

Bar Crawl  
or  
*How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Booze.*

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BLACK SCREEN. Some sounds of someone rummaging through the fridge, walking across the room. Two voices emerge.

RJ

Hey, how many bars are there in BG?

TURTLE

How many bars in Bowling Green?

RJ

Yeah, how many places are there to drink in Bowling Green, Ohio?

INT. APARTMENT - FADE IN on tight shot of a beer bottle, behind it on the table are papers, cards, an ashtray and some bottle caps. The two voices are TURTLE and RJ, two early twenties college kids. We can see someone blurrily move into the shot in the background (next room) to open up the fridge and take out a beer. The shot stays still frame throughout the conversation.

TURTLE

<<sigh>> I'd say 20?

TURT sits at the table and leafs through the paper, shot stays focused on beer bottle.

RJ

Are you including restaurants in that?

TURTLE

Well if you're talking strictly places whose primary function is to serve alcohol and allow people of similar tastes and backgrounds to meet and socialize - I don't know, a dozen? It's a fine line between saloon and ristorante.

RJ sits across from TURT, drinking a beer.

RJ

All right, 12 bars. How long do you think it would take someone to go to these 12 bars?

TURT

Like go to every bar in BG in one night?

RJ gives nose/finger sign of charades.

TURT (Cont'd)

I see where your going with this – like an AIDS walk, except instead of people pledging a dollar a mile to help people who are suffering, they could pledge money to us for every drink we have at every bar, and then afterwards we could donate the money to alcoholics who are down on their luck.

RJ lights a cigarette.

TURTLE (Cont'd)

That's a good idea dude, seriously. You should work on that.

RJ

Seriously, not about the pledges, but instead of buying a twelve pack every night and getting sloppy around here before ending up at the same three bars we always swear we're not going to end up at, we could make an adventure out of it. It's a quest. See exotic lands, converse with the locals, get to know their customs...

TURTLE

And then submit the pictures to National Geographic... (slight pause)

RJ

You see? It's perfect.

RJ gets up to go to the fridge.

RJ (Cont'd)

Exactly the kick in the pants we need around here.

Walks behind TURT, opens the beer and lays it over TURT's shoulder from behind.

TURTLE

(Making retard face) Aye fa fa fa kick my pants.

RJ

Is it seriously beyond the realm of possibility to talk above the level of banter with you?

TURTLE

All right Senior Sourpants; let's say I'm mildly interested.

RJ

Then I say Captain Steubing, let us chart a course.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE. Music jumps in. We slow pan around still photographs. We show a picture of each of the five guys that will be participating in the bar crawl. Each one is shown where they will be at the end of the movie. A picture of BUZZ throwing up. A picture of KANE passed out on the couch. RJ is partying/hooking up with some chicks; TURT and T are stumbling around, pissed off.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - PAN BACK from full shot of campus map thumb-tacked with names of all the bars. We can finally see the two people that have been talking, RJ and TURT - two college students in their early twenties.

RJ

Good work Gopher. We got a plan, now all we need is a crew.

TURT

Well I'm in. You're in, Buzzard's in for sure.

RJ

I thought the plan was to leave by four and be back in time for "The O.C.?"

TURT

He'll take off work for this.

RJ

Good point.

TURT

Mmm, Kaner?

RJ

Oh he's giddy up.

TURT  
Fer sure. Now all we need is a power  
forward. What about T?

RJ  
All the way from Ann Arbor?

TURT  
Its a freakin' hour away.

RJ  
Yeah, but he'll have to miss class the  
next day, plus leave early to be here by  
four...

TURT  
(Throwing phone at RJ.) Call him.

RJ  
Calling him.

RJ dials and waits while TURT goes and gets 2 beers from the  
fridge, coming back to listen to the conversation.

RJ (Cont'd)  
T! What a ya doin' tomorrow? Thursday.  
I'll tell ya what your doin' - Bar  
crawl. 12 bars, four hours. Fuck your  
(passing hand over head) 'brain cloud.'  
Uh huh.

TURT hands RJ the second beer, he opens it as he continues  
the conversation.

RJ (Cont'd)  
Uh huh. Uh huh so you're in. Uh Huh so  
you're in. So you're in. So you're in.  
Yup. See ya. (Hangs up.) He's in.

TURT  
Now what?

RJ  
I guess we wait.

TURT  
Sucks.

RJ

Yup.

RJ and TURT stare at each other in silence.

TURT  
We're still goin' out tonight though  
right?

RJ  
Oh Ya, fer sure then.

TURT  
Super.

TURT walks out to the KITCHEN and RJ goes and sits on the couch. He flips through the television with the remote. TURT comes back with two beers and offers one to RJ.

RJ  
Dude I just opened this?

TURT gives him the retard face.

RJ (Cont'd)  
Good point.

The two of them sit on the couch (two shot) and stare blankly at the TV. They watch and drink their beers.

OC door slams.

RJ  
The buzzard's home.

CUT TO:

Shot of BUZZARD coming in from hall. The Camera follows him in to the LIVING ROOM where RJ and TURT are watching Television.

RJ and TURTLE  
(Yelling) Buzzard!! Buzz Saw!! Hey Saw  
Daddy, etc.

BUZZ  
Christ you guys are bored.

BUZZ walks by and doesn't really acknowledge the guys with any kind of glance. Just matter of factly walks in, checks the mail lying on the table.

TURT  
Saw, you're gonna love this...

BUZZ  
After I shit.

Turns around and walks to the bathroom, yet to acknowledge the guys with even a glance.

RJ  
Well, after he shits. How long till Springer?

TURT  
Ssssss, Fif-teeen.

KANE's voice OC: S'up doo-das.

TURT and RJ  
(Turning around.) Kane!! Kaner!! What's up! Kane, etc.

KANE  
Where's Saw?

RJ  
Little girls' room.

KANE  
Awe Jesus. (to OC BUZZARD) Hey lets keep the friction to a minimum in there Saw.

RJ  
What's that about?

KANE  
Check this out: Last night Buzz and I are playing a game of foosey, and Buzzard asks me if I ever just get a chub while taking a poop.

TURT  
Did he say poop?

KANE  
He did say poop. He then proceeds to tell me he beats off in the bathroom at fucking work, several times a day.

TURT

He's gonna end up with some weird Pavlovian thing where he walks into a port-a-potty and automatically ejaculates.

KANE

That'd actually be kinda nice.

A long semi-awkward silence as they all contemplate the thought.

KANE

Anyway, so I put it on my website.

TURT

That'd be [www.fecal-lover.com/buzz/poop.edu/whackoff](http://www.fecal-lover.com/buzz/poop.edu/whackoff).

KANE

Right.

RJ

Oh Kaner! Have we got some news for ya...? Major bar crawl. 12 bars. 4 hours, tomorrow, 4 o'clock.

KANE

Ooooo, class till five.

RJ

Dude, you're a fifth year junior. (Using hands as scales) Its one class for a chance at adventure and immortality, c'mon.

KANE

Ahh, I'm just fuckin' with ya. I'll pry take the whole afternoon off to psyche up. Buzz in?

TURT

We'll find out after he's done rubbin' one off.

KANE

That's pleasant

RJ



T's in.

KANE

Nice. So what's the game plan?

RJ

(Putting out left hand) College Station...  
(puts out right hand three feet apart)  
to Tuxedo Junction. (bringing them  
together) 4 hours, back for "The O.C."

KANE

So our great history-making quest is  
structured around Mischa Barton?

TURT

Well it's a very special episode of "The  
O.C." They're going to the beach.

KANE

That sounds about right.

Enter BUZZ.

BUZZ

What's up Ya-yo's

RJ

Saw dad - Tomorrow, 4 o'clock, bar  
crawl.

BUZZ

Bar crawl?

RJ

12 bars, 4 hours, back by "Friends."

BUZZ

Kaner?

KANE

Bar crawl.

BUZZ

Fertile?

TURT

Bar crawl.

BUZZ

Bar crawl it is. Looks like I'm outta work early tomorrow.

RJ  
(to TURT) Was there ever any doubt?

TURT  
(to RJ) The stage is set.

TURT and RJ clink their bottles together.

RJ  
Get your booze on.

FADE OUT

INT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY -- FADE IN on RJ in the bathroom, checking himself out in the mirror, putting some lotion on his face, the finishing touches before he heads out.

TURT  
(OC) RJ...

RJ  
Yeah dad...

TURT  
Let's go yo, I'm 'bout to get my pimp on...

RJ  
Just a minute... I'm moisturizing.

Hold shot; enter a shirtless KANE, remains with back to camera.

KANE  
Moisturizing?

RJ turns towards KANE and the door to the bathroom, gives him a semi-give-me-a-break look and exits past KANE off camera.

CUT TO:

Shot of TURT sitting at the kitchen table, reading a *USA Today* or something, notices as RJ enters, fussing over the minutiae of his outfit and appearance.

RJ  
(Confidently.) Pimp ass bomb.

TURT  
Now we're not gonna overdue it tonight  
right? We got a big day ahead of us  
tomorrow.

RJ  
Right. So we meeting Mandy or anybody  
up there?

TURT  
She's studying. She said her friends are  
goin' to Tux's later.

RJ  
(With sarcastic excitement.) <<gasp>>  
We're going to Tux's later too!

TURT  
(Deadpan) Yeah dad.

RJ  
So you get the no guilt, no punching the  
time card, late night booty call  
tonight?

TURT  
We'll see.

RJ  
Well, we out or what?

TURT  
Get your groove on.

RJ  
No diggity. (Heading for the door)  
Who's driving not it.

TURT  
I got it dickhead.

RJ  
I don't know if that warrants a  
dickhead.

TURT  
Let's just go.

RJ

Whoa... not with that attitude. Women problems?

TURT

Small argument, in need of beer, let's just go.

RJ

That's my little trooper.

Puts his arm around TURT and they EXIT out the door.  
FADE OUT.

INT. BAR -- RJ leads as the two enter the bar. They give a nod to the bouncer as they walk past, like they've been there enough not to bother with all of the formalities. The bar is full but not crowded, a good early week crowd. Our heroes walk up to the bar and order drinks. They stare out amongst the crowd.

RJ

Hunnies hunnies hunnies.

TURT

Yeah dad.

RJ

Oh sweet Mary, get your groove on.  
(Turns back towards the bar.) This chic right over here fuckin hot as hell; I was talkin' to her last week and I keep runnin' into her all over campus. We got this real flirty vibe goin'.

OC voice "Ryan!"

RJ (Cont'd)

(Turning back towards the crowd) Hey Stacey (Embrace) How ya been sweetie.

STACEY

Pretty good. How bout you?

RJ

Good, good. Hey (pointing to her face) did you just get that mole? It looks good on ya.

STACEY  
So who's this? (Pointing to TURT)

RJ  
Stacey this is the Turtle, Turtle this is the beautiful and elaborate Stacey.

TURT  
Elaborate indeed. It's Nate actually.

STACEY  
So what are you fine gentlemen up to this evening?

RJ  
Just the usual. Just the usual.

STACEY  
Mmmm, couple'a hot guys like you? I'd ask what the usual was if I didn't already have a pretty good inclination.

TURT  
What can we say? We tend to wear our hearts on our sleeves.

STACEY  
I would've said something more like wearing your dicks as weather vanes, but whatever lets you sleep at night.

RJ  
So what are you doing up here mid-week, alone?

STACEY  
Actually I was just hired as the newest bar wench, so I had to come in early today for orientation.

RJ  
So bending over on "accident" in front of customers is something they have to teach you? I told you Turt that there was no way all the girls here did that coincidentally.

STACEY  
Well they also have to warn the new girls about certain guys that come up

here early every night, like say right about now, and stare at all the waitresses and make lewd comments to them. They say most of them are harmless, but with today's legal system they feel the need to cover themselves against waitresses who sue over customers that like to play grabass.

