

TWINKS

by

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TWINK

n.

An attractive, boyish-looking, young gay man. The stereotypical twink is 18-22, slender with little or no body hair, often blonde,...and is not particularly intelligent. A twink is the gay answer to the blonde bimbo cheerleader.

~ Urban Dictionary

FADE IN:

EXT. KANSAS CITY, MO - NIGHT

Glowing CHRISTMAS LIGHTS warm the cold streets of Columbus Park -- an Italian neighborhood, with FIRE HYDRANTS painted green, white, and red.

GAROZZO'S RESTAURANT

TWO PATRONS exit as the owner locks up for the evening, and waves good night.

MUSIC from an outside speaker ECHOES through the quiet neighborhood as The Patrons stroll up the block and pass a

MAILBOX that reads: "THE DELGATTO'S".

THE DELGATTO'S HOUSE

A tiny front yard leads to a modest brick house. There is a VIRGIN MARY STATUE in front -- deterring all evil-doers from entering.

INT. THE DELGATTO'S HOUSE

A CHRISTMAS TREE illuminates the dim house and casts a rainbow of color on a

FAMILY PORTRAIT

We see a humdrum MR. & MRS. DELGATTO -- an Italian couple in their sixties. Below is JASON, (19) an Asian Twink, spikey black hair and big gay smile. Taped to the portrait is a cutout of SCOTT, (19) a blond, super-hot Twink -- with a perfect fauxhawk.

STAIRCASE

A pair of slippers make their way down as MR. DELGATTO heads to the kitchen for a late-night snack.

KITCHEN

Mr. Delgatto pulls out some leftovers from the fridge then notices a faint BUZZING (OS).

He sets down the food to investigate the origin of this nuisance -- opens/closes the fridge -- no luck.

He tracks the BUZZING to the basement staircase and peers down into the darkness.

MR. DELGATTO

Boys?

The Old Man follows the BUZZING down the stairs to the

BASEMENT

The BUZZING grows LOUDER as he heads through the laundry room and into

TWINKS' BEDROOM

VIDEO GAME MUSIC loops from a nearby TV SCREEN -- paused in suspended animation.

He looks up at some NEON-LIGHTS -- outlining the ceiling and then to a

POSTER of TWINK, (from "RAINBOW BRITE" show) sliding down a rainbow.

The BUZZING is VERY LOUD now as he creeps closer to an ajar

BATHROOM DOOR

His HAND slowly pushes the DOOR open...and...there -- in all their glory are the TWINKS -- naked!

Jason stands above -- stretching his balls taut with both hands, while Scott kneels below -- holding a pair of BUZZING HAIR-CLIPPERS in one hand and JASON'S COCK in the other.

SCOTT

...hold still you fag.

JASON

I am....Careful!

Sensing they're not alone...Jason looks up.

JASON

Dad...?

Mr. Delgatto stares dumbfounded at what he sees...

Scott turns around to take a look.

SCOTT
Oh, hi...Mr. D.

Gives a little wave, Jason's cock still in hand.

EXT. DELGATTO'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

As the Front-Door SLAMS behind them, the Twinks stand on the porch with suitcases in tote. Both are fully dressed and Scott has a guitar pack strapped over his shoulders.

JASON
Now what?

SCOTT
Don't worry. I'll call Charlie,
he'll know what to do.

JASON
Wait...what about your scooter?

SCOTT
I'll grab it tomorrow before work.

JASON
Just stay clear of my dad. I never
seen him so pissed.

The Boys make there way down the walkway.

SCOTT
It'll be alright...not the first
time I've been homeless.

The FRONT-DOOR opens. The Twinks look back -- some hope.

MRS. DELGATTO peers over her husband's shoulder, pulling at his sleeve.

MR. DELGATTO
...And by the way Jason -- YOU'RE
ADOPTED!

Door SLAMS.

INT. YELLOW CAB (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Jason presses his face against the window and looks out at downtown Kansas City, MO.

SCOTT

Don't worry, in a few months we'll be in LA, cruising Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood baby...

TAXI DRIVER

...Oh, Los Angeles. Very Nice.

SCOTT

That's right, Ahmed. We're moving to LA to get discovered and be famous.

TAXI DRIVER

Wow, movie stars. Maybe I get your autograph.

JASON

-- I still can't believe I'm fucking adopted.

SCOTT

Oh, come on bitch, you knew you were adopted.

JASON

Yeah, but they never actually said it. They never actually told me to my face.

SCOTT

Well, you never actually told them you were gay, either.

JASON

True d'at.

He ponders this a moment then sits up in his seat -- feeling a little better now.

JASON

What kind of name is Jason Delgatto anyway? I mean, do I look Italian?

SCOTT

No, your name is probably Kim Lee or --

JASON

-- Cream of Some Young Guy.

Ahmed CHUCKLES -- The Twinks CRACK-UP. A familiar SONG comes on the radio.

SCOTT

Yo, Ahmed, turn that shit up.

TAXI DRIVER

You got it. This is my jam.

Loud MUSIC PUMPS from the taxi as they cruise along -- SINGING and grooving to the beat.

The FOUNTAIN in front of Union Station bursts into life.

EXT. SHERATON HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The taxi pulls into the front drive. A Valet opens the car door and Ahmed rushes to get the bags for these young stars.

TWINKS

See you, Ahmed.

About to depart, Ahmed and the Twinks huddle for an impromptu SELFIE on Ahmed's cell phone.

TAXI DRIVER

Have a good night fellas.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL

The Boys enter the massive lobby.

JASON

Wow, this is awesome!

SCOTT

I told you Big Daddy would take care of us.

Scott pauses at a FLATSCREEN TELEVISION on the wall.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

...That's right Linda...SECRET SANTA strikes again. I'm here in Westport outside of Kelly's Bar, where earlier tonight, Secret Santa was spotted...and as usual, handing out cards full of one-hundred dollar bills...

FRONT DESK

A large, jolly man in an expensive suit stands behind the counter. This is KENNETH, the epitome of Customer Service.

KENNETH

Hello, and welcome to The Sheraton.
I'm Kenneth, how may I assist you?

SCOTT

Oh, hi Kenneth --

KENNETH

-- How are you?

SCOTT

Wonderful. I think you spoke to
Charlie....ah, Mr. Jenkins --

KENNETH

-- Oh, yes. You must be Scott and
Jason. We've been expecting you.

SCOTT

(to Jason)
See. We're famous.

Kenneth GIGGLES as he speed-types into the computer.

KENNETH

Okay, looks like we have you on the
fortieth floor -- sorry, we only
had one king-size bed available.
Mr. Jenkins said that wouldn't be a
problem.

SCOTT

It's okay, Kenneth. This is my
young Asian lover.

He grabs Jason and kisses him. Jason does a poor job of
resisting.

JASON

Get away from me you big homo.

Kenneth finds this amusing.

SCOTT

Don't be like that, cookie.

JASON

We're like brothers Kenneth.

KENNETH

Okay, just give me one second while
I get your keys.

Another TELEVISION behind the front desk.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

...Six years since the reemergence of Secret Santa and his identity still remains a mystery. As you know, Larry Stewart, the original Secret Santa, remained anonymous for nearly three decades before revealing his identity to the world prior to his death in 1996...

KENNETH

Here you go gentlemen. You're all set.

Jason takes the keys.

JASON

Thank you Kenneth.

Kenneth directs them with an open palm.

KENNETH

The elevators are to your right. Enjoy your stay.

Scott lingers in front of the TELEVISION...

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

...the million-dollar question is -- where will Secret Santa strike next...? Reporting live...

JASON (OS)

Ready?

SCOTT

Ah, yeah --
-- Thanks, Kenneth.

KENNETH

My pleasure.

AT THE ELEVATOR

Scott holds the DOOR open for a BUSINESS MAN, sporting a purple tie.

SCOTT

Going up, daddy?

The Business Man eyes the Boys suspiciously.

JASON
Or going down?

Points to his crotch.

BUSINESS MAN
You wish.

The door closes. He'll catch the next one.

HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

The Boys enter the luxurious room -- it's beautiful.

Jason pulls open the blinds to reveal a SPECTACULAR VIEW of downtown KANSAS CITY, MO.

JASON
Wow. This is amazing!

SCOTT
If Charlie weren't straight, I'd --
-- well, you know what I'd do. I'd
give him a kidney if he needed one.

JASON
He's the mother-fuckin' man.

They take in THE VIEW for a moment...

SCOTT
Want to go cruise the steam room?

JASON
Definitely.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

RED PLUSH PANTS & SHINY BLACK BOOTS move busily about the room. They pass the NOSE of SADIE, a Great Pyrenees dog lying on the floor -- she resembles a small polar-bear.

CHARLIE
(on phone)
...The doctor said that? And you're
okay with it...? Alright, you're
the boss. And you're feeling okay
today...?

Fixes his FAKE WHITE BEARD in front of the mirror and SNAPS his RED SUSPENDERS against his barrel-chest.

CHARLIE

...Me...? Oh, nothing much...

Grabs a STACK OF ENVELOPES from the dresser...

CHARLIE

...Just a few last minute errands...

...Checks one of the envelopes for its contents -- HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Sadie BARKS in disapproval.

CHARLIE

...Okay, dear. Love ya. See you soon.

Hangs up.

CHARLIE

(to Sadie)

Shh.

He stuffs the envelopes into his satchel -- Puts on his RED PLUSH COAT and is now -- SECRET SANTA.

CHARLIE

Well, how do I look?

SNOWBALL, a younger Pyrenees BARKS in approval.

CHARLIE

Thank you, Snowball. I do look pretty good.

Sadie puts her head down in defeat.

INT. FOUR-CAR GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

An expensive SPORTS-CAR awaits Santa. He hops in and conceals himself behind its black TINTED WINDOWS.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sports-car ZOOMS out of the driveway past several parked cars on the street. One of the cars pulls out discreetly and tails him.

INT. SHERATON (HALLWAY) - SAME

Jason is coming back from a steam. He sees a man sneaking out of the Suite. It's the BUSINESS MAN from before -- same purple tie -- dishevelled and buttoning his shirt.

JASON (OS)

Aha...

As the two pass each other, the Business Man nods politely and scurries on his way.

JASON

...That's what I thought.

He pulls a "Do Not Disturb" sign off the door and goes inside.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

The sports-car turns into the attached PARKING GARAGE.

JOE BANKS, a desperate looking guy stuck in the 80's, watches from his car as Santa swipes a badge to open the gate.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

The car spirals down the ramp to a secluded spot.

Santa hops out, hits the REMOTE LOCK and makes for the elevator.

INT. JOE BANKS' CAR

Joe TAPS nervously on the steering wheel, waiting for Santa to emerge from the garage.

JOE

...there you are...

A CITY BUS pulls up -- Santa hops on.

JOE

Oh, taking the Metro are we --
-- Sneaky bastard.

He follows behind in his car.

INT. BUS (MOVING)

Santa searches his pockets for some bus fare.

BUS-DRIVER

...Oh, don't worry about it Santa.

CHARLIE

That's awfully kind of you sir.
Thank you.

Even though the bus is nearly empty, Santa stands. TWO GANGSTA GUYS are the only other passengers.

GANGSTA #1

What up Santa?

CHARLIE

Merry Christmas gentleman.

Gangsta #1 moves closer to Santa.

GANGSTA #1

I like them boots, dog.

He bends down to take a closer look.

GANGSTA #1

Yeah, them are nice -- shiny.

GANGSTA #2 enjoys where this is heading.

GANGSTA #1

Going to work?

CHARLIE

I guess you could say that.

GANGSTA #1

Where's your little bell...?

(laughs)

...I'm just fuckin' with you,
Santa. I'd give you some change,
but you know how it is...

CHARLIE

I know, times are tough.

GANGSTA #1

Yo, Santa. You know what I want for
Christmas, dog -- a dope ride.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah...?

GANGSTA #1

Yeah, maybe a brand new
Escalade...that'd be tight, Santa --
-- Hook a brother up wit' one of
those.

CHARLIE

(soberly)

Which one, the ESV or the EXT?

GANGSTA #1

Oh, don't matter Santa. I don't
want to be picky. You know, maybe
some tinted glass...tight sound
system...some phat rims.

CHARLIE

Phat rims?

GANGSTA #1

Yeah, some big-ass tires, nigga.

CHARLIE

Well, have you been good this year?

GANGSTA #1

Shit, dog -- I ain't killed nobody.

CHARLIE

That's good. What's your name?

GANGSTA #1

Brian Gates.

CHARLIE

Oh, like Gates Barbecue?

GANGSTA #1

Yeah, but no relation. I live at
Fifty-ninth and Troost...right
there on the corner. You can just
drop it off out front.

CHARLIE

...and what about your friend?

GANGSTA #1

Nah, man. He don't believe in Santa
Claus.

Santa looks back at the friend.

CHARLIE

...that true? You don't believe in Santa Claus?

GANGSTA #2

Shit, there ain't no fuckin' Santa Claus. Just some crazy-ass white boy actin' a fool.

BUS-AUTOMATED VOICE (VO)

Next stop, Forty-seventh Street -- Country Club Plaza.

CHARLIE

(to Gangsta #1)

Well, this is my stop. Better be careful what you wish for -- dog.

GANGSTA #1

...Crazy ass, Santa.

As the bus comes to a stop, Charlie hands the Bus-Driver an ENVELOPE.

CHARLIE

Merry Christmas.

BUS-DRIVER

Oh, thank you. Merry Christmas, Santa.

He doesn't think much of it and sets the envelope aside.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Santa gets off at "The Plaza" -- a Historic outdoor shopping area -- very upscale with Spanish architecture. It resembles a holiday card with all the lights and decorations.

INT. BUS (MOVING)

Keeping one eye on the road, the Bus-Driver reaches for the ENVELOPE and opens it in his lap.

He looks down and sees...HUNDRED DOLLARS BILLS.

BUS-DRIVER

-- Christ, Almighty...! Holy shit --
-- Thank you Jesus! Thank you --

A car-horn BLARES (OS). The Bus-Driver swerves to avoid on-coming traffic -- The Gangstas get thrown about the bus.

GANGSTA #1
 ...damn, Nigga...learn how to drive
 motherfucker!

BEADS OF SWEAT roll down the Bus-Driver's forehead as he
 regains his composure.

BUS DRIVER
 -- Sorry --
 (whisper)
 -- Thank you, Jesus.

INT. JOE BANKS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe snorts a LINE OF COCAINE off the dash, grabs a CAMERA
 from the passenger seat and hops out.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA

Santa makes his way through a sea of HOLIDAY SHOPPERS while
 Joe tracks him at a distance.

A CAMERA LENS zooms in and captures Santa handing an envelope
 to one of the shoppers.

Santa is swift with his delivery and doesn't stick around for
 a reaction. He's now just a RED HAT weaving through the
 crowd. Joe hustles to keep up.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - SAME

FAKE PLASTIC GUNS point at a TV SCREEN -- Scott and Jason
 play a violent VIDEO GAME.

SCOTT
 ...Take that bitch...

JASON
 ...Die motherfucker, die...!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA

A MAN on his cell phone walks in Santa's direction. Santa
 pulls an envelope from his satchel and offers it to him.

CHARLIE
 Merry Christmas!

The Man waves him off and keeps walking.

CHARLIE

...Jackass.

Santa stops and scans the area for a better candidate.

SILVERMAN (OS)

Yo...! This spot's taken!

