

COFFEE TIME

by

Hayden Bowns & Clint Cornett

Haydenadambownds@gmail.com
512 639 0307

FADE IN:

INT. CHASE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

CHASE, 20's, drives a golden beat down Nissan Maxima. His arm's propped against his denim jeans.

He hunches in his seat tiredly with his bearded chin nestled in his palm.

COLE, 20's, sits erratically on his leg propped up-right in the passenger seat, capriciously shooting spitwads.

COLE

So, you going to tell me? Did you fuck or cuddle or what?

CHASE

You can't start off the conversation like that. Besides, it's personal.

COLE

What do you mean it's personal? I tell you about mine.

CHASE

You don't have any.

COLE

Yeah, the fuck of a lifetime.

CHASE

I have no idea what you're talking about.

COLE

You've never heard this story?

CHASE

No...

Chase clutches the steering wheel as he sits up straight.

COLE

You know Marilyn?

CHASE

Yeah.

COLE

She asked her friend if she would have sex with me.

COLE (cont'd)
 She was like definitely. Completion
 of life. I mean this girl was a
 dime. She was--

He gestures to emphasize her pulchritudinous. Chase has a
 look of incredulity as he stares back at Cole.

COLE
 What?

CHASE
 Nothing, go on.

COLE
 Yeah, so I ended up inviting her to
 my house and I'm leaning in for the
 kiss when Sarah starts calling. She
 says she was having a party and we
 should come, yada-yada.

CHASE
 Was I there?

COLE
 I don't know. But we go to her
 house and we're all sitting around
 in a circle. I put my arm around
 her and she wraps around me like a-

Cole searches for a metaphor.

CHASE
 Say it.

COLE
 Whatever. By this point a bottle of
 Fireball starts making its rounds
 and she's begging for shots. I've
 seen this girl drink so I already
 know it's a bad idea. It's going to
 fuck up my chances of fucking.

CHASE
 Oh my God.

COLE
 Alright, so she's taking shot after
 shot and my chances are getting
 smaller by the sip. But *then* she's
 asking to smoke weed. She's saying
 how addicted she is and she has to.

CHASE
 Addicted to marijuana?

COLE

Yeah, I know, right? She took a few hits, then slammed her face in my lap, kind of convulsing waving her arms every which way. I'm thinking, am I about to get a blow job or an epileptic preview. Turn here.

CHASE

I got it.

COLE

Once we get to my house she's completely incoherent and I'm pissed. I'm like, let's get in the house. She says I need to sit here for awhile. Fuck no, I said. I'll carry you. Then she says she can walk, but she fucking can't. So I practically drag her into my house. We get in and I lay her in my bed while I get her some water.

CHASE

Was she about to puke?

COLE

Wait, it gets better. So, I come back in and see her on all fours peering out into the hallway, and right then the biggest stream of projectile shit water explodes from her mouth, all over my floor.

CHASE

You still fucked her, didn't you?

COLE

No, you asshole. I held her hair up, cleaned the shit, and slept on the couch like a gentleman. There were literally puddles of vomit and whole pieces of gum and whatever else floating on my carpet.

CHASE

What the fuck? Gum?

COLE

Oh yeah, a couple hours prior to the vomit episode, she tried to convince everyone she could eat the gum fully wrapped.

CHASE
Can't believe I haven't heard this.

COLE
It's commonly known.

CHASE
Commonly known? Who commonly knows
this, Cole?

COLE
It's not my fault you don't listen
when I speak.

Chase shoots him a look.

CHASE
You still talk to her?

COLE
No. That's when I lost my phone. I
never heard from her again. And I
didn't attempt to see her. Kind of
regret it.

Cole leans his head out the window and spitwads a car.

COLE
She missed the fuck of a lifetime.

FADE TO BLACK.

Roll credit sequence: Chase's tire BLOWS OUT.

CHASE (V.O.)
Fuck!

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

CAREY, 20's, reserved, takes a cup of coffee to a DISGRUNTLED
CUSTOMER. He sets the cup of coffee down in front of her.

CAREY
Here you go, ma'am.

FRANK (O.S.)
It's coffee time.

FRANK, 60's, a husky, weather worn European, walks past with
a cup of coffee. A chef follows him out of the front door.

DISGRUNTLED CUSTOMER
What's this?

CAREY
Coffee. Regular.

DISGRUNTLED CUSTOMER
Most of it's on the plate.

CAREY
Let me grab a napkin.

EXT. RESTAURANT - BACK - DAY

Relaxing alongside a fence and smoking a joint is CLINT and STEVEN, 20's. The back door flies open.

Carey struts out, frustrated and pulls out his E cigarette.

CAREY
Fuck people today.

CLINT
Whoa dude. All that attitude, fold it three times, put it in your back pocket, thanks.

STEVEN
What, did someone make fun of your vagina?

CAREY
No. That bitch at table twenty-six is a complete twat.

STEVEN
The people at fifteen said you gave exceptional service.

CAREY
Really?

STEVEN
Nah, I'm kidding.

CAREY
What time is it? I'm ready to leave.

CLINT
Coffee time.

Clint exhales smoke and hands the pipe to Carey.

CAREY
What is this?

STEVEN
Good, right?

CAREY
No. It's cashed. Load it.

He hands the pipe to Steven. He pulls a bag of weed from his pocket and loads a bowl.

STEVEN
This is the last of the shit.
Someone else is buying this time. I
bought last time.

CLINT
No you didn't. I bought last time.
Let me see that.

Carey hands Clint the E cigarette.

STEVEN
Yeah, I did.

CAREY
No you bought that K2 shit that
fucked us all up.
(beat)
Did I tell you? That day I was
driving and hit a car at a stop
light. Nothing big ya know, just a
tap. I was really stoned at that
point so I didn't really know what
to do. Next thing I know this dwarf
steps out, no kidding. He walks up
to my window and says, I'm not
happy. I look him up and down and
say, well which one are you?

CLINT
Steven, hurry with that bowl.
Carey, stop talking.

Steven finishes loading the bowl and hands it to Carey. He takes a big hit.

CAREY
How long have ya'll been back here?

STEVEN
Who gives a shit? We haven't had
business in hours.

CAREY
Oh shit, my table!

Carey BANGS on the door. VANESSA, 20's, a tall hipster Esq. girl of Indian descent, opens the door, aggravated.

VANESSA
Here you guys are! Carey, you're table's pissed!

CAREY
She was pissed when she got here.

He runs through the door past her.

VANESSA
What are ya'll doing back here?

CLINT
It's coffee time. Fuck off, Saquajawea.

VANESSA
Clint, you have a table.

CLINT
Yeah, you can take it.

VANESSA
I already have a table. I don't want it.

CLINT
You're working for tips. You have to be here anyway. Just take the table. Make some money.

Vanessa glares at him and heads back inside.

STEVEN
I don't get it. People always bitch about not making any money but then bitch about having to take tables.

Clint puts the pipe to his lips.

CLINT
Yeah, fuck 'em.

INT. XANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The room's a mess and covered with posters. XANA, 17, sarcastic, free spirited, rummages through her closet.

She throws something at her wall out of frustration.

XANA
Where is it?

KARLA, 40's, stands in the doorway. Xana paces around.

KARLA
What is going on in here?

XANA
I can't find my shirt and I'm late.

Xana continues to search for her shirt.

KARLA
Maybe if you'd clean this place up?

She kicks some trash around.

XANA
Not now.

KARLA
You remember about tonight, right?

XANA
Refresh my memory.

KARLA
Greg's coming over--

XANA
Mom, I know you're having a mid-life crises, but dating someone half your age probably isn't healthy.

KARLA
Tonight's kind of a special for us.

XANA
What, is he taking you to the prom?

KARLA
I don't criticise the guys you bring home. It's our two weeks.

XANA
That's a milestone. And have I ever brought a guy home?

KARLA

Yeah. Kind of concerning. You're not... You know...

She flicks her tongue between her fingers.

XANA

What? No. God, could have done without the theatrics. Greg show you that?

KARLA

No. Well...

XANA

Mom...

KARLA

What? There's nothing wrong with it. As long as your safe.

XANA

There you are!

She pulls her shirt out from a pile of dirty laundry.

KARLA

Your brother's already committed.

XANA

I've kind of already got something going on.

Xana smells her shirt. She grimaces.

KARLA

It's only an hour or so. I'm sure you can squeeze a dinner in.

Xana rushes to her dresser.

XANA

Ugh, this shirt reeks.

She picks up a bottle of perfume and douses her shirt.

KARLA

Give it here. I'll throw it in the dryer for a minute. Get some of the wrinkles out.

XANA

I don't have time.

Xana steps out of the room and sprays her mom with the perfume, then tosses the bottle on to the floor.

She rushes down the hall.

KARLA

I want you here promptly after work. Xana? You hear me?

XANA

Yeah. Yeah.

She exits through the door. Karla looks around her room.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - ENTRANCE - DAY

A GUY on a segway rolls past the entrance to the store in a white short-sleeve button down and black slacks.