RJ

Well, like you said, it is early. Speaking of which...(turning) Lisa... (waves) Excuse me, (walking away) Summer breeze, makes me feel fine...

TURT

Well...(slight awkwardness) so how do you know RJ?

STACEY

I guess just in the way that people know people like RJ.

TURT

How cryptic.

STACEY

Well I am elaborate.

TURT

So it is written, so shall it be done. (Slight smiles and a pause.) Well would you like to do a shot?

STACEY

Is this where you get me drunk and then attempt to pick me up in your own sort of Cary Grant way?

TURT

(Ordering) I'm impressed. I would expect most girls to say Tom Cruise.

STACEY

So you're saying you're trying for the more optimistic, bottle throwing, hopeless romantic vibe?

TURT

Actually, I'm probably closer to a cynic who busts bottles and believes love is a cancer on the face of society. Probably more of a Nicolas Cage a la Leaving Las Vegas, but I digress... what I meant to say is that I was impressed that you even used Cary Grant rather than whatever Leo-Val-Brad heart throb of the month.

STACEY

I'm more old school. But what I'm interested in is the little 'cancer on the face of society' line.

TURT

Yikes. You were supposed to brush over that. I just said it out of reciprocity.

STACEY

No way. Not gonna happen. You can't brush over a terribly bitter remark like that without some justification.

TURT

Actually, and I can't believe I'm telling you this, but I've been seeing the same girl for a year now.

STACEY

Really now. A married guy? So why can't you believe you told me that?

TURT

Well, first I hate when people - especially people you don't know - start to tirade about boring shit, usually relationships, because they always cry 'boo hoo I've had it so tough and listen to how bad I have it' when everyone's got a story like that. Sure some are 'My boyfriend died on the way home after we consummated our relationship on prom night!', but its usually 'He told his friends I was bad in bed!'. But it's all relative, and the girl who got badmouthed actually believes in her own little world that she has it as bad as the girl whose boyfriend died. And

second, its not my favorite thing to say to beautiful women with whom I'm having an interesting conversation with... which I probly just spoiled thanks to my big mouth and jaegermeister.

STACEY

See, and I thought you were gonna say it hurts your chance for infidelity.

TURT

Nope, I've been faithful for the duration of my "marriage." It's just that variety being the spice of life, these exchanges are the few chances I get at a little sumpin' sumpin' different.

STACEY

Ah the chaste sensitive guy. How come every guy that is at all willing to commit is already in a relationship?

TURT

Didn't you basically just answer that question within the question?

STACEY

Good point. So is it the girlfriend that's the cancer or just love in general?

TURT

Let's just say at this point in the game it's too close to call. Besides, you know anyone who's been together that long and still likes each other?

STACEY gives a big, sly smile. TURT returns it.

TURT (Cont'd)

What about you and Ryan?

STACEY

Ryan's just a cute guy that you can't help but flirt with. But when you get to a certain age, your tolerance for guys who are little more than good in bed seriously wanes.



TURT

So you're lookin' for the sensitive  
marrying type who's lousy in bed.

STACEY

Saying it like that makes me wanna get  
naked and jump on Ryan.

TURT

That's too bad. I was gonna offer  
myself up as your ideal man.

STACEY

So you're lousy in bed?

TURT

I wouldn't say that I'd be the best  
judge of that, but I will say that if  
you've only had sex with one person for  
the last year, the mere thought of sex  
with someone new is at the same time the  
most exciting and terrifying premise in  
the world.

STACEY

Well I guess I'll have to see some  
references before I commit.

TURT

I'll be sure and turn in my resume so  
you can keep it on file.

RJ ENTERS.

RJ

There's the girl I been lookin' for...

TURT

Hey RJ. Stacey and I were just enjoying  
each others company... (exchange smiles)  
and I was just about to excuse myself to  
the head.

RJ

Ooo, thanks for remindin' me.

STACEY

I thought only women went to the  
bathroom together.

RJ

See normally we would talk about you behind your back while you were in the bathroom, but since you're by yourself, we have to go to the bathroom together.

TURT

Don't pay any attention to him, it's really just a sex thing.

RJ and TURT EXIT.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - TWO SHOT of our two boys, both drunk, standing relieving themselves at two urinals in a small bathroom.

RJ

Fuckin' A. Stacey is fuckin' hot as hell huh?

TURT

Christ. You ain't kidding. So what's the deal with you two?

RJ

Just a little flirty flirty two by four. I been givin' this other chic I just met the full court press.

TURT

What's your angle, cocky assuredness?

RJ

Naw, bait and switch. Nice guy at the bar, sex fiend when she agrees to let me walk her home.

TURT

Well don't forget to leave your options open.

RJ

This from the only 22 year old married guy I know.

TURT

Fuck you fuck ball. And besides, I've been somberly watching you and other

assorted pimp dads for four years now.  
My advice is golden.

RJ

You do have the only sure thing going.  
Except when I was seeing Julie.

TURT

Seeing? Fucking.

RJ

Exactly. That girl was putty in my  
hands. I never went on a date with her,  
never even bought her a drink. But that  
chic was unconditional man.

TURT

Too bad you got old and started to feel  
guilty.

RJ

Yeah that sucked. Realizing you can't  
keep a mistress forever is really the  
first step towards adulthood.

TURT

Well let's get going before the staff  
comes in looking for used condoms.

RJ

Pleasant.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS -- We see TURT and RJ come out of the  
bathroom, the guys are kinda looking down, rubbing their  
foreheads, continuing their conversation. As they look up,  
puzzlement comes over them. Cut to shot of a chic doing  
shots at the bar.

RJ

I thought your better half was studying  
tonight?

TURT

Obviously not.

TURTLE walks up to the bar, MANDY's back is to him.

TURT (Cont'd)

Can I buy you a drink?

MANDY

Thanks but I don't think I need  
(turning) Nathan sweetie! Oh God I am  
so drunk...

TURT

Real-ly. No studying tonight?

MANDY

(Puzzled) Oh, we were studying all night  
and needed a break so we came here.

RJ

(Standing off to the side.) And there  
you have it.

TURT

Yeah... So what's the plan for this  
weekend?

MANDY

We got a sorority thing tomorrow, but  
whatever the rest of the weekend.

TURT

All right... (awkward pause)

MANDY

Listen, we're going across the street to  
Brewster's, you guys wanna come?

TURT

No, I promised Johnson I'd stay and help  
him do some yard work.

MANDY

Nice, just don't get any of your own  
ideas.

TURT and MANDY kiss. EXIT MANDY and company.

RJ

Well, that was interesting.

TURT

So I'm not the only one who was witness  
to that awkwardness.

RJ

Let's just say that you looked like two acquaintances rather than, whatever it is that you guys are these days.

TURT

Things just aren't the same. I don't wanna say that we don't know each other anymore, but it's just different.

RJ

Well ya see, there's a certain curve, a relationship curve if you will, when it comes to spending time with your mate. It's very much a bell curve. You start off with casual calling, maybe one date a week. This lasts for a month, maybe more. Then, if the relationship takes, we see an exponential increase. We call this the immersion stage. This, as you know, can last upwards of a year. She maintains total control, but you don't care because the sex is fast and furious and you've got that whole love thing going on. Then you wake up out of your coma of love and begin to slowly attempt to take your life back. A night a week at the bars with the guys, maybe a little later you upgrade to a Friday or Saturday night, until you finally settle in to a comfortable level of you can do what you want, and I can do what I want - BUT, the other person still has to be fully aware of alllll of the goings on. This is called the comfort zone. During fights and approaching breakups, there is a noticeable dip below this comfort level. Someone gets pissed off, deliberately doesn't call. You spend a lot of time together in awkward silence. But these are minor diversions that you both know will eventually self correct. What I just witnessed there was I don't know what.

TURT

Is this something you've been working on Dr. Phil?

RJ

In my spare time.

TURT

I don't buy it.

RJ

No?

TURT

No.

RJ

Well you wouldn't.

TURT

And why is that O learned one?

RJ

Because if its true, you are fucked.

TURT

Well, fuck you.

RJ

Mmm hmm, that's what I thought.

TURT

(finishing his beer) Where did Stacey go?

RJ

Ah ha, five seconds of awkwardness coupled with an encounter with a lovely female who shows the slightest bit of interest and the hunt begins.

TURT

That's good dude. You should write that down, so when the DVD of tonight's fun comes out, you can use it in the director's commentary.

RJ

Well two weeks from now when she's doing the walk of shame out the back door of our apartment, just remember who called it inside of fifteen minutes.

TURT

See, I thought it was only the walk of shame when they had sex with you.

RJ

Laugh it up fuzzball, but there goes your damsel in a dress. Looks like she's not sticking around.

RJ gives a nod OC towards the ENTRANCE to the bar.

CUT TO:

STACEY with her purse over her shoulder, talking to the DOOR GUY.

TURT

Well the gentlemanly thing to do is to see if she needs someone to walk her home.

RJ

That sounds about right.

TURT

You gonna be here when I get back?

RJ

You got that straight.

TURT

Well God speed my friend.

TURT begins to walk out.

RJ

Hey Turtle, (TURT turns.) Its just a relationship ... Not that I'm any expert on monogamy or fidelity, but uh, don't torture yourself over this Mandy thing. I mean, even good things come to end. You don't want to end up hung over lying next to some bar slut and regretting it. I mean, sure its ok for me, but, well, to everything there is a season.

TURT

Thank you cliché boy.

A small awkward pause in the knowingness that they've just shared meaningful dialogue.

RJ  
(Turning back to the bar crowd) All  
right now who's your daddy?

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - STACEY is walking right outside the bar, having just left. We see TURT burst out of the front door and immediately turn and look the wrong way, then turns back around and sees STACEY. He yells her name and begins to jog to meet her. She slowly turns around, having a pretty good idea of who it is.

TURT  
(slightly out of breath) Stacey... hi. I  
was...

STACEY  
Waiting until I left the bar to approach  
me so in case I turned you down, it  
wouldn't be in front of RJ?

TURT  
No, actually - not that I'm above that,  
but I started to look for you and then  
RJ saw you walk out the door.

STACEY  
Well I saw that brief exchange between  
you and your girlfriend and figured you  
guys had made other plans.

TURT  
You saw that? No she's doin'... whatever.  
I don't even know. I think she went to  
some other bar, I'm not sure.

STACEY  
Smooth. And why is it you came out here  
looking for me after she ditched you?

TURT  
Wow you're not making this easy.

STACEY  
Easy's no fun. At least not yet.

Long awkward pause. They stare at each other, STACEY waiting for a response and TURT trying not to smile.



STACEY

You were saying?

TURT

Um, yeah I was saying are you sure you don't wanna have another drink or in lew of alcohol can I walk you home - in a strictly platonic I enjoy talking to you sort of way.

STACEY smiles, looks down, and then holds up her keys.

STACEY

I'm parked around the block. You're welcome to walk me to my car.

TURT

Well then I am equal to the task.

TURT and STACEY begin to walk together down the sidewalk.

STACEY

So we didn't exactly meet, but your girlfriend seemed nice... in a tipsy sorority girl sort of way.

TURT

Yeah, she's very nice.

STACEY

But...

TURT

No buts, she actually is very nice.

STACEY

OK, how about but you're walking a girl you've known for 5 minutes out to her car while she's dancing on the table at Uptowns.

TURT looks across the street into the window of the bar UPTOWNS to see two women dancing on top of a table.

STACEY

Don't worry chief, its not her. Just wanted to see your reaction.

TURT

I can see you are going to keep me on my toes.

STACEY

So you're assuming you're going to see me again?

STACEY stops and turns to face TURT.

TURT

Well since you're now working at the bar, I'm assuming we'll eventually run into each other. Depending on what you mean by see, the rest is wishful thinking.

THEY stop and smile at each other.

STACEY

This is me.

STACEY motions to a car and then pauses as they both drink in the smile.

