

BUDS AND SUBS

"A Couple Of Buds"
Episode 01

By

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INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

HUNTER THOMAS (28) is a young man dressed in a typical and decent looking business suit. He stands around average height and is in decent shape with short straight brown hair parted to the left. Hunter is waiting patiently for the elevator door to open. The elevator dings and the door slide open to a busy workplace. Hunter steps out while adjusting his tie.

INT. FORTAINE CORPORATION OFFICES - DAY

Hunter steps off the elevator. He flips his sunglasses down from the top of his head and begins walking into the office space with confidence and a pompous poise. He struts through the cubicle areas and passes several offices. His fellow employees seem unimpressed with him and neglect to observe his presence. Along the way he grabs a donut off of a female CO-WORKER'S (42) desk. She immediately stands up to confront Hunter.

CO-WORKER

Hey! That's mine.

Hunter turns around so she can see him and he takes a large bite from it to spite her. He turns back around and then continues on to eat it.

CO-WORKER

Dick!

With his index and middle fingers together he kisses them and then salutes her from his mouth while starting to smile as he walks away. He confidentially rounds the corner and walks past several more offices. He salutes to one office and points and nods while smirking at the co-worker inside the office. He walks over to an office with a closed door and stops in front of it. Hunter squares off and then kicks it open.

INT. OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Hunter poses in a superhero stance in the doorway of RON'S (49) office, an overweight looking businessman with a comb over who is wearing a blue suit and a crooked tie with thick rimmed glasses. Ron is sitting at his desk writing up some paperwork. He looks up surprised when Hunter kicks in his door.

RON

Why did you kick open the door? It was unlocked.

HUNTER

It's kinda my thing. What's up Ron?
How are you doing?

Hunter begins nonchalantly walking around his office looking and touching all of his pictures and diplomas along the office walls as well as his personal belongings on his desk.

RON

Um, I'm ok, I guess. Karen has a yeast infection, so you know how that goes. Um, how are you?

Hunter looks at Ron with a slight bit of disgust at first and then shakes it off.

HUNTER

Ron, I'm doing amazing, and do you know why?

RON

Um, no. Why?

HUNTER

Because Ron, when I woke up this morning I still had a job, unlike you!

RON

Wait, what? What are you talking about?

HUNTER

Ron, you know me. You know what I do. So lets not shit around here any longer. Go home Ron. You no longer work here. OK? Good talk!

Hunter smacks the back of Ron's shoulder. Ron looks shocked and speechless. Hunter turns and walks out of the office room. Before exiting he turns around and looks at Ron.

HUNTER

Oh, one last thing. Security will be up here in about ten minutes to escort you out. So now is a good time to collect your personal items before it's too late. Have a good one buddy.

Hunter turns back around and heads out of the office. Ron looks devastated as he still sits shocked and motionless.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY OFFICES - DAY

Hunter walks back through the offices and cubicles. His fellow co-workers seem distant toward him as he waves hello to some of them. He walks back to the elevator and pushes the button to summon his lift. He waits for a few seconds while fidgeting with his hands until the ding is heard. The doors open and Hunter steps back onto the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Hunter stands alone in the elevator. He presses the button to go to the bottom floor. The doors close and he waits for the elevator to reach the bottom. Terrible instrumental music plays overhead. He checks his watch and then focuses on the floor levels light up. The elevator dings again and the doors open.

HUNTER (V.O.)

That's me in all my awesomeness, and if you didn't know already my name is Hunter. I work for a large corporation, which will remain nameless, here in the heart of beautiful Denver Colorado. Although what I do here is ultimately not important, it seems it is a necessary evil if you may. I am generally a nice guy, but a high school grad with no college education only has a few options in this world. So I get paid to be an asshole. In better terms, I'm the company's axe-man. I fire good hard working people for a living. Management doesn't want to feel the guilt, get their hands dirty or have any unnecessary splash back. So that's where I come in, the necessary evil. I know it's not much and nothing to really look forward to but a job is a job in this economy and it gets me by with my best friend and roommate Eric. However, you can usually find him hidden deep within Human Resources being the company's whipping boy.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT - DAY

The human resources department looks very nice and clean as high-end customers walk in and out. The phones continuously ring in the background while random employees answer the

customer's calls. ERIC MARTIN (29) stands at the front near the customer service desk. Eric can be seen helping a customer. He stands average height and weight with short blond hair neatly parted. He has a more uptight demeanor than Hunter and a more worrisome attitude. Eric is being belittled and yelled at by the client while an older SUPERVISOR (55) stands behind him with his arms crossed and a stern looking scowl.