Xana walks through the entrance, tucking her wrinkled shirt into her khaki pants.

INT. GROCERY STORE - REGISTER - DAY

Xana's behind the cash register checking people out. An ELDERLY WOMAN comes through her line.

XANA

Would you like to save 10% today by getting one of these check cards?

ELDERLY WOMAN

No thanks.

Xana picks the card up and looks at it closely.

XANA

It saves you money just by having it. You should totally get one.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(annoyed)

I said I don't want one.

Xana puts the card back and rings up the total.

XANA

Okay, *without* saving 10%, your total's \$23.17.

The woman hands the money to Xana and grabs her bags. Xana's eyes follow her as she walks out.

XANA

Thanks for choosing Shop and Save.

She ducks below the counter and checks her phone. A young FLAMBOYANT COUPLE lays down some items.

Xana jumps back up.

XANA

Did you find everything...

The couple is making out.

XANA

...Okay?

She scans the items until her hand lands on a home pregnancy test. She looks epiphanized as she picks it up.

EXT. SIDE OF THE STREET - DAY

Chase is livid and examines the deflated tire. Cole paces with his hands in his pockets, jumping on and off the tire.

COLE

This always happens. If it's not the tires - which it always is - then it's the engine. If it's not the engine, than it's the gas. It's a piece of shit, Chase.

Chase stares straight up at Cole.

CHASE

Then maybe we should have taken your car, Cole.

COLE

What car?

Cole attempts to push off the tire, but hits the fender with his foot and falls over the hood.

CHASE

Exactly. Stop dicking around.

Chase heads to the trunk. He rummages through assorted junk.

CHASE

We need to clean my trunk out. So much shit back here.

COLE

What do you mean we? Not my car.

CHASE

But most of this shit's yours.

COLE

Okay. So I threw all of my trash in your trunk? What sense does that make? Just find the fucking tire.

Chase clears the mess enough to get the spare out, but finds a note in place of the tire. He reads it.

CHASE

Cole, you motherfucker!

COLE

What?

Chase charges towards Cole, holding a piece of paper.

CHASE

What is this?

COLE

Give me that.

Cole snatches the paper from Chase and reads it. The paper reads, "I O U a spare tire, signed Cole." He LAUGHS.

CHASE

What the fuck are you laughing at?

COLE

I forgot I let someone borrow your spare.

CHASE

Who?

COLE

I don't know. Someone who needed a tire.

CHASE

And you didn't tell me or replace it? You left this fucking piece of paper in it's stead?

COLE

I was probably high or something.

CHASE

Fuck you Cole. You're going to buy me a new tire.

COLE

I'm not going to buy you a tire. You can completely erase that from the equation.

CHASE

God! You're such a piece of bitch.

Chase sits on the curb, furiously and pulls out his phone.

CHASE

Shit. My dad's out of town this week.

COLE

Bobby lives around here.

Cole paces around.

CHASE

Bobby? As in your dealer?
(rising)
Is that all you're thinking about?

COLE

What? He might have a spare.

CHASE

Even if he does have a spare we can't leave my car here.

COLE

Of course we can. It's parked.

CHASE

Who gives a shit if it's parked? It's still going to get towed.

COLE

(screaming)
Fuck!

A girl walking her dog SCREAMS, startled. Cole turns and walks away LAUGHING. Chase reluctantly follows.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AISLE - DAY

Xana anxiously strides down an aisle. She stops at the pregnancy tests. She picks one up and examines the box.

INT. GROCERY STORE - BATHROOM - DAY

Xana's on the toilet using the test, reading the back of the box. She throws it to the floor and pulls up her pants.

She steps over to the sink and washes her hands, her eyes fixated on the test. A little blue plus sign appears.

She pulls out her phone and dials, but gets a voice mail. She picks up the test and looks at her reflection.

XANA

Shit.

INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

The lobby's empty aside from one table of 3 RED NECKS, 30's. Carey and Clint are in the back eating a customer's plate.

CLINT

(in between bites)

So I was fucking this guy from behind the other day right, and I was trying to give him a reach around, and the guy had a boner! What a fag, right?

CAREY

I knew you were gay. You get your shift covered tomorrow?

CLINT

Damn it.

He grabs the schedule off the ice box and they walk to the front. Clint picks up the phone when Steven runs in.

STEVEN

See that table over there?

They look towards the table, then back to Steven.

STEVEN

I just stole their beer.

Clint instantly hangs up the phone.

EXT. RESTAURANT - BACK - DAY

Steven stands near the dumpster beside a cooler. Clint and Carey stand aside, awestruck.

CAREY

Holy fucking shit. How'd you get it over here?

STEVEN

Open it dude. Prepare your eyes to be fucked by awesomeness.

Clint leans down and opens the lid. Their eyes widen as a conspicuous assortment of beer is revealed.

CLINT

I'm seriously getting a boner right now.

STEVEN

What'dya say? Pop one open.

CAREY

Wait. They're still in there.

EXT. RESTAURANT - FRONT - DAY

The GUY on the segway rolls by.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Clint, Carey, and Steven hunch over the counter, impatiently.

CLINT

What-the-fuck. They paid over an hour ago. What can they possibly be talking about?

The Red Necks erupt in LAUGHTER. Vanessa walks out from the bathroom. She stares at them.

VANESSA

What are you guys doing?

CLINT

What do you mean? We're just here.

STEVEN

You're wearing that to the party?

VANESSA

I'm not going to a party. My boyfriend and I are eating out in.

CAREY

That code for rug munching?

STEVEN

Sounds like a cheap date. I'd actually take you to a restaurant.

Vanessa looks at Steven, blankly.

VANESSA

Anyway, Frank's gone. I'm heading out. You can manage without me, right?

She opens the door with her back.

CLINT

We always do.

She glares at him, then leaves. Chairs SCRAPE the floor as the Red Necks get up to leave.

CLINT

Show time.

The Red Necks walk past them.

CLINT

See you guys.

Clint locks the door after they walk out.

STEVEN

Okay, now lets start drinking.

CLINT

Or we could take this beach side.

He faces them.

CLINT

Good idea or great idea?

CAREY

We can't just leave the restaurant.

CLINT

We're not going to leave it. We're going to close it.

Clint turns the open sign off. Steven runs around the corner.

CAREY

I was left in charge. If anything happens it's not going to be on my watch.

CLINT

You're only manager because I
couldn't control my bowels.

CAREY

I don't remember you shitting your
pants.

CLINT

I just passed some serious gas and
Frank didn't like it at all. You're
only in charge by default.

Steven comes around the corner drinking a beer.

STEVEN

Yeah get off your high-horse.

CLINT

Stevey's already half way home.

CAREY

I don't know...

STEVEN

It's slower than two fat chicks
fucking.

CLINT

I've closed this place down for
lesser reasons. Mainly because I
was hung over. And well, I just
didn't want to work.

STEVEN

Come on. Let's do this.

CAREY

Okay, okay. Fine.

EXT. SIDE WALK - DAY

Chase and Cole walk through a cozy residential neighborhood.

CHASE

If you had a fucking car then they
would hire you!

COLE

Let me use your car.

CHASE
We're not going to both use my car.
That's ridiculous.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

Chase's phone RINGS as they walk up to the porch. Cole RINGS the bell. Chase ignores the call.

CHASE
Fucking bill collectors. This is
the third time today.

COLE
All I'm saying is...

CHASE
Forget it, Cole.

The door opens. BOBBY, 75, appears in a black suit and a fedora. He stares at them, then he drags a blunt.

BOBBY
The fuck do you want?

COLE
Hey, Bobby.

Bobby holds up the blunt.

BOBBY
Want to smoke?

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

They walk into the cluttered living room. Abstract posters of weed and old bands hang on the walls. Bobby closes the door.

BOBBY
Who's this?

CHASE
Bobby, we've met dozens of times.
Chase...

BOBBY
Oh yeah, Chase.
(beat)
Let me tell you about this girl I
met the other night. Oh my God, she
was gorgeous.

He holds his two fingers in front of Chase's face.

BOBBY
Want to meet her?

CHASE
I don't want to hear about the
girls you meet.

BOBBY
Well, fuck you then. What do you
want?

Bobby sits on the couch and smokes a bong.

COLE
You don't have a spare tire do you?

Bobby pulls away from the bong. Chase and Cole sit by him.

BOBBY
(angered)
Does this look like a discount
tires? I sell weed not tires.

COLE
Bobby, chill.

BOBBY
Oh, sorry. No, I don't have one.
What happened?

CHASE
My tire blew out.

Bobby laughs.

COLE
It's cool. Whatcha got there?

BOBBY
Good shit. Oh my God. So good.

He takes a few hits from the blunt, then passes it to Cole.

BOBBY
Try it.

Cole takes a drag.

COLE
Shit hits hard.

Handing it over to Chase.

BOBBY
They're after me, baby.

Cole takes the blunt back from Chase and takes a hit.