Santa looks around to see who's there. He's confused for a moment as Holiday Shoppers rush by, until

A GIANT SILVER MAN behind him, comes to life from a frozen pose -- heavyset and African American, he's a street performer painted silver from head to toe.

SILVERMAN

I said...get your own damn spot!

Santa, seeing the predicament, let's the rude comment slide.

CHARLIE

...My bad.

Walks off.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

The Twinks still playing VIDEO GAME.

SCOTT

(to cell phone)

Hey, Charlie. What's up?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA

CHARLIE

(to cell)

Oh, nothing...just roaming around
The Plaza...

He hands a LADY an envelope and smiles.

CHARLIE

...what are you guys doing?

SCOTT

Nothing, just hangin' out.

CHARLIE

Did you get settled into your
Suite?

SCOTT

Yeah, Kenneth hooked us up. Thanks again. We owe you big time.

CHARLIE

It's all taken care of, so just stay there until I go back East, then you guys can stay at my place while you watch the polar bears.

SCOTT

Alright, you're the boss.

CHARLIE

That's right. So don't worry...

Some COMMOTION behind -- the LADY excited about the envelope.

EXCITED LADY

There he is...Secret Santa!

CHARLIE

-- Look, I gotta run --

Weaves through the shoppers.

SCOTT

-- Hey, Open-Mic tonight?

CHARLIE

Of course -- Hey, gotta go...

Hangs up and practically runs to avoid a GROWING MOB.

SCOTT

...Okay, bye....

JASON

...That man is always on the go.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Charlie hits the REMOTE UNLOCK to his car. The place is desolate. He takes off his Santa coat -- then his hat and fake beard.

SNAP-SNAP-SNAP - The ZOOM LENS fires off a few shots.

JOE

And there's the money shot. Thank you, Charlie Jenkins.

Charlie gets in his car and drives off unaware.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP (PARKING LOT) - LATER

Scott's SCOOTER pulls in -- his LICENCE PLATE reads: "HOTTER" and there is a RAINBOW FLAG STICKER above it.

INT. PIZZA SHOP

DICK, the owner tosses some dough in the air as Scott enters.

DICK
You're late.

SCOTT
Sorry --

Scott is not your typical Delivery Boy -- Chuck Taylor shoes, skinny-jeans, tilted hat, etc. Dick cringes at his attire.

DICK
Here...take this one first.

Slides a pizza toward him. Scott sees the name on the pizza box and GROANS.

DICK
Oh, and here -- Mr. Jeffries called, so you can drop his off, too....

Scott likes this one.

DICK
...He's our best customer...calls every week.

SCOTT
I know he does.

He takes the pizzas and heads for the door.

DICK (OS)
-- Car keys....

Tosses the KEYS to Scott, who can't catch to save his life -- and nearly hits him in the face.

SCOTT
Ouch.

DICK
...And, no cell phones!

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Scott checks his CELL PHONE as he waits at the door.

A FRAT DUDE opens it.

FRAT DUDE
It's about goddamn time!

SCOTT
Sorry...we're really busy --

FRAT DUDE
-- How much is it, Skippy?

Some Frat-Brothers GIGGLE (OS).

SCOTT
Uh...ten ninety-eight --

FRAT DUDE
-- Here's eleven. You can go ahead
and keep the change, Mary.

SLAPS him the money -- grabs pizza -- SLAMS door.

SCOTT
-- Asshole.

INT. FRAT HOUSE

FRAT DUDE
-- Fuckin' queer.

The FRAT BROTHERS LAUGH.

INT. HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Jason walks across the LOBBY with a towel wrapped around his waist and no shirt. He gives a BIG GAY WAVE to Kenneth, who's working the front desk.

JASON
Hi, Kenneth!

KENNETH
(big smile)
...Hey-y-y...

EXT. MR. JEFFRIES' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Scott KNOCKS on the door and MR. JEFFRIES answers it wearing only a silk bathrobe.

MR. JEFFRIES
Oh, thank God. Come in, come in. I
need to give you your tip.

He pulls Scott inside and SLAMS the door behind them.

INT. HOTEL (SAUNA) - SAME

Jason sits on a CEDAR BENCH -- sending out the vibe. SEVERAL MEN sit in silence -- oblivious to the vibe.

He pulls out his Cell phone and sends a text that reads:
"How's work?"

INT. MR. JEFFRIES' HOUSE

Mr. Jeffries MOANS to the ceiling. His bathrobe is open -- exposing his smooth, milky-white chest. Scott has his hat flipped backwards and is on his knees, pleasuring him.

MR. JEFFRIES
Ah, yeah baby. Don't stop....

Scott's cell phone BEEPS (OS). Still working on Mr. Jeffries, he pulls it from his pocket to take a peek -- GAGS.

MR. JEFFRIES
-- Oops, sorry about that....

INT. HOTEL - LATER

Jason waits for the elevator looking defeated. An ATHLETIC GUY with a gym-bag makes eye-contact with him as he passes.

FRONT DESK

Kenneth and another Hotel Associate stand bored....There goes Jason, walking across the lobby once again.

KENNETH
That boy sure takes a lot of
steams.

ASSOCIATE
Yep.

EXT. BAR NAKITA - NIGHT

Scott hurries with his guitar down the sidewalk and runs into Silverman....

SILVERMAN
...Watch it Twinkie!

SCOTT
-- Uh, sorry...Silverman.

He shoulders past Scott and continues on his way.

INT. BAR NAKITA

An all-inclusive Cabaret Bar with a large gay clientele.

Local favorite, ROD MCPHEE is on stage singing KELIS' "MILKSHAKE" song.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - SAME

Charlie sits at a red-light. Some HOT GIRLS pass by in front of him.

HOT GIRL #1
I like your ride, Daddy...

CHARLIE
...Oh for God's sake....

INT. BAR NAKITA (BATHROOM)

SILVER PAINT stains Scott's T-SHIRT which reads: "Hedwig's Son". He scrubs and scrubs but it's no use.

SCOTT
Really...? Aw, c'mon....That's so gross.

EXT. BAR NAKITA

Charlie pulls up in the CADILLAC and hops out. He's a stocky, metrosexual man in his fifties, without a worry in the world.

A PANHANDLER approaches him as he heads for the entrance.

PANHANDLER
Hey, man...let me get a down-payment on a cheeseburger.

CHARLIE

...Got change for a hundred?

The Panhandler is confused by the question. Then turns-out his pockets just in case -- nothing but LINT.

PANHANDLER

...No?

CHARLIE

Maybe next time.

FRONT ENTRANCE

A SIGN reads: "OPEN-MIC TONIGHT 8-10 \$3.00 COVER"

A DOORGIRL sits on a stool collecting money from patrons.

CHARLIE

...one senior, please.

DOORGIRL

Pssh...get out of here...

She pushes him inside without any charge.

CHARLIE

Make sure no one urinates on it,
would ya?

Slips her a TWENTY.

DOORGIRL

(laughing)

...you crazy, Charlie!

INT. BAR NAKITA

Jason sits at a table drinking a chocolate daiquiri and greets Charlie with a hug.

CHARLIE

What's happening, Jason.

JASON

Hey, baby.

CHARLIE

You're looking so hot. Have you
been working out?

JASON

No, been spending a lot of time in the steam-room, though.

CHARLIE

I don't think that counts, Jason.

CHRIS, the ass-kissing waiter runs to Charlie with a beer.

CHRIS

I saw you cumming...

CHARLIE

You're barkin' up the wrong tree with that one, Chris.

CHRIS

A gal can dream can't she?

He flutters off to kiss more ass.

ON STAGE

As Rod wraps up his song, The CROWD APPLAUDS and MINDY the Emcee jumps-up on stage.

MINDY

...thank you so much, Rod...

He takes a dramatic bow as he leaves the stage.

MINDY

...apparently ladies and gentlemen, Rod's milk shake *is* better than hers --
-- alright everybody, let's give it up for the very hot and always entertaining...Scott Prichard!

Scott takes the stage with his guitar to CHEERS and WHISTLES.

CHARLIE (OS)

Alright, baby!

Scott STRUMS GUITAR ferociously and BELTS out his song:

"I'm so Fuckin' Hot - You're so Fuckin' Not" in the vein of Kurt Cobain.

The CROWD has mixed reactions to the performance. Charlie thinks it's hysterical. Mindy jumps-up on stage.

MINDY
...and that's why they call him
Hotter-than-hot, everybody...

Scott takes a bow then joins the others at their table.

SCOTT
Hey, big daddy.

CHARLIE
Great job, Scott.

SCOTT
Thanks.

Charlie waves-down Chris, the waiter.

CHARLIE
My hot friend here, needs a
drink....A couple more chocolate
daiquiris when you get a chance.

CHRIS
(teasing)
I'm gonna need to see some ID for
this one.

SCOTT
Oh, please.

Scott whips out his FAKE ID.

CHRIS
...much more believable than your
last one....The other one made you
look kind of puffy.

SCOTT
Oh, fuck you skank.

Chris rubs up against Charlie.

CHRIS
Can I get you another beer,
Sweetie?

Charlie downs the rest of his beer, hands him the empty
bottle and BELCHES.

CHRIS
I'll take that as a yes....Be right
back.

CHARLIE

How come every time one of you
Twinks hugs me...you gotta rub your
wieners all up on me?

JASON

'Cause you're so hot, big daddy.

CHARLIE

I think you need to get your eyes
checked.

SCOTT

...and his Twink status expired a
long time ago. He's like, twenty-
five or some shit.

JASON

Hey, Charlie, ask Scott about Mr.
Jeffries.

SCOTT

Oh, shut up you bitch.

CHARLIE

Who's Mr. Jeffries?

SCOTT

...just a customer --

JASON

-- A very regular customer.

The Twinks CLANG glasses.

JASON

Did you get a sample of his DNA?

SCOTT

Yeah, a whole mouth full.

Charlie nearly chokes on his beer, GIGGLING -- The Twinks
high-five each other.

CHARLIE

That's way too much information.

SCOTT

I can't help it -- I love jizz.

CHARLIE

Enough, please --

Chris drops off the drinks.

SCOTT

-- I wish they bottled the stuff.

He SLURPS his chocolate daiquiri and lets some of it ooze out the side of his mouth.

JASON

Mmm, jizz soda. It's the juice, with a little extra fizz.

CHARLIE

Stop it.

LATER

CHARLIE

...so this hooker says to me "I want you to give me eight inches and make it hurt" --

He takes a large gulp of beer.

CHARLIE

-- so I fucked her four times and punched her in the mouth.

ALL LAUGH.

Chris comes by to collect the empties from their table.

CHRIS

You guys need anything else?

CHARLIE

I think we're good to go. How much is it, Chris? I don't have my glasses on.

SCOTT

Here, let me give you some money --

CHARLIE

-- I got it.

SCOTT

Goddamnit, Charlie. You always buy. Let me give you some --

CHARLIE

-- You need to save your money for California. Put it away.

CHRIS
 ...Eighty-five fifty.

Charlie hands him a bunch of cash.

CHARLIE
 That's good....
 (winks)

CHRIS
 Sure thing, Sweetie. Thank you!

JASON
 Thanks Charlie --
 -- Oh, no...Burt the flirt...

BURT, a drunk, golden-age gay walks up to the table.

BURT
 Well, hello gentlemen....Now, what
 are two yummie young boys like
 this, hanging out with an old guy
 like, you?

CHARLIE
 They have excellent taste...what
 can I say.

AT THE BAR

CHRIS
 Charlie just gave me a sixty-five
 dollar tip.

BARTENDER
 Damn, you lucky bastard.

CHRIS
 It's not like he can't afford it.
 The man's got more money than God.

AT THE TABLE

BURT
 (to Scott)
 I saw you on stage -- "I'm so
 fucking hot" -- You are so fucking
 hot. Too bad you can't sing as good
 as you look, doll --

SCOTT
 -- I need to go to the bathroom....

He storms off.

BURT

...Wait, I wanna buy you a drink.

CHARLIE

Why don't you piss off you old drunk.

RESTROOM

Scott squeaks out a few tears in front of the mirror. Charlie comes in to check on him.

CHARLIE

You alright?

SCOTT

...I don't know why they call him Burt the flirt....They should call him, Burt the fucking asshole -- that's what they should call him.

CHARLIE

Listen, don't worry about that drunk. You are a creative, talented guy.

SCOTT

I don't know...

CHARLIE

Look, you think I got where I am by listening to old farts like that?

SCOTT

Isn't he the same age as you...?

CHARLIE

Hey, watch it.

SCOTT

Sorry.

CHARLIE

You just have to find your niche....FIND YOUR NICHE BABY! --
-- Let's hear it...

SCOTT

...Find my niche --

CHARLIE
-- FIND YOUR NICHE BABY!

SCOTT
FIND MY NICHE, BABY!

CHARLIE
Now -- SHOW ME THE MONEY!

SCOTT
Oh, God -- Please stop.

CHARLIE
Sorry, that was probably before
your time.

SCOTT
I know what "show me the money" is,
you freak.

Charlie bear hugs him.

CHARLIE
SHOW ME THE MONEY!

SCOTT
Okay, okay. I get it. Please,
please, enough....

CHARLIE
(acting tough)
Alright...then get over it! You
know how I hate drama.

SCOTT
Thanks, Charlie. I think you're the
only one who believes in me.

CHARLIE
Come on, you need to let off some
steam.

INT. SIDEKICKS GAY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A Country-Western place -- and tonight there is a Twink
invasion on the

DANCE FLOOR

Scott and Jason dance to the PUMPING HOUSE-MUSIC -- Charlie
does his best to keep up.

JASON
 ...that's it Charlie....Shake it
 baby.

Scott and Jason take off their shirts.

SCOTT
 Come on, Charlie...take it off,
 daddy. Let's see some skin.

Charlie untucks his shirt while Scott undoes a few of the
 buttons.

CHARLIE
 I'm not as hot as you guys --
 -- I need another beer...you guys
 want anything?

SCOTT
 ...we're fine.

A few MORE TWINKS join them in their groove.

AT THE BAR

CHARLIE
 Heineken, please.

Charlie watches the TWINKS do their thing.

SCOTT is bored with these amateurs -- he steps back from the
 herd and takes it to a whole new level of dancing. He's in a
 zone and he's amazing.

Charlie watches with admiration as he sips his beer.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

SADIE and SNOWBALL lye on the floor as Charlie busies himself
 with some last minute packing.

TELEVISION SCREEN

A NEWS REPORTER interviews a very animated GANGSTA #1. He's
 showing off his brand new ESCALADE -- There's a GIANT RED BOW
 on its windshield.

GANGSTA #1 (ON TV)
 ...on the bus...and sure enough...I
 got this sweet (censor BLEEP) new
 ride...with these phat (BLEEP)
 rims...That dude is the
 mother(BLEEP-ing) bomb.

Charlie CHUCKLES, seeing his friend from the bus on television.

The DOORBELL RINGS and the Dogs jump to attention, BARKING.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
 ...as you can see, Brian here is
 very excited...

Charlie quickly turns-off the television. He opens the door to see Scott on the front porch with suitcases.

CHARLIE
 Hey, the nomad is here. Come on in.

The Dogs greet Scott affectionately.

SCOTT
 Hey, Sadie -- Hey, Snowball.

Sadie, also known as "The Queen" is an older Prize-Winning Great Pyrenees. SNOWBALL is her son, a younger and more personable, Pyrenees.