ERIC (V.O.)

I'm Eric and as Hunter likes to call me I'm the company's whipping boy. What that means is I get paid to practically be fired a hundred times a day in front of all the high end clients who feel better about their daily lives when someone petty to them screws up. I didn't even make the screw up; I don't even know what he is yelling about. I just get paid to take the blame no matter what. It's not the best job, ok, it's a shitty job, but it's still a job. Just be grateful you don't have to deal with this asshole all day, and from this close he even smells like one.

His supervisor yells at him in front of the client. Spit flings from his chapped lips. The client nods in admiration and smiles as he watches Eric belittled in front of him.

SUPERVISOR

You're fired asshole!

ERIC (V.O.) (CON'T)

Charming little prick isn't he? This is the third time today this has happened to me. I think he gets enjoyment out of it. I wonder if he treats his wife like this. So why would anyone want this crappy ass job? Well, because it pays decent with no skills, no real thought and no drug testing. I come to work, do my thing, and then I come home and smoke a bunch of weed about it with Hunter. At that point we relax and let all our worries fade away with smoke. Seems decent enough for me until I find a better job or at least I figure out what I'm gonna do for the rest of my life.

INT. HUNTER AND ERIC LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Hunter and Eric's front door opens and they walk into their apartment. Hunter drops his briefcase on the floor near the door and they both remove their jackets and drop them on the floor as well. Hunter pulls out the knot from his tie and unbuttons the top of his dress shirt. The apartment is medium sized and a bit messy. The walls are covered in cheap posters, fliers and miscellaneous photos and nic nacs.

ERIC

Why do you even carry that briefcase around? It's empty.

HUNTER

It's part of the look dude. Makes me feel important. You know how I feel 'bout dressing for success. Don't judge me bro.

Eric shakes his head and walks down the hallway on the left. Hunter struts over to the couch and sits down making himself comfortable. On the coffee table there are leftover pizza boxes, soda cans and bongos strewn around as well as miscellaneous junk. He opens a box on the table and pulls out a bag of marijuana. He opens the zip lock bag, smells it first and smiles. He pulls some out and packs it into one of the bongos on the table. A bedroom door is heard closing and Eric walks out from the hallway back into the living room and sits down on the couch next to Hunter. Hunter pulls out a lighter from his pocket and lights up the bong. He takes a big hit. Eric pulls out his phone and starts to mess with an app on it.

ERIC

Should I order the pizza this time?

Hunter coughs as he blows the hit out in a thick cloud.

HUNTER

Nah, we've had pizza all week. I'm sick of it. Make some of those sub sammy's. Those are always the dankity dank.

ERIC

All right. I'll see what we have to make in the kitchen, no promises though, hah. Been awhile since we went shopping. In the mean time,

ERIC (CON'T)
fix me up with a nice safety
meeting. Extra safe! Know what I'm
sayin'?

HUNTER
Sounds good dude.

Eric stands up and stretches while he strolls to the kitchen. You can see Eric from the living room through the breakfast bar nook. Eric turns on the light and then opens the fridge and begins rummaging through it as Hunter packs another bowl for Eric.

HUNTER
Dude, you're gonna love this
flavor. It tastes super good.
Smooth.

ERIC
Is that the stuff you're growing in
the closet that I smell? I think
the whole neighborhood can smell
it.

HUNTER
Nah, not yet. That won't be ready
for a couple more days. That's
gonna be the bomb. This is called
the Triple Crown. It's weed infused
with hash and then rolled in keef.

ERIC
Sounds dangerous.

HUNTER
It is but you're in safe hands with
me bro. That's why we hold safety
meetings.

Hunter grabs the remote from the coffee table and turns on the TV. A video of some girls twerking on a music video comes on and enthralls Hunter. While preparing the sub sandwiches Eric peers over the breakfast bar to see what is on TV. He shakes his head in disbelief while continuing to cut vegetables.

ERIC
Does twerking just give girls with
absolutely no self-esteem a chance
to act like a total whore in
public?

HUNTER

Shit yeah!