COLE
No one's after you.

BOBBY
Bullshit. After this last time...

COLE
(interrupting)
How much for an eighth of this?

Bobby leans back and thinks.

BOBBY
Hm. Let's see. Ugh, sixty dollars.

Cole takes another hit.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Give me that.

He grabs the blunt from him.

COLE
Sixty dollars? Come on, swing a discount?

BOBBY
Fuck you. If I give you one, then I'll have to give him one.

COLE
Chase let's go half-sies.

CHASE
We can get it cheaper. We shouldn't even be talking about this. We need to figure out the car situation.

COLE
We will. But, since we're here and we need weed -- and I'm tired of smoking the schwag you buy --

BOBBY
Wait a minute.

Bobby paces over to a desk. He opens a drawer and pulls out a small bag. He walks back with both arms extended.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'll throw in a few of these too.

CHASE
What the hell is that?

BOBBY
2-C-I.

Cole stands from the couch.

COLE
Oh, fuck yeah. I want to trip nut
sack.

CHASE
What is that? I've never even heard
of that.

COLE
It's a psychedelic.

CHASE
What about my car?

COLE
Your car will be fine. It only
lasts for a couple of hours.

BOBBY
Me, me, me, I, I, I. Shut up.

Bobby throws one into his mouth.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You want it or not?

Cole takes the pills from Bobby and throws one in his mouth.
He holds the other out for Chase.

COLE
It'll be fine.

Chase reluctantly takes the pill from Cole.

CHASE
We can't forget about my car.

He holds the pill up and looks at it intently.

CHASE (CONT'D)
See you guys on the other side.

He throws it in his mouth. Bobby laughs.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Carey, Steven and Clint find a less crowded spot and set down the cooler. They grab a few beers out.

CLINT

Steven, normally when you steal things, I think you're a peasant piece of shit. But you pretty much saved the day with this one.

STEVEN

Fuck are you talking about? Everything I've ever stolen has always been for you assholes.

CLINT

Well no, that's a lie. But this is straight up Robin Hood shit.

CAREY

Anyone make any money today?

CLINT

Making money implies having customers, and I didn't wait on a damn one.

CAREY

Speaking of, you still need to get someone to pick up your shift.

STEVEN

Call fucking Andrew.

CLINT

You got his number?

STEVEN

I'm not friends with him.

CAREY

Here.

Carey hands his phone to Clint. Carey smokes a pipe.

CAREY

Why aren't we friends with him?

STEVEN

Have you seen the people we work with?

CLINT
(on the phone)
Don't ask questions, Andrew, just
pick it up!

Clint hangs up the phone. Steven browses around the lake.

CAREY
What'd he say?

CLINT
Oh, he picked up the shift alright.

CAREY
Clint, I was just asking Steven how
come we don't hang out with anyone
from work.

CLINT
Is that a serious question? Fuck
those guys.

CAREY
Seriously. Haven't you noticed we
really don't hang out with anyone
else?

CLINT
And that's a bad thing how?

Steven takes the pipe from Carey.

STEVEN
Been too busy to think about pussy.
Only time I've got is the five
minutes my right hand's on the
mouse and my left's on my cock.

CAREY
I'm not, what? I'm talking about
genuine people to socialize with.
(looking them over)
I mean you guys are cool and all,
but shouldn't we hang out with
other people?

STEVEN
Like who?

CLINT
Yeah, there's not too many people I
find genuinely stimulating.

CAREY

Just saying. Maybe we should expand our posse.

STEVEN

You can expand on this cock. Baby doll at six o'clock.

They look over to see PHELIA, 20's, sunbathing and reading a book on a towel.

CLINT

I'd pee in her butt.

STEVEN

I'll offer her a beer. Maybe she'll blow me in appreciation.

CAREY

That requires you actually talking to her.

Steven jumps up.

STEVEN

Usually I let it land in my lap, but I'm going to go with my dick on this one.

CLINT

In that case, not getting very far.

Steven grabs a beer from the cooler, flips the guys off and gestures cunnilingus with his tongue as he heads away.

A shadow fills the page of Phelia's book. She lowers it and looks up to Steven hovering above.

STEVEN

I'm sorry. I was trying to see what book you're reading.

She turns the book so he can see the title.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Ahh. Hunger Games. I know something about that. I'm a chef.

PHELIA

And not a voracious reader?

Over his head.

STEVEN
You want a beer?

He holds out a beer. She sits up and snatches it.

PHELIA
Why not?

Steven holds his beer out for a cheers, but she chugs it.

STEVEN
Yeah, I stole a whole cooler of
this shit earlier today.

She finishes the beer and hands the bottle back to him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I like a girl who can handle her
alcohol.

PHELIA
I'm going to stop you right there.
I'm really not interested.

STEVEN
We haven't gotten anywhere yet.
What's your name?

PHELIA
What's your name?

STEVEN
Steven.

PHELIA
Steven, I'm not interested.

STEVEN
Look, there's a party tonight.
Would you want to go?

PHELIA
With you?

STEVEN
Yeah.

PHELIA
No.

STEVEN
Well, can I call you sometime?

PHELIA

I'm not giving you my number. Thank you for the beer.

She gathers her things and heads away. Steven's stunned, then makes his way back to Carey and Clint.

CLINT

I thought getting all this free beer was the tits, but seeing you get swatted away like that was so much more satisfying.

CAREY

Gaga's probably going to write a song about how pathetic that was.

Steven sits beside them and sips his beer.

STEVEN

She's a complete bitch from bitchville.

CLINT

I guess thanks for warming her up.

CAREY

What, you're going over there now?

Clint stands and hits the pipe.

CLINT

Just call me big dick daddy from Cincinnati.

He tosses the pipe to Carey and walks off.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Xana steps out and heads to the side of the building with a cup. BROOK, 17, finishes off a water bottle as Xana arrives.

BROOK

That the vody?

She snatches the cup from Xana and fills her water bottle.

XANA (CONT'D)

You're drinking already? It wasn't easy getting that.

BROOK

Your services are appreciated. Want some?

XANA

I don't think I should.

She pulls the test from her pocket and shows it to Brook.

BROOK

What is that?

XANA

What do you think it is?

BROOK

That's not real is it?

XANA

No, it's fake. It's located in the toy aisle, right between coloring books and cap guns. Yes, it's real.

BROOK

Let me see that.

She quickly grabs the test from Xana.

XANA

You know I just peed on that, right?

She hands it back to Xana and wipes her hands on her sleeve.

BROOK

Oh my God. You're pregnant? The clinic called or what?

XANA

Still waiting. Just took this 'cause I'm too anxious.

Brook takes a long drink from her cup.

XANA (CONT'D)

You're really gung-ho today.

BROOK

Have you talked to the guy?

XANA

He's not answering. And I don't want to leave a message, hey you left a little more than a feeling.

BROOK

Hey, everyone likes Boston. Karla know yet? That could be either really exciting or a very dreadful, knowing your mom.

XANA

I'm a little too afraid of how Karla's going to react.

BROOK

She still dating that kid?

XANA

My point exactly.

Xana checks her watch.

XANA

I gotta get back to work.

BROOK

Yeah, I'm suppose to meet Audrey. She's probably wondering where I'm at.

XANA

I'll call you later.

BROOK

You're still coming tonight, right?

XANA

I met him at the last one, hopefully fate's on my side.

BROOK

See you tonight. Take care of that belly.

She laughs and heads off.

EXT. BEACH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Phelia packs her car. Clint is a few yards behind her.

CLINT

Leaving already?

Phelia stops and looks back at him. Instant attraction, but she turns and keeps packing her car.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Sorry about my friend back there.

Phelia slams her trunk and faces him.

PHELIA
You're friends with that guy?

CLINT
I know he thinks he's smooth, but
did you see what he looks like?

Phelia starts to get in to the car, but stops.

CLINT (CONT'D)
I on the other hand am smooth and,
well just look at me.
(beat)
I don't want to rush into anything
but let's not beat around the bush.
You're attractive, obviously I'm
attractive. Let's do the only
logical thing attractive people do.

PHELIA
And what's that?

CLINT
I'm not saying this couldn't go
anywhere sometime -- way down the
line, but we won't know until we do
something about it, now.
(beat)
Like right now.

Phelia gets in her car and starts the engine.

PHELIA
Want to go my place?

Clint jumps in the passenger seat.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Better leave my car here so Steve
can drive his rejected ass home.

PHELIA
He mentioned something about a
party later.

CLINT
Yeah, we'll get to that.

They drive away.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase, Cole, and Bobby lay head to head on the floor passing a joint. Bobby takes several hits, then passes it to Cole.

BOBBY

It was in a Louisiana city. I can't remember the name--

CHASE

(interrupting)
What was it called?

BOBBY

Huh?

Chase's phone RINGS. He doesn't recognize the number.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Don't answer it. Homeland security.

CHASE

It's a bill collector. They've been calling all day.

BOBBY

That's how they got me. Listening through the fucking cell phone.