CHARLIE
 I think these two missed you --
 -- Just set your stuff anywhere.

SCOTT
 Jason will be over later. I think
 he's hitting up the steam room one
 last time.

CHARLIE
 Good God --
 -- Make yourself at home. I just
 need to finish up.

Charlie stuffs some things into his briefcase while Scott plays with Snowball on the floor.

SCOTT
 You sure you don't need any help?

Charlie sets the last of his bags by the door.

CHARLIE
I got it. Thanks.

HONK-HONK (OS). Scott peeks out the window.

SCOTT
Your town-car is here --
-- Ooh...he's hot --

CHARLIE
-- Calm down, Scotty...

Scott opens the front door for the DRIVER.

DRIVER
Hi there.

SCOTT
Hell-o --

CHARLIE
-- Take it easy...

DRIVER
How you doing, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Hey, Mike...good to see you again.

DRIVER
I'll go ahead and grab these for
you.

He reaches for SCOTT's LUGGAGE.

CHARLIE
No, no, not those, just these...I
don't want to be wearing glitter
and rhinestones all week --

SCOTT
-- Oh please...don't think they're
your size...

CHARLIE
Okay, Scott...you know the
drill....Remember Sadie's medicine,
and easy on the biscuits --

SCOTT
-- I got it.

CHARLIE
...You have your key --

SCOTT

-- Got it --

CHARLIE

-- And no parties....I don't want
to come back and see Twinks Gone
Wild on YouTube --
-- Oh, and The Rolls, your going to
drop it off at the garage for me --

SCOTT

-- I got it. I got it....You
already told me. Now, go before you
miss your flight --

Charlie pets the Dogs affectionately as he leaves.

CHARLIE

Be good. See you in a week or two.
Remember, no drama.

SCOTT

Bye-e.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

SADIE and SNOWBALL drag Scott down the sidewalk. A LADY and
her HIDEOUS-LOOKING MUT walk towards them.

DOG LADY

Oh, what beautiful dogs you have...

SCOTT

Thanks...

DOG LADY

What kind are they?

SCOTT

Oh, they're Great Pyrenees.

DOG LADY

They're lovely...

AWKWARD SILENCE as they look down at her SCRAGGLY CREATURE.

SCOTT

I love those shoes...beautiful.

DOG LADY

Come on, Duchess.

Gives a fake smile and walks off.

EXT. TEDDY'S COFFEE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sadie plops down on the ground to take a break. Scott tries to get her moving but she won't budge.

SCOTT

Come on Sadie. Come on girl...

He gets behind her and tries to lift -- too heavy.

SCOTT

...No more biscuits for you, Sadie.

INT. TEDDY'S COFFEE HOUSE

TEDDY, a koala-bear of a man, wipes down a table and watches Scott through the window.

EXT. TEDDY'S COFFEE HOUSE

Snowball plops down, too.

SCOTT

...no, no, no. Snowball, no. Come on....

Teddy brings a couple bowls of water.

TEDDY

These guys look like they could use a drink...must be a long hike.

SCOTT

Thanks -- No, they're just lazy and stubborn.

Teddy GIGGLES.

TEDDY

Can I get you anything...?

The Dogs put their heads down for a snooze.

TEDDY

...Looks like you could be here a while.

SCOTT

Oh, thanks....I'm fine.

TEDDY

Okay --
-- I'm Teddy by the way.

SCOTT

Scott. Nice to meet you.

Teddy goes inside. Scott is intrigued.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

As Scott and the Dogs return from their walk, Jason runs frantically to turn on the television.

JASON

...oh my God, it's eight-thirty.
Hurry up, hurry up!

SCOTT

I'm coming. I'm coming.

Scott lets Sadie out in the backyard. Jason grabs some popcorn and the Twinks settle in for their favorite program.

TELEVISION SCREEN

INTRO TO: "One-Tough-Gay-Cop" -- STEPHEN BALDWIN is SGT. SLAM.

Shots of SGT. SLAM cruising on his motorcycle. He's a Bear-Cop -- with an attitude. His UNIFORM consists of: super-tight leather pants and a shirt knotted at the bottom, exposing his big hairy stomach.

Sgt. Slam stops his bike at a HOT DOG STAND...Some JERKS are harassing the VENDOR.

SGT. SLAM

(super effeminate)

What seems to be the problem here?

HOT DOG VENDOR

These punks are stealing my
wieners.

SGT. SLAM

...Messing with your wieners, huh?
If there's one thing I know fellas,
there ain't no free wieners --

JERK #1

-- Fuck you, pansy.

JERK #2
Yeah, get lost -- homo! Go back to
your Barbie Dolls --

JERK #1
-- And sucking dick...

The TWO JERKS LAUGH -- Sgt. Slam's patience in wearing thin.
Jerk #1 SQUIRTS KETCHUP on Sgt. Slam's BOOT.

JERK #2
(giggling)
Suck on that - Pig!

Sgt. Slam grabs the JERK'S HEAD and bounces it off the HOT
DOG CART. Jerks #2 and #3 charge him -- but they're no match
for Sgt. Slam's brut force.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

Sgt. Slam annihilating The Three Jerks.

INT. JOE BANKS' CAR - SAME

On the passenger seat is a MANILA ENVELOPE -- Joe reaches
across and grabs it.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE

The TWINKS re-enact Sgt. Slam's Kung Fu.

SCOTT
...Look out...Cop-chop.

Jason falls to the ground simulating his painful demise. Just
then -- a NOISE (OS) outside.

SCOTT
-- What was that? Shh....Did you
hear that?

Lowers the TV volume.

JASON
I didn't hear anything.

Sadie BARKS (OS) outside. Another NOISE at the window.

SCOTT
Somebody's out there.

Snowball sniffs the door curiously. The Twinks go to investigate.

BANG-BANG-BANG. They jump back -- Snowball BARKS.

JASON
Who the hell is that?

SCOTT
I don't know...

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Scott looks through the PEEP HOLE -- A COWBOY HAT obscures Joe Banks' identity.

SCOTT
(deep voice)
Who is it?

JOE (OS)
Charlie Jenkins?

Jason gives Scott a questioning look. Scott shrugs.

SCOTT
(still disguising voice)
What the hell do you want?

A MANILA ENVELOPE slides under the door.

JASON
(whisper)
What's that?

Scott picks up the envelope to take a look. Jason looks through PEEP HOLE -- The COWBOY HAT turns and is gone.

JASON
What is it? What's it say?

SCOTT
Shit...

Scott shows him the MANILA ENVELOPE that reads: "24 Hours - Wait for my call - Secret Santa".

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT, NEW YORK CITY - SAME

MRS. JENKINS waits for her husband at the terminal. She uses a cane and wears a scarf to conceal her hairless-head.

INT. AIRPLANE

Passengers make their way off the plane. Charlie gets up from his seat and grabs his bag from the overhead compartment. His CELL PHONE is left on the seat as he leaves.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Jenkins greets Charlie with hugs and kisses. A Limo-Driver helps him with his bags.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

SCOTT
(on cell)
...Still no answer --

JASON
-- He's probably still on the plane.

SCOTT
Okay, I left a message on his cell and at his house in New York --

JASON
-- Do you think we should open it?

SCOTT
I don't know.

JASON
What do you think it is?

SCOTT
I'm not sure, but I have a pretty good idea.

JASON
I think we should open it --
-- It says twenty-four hours --

SCOTT
-- I know, I know --

He hesitates for a moment...

SCOTT
-- okay.

...RIPS open THE ENVELOPE.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE (MOVING) - DAY

SADIE and SNOWBALL enjoy the open air from the back seat as the Rolls cruises along with the top down.

Jason thumbs through VARIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS of CHARLIE as SECRET SANTA while Scott drives.

JASON

...That's so cool, Charlie is Secret Santa --

SCOTT

-- Remember --

JASON

-- Nobody....Don't worry I'm not going to say anything --
-- How did you know, did Charlie tell you?

SCOTT

No. I found out by accident.

JASON

Does he know that you know?

SCOTT

Yeah, we saw a clip on the News one time and we both kind of looked at each other and smiled. He made me swear not to tell anyone. He said it was the most important thing he's ever done in his life -- even his wife doesn't know.

JASON

Wow.

SCOTT

So, sorry I couldn't tell you.

JASON

No, I get it. I understand --
-- Again, we're driving with the top down, why?

SCOTT

It's broke.

INT. GATES BAR-B-Q - LATER

CASHIER (OS)
Hi, may I help you!

The Twinks stand in line staring up at the menu.

SCOTT
I am so hungry.

Two black girls, TEISHA and SNOOKIE check them out.

CASHIER
May I help you!

SCOTT
Yes, one beef on bun, large fries
and a medium diet-coke --

JASON
-- COW.

CASHIER
Anything else!

JASON
Yes, I'll have some cheesy corn...

The Girls SNICKER (OS).

TEISHA (OS)
...some cheesy corn...

CASHIER
We don't have cheesy corn. We have
potato salad, cole slaw, or beans!

SCOTT
Ooh, get the potato salad.

TEISHA
Damn, you are so gay!

SCOTT
...and you are so black!

SNOOKIE
Oh, no she didn't...

Teisha lunges at Scott -- a CAT-FIGHT ensues. Snookie makes a
move to jump it -- Jason poses a Karate stance....

JASON
Back off, Precious!

EXT. GATES' PARKING LOT (CAR) - MOMENTS LATER

The Twinks sit in the ROLLS eating their lunch. Scott has a BRUISED EYE and gobbles down his sandwich.

JASON

...God, you get so ferocious when you're hungry.

The Two Girls head to their car, eyeing them over.

TEISHA

Next time --

SNOOKIE

-- We'll put a motherfuckin' cap in your asses...

Reveals a GUN under her shirt.

SNOOKIE

...Go ahead...call me Precious again motherfucker...

The DOGS BARK at the girls.

TEISHA

I see your motherfuckin' dogs are racist too -- motherfuckers!

They get in their car and PEEL-OFF.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - LATER

Scott enters the CHAOS -- PHONES RING off the hook. DICK points to a STACK OF PIZZAS waiting for him. Scott takes a deep breath and digs in.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS OF SCOTT WORKING

- Delivering to a FAMILY (mobbed by a bunch of rug-rats)
- Delivering to a LITTLE OLD LADY (with handful of change)
- Counting tips
- Checking self in mirror
- Delivering to a PRIEST (blesses him)
- Reloading at the shop

-- Singing and dancing while driving

-- Counting tips again

INT. DELIVERY CAR (MOVING) - LATER

The madness is over and Scott drives back to the shop. He looks at a photo on his cell.

INSERT - PHOTO: SCOTT & JEN beneath "The Hollywood Sign".

INT. JEN'S APARTMENT (LOS ANGELES) - SAME

A CELL PHONE RINGS as JEN, a 29 year old bombshell hurries to answer it.

JEN
(to phone)
Hey, Scotty...what's up!

SCOTT
(to cell)
Hey, Jen. --
-- I got the photo you sent, of us
in front of the Hollywood Sign.

JEN
Yeah, that was so much fun. I miss
my baby brother. I can't wait til
you get out here.

SCOTT
Yeah, me too. Are you sure you have
enough room?

JEN
Of course there's room.

SCOTT
I can sleep on the floor if I have
to.

JEN
We'll figure it out. I know it's a
big move -- God, I've been in LA
like five years already? Time
really flies out here.

SCOTT
So, how's things going?

A FRAMED POSTER: "Dream Street" hangs on her wall.

JEN

Um, good...fine....You know...still
with my acting group -- Oh, I want
you to meet my acting teacher,
Arthur, he's really amazing.

She notices a HAIR-LINE CRACK running up the GLASS of the
POSTER and tries to rub it away with her finger.

JEN

-- Hey, I saw Channing Tatum at The
Coffee Bean the other day.

SCOTT

Oh, God...I love him! I can't
wait....It's gonna be so awesome.

JEN

You still living at Jason's --

CRASH! (OS). The car hits something. Scott jolts forward.

SCOTT

-- Fuck!

JEN

-- Scott! What happened? Are you
okay?

SCOTT

Yeah -- I'm fine....gonna have to
call you back...

EXT. DELIVERY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scott gets out of the car and looks at the PICK-UP TRUCK he
just rear-ended.

A GOOD 'OLE BOY gets out to have a look.

SCOTT

I am so sorry. Are you okay? Are
you alright?

GOOD 'OLE BOY

Shit, kid...ain't no harm done.

The two take a look -- Scott's DELIVERY CAR is glued to the
truck, but no apparent damage to either.

SCOTT
 (relieved)
 ...yeah...it looks okay.

GOOD 'OLE BOY
 ...well, my trucks okay...I'm not
 so sure about your car, though. You
 ran into my hitch...

SCOTT
 Oh, fuck.

The HITCH is buried into the delivery car's front-end,
 virtually undetectable. Scott gets back in the car.

GOOD 'OLE BOY
 ...okay, just back it up nice and
 easy.

Like pulling a band-aid off nice and easy. Fiberglass
 CRUNCHES as the two vehicles separate.

GOOD 'OLE BOY
 Whoa, whoa!

Scott gets out to take a look -- the truck is fine, but the
 car is left with a GAPING HOLE in the front-end.

SCOTT
 Oh, great --
 -- Do you need my insurance card or
 something?

GOOD 'OLE BOY
 Nah, no need to mess with that
 bullshit. Just watch where you're
 going next time.

SCOTT
 Alright, thanks. Sorry.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - CLOSING TIME

Scott walks up the sidewalk as Dick turns-off the "OPEN" NEON
 SIGN.

INT. PIZZA SHOP

DICK
 Wow, got kind of crazy there for a
 minute...

SCOTT
Uh, yeah...crazy.

DICK
I hope you made some money.

SCOTT
Yeah, I did pretty well...

DICK
I gotta do some paperwork in my
office....Have a good night, Scott.

SCOTT
You too.

DICK
Hey, good job tonight.

SCOTT
Thanks.

DICK
Oh, don't forget to leave the keys
to the car.

SCOTT
Ah, yeah...no problem.

INT. BAR NAKITA - LATER

CHRIS, the waiter is SINGING "Unbreak My Heart" on stage -- a
bit melodramatic but pretty good. The Twinks sit at a table.

JASON
...so you just left? You didn't
tell him about the car?

SCOTT
No, I'm hoping he doesn't notice
for a while.

Chris really gets into it on stage.

SCOTT
-- That is so gay --

JASON
-- he's gonna find out.

SCOTT
I know, but we got bigger problems
right now. Come on....

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

The Twinks are watching "12 Monkeys" on TELEVISION.

JASON

Did you ever notice that Bruce Willis does a lot of movies with numbers in the title...

SCOTT

Uh, no....

JASON

...12 Monkeys...The Sixth Sense...The Fifth Element --

SCOTT

-- amazing --

JASON

-- The Whole Nine Yards...and he did a cameo in Ocean's Twelve....

SCOTT

Okay, now you're reaching.

THE MOVIE rolls on -- It's that scene in "12 Monkeys" where Bruce Willis and The Woman are getting mugged by a couple of Thugs. Bruce Willis proceeds to kill them both...

JASON

Holy shit! Did you hear that?

SCOTT

What, did you hear someone outside?

JASON

No --

Grabs THE REMOTE to rewind the movie.

BRUCE WILLIS (ON TV)

"Come on...all I see are dead people..."