STACEY

Stay on your toes, tiger.

TURT

I'll do my best.

STACEY

Goodnight.

TURT

Goodnight.

STACEY gets in her car and pulls away. TURT watches her go for a while, slowly begins to walk backwards, and then turns to walk up the street.

FADE OUT.

INT. APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING - FADE IN on KANE reading *Victoria's Secret* on the couch in the living room, drinking a beer.

Enter TURT

TURT

Get your pre-game on.

KANE

(tossing magazine) New *Victoria's Secret's* here.

TURT

Oh lord, Thank you for this meal I am about to receive.

TURT sits down, opens magazine as KANE throws him a beer, TURT catches it without looking up from the magazine.

TURT (Cont'd)

Mmmmm, who's hot, who's not...

KANE

The only way *Victoria's Secret* could be any better is if they had celebrities in it.

TURT

If *Victoria's Secret* had celebrities it'd cost \$5.95 and be called Maxim. There is no way to make *Victoria's Secret* any better.

KANE

Whatever. So what'd you guys do last night?

TURT

Got fucked up, went to the bars.

KANE

Shocking revelations. What time did we make it out of bed?

TURT

Sssssss, 12:30.  
What about RJ?

KANE

I'll let ya know once it happens. Did you stay at Mandy's?

TURT

(indifferently) Mmm.

KANE

Was that Mmm (disgruntled) or mmmmmm  
(satisfied)?

TURT looks up from magazine and gives KANE the half stink  
eye.

KANE (Cont'd)

O.K.

KANE and TURT stare blankly at the Victoria's Secret and the  
TV. Their blunt affect remains throughout the next few  
exchanges.

ENTER T, a young man the same age and demographic as the  
rest of the guys.

T

(yelling) All aboard for the bar crawl...  
Ooo Ooo... Ooo Ooo.

KANE and TURT

(Loudly but unenthusiastically. TURT  
doesn't look up from the magazine.)  
Hey T-man!! Tyler!! T-bag!!

T

*New Victoria's Secret?*

TURT

Mmm (in mid beer swallow, looking at  
Kane)... What's the only way to make  
Victoria's Secret better?

T

An exercise in futility my friend.

TURT

(Staring at Kane) Finally some level  
headed thinking.

T

So, Quarters, Ziggy Zoomba's... what's  
first?

KANE

We workin' it from College Station on  
south to Tux's.

T

College Station? Is that the bar in the mall?

TURT  
Well, strip mall.

T  
So, giddy up giddy up giddy up lets go.

KANE  
Buzz's not home till 4 and RJ's not up yet.

T  
Did you guys go after hours last night or what?

TURT  
The usual.

T  
Well then its time for a beer.

T walks over and takes one of the beers from the open case next to KANE.

T (Cont'd)  
So is Ron Jeremy upstairs or did he not even make it home last night?

KANE  
Upstairs.

T  
Oooooo, I think its time to teach our friend RJ about sodomization.

T EXITS and runs upstairs.

TURT  
Is sodomization a word?

KANE  
I think its about to become a verb.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- T enters a typical college room. RJ is passed out on in the bed. T surveys room and ponders the situation. T grabs a marker, hovers over RJ and draws a

Hitler stash, forehead swastika, and then camera pulls away  
an T draws some more. T sits on the bed next to him and  
looks at his work. The camera stays while T EXITS to  
downstairs, we hear him whisper OC to get the other boys to  
see his work.

T, TURT and KANE enter the bedroom.

TURT  
My my my. Look at this sad soul.

KANE  
(Looking at watch) Well boys, time for  
Mr. Johnson to greet the new day.

T, TURT and KANE  
HEY JOHNSON! RJ!! RYAN!!!

RJ slowly and painfully arises, holding his head.

RJ  
Motherfucker.

T  
Morning sunshine.

RJ  
You Fucks.

TURT  
C'mon, let's fuckin go!! Boat leaves in  
less than an hour.

RJ  
(Laying back down) You realize I must  
now kill you all.

T  
Hop in the shower Dudley Moore. Don't  
forget to scrub your nuts. (Throws a  
towel on RJ.)

KANE  
Comet's under the sink.

TURT  
You can borrow Buzz's loufa.

T, TURT and KANE EXIT. RJ slinks off the bed, falling and landing with a thud on the floor. He walks out of the room in his boxers, itching his nuts.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- Watch RJ wake up in front of the mirror, realizes what's on his face.

RJ  
(yelling) I've been violated!!

KANE  
(from downstairs OC) You're over it.

RJ Blinks in front of mirror to notice he has something written on his eyelids (Fuck on one, me on the other).

RJ  
Awe shit. Awe fuckin'...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS - T, TURT, and KANE sit at the KITCHEN TABLE all unaffected.

RJ (Cont'd)  
(OC yelling) Shit!!

T  
Right now he's realizing it says "Fuck me" on his eyelids.

TURT  
My god, why have you forsaken me.

KANE  
(Laughing) Oh god I hope that never gets old.

OC door opens and a woman's voice says "Hey guys."

TURT  
(Quietly to KANE) Fuck! Pop-ins.

ENTER KATHY. A young co-ed who is a neighbor of the apartment. She has come to visit her neighbors who don't think much of her.

KANE

Hi Kathy.

TURT puts his beer to his lips and EXITS to another room.

KATHY

So what are you guys up to?

KANE

Oh just hangin' out. Gettin' ready to go out later.

KATHY

Cool.

Long awkward pause between everyone. T and KANE avoid eye contact with KATHY.

T gets up and walks out.

KANE

So what are you up to?

KATHY

Oh not much. Just thought I'd see what you guys are up to.

KANE

Yeah. Like I said, not much.

CUT TO:

T and TURT in the next room.

T

What the fuck is that in your living room?

TURT

Fuckin' pop-ins. It's these girls that live down there. They fuckin' just pop-in and then they stay. Its not like they're that bad, but they just show up and expect to be entertained. The other day I was watching TV by myself in my underwear in the middle of the afternoon and one of the pop-ins showed up. Stayed for three fuckin' hours. I said like five words to her the entire time. But she fuckin' couldn't take the hint.



Finally I said I had to go take a shower and she left.

T

So are they sex-starved psychos or what?

TURT

No, I think they're just not quite good lookin' enough to have guys drool over them and had too good of upbringings to be slutty. Which leaves them starved for attention. That, coupled with the fact that they probably just got out of the dorms and are use to some sort of communal living makes them a very dangerous combination.

T

Like bizarro Charlie's Angels.

TURT

My biggest fear is that Buzzard or Kane are gonna be alone with 'em one day, have nothing to talk about, and end up having sex.

T

The horror.

TURT

Let's go get Kane. That poor boy's been through enough.

The two guys walk in with KANE and KATHY sitting in the living room watching TV in silence.

TURT

Hey KANE wanna go with us to the store?

KANE

(Jumping up) Yeah.

TURT

Just let me go upstairs and get some... stuff.

KATHY

Well I guess I'll take off then. Give us a call if you guys go out later.

KANE

Sure. See ya later.

KATHY EXITS. They all wait for her to close the door.

KANE

(Sulking to the floor) Oh god I'm melting!! I'm melting!!

T

That bad?

KANE

It was like dropping the soap in the same dressing room as the Village People.

T

That's uncomfortable as hell.

ENTER TURT.

TURT

Sorry about that Kaner. I did get ya out of it though.

KANE

Yeah, thanks for using the withdrawal method after sticking your dick in my ass.

TURT

C'mon, at least give me credit for all the KY I threw on first.

T

They say too much lube is almost enough.

KANE

Sick bastards.

ENTER BUZZ, carrying fast food.

BUZZ

Hi dee ho yo's

T, TURT and KANE  
Buzzard, Saw Dad, Buzzsaw!!!

BUZZ

So when we leavin'?

TURT

RJ's in the shower, I gotta change and then it's *Remo Williams, the Adventure Begins*.

BUZZ

(Falsetto) Oh yeah...

KANE

No shower for the Saw?

BUZZ

(Falsetto) Nuh uh.

T

Shock. By the way, I loved your website Saw.

BUZZ

Which one's that? Barelylegal.com?

T

Actually I was referring to the one telling your torrid story of psychosexual fecal fetish.

BUZZ

In English please.

TURT

Kane put your bathroom whackoff story on the internet.

BUZZ

You fucking cock bite. Just... why? Please tell me why, cocksucker, you... Jesus.

KANE

Chill out. Nobody looks at my site.

BUZZ

I still could sue your ass.

T

Actually not really, liable is...

BUZZ

Don't. Don't fucking do it. Keep your twenty-five cent words and reasonings to yourself ya fuckstick.

TURT

People, let's not let a little internet pornography destroy what's bound to be a joyous afternoon.

T

Right. Speaking of which, we got some rules for this blessed event or what?

TURT

One beer, every bar, make it on your own two feet.

T

Cockblocks?

KANE

No fuckin' cockblocks.

TURT

First of all, no ones gonna be at any of the bars for the first hour or so, and after that no ones gonna be comprehensible enough to pick up any women. Secondly, cockblocks are always in effect as a consolation to those of us who are too pathetic to ever get laid.

T

Well spoken. An elaboration, if I may.. The cockblock is an art form. A guy sees his friend getting lucky at a bar. It is his duty as a no pussy gettin' muthafucker to do his best to see his friend goes home alone. It's just a fulfillment of duty.

BUZZ

And no means keep trying if you want.

KANE

Buzzard the only chick I've ever seen you hit on is our friend's girlfriends.

TURT

And I'm the only one going who's got a girlfriend, and she will be nowhere to be found thank you very much.

T

Do I smell dissension?

BUZZ

I smell my hard work paying off.

KANE

You smell Turtle's butthole.

TURT

Boys, boys, boys... Just because my enthusiasm for Mandy isn't equal to that of Buzzard's for port-a-potties, its just because after a year in a relationship, you can't be fucking like teenagers whose parents left for the weekend all the time. Besides, her sorority is havin' some lingerie/pillow fight/kinky tickle torture thing.

BUZZ

Christ you sound like a forty year old married guy.

KANE

This conversation has grown eerily depressing.

T runs over and hides behind KANE.

T

Make the bad man stop! Make him stop!

KANE gets up to go to the fridge.

ENTER RJ, dressed in boxers with his hair wet, that's about it. Still appears hung over.

RJ

Ffffffffffff.

T

The shower couldn't even shake it off?

RJ

I'm gonna rip off your head and piss in your dead skull.

T

I know. I fucked with the wrong marine.

RJ

Well the taint is fungus free, but my tongue still needs a shave and the band hasn't left my head yet.

TURT

Is it the full orchestra or just the bass drummer?

RJ

The guitar and bass player must have passed out while I was brushing my teeth, but the drummer's still in the middle of *inna godda da vida*.

T starts to air guitar and sing the main riff from *inna godda da vida*, others join in for a rousing chorus. RJ scratches his nuts and walks to the fridge for a beer.

T

Best be ready to get your swerve on come 4 o'clock.

RJ

Baby I'll have my helmet strapped on tight come go time.

BUZZ

Don't forget to strap on your strap on too.

RJ

I-am-fuck-ing-pee-ing-my-pants-over here.

T

As long as you don't poop 'em.  
Buzzard'll mount you like a bitch in heat. (slight pause)  
Oh yeah, and Turtle's gotta be back early tonight to take the kids to swim practice.

RJ

He's not pulling the Relationships-  
settle-down-after-a-period-of-time  
shtick?

T

I believe there were metaphorical  
references to a lapse in sexual  
frequency.

TURT

I believe I can safely say I am getting  
laid more than anyone else in this room.

KANE

I believe I can safely say that  
comparison is nothing to brag about.

TURT

Listen, just because you guys feel it  
necessary to provide me with unsolicited  
relationship advice, doesn't mean ya  
gotta jump down my back just because I  
try and defend myself.

RJ

My god the bitterness, your like a box  
of wine over here.