CHASE

What was the name of the city?

BOBBY

I don't remember the fucking name. You don't listen, do ya? Some place small. But they were watching me.

CHASE

Who was?

BOBBY

Homeland security, damn it!

(beat)

You're fucking with me, aren't ya?

Cole is zoned out.

COLE

I'm stoned. I think.

CHASE

What did they do?

BOBBY
You think I'm lying, but I aint.
(beat)
You don't care.

Chase LAUGHS, but quickly grabs his face. He's clearly messed up. Cole whispers to himself, staring up at the ceiling.

BOBBY
Well, fuck ya.

Bobby gets up and walks away.

CHASE
Cole...

Cole turns, but keeps his eyes planted on the ceiling.

COLE
Yeah?

CHASE
Are you feeling it?

COLE
I'm more stoned than anything.

Chase runs his hands across his face.

CHASE
I'm so fucked up. Everything's
moving with every word I say.

COLE
Do you still think about her?

CHASE
Who? Oh...

BOBBY O.S.
I don't know about you, but I am
fucked up.

They look toward the bathroom, then back to the ceiling.

CHASE
From time to time. Why do you ask?

COLE
You just never told me what
happened.

CHASE
We got drunk and preformed fuck.

Cole laughs.

COLE
Well, I know that. But before that.

CHASE
We met at that last party.

Cole lights a joint and takes a big hit.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Had some drinks, shared some
laughs, and you know.

COLE
Why don't ya'll still talk?

Chase shrugs.

CHASE
We exchanged numbers, but she never
called me. Maybe because I went
limp a few times. Who knows?
(shaking his head)
I am beyond fucked up right now.

Chase rubs his face with his hands. Bobby comes back into the living room looking at his watch.

BOBBY
I hate to cut this group therapy
short, but I got a party to be at.
Sell some drugs. Make some money.
Find me a little girl.

Cole gets up from the floor.

COLE
Hopefully better shit than what you
sold me. I'm not feeling a fucking
thing. Where's this party at?

Bobby hands Cole a flyer. He looks it over. Chase slowly gets up and sits on the couch.

BOBBY
To the shindig heard around the
world. Every year civilization
stops to honor one night of
debauchery and depravity. You heard
of it? Of course you haven't. Beer
and bitches. You should see the
women, oh my God. Gorgeous.

COLE

That sounds amazing. Chase, let's go.

Cole throws the flyer on the coffee table. Chase has his face in his hands.

CHASE

My car. Dude, Cole we need to get my car.

BOBBY

Go, don't go. I don't give a shit. This is my annual sales summit and believe me business is going to be good. You can come or ride with me, I don't care. Just make sure you're not followed.

INT. XANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Xana sits at her desk spinning her phone around. She stops, picks it up, and dials.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - SAME

Chase is on the couch barely functional. His PHONE rings.

COLE

Fucking bill collectors are relentless. Tell them to stop calling.

BOBBY

It's homeland. They know you're here. Give me that phone.

Chase holds onto it tightly as Bobby grabs for it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Give me the fucking thing.

He rips the phone from Chase's grasp.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Listen up you motherfuckers, you can try and scare me but it aint going to work, hear me?

INT. XANA'S ROOM - SAME

Xana, baffled, holds the phone out.

XANA

Chase is that you? This is Xana.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - SAME

Bobby holds his stern position.

BOBBY

Xana? Well you tell 'em I'm Bobby
Baudin from New Orleans, damn it.

He breaks the phone in two. Chase jumps up from the couch.

CHASE

Bobby, what the fuck?

BOBBY

It was some Middle Eastern bitch
from homeland. I told you they were
after me.

CHASE

No one's after you, you
cantankerous fuck.

COLE

Dude, she called.

Chase collapses back on the couch, holding the two pieces of
his phone.

CHASE

I've been waiting for that call.

Chase groans and lays back.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I'm too fucked up right now. I just
need to lay here.

Bobby looks from Chase to Cole.

BOBBY

Let's go before they send the
helicopters.

COLE

Bobby, chill on that homeland shit.
We can't just leave him here.

BOBBY
Let him sleep it off.

COLE
How is it that you and I aren't
feeling it like he is?

BOBBY
Two of the pills were Aspirin. It
was a one in three. He got lucky.

COLE
Really? You asshole.

Chase is nearly passed out.

COLE
He's going to be alright, right?

BOBBY
It'll wear off in a few hours.

Bobby lights a cigar and heads away.

COLE
Then what's he going to do?

BOBBY
Huh?

COLE
Then what's--

BOBBY
Are you coming are not? Stop
worrying about him and come on.

Cole follows after Bobby.

INT. PHELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clint and Phelia come through the front. Clint looks around.

CLINT
Wow, this is nice. You must have
roommates.

GINGER, the dog comes running up. Phelia pets her.

PHELIA
Hey, Ginger. How ya doing girl?

CLINT
I knew a ginger once. We used to
call her frotch.

PHELIA
Don't be mean.

She pushes his arm, playful. Clint grabs a frisbee from the counter.

CLINT
Does she fetch?
(throwing frisbee)
Fetch, girl.

A vase BREAKS on a side table. Ginger doesn't move.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Oh, shit. Sorry.

PHELIA
Don't worry about it. Why don't you
make yourself comfortable.

She pushes him on to the couch.

PHELIA
I'm going to change.

She heads towards her room. Clint looks around the room.

CLINT
How many roommates do you have?

PHELIA O.S.
What?

CLINT
(to himself)
This place must be expensive.

Phelia comes back wearing just a robe.

PHELIA
Come here.

Clint rises and meets her as she comes near.

CLINT
Wow, you look almost fuckable.

She gawks. He pulls her to him.

CLINT
I'm kidding. Come here.

They start kissing on the couch.

PHELIA
Got a condom?

CLINT
Why would I have a condom?

PHELIA
(puzzled)
Cause we're about to have sex?

CLINT
I don't use dick gloves. No thank
you. I'm a risk taker.

Phelia jumps up.

PHELIA
What are we going to do?

CLINT
I don't see the dilemma here...

She looks epiphanized.

PHELIA
I'll be right back.

Clint lays back as she saunters to her room.

CLINT
Just so you know I've got a PHD in
pulling out, so don't worry about
finding a rubber or anything.
(beat)
I've also got a doctorate in oral
sex but don't really like it much.

Clint's jaw drops as his attention is redirected. Phelia
comes back over holding a long strand of beads.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Whatcha got there?

PHELIA
If we can't have sex, then why
don't we step it up a notch?

She slides the knots through her hands and sucks on the end.

CLINT

Not the rubber I was talking about.
But you know, I'm a risk taker.
This is what risk takers do.

He starts edging towards her. She quickly swings him around and throws him to the couch.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Easy, easy.

She jumps on top of him.

PHELIA

Oh you didn't think these were for me, did you?

CLINT

Yeah, I did. Still do?

PHELIA

You said you were a risk taker, didn't you?

Clint tries to get away from her grasp.

CLINT

You know what, I think this may be a little too risky for me.

PHELIA

If you let me do this to you, I'll let you do whatever you want to me.

Clint leans up.

CLINT

You mean a blank check?

She smiles. Clint gets on to all fours.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Everyone's got their price.

Clint screams in agony as Phelia inserts the strand. He sifts through emotions as the foreplay proceeds. His reluctant expression changes to pleasurable acceptance.

CLINT (CONT'D)

I know I shouldn't be liking this but it feels so good. AHH!

The GARAGE DOOR sounds from the distance.

PHELIA

Oh my God.

CLINT

What? One of your roommates going to walk in on you sodomizing me?

PHELIA

It's my dad.

CLINT

You're dad? You live with your dad? How fucking old are you?

PHELIA

Yeah, I'm seventeen!

CLINT

You're seventeen? What the fuck?

Realizing the situation, she rips the beads out of his rectum. He SCREAMS in pain. FECES spew all over the couch.

PHELIA

Oh my god. That's disgusting.

CLINT

I've got the booze poos!

He grabs his clothes and runs into the bathroom. She quickly redresses as her FATHER, 50's, appears around the corner.

PHELIA'S FATHER

Hey, sweetheart.

PHELIA

Dad...

PHELIA'S FATHER

I managed to get off early. What are you up to?

She searches for the words.

PHELIA

I - I was just...

PHELIA'S FATHER

What is that smell?

Her father comes forward and inspects the couch. He blanches.

PHELIA'S FATHER

Is that shit all over my brand new couch? What'd I say would happen if she did this again?

PHELIA

Dad, it was just an accident.

Her father disappears around the corner.

INT. PHELIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Clint retches as he frantically wipes his body off with towels. His PHONE rings on the counter.

STEVEN V.O.

She swatted you away too?

CLINT

Pick me up! Pick me up!

STEVEN V.O.

What happened?

CLINT

No time to explain. Just come!

STEVEN V.O.

I can't pick you up without the location.

Clint types on his phone.

CLINT

There. Now get over here!