JASON

-- Holy shit! Did you hear that? That can't be a coincidence....The Sixth sense..."I see dead people"...

PHONE RINGS (OS). Twinks jump.

SCOTT
Goddamnit, Jason. Relax. --
-- Oh, shit...that's him. That's
the guy!

JASON
Oh shit. Well, answer it --

SCOTT
-- shush.

Scott answers the phone...

SCOTT
(deep voice)
Hello --

JOE (VO)
-- Fifteen-thousand cash...South
Shuttlecock...Nelson-Atkins
Museum...four hours! Come alone!

SCOTT
Four hours...?

CLICK. Joe hangs up.

JASON
What he say?

SCOTT
He wants fifteen grand at the
Nelson in four hours.

JASON
Four hours? That's random. Why
didn't he just say like, eleven
o'clock or midnight?

SCOTT
I don't know. He sounds
complicated.

CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

AT THE SAFE

Scott spins the COMBINATION DIAL.

JASON
 ...So we're just going to give this
 guy fifteen thousand dollars of
 Charlie's money.

SCOTT
 Yep.

JASON
 Dude, are you sure Charlie --

SCOTT
 -- look, Charlie doesn't give a
 shit about fifteen grand. And, I'm
 sure he'll take care of this guy
 when he gets back. But for now, we
 got to do what he says...and no
 cops...we have to keep it quiet.

He opens THE SAFE to reveal HUGE STACKS OF CASH inside.

JASON
 Holy crap!

SCOTT
 Right?

Takes what he needs -- barely makes a dent in the stack.

JASON
 Wow, Charlie really trusts you
 dude.

SCOTT
 Yeah --
 (closes the safe)
 -- I need something to wear.

CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Scott rummages through Charlie's CLOSET for something to
 wear. Picks up some sort of medical BOOT CAST -- looks at it
 a second then tosses it aside. Grabs some CLOTHES.

MONTAGE - SCOTT TRYING ON CHARLIE'S CLOTHES

-- Suit and briefcase

JASON
 No.

-- Seventies outfit

JASON

No.

-- Mrs. Jenkins' dress

JASON

Definitely not!

-- Santa Claus outfit

JASON

Now that's just wrong!

-- Derby Hat and Trench Coat.

SNOWBALL BARKS in approval. Jason gives the "Thumbs-up".

SCOTT

Okay, then --

(facetiously)

-- Let's do this!

They SLAP hands and LAUGH.

EXT. NELSON-ATKIN'S MUSEUM - NIGHT

The Twinks sit next to a giant SHUTTLECOCK SCULPTURE, a 17' badminton birdie standing precariously on its nose -- One of several scattered on the museum lawn.

JASON

(in all black)

Look at me, I'm like a ninja --

SCOTT

-- Yeah, a super-gay ninja.

JASON

Okay, gay Sherlock Holmes...

SCOTT

Ah, hello. Have you ever seen the movie...pretty sure Sherlock Holmes was gay.

JASON

You're right. My bad --

-- Dude, we're like way early.

LATER

The Twinks sit bored, leaning against the huge orange and white Sculpture.

JASON

Hey, I thought of a good commercial for your jizz-soda.

SCOTT

Really...?

Jason stands up to demonstrate.

JASON

-- Okay, so this homeless guy is at the Plaza...and he's thirsty, right...? So he looks in his pockets, but he's broke --

SCOTT

-- Oh god.

JASON

...so he looks in his pockets, right, and there's nothing but lint. So he doesn't know what he's going to do...

SCOTT

-- okay?

JASON

...Then he has this idea --

SCOTT

-- Yeah.

JASON

...he does this little jig dance...then he does a little slight of hand trick...and people start giving him change -- then he does a little break dancing --

SCOTT

-- like The Robot?

JASON

-- Yeah, whatever...so he starts doing The Robot...and eventually scrounges up enough change...

SCOTT

...okay...

JASON

....so he walks over to this liquor store --

SCOTT

-- Oh, brother --

JASON

-- wait, wait -- so he walks over to this liquor store, goes in, and comes out with a bottle in a brown paper-bag -- chugs it down...

Scott LAUGHS....

JASON

...So he drains it, right -- and everybody thinks it alcohol, right? -- he throws the brown-bag in the trash and the bottle slips out of the bag -- and it's a jizz-soda bottle -- and then the announcer comes up and says "...because everybody loves jizz....Everybody!"

SCOTT

And then a homeless lady with a shopping-cart grabs the bottle out of the trash and the announcer says "and don't forget to recycle"....

JASON

The end.

Both LAUGH. Then it's quiet for a moment.

SCOTT

So what do you think about California?

JASON

I'm not sure yet. I don't know.

SCOTT

It's gonna be awesome....

JASON

...I know...I'm just not sure what I'm doing yet....

HEADLIGHTS pull up to the edge of the lawn.

SCOTT

-- Shit, he's here...get down.
Don't let him see you.

Jason ducks behind the Shuttlecock, Scott stands in its large shadow. Joe approaches obscured by a cowboy hat.

JOE

Okay, Charlie --

He lifts his head and sees Scott come out of the shadow.

JOE

-- What the hell is this....Where's
Charlie? Where's Charlie Jenkins?

SCOTT

He couldn't make it --

Joe pulls the HAT from Scott's head -- then steps back, immediately recognizing him.

SCOTT

Look, I brought the money --

JOE

-- Do you think this is some kind
of game...!

He pulls a GUN and presses it into Scott's forehead.

JOE

...I know you. I know you. This
ain't right. This is all wrong. You
fucked up kid....You're done!

He staggers backwards, turns and is gone.

Scott stands there trembling.

JASON

Scott, are you okay? I'm so sorry --
-- I didn't know what to do. Are
you alright?

SCOTT

Uh, yeah -- That was intense.

JASON

Shit.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Scott stares blankly ahead while Jason drives.

JASON

So, who was it?

SCOTT

I'm not sure, but I know that guy.
I've seen him before.

JASON

But, he knows you...he know's who
we are...?

SCOTT

Apparently --

JASON

-- Apparently? Fuck...

SCOTT

I mean, that's why he got all
freaked out when he saw me...like
he saw a ghost or something.

JASON

Man, we got to go to the cops. This
is serious shit. He stuck a fucking
gun to your head. Maybe I should
have tackled him or something --

SCOTT

-- No, then we'd probably both be
dead. That guy is crazy.

JASON

Well, what do we do now?

SCOTT

I don't know. Shit. I don't
know....It's all fucked up now --

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Scott lays in bed staring up at the ceiling.

QUICK FLASHBACK - THE GUN AT HIS HEAD

TEARS roll from his EYES as he tries to fall asleep.

INT. GUITAR SHOP - DAY

Scott has his guitar pack over his shoulders as he enters the store.

TERRY O'CONNELL, a handsome, burly Irish-man busies himself around the shop.

Scott takes a deep breath -- Here goes nothing.

SCOTT
Hey, Terry.

TERRY
(taken back)
Oh -- Hey Scott....It's been a while...

SCOTT
Yeah, you look good.

TERRY
Thanks, getting a few gray hairs...

SCOTT
No, I like it -- makes you look distinguished.

TERRY
You mean old.

SCOTT
No, really. You look good.

TERRY
Thanks. So what's up...?

Scott is entranced with Terry -- his beautiful BLUE EYES, wonderful SMILE...and joyful demeanor. This is torture.

TERRY
...Grab the end of that, would you?

SCOTT
Sure.

They move a table to the corner.

TERRY
That's fine right here. Thanks.

SCOTT
Look, I was wondering if you would buy my guitar?

TERRY
 Seriously? Well --

SCOTT
 -- You picked it out for me, so you
 know what it's worth.

TERRY
 No, I remember. Oh, it's a great
 guitar --
 -- Everything alright Scott?

SCOTT
 Everything's fine...I mean, things
 have been better...It's fine --
 -- Look Terry, I just really need a
 favor.

Terry moves close to Scott and lifts the guitar from his
 shoulders. Agonizing torture.

TERRY
 Here, let me see this old gal.

He takes the guitar out of the case to examine it.

Scott gazes at Terry's GENTLE HANDS as he caresses the NECK
 of the GUITAR -- at the reddish-blond HAIR on his STRONG
 ARMS, cradling the guitar.

SCOTT
 Are you still playing at O'Dowds?

TERRY
 ...Every weekend...Wouldn't give
 that up for the world --
 -- You know your mother always
 talks about you.

SCOTT
 That's nice of you, but you don't
 have to say that...

TERRY
 She's not an evil person, Scott --

SCOTT
 -- So, what do you think about the
 guitar?

TERRY
 Look, Scott. It's a great guitar.
 I'll tell you what.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I know how much it's worth....I can give you a few hundred bucks for it and hold it for you.

SCOTT

That'd be great, Terry --
-- Maybe I'll stop in O'Dowds sometime and watch you play.

Some ANXIOUS CUSTOMERS looking for help.

TERRY

-- Be right there!

Looks in his wallet.

TERRY

-- Here, let me get you some cash...

He goes to the COUNTER and grabs some CASH from the register.

TERRY

-- Be right with you guys --
-- Here's three-hundred, Scott. I wish I could do more...

Puts his hand on Scott's shoulder. Torture. Torture. Torture.

TERRY

Like I said, I'll hold it for you --
-- You sure you're alright?

SCOTT

I'm perfect --

He takes the money and shoves it in his pocket.

TERRY

Take care of yourself, Scott --

SCOTT

-- Thanks, Terry.

Turns and does a bee-line for the door.

EXT. GUITAR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Scott leans against the wall -- heart racing. He takes a deep breath and shakes it off.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Jason sits with LAPTOP and reads STATUS POSTS on Facebook.

JASON

"...went to Casconi's for
breakfast. God I love french-
toast." --
-- Uhh...sorry...Corey...no one
gives a shit....UN-FRIEND!

Hits ENTER on the KEYBOARD and "un-friends" Corey.

Scott comes back in a hurried state.

JASON

Where you been?

SCOTT

...had to do something.

He grabs some CASH from his backpack and counts what he has.

JASON

(reading post)

"...some more pictures of Mr.
Whiskers..."

COMPUTER SCREEN - PHOTOS of CAT in all sorts of poses.

JASON

...Sorry, dude. No one care about
your boring-ass cat. UN-FRIEND!

Hits ENTER!

SCOTT

What are you doing?

JASON

(reading post)

"...Obama is driving this nation
into the ground...Where's George W.
when you need him...?" --
-- Oh, hell no. UN-FRIEND!

Hits ENTER!

SCOTT

Whoa, whoa, how many people did you
un-friend today?

JASON

Um, like thirty-seven or some shit.

SCOTT
Damn, dude...thirty-seven...you
better slow down.

JASON
(giggles)
I know. I fucking hate Facebook...

SCOTT
So, why don't you just deactivate,
then?

JASON
(gives a look)
Really?

SCOTT
Sorry.

Scott closes Jason's laptop and puts his arm around him.

SCOTT
Okay Jason, I know this is a lot of
shit we have to deal with, but
committing Facebook suicide is not
the answer.

JASON
I know, I know.

SCOTT
-- Okay, ready to do this?

JASON
(hesitantly)
...Do what exactly?

EXT. CENTRAL BANK - MINUTES LATER

The ROLLS pulls up in front. Sadie is in the backseat.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE

SCOTT
I need to get some more cash. Just
leave the car running. I'll just
take a sec.

JASON
Okay?

Scott pulls up his HOODIE and heads for the Bank entrance.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE - MINUTES LATER

Jason pets Sadie as he waits, bored.

SCOTT (OS)
Drive! Drive!

Scott runs toward the car in a frenzy. Jason snaps to attention.

SCOTT
Go, go, go. Drive! Drive!

JASON
Oh, shit.

Jason jumps into the driver's seat as Scott hops in the car.

SCOTT
Go. Go. Go.

JASON
What the hell did you do?

SCOTT
Just drive! Drive...

Jason floors it. Scott tries to keep a straight face, continuing the charade.

SCOTT
...Drive, bitch, drive...
(cracks up)
-- I'm sorry. I just always wanted
to do that.

JASON
(relieved)
Oh, you're such an asshole.

SCOTT
I'm sorry. I couldn't resist.

EXT. GATES BAR-B-Q (PARKING LOT) - MOMENTS LATER

SCOTT
Okay, just pull in over here.

Scott and Jason peer from the car as TEISHA and SNOOKIE horse around on an outside picnic table.

JASON
Oh, hell no!

SCOTT

We need some protection.

JASON

You tell me I'm committing Facebook suicide...well this is like...real suicide.

SCOTT

Don't worry. I got this.

Scott gets out of car and heads toward the Girls. Jason follows reluctantly to the

PICNIC TABLE

The Girls see them coming and are ready.

TEISHA

...Barbie here and his little girlfriend want a rematch.

SCOTT

We're not here to fight.

SNOOKIE

Well, you should have thought about that before you brought your sexy little asses around here --

TEISHA

(to Snookie)

-- Bitch, I got this. Now, shut the fuck up.

Snookie is hurt and on the verge of tears.

SNOOKIE

You never used to talk to me like that.

Teisha puts her arm around Snookie and whispers in her ear.

TEISHA

I'm sorry Snookie --

SNOOKIE

-- Don't! Leave me alone.

TEISHA

Bitch, I said I was sorry now --

(to Jason)

-- whatchu looking at gay-sian?

JASON

Nothing.

TEISHA

Now, what the fuck you two twinkies want?

SCOTT

Yeah...we need some guns.

JASON

What! --

SCOTT

-- Guns. We need guns!

TEISHA

Oh, cause we black...we got guns --
-- man, get your sorry asses up on
outta here --

SCOTT

-- No, last time we saw you -- you
had a gun and said you were gonna
put a motherfuckin' cap in our
asses.

TEISHA

Shit dog, you right. My bad.

JASON

I didn't think people still said
that -- put a motherfuckin cap in
your ass --

SNOOKIE

-- Bitch, shut up...you'd probably
like that shit.

SCOTT

So, can you help us?

TEISHA

Depends.

SCOTT

On?

TEISHA

Depends on if you got some
motherfuckin' benjamins.

Scott pulls out a WAD OF CASH.

TEISHA

Okay, okay...Barbie here is serious about this shit.

JASON

Hold on, Scott. Are you out of your mind?

Scott pulls Jason aside.

SCOTT

Look, that motherfucker pressed a gun to my head. Have you ever had a fucking gun pressed up against your forehead?

JASON

No, but --

SCOTT

-- We need to protect ourselves.

JASON

Yeah, but --

SCOTT

(to Teisha)

-- So, you know somebody or what?

TEISHA

Yeah, I know somebody...I got this cousin. Gimme a sec.

Pulls out here phone.

TEISHA

(to phone)

Jerry -- Call JERRY.

Snookie eyeballs Jason.

JERRY (VO)

Hello.

TEISHA

Yo, man...what up nigga? Got some business...you free?

JERRY (VO)

D'ay cool?

TEISHA

Yeah, d'ay cool.

Silence.

JERRY (VO)
Ten minutes.

TEISHA
Cool.

MINUTES LATER

The four wait on the PICNIC TABLE.

SNOOKIE
Hey, yo Twinkie...you ever been on
a Party Trolley?

JASON
A what?

SNOOKIE
You know, a big ass Trolley that
drives you around all night --
music, dancing, drinking. It's the
mother-fuckin bomb, dog.