T

(Whispering) Oh the Franzia!

TURT

As soon as anyone in this room has sex  
with someone that doesn't end up in  
someone's embarrassment the next  
morning, come talk to me.

TURT walks OC.

BUZZ

Sounds like exactly what you need is a  
little embarrassment sex. Get a little  
walk of shame goin' on.

TURT

(OC) That's attractive.

T

(Aside to RJ) No problems goin on with  
Turt and Mandy, is there?

RJ

Awe you know, they fight all the time 'cause he goes out with us, she doesn't ever want to stay over here, he never wants to stay at her place. They just have sex when they get drunk or really horny.

T

Christ, I'd pretty much be having sex all the time.

RJ

But you know, they've been together forever, it'll take something major to break them up all permanent like. So don't get your hopes up.

T

(Half whispers) Shut your hole dick bag. I've been over that shit forever.

RJ

Bitch, you ain't never been over her.

T

Just because I fucked up my chance with her over a year ago and it's the one regret I have in my life, does not mean I'm still hung up on one of my best friend's girlfriends. Yeah she's the most gorgeous woman I've ever laid eyes on, and we're great friends and if it wasn't for Turtle... It was one fucking date.

RJ

Christ, do I even have to make a rebuttal here? Besides it was one date plus sex.

T

Since when does sex have to be tacked on as a plus?

RJ

When it's on the first date, you tack it on as a plus.



T

Can we just please not talk about this with Fertility in the next room please.

RJ

I understand your nervousness in trying to hide your erection for your friend's girlfriend.

T leaves drinking his beer.

RJ (Cont'd)

(Still to T) You know you can be arrested in 16 states if your erection shows through your pants... and in Washington D.C.

KANE

(to RJ) Hey *Blue Lagoon*, go put some clothes on so we can get out of here.

RJ

Awww, wanna come up and help me pick out an outfit big fella?

KANE

Just put on the half shirt you got at the Justin Timberlake concert that says "I Love J.T." on it.

RJ

Ahh, everybody's seen me in that.

RJ EXITS. Stay with shot of KANE, he goes and sits down at the table with the other three guys.

TURT

Kaner, please tell our delusional friend here the virtues of becoming more mature and how there are benefits to being an adult.

KANE

See, I would, but in good conscience I can't defend a man who wants both to enjoy the pleasures of the adult world during a rousing argument, but then refers to time spent with his girlfriend as "punching the clock" on a daily basis. See, its actually demeaning to

me that you'd ask me to do that after months of comparing your "adult relationship" to a job at a factory. Now if you literally punched a clock for a living and wanted to pontificate about how the sacrifice of a lousy job is nullified by the pay to time spent in school ratio, then I guess I back you, but not a minute sooner.

T

I back you on no counts at this point in time.

BUZZ

I'm tellin' ya yo, its been as good as its gonna get. Remember when it was an adventure to try and find beer for the weekend? And we'd throw down at who's ever parents were gone for the weekend. You knew loads of chicks and were delusional enough to think that you had a chance with any of them, even though they all new every stupid thing you'd ever done. I mean it was meaningless, but ignorance was bliss man. You had everything to look forward to; your hopes weren't all shot to hell by years of college. I mean it was great man.

TURT

Wait wait wait, first of all, yo? And secondly, despite the fact that we're all on the eight year undergraduate plan, and none of us has any idea what we want do for the rest of our lives. The best shit is still to come. Making bank, meeting someone you know you want to spend the rest of your life with and falling in love...

KANE

I thought that already happened to you.

TURT

I'm speaking in general here.

BUZZ

Man, ain't nothin' changed since high school. Except for the fact that we

don't have to put-up with our parents  
and we can go to bars now, we still hang  
out with the same people, do the same  
shit, get retarded every night, what's  
the big difference. I work. I come  
home. I drink. That's about it.

KANE

That's what I mean. I mean that's it?  
I'm sorry, but that sucks.

TURT

Ah, we all get jobs, make some money,  
get married, raise kids, go on vacation.  
That's what life is.

T

There's a little more to it than that.

BUZZ

Other than softball and adultery, that's  
it.

ENTER RJ

RJ

Vatos. Vamenos aqui. Odelay.

KANE

RJ, what's life hold for us?

RJ

12 bars in four hours yayo's. Let's get  
it on.

T

Words to live by.

TURT

Gentlemen, its time.

T

Who's drivin'?

RJ

not it.

KANE

not it

not it.

T

not it.

BUZZ

I'll fuckin' drive.

TURT

Are we all going in one car?

RJ

I ain't takin' the fuckin' Dewey for the team.

T

Fuckin' drove last night.

KANE

Shoot ya for it Buzz?

RJ

How come it's Buzz and not "shoot ya for it T"

BUZZ

You're over it. Odds or evens?

RJ

Evens.

BUZZ

Once twice three... shoot!

RJ

The two get together and fling arms out.

Karma kickback.

BUZZ

Best of three?

RJ

Clever.

BUZZ

All right ramblers, lets get ramblin'.

T

TURT

(falsetto) *Lord I was born a ramblin' man...*

KANE

Shotgun Turt's.

T

Shotgun RJ's.

RJ

Now that's fuckin Karma kickback saw.

TURT

(Exiting) Can we please just get our booze on? We can argue semantics among the yokels at College Station.

RJ

Once more into the breach dear friends.  
(RJ closes screen door behind him.)

ALL EXIT. FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 1"

INT. CAR - T and RJ are driving down the road to the first bar.

T

So what's the deal with this joint?

RJ

Supposedly, at night all the rug munchers crawl out of their lockerroom dungeons at the rec and come here to grind on each other like Gina Gershon and that other hot bitch in *Bound*.

T

Nice.

RJ

Isn't it though? Anyway, during the day its usually just filled with oldies and locals spending their unemployment checks on 75 cent drafts.

T

Sweet. (long pause) So why are we going here again?

RJ  
It's right around the corner from our apartment.

T  
Goooooot it.

CUT TO:

Shot of car pulling in. T and RJ get out of the car, while the other three pull in across the lot, some distance away.

TURT  
(Across the lot to RJ) Are you for real?!

RJ  
Bitch we need 12 bars. Besides, you might pick up a little sugar daddy with some extra room on his social security check. And it smells like shit, so Buzzard'll be all pudgy.

BUZZ  
(From behind OC) I hear that shit

KANE  
(Nonchalantly, ignoring BUZZ) As long as you don't smell it, nobody wants anybody playing pocket pool under the table.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- Our boys enter the bar. Cut to shot of the oldies sitting at the bar, drinking small drafts, hunched over staring at their glasses of beer.

T  
Oh my God.

BUZZ  
Let's get our drink on boys.

T  
We are not really here.

TURT

There's no place like home, there's no  
place like home.

RJ

Let's just get our drinks and move out.  
Just think of it as pregame or  
somethin'.

T

I'm thinkin' of it as one of the  
concentric circles of hell.

The boys make their way to the bar, squeeze into a small  
space where they can access an aging female bartender who  
knows that these guys shouldn't be there.

BUZZ

Hey there pretty lady. Can I get a Bud  
Light please?

BARTENDER

ID?

BUZZ hands her his ID, giving her a smug smile. She checks  
it and hands it back, unimpressed.

Pan back to RJ and T, talking in the line behind the others.

T

This don't look like no rug munchers to  
me.

RJ

I told ya that's at night. (Puts his  
arm around T) Just soak up the  
atmosphere and think of home.

T

Get your hands off me you damn dirty  
apes.

Camera turns to TURT walking away from bar to a table where  
BUZZ and KANE are sitting.

KANE

Let's ask Turtle. Fertility, what do  
you think, is the bar down home charm or  
a hole for drunken loners?

TURT

I wasn't aware that there was a distinction between the two.

BUZZ

All I'm sayin' is that this is the kind of place where everyone would know you, and you could walk in and feel at ease and relax.

TURT

Buzzsaw Buzzsaw Buzzsaw. If I may, this is a place for people who have no families, or hate their families. Who have no lives and use alcohol to pass time. While everyone in here probably knows everyone's names, I can guarantee they don't converse in witty banter and greet each other as they walk in the door. They sit and they drink. Thinking of when they had it better or what went wrong, deciding who to blame. People may come here under the guise of relaxing and enjoyment, but what it really is is a moratorium for those won't amount to anything but wage slaves or government ticks until the day they die.

Blank stares. T and RJ approach finishing their beers.

BUZZ

Christ. I'm afraid to even ask you guys what you think.

T

I'll tell ya what I think. I think its time to go go go Joseph.

RJ

Yeah, it reeks of complacency in here.

KANE

(To BUZZ) Heh?

BUZZ

(Getting up) Educated bastards.

KANE

Uh, I need ATM shortly.



RJ

And I should get some gas.

T

Christ on a bike. All right. Turt and I will head out and meet you three yahoos at the next bar.

BUZZ

Why did I end up a yahoo?

T

Cause five bucks says you need cigarettes.

BUZZ

(Fishes an empty pack out of his shirt pocket.) Well smack my ass.

T gives him a point and they EXIT.

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 2"

INT. BAR -- T and TURT enter front of bar, sit down at an empty bar. They patiently wait until they begin to wonder if anyone's there.

TURT

Where the fuck is this gee? Yello?!

T

What's a guy gotta do to get a freakin' beer around here?

TURT

This guy's kickin' me right in the five hole.

ENTER BARTENDER. A hot young co-ed reading out of a Spanish book.

TURT (Cont'd)

Or girl...

BARTENDER

Afternoon gentlemen and (looking in her book) Como esta. What can I get you boys?

T

Yo quiero una cerveza de Bud Light por favor.

BARTENDER

And you sir?

TURT

El mismo.

BARTENDER turns to get beer.

BARTENDER

(Starts to go do her thing and stops and turns around.) That's two Bud Lights, right?

T

Yeah dad.  
(Whispering to TURT) What's goin on with this girl?

TURT

I don't know but she's kinda bomb-ish.

BARTENDER

(Smiling and setting a foamy beer in front of TURT.) Hope you like a little beer with your head.

TURT

Is there any other way?

BARTENDER smiles and takes money from counter.

T

Subtle. Making the point, but subtle.

TURT

Owhh ma God I am in love.

T

Yeah I know, with the same girl for the last 12 months. Nice girl, I've met her.

TURT

Who?

T

Ooo, Do I smell some tension?

TURT

Not so much a tension as a massive malaise of apathy.

T

My god that's the saddest thing I've ever heard.

TURT

Yeah.

T

So what's to be done?

TURT

I don't know. I've been so comfortable for so long and I still love her and everything...

T

That was unconvincing.

TURT

Well... its just that you've been with someone for so long on the one hand you grow so used to it you don't know how to live anyway else, and on the other hand...

T

There's that hand.

TURT

And on the other hand you've been with someone so long every little thing can begin to get on your nerves and then you think about change and what if you never find someone else that good again, because there is no going back. You go out with someone for over a year and break up, its over - kaput.

T

Hold the phone. You go out with someone for that long and you have to break up 4 or 5 times before it takes. You break up and one of you messes around with someone sooner or later and it sucks because you forgot that you just broke

up with someone after five years and you start to miss the other person. So you beg and beg and they take you back because they never got over you one, and two they think that because you've been "broken up" you'll be "stronger" as a couple and everything will suddenly be all right. But it only lasts a few weeks, a few months - until it happens again. This time its usually the other person doing the breaking up and fooling around, and you eventually get back together and so on and so forth until finally someone wizens up or they find someone who's better in bed or someone who is different enough from previous significant other that they're not always comparing the current person to the person they've been fucking for the last year.

TURT

Mandy and I have only been having sex for about nine months. She made me wait like 8 weeks.

T

That's the other thing after you've broken up with the long timer. There's this huge paradox, because you can only go so long without sex after having it regularly for so long, but if you get horny and can't wait, you end up rushing into it with some random bar hookup. But you're still hung up on your ex and its no good. Yet another reason you have five or six breakups before you get the timing down.

