

Thirtynothing

by

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"Pilot"

Based on true dipshits.



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CAST OF OUR ZEROES:

KEVIN MALONELY, 30s, large, loud, ruled by bored malice, thick Boston accent. Happy drunk. Angry sober. He don't flush the toilet, he scares the shit out of it.

DECLAN McMANUS, 30s, Indie-rock poseur hipster. Self-righteous. Loves chaos. Gay.

JAMES "SNOT" GILLANDERER, 30s, suburban hip-hop. Smart dumbass. Some kind of savant. Or way too burnt. Loves grass.

VICTOR "BIG VIC" PATRICK, 30s, Abercrombie model mug. Gay bears and rich Cougars lust him. But he lusts light beer.

They're all a bit different but for one love: **booze & drugs**.
Ok, two.

CHYRON OVER BLACK

"Life really does begin at thirty. Up until then, you're just doing research."

- Carl G. Jung

Also this guy...

"Every man over thirty is a scoundrel."

- George Bernard Shaw

THEN, OVER THIS WE HEAR:

DECLAN (O.S.)
Dude, pull over so one of us can
dwive!

MALONELY (O.S.)
(thick Boston accent)
I'm *dwiving* fine, muthafuckah!

I/E. CAR/WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

A dirty, dinged up Jeep speeds and swerves down Santa Monica Blvd. Four **ZEROES** in their 30s hold on tight.

MALONELY "DWives" (Driving While Intoxicated) as **DECLAN**, **BIG VIC** and **SNOT** beg him not to.

Actually, Snot could care less as he puffs a joint, oblivious to the dangerous *dwiving*.

BIG VIC
Malonely, pull over! You're swerving all over the fuckin' place!

MALONELY
You're a *place!*

SNOT
(calm; matter of fact)
You're a terrible *dwiver*, guy.

MALONELY
I'm an awesome *dwiver!*

DECLAN
You're trying real hard to be interesting these days!

Malonely runs a red light. Snot finishes his joint and flicks it out the window.

DECLAN
Jesus christ! Stop! You're gonna fuckin' kill us!

MALONELY
I ain't stoppin'! Just sit back and relax. Look at Snot. Snot's fine.

SNOT
Snot's hungry.

Suddenly a SIREN and flashing lights.

MALONELY
Oh shit!

BIG VIC
You fuckin' idiot.

DECLAN
You're done, dipshit.

Malonely pulls over, panicked, pissed, sobering but stewed.

MALONELY
Fuck. What am I gonna do?

THUD goes the cop car door.

SNOT
You're gonna go to jail.

Declan and Big Vic burst out laughing. Then Snot catches on and joins in just as the COP lands at Malonely's window.

Cop peaks in to see 3 lunatics laughing uncontrollably and one lunatic staring straight ahead angrily terrified.

COP
How you doing, sir?

MALONELY
Eh, strikes and gutters. What's up, supah-troopah? (super trooper)

COP
License and registration?

MALONELY
No I am not licensed for realization.

Huh?

COP
(smells weed)
Are you high on marijuana, sir?

MALONELY
Eh, I could eat.

COP
Have you been drinking tonight?

MALONELY
Why? Is your wife in the car?

This sends our clowns laughing even harder. CUT TO BLACK --
Over their LAUGHTER we HEAR the sound of HANDCUFFS CLICKING --

MALONELY (O.S.)
Witch hunt! This is a goddam C-O-N-
spiracy!

Cop car door SLAMS --

MALONELY (O.S.)
Mental illness is not illegal!

And with our four dipshitted man-teens cackling like hyenas
we SMASH TO TITLE:

THIRTY-NOTHING

And this song kicks on as we fly around Hollywood, CA:

"Barroom Hero" by Dropkick Murphys kicks in:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=miila6FKB28>

BARROOM HERO LYRICS
*Face down in the gutter / won't
admit defeat / tho his clothes are
soiled and black / he's a big
strong man with a child's mind /
don't you take his booze away -
hey!*

EXT./ESTAB. WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

It's a busy Thursday night in WeHo. Streets swarm with young
PARTIERS pouring in and out of bars.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOD BAR - NIGHT

Packed. GUYS & GIRLS chat and drink.

SNOT, BIG VIC and DECLAN each chats up a **COLLEGE GIRL**.

We find the Boys crossing into the dark side of their buzz.

(NOTE 1: We'll QUICKLY CUT from conversation to conversation, with each Guy being drinks DRUNKER as we return to them.)

(NOTE 2: Each of our Guys' eyes are red-ish and blown-out thru-out the script because they never really sober up.)

We start ON:

DECLAN -- mid-story with a **ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL**.