JASON
No...sounds fun.

SNOOKIE
Oh, man...it's off the chain. We
getting one this weekend.

JASON
Cool.

SNOOKIE
Gettin' our drink on, niggas.

JASON
Awesome.

TEISHA
You twinkies should come....We'll
get you all fucked up.

A COMPACT CAR pulls up -- a SILVER (Notorious B.I.G. -
looking) MAN is stuffed into the driver's seat.

SCOTT
Fuck.

SILVERMAN
Get in.

INT. SILVERMAN'S CAR - MOVING

Silverman drives along, MUSIC THUMPING. Teisha rides shotgun while the Twinks are squashed in the backseat with Snookie.

TEISHA

Man, you crazy for leaving your
Rolls in Midtown like that.

SCOTT

It's okay...it's got an alarm.

INT./EXT. ROLLS-ROYCE - SAME

SOME PUNKS are eyeing up The Rolls trying to decide what to steal first. As they approach the car...

SADIE jumps up BARKING and GROWLING ferociously. The PUNKS jump back terrified and scatter.

INT./EXT. SILVERMAN'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

The SOUND of GRAVEL crunching as they drive through a Self-Storage Lot and stop in front of one of the units.

SILVERMAN

We here.

He squeezes out of the car -- leaving behind A LARGE SILVER STAIN on the DRIVER'S SEAT. SLAMS the door behind him.

EXT. SELF-STORAGE UNIT

Silverman lifts the GARAGE DOOR to the unit.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

The UNIT is customized like a vault and is full of FLATSCREENS, X-BOXES, and other MISCELLANEOUS ELECTRONICS.

Silverman leads the way toward the back of the unit, switching on lights as he goes.

SILVERMAN

You boys need a flatscreen -- HD?

SCOTT

No, we're good. Just guns.

SILVERMAN

Damn, these niggas ain't playin'.

JASON

So, how long does it take to get all that paint off at night?

SILVERMAN

It takes a minute....

He unlocks a SECRET DOOR to reveal a CACHE of WEAPONS.

SILVERMAN

Don't be touchin' no shit...

The Twinks are mesmerized by A WALL OF GUNS of all types and sizes.

SILVERMAN

...So what you boys need...Glock, A.K., Sawed-off...?

SCOTT

...something small --

JASON

-- and light.

SILVERMAN

Okay, let me see what you got in that stack.

Scott hands him the WAD OF CASH. Silverman does a quick count.

SILVERMAN

Shit dog, that ain't gonna get you much...but we can accommodate, don't worry....

He pulls a GUN from the wall. The Twinks are impressed.

JASON

Nice.

SILVERMAN

(demonstrating)

Pretty simple...put your bullets in here...this is the safety...and you know what happens when you squeeze that badboy right here. It's pretty basic -- you boys play Grand Theft Auto -- so you know what's up.

The Twinks nod. He hands them a GLOCK 9 MM to admire. They're pleased with their purchase.

SCOTT

Cool. Okay.

He shoves the gun in his belt.

SILVERMAN

Whoa, dog -- that's my display model.

SCOTT

Oh, sorry.

Hangs it back on the wall.

SILVERMAN

Don't worry. I got inventory.

He opens a CABINET and it's stocked with NEAT BOXES of glocks -- each marked and bar-coded.

JASON

...Like Walmart.

Silverman grabs TWO GLOCK BOXES -- A FEW AMMO BOXES --shoves them in a PAPER-BAG -- wraps it with DUCT TAPE.

SILVERMAN

...Shit may be made in China but motherfuckers work --
-- Okay, we done here. Gotta get back to work...on my lunch-hour.

JASON

Don't you pretty much make your own hours?

SILVERMAN

Shit dog. You gotta be disciplined with yourself. Just cause I don't punch no time-clock don't mean shit.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT

Silverman pulls GARAGE DOOR shut and locks up.

INT. SILVERMAN'S CAR (MOVING)

He pulls to the side of the road.

SILVERMAN
 Okay fellas, bus-stop's right over
 there -- You understand.

TWINKS
 (overlapping)
 -- Yeah sure -- no problem.

SILVERMAN
 And don't be waving that shit
 around town.

TWINKS
 Okay -- Thank you.

Twinks hop out. Silverman looks at the Two Girls.

SILVERMAN
 That means bitches, too.

TEISHA
 Shit, I ain't ridin' no
 motherfuckin' bus.

SILVERMAN
 Out!

They begrudgingly get out of the car.

EXT. BUS-STOP - MINUTES LATER

Scott holds THE GOODS in his lap as The Four sit in silence
 waiting for the bus.

INT. SILVERMAN'S CAR (MOVING)

Lights a "Black and Mild" CIGAR.

SILVERMAN
 ...Those are some ignorant
 motherfuckers.

EXT. BUS STOP/GATES BAR-B-Q - LATER

The Twinks hop off the bus.

SCOTT
 Hungry?

JASON
 I could eat.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

The Boys get back with some food.

JASON
 ...You shouldn't have sold your
 guitar. I'm just saying.

SCOTT
 I'll buy a new one when I get to
 LA, maybe get an electric...

His Cell Phone RINGS.

JASON
 Hey, is it Charlie?

SCOTT
 (to cell)
 Hello.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - CONTINUOUS

DICK
 (to cell)
 Hey Scott, just wondering where you
 were today...? You were supposed to
 be here at four...

SCOTT (VO)
 Yeah...uh...sorry --

DICK
 -- Don't worry about it...

Eyeing up DAMAGE to the Delivery Car.

DICK
 ...you can pick up your last
 paycheck on Friday. Have a nice
 day, Scott.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE

SCOTT
 Wait...Dick...

Dick hangs up.

SCOTT
 ...fucking cock!

LATER

The aftermath of a Feast -- The Twinks mellow out on the couch.

JASON

Sucks about your job, dude. You have, like no money for California, you sold your guitar, and we're probably going to be homeless in a few days.

SCOTT

Really?

JASON

Just saying.

SCOTT

Well, I can't think about it right, now.

Jason grabs the PAPER BAG of GUNS. TEARS off the DUCT TAPE and opens one of the boxes.

JASON

Wow. These things are really light....They feel weird, too.

Scott grabs one to take a look.

SCOTT

Yeah, feels different --
-- hold on...

He TEARS-OPEN one of the AMMO BOXES and dumps it -- COPPER PELLETS spill out and roll off the table.

SCOTT

What the fuck is this shit!

JASON

Are those pellets?

SCOTT

No, no, no, no --

JASON

-- What the hell is this?

SCOTT

That motherfucker fucked us.

JASON

What?

SCOTT

Motherfuckin' Silverman fucked us.
He switched out these pieces of
shit instead of the real ones.

JASON

Wow, Silverman's an asshole...

Takes a closer look at the guns.

JASON

...You have to admit...they look
pretty real.

SCOTT

Fuck!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA - LATER

Silverman is doing his "Mechanical-Man" routine for a LITTLE BOY and his MOM. THE LITTLE BOY puts a dollar in his SILVER CUP and Silverman presents him with a LOLLIPOP.

SCREECHING TIRES (OS).

Scott hops out of The Rolls and does a bee-line for Silverman.

SCOTT

Hey, man -- you fucked us!

The Mom grabs the Little Boy and clears out. She rips the LOLLIPOP from his mouth and throws it on the ground.

Silverman's Mechanical-Man goes into SLEEP MODE...

SCOTT

Hey, man, did you hear me? I said
you ripped us off!

Silverman wiggles his SILVER CUP in front of Scott, indicating that it's empty.

SCOTT

What the hell is this.

JASON

I think he wants you to put some
money in it.

SCOTT

I'm not giving him any more money.

CUP wiggles in front of him. Scott ignores it.

SCOTT

You fucked us and I want a refund.

Silverman still giving the silent treatment.

JASON

Maybe, we should just give him some money.

SCOTT

Fine.

Shoves a DOLLAR into his cup and the Mechanical-Man comes to life.

SILVERMAN

Hello, fellas. So good to see you again.

SCOTT

Hey, man...you ripped us off.

SILVERMAN

Whoa, now....I'm sensing a lot of hostility here. We got ourselves an angry bird.

SCOTT

Fuck you -- I'm no angry bird.

JASON

(chuckling)

You kinda --

SCOTT

(gives a look)

-- Don't!

-- Okay, yes I'm angry...cause you ripped us the fuck off!

SILVERMAN

Look, I didn't rip anyone off.

SCOTT

Yes you did -- us! And we want our money back!

Silverman's head drops down -- back to SLEEP MODE.

JASON

I think he needs some more money.

SCOTT

No shit.

He digs in his pocket and puts another dollar in the cup.
Silverman comes back to life.

SILVERMAN

Sorry, fellas. No refunds.

SCOTT

What do you mean, no refunds? You
took our money and gave us fucking
pellet guns.

SILVERMAN

Look fellas...I did y'all a favor.
You don't need to be shootin' up
nobody....Too many motherfuckers
with guns anyhow --

SCOTT

(trying not to yell)
-- you sell guns!

SILVERMAN

Look, one day you'll thank me --
-- You'll thank the big silver man.

Does some robotic moves and presents a LOLLIPOP for Scott.

SCOTT

This is bullshit, man.

SMACKS LOLLIPOP from his hand and storms off.

JASON

Yeah this is bullshit.

Silverman looks pissed. Jason hurries to catch up with Scott.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE (MOVING)

Jason drives as Scott sits in silence.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (VO)

...and the record-breaking warm
weather continues...but will you
need to get out those hats and
gloves anytime soon? Full KCTV-5
weather forecast tonight at 11....

CELSIUS TANNERY JINGLE (VO)
*...ooh that Celsius Tannery/love
 the way they flatter me...*

JASON
 (singing along)
*...ooh that Celsius Tannery...love
 the way they flatter me...*

Scott gives him a look.

JASON
 Sorry.

Turns off the radio.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Rolls pulls into the drive and they get out.

JASON
 You alright?

SCOTT
 Yeah, I'm fine...

He climbs on his SCOOTER and fires it up.

SCOTT
 ...Just need to clear my head.

JASON
 At least you didn't pawn that --

Scott REVS the ENGINE.

SCOTT
 What...I can't hear you...what...?

REVVING ENGINE.

JASON
 (yelling)
 I said you're a giant homo!

SCOOTER (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Scott stops in front of Teddy's Coffee. He watches Teddy behind the counter entertaining some BEAR FRIENDS for a moment then continues on his way.

SCOOTER (MOVING) - LATER

BACK ROADS ALONG THE RIVER

NEON LIGHTS of RIVER BOAT CASINOS highlight the evening sky and shimmer off the WATER below, as Scott cruises past.

INT. TEDDY'S COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

It's near closing time and the place has thinned out. A few customers remain. Teddy is finishing up with a customer when he notices Scott in line.

TEDDY

Hey, Sexy.

SCOTT

Hi, ah...Teddy?

TEDDY

(giggles)

Yes, it's Teddy...see that's me...

Points to LOGO on his shirt -- "Teddy's Coffee" with a Koala Bear holding a cup of coffee.

SCOTT

Aww...looks just like you.

TEDDY

Thanks.

SCOTT

No, I love Koala Bears.

TEDDY

(giggles)

God, you're so adorable....Can I get you something to drink?

SCOTT

Sure. I'll take a caramel late with an extra shot, soy, no whip.

TEDDY

All right, a man who knows what he wants. I like it. Are you sure no whip?

Makes a WHIP SOUND.

SCOTT

Uhh...

TEDDY

Sorry, just kidding. Bad barista humor --
-- So how have you been?

SCOTT

Oh, I'm great. I mean, right now...I'm great.

TEDDY

You want to grab a seat, I'll bring it over to you...

SCOTT

Sure -- Oh, how much do I owe you?

TEDDY

This one's on me...new customer and all...

SCOTT

Oh, thanks.

TEDDY

Grab a seat and let the master do his work.

Teddy fixes the drink, truly enjoying what he does. He drops something metal and it CLANGS on the floor.

TEDDY

Whoopsi...

Kicks the CLANGING object out of the way.

TEDDY

...That's why I love being the boss...

Scott LAUGHS.

AT THE TABLE

Teddy brings the coffee -- a FOAM SMILEY FACE floats on top.

TEDDY

Here we go...

SCOTT

Thanks.

TEDDY

Don't blame me if you're up all night, I just make the stuff --
-- Mind if I join you?

SCOTT

Uh, yeah...

TEDDY

I was wondering if you were ever going to stop by....Thought I saw you cruise by on your scooter a couple times.

SCOTT

Really...? Oh, I'm house sitting for my friend, Charlie up the street.

TEDDY

Oh, how is Charlie? I know his wife isn't doing too well.

SCOTT

Uh, they're fine I guess -- wait, you know Charlie?

TEDDY

Of course...he brings Sadie and Snowball by almost everyday for coffee. Well, he gets coffee...they usually just have water.

SCOTT

I think Mrs. Jenkins is having another surgery...

TEDDY

...She's one tough lady that's for sure --

SCOTT

Yeah, she is.

TEDDY

I'm closing up in about fifteen, you want to grab something to eat?

SCOTT

Sounds great.

TEDDY

Perfect. Let me just finish cleaning up...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (NEW YORK) - SAME

Mrs. Jenkins lies in bed wearing a hospital gown. Charlie lies next to her, fully dressed -- reading to her.

INT. TEDDY'S COFFEE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

TEDDY
(to last few patrons)
Alright, drink up people...daddy's
got a hot date....

GROANS (OS).

TEDDY
(to Scott)
...Did I mention I like being the
boss.

Wipes down one last table then chucks the rag over his shoulder.

TEDDY
Ready?

Scott LAUGHS.

MONTAGE - SCOTT AND TEDDY'S FIRST DATE

-- Eating and Laughing at a Chinese Restaurant

-- Walking through the PLAZA

-- Taking a selfie together

INT. TEDDY'S LOFT - LATER

Scott and Teddy are snuggling on the couch watching a movie.

SCOTT
...I'm moving to California. I
thought you should know.

TEDDY
Well, we better enjoy it while we
can, then.

Scott rests his head on Teddy's shoulder. Teddy kisses him on the forehead.

INT./EXT. TEDDY'S CAR - MORNING

Teddy returns Scott to his scooter at the Coffee House.

TEDDY

Here, let me see your phone.

Snaps a funny SELFIE and puts his number into Scott's phone.

TEDDY

There....I hope you'll call me.

SCOTT

I had a nice time. I'll see you later.

TEDDY

Bye sexy.

He drives away.

EXT. SCOOTER (MOVING) - LATER

Scott cruises along enjoying the blissful moment.

PIZZA SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Scott exits staring at his last Paycheck.

INSERT - PAYCHECK \$83.00

BACK TO SCENE

Puts it in his pocket, hops on Scooter and drives off.

SCOOTER (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

SCOTT

(to phone)

What are you doing?

CHARLIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

Jason walks Sadie down the sidewalk.

JASON

(to phone)

...Heading home, just taking the queen for a walk...where are you?

SCOTT
Heading back, too --

SADIE BARKS ferociously and pulls Jason forward.

JASON
-- hang on....Sadie quiet.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE (OUTSIDE GATE)

BOLT CUTTERS snap a PAD LOCK.

SIDEWALK

JASON
-- Quiet Sadie! --

Sadie BARKING! Pulling Jason.

SCOTT
-- What's the matter?

BARKING (OS).