TURT

Yeah well...

T

Hey, a year is about the outer marker for relationships. You've done all the major holidays together, Christmas, Valentines Day. You've taken vacations together. Then the one year anniversary rolls around and the prospect of doing it all over again looms in the distance.

You realize that this year you have to get presents for her family too. And then she drops hints about what you'll do after graduation... about how her lease is up in September and since you spend most nights together anyways...(High shrill, psycho noise, stabbing motion.) The voice in your head screams 'RUN AWAY!! RUN AWAY!!' Because if you don't, (sings "dunt dunt dun!") commitment.

TURT

You should have been a drama queen instead of a drag queen.

T

Don't worry cochise, you've successfully avoided the seriousness of the conversation. (Drinking and pointing) The stooges are here.

RJ, BUZZ and KANE ENTER.

RJ

Let's get our booze on boys.

TURT

What'd you guys do, pick up hookers?

KANE

Buzz's mom was handing out free blow jobs so we stopped.

BUZZ

That's about your third called strike there ya little dickhead.

The boys are walking to bar and sit down, where they are greeted by our Spanish-practicing BARTENDER.

RJ

Dick dick dick dick dick dick dick dick.

KANE

How many dicks is that?

T

A lot.

Bartender  
Gentlemen?

KANE  
Three Bud Lights.

RJ  
Fertile, how we doin' on time?

TURT  
Surprisingly well given your guys little  
felatio rest stop.

RJ ponders and takes beers and pays the bartender.

T  
Just remember to pace yourselves. You  
know what happens when you go to hard  
too fast.

KANE  
Yeah, and Buzzard's mom gets downright  
evil if you come before she does.

BUZZ  
(Retardedly) Huh huh, sex with my mom.  
Dickbag.

TURT  
Its not our fault your mom's a piece of  
ass Saw.

KANE  
(singing) Dickbag, dickbag, bag of  
dicks...

RJ  
That reminds me. I was bangin' this chic  
last week, and I was all fucked up.  
Dude, I was fucking Sting man, hittin'  
that shit for over an hour. I fuckin put  
her to shame.

T  
You mean put her *in* shame.

KANE  
Well between your tantricness and my  
history of liquor dick, we're the  
perfect male.

T

Half the time she doesn't worry because you can't get it up and the other half she's bow-legged the next day?

KANE

Exactamundo.

TURT

By the way, am I the only one bothered by our friend RJ's sexual frankness?

T

I figure you can either live vicariously through him or wallow in the unbalanced comparativeness. And I am personally not a wallower.

RJ

He's a pedophile, he's impotent, and he's a practitioner of bestiality. But he's no wallower.

T

I just prefer the stories to the penicillin shots.

RJ

A little burning during urination ain't no thang.

TURT

(slams beer down) Well we better hurry if we wanna stay on schedule. Gentlemen?

T

Giddy up.

EXIT. FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 3"

EXT. PARKING LOT -- T and TURT pull into a parking lot and casually get out of the car in their sunglasses. Screeching around the corner, RJ storms in to the spot next to them and nearly hits T as he jumps out of the way.

T

What the fuck are you tryin' to do?

RJ

(Getting out of the car) Two more stops from now and you would have been dead.

T

I'll be sure and call 1-800-GRAB-DUI and tell 'em you said that.

The rest of the crew gets out and the camera follows them as they walk from the parking lot to the bar. They hit the door and our patrons survey the empty bar.

T

God, what time do people start going out in this town?

RJ

Patience boys. It's a virtue.

Walks ahead and abruptly stops, throwing his hand up to motion the others to hold.

RJ (Cont'd)

Oh my sweet Moses, its time for the shuffle.

BUZZ

You can't credit card shuffle over 5 bucks worth of beer.

RJ

(Getting out his wallet) All right, IDs then. Come on get it up.

The others reluctantly get their IDs out of their wallets.

T

Who picks?

RJ

(Walking up to bar) Excuse me sir, could you pick one of these?

The bartender grabs an ID and quickly hands it back to RJ.

RJ (Cont'd)



And the winner is... Ladies and gentlemen  
Aaron Michael Kane!

T, BUZZ, and TURT  
All right Kane, Kaner, all right, etc.

KANE walks up to the bar and the others sit at an adjacent  
table.

T  
Who was there that morning at Denny's  
when we shuffled for the sixty dollar  
breakfast?

RJ  
(sarcastically to TURT) Oh that was a  
good time.

TURT  
Oh yeah I remember that fondly.

RJ  
Yeah that was just super.  
(beginning to snicker)

T  
Fuck you guys.

KANE enters with two pitchers of beer, sets glasses and  
pours.

KANE  
So where's all the white women at?

BUZZ  
I think RJ was supposed to order that  
shit up.

RJ  
I just fuckin told you guys to be  
patient. We'll hit some women in about  
35, 45 minutes. You should've seen it  
last night at Tux's. It was fuckin'  
like an episode of *America's Next Top  
Model* in there.

T  
Seriously? An *America's Next Top Model*  
reference?

KANE

Don't scoff at our choice of fine reality television on the UPN.

T

Were this 1985 and your sources of soft core pornography limited to underwear ads in the Sunday paper and the JC Penny catalog, I would commend you finding solace in pretty ladies on broadcast television. But in the age of unlimited internet porn, each of you has access to full motion video of any sick and twisted fetish you can imagine - except perhaps Buzzards poop thing.

RJ

Its nice to see you've taken a stance on this controversial subject.

T

Hey, as the events that unfold to determine the course of my life, I'm gonna take a stand.

TURT

All right chatter boxes, less talk more drink.

A short pause as they all concentrate on their beers.

RJ

Hey Buzzard, how old is your mom?

BUZZ

I don't like where this is going.

T

I do. Well lets think, she can't be quite 50 right?

RJ

Well I was just thinking, I was watching *Desperate Housewives* the other night.

KANE

I hope it was in pursuit of a piece of ass to wank to.

RJ

Stay on topic. I was watching *Desperate Housewives* the other night, and obviously noticing that Teri Hatcher is a fine piece of ass..

TURT

Given.

RJ

And she's like 40 something. I'm watching this chick's ass hoping my wife looks that good when I marry her, and this chick is fucking over 40.

BUZZ

What the fuck does this have to do with how old my fucking mother is?

RJ

Well I'm staring at Teri's choice ass and I'm thinking to myself, how old of a chick would I bang at this point in my life? I mean, is Teri Hatcher the penultimate in aging hotness? And then it comes to me...

T, TURT, and KANE

Buzzard's mom.

RJ

Exactly. Buzz, your mom may be the oldest fuckable woman on the planet to a 23 year old guy.

BUZZ

Fuck you guys.

Everyone begins to laugh.

T

The fact that your mom's a piece of ass is nothing to be ashamed of Buzz kill.

BUZZ

All right funny boys, lets talk about Turt's sister and how freaked out he got when Kane felt her boobies that night she was practically passed out.

T and RJ stand up and throw their hands up in the air, screaming "Whoa!" They begin to walk around as TURT stares at BUZZ and KANE looks at the floor. BUZZ smiles, stares the table and empties the last pitcher into everyone's glasses.

KANE

Hey, they got one of those breathalyzer doo-hickeys by the door.

T

Sweet, let us find out how drunk the T man is.

T Gets up and walks to front of the bar, fishing for change in his pocket.

RJ

(quietly) All right, who's in?  
(Reaching for wallet.)  
I say he blows .1

KANE

I say he balls it up for .06

BUZZ

The lightweight blows .13

TURT

He just got done drinkin'... I say .2

T begins to walk back, the guys shush each other at the table.

RJ

What'd'ya blow there hossenfefer?

T

.28.

TURT

(Amongst groans, TURT takes the money.)  
Thank you gentlemen.

T

It says to stop drinking an hour before ya use it.

TURT

(putting money in wallet) (coyly) Oh really? It says that?

KANE

Fuckin' bitch.  
(Chugs beer.)

Let's get the fuck outta here.

The guys EXIT, a couple finishing their beers just as they step out the door.

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 4"

INT. BAR -- The guys enter laughing, in good spirits. The bar is sparsely populated, but the best we've seen so far. At the far end of the bar we see two hotties.

TURT leads the pack, walks in removing his shades.

TURT

Thank you god, signs of life.

Goes OC left so we can see KANE and BUZZ center into the shot.

KANE

Oh daddy-o, get it on.

BUZZ

(Staring wide eyed) Yeah dad, keep the roof on.

T comes from behind, stands between them and puts his arms around both of them.

T

Wake up boys. You'll miss the bus.

KANE

No no no. Those are the first good looking women we've seen all night. We gotta go in.

T

May I give you gentlemen a reality check? You will never ever ever get those women.

BUZZ

I've had women like that before.

T

Ah! - But that's not my point. You see its not that you couldn't get those women, it's that you won't. You see guys like us don't go up to strange women in bars. Us pathetic types meet women through friends and acquaintances and chicks we're forced to talk to in class. Think about it, of all the chicks you've been with, what percentage of them had you already been friends with or had a direct meeting with them because they were friends with someone you knew? Do the math, I'll bet its ninety percent if its not 100. The only time we get remotely enough nerve to talk to women it's either when we're on vacation or drunk as hell, two scenarios which aren't real indicative of success. Guys like us don't put our balls on the table to have a chance at that beautiful randomness (a long pause as the three stare at the chicks). That is except for Johnson.

ENTER RJ carrying four shots, with TURTLE behind him. RJ notices the ladies that T, KANE and BUZZ have been talking about. He begins to hand out the shots.

RJ

(To the girls)Ladies...

RJ (Cont'd)

(To the guys) Ah chee ma ma.

RJ throws the last shot back, shakes his head and does a "hoo hoo hoo hoo")

RJ (Cont'd)

Well, schedules and what not.

RJ begins to leave.

BUZZ

Can't we stay and stare at the pretty ladies?

RJ

There'll be pretty ladies at the next bar baby buzzard. Besides, the one on the right works for Direct TV.

BUZZ

Kane - what does he mean she works for Direct TV?

KANE looks at BUZZ and pushes his fingers behind his ears to make them appear larger than they are.

BUZZ

Got ya. (Gets keys out of his pocket.)  
After this we don't need to drive the rest of the night, right?

T

Buzz you didn't drive.

BUZZ stares back, a slight face.

TURT

Yeah we can walk after we park the cars downtown.

BUZZ

Good thing, cause I'm startin' ta get a little buuzzz.

RJ

Only a third done saw, (excitedly) you better be ready when the thunder comes.

T

What the hell is that?

RJ

I don't know. Let's just go.

EXIT.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 5"

INT. BAR -- A Van Morrison "Moondance" type vibe. The boys enter the bar single file, RJ leads and points to another door as they enter, The boys follow and go through the second door to an outside patio deck type thing.

T

Very outdoorsy.

RJ

I tend not to feel so self-defeating  
when I drink outside.

The boys head to the bar and order beers. RJ and T stay at the bar and talk while the rest of the guys sit down at the table across the way.

T

So how is the plan holdin' up so far  
captain?

RJ

(Looks at watch) Pretty close on time,  
the alcohol is just beginning to kick  
in. I say if we stay away from shots  
and women, we should make it.

T

Those are actually two pretty good rules  
to live by.

RJ

Ahh, you do OK. Didn't you and Emily  
hook up when you were down at Miami last  
month?

T

A little bit. She balked on the  
penetration. You know how it is though,  
that was drunken familiarity. Hooking  
up with old girlfriends is usually more  
trouble than its worth.

RJ

And was this?

T

I mean, we'd done it before. We knew we  
could blame it on the alcohol in the  
morning. Other than the actual physical  
pleasure, there's no real  
accomplishment, nothing to really be  
proud of. I guess it's cool that we can  
fuck around and still be cool in the  
morning, but I think in a strange twist



of fate I'm the one who wants more out of the relationship.

