesto hands Wildcard his coffee.

FIESTO
 Did you just rob that girlie?

WILDCARD
 Forget her, bro. She robbed me of
 my innocence.

FIESTO
 Whatever. Don't be so EMO. You're
 as innocent as Shamu in the back
 seat there.

Wildcard looks in the back seat and sees a so-so looking FEMALE, passed out in her panties and bra.

WILDCARD
 Tell me you didn't fuck her in my
 backseat?

FIESTO
 Hardly, homes. She takes up most of
 it.

WILDCARD
 And why is she still passed out?

FIESTO
 My special drink. The "HOLY
 FRIJOLE". She thought she could do
 two.

WILDCARD
 Holy frijole! Did she?

FIESTO

Yep. And that's why she's still there, passed out. Ten hours later.

WILDCARD

That's what she gets for trying to cock block everyone.

Wildcard's phone RINGS. He answers it.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

(into the phone)

Hi mom. No, no, I'm awake.

Beat.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

Yes. I did go on the interviews and now I'm waiting to hear back from them.

Beat.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

Yes. As soon as I get home, I will.

Beat.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

Yes. Mom. I did send thank you cards.

Beat.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

(irritated)

I know Joe went through a lot getting me those interviews.

Beat.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

(yelling)

Well, shit, mom! I can't make them hire me, can I? Just tell Joe to make them hire me then. What the hell do you want me to do?

Long beat.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

You know mom, I love you, but it's too early to get yelled at. Goodbye.

He hangs up.

Fiesto lets out an impressive WHISTLE.

FIESTO

Man, if I talked to my mom like that, I would have approximately twenty more minutes to live before my dad killed me. You got juevos man.

WILDCARD

Whatever. They've set stupid expectations for me to live up to. Basically, "BE LIKE JOE OR YOU'RE CUT OFF". I mean, really, I'm only twenty two. Get off my back.

FIESTO

Again. If I talked like that...

WILDCARD

Well, I'm a spoiled frat boy that just got his B.A. in marketing. And I'm from the "ME" generation. We're very different. I know we're the best WINGMEN out there. But we come from two very different backgrounds.

Fiesto's phone RINGS. He looks at the CALLER ID and sees it is Chicken Tender.

INSERT: CALLER ID: CHICKEN TENDER

Fiesto passes the phone to Wildcard, who answers it.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

(into the phone, with a "ghetto" accent)

Tyrone's house o' hoopties. My name is Jamal. How can I help you?

CUT TO:

INT. CHICKEN TENDER'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

CHICKEN TENDER

(ghetto like)

You racist ass cracker. Why do you think just because you know a Black guy, you can talk like one. I'm telling Jessie Jackson right now.

SPLIT SCREEN

WILDCARD

First of all, you don't talk like that. You're the whitest guy I know.

CHICKEN TENDER

(regular voice)

Well. It ain't easy being Black. Too many stereotypes to perpetuate. I tried once to be like LL Cool J. I lifted weights, wrote rap songs, got a Kangol, but...

WILDCARD

But what?

CHICKEN TENDER

I couldn't lick my lips that much.

Wildcard busts out laughing.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)

So I just settled for having a big dick.

Wildcard is still laughing.

WILDCARD

Whatever. That's a myth and you know it.

CHICKEN TENDER

Sometimes, yea.

(beat)

So what are you and The Mean Bean doing?

WILDCARD

We're trying to find a place to dump a body.

CHICKEN TENDER

You crazy bored suburban white boys. What other crazy shenanigans will you be up to today?

The passed out cockblock lets out a BIG FART. Even Chicken Tender heard that. Fiesto opens both the windows to air out the car.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)

Did your car just backfire?

WILDCARD

Remember the cock block from last night? Yea, her fat ass is passed out in my back seat and we need a place to dump her before she rips another.

CHICKEN TENDER

Ooh. Nasty. Try dumping her off in an alley somewhere.

WILDCARD

Or maybe we take her back to Fiesto's place.

FIESTO

Can't. My girl is there and she'll get pissed. Probably smell my dick again to see if I cheated on her.

WILDCARD

(to Fiesto)

She does that, for real?

FIESTO

Every time I come home late.

WILDCARD

(to Chicken)

We're going for some food at our regular Sunday spot. You there or what?

CHICKEN TENDER

Oh yeah. What about Outlaw. Anyone holla at him?

The car DRIVES into a back alley where there seems to be no one around at this early hour.

WILDCARD

You call him and meet us there.

CHICKEN TENDER

No problem. Peep you peeps later.

WILDCARD

I love it when you get ghetto.

END SPLIT SCREEN

They both hang up. Fiesto stops the car at a dumpster.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

What? You gonna put her in a
dumpster?

Fiesto opens the door while the car is idling.

FIESTO

No way Jose. We're going to put her
NEXT to the dumpster. What are we,
animals?

Wildcard gets out of the car and opens the backseat and grabs
the girls arms and starts to drag her out. Fiesto comes by
and grabs her legs and they plop her next to the dumpster.

WILDCARD

Where're her clothes?

FIESTO

(shrugging)
Somewhere on the highway.

WILDCARD

We can't just leave her here half-
naked like this.

FIESTO

What do you suggest we do? Give her
our clothes?

Wildcard lulls it over for a few beats. Fiesto looks at his
watch.

FIESTO (cont'd)

Bro. Sunday breakfast. We never
miss a Sunday breakfast. I've
dumped many a girlfriend for Sunday
Breakfast.

WILDCARD
(contemplating)
Mmm. Chicken fried steak and eggs
does sound so good right now.

The cockblock FARTS again.

FIESTO
So let's go eat before she totally
makes me lose my appetite.

They look at the unconscious girl for a few beats.

A longer FART this time. She seems to be waking up.

WILDCARD
Yea, she'll be alright. She looks
like a tough bird. Let's go.

FIESTO
Oh. God. I think I smelled corn
from that one.

They leave the girl on the concrete and get back in the car
and PEEL away.

INT. DINER - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Typical Denny's type diner. The guys are all in the non-
smoking section. Normal CONVERSATION can be heard.

Wildcard and Fiesto are already seated and in the middle of a
DEBATE. They already have their coffee's in front of them.

In walks Chicken Tender, dressed appropriately now. He sits
next to Wildcard.

The WAITRESS, SHERRI, 40's redhead with big tits comes by and
brings him a cup of coffee without being asked.

CHICKEN TENDER
Thanks, Sherri.

FIESTO
I'm just saying that Debbie Gibson
was way hotter than Tiffany. I
would definitely give her the
Mexican Beef Injection.

WILDCARD

No way doofus. Tiffany. Sang better. Looked better. Still looks better. And she's a redhead. Red in the head, fire in the bed. It's in the Ten Commandments. Read it.

SHERRI

(walking by with a coffee pot)
You got that right, honey.

CHICKEN TENDER

He got you there. Plus, Debbie had that huge shnoz and all. Made her look like a white-black girl.
(beat)
Did she even have boobs?

WILDCARD

Not bigger than Tiffany's.

FIESTO

Didn't your ex look like Tiffany?

CHICKEN TENDER

Oh damn. No you didn't. Tell me you didn't just say that.

Wildcard just looks at Fiesto with a pissed off look on his face.

WILDCARD

Up yours fuckface. That was totally bogus.

CHICKEN TENDER

Even I wouldn't go there.

Fiesto seems un-fazed.

FIESTO

Whatever. Debbie Gibson was hotter.
End of conversation.

WILDCARD

Blow me.

Outlaw walks in and sits next to Fiesto. He looks beat or strung out. Hard to tell which. Outlaw's wardrobe consists of cargo shorts. 80's rock T-shirts and flip flops.

OUTLAW
What's the end of what
conversation?

CHICKEN TENDER
Debbie Gibson or Tiffany.

OUTLAW
Tiffany hands down.

Sherri brings Outlaw his coffee.

OUTLAW (cont'd)
You numbnuts need a new set of tits
to fight over, like... I don't
know. Brittney or Christina.

WILDCARD/CHICKEN TENDER
Definitely Christina.

Fiesto looks disgusted.

FIESTO
That skinny ho'. Gimme Brit any day
with her fat ass. Like La Raza say,
"Meat is for the man, Bones are for
dogs".

Wildcard, Chicken and Outlaw start to BARK like dogs.

Fiesto waves them off.

FIESTO (cont'd)
(to Chicken Tender)
I don't know what you're talking
about. Don't all black guys like
big girls?

CHICKEN TENDER
Forget that. I'm from suburbia...
with a trust fund.

He and Outlaw bump knuckles.

OUTLAW/CHICKEN TENDER
Worrrrrrrrrd. Trust funds.

FIESTO
Forget both you gringos.

Sherri comes over to take their orders.

WILDCARD/FIESTO/CHICKEN TENDER
 Chicken fried steak and eggs.
 Scrambled.

OUTLAW
 Nothing for me Ma'am. I already
 ate. Twice. Coffee is fine.

She walks away without getting the menu's.

There is a comfortable SILENCE between everyone.

CHICKEN TENDER
 (to Wildcard)
 So why did that chick break up with
 you?

WILDCARD
 Do we haffta to about her?

CHICKEN TENDER
 Don't ask, don't tell. Sorry.

WILDCARD
 I don't know why. I went to visit
 for the weekend. Started with
 flowers and bubble baths. Next
 thing I know, she's throwing me out
 and calling me a motherfucker.

OUTLAW
 Hey Eric. No worries. Now you're
 free to do whatever you want. Why
 you think I'm still in college? Way
 too much pussy for me to stop and
 settle.

WILDCARD
 I mean, we were talking marriage.
 What to name the babies.

OUTLAW
 Sorority chicks. No bar too far.
 Last call, last resort.

WILDCARD
 Great careers. Three car garage.

FIESTO
 Frozen burritos and beer. Fart
 whenever you want.

WILDCARD

PTA meetings. Roth IRA accounts.

CHICKEN TENDER

There's an all you can eat buffet out there, Wildcard. Just like last night.

WILDCARD

Ugh. Please. You ain't see that fucking Orka this morning. IN THE LIGHT. She started out looking like Lil' Kim. Now she looks like Big Bertha.

CHICKEN TENDER

Ain't nothing like rolling them in dough and looking for the wet spot.

Outlaw chokes on his coffee.

OUTLAW

That's enough. Please.

CHICKEN TENDER

He took the grenade for you, bro. If it wasn't for the greatest Wingman in the world, none of us would've gotten...

Sherri walks by as he says that. She turns to them.

SHERRI

Hell boys, all you gotta do is ask. I'm sure I can handle you four.

She LAUGHS as she's walking away.

OUTLAW

Great. My dick just went into hiding.

FIESTO

Don't tell me you never done a MILF?

OUTLAW

I haven't kissed anyone over twenty one since I was fourteen.

FIESTO

See. You liked older women then.

OUTLAW

Yea. But I don't wanna make out
with my mom. That's sick.

CHICKEN TENDER

I take it anyway I can get it.

WILDCARD

I take it you like to eat at The Y,
Big Chicken?

CHICKEN TENDER

The Y. The Z. Pick your letter.

Chicken licks his lips like he just ate something pleasing
and then makes a popping noise with his lips.

OUTLAW

(to Chicken)

Don't tell me you dined there last
night?

CHICKEN TENDER

And I tossed some salad too.

WILDCARD

Tell Sherri to cancel my order. I'm
about to lose it.

FIESTO

What's wrong with that. I eat salad
all the time.

CHICKEN TENDER

Fuck yea.

OUTLAW

You guys mention eating or licking
anything again, I'm gonna deport
both your asses.

CHICKEN TENDER

I know where he's going.
(pointing to Fiesto)
BUT. Where the fuck you gonna
deport me to?

OUTLAW

I don't know.
(beat)
Albania?

CHICKEN TENDER

Where the hell is that?

OUTLAW

Don't know. Somewhere in Africa or something. Who cares. So what's the dillie for tonight?

FIESTO

It's Sunday tonight. I, unlike some lazy bastards, have to go to my "YOB" tomorrow.

Outlaw looks at the other two for suggestions.

WILDCARD

I have a couple of interviews tomorrow. Can't do it. Joe pulled lots of favors to get me these.

Outlaw looks to Chicken.

CHICKEN TENDER

Of course I'm in. I hear Dukes is hopping with bunnies.

Outlaw is looking at the other guys.