Clint leans his ear against the door. He hears Phelia's father come back into the living room.

PHELIA'S FATHER O.S.

Get over here, bitch!

PHELIA O.S.

Dad, what are you doing? Put the gun down!

Clint, terror stricken, spots a window.

CLINT

I'm out of here.

EXT. PHELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Clint crawls out of the bathroom window on the second story. He throws his cloths down below and jumps down. He runs away.

A GUNSHOT echoes through the neighborhood.

INT. CLINT'S CAR - NIGHT.

Steven drives. Carey rides shotgun. Carey lowers his phone.

CAREY
He's not answering.

Clint runs on the sidewalk, trying to obscure his naked body.

STEVEN
Wait. Is that him?

He HONKS the horn. Clint sees them and runs over.

STEVEN
What's up, Mr. Big Dick Daddy?

Clint gets in the backseat.

CAREY
What happened to you?

CLINT
Don't ask questions. Just drive!

Steven shrugs and drives away.

INT. CLINT'S CAR- NIGHT

They pull up to Carey's house. Carey gets out.

CAREY
Be back here in an hour.

STEVEN
That's all up to this guy.

He looks back to Clint.

CLINT
All I'm thinking about is taking a shower. I smell like asshole.

STEVEN
Carey, say hi to your mom for me.

Steven drives off as Carey walks up to his house.

INT. XANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

GREG, 25, and Karla are cutting vegetables in the kitchen. Carey walks in and gestures "let's smoke". Greg nods.

EXT. XANA'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Greg hits a joint, then passes it to Carey.

GREG
I got to stop doing this.

CAREY
Doing what?

GREG
This. Finally found a career.
Dating an incredibly sexy woman.

Looking at Carey.

GREG (CONT'D)
No offense.

Carey hands the joint to Greg.

CAREY
You work at a bank. And it's cool.
I love my mom. She's had some hard
times and you're just her way of
working through it. No offense.

Greg hits the joint.

GREG
None taken.

CAREY
As long as she's happy I don't mind
her crazy antics. You're cool, man.

GREG
Think something's up with her.
She's been acting kind of strange.

Carey takes a hit.

CAREY (CONT'D)
You'll know strange when you see
it. You haven't seen nothing yet.

Carey flicks the joint off the roof.

INT. XANA'S HOUSE - XANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Xana observes her figure in the mirror. Carey notices and stops in the door way.

CAREY
What are you doing?

XANA
Does it look like I've gained weight?

Carey squints his eyes as he comes into the room.

CAREY
Looks like you're about to drop an infant.

He sits on her bed. Xana looks anxious.

XANA
That noticeable, huh?

CAREY
What are you talking about?

XANA
It looks like that because I am about to drop an infant.

CAREY
No, because someone has to drive their pink love bus into tuna town for that to happen.

Xana stares at him.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Oh my God. You're pregnant? Does mom know?

XANA
I haven't told her yet.

Carey jumps up.

CAREY

Tell her. Xana this is big. You can't just wait until your water breaks and someone slips and falls in that shit and say, oh by the way I'm carrying a kid.

XANA

I know. I'm going to. I just don't want her to spaz out on me with another one of her sex talks. Uncomfortable much?

CAREY

Ditto. Who knocked you up, anyway?

XANA

You wouldn't know him.

CAREY

What do you mean I wouldn't know him?

XANA

You know Clint and Steven, that's it.

CAREY

I know other people. Just tell me the cat's name.

XANA

His name's Chase.

CAREY

Chase? That guy collects STD's and he's older than I am.

XANA

You don't know him.

CAREY

No, I don't know him. But how do you know he didn't have an STD?

XANA

Pretty sure I don't have to worry. We were each other's first.

CAREY

That's cute.

KARLA O. S.

Dinner's ready.

Carey looks to the hall, then back to Xana

XANA

Not one word, Carey. Promise me.

Sniffing his shirt.

CAREY

I promise. You can't smell anything, can you?

XANA

You smell like Gary Busey.

CAREY

Really?

XANA

No you're fine.

Carey smiles and puts eye drops into his eyes as he leaves.

INT. XANA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Carey, Xana, Greg, and Karla sit in silence around the dinner table. Utensils SCRAPE plates. Karla seems on edge.

CAREY

Mm, these potatoes are so good.

He shovels a mouthful.

GREG

Yeah, babe. You did great.

KARLA

Glad you like it.

CAREY

What's up, mom? How was your day?

KARLA

Fine. And yours?

CAREY

I had a great day. We closed the restaurant early and chilled at the beach. You know, guy shit.

He looks at Greg.

CAREY (CONT'D)

You know what I'm talking about.

Greg, really stoned, holds back a laugh.

KARLA

And Xana, how was your day?

Xana stuffs her mouth full of food.

XANA

Peachy.

Karla sips her wine and composes herself.

KARLA

Anything you want to discuss?

Xana looks to Carey, then to her food.

XANA

Nothing that comes to mind.

Karla throws her utensils down at her plate.

KARLA

This was supposed to be a nice dinner with Greg, but you're forcing me to do this.

She leans over and pulls a BIG FLOPPY DILDO out from under the table. She SLAMS it down on the table up-right.

Xana tenses with embarrassment. Carey jerks his plate away.

CAREY

Whoa, watch it with that thing.

Greg explodes in LAUGHTER

XANA

Are you crazy?

KARLA

I found this in your room today.

XANA

What were you doing in my room?

KARLA

Why do you have this?

Xana shields her face.

XANA

Is masturbating illegal now?

KARLA

Xana, are you having sex?

Carey and Greg are in hysterics.

KARLA

Boys, enough!

They go straight faced. Karla redirects her focus to Xana.

KARLA

Or are you just using this?

She shakes the dildo. Xana blushes. Greg grabs his plate.

GREG

Careful, Karla.

CAREY

You try the asparagus?

He shovels another bite into his mouth.

KARLA

Care to explain why a clinic left
you a message on my machine?

Xana looks puzzled.

KARLA

Have you been sexually active?

XANA

So I had sex. What's the big deal?
Everybody has sex. It's just sex.

KARLA

It's just sex until you get a
disease, or you get raped, or--

CAREY

Pregnant?

Xana shoots Carey a dirty look.

KARLA

Or pregnant. That's the big deal.
Be honest. Tell me you went there
to ask questions and nothing more.

Long pause. Xana looks around at everyone.

XANA

Well, do you want me to be honest
or tell you I was filling a
curiosity?

KARLA

Xana, do you have an STD?

CAREY

Ew. No, mom. She's just pregnant.

Xana shoots daggers to carey.

XANA

Carey, you promised!

Karla faces Carey.

KARLA

You knew about this?

CAREY

Got to go.

Carey grabs his plate and rushes away.

KARLA

Xana, is that true?

XANA

If the test results are bonafide--
(beat)
Then yes.

Karla sits back in her chair.

KARLA

Oh, Xana. How could this happen?

XANA

I'm not going to tell you the
details.

KARLA

You're so young. You've got your
whole life to look forward to.

XANA

I wasn't planning on getting
pregnant from the first guy I
boned. Just my luck.

KARLA

First thing tomorrow we're going down there and taking care of this.

XANA

Whoa, keep your shirt on.

GREG

Maybe you should have kept your shirt on.

Karla shoots Greg a look. His smile vanishes as he grabs his plate and leaves the table.

XANA

It's my body. I think I'll make the decisions

KARLA

You've done just fine so far.

XANA

Why are you blowing this so far out of proportion? You were young when you had kids.

KARLA

I was married and planned my kids. And I wasn't seventeen, for Christ's sake!

Xana throws her napkin at her plate.

XANA

I don't know what you want me to say.

Carey washes his dish in the sink, talking on his phone.

CAREY

Okay. -- I got it. Don't worry. I'm walking out the door, chill.

He hangs up the phone and comes back into the dining room.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Don't want to miss this priceless family moment but as the shepherd says, I got to get the flock out of here. Mom, dinner was awesome as always. Greg...

He looks over to Greg. He's passed out on the couch.

CAREY
Sleep it off, buddy.

Carey opens the front door. Xana races after him.

KARLA
Where do you think you're going?

XANA
I've got plans. I'm outa here.

KARLA
Sit down, young lady. We're going
to finish talking about this.

XANA
There's nothing more to say.

Xana escapes out the door. Karla stands in the threshold.

KARLA
Xana, I'm your mother. You're just
a child. I know what's best for
you.

Xana turns and faces her.

XANA
Well, I think I'll take this one.
Thanks though.

KARLA
I'm not going to let you throw your
life away.

XANA
If you think having a child is
throwing my life away, then you're
more fucked up than I thought.

She approaches Clint's idling car and gets in.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase wakes on the couch and walks around.

CHASE
Cole? Bobby?

GARAGE

He flips on the light. Looks around. Spots a bike.

CHASE
Where are you guys?

LIVING ROOM

Chase comes back in. He looks around then grabs the flyer off of the coffee table.