RJ

She is one fine piece of ass.

T

Yeah, I fucked that one up pretty bad.

RJ

Yeah, you did. Hell, you were what, 16?

T

I just wish I had another opportunity at that kind of relationship.

RJ

The kind that ends badly?

T

One that has a chance to end at all would be nice. I think I need some new people in my life to introduce me to some new women.

RJ

Well, just don't give up on the casual sex. Someday it'll be too late, and no matter how much sex you've had up to that point, it won't be enough.

T

Very relevant point. See you've got goals. You've thought ahead and planned for the future. I respect that.

RJ

Well, I'd still like a nice girl who didn't irritate the hell out of me after a week and a half.

T

But you're in no hurry...

RJ

Absolutely not.

ENTER TURT.

TURT

Am I the only one peeing at every bar?

T

Yes, you are the only one with a female sized bladder.

TURT exits and the camera follows him walking through bar to the restroom. He walks up to urinal and starts to piss. He start to sing "Maggie May" by Rod Stewart and is joined by the person in the stall. TURT is confused because the voice is female. She walks out of the stall and goes to the sink to wash her hands, and TURT kinda turns and notices its a women but doesn't see who it is. He quickly shakes and zips and runs out of the bathroom to find her. He desperately looks around to no avail, until finally he sees STACEY through a window as she gets in her car and drives off. He stands in disappointment and then walks back over to where RJ, T, KANE and BUZZ are, now sitting together.

TURT

I think I just had a religious experience.

RJ

We don't have to share thoughts and feelings do we?

TURT

Huh? No, nevermind. I just... nevermind.

T

And there you have it.

RJ

I think that's the cue to leave.

KANE

You mean Turt having religious experiences by himself in the bathroom?

RJ

Bingo.

T

Yeah (finishing his beer.) Maybe we can find some fine hunnies at the next bar.

RJ

Or some skanky ho's.

T

That too.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - T and RJ are standing outside, lighting up cigarettes. They stand and wait for the others to exit the bar.

RJ

Where the fuck did they go?

TURT, KANE and BUZZ suddenly appear down the street, having left the bar from a different exit. BUZZ and KANE are giggling.

T

What the fuck is so funny?

KANE and TURT exchange schoolgirl looks and giggles.

TURT

Buzzard was just about two seconds away from the puke and rally.

RJ

Awe Buzz saw, did we forget to get a solid base in our tummy before we went out binge drinking this afternoon.

BUZZ

I'm fine. I just had one of those burps where your stomach acid comes up into the back of your throat... it almost got the best of me but I think I'm gonna be OK.

TURT

All right, which of the bars left on our agenda hasn't Buzzard puked at yet?

RJ

Lets consult the list.

RJ reaches into his pocket and pulls a sheet of old typing paper out of his wallet. He runs his finger up and down, reading a list.

RJ

Well lets see, Breswter's was last May, the Brat Haus happened back in the spring of '98, Uptown was the following fall... all we have left is for him to do it somewhere on the street that he hasn't christened yet.

T

You see, it's depressing when there are no new frontiers.

TURT

All right, Buzzard - listen up. You've already puked at all the bars we're going to for the rest of the night. So you've got nothing to prove here. We're walking the rest of the way and if you get all pukey RJ has to take you back and put you in his car, and that's gonna be a real buzz kill.

BUZZ

I appreciate your concern for my well being, but I'm fine.

T

Can we get going then?

RJ

Buzzard! Look at me. We're gonna go to another bar and drink so more. You're OK to go on?

BUZZ

Fuck you.

RJ

Yeah I'd say he's OK.

RJ, KANE and BUZZ EXIT. T and TURT hang back.

T gets out his wallet.

T

I'll take \$10 on the sidewalk outside the Uptown's.

TURT

Got it. I'll take on the bar at Brewster's.

T  
Come on, that's so cliché.

TURT  
I've got no problem playing the  
favorite.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 6"

INT. BAR -- The 4 guys enter the dingy bar in good spirits,  
but quickly befall disappointment when they see the  
emptiness of the bar. RJ comes in last and pushes through  
the others.

RJ  
Not this again (Falls on the floor in a  
fake heart attack/convulsion type way.)

The rest of the guys walk nonchalantly over him.

KANE  
(As the boys order beers) We can get our  
hoop on in the back.

T  
One of those quarter-count-your-shots-  
in-a-minute deals?

BUZZ  
I'll be your daddy.

Walks back with KANE and T.  
TURTLE walks over to where we see RJ still laying on the  
floor. TURT kneels down and lays a cold beer next to RJ's  
face.

TURT  
All right drama queen.

RJ  
(Lying still.) Too much?

TURT  
Well seeing as how I'm the only one who  
remembered you were still here, yeah I'd  
say a smidge over the top.

RJ gets up and takes a drink.

TURT (Cont'd)

There's actually about a dozen people in the way back.

RJ

Well who could have expected that.

TURT

Hey, what were you and T talkin' about at B dubs?

RJ

Ah you know, sex and what not.

TURT

Any names mentioned?

RJ

What are you 12?

TURT

Well, we were just talking earlier about me and Mandy, and there wasn't anything said or even implied, but it was just kinda weird, because they went out once and they always seem to avoid each other now.

RJ

No no no no way. I know too much, I will not be the middleman. We are not women, we are not 14. We are men. You guys either talk about it or swallow it and forget it. Either option is equally acceptable.

TURT

So you're sayin' there is something to know.

RJ

I'm sayin' if you're lookin' for a reason to be mad at Mandy, don't drag Tyler into it.

TURT

Thank you Dr. Freud.

RJ

Look, you and Mandy are having that long term malaise that people inevitably go through, and T's hard up for a nice girl who's more than good in bed. Now, these two facts coupled with T's history of penile arousal over Mandy make for a slight possibility of tension in the relationship of Turtle and T. All I'm saying is don't initiate the conflict just so you have a reason to go out and fuck around.

TURT

Well, I just ran into Stacey at b-dubs.

RJ

Oh Jesus.

TURT

It's just that last night I had the most incredible conversation with this girl I hardly know, and when I saw her today I felt like I just did a whippet.

RJ

I'm sure that has nothing to do with five beers in an hour.

TURT

And to run into her in the men's restroom...

RJ

It's going to go down worse than *The Crying Game* if you find out her dick's bigger than yours.

TURT

Let's just say I'm very, very...

RJ

Infatuated.

TURT

For lack of a better word. How can I not do something about this gorgeous women who for some reason, is not

repulsed by me. I mean this chic is unbelievable.

RJ

Look, a wise man once told me... see that girl over there?

TURT

There's no girl over there.

RJ

If there was the most beautiful girl in the world standing right over there, you can bet that somewhere there's somebody who's tired of being with her. You've got a girlfriend who's a fine piece of ass, I just don't want you to use your friend T as an excuse to chase new ass.

TURT

Yeah, but if he wasn't my friend it was a good idea, right?

RJ

Oh for sure.

RJ and TURT begin to walk to the back of the bar. TURT stops and reaches in his pocket.

TURT

Hey what do you want in the Buzzard pool?

RJ

Awe, give me ten on the bathroom at the Library.

TURT

See, that's funny, because you say ten and yet there's no cash in my hand.

RJ

I'm good for it.

TURT

Riiiiiiight...

RJ

Come on greek, let's go shoot hoops.



CUT TO:

INT. BAR - RJ and TURT ENTER the back of the BAR where the others are playing a bar basketball game. RJ holds his beer bottle up and swishes it around in the air.

RJ (Cont'd)

How are the beers goin' back here men?

T

All right. Kane's bendin' us over, but other than that...

RJ

Well lets pound 'em and get the fuck outta here.

KANE

Yeah, I really have no challenge here anymore.

T

Thanks for stepping down from your pedestal to honor us with your display of grace and skill though. I was truly moved.

KANE

(in character) I have the death sentence on twelve systems!!!

T

I'll be careful.

KANE

You'll be dead!

TURT

Well, that should do it.

KANE

Hold up, I'm goin' in.

T

Where?

KANE

Right, over, there.

KANE walks over to a pair of girls sitting at the booth. We see a shot of him making the girls smile.

TURT  
Fuck! We're gonna fuckin' be here forever.

RJ  
No we won't. (getting up)  
I'm throwin' a cockblock.

BUZZ  
Cockblock?

T  
Cockblock.

RJ walks over to KANE, gets out his cellular phone.

RJ  
Kane, your girlfriend's on the cell phone.

KANE  
(Smiling) I don't have a cell phone.

RJ  
(nonchalantly) Yeah I know, she called mine and asked for ya.

KANE  
(hiding frustration) Excuse me.

KANE takes the phone and walks away.

RJ  
Sorry ladies.

RJ EXIT.

KANE walks over and the boys start to sarcastically pout.

KANE  
Ha ha ha.

BUZZ  
Sorry buddy, we gots an agenda.

T

Ladies and gentleman, let us set aside  
our differences and...

The other guys begin to walk out.

T(Cont'd)  
try to unite ourselves under a common  
goal...

T's voice raises as the rest of the guys get further away.

T(Cont'd)  
Together we can achieve anything. Reach  
new heights in boozing and bar hoping.

T closes his eyes and raises his arms.

T(Cont'd)  
We must drink to unite ourselves!!

T freezes position and then looks out, relaxes arms.

T(Cont'd)  
I'm dumb.

ALL EXIT.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 7"

EXT. STREET -- The guys are walking down the street mildly  
chatting. T is bringing up the rear, lighting a cigarette.  
He catches something out of the corner of his eye and stares  
across the street, slows down. He stops and stares.

CUT TO:

A girl and a guy walking down the street, smiling, laughing,  
acting like a happy couple. They enter a bar, her first  
with him guiding her in with his hand.

CUT TO:

T with a dazed/surprised look on his face. He looks back up  
ahead and the guys are headed into the bar. We follow T as  
he rubs his forehead and walks down the street and into the  
bar. He walks in, still puzzled/shocked. The guys are at  
the bar laughing and ordering drinks. All the guys are  
headed to grab a table, T stops RJ.

T

Did Turt say what Mandy's doin' tonight?

RJ

Some slap tickle sorority thing. What's goin' on?

T

Well I just saw Mandy across the street with some guy and I can't say for sure but they looked like they were kinda lovey dovey; or at least being really flirty.

RJ

Hmmmm. Well, let's not jump to any huge conclusions. It could be a friend or a classmate or something (gets a "don't play dumb" look from T.) All right, given what we both know to be true, let's not waste time kidding ourselves. Fuck. So what do we do?

T

Well I obviously can't tell him.

RJ

Do we have to tell him?

T

Well seeing as how they went into Brewster's, he's gonna find out when we finish these beers whether we tell him or not.

RJ

All right lets think fast. Mmm. We need a reason to skip Brewster's and go somewhere else.

T

Do we? I mean it seems to me like he's looking for a way out, and if he finds her it gives him a sense of being on top of things rather than being played the fool. See, if we tell him, he seems like an idiot and he's being had and yadda yadda yadda. BUT if he finds her, catches her in the act, he's in the

power position and he can be angry rather than devastated. We might just be doing him a favor.

RJ

You really believe that?

T

I'm not sure, but on such short notice I'm willing to buy it in lieu of a real solution.

RJ

And you know I hate to bring this up, but this is in no way related to earlier discussions of lingering affections or any other assorted inappropriate feelings.

T

Only in the sub-cortical Freudian fashion that I'm not even responsible for in a court of law.

RJ

Riiiiight... Well first let's stall. Maybe we can keep him here long enough for her to get the fuck out.

T

Right. If we can keep this from becoming a debacle we probably should.

T EXITS.

RJ

(following out) And the hits just keep on comin'...

RJ EXITS.

T and RJ walk over to where the other guys are sitting, around a large circular table. The guys are laughing, carrying on. BUZZARD is beginning to seem out of it.