ERIC

You sound entirely way too excited about that!

HUNTER

Twerking is like the new mating call bro. You gotta twerk it before you work it.

ERIC

Don't be such a fag.

HUNTER

Ugh dude, you can't say that.

ERIC

What?

HUNTER

It's not politically correct. It's racist or something.

ERIC

What?

HUNTER

Yeah! I read somewhere that only a faggot can call another faggot a faggot. That's like a rule now or something.

ERIC

You're making that up. First of all I've never heard of that. Second, since when do you read?

HUNTER

Yeah, its like the 'N' word and how only black people can say it but no one else can.

ERIC

Well I'll be damned. Learn something new everyday.

HUNTER

And knowledge is power. I read that somewhere, or maybe I heard it. I don't remember.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Eric tops off the sandwiches with some lettuce and condiments. He finishes up putting the sandwiches together and quickly puts the condiments back into the refrigerator before walking back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Eric carries out the sandwiches on a couple of plates. He sets the plates down in front of Hunter on the coffee table, pushing some trash off to the side and out of the way. Hunter smiles while rubbing his hands together.

HUNTER

Damn dude, this looks freaking epic.

ERIC

It's pretty much just the things we had left over in the fridge. We'll see how it goes.

They both began to scarf down the sandwiches. Hunter begins to talk with his mouth full.

HUNTER

I don't know if it's my weed or your skills as a sandwich artist but this sub is God damn amazing bro! I don't even care what's in it.

ERIC

You don't want to know, but thanks. It's prolly a bit of both.

The two continue to ravage their sub sandwiches, hardly chewing before swallowing.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY LOBBY - MORNING

Hunter and Eric both walk through the lobby's double door entrance. They are wearing the same style of business attire that they had worn the day before, but different ties and different button up shirts.

HUNTER

All right bro; have a good day getting fired. Hah, hah.

ERIC
Yeah, hah. I'll see ya at the end
of the shift.

HUNTER
Later bro.

The two do a personal fun handshake. They then part ways
heading in opposite directions.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Hunter stands by the water cooler leaning against the
counter, slowly sipping on some coffee while trying to flirt
with an OFFICE GIRL (24) who is attractive and out of his
league.

HUNTER
Do you have a map?

OFFICE GIRL
Uh, no.

HUNTER
'Cause I just got lost in your
eyes.

OFFICE GIRL
How lame are you?

HUNTER
Wait! I've got more. How about if I
had a nickel for every time I saw
someone as hot as you I'd have five
cents. No? Still nothing? Hmm, how
about you look like my first wife.

OFFICE GIRL
What? Wait a minute. How many wives
have you had?

HUNTER
None. Get it.

Hunter proactively winks at her but she shakes her head in
disgust at him.

HUNTER (CON'T)
Come on, that one is pretty good.
Just admit it!

Annoyed, she starts to walk away.

HUNTER

Wait! My love for you is like
diarrhea; I just can't hold it in
any longer!

The woman turns and gives Hunter the middle finger.

OFFICE GIRL

You're such an asshole! Get lost
you creep!

She storms off.

HUNTER

Shit.

Hunter puts down his coffee mug on the counter and grabs a
Dixie cup. He fills it up with water from the water cooler.
A stern crackling voice blares over the intercom.

STATIC VOICE (V.O)

Hunter, you are needed in the
boardroom. STAT!

Startled, Hunter looks around confused trying to find the
speaker in which the voice came from.

HUNTER

Shit.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Hunter nervously walks into the boardroom. There are several
high executive board members sitting down at an elongated
table. Every board member eyes down Hunter as he enters the
room. Also, the board members look just as miserable as the
board member sitting next to them and not a single one of
them is smiling. Hunter's boss, PERCY JONES (55), looks very
anal retentive and uptight as he stares down Hunter while he
stands at the foot of the table.

HUNTER

Uh, what's up gentleman, and lady?

PERCY

As you know we have been tightening
our belts around here and making
some major drawbacks within the
company to help save money around
the business and rid ourselves of
the dead weight employees. I'm
sure you have noticed.

HUNTER

Yeah. I've been working like a dog lately. Not complaining or anything, just sayin' it's been a busy week. Ya know?

PERCY

We have a list of employees for you today that we need released of their duties by the end of the day. Do you think you can handle that?

HUNTER

Ok. Yeah, that shouldn't be a problem.