DECLAN

... I also love orange juice, lemonade, Shirley Temples - but only in private. I love milk, but not because I'm an assassin; I love half'n half cause I like to taste the teet, and... oh, duh, ginger ale. Damn I love ginger ale so much, I can drink it all day. It's so good I think they sneak booze in it--

Rock'n Roll Girl LAUGHS.

MOVING ON TO **SNOT** -- who drunkenly sways over a **PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL**. White powder faintly rims his leaking nostril.

SNOT

... and when Senora O'Neal asked me what I wanted my Spanish name to be I said, "Dios." She said, "You can't be 'God,' but you can be "hay-soos."

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL

Not a bad option.

SNOT

How? Who the fuck is "hay-soos?"

She LAUGHS.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL

"Jesus."

SNOT

(not getting it)
Right? Fucking bullshit. Jesus, who the hell is "hay-soos?"

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL laughs but also squints confused at him.

LES THE BARTENDER smoooves in and asks her:

LES THE BARTENDER
What can I get you, darlin'?

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL
D--

SNOT
(slams empty glass down)
Drunk! Come on, Les!

ON **BIG VIC** & a **HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL**. He sports a **BLACK EYE**.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
What happened to your eye?

BIG VIC
Bar fight.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
Oh my god. Are you okay?

BIG VIC
I'm fine. But she was tough.

What? But she LAUGHS. Then --

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
Can I ask you a rude question?

BIG VIC
Better than anyone I know.

She chuckles. Is he funny or stupid/nuts?

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
How old are you?

BIG VIC
I'm in my thirties.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
Really? You look younger.

BIG VIC
I know. I have perfect circulation
and pores.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
Why aren't you married?

BIG VIC
You haven't asked.

She blushes.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
 Seriously... You're in your
 thirties - why aren't you married?

BIG VIC
 (shrugs)
 Just lucky, I guess.

ON SNOT and PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL
 ... So what do you do--?

SNOT
 (rapid)
 Declan! Get me a drink, cocksucker!

DECLAN shoots Snot his middle finger.

DECLAN
 Start sleeping on your hands or
 you're gonna get it again, Snot!

Snot blanches. Declan shakes his rocks glass to LES THE
 BARTENDER and shouts --

DECLAN
 Hey, Les! Another round of *kill*
thinks, please.

LES THE BARTENDER
 You guys are gettin' kinda stewed,
 Declan. What's the story here with
 you dickheads tonight? What are you
 plotting?

DECLAN
 No story. No plot. Yes chaos.

LES THE BARTENDER
 Great. Who's gonna win: "Good or
 Evil?"

DECLAN
 "Good." I promise. Evil will not
 prevail tonight.

LES THE BARTENDER
 Alright, what do you want?

DECLAN
 A "tomorrow-on-the-rocks" for me,
 and a "douche-bag-and-diet" for
 Snot. Please.

Les pours a Jack on the rocks, and a Beam & Diet for Snot.

BACK ON SNOT --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL

(to Snot)

Did your friend just call you
"Snot?"

SNOT

It's a family name.
(sniff)
Colombian.

Les delivers Snot's Beam & Coke. Then Les smiles at Preppy College Girl, slides her a glass of wine on the house.

Snot cranks back his drink and slams it down in front of Les, ready for a refill.

LES THE BARTENDER

You ever worry about your drinking
problem?

SNOT

Hell no - I never run out.

LES THE BARTENDER

(leans in)

Call your sponsor, Snot.

SNOT

(whips phone out)

Good idea. He's got a job and can
probably pay for these drinks.

LES THE BARTENDER

Seriously, what are you guys doing?
What is your purpose in life? On
earth?

Snot stares stumped...

SNOT

On earth..?

LES THE BARTENDER

Or whatever soggy planet you morons
live on? What's your plan?

Contemplative beat...

SNOT
Mars. Yeah. Fuck earth. My purpose
is Mars. I'm going to Mars.

He slides his glass to Les.

SNOT (CONT'D)
(satisfied; scheming)
With your help, of course...

Les eye rolls and moves on.

ON DECLAN chatting up a ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL --

DECLAN
... so you do that..? All day?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Yeah.

DECLAN
Sounds dumb.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
(laughs)
Fuck off. What do you do?

DECLAN
When?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Daily. For a job.

DECLAN
For money?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Sure.

DECLAN
What do you think?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
I think you watched The Wolf of
Wall Street twice this morning.

DECLAN
Ha! But no. I'm actually quite a
serious person - gotta be as a
psychiatrist.

She takes a beat to size him up.

DECLAN
Anything you wanna talk about?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Bullshit you're a psychiatrist.

DECLAN
Ok, trust issues - we can start
with that.

She eye-rolls & head-shakes.