OUTLAW

C'mon guys. Don't wuss out on us.

Outlaw stretches out his arm, palm down, ready for a gang cheer.

OUTLAW (cont'd)

Find 'em.

Chicken puts his hand on top of Outlaws.

CHICKEN TENDER

Feel 'em.

They both look at Fiesto. Fiesto hesitates a couple of seconds before putting his hand on top of Chicken's.

FIESTO

Fuck 'em.

They all look at Wildcard. He SHAKES his head no. Then smiles real big. He puts his hand on top.

WILDCARD

FORGET 'EM!!

They let out a triumphant roar and start to BANG on the table.

WILDCARD/FIESTO/CHICKEN TENDER/OUTLAW
FOUR EF'S! FOUR EF'S! FOUR EF'S!
FOUR EF'S!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SPORTS BAR - THAT EVENING

The guys are in a very busy, non smoking SPORTS BAR. The MUSIC can barely be heard over the DIN OF CONVERSATION. You have to almost shout to be heard in some areas.

SCANTILY clad WAITRESSES are RUNNING to and fro with drinks and selling shots or just flirting for bigger tips.

Wildcard is standing next to Chicken, holding beers at the bar.

They are checking out the multitudes of HOT WOMEN there.

WILDCARD
Now. One of the keys to being a
Wingman is selling.

CHICKEN TENDER
Selling?

WILDCARD
Yea. You got to sell your Ace to
the hottie. No matter what kind of
bullshit he says, you back it up.

CHICKEN TENDER
An example being?

WILDCARD
He says he's a movie producer.
You've seen all his films and loved
them, except the one with the guy
who does the voice of Chris from
FAMILY GUY.

CHICKEN TENDER
Why him?

WILDCARD
They all know Family Guy and can
relate.

WILDCARD(cont'd)

Listen, nine times out of ten, the chickies will swear that they've seen the movie.

A WAITRESS comes by that they know and gives Wildcard a kiss on the cheek. Chicken puts his cheek out but she ignores him.

WAITRESS

Hey Eric. Any luck with those interviews? Gonna be my sugah daddy soon?

WILDCARD

Nope. I gotta couple of more prospects. Honestly. I could care less if I get them.

WAITRESS

Now, now. No one likes a sour puss. How 'bout a couple of shots?

CHICKEN TENDER

How 'bout I get your phone number?

WAITRESS

Sorry. Too skinny for me. I like real men.

She walks away.

WILDCARD

(slapping Chickens chest)
Why don't you beg next time.

CHICKEN TENDER

Naw, man. It's not like that. I just don't like to beat around the bush. I just dive right in.

Wildcard rolls his eyes.

WILDCARD

So, the next important step to being a Wingman is keeping the Anchor busy. Usually, she's an "Ugly Betty" or "Plain Jane". But no matter what kind of shit is spewing out of her flapper. You are enthralled.

CHICKEN TENDER

So in other words. Take one for the team.

They start to walk around the bar, saying hi to PEOPLE they know but not stopping to talk.

WILDCARD

It's just like what the rednecks call "Hogging". Only we have teeth. Besides, I took the grenade last night. If I didn't free Willy, no one, and I mean no one would've gotten laid.

CHICKEN TENDER

You make it sound like this is a war or something. I just wanna get me some tang.

Wildcard stops suddenly and stares intensely at Chicken.

WILDCARD

THIS is a War. A war of WILLS. Strike first and strike hard. There is no "I" in team, but move the letters around and you get "meat". That's what they are. MEAT. They have what we want. To get it, we do what we have to.

They head for the bathroom.

INT. SPORTS BAR BATHROOM

Wildcard takes a stall and unzips. Chicken takes the one next to him.

WILDCARD

What're you doing?

CHICKEN TENDER

I'm about to take a piss.

WILDCARD

Why're you standing so close to me? That there is the "I'm not gay" stall. Just like the "I'm not gay" seat at the movies. Now scoot your cracker ass over.

CHICKEN TENDER

Well. At the movies, there's a chance a chick might sit in between. I don't think one is going to let loose here.

Chicken slides one over unzips and does his business. He is obviously a little annoyed.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)
 Whatever man. It's not like I even want to see your little shnizzle. So getting back to the lesson. Do I have to bone the grenade?

WILDCARD
 That's a judgement call. BUT you DO have to get her out of there. You gotta do something to make her happy.

(zips back up)
 It's a dirty job. But someone's gotta do it. And that's why we're WINGMEN.

Chicken zips and they both go wash their hands. They also check each others teeth for any food stuck there. They're good to go. They head back to the bar area.

INT. BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

We PAN and see Fiesto talking it up to THREE GIRLS in a booth. The guys make eye contact but nothing else. Fiesto then rubs his nose twice.

WILDCARD
 See what Fiesto just did? He rubbed his nose twice. That means two anchors and get into position so we can hear what kind of shit he's feeding them.

They move closer.

CHICKEN TENDER
 How many codes are there? I barely saw that.

WILDCARD
 Exactly, my young friend. If you didn't see it, neither did they. It's in the handbook.

CHICKEN TENDER
 There's an actual handbook?

WILDCARD

Yup. Written by the Jedi Masters of all wingmen. LB and JIVA.

CHICKEN TENDER

When do I get my copy?

WILDCARD

When you're ready. Now let's go. Fiesto needs a WINGMAN.

We FOLLOW them to Fiesto's table.

The pretty girl, ANGIE, 22, is talking to Fiesto while the two so-so girls, A BLONDE and A REDHEAD are looking around, anxious to leave.

The Blonde, LISA, early 20's is on the thick side with glasses and wears clothes too tight for her.

JANE, 21, is really plain looking. Straight red hair. White skin with freckles. Lindsay Lohan without the hotness.

Wild and Chicken are eavesdropping on them without being obvious.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

Now. We got the perfect set up. We go in. Divide and Conquer. You get the blonde, I'll take care of Little Ugly Annie.

They tap glasses and proceed to Fiesto.

Fiesto is talking to Angie and she is really digging him.

FIESTO

...So after I finished shooting that film, I called up Quentin and told him about this idea I had for a mob film with aliens. It's sort of like GOODFELLAS meets THE X FILES. We're trying to get Scully to be in it.

ANGIE

(captivated)

You've worked with all those people?

Wildcard and Chicken are within earshot now.

FIESTO

They don't call me Mr. Rodriguez
for nothing.

JANE

You're Robert Rodriguez? Made
million dollar grossing movies?

FIESTO

Yes ma'am.

Fiesto rubs his nose. A sign he might be caught in a lie.
Move in quick.

Wildcard and Chicken got the name and do so.

WILDCARD

(star struck)

Holy Mariachi. It is you.

(to Chicken)

I told you that's Robert Rodriguez.
But you're like, "naw, just looks
like him".

(to Fiesto)

Bro. I loved EL MARIACHI and
DESPERADO and SWING KIDS.

CHICKEN TENDER

My favorite one is DEAD GIRLS A GO-
GO.

WILDCARD

Isn't that the one with the guy who
does the voice of Chris from FAMILY
GUY?

LISA

Isn't he Dr. Evil's son, Chris
Evil?

JANE

Seth Green. Doesn't anyone read the
credits?

WILDCARD

Yea. That's him. Good voices.
Crappy actor.

ANGIE

I think I saw that one. Had zombies
and one legged freaks with five
boobs with eyeballs.

ANGIE(cont'd)

That was way cool. Really scary.

FIESTO

Thanks. Thanks. Always great to meet fans. Speaking of. This here is Angie and those are her friends...

Waits for Angie to introduce.

ANGIE

Oh, the blonde
(on the left)
Is Lisa. And the redheaded party pooper is Jane.

Wildcard and Chicken introduce themselves.

FIESTO

Would you like to join us? I'm just here scouting new locations for my next Grindhouse feature.

ANGIE

Girls. Move over so these guys can sit.

The girls move over.

CHICKEN TENDER

Actually, I was hoping I could sit next to Lisa?

Lisa looks SURPRISED and pushes Jane out of the booth to make room. She pats the seat. Chicken sits next to her.

Jane falls out into Wildcard's arms. She regains her balance, straightens her hair.

JANE

Thanks sport. I can take it from here.

WILDCARD

As you wish.

Jane sits followed by Wildcard.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

(to Jane)

You are very pretty by the way.

JANE

What did you say your name was again?

WILDCARD

My friends call me...

JANE

Did your parents name you Wildcard.

WILDCARD

No they named me Eric.

She puts her hand out to shake in a friendly way.

JANE

Pleased to meet you, Eric. I'm Jane.

Then a SHADOW LOOMS over them. And a very large lady, BETH, comes up to the table. Beth looks like a linebacker in drag.

ANGIE

(all smiles)

And this is my twin sister, Beth.

BETH

(voice to match the look)

Hi bitches. Where the fuck is my hot guy?

The guys are too dumbfounded to speak at the revelation of the twin.

That's when Outlaw ENTERS. He stands next to Wildcard and puts his arm around him in a friendly gesture.

WILDCARD

Beth. This is my bestest friend in the whole wide world. We like to call him...The Outlaw.

(nodding to Fiesto)

And you will never believe who just asked us to sit? Robert freaking Rodriguez.

Outlaw extends his hand to shake.

OUTLAW

Dude. I knew it. I loved that last flick you put out. How do you think of that stuff?

Beth puts her arm in Outlaw's.

BETH
Wanna talk in private?

OUTLAW
Fuck No.

Fiesto kicks him and Wildcard elbows him.

OUTLAW (cont'd)
Fuck Yes.

Beth LEADS him out of FRAME.

ANGIE
Thank God Beth found someone. I swear, she really needs to get her cherry popped. I would do anything to see that she does.

FIESTO
(gulps)
Anything?

Angie nibbles on his ear.

ANGIE
(sexy whisper)
Anything.
(normal voice)
And if she doesn't get some. Well, no one gets any. Right girls?

They nod in agreement.

Wildcard acts as if he received a TEXT MESSAGE. He "READS" it aloud.

WILDCARD
Eric. Please pick up your kitty at the vet. Love mom.
(to the table)
Let me just write her back.

All the girls start to AWWW at his tenderness.

He starts to TYPE a message. And sends it to:

INT. SPORTS BAR - OUTLAWS BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Outlaws phone is RINGING. He sees it's a message from Wildcard.

TEXT MESSAGE
<U HAFFTA JUMP DA GRENADE!! 911>

Outlaw shakes his head in disgust and looks as if he is going to cry.

BETH
What's wrong sweetie?

OUTLAW
I just got some very, very, bad news. My pet snake just shriveled up and died.

He starts to SOB and looks at the text message again.

OUTLAW (cont'd)
Wanna go to my place? I need to grieve.

Beth is so surprised, she YELLS the answer.

BETH
HELL YEA! BOO YAH!!

They get up out of the booth and start to leave. They WALK by Wildcard's table.

BETH (cont'd)
(to the table)
I have to go and console him. He just got some real bad news.

Outlaw has a look as if he just found out his mom died. He is nearly white in the face.

ANNIE
You don't look so good. Are you sure you're not sick?

JANE
I took CPR. Want me to take your pulse?

OUTLAW (O.S.)

Yea. You like that. That feel good?
Want more? I got more where that
came from. Open up baby.

BETH (O.S.)

Oh yea. Gimme. More whipped cream.
Lay it on me baby! Stuff my mouth.
Damn. This feels good going down my
throat. Oops. It's going down my
chin.

OUTLAW (O.S.)

Open up and say AHHH!. Yea. That's
it. All over your face. That's a
good girl. Take it all. Baby.

The CAMERA goes into the BEDROOM where

INT. OUTLAW'S BEDROOM

Beth is on Outlaws bed with a breakfast tray in front of her
with a variety of open wrappers and an assortment of food all
over the bed.

She has a half eaten cake on there as well. Outlaw is
spraying more whipped cream in her mouth. She starts to gag
on it and it spills down her chin.

OUTLAW

Yea baby. That's it. How's it
taste?

BETH

It's so rich and creamy.

CUT TO:)

INT. DINER - NEXT DAY

Fiesto, Wildcard and Chicken are at their booth with coffees.
They look as if they haven't slept all night.

Sherri comes by to refill the cups.

SHERRI

Four Ef's?

They grumble in agreement.

SHERRI (cont'd)
Where's the fourth eff?

CHICKEN TENDER
MIA. Collateral Damage. We had to sacrifice him so the rest of the platoon could go on to victory.