A board member leans over toward Hunter and holds out a piece of paper with the names of the soon to be fired employees on it. Hunter accepts the paper and quickly looks the list over. His usual confident demeanor quickly drops to a concerned state.

HUNTER

Why is Eric on here?

BOARD MEMBER 1

Which one is Eric?

HUNTER

My friend. The one you constantly fire on a daily basis in HR.

PERCY

Then it should be easy for him to take the news.

BOARD MEMBER 2

Is this going to be a problem for you?

HUNTER

Uh, no sir.

BOARD MEMBER 2

Good!

PERCY

Now get to work. You have a busy day ahead of you.

Hunter nods his head. He then looks back as if to say something but changes his mind and slowly exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hunter walks through one of the company's long hallways. He looks baffled as he contemplates to himself over what he is being forced to do. He steps in front of a door that says 'Human Resources' above it. He shakes his head in disappointment and sighs.

HUNTER

Shit.

He opens the door and walks in. The door creaks as it close behind him.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES BACK ROOM OFFICE - DAY

Hunter walks through the cubicles and into the back office to see Eric spinning around in his office chair. Eric laughs like a small child. Several coworkers stand near him rooting him on as he twirls around.

ERIC

Hah, hah. Never gets old! Fifteen consecutive spins. Beat that!

(Beat)

Oh, what's up Hunter? What brings you all the way down here? Oh shit! Are you firing someone from HR? I bet its Becky. She keeps stealing coffee creamer from the fridge.

HUNTER

No it's not Becky.

ERIC

Prolly Jesus then. That's my next guess. I heard he's undocumented.

HUNTER

Well, he is actually on the list but that's not why I'm here. I need to talk to ya bro.

ERIC

Sure what's up?

Hunter gives Eric a sorrowed look.

ERIC

Oh. Oh shit! What the hell dude?

HUNTER

Yeah.

HUNTER

I'm sorry bro. I dunno what to say.

ERIC

Sure ya do. It's your job isn't it?
I guess it is what it is. So what
happens at this point now?

HUNTER

Eric, we gotta let... Hmmm. We need
to... Shit! I just can't do this.

ERIC

What are you saying?

HUNTER

I... I just can't do this. You're
my best friend. Nobody should be
forced to do this.

ERIC

What do you mean?

HUNTER

Well, I guess what I mean is that I
quit.

ERIC

What? You can't do this. Someone's
gotta make some money around here.

HUNTER

If you go down, I go down. We fail
together bro. That's how a team
works.

ERIC

So what do I do now? I guess I'll
pack up and go home, start looking
for another job I guess. What you
gonna do?

HUNTER

Now I tell my boss what I really
think of him.

ERIC

I wish I could be there for that.
So how are you gonna do it?

Hunter smirks.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Hunter struts down the same hallway as before. He is determined and focused. He stops and turns toward his boss's door. He takes a deep breath before squaring off and then kicks the door open.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

The door flings open after Hunter kicks it in. His boss, Percy is kicked back in his chair with his arms up and fingers interlocked behind his head. He looks very startled and scarred. Hunter looks down and notices his boss doesn't have pants on. Percy's male receptionist pops up from underneath the desk and peers over.

HUNTER

Oh. Oh shit!

He takes his phone out and snaps a photo of the two in the provocative position they are in with his boss's pants down.

HUNTER

Oh, this is just too good! You know I would have guessed a hard ass boss like you would have a much bigger dong. Guess I was wrong.

PERCY

All right Hunter, what do you want?

HUNTER

I want everyone to keep their jobs that were getting fired today.

PERCY

You know I can't do that.

HUNTER

Why not?

PERCY

It's not up to me. I couldn't make that happen anyways. Even if I could, I wouldn't just because you're an under achieving egotistical prick with no motivation or self-respect. Even so, when you were done I was going fire your ignorant ass too. So just give me that phone and we'll call it even. I'll let you keep your job. All right?

HUNTER

That's cute; your nose scrunches up when you're scarred and yelling. Aren't you married anyways? Does your wife know you are a homo on the side? I bet she would love to know.

PERCY

You're so dead you little shit!

Hunter begins messing with his phone while Percy struggles to pull his pants up.

HUNTER

Hold on a sec bro.

Percy and his assistant stand up. He zips his pants up and his assistant wipes his mouth.