DECLAN
(fishing)
Daddy issues..?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Moving on. So what kind of girls do
you like, Declan?

DECLAN
Fat tits, skinny arms.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Dude. Seriously?

DECLAN
JK. The kind with a dick.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Oh.

DECLAN
So... fat dick, skinny... ummm--

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
Jeans...?

DECLAN
Yes!
(clarifying)
I'm new to gay.

Declan scoots her out of the way to address her friend
chilling in the BG we'll call **IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE** (20).

DECLAN
Hey, hot rod. I'm Declan.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE
I heard.

Declan stew-smiles & up-downs him. Idris leans back, unsure.

ON BIG VIC and HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL -- now concerned as Big Vic teeters over his drink; on the verge of tears.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
... how'd you meet her?

BIG VIC
We met while having sex at Bar
Marmont.

Huh? He gets a text from MORGAN: **I can't do this anymore.**

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
Is that her?

Vic slumps, crushed.

BIG VIC
We used to pump parts on full
stomachs of Indian food and jager.
It's called *Love./True Love.*

Big Vic suddenly grabs HER DRINK and SLUGS it back.

BIG VIC
She felt like sleeping in a
Popeye's biscuit!

Vic grabs a stack of napkins and tosses them at nothing, but makes a mess. Les watches, losing patience.

ON SNOT and PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL --

SNOT
I don't mean to brag but there's a
reason I got 1600 on my SATs.

She waits for it... until --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL
Which is...?

SNOT
(points to his brain)
It's bigger than it looks.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL
(looks at his large head)
I doubt that. Your mid-brain maybe.

SNOT
(indicating)
You should see the rest of it.

Snot smiles, impressed with his banter. His smile highlights the glistening trail of mucus at the base of his nostril.

Preppy College Girl notices and leans back with a grimace.

Declan tosses Snot a bar napkin --

DECLAN (O.S.)
Wipe yourself, Chapo.

Most would take this opportunity to blow their nose. But Snot clamps a nostril and SNORTS up the remaining drain.

ON BIG VIC (now wasted) and HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL --

BIG VIC
Do you want another drink?

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
No, thanks. But why don't we all go back to my--

BIG VIC
Then how bout a "71?"

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
Um, what's a "71?"

BIG VIC
"69" with two fingers in your ass.

Hipster College Girl's eyes widen in disbelief.

BIG VIC (CONT'D)
And lucky for you I got a ten-inch tongue and can breathe through my ears.

Gross.

BIG VIC (CONT'D)
Or two fingers in my ass. Dealer's choice...

ON Declan and IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE. Declan finishes his drink, turns and drunkenly says --

DECLAN
Hi, I'm Declan.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE
I heard. Again. White weirdo.

DECLAN

(sloppy smooth)

Man, look at you. You lost? Looks like Earth and Wind is missin' its Fire.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE

Ew. Old. Jurassic reference.

Fed up, he stands --

DECLAN

Where you going, Magellan? The slopjar's back there if you gotta squeeze a lemon.

He's pointing to the ladies room. Ew. He puts his jacket on.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE

I'm a dude - I don't have a lemon, I have a dong. Which you'll never meet. We're leaving.

DECLAN

Come on, I was just goofin'. Thought we were gonna hit a dumpster and shoot mice?

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE

Total white weirdo. You turned into a total dick, Declan. You should stop drinking so much.

DECLAN

(confused)

And do what?

The 3 Girls & Idris gather and prepare to leave --

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL

You know, you guys started out great. Making us laugh, buying us drinks, but then you lost it. And you had us too.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL

(points to Snot)

But not you. There's no way you got 1600 on your SATs, burn-out.

SNOT

(proud)

I'm not burnt, baby. I'm still lit.

Preppy College Girl nods in agreement. Snot smiles drunkenly.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL
And you're not even cute.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
Yeah, your old dad-face looks like
a box of frogs.

Ouch. Snot's smile slows.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE
Anyway. We came out tonight to have
a good time, and probably would
have hung out with you guys
again...

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL
... Even though you're like...
thirty.

The Girls laugh as they leave.

BIG VIC
Thirty-what, honey?!

DECLAN
Yeah, you wanna count the rings on
my cock to find out, tik-tok?!

The Girls turn back --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL
Thirty-nothing.

Ouch.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL
And don't even think about *Baby*
Reindeer'ing us, olds.

She pulls a SWITCHBLADE and pops its blade. Woah. They split
smiling. The Boys look at each other...

SNOT
Well that was rude.

DECLAN
That hurt my feeling.

SNOT
Mine too.

BIG VIC
Fuckin women, man.

DECLAN
And dudes. So obsessed with youth
and beauty.