SHERRI
(looks confused)
What? I thought you were just trying to get laid?

WILDCARD
We did and we did. But poor Outlaw. We haven't heard from him all morning.

They lower their heads in morning. They start to hum the tune from TAPS.

SHERRI
Whatever. Dumbasses.

She leaves.

FIESTO
If it's any consolation, it wasn't that good. She asked to take a break in the middle of it?

CHICKEN TENDER
A break? What were you guys doing? Painting the house?

WILDCARD
Or maybe you just bored her to death. Didn't you give her the famous "Beaner Weiner"?

FIESTO
I did. That was the problem. Too much too handle. After that, she went to the bathroom, and I vamoosed outta there.

WILDCARD
You left your own house?

FIESTO

Yea. Then I realized it was my house and I had to go back.

CHICKEN TENDER

Damn. "Let's take a break". I think I would have to kill myself if I ever heard that.

FIESTO

Shut up. Don't you know who I am?

CHICKEN TENDER

Yea, Mr. Hot-Rodriguez. Movie maker extraordinaire.

FIESTO

And don't you forget it.

WILDCARD

I actually **talked** all night with Jane. She is a very interesting person.

CHICKEN TENDER

By talk, you mean fucked alot. Because you're not just a player.

WILDCARD

Nope. Just words being exchanged. We even exchanged numbers AND e-mail addresses and I read her blogs. Oh and Facebook friend requested her at her house.

FIESTO.

Oh shit. Blogs. E-mail addy's. Facebook. Great. You know what this means? I won't be able to get rid of Anna.

WILDCARD

Angie. And it's not always about you. Besides. Just tell her you have a mammasita and I'm sure she won't bug you.

CHICKEN TENDER

Or you can tell her you want to harpoon her sister.

This gets a chorus of "UGH" from all three.

WILDCARD

Okay. Let's get our chicken fried steaks and blow this joint. I have an interview to get to.

INT. HR DEPARTMENT OFFICE - NOON

Wildcard is dressed **not** to impress. He looks HUNG OVER and sleepless.

The HR MANAGER, MR. LLOYD, 50's, is looking over his resume.

His door is open and OFFICE CHATTER can be heard in the background.

Wildcard does not seem too interested in this interview. He looks distracted and is fidgety.

MR. LLOYD

Very impressive, Mr. Sorkin. B.A. in marketing. Debate club. Secretary of your fraternity. You seem to be the most qualified candidate the we have interviewed so far.

WILDCARD

Thank you sir. I feel that I would be an...

MR. LLOYD

Please. Eric. You had the job walking in the door. Joe's recommendation is as good as gold. Hopefully, you two are like peas in a pod.

WILDCARD

I like to think that we're two birds of a feather. I grew up wanting to be like my big brother. He always looked out for me. Made sure I didn't stray or hang out with the wrong people. Essentially, he kept me on the straight and narrow.

At this point, JOE, 32, Wildcard's big brother KNOCKS and pokes his head in.

JOE
Hope I'm not disturbing anything too important here. Am I?

MR. LLOYD
As a matter of fact Joe, we were just talking about you.

JOE
I thought my ears were burning.

The two co-workers share a laugh that only office people know how to. Dry humor. Forced laughs.

MR. LLOYD
I was just about to ask Eric when he wanted to start work here?

They look at Wildcard.

JOE
Eric. Are you feeling alright? You look...haggard.

WILDCARD
Allergies, Joe. They're killing me. Texas weather.

JOE
Well, I will be off then. I will see you here bright and early....Monday?

WILDCARD
Yea...Monday...bright...early.

With that. Mr. Lloyd stands up.

MR. LLOYD
That settles it then. Eric, I will have everything taken care of for you as far as paperwork. Welcome aboard son.

Wildcard stands up and they shake hands. Joe gives Wildcard a big hug.

JOE
Me and my little bro. Just like the old days.

WILDCARD

Yea. Thanks Joe.

Joe has his arm around Wildcard as they WALK outside the office into the HALL.

Joe then turns and faces Wildcard, concerned.

JOE

Eric. I didn't want to say anything, but mom is worried about you.

WILDCARD

What the fuck else is new?

JOE

She has a point. First of all. Look at how you're dressed. You look like you haven't slept in a week. The only reason you got this job is because of me and trust me, there are thirty guys willing to cut their balls off to be you right now.

WILDCARD

So I've been told a million times.

JOE

What're you doing with yourself? Seriously. Why are you trying to throw all this away? WHAT. ARE. YOU. DOING?

START OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE SET TO "SLAM" BY ONYX

INT. BAR - EVENING

The four SLAM down their shot glasses one by one.

INT. SPORTS BAR

Outlaw is dancing with a HOT GIRL while the other three keep the OTHER THREE UGLIES occupied.

INT. BAR

The four are SLAMMING down the shot glasses on the bar again.

INT. NIGHT CLUB

Chicken Tender is fed to a GRENADE while the other three guys head off with HOTTIES. Chicken looks as if he is about to cry.

Wildcard turns and puts his finger up in a "NO NO" type motion.

INT. BAR

More SLAMS of empty shot glasses.

END MONTAGE SCENE

INT. OFFICE

Wildcard is standing next to Joe at the water cooler.

JOE
Oh okay. That's all fun and games.
But what happens after all that?

START NEW MONTAGE SCENE SET TO "OUT THE WINDOW" BY THE VIOLENT FEMMES

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Wildcard wakes up next to an UGLY CHICK. He quickly gets dressed and instead of opening the door, SLIDES open the window and gets out that way.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF APARTMENT WINDOW - MORNING

There is a rope of TIED SHEETS leading out of a second floor window and Chicken Tender drops the remaining five feet, wearing a pair of zebra patterned thongs, a BATMAN mask, pink cowboy boots and a towel used as a cape.

He drops and rolls and looks around and runs into his Beemer, which is parked on the lawn, where there is a CROWD gathered.

INT. BACKSEAT OF A CAR

Fiesto wakes up and sees a CHUBBY CHICK on top of him and slaps his head in a "NOT AGAIN" style.

He not so gently rolls her off of him, reaches over himself and pulls himself out of the OPEN WINDOW.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Wildcard goes back into the room and rummages inside the Ugly Chick's purse and takes her money and car keys and goes back out the window.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - MORNING

Outlaw wakes up next to a HOT GIRL. His window is open with a nice breeze blowing in. Enough said.

END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE

INT. OFFICE

JOE

Well, little brother. You got the job. I can't force you to take it. But as far as a career goes...

He shrugs his shoulders as to say "It's up to you" and walks off leaving Wildcard there to think about this job opportunity.

INT. SPORTS BAR - EVENING - ONE WEEK LATER

The four are at Duke's in a booth. Fiesto, as usual, is WHINING about something.

FIESTO

Hey, remember that skinny twin?

CHICKEN TENDER

The one who thinks you're a producer?

WILDCARD

Angie. Outlaw's sister in law.

Those three LAUGH OUT LOUD. Outlaw just lets it go.

FIESTO

Well. I'm in a jam. After I took her home, she forgot to leave. And damn does she talk. Yap yap fucking yap. Blah about this. Blah about that.

WILDCARD

What the fuck does she say?

FIESTO

What makes her happy. What makes her sad. What soothes her. What scares her.

WILDCARD

What makes her wet. Who gave her the clap. What IS that itch?

OUTLAW
(laughing)
So what scares this chick?

FIESTO
(thinking it over)
Hmm. Clowns.
(beat)
Drug addicts.
(beat)
Oh, and black people.

CHICKEN TENDER
Why it always gotta be black
people?

FIESTO
Bro. She's from a town so white,
they don't sell black paint there.
The roads are paved white. She
think's everything is BOYZ N THE
HOOD.

CHICKEN TENDER/WILDCARD
OOH. Great movie.

OUTLAW
I never seen it.

CHICKEN TENDER
Racist.

OUTLAW
Whatever.

FIESTO
Help me out. How do I get rid of
this pig?

OUTLAW
Well. Just open the door and show
her the obvious.

FIESTO
I did. She told me to close it cus'
I'm letting in the heat.

OUTLAW
What's your other girl think about
it?

FIESTO
That's the prob. She be coming home
tomorrow.

CHICKEN TENDER/WILDCARD
OOH! YOU IN TROU-BLE.

OUTLAW
Don't worry. I gotta plan. What
time she wake up tomorrow?

FIESTO
Six forty five a.m. Sharp. Like
every day for the past week.

OUTLAW
Well, here's what we're gonna do.
Huddle.

The four HUDDLE up close as OUTLAW starts to LAY OUT THE
PLAN.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. FIESTO'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

The alarm clock RINGS at exactly 6:45 a.m. Angie rises out of
bed but Fiesto ACTS asleep.

She WALKS through the narrow hallway into the BATHROOM

INT. FIESTO'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chicken Tender is sitting on the TOILET dressed as a CLOWN
with a CRACK PIPE in his hand. He looks as if he is about to
SMOKE THE CRACK when he sees Angie.

CHICKEN TENDER
(ghetto crackhead accent)
DAYUM bitch! Can't a nigga get some
pri-va-see and smoke his fucking
crack in peace?!

He is about to LIGHT his crack pipe and looks back at Angie.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)
(yelling)
CLOSE DAT DOE!!!(door)

Angie SCREAMS the scared "WHITE GIRL SCREAM" like she saw the devil himself. She keeps SCREAMING until she finally FAINTS with a THUD.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)

Oh shit.

Chicken drops the crack pipe and RUNS to help her.

He RUNS towards Fiesto's bedroom. When he gets there, he SHAKES him awake.

FIESTO

Yo..wha..what? Did ya do it?

CHICKEN TENDER

Yea. But she fainted and now she passed out. Cold. What you gonna do?

FIESTO

Damn. Alright. Help me get her in your car.

CHICKEN TENDER

My car? Why my car?

FIESTO

It's a Beemer. You got a bigger backseat.

CHICKEN TENDER

Whatever. You just don't wanna take the blame. Easier to blame a black man in a clown suit.

FIESTO

What? Dude. I'm Latino and poor. At least you can afford an attorney. I'll probably get a court appointed and then twenty years.

CHICKEN TENDER

(rubbing his chin)

True. True. Being rich does have it's advantages. You could get away with murder if you had lots of money.

(beat)

I feel like drinking some OJ right now.

INT. CHICKEN'S CAR - MOVING - FEW MINUTES LATER

The duo are driving with Angie in the back. Fiesto is giving Chicken DIRECTIONS where to go. Chicken is DRINKING ORANGE JUICE out of the jug.

CHICKEN TENDER
 (to the OJ)
 Mmmmmm. Killer.

FIESTO
 Okay. Now go in this back alleyway.
 (beat)
 By the dumpster.
 (beat, yells)
 Right here. Pull over here.

Chicken SCREECHES to a halt.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

They're in the same alley they dumped the other FAT CHICK off.

CHICKEN TENDER
 You just gonna leave her here?

FIESTO
 No. We are. Now grab her ankles.

They exit the car and start to YANK Angie out of the car and PLACE HER BY THE DUMPSTER.

CHICKEN TENDER
 Seems like you done this before?
 (beat)
 Hey. How come only you got gloves on?

Fiesto just looks at him but does not answer.

INT. WILDCARD'S DINING ROOM - DINNER TIME

Wildcard is having dinner with his MOM, JOYCE, 50's, and DAD, GARY, 50's. They are EATING in silence and have the RADIO on, tuned to an 80's music station.

JOYCE
 I spoke with Joe today.

WILDCARD

I'm sure you did.

GARY

He said the interview went very well.

WILDCARD

It wasn't really an interview, just a meet and greet. The job was pretty much mine. Gotta love nepotism.

JOYCE

Honey, there were thirty people...

WILDCARD

Ready to cut their nuts off in a heartbeat. I know. You three have told me over and over and over.

GARY

Well. I'm sorry for looking out for your well being. And for actually giving a shit about what happens to you or whether or not YOU just float through life like some of your spoiled friends.

WILDCARD

Lay off dad. Outlaw is still in school. He's going for his masters.

JOYCE

In what? Surfing? In Texas?

Wild just rolls his eyes and continues eating.

WILDCARD

Can we just eat without me getting the third degree?

Eric's phone rings. He answers it. It's Jane.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

(to the phone)

Hi. Jane. No. I'm just having din din with the folks.