HUNTER

You don't tell me what to...

HUNTER

Shhh. Ok. Ok! There we go!

PERCY

What did you just do asshole?

HUNTER

That's no way to make friends now is it? Because of your amazing attitude towards me I decided to post this photo of you on your facebook page, as well as the company's page. I added the title 'Male assistant blows CEO while firing people'. Catchy right? That's a good title. I like it anyways.

Hunters phone beeps and he looks down at it.

HUNTER (CON'T)

Oh look, it's trending, already gone viral. That was quick. Over thirty thousand views and climbing, and its only been about a minute. That could be a record or something. You're internet famous now.

ASSISTANT

You can't do that!

HUNTER

Already did it so why don't you go
and suck on someone's dick cream
you asshole!

PERCY

I will ruin you, you son of a
bitch! You won't get away with
this!

The office phone begins to ring.

HUNTER

You might want to get that. It's
prolly your wife. She must be
pissed! Ooh, or maybe it's the
news, how exciting would that be.
Think I'll be interviewed? Anyways,
I now have some very important
things to do so you two lovebirds
have a fantastic day!

Hunter walks out of the room and closes the door behind him.
Percy begins to reach for the still ringing phone. As he
reaches to answer it Hunter opens the door again.

HUNTER

Oh, by the way, I quit. Um, for
sexual harassment, or whatever this
is. Terrible work environment this is
for me, or anyone.

Hunter nods his head and closes the door behind him again as
he exits.

INT. HUNTER AND ERICS LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The front door swings wide open. Hunter walks in carrying
two large paper bags that are filled to the brim. One bag is
filled with groceries while the other bag is filled with
plant growing supplies.

HUNTER

I'm home!

Hunter looks around and doesn't see Eric. He walks the bags
to the coffee table and sets the bags of groceries down on
the coffee table. Eric lazily walks out from the hallway
from his bedroom. He looks surprised to see Hunter as he

holds a pint of ice cream in one hand, a large spoon in the other and he is not wearing any pants. Eric seems despondent.

HUNTER

Um, what are you doing?

ERIC

What? Eating a pint of ice cream to yourself is something you just don't do with your pants on. Now please, leave a bro in peace. This is something I gotta do alone.

HUNTER

All right bro, there's sandwich stuff in the bag, I'll put it in the fridge for ya. Uh, I guess I'll leave ya be.

Eric sits on the couch and turns the TV on and begins to eat his ice cream. Hunter takes his paper bag and heads down the hallway to his bedroom.

INT. HUNTERS BEDROOM - EVENING

Hunter enters his bedroom, turns on the lights and sets the paper bag down on the foot of his bed. He opens the bag and pulls out some fertilizer and some plant grow. He walks over to the closet and opens up the door. Bright lights turn on revealing several very nice looking marijuana plants in a homemade grow room.

HUNTER

Hello my babies. How are you pretty ladies doing? Are you thirsty? Yes you are!

Hunter grabs a nearby water bottle and begins to spritz some water on the plants and leaves.

HUNTER

Look at you ladies. So beautiful. I've got some food for you to try. You are going to love it! I'm gonna make you all delicious!

Hunter begins to examine the leaves and growing buds.

HUNTER (CON'T)

You are going to make some people very happy!

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Eric lets out a loud burp, laughs at the burp and then proceeds to scratch himself as he continues to eat ice cream and watch TV. Thoroughly not amused, he flips through the channels.

ERIC

Daytime TV sucks so hard.

He continues flipping through some more channels and stuffs his face with more ice cream. He finally gives up and tossing the remote on the other side of the couch with the TV channel on an infomercial. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve from his shirt.

ERIC

Screw it.

TV INFOMERCIAL

Are you out of work?

ERIC

Yes.

TV INFOMERCIAL (CON'T)

Do you need more money?

ERIC

Yes.

TV INFOMERCIAL (CON'T)

Are you looking for something more out of life?

ERIC

Yes.

TV INFOMERCIAL (CON'T)

Would you like to do something awesome creative, fun, outside the box and something you love to do and where you can come home feeling good about yourself?

ERIC

You're freaking me out, its like you're reading my mind!

Eric begins to focus on the paper bag sitting on the coffee table. A loaf of bread protrudes from the top of the bag. The sound of the TV begins to drown out as Eric concentrates on the bread.