SNOT
(calls out to girls)
Sapiosexual my ass!

DECLAN
Guess they didn't wanna go back to
our place to watch "20 Days in
Mariupol."

They move to sit down in the empty bar stools, but as Big Vic sits the stool is suddenly pulled out from under him by Snot, sending Big Vic crashing to the floor.

The Boys laugh and make a rowdy scene. Causing Les the Bartender to declare --

LES THE BARTENDER
Alright. Bed time, boys.

BIG VIC
Balls in your mouth, Les!

DECLAN
Your name is "Les."

BIG VIC
"Les!" Do you realize that your
name just exudes Lllleeeessss than
what I am?!--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

SPLAT! The Boys hit the sidewalk, TOSSED by Les & BOUNCER.

BIG VIC
(ouch)
You're an angry elf.

Snot PUKES and FARTS at the same time.

SNOT
I just farted right when I threw
up!

Les follows.

LES THE BARTENDER
You lied, Declan.

DECLAN
I did not lie. I merely anticipated
a future truth.

LES THE BARTENDER
Nope. You broke your promise.

DECLAN
I know, Ma!... I know.

Declan passes out on the sidewalk as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - MORNING

Tidy houses line this clean, trendy WeHo neighborhood. Except
for one house: a dump.

INT. THE BOYS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Our Boys' pad: ripped couches, chipped coffee table, cracked
TV (still turned on). Beers, bong, grass and take-out crowd
the table. A bottle of Curel lotion.

Big Vic and Snot sleep on a couch - SPOONING.

Snot slowly sleep-grinds Big Vic from behind, causing Big Vic
to calmly and sleepily demand --

BIG VIC
Stop it.

Not working. So Big Vic tries --

BIG VIC
I'm not a girl.

Snot stops pumping... Then starts up again...

BIG VIC
Or a banana peel.

Snot stops.

BIG VIC
And take a shower. You smell like
your skin is shitting.

Declan made it to the floor.

A RAT ("SEABISCUIT") scurries over Declan and stands on him.

DECLAN
(eyes closed)
Get off me, Seabiscuit.

Seabiscuit GALLOPS off to the kitchen.

Suddenly, the front door SLAMS open. Day-light bursts into
the living room blinding our floppers.

ALL
Ahh!!

A HUGE MAN - back-lit in the doorway - looms.

HUGE MAN
ALL YOU FUCKIN' MOTHERFUCKERS ARE
FUCKIN' FUCKED!

HUGE MAN steps into the room and whips the door closed behind
him, revealing: **KEVIN MALONELY**, our dwiver from the open.
Large and mean.

He drops his bag on Declan's sternum as he steps over him.

MALONELY
COCAINE AND CIGARETTES! WHO'S GOT
EM?!!

Malonely grabs a bottle of Jameson and a rocks glass.

He spits into the glass, grabs a nearby jacket to clean it.

BIG VIC
Dude, that's my--

MALONELY
(knows full well)
What?

He twists the top off the Jameson with one hand, and pours a
long one into the spit-shined glass.

Malonely is about to take his first sip of satisfaction in
43, no, 44 days --

SNOT
How'd you get--

MALONELY
Don't interrupt me! Or I'll knock
your teeth out and eat your
butthole with them. I've been
whiskey free for 43 - no - 44 days,
fuckers. So - some understanding.

BIG VIC
Oh, shit. We were supposed to pick
you--

MALONELY
Shut up! Or I'll take you out back
and leave you out front, fucker.

DECLAN
Prison made you mean.. er.

Malonely sniffs the whiskey lovingly. Then tilts it back
lustfully.

SNOT
Dude--

MALONELY
Right now - you're irrelevant.
Invisible and unwanted. Like a
fart.

Malonely drains the whiskey.

MALONELY
You dipshits still have dial-up?

BIG VIC
Yeah. Why?

MALONELY
Because I gotta rip a number 3.

BIG VIC
(points at Curel)
Take the lotion back up there.

MALONELY
No. I like to feel the real deal.

DECLAN
Of straight up fist?

Malonely stomps upstairs...

MALONELY

In peace!

And SLAMS a door.

Moving on --

DECLAN

(regret)

Those chicks and that dude last night were so hot.

SNOT

And cool.

BIG VIC

Then why'd you drink 'em away?

DECLAN

You did too.

BIG VIC

Yeah, Snot.

DECLAN

The "too" is you, Vic.

BIG VIC

(realizing)

I think I asked the "no-no."

DECLAN

No-no, Noooo... You "71'd" them?

Big Vic nods, ashamed.

DECLAN

Dummy. No wonder they pulled a knife.

SNOT

What are ya gonna do? Sometimes a shit is just a fart.

Declan grabs his skull in pain.