EXT. PARTY - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The place is alive. Hundreds of people everywhere going in and out of the house. Gathered in groups.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - STATIONARY - NIGHT

Cole and Bobby are parked among dozens of cars. They gaze in amazement, readying themselves for the festivities. Bobby holds out a joint.

BOBBY
Want any more of this?

COLE
I'm straight.

Bobby takes as many hits as he can before throwing the remains out the window. Cole looks out the window.

COLE
Shit's happening.

BOBBY
Look at all these potential customers.

Cole looks at Bobby.

COLE
Maybe we shouldn't have left Chase.

BOBBY
What are you, gay? Why don't you stop worrying about him and think about finding yourself a cock coozie.

Bobby SLAMS the door shut as he gets out. Cole follows.

BOBBY
Let's get fucked.

They walk towards the party.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

The front door swings open. Carey, Clint, Steven, and Xana walk through with the cooler.

They set it down on the floor and look around. No one even recognizes that they're there. Xana dials her PHONE.

CAREY

It just came out. I just spat it out when I heard her talking STD's and shit.

STEVEN

Wait, what are you guys talking about?

XANA

Nothing.

CAREY

Nothing.

XANA (CONT'D)

She was going to find out either way. Can't believe she reacted like that though. She really is having a mid-life crises.

(on the phone)

Hey. I'm here --

(to Carey)

I'm going to find Brook and Audrey.

CAREY

Alright. Hey, be careful. Don't want to end up with another one of those things.

Xana nods and darts away.

XANA O.S.

(On the phone)

You're not going to believe how Karla reacted.

STEVEN

She's not hanging with us?

CLINT

Good. We need to cut the fat. Carey, pull us a beer.

Carey opens the cooler and grabs each of them a beer. They POP the tops, take a sip and stand there, awkwardly.

CAREY

How does it usually work when we go to parties?

CLINT

What do you mean?

CAREY

Normally we don't just stand in the entrance all night.

CLINT

You're right. I'm going to see if those girls can help me get rid of the remnants of that seventeen year old's anal fetish.

Clint walks away.

STEVEN

Yeah, good luck with that. I was going to talk to them.

CAREY

No you weren't.

STEVEN

At least I thought about it. You're just standing here.

CAREY

We're both standing here.

Steven looks at him, then walks away.

CAREY (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do?

Carey watches the party. Alone. He sips his beer.

EXT. PARTY - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Cole sips a solo cup amongst a group of people trying to blend in. He looks over and spots Chase riding up on a bike.

Chase throws the bike to the ground as Cole approaches.

CHASE

Hey, asshole.

COLE

What? You rode that here?

Chase grabs the cup from Cole and gulps it down.

CHASE

That's a very good question, Cole. Considering I'm tripping balls right now. It doesn't make any sense, does it?

COLE

You're still tripping?

CHASE

You're not? I stopped three times on the way over here to puke.

COLE

That shit was bunk. Bobby gave us a raw deal. Schwarzenegger style. I know what'll be a good distraction.

CHASE

You found Xana?

COLE

No. There's a table in there.

CHASE

There's a pool table?

Cole nods.

CHASE

I'll shoot a game.

They head toward the house.

CHASE (CONT'D)

That was the scariest fucking ride.

EXT. PARTY - NIGHT

A large crowd gathers around people swinging poi and hula hooping. Clint talks with a YOUNG GUY.

YOUNG GUY

Yeah, my family owns a brewery.

CLINT

Are you serious? Do you get free beer and shit?

YOUNG GUY

Yeah. Sometimes.

CLINT

Dude, how amazing is that? I would do unspeakable things to be in your shoes. Drinking all day. For free.

YOUNG GUY

It's nice and all, but I much rather be doing something more productive than drinking all day.

CLINT

What do you mean? What beats drinking all day, especially when it's free?

A girl hands the guy a hula hoop.

YOUNG GUY

Ever tried it?

CLINT

You do that shit too? Thought only chicks and gay people did that.

The guy starts hula hooping away from Clint.

GUY

Nice meeting you...

Clint sips his beer and walks off.

SIDE OF HOUSE

LAUGHTER echoes as Clint comes around. He spots the Red Necks from earlier. His eyes bulge and he walks the other way.

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A TEEN smokes from a four foot bong with a younger crowd. He almost clears it, but goes into a COUGHING fit.

Steven grabs the bong from him.

STEVEN

Give me that. You didn't even clear the fucking thing.

Steven scrutinizes the teen who's still COUGHING. He takes a lighter from another teen and looks them over.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Bet this is the first time you guys
ever even smoked out of a bong.

Steven snatches the bag of pot and loads the bong.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fucking pussies, man. Let me show
you how it's done.

He lights the bowl and takes a huge hit. One of the kids
tilts the bong and water shoots down Steven's lungs.

He shoves the bong away and COUGHS. The kids LAUGH at him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Who fucking did that?

TEEN

Think you can smoke our weed, then
make fun of us? Fuck out of here.

The other kids chime in.

STEVEN

I was just giving you guys a
critique.

TEEN

We don't need your critique. Go
find someone else to mooch weed
from.

Steven gets up and walks away.

STEVEN

Fuck you guys. Pricks.

One of the Red Necks steps directly in front of him. Steven
quickly turns and fiddles with a plant on a side table.

Once the Red Neck is clearly past, Steven holds up his middle
finger and MOUTHS 'fuck you.'

EXT. PARTY - STAGE - NIGHT

A large crowd surrounds a small stage as a BAND plays. Xana,
Brook and AUDREY, 17, fill cups at a keg.

AUDREY

What about Zoe?

Xana sips a bottle of water.

XANA

Would you stop throwing out baby names? I'm still kind of in shock right now.

BROOK

Yeah and Chase doesn't know yet.

AUDREY

How do you think he'll take it?

XANA

Sadly, I don't know him well enough to guess.

AUDREY

Maybe Karla's right. I mean that way you wouldn't have to tell him.

BROOK

Audrey!

AUDREY

What? When I got mine, one of the best decisions I've made.

Xana looks stunned.

XANA

When did you get one?

AUDREY

Last summer.

BROOK

Which followed one of her worst decisions.

XANA

You knew about this?

AUDREY

I didn't want anybody to know. It came out one night when I was a drunken, emotional mess.

XANA

Don't think I could do it. I mean, the kid's got an equal say, right?

BROOK

Just weigh your options.

XANA

I need to talk to Chase before I do anything.

AUDREY

Hey, I'm pro-choice too, but look at us. Are we really ready to be responsible for another life?

She sips her cup.

AUDREY

Let's go inside. I want to find a boy to cuddle up to.

Brook and Xana look at her.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Not resulting in another vodka induced threesome. I know that's what you were thinking, Brook.

BROOK

Wasn't going to say anything. Xana, you coming?

XANA

Think I'm going to stay and watch the band for awhile.

Brook and Audrey walk away. Xana watches the band.

INT. PARTY - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT

Chase shoots the eight ball in a pocket. Cole stands aside, anxiously.

CHASE

Yes!

COLE

Son of a bitch.

Chase comes toward him. Cole grabs the rack.

COLE

Double or nothing.

CHASE

Come on.

Cole sighs and leans his face toward Chase.

COLE
Not too hard.

CHASE
Right. Just something like...

Chase lightly taps Cole's Cheek with his left hand, then slaps his other cheek with his right hand.

COLE
Dude!

CHASE
What? That was the bet.

Cole rubs his cheek.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Good game.

COLE
That wasn't a good fucking game.

CHASE
Want to play again?

COLE
Fuck yeah I want to play again.

CHASE
Rack 'em.

Cole racks some of the balls.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Just so you know everything is melting and blurring together in a vibrant swirl of colors.

COLE
I can't believe you're still tripping.

Chase rolls the rest of the balls over to him.

CHASE
Where's Bobby?

COLE
Selling weed and ripping people off with his knock-off drugs probably.

Chase looks out at the crowd of people partying.

CHASE

Ran into anyone you know yet?

COLE

Clifton.

CHASE

You ran into Clifton? The guy who remembers every trivial thing from high school?

COLE

Always seems to find me. I don't know how he does it. You know when your in an awkward situation and there's that certain smell?

CHASE

Nope.

COLE

Well there's a certain smell. He was just yapping about the time his mom walked in on me jerking off. I realized the smell which reminded me of the last time I smelled it.

Chase is puzzled.

COLE (CONT'D)

The time that girl defaced my room.

CHASE

Gross.

Cole LAUGHS and Chase breaks the balls on the table.

COLE (CONT'D)

Still regret cutting ties just because she puked. Shit happens, right?

Cole shoots at a ball and misses the pocket.

COLE (CONT'D)

Shit!

CHASE

What is it about this girl? You didn't even sleep with her.

He shoots. Makes it.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Two ball side pocket.

He misses.

COLE
There's always that one girl, you know? You can't describe what it is about her or why she makes an impact.

CHASE
So Cole actually cares more about a girl than just having sex.

COLE
I don't just want sex from girls.