(to his parents)

Jane says hi.

His parents wave back.

WILDCARD (cont'd)
(to Jane)
They say hi back.
(beat)
Tonight? Coffee? I'd love to.
(beat)
Be there or be square. Ha ha.

He hangs up the phone.

JOYCE
(excitedly)
So.....who is she?

WILDCARD
(smiling from ear to ear)
Just a young lady I met a couple
nights ago. I was going to call her
tomorrow. But. You know. Three day
rule. But she beat me to it.

GARY
Three day rule. That's right son.
Stick to your guns.

JOYCE
Honey. Don't encourage his barbaric
behavior. Besides. You didn't wait
three minutes to call me.

GARY
No. I waited three weeks until the
pregnancy test came back. And
what's barbaric about letting a
young lady wait and cherish the day
when she gets to see MY son again?

WILDCARD
Dad. You're starting to sound a
little on the gay side.

JOYCE
He's right dear. That could be
grounds for divorce.

GARY
Go ahead. I'll just see if Jane has
any hot friends.

WILDCARD
Nope. SHE IS the hot friend. She's
got lots of D.U.F.F.S, though.

JOYCE
What's a duff?

WILDCARD
Designated Ugly Fat Friend.

GARY
That's fine with me. Looks never
mattered. THAT'S why I married your
mother.

JOYCE
And SIZE never mattered to me.
THAT'S why I married your father.

WILDCARD
Well. With those two disgusting
images burned in my mind. I will
leave the dining room, stage left,
before I hurl...this delicious
dinner.

He gets up and gives his mom a kiss on the cheek. High fives
his dad.

WILDCARD (cont'd)
(sly wink)
Don't worry dad. I'll keep my eyes
open for you.

GARY
That's why you're still in the
will, son.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Jane is sitting at a table with a TALL CUP OF COFFEE in front
of her.

The place is not that crowded and the USUAL DIN OF
CONVERSATION can be heard.

Wildcard is FASHIONABLY LATE and takes a seat.

They give each other a friendly hug.

WILDCARD

Hi Jane. A pleasure to see you again.

JANE

Thanks for meeting me this late.

Jane on this night has on just a tad bit more make-up. She starts to look prettier every time they meet up.

WILDCARD

My pleasure.

JANE

And I want to say thanks.

WILDCARD

For what?

JANE

Not trying to take advantage of me the other night. It's not often I...

Wildcard puts his hand up in a "STOP IT" motion.

WILDCARD

Just being a gentleman. It's not always about that for me. Believe it or not. I can actually live without it for more than a day.

They share a laugh.

JANE

You don't know what a relief it is to hear you say that. I swore you wouldn't want to see me again because I wouldn't... you know...

WILDCARD

Please. Stop. You don't hafta say anything more. I really enjoy your company.

A little AWKWARD SILENCE.

JANE

May I buy you a coffee?

WILDCARD

Actually, if you don't mind, I'd just like a little of yours?

JANE

If you don't mind my germs.

Wild 'AIR' DRAWS TWO CIRCLES and TWO DOTS on his upper arm.

WILDCARD

Circle, circle, dot, dot. Now I got my cootie shot.

Jane lets out a little giggle. Wild takes a sip and pretends to chokes on it.

JANE

Oh my...are you okay?

WILDCARD

Ye...yea...I just need a little higher dose of that cootie shot.

She play slaps his arm.

JANE

You jerk. I thought you were really choking.

WILDCARD

Would you give me mouth to mouth?

JANE

No. But I would get that gorilla over there to do it.

She points at a REALLY BIG GUY (OR A GUY IN A GORILLA SUIT DOING A STORE PROMO) at another table.

WILDCARD

Ooh. He's cute. Maybe I SHOULD pass out.

JANE

No. Don't go there. You're too cute.

INT. HIP BAR - SAME TIME

Outlaw is talking it up to TWO YOUNG LADIES. The blonde, JENN, is really into him. INXS's "I Need You Tonight" is on the Jukebox.

Her pretty friend, ASHLEY, is ready to go.

ASHLEY
Jenn. Can we just go?

JENN
Call a taxi. I'm busy here.

OUTLAW
What's the matter Ash?

ASHLEY
It's ASHLEY. And I don't really
care for this place.
(to Jenn)
We came together, we should leave
together.

Outlaw takes out his CELLULAR.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Wildcard's phone rings.

INSERT: CALLER I.D. OUTLAW

WILDCARD
Do you mind?

JANE
No, no. Go ahead.

WILDCARD
(to Outlaw)
What's shakin', bacon?

INTERCUT: OUTLAW AND WILDCARD

OUTLAW
Bro. I need you tonight. I got an
anchor towing me to shore real bad.

ASHLEY
Did you just call me an "anchor"?

OUTLAW
What? No. I told my friend to
"THANK HER". Someone else. Go back
to sleep, sugartits.

Jane can actually HEAR OUTLAW'S SIDE of the conversation.

WILDCARD

Can you call someone else? I'm a little busy right now.

OUTLAW

If I wanted someone else, I would've. Are you my WINGMAN or what?

Wildcard ponders for a moment.

WILDCARD

(to Jane)

Jane. Do you mind if we cut this short? Something's come up.

JANE

(a little hurt)

Huh? Yea. Sure. No problem. If you're friend needs you. I don't mind.

WILDCARD

Thank you Jane. I swear I'll make it up to you.

JANE

I'm sure.

WILDCARD

(to Outlaw)

Okay. Where's your Jeep stalled at?

Jane has a REAL HURT look on her face after that question.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HIP BAR - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Wildcard HURRIES inside and LOOKS AROUND the bar and spots his ACE dancing with Jenn next to Ashley.

Ashley looks like she is about to kill someone.

Wild hurries to meet them and PASSES by LB, 30's, African American and JIM THE VANILLA KILLA, 30's, Anglo.

LB and JVK or JIVA are LEGENDARY WINGMEN. They are hanging back and just watching the action.

Wildcard reaches ground zero. Outlaw does the intro's.

(the role of Ashley might be played by the lady in the bacardi and cola commercial, where b&c are guessing her name)

WILDCARD

So Angie. What do you do for a living?

ASHLEY

Correct people as to my name being ASHLEY.

WILDCARD

Thank you.

ASHLEY

You're welcome. Now, if you must know...

WILDCARD

I must.

The FLOOD GATES are now open

ASHLEY

(talking fast and excitedly)

I'm a fifth grade teacher. I know. Don't you just love kids? Me too. I want five. Not at one time though. I was born and raised in Texas. Boring, I know. I love to travel, even though I never have. I have two brothers, one sister...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HIP BAR - BAR AREA - SAME TIME

LB and Jiva have their backs to the bar and are watching the action.

All they see is Ashley TALKING UP A STORM and Wildcard looking as if he's about to fall asleep.

LB

What do you think?

JIVA

As far as WINGMAN goes...he's freed up the hottie. Now if he could only look interested in what she's saying.

LB

Yea. That nervousness is going to give it away and ruin everything.

JIVA

Who trained him, anyway?

LB

His Ace, Outlaw.

JIVA

I think someone needs a refresher on the HANDBOOK.

LB

I don't know. He looks pre-occupied.

JIVA

No excuses. Either you're all in. Or you're all out. No 50/50.

LB

That's what I'm screaming.

They TAP glasses.

INTERCUT BETWEEN WILDCARD'S TABLE AND LB AND JIVA.

ASHLEY

So then when I was twelve...

Wildcard lets out a BIG yawn. This stops Ashley from talking.

LB and Jiva take notice and WINCE IN PAIN.

LB

Oh, shit. I think he just fucked up both of their chances.

JIVA

He needs to recover and recover fast. Pull up. Pull up.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry. Am I boring you?

WILDCARD

No. Actually, you're as exciting as an MTV reality show. I'm surprised you don't have YOUR own yet?

She doesn't know whether or not to be insulted so she let's it slide with a little GIGGLE.

ASHLEY

You watch MTV too? What's your favorite show. I can't get enough of...

WILDCARD

I stopped watching it when they stopped putting music on there. They should just change the name to BORING TELEVISION or PLEASE CHANGE THE CHANNEL TELEVISION or maybe STUPID FUCKING KIDS WILL DO ANYTHING TO EMBARRAS THEMSELVES AND THEIR FRIENDS OR PARENTS TO GET ON TV WHILE MAKING MTV RICH, TELEVISION.

ASHLEY

(just got it)

You know, you're right. Just the other day when I was watching it, these two girls...

WILDCARD

Can you excuse me? I need to use the rest room.

Wildcard does the ultimate NO NO. He leaves his ACE. Outlaw stops and looks at him like- "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?".

LB and Jiva take notice too.

LB

Where does this jive turkey think he's going?

JIVA

Looks like he hasta pee.

LB

Not while his Ace is out there riding in the danger zone.

(beat)

Oh fuck this.

LB puts his drink on the table and FOLLOWS Wildcard into the rest room.

INT. HIP BAR RESTROOM

He catches Wildcard about to make a phone call.

LB
What are you doing?

WILDCARD
(not looking at him)
Who the fuck wants to know?

LB
EL-FUCKIN-BEE! Motherfucker. And
what the fuck do you think you're
doing out there?

Wild hangs up the phone and turns around.

WILDCARD
Oh. LB. man it's been awhile. Shit.
I..I, well, that bird just about
put me to sleep.

LB
It don't matter. YOU stay awake and
make believe that IS the best
conversation you EVER HEARD.
(beat)
YOU pretend that Fluffy is the
nuttiest kitty that ever lived.

Wild is about to defend himself. Thinks better of it

LB (cont'd)
YOU do whatever it takes to make
sure YOUR ACE gets HIS objective.
YOU NEVER leave him high and dry
like that.

Wild just realized what he did and RUNS out of the bathroom.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the bar area

INT. HIP BAR - BAR AREA

Wild stops in his tracks, followed by LB.

They see Jiva talking it up with Ashley. They are laughing up
a storm and Outlaw joins them with Jenn in tow.

Outlaw and Jiva man-hug each other.

LB
Now watch how a WINGMAN MASTER does
it.

Ashley is just talking as animated as ever. No one is getting
a word in edge wise.

LB (cont'd)
Do you see how Jimmy the Vanilla
Killa is LAUGHING at everything
that comes out of her trap?

WILDCARD
Yea.

LB
Do you see how he makes eye contact
(beat)
Even though she is fucking
annoying!

WILDCARD
Yea.

LB
Do you see now how the anchor is
NOT paying any attention to the
Hottie with the ACE but instead is
focused on Jiva and keeps looking
at his dick?

WILDCARD
Yea. I...I really dropped the ball
on this one.

LB TURNS Wildcard around so they face each other.

LB
Listen. Don't be discouraged. It's
happened to every one of us.
Fortunately for you, we were here
to watch your back and pick up your
rear flank.

Wild steals a glance at Ashley and Jiva then looks back at
LB.

LB (cont'd)
But, sometimes. We won't be there
for ya. So you have to be on guard
at all times.

WILDCARD

Yea.

LB is acting like a DRILL SERGEANT.

LB

I. CAN'T. HEAR. YOU!

WILDCARD

(louder)

I said YEA!

LB

(yelling)

I STILL CAN'T HEAR YOU!

WILDCARD

(very loud)

I SAID HELL YEA!

They both YELL LIKE BANSHEES and a bunch of people stop and stare, including their friends.

ASHLEY

(adjusting her boobs)

I knew he was gay.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE OF SWANK NIGHTCLUB - ONE HOUR LATER

Outlaw parks his Jeep Wrangler, with two surfboards on top, in the parking lot. They get out and make their way to the club.

FOLLOW TO:

INT. SWANK NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

Outlaw and Wildcard are at a LOUD TRASH 80'S DISCO. The place is buzzing with LADIES and MEN of all types.

Outlaw sees a small table with THREE LADIES and A GUY sitting there, nursing their drinks.

Outlaw starts an "EENY MEENY MINEY MO" with his fingers and settles on the CUTE BLONDE, call her EMILY, 20's.

Emily sees what Outlaw did and gives him a coy wave. The others at the table take note and see where she is pointing.

One of the LADIES, MARIA, whispers something in her ear. The one on her left, TONYA, looks away.

The GUY, GEORGE, rolls his eyes in an "I've seen better" attitude.

OUTLAW

(to Wild)

Locked and loaded. My heat seeker's ready. This baby ain't going nowhere.