DECLAN

Ugh, the shame-spiral is creeping.

SNOT

Just relax, take a deep breath and--

SMASH CUT:

SNOT (PRE-LAP)

SUCK!

EXT. THE BOY'S ROW HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER

The Boys party on the porch.

A 6-ft BONG is lit by Snot and smoked by Declan, who has to stand on a chair to reach the top of the giant bong.

SNOT

Suck! Suck harder, side-smile! It's not lighting! You know how to suck!

Declan sucks harder. Smoke fills the bong. It's lit.

SNOT

You gotta suck, Declan! Still not lit! Suck it like you're in a truck stop slopjar!

It's definitely lit. Declan sucks harder. More smoke fills. It's filling, but Declan can't see it. Snot fucks with him.

SNOT

One more big one...

Declan SUCKS and looks ready to pass out.

SNOT

Ok, that might've done it-- take it-

Snot pulls cartridge. Declan sucks. And it's a doozy.

Declan takes a chimney-full - deep - and quickly.

Declan holds it like a champ... until - BLOWING IT OUT WITH A COUGH ATTACK and falling off the chair! He might die.

Snot laughs like a bastard.

DECLAN

Stop laughing!
(big dying cough)
Why are you so mean to me?

SNOT

Cause I love you. Laughing at you is my love language.

DECLAN
 I hate you--
 (cough cough)
 Snot!

Snot blows smoke in his face.

A HOMELESS MAN stumbles by and asks:

HOMELESS GUY
 Spare change for some crack and a
 hand gun?

SNOT
 Of course, Costello.

2 BEERS are tossed to COSTELLO, who snags em ninja-like.
 Costello smiles and stumbles on.

Malonely exits: buckling his jeans as he joins them.

BIG VIC
 There he is! Back from the *dick*.

MALONELY
 (tada)
 In the *fleshlight*.

SNOT
 Get to the end of the Internet?

MALONELY
 And proved I'll bang "virtually"
 anything.

Malonely pours a whiskey.

MALONELY
 Fuck I need a girlfriend. If I have
 to feed the ducks anymore I'm gonna
 turn into a goddamned breadcrumb.

DECLAN
 How was prison, M'lonely?

MALONELY
 A much needed vacation. Lost 30
 pounds, dried out, three squares.
 Read. Books.

SNOT
 Words.

MALONELY

Saw Trump in there too. He's running the joint like *Colonel Kurtz (in that Angkor temple)*.

DECLAN

(Kurtz voice)

"You're an errand boy."

BIG VIC

(Kurtz voice)

"I watched a snail crawl along the edge of a straight razor."

MALONELY

And get this shit - it was a "men's" prison. Fuckin' America. Like they know who they're gonna lock up before we even get there.

SNOT

Life's not always Miami, homie.

Malonely pulls a WAD of CASH from his jeans.

MALONELY (CONT'D)

Plus-size though? I learned that prison guards suck at poker.

DECLAN

You gambled?

MALONELY

A bit.

DECLAN

But you're not allowed to. If your mom finds out she's gonna kill you.

MALONELY

(faux *whatever*)

Pfft.

BIG VIC

(re: gambling)

Huh? Why?

DECLAN

"Pfft" my ass. Tell em.

Malonely takes a reluctant beat.

MALONELY

My mom said when I was little,
 "Kevin, you're Irish - you can
 drink or you can gamble, but you
 can't do both. Pick one." So I did.

He swills his whiskey.

SNOT

But you were in jail for drinking
 and driving.

MALONELY

Yeah. I picked one.

Huh?

BIG VIC

(contemplating)

But isn't drinking and then driving
 a gambl--

MALONELY

Witch hunts and conspiracies don't
 count!

DECLAN

Well come on, man, spread the bread
 - let's hit The Ballet. Or Slammer.

Malonely flicks him off as he counts the cash.

MALONELY

I'm too pretty for gay strippers
 now after prison pilates.

BIG VIC

Can't believe you went to the
 sneezer. How was your lawyer?

MALONELY

Not better than the judge.

SNOT

You get prison pregnant?

MALONELY

Not me. But I may have gone half-
 way on a few babies with some
 bottoms. Why, you wanna feel what
 it's like to give birth, Snot?

SNOT

Is it anything like realizing
you're sitting on your balls?

Snot adjusts his sack in his seat with a sigh. Relief.

DECLAN

You learn your lesson? Again?

MALONELY

I get it.
(recites lazily thru the
motions)
*Drinking and driving is not
responsible. The last thing I wanna
do is hurt anyone. I'm gonna watch
it. Your Honor.*

BIG VIC

Good to hear. We need you around,
guy.

DECLAN

No shit.