TURT

Kane's gonna give Buzz a hot carl.

RJ

Who's gonna give Buzz a hot carl?

KANE

Apparently I am.

T

Which one's a hot carl?

TURT

A hot carl is when you bust your load in a guy's ass and then suck it out with a straw.

T

I thought that was a hot plate...

RJ

Hot plate is when you put seran wrap on a guy's face and shit on it.

T

Right. Then what's a hot sam?

KANE

Hot sam is the baked pretzel you get at the mall.

T

OK, and just so I'm sure, a screaming dolphin is...

RJ

(showing hand gesture) what you use to simultaneously penetrate dual orifices on a female companion.

T

And I remember when the reach around was shocking enough to make people laugh.

TURT

Well it's that whole desensitization thing. I'm still a sucker for an old fashioned Phantom myself.

RJ

Now that's one that I'd actually like to try someday.

TURT

Hey Buzz (he wearily turns) Whatcha  
thinkin' about?

BUZZ

Racecars.

Everyone begins to snicker.

KANE

Time to go?

TURT

Time to go.

T

(Under his breath.) Fuck. Here we go.

RJ

(Putting his hand on T's shoulder) Be  
strong, grasshopper.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 8"

INT. BAR -- The guys walk into the bar, RJ and T bring up  
the rear and squeeze through the door at the same time. We  
get the *Vertigo* zoom shot into the two of them. T raises  
his eyebrows and RJ gives the beginning of a wry smile.

T

She's not here? She's not here!

RJ

She's not here!

T and RJ begin to hug and jump up and down, laughing,  
celebrating.

KANE

(OC) Hey turtle, Mandy's here.

T and RJ freeze in position.

T

Shit.

RJ

He didn't just say that he didn't just  
say that he didn't just say that.

T  
Yes he did yes he did yes he did.

RJ  
Oh my god she was in the bathroom.

T  
The bathroom fucked us.

RJ  
Why are we still hugging?

T  
I don't know.

T and RJ release and look at the floor, away from each other. The slowly look up and towards TURT to get his reaction.

CUT TO:

Slo-mo shot. TURT is laughing/smiling/looking down, slowly turns his head around and up, still smiling.

CUT TO:

MANDY walking across the room smiling.

CUT TO:

TURT, turning from a smile to puzzlement.

CUT TO:

MANDY with arms extended to embrace the guy sitting at the table.

CUT TO:

TURT starting to realize what's going on, getting disgusted.

CUT TO:

MANDY leaning across the table giving an intimate kiss to the guy.

CUT TO:



T and RJ. T has his back turned and his head in his hand.  
RJ stares blankly and sips his beer.

RJ  
Well, we're about to find out if your  
right.

T  
Fuck.

CUT TO:

MANDY walking around the side of the table to her seat,  
nonchalantly looking down, putting her hair behind her ear.  
A glance up and a panic befalls her face.

CUT TO:

TURT, now visibly pissed off.

CUT TO:

MANDY looking embarrassed/guilty.

T  
What do we do what do we do?

RJ  
Shit. Damage control. Let's get in  
there before he heads to Wal-Mart and  
gets a shotgun.

RJ starts to walk over to TURT as he is getting up, slow and  
stunned, staring blankly.

RJ  
Hey buddy, um, we saw what happened.

TURT  
I need to be alone for minute.

TURT EXITS.

RJ  
Well that wasn't so bad. Now what?

T  
Let's give him a minute and then we'll  
send somebody out.

T and RJ walk over to KANE and BUZZ.

KANE  
What the fuck was that?

RJ  
That was the Scott Norwood for the evening.

BUZZ  
(Pointing to Mandy's table.) Ummmm...

CUT TO:

MANDY talking serious to the guy she's with and getting up to obviously go outside.

RJ  
Shit.

KANE  
I don't think this should happen right this second.

Everyone looks down and lift there heads up as everyone's gaze goes to T.

T  
No fuckin' way.

RJ  
You did have sex with her.

BUZZ  
RJ's right. You banged her.

T  
Which probably is an argument for me not to go.

RJ  
Well any more discussion and shes out the door because I think loverboy is done being explained to. (T again gets a look from the trio.)

T

Fuck you guys (gets up and begins to walk) fuck you guys fuck you guys fuck you guys.

T hurriedly walks over to intercept MANDY.

T  
Mandy Mandy Mandy (grabs for her arm.)

MANDY  
Hey - Tyler. Now's not a great time.

T  
My sentiments exactly. Let's sit down a second.

MANDY  
I really have to...

T  
No, you really don't. I think we need to give our boy a minute here. Talk to me.

MANDY  
I can't believe he found out like this. Oh this is the worst.

T  
(Puzzled over his earlier theory.) I don't know if it's the worst way to find out...

MANDY  
I mean, you're with someone for so long and things become a little blasé and then a cute guy asks you out and you resist - but he acts the way around you that your boyfriend used to act. And oh he's persistent and finally you give in and the next thing you know your panties are on his floor and the guilt in your stomach is so bad you can't see straight. Jesus it all happens so fast. You don't know. I mean what its like to be with someone so long. The way things get and how things change and the way he looks at me. Its not supposed to be like this. What the hell am I suppose to do Tyler?

T

Well, my suggestion...

MANDY

I mean I'm only human. Christ, 21 years old. Isn't a year about the limit for most college relationships.

T

Well I'm no expert.

MANDY

I mean sure we're old enough to stop looking for one night stands but a year with someone does not mean my parents start saving for a dowry.

T

Mandy. Mandy, you have to realize that you're the bad guy in all this. You pry can't salvage this relationship, but you guys needn't end up hating each other. You need to apologize and admit blame and say "I wish it could've been different." You know?

MANDY

O.K. Thanks Tyler.

MANDY gets up, T reaches up and pulls her back.

T

But not tonight. He's still pissed and reeling, not to mention drunk, and things will get ugly if you talk tonight. Let us go out with him, finish getting him drunk, help him badmouth you, and you can come over early tomorrow while he's hung over and you can have an amicable conversation.

MANDY

Great, so you guys can call me a slut for a couple'a hours? God what do I do? I can't. I need to talk to someone.

T

Call a girlfriend or there's always lover boy over there.

MANDY

Oh, the girls are gone on some sorority thing, and I don't think it would be right to be with Chet tonight.

CUT TO:

T mouthing the words "Chet?"

MANDY

Would you stay with me tonight Ty? I need to talk to someone who knows what's going on, who'll be honest with me.

T

No no no no way. Mandy, Turtle is one of my best friends I can't be with his girlfriend the night he finds out she's cheating on him, especially, well you know, given the past. I know he doesn't know but now he'll probably find out and when he does I don't want him thinking, "Oh yeah, didn't he go over there THE NIGHT I found out?" I don't think that'll help your slut quotient.

MANDY

Please Tyler, I need someone, you're all I've got. It's been over a year, and besides, he'll never find out, and besides, what if he does?

T

A) He will find out. I've been dying to tell him forever myself, which means RJ and everyone else has to be gushing and B) I don't want anyone questioning my morality the way they'll be questioning yours in the days/weeks to come. (pause) Look, I'm gonna walk over to the guys, and we're gonna finish getting Turtle drunk. And you, you're gonna have Chet drive you home and you're gonna have a bubble bath and some hot tea or whatever the appropriate thing that girls do is, and I am washing my hands of the whole thing before I get caught up in a situation where everyone loses. O.K. Great grand super. (Gets up.)

MANDY

Tyler, thanks. I know I'm in no position, but please don't say anything about us to Turt tonight. I've got enough to think about without contemplating us and how that fits into my fucked up love life.

T

Um, sure. We've got enough to talk about as it is I guess.

MANDY

Good enough.

T

Good enough. OK. Goodnight. Good luck.

T awkwardly leaves and goes to join the others.

KANE

Well, now who goes and gets Turtle?

RJ

Lets all head out. I'll go a couple feet ahead and make sure he's all right.

T

Yeah let's get the fuck outta here.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- TURT is sitting on the curb smoking a cigarette, looking surprisingly calm.

RJ

Hey Turtle? Everything all right?

TURT

Oh yeah. Just peachy. I'm a peach.

TURT gets up.

TURT (Cont'd)

Shall we?

Ignoring everyone, TURT determinedly heads out to the next bar, RJ just kinda stands there, surprised.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 9"

INT. BAR -- Shot of TURT coming in the bar, looking very determined. The others follow. TURT walks right up to the bar and the bartender sets up shots for the group.

BUZZ

(Quietly) Jesus, if those are all for him then we are in deep shit.

TURT

Let's go guys. Get it up.

The guys sheepishly walk up and do the shots. An awkward pause, no one knows what to say.

TURT

Well I gotta piss. Then we can go.

RJ

Cool.

TURT walks OC and the others give a sense of relief.

KANE

Shit this sucks.

T

(Still grimacing) God, now I wish they were all for him. What the hell was that?

RJ

Tasted like Jaeger and tabasco.

BUZZ

Fuck I'd rather be anywhere in the world than here.

T

Come on guys, let's just be cool with this and we'll get through it. We just need to find some women to ogle and say how they're just there to serve us food and pussy and we'll all be OK.

RJ

All right. We can do this.

T

Yeah. I don't think we need to be a shoulder to cry on. Just be our normal, female bashing selves.

KANE

The rest of this night is just gonna be one giant awkward moment.

TURT walks into the shot, doesn't look at anyone.

TURT

All right ramblers let's get ramblin'.

BUZZ

(quietly falsetto) Lord I was born a ramblin'... (Gets stink eye from T, stops in mid song.)

The guys share a look of uncertain worry and begin to get up.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 10"

EXT. STREET - NIGHT -- The guys are walking down the street, TURT is 5 feet ahead of everyone else. The guys are shooting each other awkward looks.

T

All right pansies.

T Rushes up to TURT.

T (Cont'd)

Hey buddy. Is everything all right?

TURT

Yeah. Remember what we were talking about back there? At the beginning of this little debacle? This is a blessing. I come out the victim. She's the bitch. It's over and I can now stop wondering how things would be without



her. So, let's drink. (Walks into the bar.)

T

(Looking back to the guys.) Let's drink.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS - T and RJ walk in and step up to the bar. The bar is dim and couples are everywhere. A romantic atmosphere.

T

Oh this is perfect.

RJ

Instant Karma's gonna get ya.

T

Let's just hurry up and get him outta here.

TURT

(Singing to his beer.)  
*The very thought of you makes,  
My heart sing  
Like an April breeze,  
On the wings of spring,  
And you appear in all your splendor,  
My one and only love.*

T

Hey there Mr. Sinatra. Do you know "Luck be a Lady?"

TURT

Hola caballeros. Our night is almost complete. Now we just all have to find someone to go home with.

RJ

That may be a little difficult in our collective condition.

TURT

Well in our condition at least we can try with little to no embarrassment.

T

Well said. In the very spirit of the evening.

KANE comes over from OC.

KANE  
Well whoever had outside the Library is the winner.

TURT hands money from his pocket to RJ.

RJ  
You see? I told you I was good for it.

KANE  
Anyway, my eggs will be scrambled in the morning as it is, so I'll take the Buzzard home.

RJ  
Go ahead. We'll catch up.

KANE stumbles out.

T  
So now what?

TURT  
Well, we get drunk and we move on with our lives. It's what people do. Its what I intend to do.

RJ  
Sounds scarily level headed.

TURT  
Well this ain't the biggest surprise in the world. I had my suspicions. I'm sure she probably had some of her own. It just sucks to try and hate someone you've loved for so long, especially when you know you have to.  
(pause)

T  
Well hell, you've got every right in the world to be super fuckin' pissed.

TURT  
That's just it. I'm not really. I just feel... disappointed. This must be what

my parents felt like when I got my underage consumption.

RJ

So what, we're thinkin' about takin' her back?