WILDCARD

She is hot. Let's see, I have, one, two, three cock blockers to worry about.

OUTLAW

Shouldn't be a prob. Not the dude anyway. Unless he's related.

WILDCARD

Don't look like it. He looks....gay.

OUTLAW

Probably is. Unless he's the pimp. In which case, he's the weakest, fucking pimp I've ever seen.

Emily makes a "COME HERE" motion with her finger.

Outlaw and Wild play dumb, look around and look back and point to themselves?.

Emily nods. Yes. You two.

OUTLAW (cont'd)

Easy, sneezy, Japaneezy. Told you the surfer look works.

They walk over and introduce themselves. Emily introduces her friends.

Then to Wildcard.

EMILY

And Mr. Wildcard. This is my very good friend, George.

They shake hands. George has a feminine hand shake.

GEORGE

You're cute.

Wild chokes on his drink.

WILDCARD

Wh...oh you think...no, no, no. I don't bat from that side of the plate.

GEORGE

Oh. That's too bad. Let's go girls.

The Ladies get up to leave.

Outlaw and Wild look at each other.

OUTLAW

Hey. Wait. Where y'all going? Just because we don't, doesn't mean we don't know someone who does. You pitch or catch?

GEORGE

Total bottom.

Wildcard looks at him quizzically.

The others all sit down.

Wild gets in close to Outlaw.

WILDCARD

(whispering)

Who you planning on calling for this one?

OUTLAW

(whispering back)

Fiestos.

WILDCARD

Never happen.

OUTLAW

He's gotta. Wingman code. No matter what.

(to the table)

Let me make a phone call.

He pulls out his cellular and dials Fiestos.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIESO'S APARTMENT

Fiesto is making out with his GIRLFRIEND, LISA, when his cellular CHIRPS.

LISA
Don't answer that, papi.

FIESTO
Hold on, let me get rid of them.

He answers.

FIESTO (cont'd)
(into the phone)
Outlaw. Homey. Wussup?

OUTLAW (O.S.)
911 emergency bro. A-S-A-P.

FIESTO
Where you at?

OUTLAW
Club Zen. You know it?

FIESTO
Be there in ten.

He disconnects.

To Lisa.

FIESTO (cont'd)
My boys need me.

LISA
If you go. Don't come back.

FIESTO
What? This is my place. If you feel
like that. Pack your stuff and
leave. I'm outty.

BACK TO:

INT. SWANK NIGHTCLUB - TEN MINUTES LATER

Fiesto walks into the club and sees his boys and makes his way over.

When he gets there, introductions are made. They save George for last.

GEORGE
Ooh. You're cuter.

FIESTO
What?

GEORGE
You're cuter than the other...Wildboy there. You're so my type, and Latino. I bet you're hung like a horse. You're a top? Right? Versatile is cool with me too.

Fiesto has a disgusted look on his face. He turns back to his friends and is clearly pissed now.

FIESTO
Top? The fuck? What the fuck are you talking about?

GEORGE
You know. You're the pitcher and I'll be your catcher. The Fudge Pudge.

FIESTO
What the fuck does baseball have to do with this?

He looks at his boys.

FIESTO (cont'd)
Really?
(points to George)
Really? You two fuckasses got my face outta pussy for...for... this...fag?

Everyone just gasps.

FIESTO (cont'd)
(yelling)
You have got to be shitting me!

He turns to George.

FIESTO (cont'd)
Listen, twinkie. I don't know what these two jackasses told you.

FIESTO(cont'd)

But ain't no way on Earth I would
ever consider myself rooty tooty
fresh and fruity. I would never be
that drunk. Or desperate.

(beat)

NO WAY!!!

He storms off flipping them off while he leaves.

Everyone is at a loss for words.

George looks like he is about to die.

EMILY

(clearly pissed)

C'mon everyone. Let's go somewhere
where people have class AND
manners.

They get up and leave Outlaw and Wildcard high and dry.

OUTLAW

Hmm. Shoulda called in the Big
Chicken.

WILDCARD

Yea. He woulda come through.

INT. WILDCARDS ROOM - MORNING

Wildcard wakes up to the RINGING phone.

He checks the CALLER ID and sees it is Jane.

WILDCARD

Good morning, sunshine.

JANE

Eric. Real quick. Do you want to
see me again? Yes or no?

WILDCARD

(no hesitation)

Yes.

JANE

Good. Go open your front door.

He walks out of bed. We FOLLOW him through the hallway,
living room, to the foyer and then he opens the door and
there is jane holding carry out food bags.

INT. WILDCARDS DINING ROOM - TWO MINUTES LATER

Jane and Wildcard are EATING BREAKFAST that Jane had brought over from a LOCAL BAKERY.

JANE

So. Did you come through for your friends last night?

WILDCARD

Well. Yes and no. I'm sure Outlaw had fun, but LB and JIVA were there. I dropped the ball, but JIVA held up my flank.

JANE

Wait. Who is LB and....

WILDCARD

JIVA. Those two basically wrote the book on being a Wingman. All the codes, ethics, signals...I've said too much already.

JANE

So there really is a book? Do you have one?

WILDCARD

One what?

JANE

Okay. I get it.

(beat)

So is LB and JIVA their real names?

WILDCARD

No. We all get nicknames.

JANE

How did you get yours?

WILDCARD

Can't remember.

JANE

How about the other two?

WILDCARD

JIVA means "Jimmy the Vanilla Killa".

WILDCARD(cont'd)

Obviously, he's white and good looking and CAN score with any lady.

JANE

And LB?

WILDCARD

Yea. That's a funny one. He was a pledge then and THEY thought it would be funny to pull his pants down in front of a group of sorrority chicks and embarass him.

JANE

No way. What happened?

WILDCARD

They started calling him LONG and BLACK after that and fucked most of the girls. Lot's of ruined relationships too. So they just shortened it to LB after a while.

JANE

Wow. You frat guys are weird.

WILDCARD

Yea.

Jane starts to clear the table.

JANE

So where are you taking me today?

WILDCARD

Um. Where do you wanna go?

JANE

Hmm. Let's make this a montage kind of day.

WILDCARD

A what?

JANE

A montage kind of day. So when we look back at it...it will be like a montage in the movies.

WILDCARD

One montage. Coming up. What singer should we do it to?

JANE
 Either Debbie Gibson or Tiffany.

START MONTAGE SEQUENCE TO TIFFANY'S "I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW"

EXT. ZOO - DAY

The duo is at the zoo looking at lions and tigers and bears...

JANE
 Oh my.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE

The CAMERA PANS along the wall of targets, except the targets are: Bin Laden; a KKK figure; a poster of New Kids On The Block; a Milli Vanilli poster, a Debbie Gibson poster and finally the one Jane is SHOOTING full of holes, a movie poster of MYSTERY MEN.

INT. A CHUCK E CHEESE TYPE RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

They join a family of BIRTHDAY REVELERS SINGING along and then eating cake, then getting coins to play games.

One MAN silently asks A LADY who those two are. She SHRUGS her shoulders.

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

The two are now ROLLER BLADING in the parking lot of Wild's apartment complex.

They tumble to the grass as the CHORUS sings...

CHORUS
 ...AND WE TUMBLE TO THE GROUND AND
 THEN WE SAY...

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Wildcard is laying almost on top of Jane. But for decencies sake and that they are in PUBLIC, he is not directly on top of her.

They are looking intently into each others eyes.

Then Jane gives him a quick KISS on his lips.

Wildcard gives her a longer one in return.

THEN his phone rings.

He puts his hand on it. She places her hand on top of his.

JANE

Eric. Don't ruin a great day.

WILDCARD

It's Fiesto. It might be important.

JANE

I'm sure I can be more important than him.

WILDCARD

Let me just answer real quick and see what he wants. Two seconds. I promise.

Jane unhappily obliges.

He answers.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

(into the phone)

Hey Fiesto. Que pasa?

FIESTO. (O.S.)

Bro. I need a wingman bad. I got this hottie towing TWO anchors and Chicken can't go it alone.

WILDCARD

So call Outlaw. I'm kinda busy right now.

FIESTO (O.S.)

No can do. Outlaw is out and about. Wingman's code. This is a full scale Defcon 5.

Wildcard looks at Jane. She looks away. She already knows the answer.

Wildcard disconnects the call.

WILDCARD

Jane. Can I take...

JANE

Just go. Don't worry. I'll catch a cab or just call my dad. I'll get a ride.

WILDCARD

I'm sorry Jane. It's just that..

JANE

Save it. Go be a WINGMAN or whatever games you little boys play nowadays.

She gets up and starts to SKATE away, leaving Wildcard alone on the grass.

INT. WILDCARDS CAR - LATER - DRIVING

Wildcard calls up Fiesto.

WILDCARD

(into the phone)

Hey Fiesto. Where are you at? I'm on my way.

INT. FIESTO'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Fiesto is on the toilet. We only see him from the chest area and up.

FIESTO

Oh. No man. I was just messin' wichya. I heard from a little skinny bird that you were on a date with that Janey chick. I was just putting you through a test. Congratulations. You passed.

INTERCUT BETWEEN WILDCARD AND FIESTO.

Wildcard SLAMS his brakes and almost gets REAR ENDED. OTHER DRIVERS are driving by and YELLING at him.

WILDCARD

(furiously)

Hold on. Let me get this straight. That was all bullshit about two anchors just to see what I would do?

FIESTO

Yea. And you PASSED.

WILDCARD

You know. Since I broke up with THE BEAST, I've been goofing off and partying like it's 1999. I've blown off my folks. Put off getting a job and basically been a bum. WHY? So I could be there for YOU guys. But when this dog needs a bone, what do you do? You piss on MY bush.

FIESTO

Bro. Chill. Call her up and go. I told you. A test.

WILDCARD

That was fucked up. I was having a blast. Thanks for ruining it.

His CALL WAITING BEEPS.

WILDCARD (cont'd)

Hold on. Let me get the other line.

JANE (O.C.)

Eric. I just want to tell you not to bother calling me anymore. If your boys are more important, keep them. It's bad enough I have to compete with other ladies for guys attention, but now I have to compete with other guys for guys attention. You know what? That's not going to fly. Good luck. And I hope to GOD you don't turn out to be a loser like some people you associate with. Good bye.

She hangs up. He CLICKS over to Fiesto who is washing his hands now.

WILDCARD

Well, there went my happiness. What's the dilly for tonight?

FIESTO

Mijo. I do have this hottie. You can have her and I'll play POPEYE and tow the anchor. Will that make you happy? Oh and she is a she and not a gay guy. Boo-yah.

WILDCARD

Whatever. See you at Duke's.

He ends the call.

INT. DINER - MORNING

The four guys are sitting at their usual booth. Chicken at one end. Fiesto next to him, next to Wildcard, ended by Outlaw.

Only Outlaw is eating PANCAKES while the other three have their usual.

The diner is busy with the usual DINER NOISE.

FIESTO

Oh. Did I tell y'all? My bitch left me this morning.

OUTLAW

How long did SHE last?

FIESTO

Four long miserable weeks. I thought she had money, but she only liked to spend it on herself.

OUTLAW

(sarcastiacally)

Wow. What a selfish...

WILDCARD

So you're looking for a sugar momma?

Fiesto contemplates in between bites.

FIESTO

Yea. A nice, rich, white cougar. Being non stop horny helps too.

CHICKEN TENDER

What's wrong with black?

FIESTO

Yo momma's already married.

Everyone laughs. Sherri does too as she walks by.

Chicken playfully elbows him in the ribs.

FIESTO (cont'd)
And you're sisters too young.

Sherri, Wildcard and Outlaw all "OOOOOH" at that one.

CHICKEN TENDER
Whatever. At least...

WILDCARD
Oh my sweet Jesus. Look what the
trailer park let loose.

PAN CAMERA to: Front of the restaurant where a six foot five
BIKER, call him TOM, walks in. Tom is early 50's but you can
not tell behind his red ZZ TOP length braided beard and his
braided, long red hair.

Tom WILL kick your ass, especially since he is the one
holding the pump action double barrel SHOTGUN, which Sherri
seems oblivious to. She is actually flirting with him.

Tom nods respectfully to her and they are talking. It is
obvious that Tom is DESCRIBING someone. Sherri seems to know
who it is and then knows exactly who when:

CU: TOMS LIPS

TOM
They call him...Wildcard.