SNOT

We missed you, man.

BIG VIC

We're like a broken mirror, boys.
Our shards are brilliant, but
better together.

DECLAN

Gay.
(then)
But true. And beautiful.

A beat to reflect. They mean it. Maybe.

MALONELY

So what have you dicks been up to?

DECLAN

Lost another job.

BIG VIC

Drank away Morgan. Again.

SNOT

(licks the joint)
Got a promotion.

MALONELY
Unbelievable. How do you do it?

SNOT
Adderall.

DECLAN
So you're basically high at work.

SNOT
Not high. Focused.

Big Vic lets out an anxious SIGH. Looks at his cell phone.
Opens Morgan's text: "I can't do this anymore."

BIG VIC
"The Watch" is coming on.

DECLAN
Fuck suicide watch. Drink a *kill-*
think. Push it back.

BIG VIC
We gotta get our shit together.

SNOT
Why? Where we going?

BIG VIC
We gotta stop this.

MALONELY
"We?" You got a mouse in your
pocket?

DECLAN
What *this*?

BIG VIC
This. Circle. Cycle. Of duffings.
It's killing us. We're too old.

SNOT
Les said some shit about that last
night. About us.

BIG VIC
What'd he say?

SNOT
Some shit about Earth and planets
and purpose.

MALONELY

Get to the part we understand.

SNOT

Think he was calling us old losers.

The Boys ponder this... Declan cracks a beer.

DECLAN

So what do we do?

BIG VIC

It's time. I'm tired of livin' like a suicide.

DECLAN

Damn it. Really?

MALONELY

Big Vic's right. And I'm court ordered anyway.

DECLAN

Court ordered?

MALONELY

Park of my probie.
(points to them)
And I need the support. You owe me.

BIG VIC

I'm ready to turn my life around, man. Get this going in a different direction.

SNOT

Absolutely. A complete three-sixty (360), I'm with you.

(NO SHIT NOTE: Correct use in turning oneself around is "180." 360 puts you right back in the same direction.)

MALONELY

This is where the eye meets the tiger, boys.

DECLAN

Can't we just do it from home?

BIG VIC

The bat-soup plague's over.
(then)
Ready?

SNOT
After this.

Snot lights the joint.

MALONELY
I'll drive. Where are my keys...?
Oh, here they are--

Malonely pulls his CAR KEYS out of his WHISKEY GLASS.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

RICHARD (O.S.)
Are there any newcomers here
tonight..? Please stand and
introduce yourself...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Declan stands --

DECLAN
I'm Declan.

He sits.

RICHARD
And..?

DECLAN
And...

He eyes a CROSS on the wall --

DECLAN
Amen.

MALONELY
Amen is right!

BIG VIC
Body of Christ! No homo!

Our Boys laugh - still stoned and stewed.

ANNOYED AA'ER
How stoned are you?

DECLAN
I could eat.

ANGRY AA'ER
Identify yourself!!

Declan: What?

We PULL OUT TO REVEAL -- an AA meeting. Led by **RICHARD**.

RICHARD
Let's start instead by going around
the room and introducing ourselves.

He motions to Angry AA'er to start.

ANGRY AA'ER
I'm Tony and I'm an alcoholic.

Next.

MILF AA'ER
Tammy, alcoholic.

Big Vic meets eyes with a **MILF AA'ER/TAMMY**.

RICHARD
I'm Richard and--

SNOT
My name is long for "Dick!"

Our Boys laugh. Richard doesn't.

SNOT
Just goofin', Dick. Carry on,
Declan.

DECLAN
(with glee)
I'm Declan and I'm an alcoholic.

SNOT
Yeah you are!

BIG VIC
No shit!

MALONELY
(half-beat late)
Pussy-Coward non-man!

Huh? Everyone eyes the random outburst.

MALONELY
Sorry. Prison.

RICHARD
Guys, relax. Compassion is our
practice here.

BIG VIC
Don't worry. We know Declan.

SNOT
And he is an alcoholic.

MALONELY
Big time.

Malonely holds up a plastic cup in toast of Declan.

BIG VIC
Big problem.

DECLAN
So are you dipshits!

SNOT
Whoa now...

BIG VIC
Compassion, remember? Practice it
don't preach it.

MALONELY
Put down that magnifying glass and
pick up that mirror, friend.

SNOT
But don't snort it.

RICHARD
So, we're to assume that you four
are new to The Program?

BIG VIC
Just the quitting part.

DECLAN
Yeah, we've been doing the fun
stuff that gets you here for
centuries.

MALONELY
Hell of a weekend.

SNOT
The first time I got duffed I was
six.

BIG VIC
Liar.

SNOT

You-are. Ask anyone in my family.