JASON
I don't know....Sadie, she's out of
her mind --

SCOTT (VO)
What's going on!

JASON
Sadie!

SIDEWALK

Sadie BARKING and pulling, breaks free of Jason's hold.

SCOTT (VO)
-- What's happening? Jason. Jason --

JASON
-- Sadie!

SCOTT (VO)
-- What is it...?

AT THE VAN

Joe drags SNOWBALL by the collar and forces him into the vehicle -- SLAMS DOOR closed.

SADIE sprints toward him as Jason hurries to catch-up.

JASON
 (to phone)
 -- It's him! --
 -- SNOWBALL!

SCOOTER (MOVING)

Scott REDLINES it -- The SCOOTER turns the corner and we see CHAOS

AT FRONT GATE

JOE -- fighting off SADIE and JASON at the same time.
 SNOWBALL CLAWING at VAN WINDOW from inside -- panicked!

-- A PUNCH to JASON's FACE

-- DOG TEETH to JOE's LEG -- He SCREAMS in agony!

-- CLAWS SCRATCHING GLASS WINDOW

SCOTT arrives on the scene -- ditching the Scooter and jumping into the fight.

-- A PUNCH to JOE's HEAD

-- FLAILING ARMS and TWISTING BODIES

-- A FOOT to SCOTT's CHEST -- he goes down.

GUNSHOT!

A SMOKING GUN points to the sky from JOE's HAND. It's CALM now.

He aims the gun at the Twinks. Jason puts his hands in the air. Scott is still on the ground.

JOE
 Now stay back! --

Touches his BLEEDING LEG.

ON THE GROUND

SCOTT
Go ahead...you fucking lunatic!

SNOWBALL still CLAWING at the window. Joe POUNDS on van.

JOE
-- Shut up you mutt! --
-- I'm in charge now. YOU HEAR ME!
I'm in charge.

AT THE VAN

He slides into the vehicle and fires it up. FULL-THROTTLE REVERSE -- Crushing the SCOOTER, then drives off.

An EERIE CALMNESS. Scott, still dazed on the ground -- snaps alert.

SCOTT
Sadie. Where's Sadie?
(calling out)
Sadie! Sadie!

JASON (OS)
Scott...

Scott turns and sees Sadie lying on the ground -- motionless.

SCOTT
Sadie! No!

They run to her. Her eyes are closed and body is rigid.

SCOTT
No. No. Sadie! Sadie!

JASON
Is she shot?

SCOTT
Sadie! Sadie!

CLAPS HANDS in front of SADIE'S FACE -- Trying to revive her. No sign of life. Listens for breathing. Nothing. She's gone.

SCOTT
(sobbing)
Her heart...It must of gave out....

They both break down, SOBBING.

LATER

A BLANKET is wrapped around Sadie. The Boys stand at either end.

SCOTT

On three...one, two, three...lift.

The Boys have trouble lifting her, but manage and make their way to the

BACKYARD

Carrying Sadie is difficult -- Jason stumbles and nearly drops her.

SCOTT

Be careful.

JASON

I am...She's so heavy...

Almost there.

JASON

...Too many biscuits, Sadie.

SCOTT

Okay, now set her down...

JASON

Are you sure about this?

SCOTT

Yes. This is her home. This is where she belongs.

The Boys begin the arduous process of digging a HOLE big enough for the polar-bear.

SADIE'S GRAVE - EVENING

It's finished. She's in the ground. Scott levels the last shovel-full of dirt.

He sets a METAL DOG BOWL on the grave -- Lights a CANDLE and sets it inside the bowl.

Jason gives Scott a reassuring pat on the shoulder before going inside.

SADIE'S GRAVE - LATER

Scott sits on the ground.

Jason brings a BLANKET and covers the two. They sit in silence and stare at

A DANCING FLAME -- a brilliant SPECTRUM OF COLORS reflecting off the silver metal bowl.

LATER

The two walk inside the house. The CANDLE burns brightly in the cold dark night.

MORNING

The CANDLE is melted down. The WEAK FLAME struggles to stay alive.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

EMPTY ENERGY-DRINK CANS litter the coffee table.

Scott's JITTERY KNEE bounces anxiously as he fidgets in a chair. He has his cell phone in his hand -- dialing over and over.

JASON (OS)

Have you been up all night?

SCOTT

Pretty much...

CHARLIE (VO)

...You've reached Charlie, please
Leave a message --

Scott hangs up -- tries again.

JASON

Scott...

SCOTT

Why won't you answer, Charlie! I
can't do this by myself!

He SHATTERS the CELL PHONE on the ground.

SCOTT

Fuck!

JASON

Scott. Scott, It's okay. It's
alright. You are not alone.
Everything is going to be okay.

SCOTT

Yeah, and what about Snowball?

JASON

We're going to get Snowball back.

SCOTT

How?

JASON

We need to call the police...

SCOTT

No. I told Charlie everything is
fine -- I don't want to let him
down --

JASON

-- You talked to Charlie?

SCOTT

A few days ago --

JASON

And what did you tell him?

SCOTT

Nothing.

JASON

Nothing?

SCOTT

His wife is probably going to die --

JASON

-- You don't know that.

SCOTT

Look, he has enough to deal with --

JASON

You should of told me you talked to
him.

SCOTT

I know, I'm sorry. I just --

JASON

-- Charlie will understand --

SCOTT

-- I don't want him to understand!
I need to do this. I need to do
this...

JASON

What are we supposed to do?

SCOTT

Okay just listen...Snowball has a
microchip implant...

JASON

Okay...

SCOTT

So, we find out where that
psychopath is holding him and we
get him back.

JASON

I don't know Scott.

SCOTT

Well, I'm going to the Vet and I'm
going to find out where Snowball
is...and I'm going to get him back.

Scott grabs the car keys.

SCOTT

I have to do this...

Imploring Jason to join him. Jason looks at him concerned.

INT. VETERINARIAN OFFICE - LATER

MARTHA, the receptionist plays on her cell as Scott and Jason
enter. The place is empty.

MARTHA

Hello.

SCOTT

Hi -- I need to see Dr. Alvarez,
it's an emergency.

MARTHA

I'm sorry --

DR. DWIGHT (OS)
-- Dr. Alvarez isn't here.

SCOTT
Well --

DR. DWIGHT
-- He's at a conference in Arizona
and won't be back until next
Thursday.

SCOTT
Well, maybe you can help. We need
to find my dog...well...my friend's
dog, actually...Snowball. He ran
away yesterday...

DR. DWIGHT
Huh, I see....

Pays little attention and looks through some papers.

DR. DWIGHT
...I think you need to check with
the Animal Shelter.

SCOTT
I need to just get his records...he
had one of those implants --

DR. DWIGHT
-- Sorry, kids...unless you're the
owner of the canine, I can't help
you.

SCOTT
But, Dr. Alvarez knows me --

DR. DWIGHT
-- And as I said, Dr. Alvarez is
not here. I thought I made that
pretty clear.

SCOTT
But, Dr. Alvarez would --

DR. DWIGHT
-- I don't care what Dr. Alvarez
would or wouldn't do....Unless you
are the owner...then I can't help
you.

SCOTT

Listen, I need to find my dog -- my friend's dog -- I promised I would take care of him.

DR. DWIGHT

Maybe you should have thought about that before you let him run off.

Walks away.

SCOTT

Listen Fuckhead --

JASON

(holding him back)

-- Scott....

DR. DWIGHT

-- Unless you want Martha here to call security. I suggest you and your little Oriental girlfriend come back next week.

Martha gives a disapproving look at the inappropriate remark.

JASON

Come on, Scott. This guy's a deuchbag.

SCOTT

Thanks for your help...

Knocks over a KIOSK of PAMPHLETS.

SCOTT

...Asshole.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

CAR-DOOR SLAMS shut.

JASON

Well, that didn't go very well.

The two sit there. Scott racks his brain for anything...He glances to the back seat, sees the PAPER BAG.

SCOTT

I'm not losing Snowball, too.

JASON

...Not much we can do...

Scott grabs the PAPER BAG.

JASON
...No! Scott, no.

SCOTT
Fuck that guy!

Dumps GUNS from the PAPER BAG. Loads one with PELLETS. Shoves it back in the bag.

JASON
Scott.

SCOTT
You can leave if you want...

He hops out.

SCOTT
...but I can't.

JASON (OS)
Scott, wait.

Scott does a bee-line towards the door. A BROWN PAPER BAG swings by his side, concealing the gun in his hand.

INT. VETERINARIAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Martha is on her knees picking up the mess of pamphlets from the floor as the

FRONT DOOR BURSTS open.

MARTHA
Oh hell.

DR. DWIGHT
Martha, call the police!

Scott removes the paper bag to reveal the GUN.

SCOTT
I wouldn't do that Martha.

He points it at Dr. Dwight.

MARTHA
Uhh...Okay...just stay calm.

SCOTT
I need that tracking information.

DR. DWIGHT
Okay, okay. Whatever you want.

Goes to

MARTHA'S DESK.

SCOTT
Okay, I need you to pull the records for Snowball....Owner's name...

DR. DWIGHT
...Yes?

Martha shakes her head at Scott -- don't do it.

SCOTT
...Charlie Jenkins.

DR. DWIGHT
Okay...Charlie Jenkins...

Types into the computer.

DR. DWIGHT
Okay...got it...Sadie --

SCOTT
-- I said Snowball! Sadie's dead!

DR. DWIGHT
Sorry -- Okay, here it is, Snowball. I got it, but --

SCOTT
-- We need to find out where Snowball is...I know he had a microchip implanted when he was a pup...

DR. DWIGHT
...well, it doesn't work like that. The microchip that Snowball has is not a tracking device...

SCOTT
What?

DR. DWIGHT
It's not a tracking device...It's a RFID...a radio frequency identification implant.

SCOTT

But, you can still find him, right?

DR. DWIGHT

No. Like I said -- It's not a GPS...There are no moving parts, no batteries...just a passive implant with no power source...

SCOTT

...so?

DR. DWIGHT

So, whenever you pass a scanner over the chip, you can identify who the pet belongs too...It's an ID number in case they lose their collar and tags...

SCOTT

That's it?

DR. DWIGHT

Yeah, so unless someone turns Snowball in to the Vet or the Animal Shelter -- there's no way of telling where he is....No way of tracking it.

SCOTT

Fuck!

DR. DWIGHT

I mean, today you can buy GPS collars --

SCOTT

-- Well, that doesn't help me, now.

DR. DWIGHT

Can you just lower the gun, please.

SCOTT

What...this...?

(waves gun)

...It's amazing how well people cooperate when they have a gun pointed in their face...

He redirects the GUN to a CARDBOARD CUT-OUT VET DISPLAY nearby and UNLOADS the clip, dotting it with holes.

SCOTT

...It's fake asshole.

EXT. VETERINARIAN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Scott BURSTS through the door to find an EMPTY PARKING SPACE where Jason was parked.

He drops his shoulders in despair. His world is spinning.
HONK (OS) HONK (OS). The ROLLS pulls up.

JASON

Get in you crazy fool.

Scott is elated to see his friend.

SCOTT

I thought you left.

JASON

Believe me, I thought about
it....Are you getting in or what?

Scott hops in and they drive away.

INT./EXT. GARAGE - LATER

Jason pulls the Rolls into the garage. Scott closes the GARAGE DOOR behind them.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE

JASON

...And you gave them Charlie's
name?

SCOTT

I had to. It was the only way to
get the files.

Pulls the BLINDS.

JASON

And after all that, we still don't
know where Snowball is...

SCOTT

I didn't say it was the best plan
in the world.

JASON

Clearly.

SCOTT

Dim those lights would you.

JASON

And, now we have to sit here and wait for the bad guy to call.

SCOTT

Pretty much...unless you have a better idea.

Peeks out the window. Sees nothing.

JASON

No, sounds like a perfect plan....

LATER

Scott jolts out of a sleep. Jason wakes up as well.

JASON

What is it?

SCOTT

Shh...

Takes a peek out the window and sees a POLICE CRUISER pull up in front of the house.

SCOTT

Shit. Cops. Get down.

CAR DOOR SLAMS (OS).

The Twinks hit the floor and lay on their stomachs.

SCOTT

Shh.

Silence. A SHADOW under the door...KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! (OS) at the front door....

The Twinks lie still, a few feet from the door.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! (OS).

The SHADOW recedes and is gone. The Twinks lie there a minute, then Scott peeks through the blinds.

JASON

Is he gone?

SCOTT

No. He's sitting in his car.

PHONE RINGS (OS). The Twinks jump.

Scott goes to answer it, but Jason shakes his head...

JASON
(whisper)
Don't answer it.

SCOTT
Why not?

JASON
Because it's probably the
cops...trying to contact Charlie.

SCOTT
Shit.

Phone stops ringing. The two look at each other. PHONE RINGS again. The Twinks stare at it until it stops.

JASON
I think we should go.

SCOTT
Okay.

Motions to go out the

BACK DOOR

The Twinks slip out quietly. PHONE RINGS (OS) as they close the door behind them.

INT. JOE BANKS' APARTMENT - SAME

Joe holds his cell phone to his ear. A perplexed look on his face as he hangs up.

EXT. BACKYARD

The Twinks climb over the WROUGHT IRON FENCE and disappear into the surrounding TREES.

LATER

MONTAGE - "HOODIES UP" - TWINKS WANDER KANSAS CITY

-- through desolate streets of the WEST BOTTOMS

-- past Bars and Cafes of WESTPORT

-- the WORLD WAR I MEMORIAL overlooking the city.
-- at the FOUNTAIN by Union Station
-- through CROSSROADS ART DISTRICT

DOWNTOWN - EVENING

JASON

...We've been wandering around all day...

SCOTT

Yeah...?

JASON

So, maybe we should hop a bus -- get the hell out of here...

SCOTT

Okay, how much money you have?

JASON

Not enough...

SCOTT

That's what I thought.

JASON

Well, maybe we should just knock over a liquor store...!

SCOTT

Really?

BAR NAKITA - MOMENTS LATER

DOORGIRL

ID's please...

SCOTT

Hey, Cheryl....It's us.

DOORGIRL

Oh, hey fellas...Didn't recognize you....Go on in, you're cool....

SCOTT

Thanks.

DOORGIRL
...Don't need those hoodies,
anymore...like Spring out here.

INT. BAR NAKITA

RICH SHELDON is on stage singing "Destination Unknown".

SCOTT
...we'll just lay low for a little
while...

JASON
Right.

WAITER (OS)
...Hey Jason...hey Scott....

Whizzes past with a tray of cocktails.

TWINKS
Hey.

JASON
Okay, maybe this was a bad idea.

SCOTT
I don't know about you but I could
use a drink right about now.

They find a table.

TRIXIE
Hey, guys.

JASON
Hey, Trixie.

SCOTT
Could we get a couple Long Islands?

TRIXIE
You got it -- Be right back.

BEHIND THE BAR

Chris dials on his cell.

INT. JOE BANKS' APARTMENT

A ROLLED DOLLAR BILL vacuums a line of coke from a coffee table, cluttered with empty beer cans, cigarette butts, and a VIBRATING CELL PHONE. He scoops up the cell phone.

JOE
(to phone)
Yeah, what is it?

INT. BAR NAKITA

CHRIS
Guess who just walked in the bar?

JOE
The Twinkies?

CHRIS
Yep.