END CU

Sherri nods enthusiastically and points right to their booth.

PAN CAMERA BACK TO: Booth where Wildcard looks like he just
shit his pants.

CHICKEN TENDER
Don't worry 'bout it, bro. If that
big redheaded motherfu...

Tom grabs him by the back of the neck and tosses him out of
the booth like a rag doll.

TOM
(southern accent)
Pardon me.

Tom sits next to Fiesto so he can have a direct view of
Wildcard.

He lays his shotgun on the table and addresses Outlaw.

TOM (cont'd)
That you're tree huggin' hippie
jeep out yonder?

OUTLAW
(mimicking)
Yeah. Reckon it is.

TOM
Nice surfboard. Where you RECKON on
surfing?

OUTLAW
I was planning...

TOM
Shut your fucking yapper.

FIESTO
Excuse me cuz. We don't appreciate
you just planting your kulo here
like that. Que tu querres?

Fiesto catches an elbow in the nose.

TOM
Oh I'm sorry, Jose. I got a trick
elbow. Acts up when someone asks me
las preguntas estupidas.

Fiesto grabs his nose. Some blood is starting to trickle
down. He's in obvious pain.

Tom turns his attention to Wildcard.

TOM (cont'd)
I heard you upset my little baby
girl. Is that right?

WILDCARD
Well. Um.. Mr.. Um...well...Sir.
(waiting for a name)
Who might your daughter be?

TOM
Pretty young lady by the name of
Jane Lindsey Cole.

WILDCARD
(pondering)
Hmm. No. I don't think...

Tom SWIVELS the shotgun towards Wildcard, knocking the plates off of the table.

SHERRI (O.C.)
Clean up, table 12.

WILDCARD
Oh yeah. Beautiful redhead studying Microbiology.

TOM
Well it's obvious you listen. But you're obviously too damned stupid to know a good thing when you got one. First you try to take advantage of her, then you plum ditch her for your stupid...

WILDCARD
Well, sir. What had happened..

Tom picks up the shotgun and LOADS a shell into the chamber and PUMPS it.

TOM
Please. Call me Tom. And it doesn't matter what "had happened". From what she said of you, Eric, you sound like a very nice young man. Too bad you're hanging out with some rotten apples. I'm just here to ask you to do the right thing and call Jane. She'll give you a second chance. I'm mighty sure of it.

WILDCARD
She told me not to.

TOM
Boy. Are you stupid? No means Yes. They all say that. I'm her father. Call her.

The two just look at each other.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS Tom as he gets up with his shotgun, picks up the bill and goes to the register and pays for their food.

CAMERA PANS BACK TO the booth where Chicken gets up off of the floor.

CHICKEN TENDER

Yo. Wild. I had your back. I was
just waiting for him to do
something stupid and BAM!

He does a bad Muhammad Ali impression.

OUTLAW

Dude. Shut your pie hole and change
your drawers. I can smell the shit
from here.

CHICKEN TENDER

Like you did something.
(to Fiesto)
Hey man. How's your nose?

FIESTO

(nasally)
How do you think? I think I need...

PAN TO WILDCARD sitting in contemplation. All the VOICES and
SOUNDS in the diner are FADING OUT.

CU of Wildcard's EYES. Total silence.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WILDCARD'S ROOM - LATER

Wildcard dials Jane. She picks up on the third ring.

JANE (O.C.)

Hey, Eric.

WILDCARD

Hi Jane.

INTERCUT BETWEEN WILDCARD AND

INT. JANE'S KITCHEN

JANE

What's going on?

WILDCARD

There's a party tonight and...um...
I was wondering if you want to go?

JANE

I don't know. You might get one of your "911, my kitty cat is broken down on the side of the ravine with a cold", phone calls.

WILDCARD

I promise. The only cute kitten tonight will be you.

JANE

You know you have some cheesy lines
(beat)
But hot diggity if they don't work.
Pick me up at eight.

WILDCARD

Thanks Jane.

JANE

See ya later alligator.

WILDCARD

After while, crocodile.

JANE

After supper...

WILDCARD

Watch your mouth.

JANE

Bye sweetie.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - EVENING

The Wingmen are at their old frat house mixing it up with OLD FRIENDS and NEW PLEDGES. There is 80'S ROCK MUSIC in the back ground.

Chicken Tender as always is being the LIFE of the party, making everyone laugh. He still has on the clown nose and wig.

Outlaw has a HOT LADY with him, but he is eyeing the rest of the action.

Wildcard is on the sofa with Jane. They are on a date and he is trying to win her over, after snubbing her before. They are in the middle of a conversation.

JANE

And so Angie just calls me up and says she is waking up in this alleyway with some Mexican gangbangers just ogling her.

WILDCARD

(acting surprised)

No way. How'd she end up there?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: ANGIE'S POV - ALLEYWAY WHERE SHE GOT DUMPED

EXT. ALLEY WAY

We are at the alleyway looking through ANGIES POV. They blur at first then when they get into focus she sees THREE MEXICAN GANGBANGERS holding knives and bats.

They act like they're going to grab her.

THUG ONE

Yo esse's. Let's rape her.

THUG TWO

Then kill her.

THUG THREE

Then make her make us tacos.

She BOLTS UP and runs away, screaming.

CAMERA POV.

We see the same Latino Thugs now as THREE MEXICAN KITCHEN WORKERS in aprons and hair nets holding spatulas and tongs.

MEXICAN ONE

Dios mio. Pinche gringa es muy loca.

BACK TO:

INT. FRAT HOUSE

Chicken Tender walks by them like he is about to say something.

JANE

That's the weird thing. All she remembers is this crack smoking clown.

Chicken Tender makes a U-turn and leaves.

JANE (cont'd)

Then waking up there. Nothing before or after.

WILDCARD

Who was she with...say for the past week?

JANE

She doesn't remember. Wow. Weird. Huh?

WILDCARD

Indeed.

(beat)

Have you ever had one of Fiesto's "HOLY FRIJOLIES"?

JANE

(giggling)

Um..is that a dish or what?

WILDCARD

Only about the only drink you would need all night. Guaranteed to make you drunk in an afterlife.

JANE

If I didn't know any better, Eric, I think you're trying to get me drunk to take advantage of me. I don't think Daddy would like that.

WILDCARD

Pshhh. Who? That redheaded gorilla? I'll kiss...um kick his...nah, I'm joking. He'll kill me.

JANE

How'd you know he's a redhead?

WILDCARD

Huh? Well...I figure if you are...

He gets up and helps Jane to her feet.

WILDCARD (cont'd)
Let's go get you wasted.

They both laugh. She play slaps his arm.

They walk up to the BAR where Fiesto is tending. His nose is bandaged and he is lying to a SORORITY GIRL about what happened.

FIESTO
So after I got up, I tried to uppercut those four Ninja-Midgets but kept getting air. Next thing I know, they keep punching my kneecaps and I fell and mashed my face on top of one of their heads. And that is how I got a broken nose.

SORORITY GIRL
Oh. My. Gawd. You are so brave.

He hands her a drink.

FIESTO
Yea. That's what they get for trying to steal my little kitty cat. Pinche Enano's. (fucking midgets)

SORORITY GIRL
Awwww.

Wildcard and Jane make their way to Fiesto. He sees them and stops smiling. Sorority Girl turns to see why.

FIESTO
Well. Well. If it isn't the traitor.

Wildcard laughs. Jane looks just a little uncomfortable.

FIESTO (cont'd)
So we're bringing dates now?

WILDCARD
Wow. Did a Chuppa Cabbra crawl up your ass and die?

Fiesto puts up four fingers.

FIESTO
Four F's bro.

Chicken Tender makes his way there and goes right to the sorority Girl.

CHICKEN TENDER
You dropped something.

She looks around.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)
Your smile.

FIESTO
(angrily)
Why you trying to mow my lawn, bro?

Sorority Girl takes great offense to that and throws her drink at Fiesto.

SORORITY GIRL
So now I'm a lawn. Up yours faggot.
And the drink stinks.

She stomps off.

FIESTO
Way to go asshole.

Chicken puts his hands up in a slow down motion.

CHICKEN TENDER
Whoa. Looks like someone woke up on
the wrong side of the border.

WILDCARD
Fiesto. Man. What's the matter...

FIESTO
(points to his nose)
Like you don't know.

Outlaw makes his way to try and help diffuse the situation.
The music stopped.

OUTLAW
Hey chill out. Fiesto. Let's go
outside and talk about it.

FIESTO
Why don't you rich boys just shut
up! Driving a jeep with a surfboard
on it...IN DALLAS! News flash! No
oceans in Dallas!
(to Chicken)

FIESTO(cont'd)

And you. You know what it's like to be poor.

CHICKEN TENDER

Wha...this nigga! You know what it's like to be black. At least people want to hire you for cheap labor. They see me and think thief...AND I CAN BUY THE STORE! So don't go getting all boo hoo hoo on me.

JANE

Fiesto. I think maybe if we all just...

FIESTO

We? Where in God's name do you make yourself a part of us? Where do you get off? You're DAD is the reason you're even here.

JANE

(looking at Wildcard)
My dad?

FIESTO

You're dad is MAKING Eric go out with you.

He points to his bandaged nose.

FIESTO (cont'd)

And who the fuck do you think broke my nose? Here's a hint. He's six six, red hair, and has a big shotgun.

Jane turns to Wildcard with an angry look on her face.

JANE

So my dad made you go out with me. All that stuff you said was all a lie. You're just scared of my...ooh, ooh...

She STORMS off.

Fiesto has a smug, satisfied look on his face.

The other three are just standing there with their drinks in their hands.

They turn to Fiesto and as one throw their drinks in his face and walk away from him.

CHICKEN TENDER

You know, that was a...a...

He just walks away.

LB and Jiva walk up to Fiesto.

FIESTO

What do you dicks want?

LB

You went off the deep end. Your selfishness has just caused your platoon to implode.

FIESTO

Can you two please stop it with all this TOP GUN shit. We're in a frat house. Not Tora Bora.

JIVA

You, my friend, in the heat of it all, caved under all the pressure, and quite frankly, I don't think you like to see anyone happy.

LB

The way I see it. The Green Ugly Monster has reared it's ugly head. I think you need to apologize to your bro's.

FIESTO

Apologize? For what? Having nada? Scraping by? Watching others reap while I sow?

LB

You need to learn patience.

JIVA

My friend. You can do anything you want on GOD'S green earth. You just can't do it alone.

FIESTO

You know what? You guys can go to...

LB

This is MY HOUSE. So stop right there.

He points to the front door.

LB (cont'd)

Hit the bricks.

JIVA

And don't come back until you know what it means to be a true friend.

Fiesto looks at them. He walks out of the house.

INT. WILDCARDS CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Wildcard is driving and Chicken is riding shotgun. They are in the town of Heller.

WILDCARD

Another key factor to being a great Wingman is distraction.

CHICKEN TENDER

How's that?

WILDCARD

Let's say hypothetically, I got a bird that really wants to leave. But her anchor is not letting her out of her site. But the bird is the ride.

CHICKEN TENDER

Okay.

WILDCARD

Now, the anchor is no way going to let the bird outta her sights. Right? She don't wanna get ditched.

CHICKEN TENDER

So...

WILDCARD

So you would come in, and distract her with anything and everything under the sun to make sure that she does not see me leave with the bird.

CHICKEN TENDER
What if I have my own bird?

WILDCARD
Then you have to explain to HER
that you need to go and take care
of business.

CHICKEN TENDER
Just like that?

WILDCARD
Just like that. Don't worry. You're
gonna meet Track tonight. He's the
best at it.

All of a sudden, the dreaded RED AND BLUE POLICE LIGHTS are
shining and the familiar SIREN goes off.

Wildcard checks his rearview mirror.

WILDCARD (cont'd)
You gotta be kidding me.

He pulls over.

EXT. ROADSIDE

WILDCARD
Just play it cool. We ain't do
nothing.

CHICKEN TENDER
Should I hide my gat?

WILDCARD
Ooh. You're so Ice Cube. Did you
have to even use your AK?

CHICKEN TENDER
Nah. Today wuz a good day.

They laugh.

He gets his I.D. and insurance ready.

The police shine their spotlight on them.

A moment later, TWO COPS approach their windows. One on each
side.

COP 1
License and insurance please.

Wild hands them over.