DECLAN

Then ask if dolphins aren't just gay sharks.

MALONELY

Or if chicks shit.

SNOT

They don't. That would be gross.

RICHARD

Guys, guys, let's bring it back to the group, please. We're eagles here and we want to soar. In our sobriety. Right? Don't you?

DECLAN

I don't wanna be a sober eagle and soar...

MALONELY

I'd rather be a stewed pigeon and shit on everything.

Snot and Big Vic laugh.

RICHARD

(stern/fed up)

Guys.

Our Boys reel it in.

RICHARD

Let's move on to you now...?

SNOT

Snot.

RICHARD

Excuse me? I asked your name.

SNOT

And I answered with it.

Richard doesn't know what to think, so moving on --

RICHARD

Ok. Snot. Introduce yourself.

SNOT

I'm Snot.

Stares. All wait for the rest. Snot gets the clue.

SNOT

Oh, right. I'm Snot Gillanderer.

RICHARD

And...?

SNOT

And... I like to get fucked up...??

AAers react. Richard SIGHS, hangs his head...

INT. AA MEETING BUILDING - LATER

Group discussion. **TEARY TERRY** finishes a story --

TEARY TERRY

(crying)

... and when I got home, my bags
were packed and waiting for me on
the driveway and...

(sniffle)

I realize now that if I don't come
in here looking for change then...
I'm gonna be on the corner begging
for some.

BIG VIC

Oof.

DECLAN

Doozy. And hilarious. You take that
bit on the road?

MALONELY

He didn't have a choice.

Our Boys laugh. And only them.

RICHARD

Guys. Not cool. Addiction causes
nothing but painful memories for
most of us--

MALONELY

But not all of us.

BIG VIC

Beer beer! I second that. Why do
these kinda groups and shit always
have to revolve around the bad
times?

DECLAN

It can't be all shitty memories and stories. It certainly isn't for me.

MALONELY

Me neither. And you know what? I don't wanna quit boozing. I have booze to thank for some of the best times of my life.

BIG VIC

Me too.

MILF AA'ER

Me too.

MALONELY

Alcohol is the booze that binds us. We're all drunk on the inside!

DECLAN

Boozin' is a blessed unrest!

SNOT

One time I got so duffed at a Skins game that I fell over the railing into the players' entrance. Ended up stumbling my way into the locker room after we clinched the NFC East - best time ever. Sprayed champagne, showered with the team, played with their handguns.

MALONELY

One time I got so canned I woke up to my neighbor banging on my door cause I left my car in his front lawn. Still running.

Slight laughs from AAers.

SNOT

Now that's a duffing.

OLD TIMER

That's nothin'. I got a DWI on a bike.

Laughs.

DECLAN

You got a "Bee-Wee?!"

OLD TIMER

At two in the afternoon. In front
of an elementary school.

RICHARD

And you don't find that troubling?

OLD TIMER

I find it despicable. But that's my
life. And sometimes all you can do
is laugh at life.

SNOT

Mayhem to that, O.G.

RICHARD

Let's bring the focus back to
Terry.

TEARY TERRY blows his nose really loud.

TEARY TERRY

I don't know where it all went
wrong. I always considered myself
the occasional drinker--

DECLAN

Yeah, right - the kind that goes
out for a pint and wakes up in
Singapore with a mustache and no
thumbs.

TEARY TERRY

I'm serious. I hardly drank in
college, and my twenties were spent
in grad school and the office. I
didn't have time to be a derelict.

BIG VIC

How could you pass up partying in
college?

TEARY TERRY

I was always studying.

MALONELY

(disgusted)
Studying what?

DECLAN

That was your problem. College is
the time to be the worst and
weirdest you can be.

SNOT

I peed on people in college.

MALONELY

Mostly yourself.

MILF AA'ER

I agree. I spent college drunk on dick.

Big Vic eyes MILF and whispers to her:

BIG VIC

Careful with that talk. You're gonna make me slip and drop my yogurt.

She wide-eyes him in shock/disgust. Then smiles.

OLD TIMER

We didn't have college when I was young. We had war. My time in the navy was a drunken whore-filled bacchanal. I didn't think I was gonna survive, so I chased cirrhosis and syphilis.

(beat)

Some of the best times of my life.

DECLAN

Exactly! Terrible behavior, bad decisions - drinking isn't all guilt and anxiety. Think about it, people. You don't need AA. You need youth. You need to relax. Reflect on all the mistakes drinking brought on... and repeat them!

The AAers looks around in shock. Then smiles start to crack.

MALONELY

These have been some of the happiest times I've ever ignored! Or blacked-out!

ANGRY AA'ER

I used to get so much ass when I drank.

ANNOYED AA'ER

And I could always do the best impressions.