INT. JOE BANKS' APARTMENT

JOE
Okay, stall them --

Dog BARKING (OS).

JOE
-- shut up you giant fur-ball --
-- I'll be right over.

Hangs up and does another line. He's wired.

INT. BAR NAKITA - MINUTES LATER

Chris runs over to the Twinks.

CHRIS
Hey, guys.

JASON
Hey.

CHRIS
How you guys doing? Looking hot as usual.

The Twinks look at each other -- Chris being nice?

CHRIS

Hey, you guys need a drink?

Trixie returns with their drinks.

CHRIS

Oh, never mind...I see Trixie beat me to it.

JASON

Thanks, Trixie --
-- We're fine Chris, Thanks.

CHRIS

Okay, if you need anything just whistle.

JASON

Okay.

Chris about to leave...

CHRIS

Oh, Scott...guess what night it is?

SCOTT

Yeah, not tonight...

CHRIS

Oh, come on Scott...you got to sing one song. Think of your fans...

SCOTT

Look, I don't have my guitar and I'm not really in the mood --

CHRIS

-- you can use the house-guitar.

SCOTT

Not tonight.

CHRIS

Fine, fine...just thought I'd try --

JASON

-- Thanks Chris....We'll see you later.

CHRIS

I get it. I get it.

Flutters off.

JASON
God, has everybody lost their mind?

SCOTT
What's that suppose to mean?

JASON
Nothing...just never saw that prick
be so nice.

SCOTT
Wonder how Snowball is?

JASON
I'm sure he's fine.

SCOTT
You know, when I used to deliver
newspapers, Charlie would always
have a lemonade waiting for me when
I got to his house. Sounds a little
creepy when you say it out loud,
but it was really sweet. Snowball
was just a puppy then. He was so
cute, this little ball of fur...

JASON
...Now he's just a big ball of fur.

SCOTT
...God, Charlie loves those
dogs....I can't let him down Jason.
He's always been there and I --

JASON
-- Look, we're going to get
Snowball back. We'll figure out
something.

SCOTT
I just hope it's not too late.

INT. AIRPLANE - SAME

Charlie is squeezed into a coach-seat next to a WOMAN with a
CRYING BABY.

CHARLIE
Is he going to do that the whole
way?

WOMAN WITH BABY
It's a she!

Charlie rolls his eyes and puts in his ear-plugs.

CHARLIE
Adorable.

INT. BAR NAKITA - LATER

Chris brings more drinks.

CHRIS
Looks like you're getting kinda
low.

JASON
What's this?

CHRIS
Oh, from some guy over there...

Motions behind, to no one in particular.

CHRIS
Oh, come on...drink up ladies. It's
free.

Scott gets up.

SCOTT
I gotta take a piss.

CHRIS
Charming. --
(to Jason)
-- Are you sure he's gay honey?

AT THE RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Scott exits, an attractive BLOND WOMAN, 40's, stops him.

SCOTT'S MOM
Scott?

SCOTT
(taken aback)
Mom?

SCOTT'S MOM
Hey, Scott.

SCOTT
Mom, what are you doing here?

SCOTT'S MOM

Well, I know you do open-mic sometimes, so I thought I might find you.

SCOTT

Well, nice job, you found me.

SCOTT'S MOM

How are you?

SCOTT

I'm fine -- what do you want?

SCOTT'S MOM

Well, Scott...the Police came by the house earlier looking for you.

SCOTT

What did you tell them?

SCOTT'S MOM

I told them I didn't know where you were. I called Jason's mom and she said you moved out.

SCOTT

Moved out? That's cute...kind of like I moved out from home.

SCOTT'S MOM

Look Scott, I know you hate me, but it was for the best.

SCOTT

Yeah....

SCOTT'S MOM

It was just too unhealthy after what happened.

SCOTT

Unhealthy?

SCOTT'S MOM

Yes, and awkward -- Scott you tried to kiss my fiancé.

SCOTT

Oh, that's right and I apologized like a hundred times...besides, he wasn't your fiancé back then --

SCOTT'S MOM

-- Scott --

SCOTT

-- How is ole' Terry anyhow?

SCOTT'S MOM

Still straight, sorry --

SCOTT

That's nice....Great seeing you --

SCOTT'S MOM

-- Look I know you were confused --

SCOTT

-- confused?

SCOTT'S MOM

How about obsessed, then! Is that more accurate? A man shows you a little attention, teaches you a few songs and you get all weird --

SCOTT

-- okay, maybe I was confused...and I did something I shouldn't have. Do you know what it was like for me? Do you know what it was like not having anyone to --

SCOTT'S MOM

-- Look Scott, your father left me, too --

SCOTT

-- don't! Just forget it!

SCOTT'S MOM

I can't. I'm worried about you.

SCOTT

Well, you don't have to -- I'm fine!

SCOTT'S MOM

Okay then.

Turns to go.

SCOTT

I'm moving to California...thought you should know.

She nods.

SCOTT'S MOM
Bye, Scott.

Scott returns to the

TABLE

SCOTT
(to Jason)
Ready?

ON STAGE

CHRIS
Hey, everybody...Hotter than Hot is
in the house...let's see if we
can't get him up here.

CROWD CHEERS.

CHRIS
Come on, Scott...whatta you say?

SCOTT
Sure, why the hell not.

FAN (OS)
(yelling)
...I'm so fucking hot.

Scott smiles at the request and picks up the guitar.

SCOTT
I'm going to do something a little
different, tonight. This is a song,
my friend, Terry taught me a few
years ago.

Scott's Mom stops to watch her son on stage.

SCOTT SINGS: "Father of Mine" by Everclear.

SCOTT
*Father of mine tell me where you
have been/You know I just closed my
eyes and my whole world
disappeared...*

The CROWD loves it.

SCOTT

*...Father of mine, take me back to
the day/Yeah when I was still your
golden boy, back before you went
away/I remember blue skies walking
the block/I loved it when you held
me high/I loved to hear you talk...*

Scott's MOM watches as TEARS roll down her face.

SCOTT

*...you would take me to the
movie/you would take me to the
beach/take to a place inside that
is so hard to reach...*

Scott's INTENSITY grows bigger -- years of pain and anger set free. His MOM can't watch any more, turns and leaves.

SCOTT

*...Father of mine tell me what do
you see/when you look back at your
wasted life and you don't see me/I
was eight years old, doing all that
I could/wasn't easy for me being a
scared gay boy in a straight
neighborhood/sometimes you would
send me a birthday card with a five
dollar bill/yeah I never understood
you then and I guess I never
will/daddy gave me a name/my daddy
gave me a name, then he walked
away/daddy gave me a name, then he
walked away/my daddy gave me a
name...*

Scott SMASHES the GUITAR into the floor.

The CROWD is stunned -- some CRYING. Scott walks off stage in tears. Jason starts after him but Chris holds him back.

CHRIS

Let him go, honey.

BACK DRESSING ROOM

Scott CRIES and POUNDS his fist on the wall.

JOE (OS)

You really know how to win over a crowd, I'll give you that.

SCOTT
You son of a bitch.

Scott tackles him and a fight ensues. Joe has the upper-hand and lands most of the shots. A WARDROBE RACK topples to the ground.

FRONT OF BAR

CHRIS
(grabs Jason's arm)
Just give him a minute. Let him get
it out of his system...

BACK DRESSING ROOM

SCOTT
You killed Sadie!

The two struggle on the floor. Scott lands a direct shot to Joe's face....

FRONT OF BAR

JASON
Let go of me, bitch!

He breaks free and makes his way through the crowd.

BACK DRESSING ROOM

Joe has Scott pinned down.

JOE
Alright kid...you made your point!

JASON creeps toward them, grabs the NECK of a GUITAR.

JOE
...Now, let's go get my money --

WHACK! GUITAR SMASHES over Joe's head. Chris runs in...

CHRIS (OS)
Goddamnit, that's two guitars
tonight!

He grabs Jason's wrist. Jason turns and punches him in the face, breaking his nose.

The Twinks take off out the back. Joe and Chris are slow to get up.

JOE
 ...Get the van...
 (pulls his gun)
 ...I'll deal with them.

EXT. BACK ALLEY

The Twinks run.

JASON
 Are you okay?

SCOTT
 Yeah.

GUNSHOT (OS).

JOE
 You can't run forever.

JASON
 Holy shit! He's insane!

SCOTT
 Come on...this way.

Pulls Jason by the arm.

MAIN STREET (POWER AND LIGHT DISTRICT)

The Entertainment Mecca of Kansas City -- NEON LIGHTS mark each Bar. It's Friday Night and the P&L District is jumpin'.

Scott and Jason try to wiggle their way into one of the bars...

BAR BOUNCER
 Hey! Hold on -- The line's back there, homie!

They don't bother and continue down the sidewalk -- brushing past people.

Joe is hot on their trail -- bumping aggressively through the crowd. They try another Bar...same result.

THUMPING MUSIC (OS).

JASON

Look!

A BIG RED TROLLEY rolls down the block, MUSIC PUMPING.

SCOTT

Let's go!

They turn to cross the

STREET

A BICYCLIST ZOOMS past nearly hitting them. Then another, and another, and another...

BICYCLIST

Happy Friday!

ZOOMS past.

BICYCLIST #2

Happy Friday!

ZOOM.

Suddenly, there is a PACK of 100 BICYCLISTS of all varieties, barrelling past -- It's THE HAPPY FRIDAY BIKERS.

BICYCLE HORN (OS).

ZOOM! ZOOM! ZOOM!

BICYCLIST #3

Happy Friday, everyone!

The Twinks cautiously weave through the ZOOMING BICYCLISTS. Joe pursues more aggressively...

BICYCLIST #4

Happy Fri --

Joe shoulders BICYCLIST #4 who tumbles to the ground.

JOE

-- Happy Friday...

The Twinks make it to the other side and hop on the Trolley.

INT. PARTY TROLLEY (MOVING)

A GIANT PINK FURRY BUNNY is behind the wheel.

SOME-BUNNY

Howdy, kids!

She HIGH-FIVES the Twinks as they board.

TWINKS

Hi/Hello.

A party on four-wheels, the Trolley is filled to capacity, with mostly an African-American crowd -- All having a good time drinking and dancing to the LOUD HIP-HOP MUSIC.

The Twinks make their way to the back. Joe catches up to the Trolley and hops on.

SOME-BUNNY

Howdy!

Goes to high-five Joe, who gives her a dirty look.

JOE

Piss off.

Moves through the crowd.

SOME-BUNNY

(into microphone)

Every-bunny needs love, man!

The Twinks squeeze through the crowd.

TEISHA

Hey, it's the TWINKIES!

SNOOKIE

Twinkies in the house!

The Girls are feeling good, hug the Twinks.

TEISHA

You all want to get fucked up
bitches!

SNOOKIE

I'm so happy to see my Twinkies.

Pours SHOTS and they all down them.

JASON

(shouting)

Yeah...! Party trolley!

SCOTT
 (to Jason)
 What are you doing?

JASON
 ...Never been on a Party Trolley
 before.

The Girls dance with some of their friends. Joe closes in.

JOE
 Hey, fellas....Having a good time?

JASON
 Actually --

JOE
 -- I don't give a shit, just take
 me to get me my money.

SCOTT
 It's not your money -- you lunatic!

JOE
 It is my money and you're going to
 take me to it or --

SNOOKIE (OS)
 -- Oh this is my motherfuckin jam!

She GRINDS all up on Joe.

JOE
 Step the fuck off bitch!

JASON
 Oh, no.

The Twinks hurry out of the way -- The WRATH OF TEISHA is
 about to be unleashed.

TEISHA
 ...Call my bitch a bitch
 motherfucker...!

FISTS fly.

TEISHA
 ...I'll kill you motherfucker! I'll
 kill you...!

SCOTT
 Go, go, go.

The Twinks make for the door. TEISHA pounces on Joe.

SOME-BUNNY sees the commotion in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR.

SOME-BUNNY
(calmly into mic)
No fighting on the Party-Trolley...

The Twinks hop off the Trolley.

SOME-BUNNY
I said settle down FUCKERS!

EXT. MAIN STREET (SIDEWALK)

The Twinks jog, then slow to a fast walk. TROLLEY BRAKES (OS).

INT. TROLLEY - SAME

SOME-BUNNY pushes her way through the crowd -- Finds JOE's COLLAR and drags him down the aisle.

SOME-BUNNY
Get your ass off my trolley!

Tosses Joe to the curb.

SOME-BUNNY
(into mic)
Sorry about the interruption folks.

Hits MUSIC and the party continues.

EXT. TROLLEY

Joe slumps on the curb. SOME-BUNNY stares him down as she pulls out.

SOME-BUNNY
(exterior speaker)
Boo! Boooo!

INSERT

BUMPER STICKER on back of Trolley that reads: "EVERY-BUNNY NEEDS LOVE"

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE (P&L DISTRICT) - MOMENTS LATER

Jason and Scott stand in line. TWO P&L Bouncers check ID's.

P&L BOUNCER
Okay, next...

P&L BOUNCER #2 (OS)
Next....

EXT. CURB - SAME

Joe sits in pain; does a quick BUMP, combs his greasy hair then stands.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE (P&L)

The Twinks are at the front of line.

P&L BOUNCER
Next...

SCOTT
Hey, how's it going?

P&L BOUNCER
Pretty good...Friday night, you know...busy.

He examines SCOTT'S ID closely, holding it to the light.

P&L BOUNCER
Hmm....what's the date of birth?

SCOTT
Three-fourteen, ninty-four.

P&L BOUNCER
Yeah, that's right.
(to P&L Bouncer #2)
Hey, go grab Steve a sec....

P&L BOUNCER #2 goes to find Steve.

JASON
Everything all right?

P&L BOUNCER
Yeah, it's cool --
-- Licence please?

Jason pulls out his WALLET...

JASON

Shit, you know what...I left my ID
at home --
-- Come on Scott let's just go back
and get it....

P&L BOUNCER

Just hang tight a minute --
-- Next.

He holds Scott's ID in his hand.

P&L BOUNCER

Next please....

SOME BACHELORETTEs are in line. One is holding a GIANT
INFLATABLE PINK PENIS.

Scott sees P&L Bouncer #2 talking to a POLICE OFFICER,
nearby.

BACHELORETTE

...you like my big penis? I bet you
wish you had one this big...

P&L BOUNCER

Don't be waving that thing at me.

Still holding SCOTT'S ID.

JASON

(to Scott)

When you needed money, why didn't
you just take it from Charlie's
safe?

SCOTT

What?

JASON

Before when you needed money to buy
the "things", why didn't you just
take the money from the safe,
instead of using all your
California money and selling your
guitar?

OFFICER STEVE makes his way towards them.

SCOTT

Shit --

JASON

-- Why?

SCOTT

Because this whole thing is on me.
No one is going to bail us out this
time. Not Charlie, not anyone.

Jason stares at the ID in BOUNCER'S HAND.

BACHELORETTE (OS)

C'mon you know you want it...

Pokes P&L Bouncer with INFLATABLE PENIS.

P&L BOUNCER (OS)

Man, get that thing out of my face.

JASON

You're right...

BACHELORETTE (OS)

Oh, c'mon...you know you want it.

JASON

...It's on us...

P&L BOUNCER (OS)

I said get that thing --

Jason SNATCHES the ID....

JASON

-- Run!

P&L BOUNCER

-- Hey!

The Twinks break for it. Officer Steve runs after them.