CHASE
You're kidding, right? It's always about sex with you.

COLE
This girl's different. Maybe it's like you and Xana.

CHASE
If there was something between Xana and I, I'd probably know by now.

Cole shoots and misses again.

COLE
Fuck it!

CHASE
Call your shots.

COLE
I did.

CHASE
No you didn't.

COLE
I always call shots.

Chase looks at Cole incredulously.

CHASE
Do you Cole? Do you always call shots?

COLE
Tell me I don't always call shots.

CHASE
You never call shots. Just like
that last game.

COLE
That's bullshit and you know.

CHASE
I know! I'm the one saying you
didn't call the fucking shot!

COLE
I did, damn it! I did.

CHASE
So you're telling me you called
three balls in three different
pockets at the same time. That's
what you're telling me, correct?

COLE
What I'm saying-

CHASE
No Cole, answer the question.

COLE
Can I speak first?

CHASE
Answer the question first.

COLE
... Yes!

CHASE
Ah, I knew it. That's bullshit
Cole!

COLE
How's that bullshit? I meant for
those fucking balls to go into
those fucking pockets!

Chase throws his pool cue down in a fit of anger.

CHASE
Fuck it, just fuck it. I don't want
to play anymore. I'm tripping too
hard anyway.

COLE

Good, me neither and I'm still not tripping.

INT. PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chase and Cole come in. There are savory snacks, cups, plates, and all the party essentials.

Cole notices a cup of straws and a stack of napkins. He nudges Chase. They both grab a straw and a few napkins.

LIVING ROOM

Carey finishes his beer as he rounds the corner. A group of BROS cull around. One BRO has his foot atop the cooler.

Carey taps the guy's shoulder.

CAREY

Hey, can I get a beer?

The Bro turns and faces him.

BRO

What?

CAREY

I need to get a beer.

Cole and Chase stand in the back and shoot spitwads at people. The Bro opens the cooler and takes out a beer.

BRO

You want this beer?

CAREY

Yeah. It is my cooler.

BRO

Oh, okay. Here ya go.

He hands the beer out for Carey. Carey reaches for it but the Bro pulls it back, POPS the tab, and takes a drink.

BRO

Go find your own fucking beer.

The guys LAUGH. Carey sighs and starts to head away.

CAREY

Dick!

Right then, Cole shoots the bro with a spitwad. The Bro lowers his beer, confused.

BRO
What the fuck?

The Bro marches toward Carey.

BRO
What'd you throw at me, cocksucker?

CAREY
What are you talking about?

The Bro PUNCHES Carey. He falls to the ground. His friends laugh and egg him on. Cole and Chase run to the scene.

COLE
Hey man. It was just a spitwad. I did it. I didn't mean to hit you.

BRO
You want some of this, too?

Out of nowhere, Carey is back to his feet. He throws a violent PUNCH. The Bro falls to the ground. Carey faces Cole.

CAREY
You got my back, right?

COLE
What?

The Bro and his posse come at Carey and Cole. Carey PUNCHES the Bro in the stomach. Cole grabs a guy by his shirt and throws him into the other guys.

DINING ROOM

Clint and Steven play beer pong. Clint aims the ball when he sees what's going on.

CLINT
Carey?

LIVING ROOM

The guys have Carey by the shirt. Clint and Steven run up.

CLINT
Carey, what are you doing?

Carey looks to Clint. One of the guys uppercuts Carey's stomach. He doubles over.

CAREY
Do something.

CLINT
Nah, you got this.

Cole get's PUNCHED to the ground. Steven helps him up.

STEVEN
Kick their ass!

The Bro is about to punch Carey when the front door swings open. In comes the Red Necks. They spot the cooler.

A Red Neck grabs the Bro off of Carey. The place goes silent.

HEAD RED NECK
Normally, I like to drink a cold
beer and watch a good fight.
(beat)
But some dumb piece of shit stole
something that belongs to me.

Steven ebbs into the crowd.

HEAD RED NECK
After countless hours of retracing
steps, I thought looking for it was
a lost cause.
(facing bro)
Until now.

He pulls him close by his shirt.

HEAD RED NECK
That's my cooler. Now, who's going
to tell me who took it?

Clint points to Steven. He hides behind someone.

The Red Necks look over the crowd. Carey gets up from the floor and stands near Clint.

Head Red Neck gets in the Bro's face.

HEAD RED NECK
You bring this cooler here tonight?

CAREY
He said he stole it earlier.

Another Red Neck opens the cooler and peers inside.

SECOND RED NECK
Half the beer's gone.

CAREY
Look they're all drinking it.

Steven hides his beer behind his back. The Red Necks grab the other guys.

BRO
Wait a minute.

HEAD RED NECK
Come on boys, let's show these guys what happens when you take things that don't belong to you.

Steven cups his mouth and yells -

STEVEN
Kick their ass!

The crowd cheers KICK THEIR ASS.

BRO
Wait. That's not ours. We didn't...

The Red Necks haul the guys outside. Steven runs over to Clint and Carey.

STEVEN
Oh my God. What are the odds of those hillbilly motherfuckers showing up here?

Cole and Chase walk up to Carey.

COLE
Sorry about that man.

CAREY
Shit, that was exhilarating wasn't it?

CLINT
What the fuck happened?

CAREY
I'll tell you over coffee time. My adrenaline is pumping.

CLINT
We don't have any weed.

Steven pulls a bag of pot from his pocket.

CLINT
Where'd you get that?

STEVEN
Fucking high school kids.

Carey faces Chase and Cole.

CAREY
Want to get stoned?

COLE
Fuck yeah.

CHASE
I'm already stoned.

CAREY
Want to get stonder?

Carey throws his arm around Cole as they head outside.

EXT. PARTY - TABLE - NIGHT

Clint, Carey, Chase, Cole, and Steven sit at a patio table.
Carey's nose is bleeding.

CLINT
Dude, Carey. My man. What happened?

Steven loads the pipe.

CAREY
I just wanted a beer and that
douchebag sucker punched me.

COLE
Partly my fault. I shot him with a
spitwad.

CAREY
That's why I got punched?

Steven hands the pipe to Carey.

CLINT
I've got a newfound respect for
you. Usually you're a little bitch.

Carey takes a hit and passes the pipe to Cole.

CAREY
No I'm not.

CLINT
Ugh, but you are. Steven want to
take this one?

STEVEN
No, you are and that's obvious.
Wipe the blood from your nose.

Cole passes the pipe to Chase.

CAREY
Chicks dig guys with battle wounds.

Chase motions off the pipe.

CHASE
I'm good.

CLINT
What's your guys' name?

COLE
I'm Cole.

CHASE
Chase.

CLINT
I knew you looked familiar. You're
the guy that picks up food all the
time at the restaurant. Delivery
service, right?

CHASE
That's where I know you guys from.
That Italian joint.

CLINT
Yeah. You don't smoke?

CHASE
I do. I'm just tripping right now.
We took 2-C-I earlier.

STEVEN
Got anymore?

COLE
He got lucky. Mine was shit.

CAREY

My adrenaline's still pumping. I was about to go hangar on those assholes.

COLE

Steven Segal style. Half Past Dead. Thank God for those Red Necks.

STEVEN

More than you know.

CLINT

You should use that adrenaline in the next game of beer pong.

A kid passes by and calls out.

KID

Setting up for flip cup. Who's in?

Chase turns to the guys.

CHASE

You guys play flip cup?

CLINT

Do we...?

SIDE OF HOUSE

A crowd of people surround a table with solo cups. Clint and Chase are head to head. They cheers a beer.

CHASE

Ready?

CLINT

Let's do this.

They chug their beer, then try to flip the cup.

EXT. PARTY - STAGE - NIGHT

The band finishes a song. The members head away. The vocalist pulls out an acoustic guitar.

VOCALIST

I know this is a party, but I'm going to play something new.

He strums his guitar and sings. Xana watches from the crowd. She has her phone and dials Chase. She gets his voice mail.

MONTAGE:

Xana's lost in thought watching the musician.

Chase, Cole, Steven, Clint, and Carey play flip cup.

People come and go. Fill their cups at the keg.

The bros get their ass beat by the red necks.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. PARTY - STAGE - NIGHT

The vocalist ends his song. People APPLAUD. Brook and Audrey walk up to Xana.

BROOK
Haven't spotted Chase I presume?

XANA
Just getting his voice mail.

BROOK
Let's check inside. There's a shit
load of people in there.

They go towards the house.

AUDREY
And a shit load of alcohol.

EXT. PARTY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A navy blue 2020 VW BUG CONVERTIBLE pulls up and parks. Two golden legs step out and stroll towards the house.

INT. PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The place is in disarray as Brook, Audrey and Xana come in. Audrey grabs two bottles of Liquor.

AUDREY
How fucked up do we plan on
getting?

XANA

You two have at it. I think I want to leave.

She takes a swig of her water bottle.

BROOK

Don't even think about leaving. You haven't found Chase yet. The whole objective of tonight.