DECLAN
Let's hear one.

ANNOYED AA'ER
I don't know. It's been awhile.

DECLAN
Who cares. Let'er rip.

Beat. Then --

ANNOYED AA'ER
(worst Travolta ever)
*It's like-a weird. It's like-a
weally weird.*

Confused silence.

ANGRY AA'ER
Who the hell was that supposed to
be?

ANNOYED AA'ER
John Travolta.

ANGRY AA'ER
Don't do that again. Sober.

ANNOYED AA'ER
Fine. I know where to do it right!
And not be judged!

He stands and leaves.

BIG VIC
That's the spirit! He's no quitter.

DECLAN
Who's next?

SNOT
Hell, let's all go!

TEARY TERRY
I'm in.

BIG VIC
(to MILF)
How bout you? Can I buy you a dick?

What?

BIG VIC
I mean "drink?"

She smiles discreetly, considering.

OLD TIMER
I got a windowless van! I'll drive
us!

Old Timer walks out...

MALONELY
Let's all go, Deltas!

Malonely ups and follows him out... Then our Boys follow...

Then all the AAers follow our Boys out ala the "Animal House"
scene when Delta House walk out of that ridiculous *Pan
Hellenic Disciplinary Counsel Student Court* "trial."

Richard's incredulous.

RICHARD
I'll still be here for you all next
week! Relapse is part of recovery!

He waits an anxious beat, then --

RICHARD
Wait for me! I drank away my
license for life!

And he darts out in pursuit...

I/E. OLD TIMER'S VAN - MINUTES LATER

The Boys and the AAers piled in the van...

Driving - like a maniac - Old Timer laughs as he cuts off
pedestrians trying to cross the street and runs reds.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Boys and AAers bum rush the bar.

LES THE BARTENDER
Not tonight, Declan. You guys are
banned.

DECLAN
What for?

LES THE BARTENDER
Everything. You're animals and
idiots.

DECLAN

Manure, Les! You know we can't get enough of what we don't need!

LES THE BARTENDER

You get what you get because you do what you do.

DECLAN

Are you riddling me?!

Les notices Malonely and greets him happily --

LES THE BARTENDER

Malonely! Welcome back, bud. How you doing?

MALONELY

I'm full-spectrum, Les. Alive.

Les nods agreeably.

BIG VIC

Les, this is a special occasion. These fine people with us are celebrating.

LES THE BARTENDER

Celebrating what?

DECLAN

The good old days. The renewal of youth.

SNOT

Wasted youth.

DECLAN

They're not animals and idiots, Les. Just alcoholics.

LES THE BARTENDER

I didn't say they were animals and idiots.

Zing.

LES THE BARTENDER

Why don't we do this another time, guys. I don't want to deal--

SLAP! as TWO \$100 BILLS slam on the bar from Malonely and his prison guard hustle --

MALONELY
Spread the bread!

LES THE BARTENDER
Tonight it is. What can I get you?

The Boys and their new AA flunkies all SCREAM in unison --

ALL
Drunk!

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TAG:

INT. MALL ESCALATOR - DAY

The Boys ride an escalator. Malonely stands annoyed/impatient as NO ONE WALKS up or down it.

DECLAN
"Proflect" is not a word, guy.

SNOT
How is "reflect" a word but its
inverse - "proflect" - is not?

DECLAN
Because you're dumb.

SNOT
Tie-break / Sudden death this,
M'Lonely...

MALONELY
I'm *proflecting* about beatin' ass
in public.

Huh? Then --

MALONELY
Hey, Fat Americans! It's not a
fuckin' Magic Mountain ride!

ESCALATOR RIDERS turn, scared.

BIG VIC
Relax, guy.

MALONELY
 Why don't people walk on these
 things?

SNOT
 Just try to enjoy the view.

MALONELY
 What view?

SNOT
 Beave on the way up...

SHORT-SKIRT POV of PRETTY WOMAN riding down the escalator in
 front of and in the opposite lane of them.

SNOT
 Cleave on way down...

DOWNSHIRT POV of same woman's cleavage on the way down.

Ohh. Malonely and the others now notice. And enjoy quietly.
 Declan eyes the BUFF BOYFRIEND standing behind her.

ALL
 Hay-soos.

"Caught in a Jar" by Dropkick Murphys kicks in:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kcqXQJEoGxE>

Or "Boys on the Dock" by Dropkick Murphys :

<https://youtu.be/JRihQIozy68?si=FOJo0pdWEBRL8KZP>

FADE OUT.

HERE'S REAL LIFE FOOTAGE OF OUR BOYS ANTICS BACK IN THE DAY:

<https://vimeo.com/912816154?share=copy>