COP 2
(to Chicken)
You got drugs on you son?

CHICKEN TENDER
No sir. Never done em in my life.

COP 2
Mind if I frisk you?

CHICKEN TENDER
Why. Because I'm black?

COP 2
That's one reason. Yea.

CHICKEN TENDER
What? Oh no you didn't. Why should I let you? So you can plant them on me? My dads a lawyer.

COP 2
Everyone's dads a lawyer.

COP 1
Do you know why I pulled you over?

WILDCARD
Speeding is my only guess.

COP 1
Nope. Driving while in a motor vehicle.

Chicken looks at Cop 1. Cop 2 takes that distraction to throw bags of fake drugs in the backseat.

WILDCARD
What? Are you serious? How else am I supposed to..

COP 1
(taking out his billy club)
Don't get sassy with me boy.

He shines the flashlight in the interior.

COP 1 (cont'd)
You boys trafficking drugs tonight
to nice suburban white kids?

CHICKEN TENDER
We are nice suburban kids.

WILDCARD
And I'm white.

COP 2
They all say that.

Cop 2 throws in another bag full of mushrooms in the
backseat.

CHICKEN TENDER
Oh no. I saw you do that.

COP 2
They all seen me do that. Whatever.
(to his partner)
You see that white baggie? And
looks like some weed in that bag.
And some shrooms there. What else
you boys got in here?

COP 1
Looks incriminating to me. Now we
have probable cause to search. Can
you boys step out of the vehicle?

FADE TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - FEW MINUTES LATER

Wild and Chicken are handcuffed to each other while the two
Cops are performing a test on the baggie of white powder.

It comes out negative.

Cop 1 undoes the handcuffs.

COP 1
You boys lucky that THAT is only
sugar cane and grass clippings and
Portabella mushrooms.

COP 2

Yea. Why don't you girl scouts go home and bake your mushroom grass cookies.

The two Cops walk away laughing. They get in their cruiser and drive away.

CHICKEN TENDER

I don't know about you, but this town will pull you over for anything.

Wildcard looks at his ticket.

WILDCARD

I think that was the first time I ever got a ticket for DWIAMV.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - EVENING

Our heroes, minus Fiesto, are in a smokeless KARAOKE BAR lounging around, scopeing out the HONEYS and listening to ASIANS SING BADLY.

They have a NEW GUY with them, TRACK, 20's. Track had a tracheotomy done and speaks through his throat with a microphone.

Outlaw, as usual, looks like a hippie surfer dude.

Fiesto walks in and goes to the booth.

FIESTO

(to Wildcard)

You mad at me?

WILDCARD

(shakes his head)

I don't get mad.

FIESTO

You get even?

WILDCARD

Naw. I get on with life.

FIESTO

(to Outlaw and Chicken)

How about you guys?

They put out their knuckles. Fiesto bumps with each as a show of friendship. Then he bumps knuckles with Track.

He sits down.

FIESTO (cont'd)
 (to Track)
 So how'd you get the bad pipes?

TRACK
 (robotic voice)
 The ravages of war.

FIESTO
 Smoking?

TRACK
 Well that too. But I couldn't take
 no for an answer and she karate
 chopped me in the throat.

ALL FOUR GUYS
 Ouch. Yikes. Oooh. Gotta hurt.

TRACK
 Yea. It did suck. But a man's gotta
 do what a man's gotta do.

TWO LADIES pass by them. One is a HOTTIE that just looks at Outlaw and "OH MY GAWD'S" him.

The other is a FUGLY GRENADE. She just PULLS her hot friend away. The Hottie just keeps gawking at Outlaw. He acts NOT INTERESTED and looks at his nails.

OUTLAW
 She still looking?

CHICKEN TENDER
 Yea. Almost crying to get here.
 Trying to get freed from Willy.

TRACK
 Yea. She is about to clobber Moby.
 Ha. Ha. Ha.

FIESTO
 Bro. You're voice is spooky.

SMASH CUT:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - THE LADIES TABLE

The Hottie is trying to make her way to Outlaw. The Fugly Grenade is still BLOCKING her.

HOTTIE

I want to go!

FUGLY GRENADE

Stop it! He's a playa. AND you're drunk. He'll just use you.

HOTTIE

(lustily)

I want to be used.

BACK TO:

OUTLAW

Who's gonna be my Wingman?

WILDCARD

I'll take the grenade.

FIESTO

Hmm. She looks more like an anchor to me.

WILDCARD

Naw. Bro. Definitely a Grenade. She will kill every chance of anyone getting lucky if she doesn't. The anchor will just slow everyone down but will eventually cave in to peer pressure.

CHICKEN TENDER

Yea. Dude. She is pretty FUGLY.

WILDCARD

(to Chicken)

You taking notes?

CHICKEN TENDER

Aye aye, captain.

WILDCARD

Good. Now watch as we D and C.

TRACK

Ha. Ha. Divide and Conquer. Score.
Ha Ha Ha.

The Ace and Wingman get up and head for the Hottie and Grenade.

FOLLOW TO the Fugly Grenade and Hottie's table.

Wildcard immediately goes to Fugly.

WILDCARD

(smooth sexy voice)

Hi. I saw you were checking my friend out over there.

He points to Track.

PAN TO Track. Track waves.

Fugly waves back.

Outlaw goes right to the Hottie.

OUTLAW

Hello. Do you believe in dreams coming true?

Hottie dreamily just nods her head.

OUTLAW (cont'd)

Because this day my dear, I have dreamt a million nights over.

He kisses her forehead.

HOTTIE

Oh God. I'm wet.

SMASH CUT BETWEEN

Fugly is standing with her arms crossed. A bad sign.

FUGLY GRENADE

You want me to believe that "THAT" freak is actually a rich, movie producer?

WILDCARD

Oh yea. Nothing you would see in the theatres. He does direct to video stuff. Horrors and such. Very lucrat...

She grabs him by the shirt and brings him in real close.

FUGLY GRENADE

Listen skinny. The only reason you guys ever talk to me is so one of you guys can take advantage of Paula. Don't think for one second I don't know your game.

Wildcard scratches his ear.

Fiesto sees the signal.

FIESTO

Uh oh. Houston. We have a problem.

TRACK

Who's Houston?

Outlaw is wooing Paula.

OUTLAW

So then after scaling the Andes mountains and having dinner with the Dalai Llama, I left Peru and helped build an orphanage in Cambodia for all the children displaced by Katrina.

PAULA

Oh my God. You are such a sweet man.

Chicken Tender, Fiesto and Track get up and head off to help Wildcard.

When they get there, Fugly lets go of Wildcard and immediately grabs Track by the shirt and pulls him to her face.

FUGLY GRENADE

Real quick. What do you do?

TRACK

I make direct to video horror movies.

She releases him.

TRACK (cont'd)

Why doesn't anyone ever believe me?

Chicken tenderly pats his shoulder.

CHICKEN TENDER

It's not your time yet, my brother.

Track leans into his shoulder as if he's going to cry into it.

Then the ANNOUNCER comes on the PA system.

ANNOUNCER

<<Ladies and gentleman...We have a special contest...The winner of our Karaoke contest and four friends will drink for free all night...and the judges will be...EVERYONE! No need to sign up...just get on stage>>

Fugly gets a sardonic smile on her face.

FUGLY GRENADE

I tell you bean poles what. If you guys win that contest.

(pointing to the stage)

Your friend

(pointing to Paula)

wins THAT contest.

At that point, THREE MORE HOTTIES join Fugly's table.

FUGLY GRENADE (cont'd)

Oh. And I might even put in a good word with my sorority sister's here.

SISTER'S

(waving coyly)

Hi boys.

FOUR WINGMEN

(waving back, smitten)

Hi girls.

FUGLY GRENADE

Well. Whatcha, whatcha want? Scoot. Entertain us. UN-BORE US MAGGOTS!

She LAUGHS a maniacal laugh.

The guys walk away.

WILDCARD

Oh man. The den mother. I can't believe they brought their ultimate defenses. This is straight out of The Cock Block Diaries. .

CHICKEN TENDER

I don't think I've ever come across a den mother before.

FIESTO

Put it this way. Our chances have gone from bad to even worse. Even for the American Gigolo over there.

TRACK

I'm scared.

The four guys make their way to the STAGE as a REDNECK finishes a CRAPPY COUNTRY SONG.

Track walks up to the DEEJAY and WHISPERS the song he wants to KARAOKE.

The four get on stage. Only Track knows what song it is.

ALL IS QUIET. LIGHTS DIMMED.

THEN.

TRACK (cont'd)

*INTERGALACTIC. PLANETARY. PLANETARY
INTERGALACTIC. INTERGALACTIC.
PLANETARY. ANOTHER DIMENSION.
ANOTHER DIMENSION. ANOTHER
DIMENSION. ANOTHER DIMENSION.*

-THE WORDS WILL SCROLL ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MOVIE SCREEN JUST LIKE IN A KARAOKE BAR.-

CHICKEN TENDER

*NOW. DON'T YOU TELL ME TO **SMILE**.
YOU STICK AROUND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH
YOUR **WHILE**, LIKE NUMBERS BEYOND
WHAT YOU CAN **DIAL**, MAYBE ITS 'CAUSE
WERE SO **VERSATILE**.*

FIESTO

STYLE, PROFILE, I SAID, IT ALWAYS
BRINGS ME BACK WHEN I HEAR **WU**
CHILD, FROM THE HUDSON RIVER OUT TO
THE **NILE**, I RUN THE MARATHON TO THE
VERY LAST MILE.

(who ever is not singing is dancing like KID N PLAY)

WILDCARD

WELL IF YOU BATTLE ME I FEEL
REVILE, PEOPLE ALWAYS SAY MY STYLE
IS **WILD**, YOU'VE GOT **GAUL**, YOU'VE
GOT **GUILE**, IF YOU STEP TO ME, I'M
GONNA RAP FULL FILE.

TRACK

INTERGALACTIC. PLANETARY. PLANETARY
INTERGALACTIC. INTERGALACTIC.
PLANETARY. INTERGALACTIC.
PLANETARY. PLANETARY INTERGALACTIC.
INTERGALACTIC. PLANETARY.

FIESTO

JAZZ AND AWOL, THAT'S OUR **TEAM**,
STEP INSIDE THE PARTY, DISRUPT THE
WHOLE **SCENE**, WHEN IT COMES TO
BEATS, WELL I'M A **FIEND**,
(grabs Chicken)
I LIKE MY SUGAR WITH COFFEE
(grabs Wildcard)
AND CREAM.

The song FADES AWAY...

FADE TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - FEW MOMENTS LATER

The five guys are at the booth SANS the HOTTIES. They all
look very glum.

In the background, another ASIAN is singing LOSER by Beck.
Badly

OUTLAW

I just wanna know how the fuck we
just let four hotties get away. And
how in the fuck did those guys
(points to the Asians)
Win the contest?

TRACK

I Don't know. I thought it was a
sure shot. They sang DEBBIE
GIBSON'S ERECTION RUTH.

FIESTO

We even had the dance moves.

CHICKEN TENDER

Bro. We brought Kid N Play back.
What else we gotta do?

OUTLAW

All I know is that those Asians
have our groupies.

PAN TO the ASIAN BUSINESSMEN. The HOTTIES are sitting on
their laps. The Fugly Grenade has one Businessman on her lap.

ASIAN MAN

(stereotypical accent)

You stupid round eye think you can
beat us. We invent Karaoke. We born
with microphone.

ASIAN MAN 2

Yea. You roozers. You cannot beat
us. Roozers.

The hotties make "L" signs on their foreheads.

HOTTIES

Yea. ROOZERS.

BACK TO:

WILDCARD

Bro. The den mother was tough. She
saw through everything I threw her
way.

TRACK

A seasoned veteran. A General.
Alexandra the Great. The Great Wall
of China. A Chinese Army of Nerves.
Impenetrable.

OUTLAW

Well, you win some you lose some.

That quote there makes Wildcard perk up.

WILDCARD
Excuse me. I need to make an
important call.

FIESTO
To who?

WILDCARD
You writing a book?

FIESTO
As a matter of fact. Si.

WILDCARD
Well. Leave this chapter out.

Outlaw gets up and lets Wildcard get out. Wild takes out his
CELLULAR as he is WALKING outside and dials Jane.

EXT. OUTSIDE KARAOKE BAR

The singing FADES out.

She picks up after three rings.