TURT

Not at all. That's how I know its over for good. While I'm disappointed and sad and I feel a little betrayed, it's not like I want to hit anyone or bitch her out even. It's really more of a blah shit-in-your-mouth feeling.

RJ

That's not really a pleasant thing.

TURT

No, but I'm fairly relieved.

T

Well if you're relieved, I'm relieved.

RJ

And I'm going to go relieve myself.

RJ EXITS.

T

So you're really ok with this?

TURT

Well, let's just say that I'm not going to cry myself to sleep tonight.

T

You'll pry have to start strokin' yourself to sleep though.

TURT

Shit. Thanks a lot, now I am angry.

RJ RE-ENTERS

RJ

Well (drinks, finishes) Bar 11?

T

Bar 11.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 11"

INT. BAR -- They walk into the bar, in a semi good mood, smiling and TURT looks up and gets a look of disgust.

CUT TO:

MANDY, leaning over the bar staring into her drink, she glances up, sees TURT, and quickly looks back down. TURT turns stone faced and walks on by.

RJ

Fuckin' bitch.

T

Umm, you take Turt, I'll get rid of Mandy.

RJ

Right on.

RJ heads to the back and T takes a seat next to Mandy.

T

Mandy Mandy Mandy. You couldn't just go home.

MANDY

I told you I didn't want to be alone, and a few stiff drinks sounded better than a Calgon bath taking me away.

T

Well come on, let me take you home.

MANDY

O.K.

T

Let me just go tell the guys what's goin' on.

Follow T back to where RJ and TURT are sitting with two chicks, laughing.

RJ

Hey T, sit down.

T  
(Quietly to RJ.) No I'm gonna take  
Mandy home. Did you see Kane and Buzz?

RJ  
No. They pry passed out.

T  
All right. I'll be back.

T takes off, concentrate on TURT talking to a GIRL but  
staring off at MANDY by the door.

GIRL  
So I was like no way that's like so  
stupid, but he wouldn't listen and I  
just hate it when they do that so  
much...

CUT TO:

T walking out Mandy.

CUT TO:

TURT  
Yeah that sucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- T and MANDY are walking down the street, T  
with his hands in his pockets and MANDY slinking along next  
to him.

MANDY  
God, I wish this night could end any  
other way but badly.

T  
Little late for that.

MANDY  
I suppose.

T  
So can I ask you something?

MANDY

Sure.

T

Why'd you do it?

MANDY

I suppose I'll be asking myself that a lot in the time to come.

T

I mean, I'm being selfish here, but I know Turt, he's a good guy. I know you, you're a nice girl. All of this kind of just shakes my confidence in the idea that this whole man/woman thing can work at all.

MANDY

I think we're at a point in our lives where we're told that we're suppose to be figuring things out you know? We're supposed to be figuring out how to be adults and how to live in this fucked up world. The thing is, nobody really has it figured out, so when something you've been counting on takes a dive, it seriously messes with you.

T

It certainly makes things murkier.

MANDY

Well someday we'll all settle for something that seems right at the time and we'll either convince ourselves that it was the right choice and live with it or end up rejecting it and starting over time and time again.

T

Well that attitude explains a lot.

MANDY

And to think we've barley scratched the surface.

T

Well fortunately we're almost home.

MANDY

Tyler, do you think I'm a bad person?

Tyler

huuuuuuu.....

MANDY

I mean if you can't answer truthfully...

T

No, its just ... A girl I've had sex with just asked me to forgive her for cheating on my best friend.

MANDY

I didn't ask...

T

Ah ah. Even if I believed in judging the morality of others, I'm certainly in no position to say anything about this current, shall we say, predicament. I'm of the opinion that no mater who you're sleeping with, you still have to sleep with yourself every night. Hypothetically I think you're a pretty nice person who did a pretty terrible thing.

MANDY

I guess that'll have to be good enough, huh?

T watches her walk in.

T

Good night. (Blows her a kiss.)

FADE OUT

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "bar 12"

INT. BAR -- TURT is sitting at the bar staring blankly at the bottom of his drink, RJ is frolicking at the end of the bar with a girl. He's desperately trying to get her to go home, while she obviously wants to do so without seeming "easy." T walks in sits down and gets a beer, mimicking TURT's expression.

TURT

So did you finish sticking your dick in my girlfriend?

T

What the fuck is that suppose to be?

TURT

Ah, fuckin' I not know. How is she actin'?

T

You're safely the good guy. I'll fill ya in on the rest of the details when you're ready.

TURT

Thanks buddy. You're a true friend.

T

Well, not exactly.

TURT

So you did fuck her?

T

Well sort of. (TURT stares.) I mean yes I fucked her, but a long time ago, before you guys were going out.

TURT

God, I don't know whether to punch you for not telling me or shake your hand for keeping it a secret all this time.

T

Well, she only had sex with me once and she was having sex with you for a year, so that should make you feel good. You must have me beat hands down.

TURT

Yeah, but she was cheating on me.

A long pause.

T

Well, we both suck then. (Cheers) Awe shit Turt, how did we end up here?

TURT



12 bars, four hours, back by *The O.C.*

T

Well I'm drunk and tired and no offense, but I'm glad that I'm not the only one who's gonna be pissed off that they gotta actually think about their lives tomorrow.

TURT

Thanks.

T

No problem.

ENTER RJ with a GIRL on his arm.

RJ

Hola caballeros. (Quietly.) Um, I hate to be a dick, but can you boys get home all right?

TURT

Yeah dude, at least somebody ought to get something out of this debacle.

RJ

Thanks guys. I swear I won't even enjoy it.

RJ EXITS.

T

You should have made him promise to have her call him by your name.

TURT

I should've asked to watch.

T

Well at least we're fucked together.  
(pause)

TURT

What the fuck are we doin' here T?

T

Wallowing.

TURT

Yes, but I mean how much longer do we do this? Drink ourselves stupid night after night, never giving a thought to the future. I mean the one thing in my life that had any stability just turned out to be a horrendous lie. Even though things were shitty with Mandy and me, it was still like I had something. Something to trust in and be there when I have my doubts that there's nothing more to life bar hoping. I always thought that she'd be the one to pull me up into maturity. I guess that wasn't the best assumption.

T

I think a lot of people go through what she's experiencing. You have to go through one last huge sex and drug fest before you face the music of job and family.

TURT

Comforting.

T

Well ya wanna know the truth, our parents and girlfriends and older brothers and sisters can call us irresponsible alcoholics who are just coastin' through life. But there has to be somethin' out there for us. I sure as hell don't know what the fuck it is, and this may not be the best way to go about lookin' for it. But I think we're good people. I think despite our methods, our intentions are at least somewhat noble. We want what other people want, and in fact I think we want it more. We want more of it. I think our standards are just higher. We're out there looking for perfection. We may be naive or at least immature to think we'll find it here, but ... what'da'ya gonna do.

TURT

Well, until tonight I thought I had a very large part of what I was looking for.

T

What was it that Zack Morris said, "I haven't found the right girl yet, but I'm having a blast with the wrong ones."

TURT

Didn't Zack and Kelly end up getting married while they were still in college?

T

Well that was just so they could have sex.

TURT

I suppose.

T

Don't worry, the real world isn't like that.

TURT

It's been a while since I've been in that part of the real world.

T

Well, it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't wanna live there.

T drinks his beer and surveys the room.

T

You know where else I wouldn't want to live?

TURT

Huh?

T

Your apartment, come tomorrow morning.

TURT

Why?

T points to a table across the room.

T

Pop-ins.

CUT TO:

KANE and BUZZARD flirting with two girls at a table, one of which is the 'pop-in' from this morning.

TURT

I thought they were going home.

T

Well at least now you've hit rock bottom. As Howard Jones would say, things can only get better. (pause) What the fuck time is it?

TURT is staring across the room in utter amazement. He begins to get a nervous expression across his face, and then begins to smile.

T

What the fuck?

TURT

Just a minute.

TURT gets up and walks across the room. He stops at a table with two women sitting at it. One unfamiliar woman looks up and kind of laughs, prompting the other to look at TURT.

TURT

Here's the girl I've been looking for all night.

STACEY smiles back at TURT.

STACEY

Oh really.

OTHER GIRL

Well, Stacey, I'll leave you with your young buck here. Nice to meet you, dark drunken stranger.

EXIT OTHER GIRL.

STACEY

So are you just gonna stand there or did you come over to join me?

TURT

Well it's a long story, but I've been drinking since 3 so bear with me and I'll try to make this as short as possible. It's been a really weird day. We set out on this bar crawl to try and go to every bar in BG, and we all got wasted and then all this crazy shit happened and kind of ruined the evening. Anyway that's not important. I thought I saw you a couple of hours ago at b-dubs (she smiles) and I tried to follow you but your quite deceptively fast, and I told myself that the next time I ran into you I wouldn't let you get away that easily, so when I saw you, I didn't really think it through and I came right over.

STACEY

But you're not gonna sit down?

TURT

Well I realized on my way over here that the combination of strange events tonight coupled with my elaborate drunkenness wouldn't make for the best in conversations. But like I said, I didn't think this all the way through before I got up to come over here.

STACEY

Well, I'm glad you did, regardless.

TURT

(Smiles) Well, I'd love to explain all this to you sometime, hell I'd love to sit down right now, but you're smart enough to see what a terrible idea that is. So instead I will kindly ask you if for your phone number and if I can call you sometime?

STACEY

I thought you'd never ask.

STACEY gets into her purse and writes down her phone number and hands it to TURT.

STACEY

Well Nate, now that you've propositioned me, I think I'll go home and wait for that phone call.

TURT  
You won't have to wait long. I'm officially on my toes.

STACEY gets up.

STACEY  
Good.

STACEY kisses him on the cheek and EXITS.

CUT TO:

T sits at the bar, struggling not to pass out.

ENTER TURT. He tosses STACEY's phone number in front of him.

TURT  
Things are looking up.

T  
You fucking ass. I can't believe you. Christ between you and RJ I'm gonna develop a complex.

TURT  
I think I got it figured out.

T  
Jesus that was quick. You wanna tell me about it?

TURT  
Naw, let me wallow in it for a bit.

T  
God damn it. Suddenly I'm the biggest loser of the group. What time did you say it was?

TURT  
Like 9 o'clock? I need to go pass out.

T  
Yep. Shall we stumble onward?

TURT  
Well, home again home again...

The guys get up to walk out.

T  
...jiggity jig. (finishes beer) Let's  
get the fuck out of here.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN. READ: "Back Home: 9:25 pm"

INT. APARTMENT -- KANE is asleep on the couch, sitting bolt upright with a beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other. The pop-in is passed out with her head in his lap, and KANE's pants are half undone. T and TURT walk in.

T  
What the fuck.

TURT  
Hey Kane.

T walks over, takes KANE's beer and cigarette and smokes and drinks it. TURT walks out of shot.

T  
Where's Buzz kill?

TURT  
(OC) In here passed out next to the  
toilet. If I miss I pee on his head.

T  
Nice. Hey I'm ordering Pizza, you want  
some?

TURT  
Yeah dad.

T begins to order food. RJ walks in and collapses on the floor.

TURT  
No green light?

RJ

It looked good, we're on her couch, and then she brings up the boyfriend. I'm like if you've got a boyfriend, why are you on a couch making out with me. So I did the walk of shame tonight in the dark as opposed to tomorrow morning.

T

(Hanging up phone.) RJ want pizza?

RJ

(getting up) RJ needs to go whack off.

RJ EXITS

TURT

Well if that isn't fitting.

T

You should have said uplifting.

T and TURT sit and watch some more TV. TURT eventually gets back up. He comes back after 30 seconds or so to find T asleep. He takes the beer out of his hand and the cigarette burning in the other and sits next to the two passer outters. He stares ahead forward, gives a glance to his buddies and slowly a smile begins to creep over his face. FADE TO BLACK. ROLL CREDITS.

THE END