OFFICER STEVE

Stop right there...!

CHASE SCENE - The Twinks push their way through the crowd,
pursued by Officer Steve.

OFFICER STEVE

(to radio)

...Requesting immediate backup at
Twelfth and Broadway...Suspects,
two Caucasian males...

Joe sees the TWINKS from a distance.

EXT. DADDY'S BAR

SCOTT

Come on...

They duck into the bar.

INT. DADDY'S BAR

It's a leather bar full of LEATHER DADDIES and BEARS -- some are shirtless.

EXT. DADDY'S BAR - SAME

TWO OFFICERS bump into Joe as they turn the corner.

OFFICER STEVE

Sorry, sorry...coming through.

JOE

No problem officers. No problem....

The Officers continue down Main Street.

JOE

...Have a good night....Doing a fantastic job, officers....

He turns back towards DADDY'S.

INT. DADDY'S BAR - MINUTES LATER

The Twinks make their way through the HAIR and LEATHER.

DADDY BEAR

Hey, honey.

JASON

Hi.

DADDY BEAR

Let me buy you a drink.

JASON

I'm fine. Thanks.

AT THE BAR

SCOTT

Two Jager shots.

BEAR-TENDER
You got it handsome.

Pours the shots.

SCOTT
(to Jason)
Thanks for saving our asses back
there.

The CLANG glasses and down the shots.

FRONT OF BAR

Joe searches through the crowd. Twinks see him.

AT THE BAR

JASON
Shit. Did he see us?

SCOTT
I don't know. Come on.

They turn and run into a WALL OF BEARS:

SCOTT
Sorry...excuse us...sorry.

TEDDY (OS)
Scott?

SCOTT
Teddy. Hey.

TEDDY
What are you doing here?

SCOTT
Just stopped in for a quick drink --
-- Oh, this is my friend Jason.

TEDDY
Good to meet you Jason.

JASON
You're right, he is cute...

TEDDY
Oh, so I'm cute...am I?

Scott sees Joe closing in...

TEDDY
...So, how have you been?

SCOTT
Uh, been busy...

TEDDY
Yeah, me too. I was hoping you'd call. I left you a couple of messages.

SCOTT
Yeah, I just have a lot going on right now and I kind of broke my phone...

TEDDY
Oh, that sucks....I had a really nice time --

JOE (OS)
-- Hey, honey.

Kisses Scott on the cheek.

JOE
(to Teddy)
Sorry dude -- he's with me.

TEDDY
Okay?

Joe grabs Scott by the arm.

JOE
Come on honey. I got us a table in the back.

SCOTT
(to Teddy)
I better go. I'll see you later.

Joe man-handles Scott to the back. Teddy watches in disgust.

TEDDY
See you?

JASON
Sorry. Nice to meet you, Teddy.

Follows behind.

BACK BAR AREA

JOE

Now, let's all just settle down a minute and take a time-out. Then I'm going to tell you how this is going to work --

BEAR WAITER

-- Hey, fellas. Can I get you something.

JASON

Were fine, thanks.

JOE

Oh come on guys cheer up --
-- Bring us three Buds, got to put some hair on these boys' nuts.

BEAR WAITER

Charming. Three Buds coming up...

Leaves.

SCOTT

What are you going to do, shoot us?

JOE

Hold that thought.

Pulls out his PHONE and DIALS, waits impatiently.

JOE

(to phone)

-- Come on you little --

CHRIS (VO)

-- Hello --

JOE

-- Took you long enough! We're at --
-- What's this dump called?

JASON

Daddies.

JOE

-- Yeah, me and the twinkies are here at Daddies having a beer. Get the van and bring the mutt.

CHRIS (VO)

You want me to --

JOE

-- Yes! I want you to bring that giant fur-ball here, to Daddies Gay Bar! Okay! And hurry up!

Hangs up.

SCOTT

So you got that prick Chris helping you now?

Bear Waiter brings the drinks.

BEAR WAITER

Okay, that's eighteen even.

Joe grabs a BEER and slugs it back. Bear Waiter gives Joe a look and waits....

JASON

...No really, I'll get it...

Joe smiles. Jason pays Bear Waiter.

JASON

Keep it. Thank you.

BEAR WAITER

Thanks, doll.

JOE

So this is how it's going to go. You're going to take me to Charlie's house...you're going to get me my money --

SCOTT

-- Why do you keep calling it your money? Charlie doesn't owe you anything, you psycho --

JOE

-- You're going to get me my money or I'm going to take out my gun, put it right between that mutt's big puppy dog eyes, and I'm going to blow a BIG FUCKING hole in its skull!

Pounds BEER BOTTLE on table.

AT THE BAR

Teddy leers at Joe.

BEAR WAITER
What an asshole.

TEDDY
Yeah, right. You ever seen that
creep before?

BEAR WAITER
No, never. I'd remember that
jackass.

BEAR #1
Forget it, Teddy. I guess some guys
are just attracted to
assholes....Your friend is really
hot, though.

TEDDY
Yeah, he's great. I just don't get
it.

BEAR #1
C'mon...drink your beer and forget
about it.

TEDDY
I know. I know.

Teddy sips his beer.

BEAR #1
...I still love you.

TEDDY
Gee, thanks.

AT THE TABLE

CELL PHONE VIBRATES. Joe looks at a text.

JOE
Okay, boys -- It's show-time.

Drains the rest of his beer.

JOE
I said let's go ladies!

He yanks Scott by the arm and shoves him forward.

AT THE BAR

TEDDY
That's it! Fuck that guy!

BEAR #1
Alrighty then.

Teddy cuts them off.

TEDDY
Hey, Scott --

JOE
-- Now's not a good time, Sally.

TEDDY
Who the fuck do you think you are!

SCOTT
Teddy, it's alright.

TEDDY
No, it's not Scott. This guy's an asshole.

SCOTT
You're right, he is. But, I can't talk right now.

JOE
He likes it rough...don't you?

Pulls Scott's arm.

TEDDY
Why don't you give the man some space, jerk --

SCOTT
-- Teddy listen --

JOE
-- Look buddy, he's not interested!

Shoulders passed Teddy.

SCOTT
I can't explain right now but I have to go.

JOE
Yeah, so why don't you back the fuck off -- faggot!

Joe pushes Teddy -- Teddy KNOCKS his ass to the floor with one punch.

Scott pulls Teddy back. A FEW BEARS gather for backup.

SCOTT

Teddy, please! You don't know this guy -- he's crazy!

ON THE GROUND

Joe wipes blood from his mouth.

JOE

Will everybody PLEASE stop punching me in the face, Goddamnit!

He stands and points the GUN at the BEARS.

SCOTT

No! Don't! --
-- Teddy, it's okay. It's okay.
Just let it go. This guy is really dangerous.

Scott kisses Teddy and hugs him.

SCOTT

I'll be okay. It's alright.

JOE

Now, everyone back the fuck up!

Points the gun at Scott's side and walks him backwards.

JASON

Scott!

JOE

-- You too! Step the fuck back...!

Backs toward the door.

JOE

...If you don't want to see your boyfriend's brains here, splattered all over this floor, then you'll stay back!

EXT. DADDY'S BAR

The VAN waits out front. Snowball BARKS (OS) from the backseat.

SCOTT
Snowball! --
-- Let him go!

JOE
Shut up!

Chris gets out of the van. The CROWD spills out to the bar.

CHRIS
What the hell are you doing!

JOE
(to Scott)
Get in. You're driving --
(to Chris)
-- Move!

Throws Chris to the ground. Shoves Scott in the van.

JOE
I see any cops and he's dead!

JASON
Let 'em go!

TEDDY
I swear to God --

The VAN pulls out.

TEDDY
-- Someone call the cops!

BEAR #1
Already done it...on their way.

JASON
(to phone)
Charlie?

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

JOE
Go ahead...grab the mutt...

Scott leads Snowball by the collar.

JOE
...throw him in the gate and keep
him away from me...

SNOWBALL BARKS and lunges at Joe -- Scott holds him back.

SCOTT
It's okay, Snowball. It's okay.

Joe points the gun at Snowball.

JOE
I'm done with that thing.

Scott releases Snowball into the fenced yard.

JOE
Okay. Let's go.

INT. CHARLIE'S CLOSET - SAME

A HAND reaches for the MEDICAL BOOT CAST off the floor.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE (DOWNSTAIRS)

The front door opens.

JOE
Okay...now the alarm.

Pushes Scott.

SCOTT
Alright, alright.

JOE
Come on -- Hurry up!

Scott enters a code, deactivates the ALARM SYSTEM.

JOE
Okay, now the safe. Go.

SCOTT
It's upstairs...

JOE
Then move!

STAIRS

The two make their way up the staircase.

UPSTAIRS

A SHADOWY FIGURE crosses above.

Joe looks up -- sees nothing.

JOE

Move it.

MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

AT THE SAFE

Scott kneels, with his hand on the DIAL.

JOE

Now open it!

SCOTT

I told you I don't know it --

JOE

-- You know it. I know you do! Now open it! Open it!

CHARLIE (OS)

Twenty-eight right --

JOE

-- Hold it right there, not another step.

CHARLIE

It's alright, relax.

He steps out of the closet. A wooden GOLF-DRIVER supports him as he limps toward them.

SCOTT

Charlie?

JOE

-- Just hold it right there.

Points the gun at Charlie.

CHARLIE
...Never believed in guns much,
myself...too bad.

He creeps toward them. A BOOT CAST is on his foot.

SCOTT
Charlie. Are you okay?

JOE
I said, don't take another step.

SCOTT
What happened?

CHARLIE
Just my Gout acting up again. Don't
ever get old, Scotty.

Joe grimaces at the old man's pathetic appearance.

JOE
That's nasty.

CHARLIE
So go ahead, Scott. Open
it....Twenty-eight right...

Scott looks at Charlie.

CHARLIE
...Twenty-eight right...

Scott turns the DIAL to TWENTY-EIGHT right.

CHARLIE
...thirty-six left...

Joe smiles with anticipation.

SNOWBALL BARKS (OS).

CHARLIE
...fourteen right.

Scott opens the SAFE DOOR to reveal TALL STACKS of CASH,
inside.

JOE
Holy shit!

CHARLIE
Take it all. It's yours.

He creeps forward and tosses Joe a DUFFEL BAG.

CHARLIE
I have lots of money.

Joe can't resist. He loads the cash into the duffel bag -- still holding them at bay with the gun.

CHARLIE
Take it all....I give it away on the streets...but you already know that....That's what got me in this mess to begin with...

Joe looks at him ashamed.

CHARLIE
...Hell, I gave an Escalade to a guy I met on the bus...

JOE
...I know, I saw it on TV....That was awesome!

CHARLIE
There's roughly two-hundred-seventy-five thousand dollars there. So, take it...

Joe's EYES widen. A surge of adrenaline hits him as he loads the rest of the cash.

CHARLIE
...I'll make that back before the closing bell on Monday...

Joe LAUGHS. Charlie wraps his arm over Scott's shoulder.

CHARLIE
...My boy is safe...

SNOWBALL BARKS (OS).

CHARLIE
...And from what I can tell...Snowball is back home safe and sound...

The DUFFEL BAG overflows with cash. Joe stands -- fiddles with the ZIPPER on the bag as they walk out of the bedroom.

JOE
(chuckles)
It's so full, I can't...

The ZIPPER won't close. Joe is focused. Tries to get it closed...

CHARLIE

...I do hope, that I won't be seeing you again anytime soon.

JOE

(excitedly)

No sir! I won't be bothering you ever again. Thank you!

TOP OF STAIRS

...Joe pulls on the ZIPPER...almost got it...almost got it...

CHARLIE

...Good, and --

WHACK! GOLF-DRIVER to JOE's FACE!

TEETH SHATTER. BLOOD SPLATTERS.

JOE's LIMP BODY floats a moment -- then tumbles down the STAIRS -- A ball of flailing arms and legs to the bottom.

CHARLIE

-- one more thing.

SCOTT

...Good God...

BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Joe lies there, unable to move.

Scott hustles down the stairs and grabs the gun. He points it at JOE's BLOODY FACE.

Joe looks up at the GUN in SCOTT's TREMBLING HAND.

JOE

Don't...

CHARLIE (OS)

Scott...

POLICE SIRENS (OS).

RED and BLUE LIGHTS wash over SCOTT's FACE as he stares at the broken man, pleading for his life.

JOE

Please...

Charlie hobbles his way down the stairs.

CHARLIE

...Scott...

JOE

(pleading)

Don't....

Scott considers doing it...

CHARLIE (OS)

Scotty...?

SCOTT

You're the worst criminal I ever met.

He lowers the gun and sets it on the table. Joe drops his head in defeat and loses consciousness.

Charlie embraces Scott and both SOB a bit before letting go.

CHARLIE

Now, what did I say about no drama?

Scott LAUGHS.

CHARLIE

Now, help an old man out...remember my gout.

He puts his arm around Scott's shoulder as they head for the door.

SCOTT

Yeah, right....That was like, three years ago?

Both LAUGH.

SCOTT

I like the boot, though.

CHARLIE

Come on.

About to open the FRONT DOOR, Scott stops.

CHARLIE

It's okay...

SCOTT
But, they're looking for me...

CHARLIE
Don't worry, Scott...I have a
really good lawyer.

BLUE & RED LIGHTS flood the house as Scott opens the door.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA (THE VIPER ROOM) - NIGHT

SUPER: "ELEVEN MONTHS LATER"

SCOTT (OS)
(music under)
...again, I just wanted to thank
everyone for your amazing support.
This is our sixth show in eight
days...and we're having a lot of
fun....

INT. THE VIPER ROOM BAR

TWO HIPSTERS make there way downstairs. The MUSIC grows
LOUDER as they close in, and are consumed by the crowd.

ON STAGE

A "TWG" LOGO on the BASS DRUM pulsates as THE BAND plays the
INTRO to a song -- with lead singer, SCOTT

AT THE MIC

SCOTT
...I also wanted to thank my sister
Jen, who came out tonight. She's an
actress...

CROWD CHEERS. JEN blows them a kiss.

SCOTT
...so if there are any Casting
Directors in the house -- she's
available....And I wanted to thank
some great people who came out,
tonight, all the way from Kansas
City, MO...

LOUD CHEERS.

SCOTT
 My best friend, Jason -- who is
 single by the way -- so if you're
 looking for some hot gaysian ass
 tonight, I can fix you up....

CHEERS and WHISTLES.

JASON
 ...Oh fuck you bitch.

SCOTT
 ...also here tonight is my
 boyfriend? --
 -- Is it boyfriend?

TEDDY
 ...Long distance boyfriend...

SCOTT
 ...Oh...? Are we exclusive? Cause
 no one told me yet...

TEDDY
 (laughing)
 Yes...well...kind of...

SCOTT
 ...My wonderful boyfriend Teddy,
 ladies and gentleman.

Teddy takes a bow.

SCOTT
 ...And my good, good, friend,
 Charlie...who I wouldn't be here
 tonight, if it weren't for him...

Charlie raises his glass.

SCOTT
 ...Thank you. I love you guys --
 -- Again, thank you for coming
 out...we're Twinks With Guns and
 this song is for Sadie.

The BAND ROCKS their latest hit, "SADIE WAS A GIRL".

The CROWD erupts as SCOTT belts out the lyrics. He smiles.
 He is home.

THE END.

FADE TO BLACK.