JANE (O.C.)
Do you need something?

WILDCARD
I was hoping I could come by and
see you?

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM

JANE
(sniffling)
You were hoping or was my dad?

BACK TO:

WILDCARD
That...that's not fair...

JANE

NO! ERIC! It's not fair the way you make me think that you like me and tell me that you have feelings for me and then I find out from one of your boys that you're just scared of my dad.

WILDCARD

Well. He is scary. He had a shotgun.

JANE

He brought his shotgun? Oh. I'm sorry.

WILDCARD

That's besides the point. I had an epiphany tonight. I'm tired of this crap. I DO want to settle down. I DO want a JOB. And I DO want you JANE. I am happier when I am with you. When I'm with you, there doesn't seem to be anyone else around.

JANE

Oh, what, are you quoting songs now?

WILDCARD

Well, yea, I usually do. They've already put my feelings into words.
(beat)
What do you say? May I have another chance?

Jane mulls it over. She is in tears now.

JANE

I..I'm sorry Eric. But you really hurt me. And as long as you got your boys, I don't think I will ever fully occupy your heart. I have the right stuff Eric. It's too bad you're friends didn't let you alone long enough to let you see it. Good night... and good luck.

She hangs up.

He looks at the phone then THROWS it into the wall. He saunters back in.

Wildcard starts to walk around. Then a GUST OF WIND blows an old school style Kangol hat, like LL COOL J used to wear.

He picks it up. We hear three key notes from a piano. Then Wildcard starts to sing.

WILDCARD

(singing)

When Im alone in my room, sometimes
I stare at the wall, and in the
back of my mind, I hear my
conscience call, telling me I need
a girl who's as sweet as a dove.
For the first time in my life. I
see I need love.

He sings most of the song as he makes his way back into the bar and to the table.

FIESTO

Whoa. What happened? Don't tell me
you just called..

WILDCARD

Just shut up. Especially you. Shut
the fuck up.

CHICKEN TENDER

Yo. Man. Is there anything we can
do?

OUTLAW

You know you're our brother. No
matter what. Whatever you need us
to do.

TRACK

Yea. Anything short of nipple
clamps.

They all look at him.

WILDCARD

I want Jane. I'm tired of...
(looking around the bar)
this. My folks and Joe and Jane
were right. You know I love you
guys. Even you Fiesto. It was fun
for awhile. But it's time I passed
the torch.

He looks at Chicken Tender. Chicken smiles and gives a thumbs
up.

WILDCARD (cont'd)
 But before I do. I need one more
 favor. You kids down on my block?

TRACK/OUTLAW/CHICKEN
 BOO YAH!

Fiesto has his arms crossed and is shaking his head.

FIESTO
 Naw. Not me. Not for her. Fuck you
 (looks at the others)
 and you dickheads.

He gets up and walks away.

EXT. OUTSIDE JANE'S HOUSE - BEFORE DAWN

The four guys are driving in Outlaws surfer Jeep and SCREECH
 to a halt on a neighbors lawn next to Jane's house.

Chicken is driving.

Wildcard gets out and finds a rock and THROWS it at a second
 floor window.

The window shatters.

The LIGHT comes on and Tom opens it and pokes his head out.

TOM
 What in the...
 (to his WIFE off camera)
 Honey get my shotgun. I got four
 stupids on our lawn.

WILDCARD
 Sorry. Sir. I thought that was
 Jane's window.

TOM
 No son. Hers is two over that way.

He points right.

WILDCARD
 Thank you.

He walks over, picks up a pebble. As he is doing that, Jane
 turns on her light, opens her window and pokes her head out.

Wildcard doesn't see her and throws the pebble and hits Jane in the forehead.

JANE

Ow. Eric. What's your problem?

WILDCARD

I..I'm sorry. I only came here to prove my love to you.

TOM (O.S.)

Did he hurt you baby?

JANE

No daddy.

TOM (O.S.)

Just let me know so I can shoot him.

JANE

(to Wildcard)

What do you want Eric? It's three in the morning.

The other three guys are behind him now with a PORTABLE KARAOKE MACHINE.

WILDCARD

I thought about what you said. And you're right. You do have the right stuff.

At that. Chicken turns on a karaoke machine pre-loaded with NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK'S "YOU GOT IT (THE RIGHT STUFF)".

TRACK/OUTLAW/CHICKEN

(chorus)

OH OH OH OH OH. OH OH OH OH. OH OH
OH OH OH. THE RIGHT STUFF.

(music)

OH OH OH OH OH. OH OH OH OH. OH OH
OH OH OH. THE RIGHT STUFF,

WILDCARD

(singing)

THE FIRST TIME WAS A GREAT TIME
THE SECOND TIME WAS A BLAST
THIRD TIME I FELL IN LOVE,

INT. JANE'S ROOM - LOOKING DOWN ON THE GUYS

Jane is blushing hard.

ALL FOUR CHORUS
NOW I HOPE IT LASTS,

WILDCARD
U CAN SEE IT IN YOUR WALK
TELL EM WHEN YOU TALK
SEE IT IN EVERYTHING YOU DO,

ALL FOUR CHORUS
EVEN IN YOUR THOUGHTS,

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM

Tom has a shotgun pointed directly at the guys. JANE'S MOM, LAURA, is loading a TECH 9 then goes to the open window and takes aim.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JANE'S ROOM, TOM'S ROOM AND OUTSIDE.

WILDCARD
YOU GOT THE RIGHT STUFF, BABY
LOVE THE WAY YOU TURN ME ON,
YOU GOT THE RIGHT STUFF, BABY,
YOU'RE THE REASON WHY I SING THIS
SONG,

CHICKEN TENDER
ALL THAT I NEEDED WAS YOU, OH GIRL
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, SAID ALL THAT I
WANTED WAS YOU,

Jane blows Wildcard a kiss. Wildcard acts like he catches it. The guys roll their eyes.

ALL FOUR CHORUS
YOU MADE ALL,

WILDCARD
MY DREAMS COME TRUE,

ALL FOUR CHORUS
 (chorus)
 OH OH OH OH OH. OH OH OH OH. OH OH
 OH OH OH. THE RIGHT STUFF.
 (music)
 OH OH OH OH OH. OH OH OH OH. OH OH
 OH OH OH. THE RIGHT STUFF.

Right before the next verse starts, Fiesto comes running in and starts to sing.

FIESTO
 YOUR FIRST KISS WAS A SWEET KISS
 SECOND KISS HAD A TWIST
 THIRD AND YOUR FOURTH KISS,

ALL FIVE CHORUS
 I DON'T WANT TO MISS,

Tom sets the laser pointer on Fiesto's forehead where it stays the duration of the song.

WILDCARD
 I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR WALK
 TELL EM WHEN YOU TALK
 SEE IT IN EVERYTHING YOU DO

Fiesto bumps knuckles with the guys.

ALL FIVE CHORUS
 EVEN IN YOUR THOUGHTS

WILDCARD
 YOU GOT THE RIGHT STUFF, BABY
 LOVE THE WAY YOU TURN ME ON,
 YOU GOT THE RIGHT STUFF, BABY,
 YOU'RE THE REASON WHY I SING THIS
 SONG,

A CROWD is starting to gather and watch the COMMOTION.

FIESTO
 ALL THAT I NEEDED WAS YOU, OH GIRL
 YOU'RE SO RIGHT, SAID ALL THAT I
 WANTED WAS YOU,

ALL FIVE CHORUS
YOU MADE ALL,

WILDCARD
MY DREAMS COME TRUE,

The front door OPENS and Jane comes running out in her robe and she and Wildcard HUG ferociously and KISS passionately.

ALL FOUR CHORUS
(chorus)
OH OH OH OH OH. OH OH OH OH. OH OH
OH OH OH. THE RIGHT STUFF.
(music)
OH OH OH OH OH. OH OH OH OH. OH OH
OH OH OH. THE RIGHT STUFF.

Tom comes out with the shotgun over his shoulder.

Then the OLD NEIGHBOR whose lawn the Jeep is parked on comes out of his house. The crowd has grown and includes the Two Cops that pulled Wild and Chicken over.

NEIGHBOR
(yelling)
Hey you kids! Get off my lawn.

He goes back in the house and SLAMS his door shut.

JANE
(to Wildcard, crying from joy)
That.. had.. to.. be.. the.. worst sounding crap I ever heard, but it was so beautiful, and even more beautiful that you did it for me.
(kisses him)
So romantic.
(kisses him)
Yes. I will give you a second chance.

They kiss again. The crowd APPLAUDS.

WILDCARD
I think you just made me fall in love with you.
(beat)
Can I still be a WINGMAN?

JANE
(thinking it over)
Maybe.

JANE(cont'd)

If you're a good boy and finish your homework. And get a job. And eat your veggies.

They go inside the house.

TOM

Ho boy. I suggest y'all never try out for American Idol. You guys totally suck.

The CROWD makes some agreeing comments such as "THEY DO SUCK", "WORST CRAP EVER", "MY FARTS SOUND BETTER".

COP 1

(to the other cop)
Wanna give em a ticket?

COP 2

For reckless driving?

COP 1

(walking away)
No. Crappy singing. Good Lord. We should shoot them for that.
(to Tom)
Need us for anything else Detective?

TOM

Naw. I can handle these guys. Besides. I got Laura as backup.
(to the Wingmen)
And who the hell drove anyway?

Everyone plays the dumb role.

The crowd has dispersed by now.

TOM (cont'd)

Well, come on in. Plenty of room in here for you guys to crash in for the night.

Everyone walks by him. When Fiesto goes by, Tom puts his arm around his shoulders.

TOM (cont'd)

Fiesto is it? I. I am really sorry about your nose. I just get really ANGRY when it comes to my Jane. You can understand that right?

Fiesto stops and looks at him dead square in the eye, then puts his hand out to shake.

FIESTO

You know Tom. When I have children, I hope to GOD I never come across guys like me, and if I do, I hope I'm a meaner sonuvabitch than you are.

They shake hands as they walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ONE WEEK LATER

Chicken Tender is presiding over NEW PLEDGES, who are kneeling on the floor in a submissive manner.

LB, JIVA, Fiesto Outlaw, Track and OTHERS are present.

He walks back and forth like a drill sergeant, inspecting his troops.

He is speaking with an authoritative voice.

CHICKEN TENDER

Ladies. You are here today to carry on a tradition. A tradition of brotherly love, bromance and camaraderie. A tradition of "Bro's before Ho's". A tradition, ladies, of always being there, NO MATTER WHAT. That tradition is called...WINGMAN.

A NERDY PLEDGE, LAWRENCE, speaks without permission.

LAWRENCE

Sir. Does that mean we will get tang?

CHICKEN TENDER

(yelling)

Shut your mouth maggot! You will speak when spoken to!

(beat)

Now go stand in the corner with the dunce cap.

Lawrence gets up, walks to the corner and puts on the dunce cap.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)

To answer ding dongs question. Some of you might score. Some of you might not. Some of you will NOT want to. Lord knows some of you will want to run away in the face of the enemy. BUT YOU WILL STAY and fight the good fight. Not for yourself or your country or your GOD.

(dramatic pause)

But for your boys.

(beat)

Can I get an Amen?

PLEDGES

Amen!

Chicken gives Lawrence his new moniker.

CHICKEN TENDER

Lawrence. Your new name is Ding Dong.

DING DONG

(still facing the wall)

Sir yes sir.

CHICKEN TENDER

Get back here.

Ding Dong takes of his hat and gets back in formation.

CHICKEN TENDER (cont'd)

Now. Everyone else gets their names here.

LB walks over to a FAT AFRICAN AMERICAN.

LB

I christen you...RIBEYE.

RIBEYE

Thank you sir.

JIVA walks up to a ROCKABILLY.

JIVA

You are christened...BIG TIME.

BIG TIME

Thank you sir.

Outlaw walks up to the final PLEDGE.

OUTLAW

And you are christened...MR. POKE.

MR. POKE

Mr. Poke? How do you get...

OUTLAW

It's not up to you how you get your name. You get it and live with it.

MR. POKE

Thank you sir.

LB

Now men. You will be taught the ways of the Wingman. You will be taught all of the little nuances and codes and signals that make us smarter than...THEM.

LB looks around.

LB (cont'd)

Men. Get ready for
(beat)
Wingman Boot Camp.

TO BE CONTINUED....

FADE OUT.