TV INFOMERCIAL (CON'T)
Don't wait any longer. Get up now
and just do something about it. Why
wait? The time is now.

ERIC
I got it!

TV INFOMERCIAL (CON'T)
(Fading)
Then sign up today for a chance to
further your education. Chancellor
Community College is currently
enrolling now. All you need to do
visit our website that is flashing
at the bottom of the screen and
follow the instructions.

ERIC
(Shouts to Hunter)
Hunter, I have an idea! Hunter!

Eric drops his ice cream on the table and hastily gets up.
He licks the spoon, puts it back in the ice cream container
and walks away.

INT. HUNTERS BEDROOM - EVENING

Eric opens Hunters bedroom door without knocking. Shocked,
he sees Hunter sitting caddywhompus in a chair smoking a
joint in his underwear while listening to music. Eric gives
hunter a perplexed look.

HUNTER
What? I'm taking a page from your
book.

Hunter nods in the direction of Eric. Eric looks down and
sees that he is still in his underwear.

ERIC
All right, this is awkward. I'm
putting pants on. Meet me in the
living room when you are ready.

HUNTER
Does that mean I have to put my
pants back on? I am seriously quite
comfortable now.

Eric shakes his head in disbelief and walks out of the
bedroom, closing the door behind him.

HUNTER
So was that a no?

He takes another hit from his joint.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hunter strolls out into the living room while tightening his belt.

HUNTER
So what's all the fuss about?

Hunter looks around and doesn't see Eric.

HUNTER (CON'T)
Okay, and you're not even here.

ERIC (O.S.)
I'm coming!

HUNTER
Not what you want to hear after we
just had our pants off together.

Eric walks into the room carrying a tray with a couple of delicious looking sub sandwiches on them.

HUNTER
Sweet, I got the munchies. You read
my mind bro.

ERIC
These aren't for us to eat.

HUNTER
What? Well that's a freaking waste.

ERIC (CON'T)
Well, not yet anyways. Hear me out.

HUNTER
If you hurry up we can eat those
sandwiches.

ERIC
Ok, hear me out. We make
sandwiches!

Hunter looks at Eric with a perplexed expression, waiting for him to continue.

HUNTER

Oh, is that it? You already made sandwiches.

ERIC

Well, yeah!

Hunter sits down on the couch and pulls out a bag of weed and packs the bong.

ERIC

So, what do ya think?

Hunter takes a hit.

HUNTER

So you want to work at Subway or something? Become a fancy sandwich artist?

ERIC

What? No! We open up our own sub shop. I make the sandwiches and you help run the store.

HUNTER

Huh? Sorry dude. Hah, hah. I totally wasn't paying attention to a word you just said. This new batch of trees just rocks the brain. I should call it brain wrecker. It's a fitting name. Here, take a look!

Hunter tosses the bag onto the tray next to the sandwiches. Eric looks down at the tray.

HUNTER

Can a homie get one of those sammy's yet or what?

Eric still eyes down the tray, lost in his own world he starts to smile which begins to get larger.

ERIC

I have an idea!

HUNTER

So is that a no?

ERIC

What?

HUNTER

Are ya gonna tell me this genius idea of yours or what, or am I just going to have to starve?

Ding dong! The doorbell echoes through the apartment. Both of their heads turn toward the front door.

HUNTER

Who the hell is that? We don't know anybody.

ERIC

I dunno.

Eric stands up and walks to the door.

HUNTER

Wait! Should I hide the sandwiches?

ERIC

What? Why?

HUNTER

Sandwich thieves. You gotta watch out for them dude!

Eric shakes his head.

ERIC

Idiot. You have smoked yourself stupid. Hide the weed just in case.

HUNTER

Oh yeah, good idea! Wait why? It's legal here.

ERIC

Yeah but the landlord is still against it being used in the apartment.

HUNTER

Fine!

Hunter gets up and scrambles to hide the marijuana.

HUNTER (CON'T)

Shit. I dunno where to hide it.

ERIC

Hide it where no one will ever look?

Hunter ponders for a brief moment and then shoves it into the crotch area of his pants.

ERIC

Yeah, nobody will ever look there.

HUNTER

Dick!

The doorbell rings again. Hunter rushes to the door where Eric is already waiting. Eric opens the door as they both peek out.

CUT TO WHITE:

ROLL END CREDITS