Audrey hands Brook a shot. They slam them as Phelia walks in.

PHELIA

Oh shots. Perfect.

She grabs the bottle and pours a shot.

PHELIA

Whoa! Want another?

AUDREY

You bet, girl.

Her and Brook hand her their shot glasses. Phelia counts aloud as she pours four shots.

PHELIA

One, two, three, and four.

XANA

Oh, just three. I'm not drinking.

PHELIA

Why not? It's a party.

AUDREY

She's pregnant.

Xana looks at Audrey.

XANA

Yeah, I think you can really start to tell if I stand to the side.

She turns sideways and pulls her shirt tight against her body. Phelia looks her up and down.

PHELIA

That's exciting.

She takes another shot.

PHELIA
How'd you know you were ready?

 XANA
Oh you know, wanted to be a
statistic. Where do I sign up for
Sixteen and Pregnant?

Brook laughs.

 PHELIA
I had a couple of close calls.
That's what they made plan B for.

Phelia pours herself another shot. She slams it.

 PHELIA
Don't party too hard, girls.

She leaves.

EXT. PARTY - TABLE - NIGHT

The table's covered in empty beer bottles and overflowing ash
trays. They chat. Cole checks his phone.

 CAREY
Expecting a call?

Cole looks up at him.

 CAREY
You've looked at your phone three
times in a matter of minutes.

 COLE
Just wish this girl would call me.

 CHASE
Some girl who aspires to fuck the
guy who's apparently the fuck of a
life time. But they had to call it
short on account of her spewing all
over his floor.

 COLE
Why don't you let everyone know,
limp dick.

 CAREY
Wait, I want to hear this.

Cole sighs.

COLE

She smoked and drank too much and
couldn't handle her shit.

Clint leans forward.

CLINT

Speaking of shit, get this, I went
home with this girl earlier, pretty
fucking cute...

CAREY

Stone fox.

CLINT

So I'm laying some pipe, right,
when she pulls out this long stiff
strand of knots.

CHASE

Anal beads?

CLINT

That's exactly what they were. Yeah
like mid way through, her dad shows
up. I yank them out of her ass and
shit goes everywhere!

COLE

Holy shit!

CLINT

Oh, there was nothing holy about
this shit. I took off running after
hearing gun shots. I'm thinking
she's dead.

He looks over to Chase.

CLINT

So where's your squeeze, Chase?

Chase fidgets.

CHASE

My squeeze? Don't really have one.
I did hit it off with someone a few
weeks ago.

COLE

Dude, you and Xana were a one night
stand, get over it.

CHASE

If it was a one night stand, why'd she call me today?

CAREY

Xana! That's my sister's name.

CHASE

Seriously?

CAREY

Whoa, hold the phone. You're Chase?

CHASE

Yeah...

CAREY

The Chase. It didn't even occur to me. You and my sister - dude she's here looking for you.

(gets up)

I'll be right back.

CHASE

Wait-

Carey runs from the table.

CLINT

Dude, you boned his sister?

Steven stares at Chase in envy.

COLE

Holy shit. Small fucking world.

INT. PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brook and Audrey are belligerently drunk. Being loud and obnoxious. Xana watches them. Carey runs up next to her.

CAREY

Xana! You're not drinking, are you?

XANA

I'm smashed, can't you tell?
Just because I'm with these two
doesn't mean I'm that
irresponsible.

CAREY

Guess who we've been talking to for the past hour?

Xana looks blankly

XANA

Judging by the diplomatic
expression on your face, another
libtard, marijuana aficionado?

He thinks for a minute.

CAREY

Kind of. But better. Chase.

XANA

Chase? He's here?

She looks to Brook and Audrey.

BROOK

Ah. Xana, there ya go.

CAREY

Yeah, he's out back. Go talk to
him.

XANA

Shit. What do I say?

BROOK

Tell him we fucked, now I'm
carrying your kid!

XANA

Maybe something before that...

CAREY

He's real cool. You'll figure it
out. Go.

Xana struts away. Brook holds out a shot for Carey.

BROOK

Want a shot?

CAREY

Eh, yeah I'll take a small one.

EXT. PARTY - TABLE - NIGHT

Chase, Cole, Clint, and Steven pass around a pipe and ramble
on to each other.

STEVEN

I had this raging fucking heart on, right; the stiffest of stiffes, and there's nothing I can do about it.

CLINT

And you rubbed it out in someone's soup and served it to them!

STEVEN

No. I did everything I could to get it to go down. Flicked my nut, pinched the head and nothing. So I made my way to the bathroom and after three strokes went off like the fourth of fucking July.

Cole and Chase laugh in disgust.

STEVEN

I wiped the post cum off my hands and went on with my day.

CLINT

There is no post cum!

STEVEN

Yeah there is.

CLINT

No, it's just cum! There's pre cum, then there's cum. There's no other kinds of cum.

CHASE

Yeah, none that I'm aware of.

STEVEN

I'm *pretty sure* there's post cum.

Xana approaches the guys. Steven lights up.

STEVEN

There she is.

CLINT

What's up, Carey's sister?

Chase drunkenly stands.

CHASE

You're Carey's sister?

XANA

I am. I'm also a daughter, friend
and soon to be...

She catches herself. Everyone's in suspense.

XANA

You want to like, go somewhere and
talk?

CLINT

Get it, Chase.

XANA

Somewhere a little more private?

CHASE

Yeah, definitely.

Xana and Chase walk off.

XANA O.S.

I've actually been trying to call
you all day.

STEVEN

That swashbuckling son of a bitch!
I'd love to make love to her.

CLINT

Dude, that's Carey's sister,
practically your sister.

STEVEN

Sweet, sweet love. I'd give up
smoking weed to bang her.

CLINT

No you wouldn't.

Steven holds the pipe to his lips.

STEVEN

No, I wouldn't.

Carey rejoins the guys.

CLINT

Did you see that? Did you see what
just took place?

STEVEN

Does it piss you off that your
sister's getting laid and you're
not?

Carey lays his middle finger against Steven's face.

CAREY

She *is* carrying his kid.

Cole spits out his beer.

COLE

What?

INT. PARTY - CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door swings open as Chase and Xana walk through.

CHASE

That was a seventy five year old
man. Paranoid as hell, who thinks
homeland security is after him.

They sit down on the edge of the bed.

XANA

Should I even ask why you're
hanging out with older men?

CHASE

It's - it doesn't matter.

He looks into her eyes. There's instant chemistry.

CHASE

I can't believe I'm here with you
right now. Didn't think I was going
to see you again.

XANA

You could have called.

Chase is nervous.

CHASE

I'm the type of guy that thinks if
she wants to talk to me, then
she'll call.

XANA

You don't think girls think that
too?

CHASE
Yeah. Guess your right.

XANA
And I did. Because I do.

Chase is all smiles.

CHASE
Good. I want to talk to you too.

Xana looks away and takes a deep breath.

CHASE
What is it?

XANA
Okay...

She leans forward.

XANA
It's about that night.

CHASE
Was it alright?

XANA
What?

CHASE
The sex, was it alright? I had little to no experience and being wasted didn't help, I'm sure.

XANA
Oh, no. You had the sex down.
(beat)
But...

CHASE
There's the but. Hey, drinking makes it harder--

XANA
No, Chase stop. Let me just tell you. I've heard everyone's opinion today but the one person who actually matters.

CHASE
What are you talking about?

Chase takes a drink from his beer and looks straight ahead.

XANA

There's no real way of saying this
than just coming out and saying it.
So, here it goes.

(beat)

I'm pregnant.

He quickly directs his attention back to Xana.

CHASE

You're pregnant? How do you know
it's mine?

XANA

That's the first thing you come at
me with?

Chase stands.

CHASE

No. I'm sorry. But are you sure?

XANA

Well, seeing how you're the only
guy I've had sex with doesn't
really leave many possibilities.

Chase sits back down and sighs.

CHASE

How could this happen?

XANA

Not using a condom might have
something to do with it.

CHASE

I thought you were using some kind
of contraception.

XANA

Yeah, no? I wasn't having sex.

CHASE

But we did.

XANA

It's not like I went to that party
determined to have sex. We were
both drunk. We didn't even know
each other. Take some of the fault.

CHASE

No, I'm sorry. I'm not trying to make it sound like it's all your fault. We're both responsible.

He looks at her.

CHASE

What are the options? Do we have options?

XANA

There are only two options that come to mind. We can do what my friends are telling me to do and my mom's telling me to do, or we can have it.

The room is silent. Chase looks away. Xana looks anxious. Chase grabs her hand and looks into her eyes.

CHASE

Maybe we should have it then.

XANA

You and me?

CHASE

Yeah.

XANA

We don't even know each other.

CHASE

Well, we've got nine months for that.

XANA

I'm kind of relieved to hear you say that. I'm not ready to be a mom or anything, but I don't want to be someone who changes morals when the situation's happening to me.

CHASE

I want to be there for you. And the baby.

She rests her head on his shoulder. Chase wraps his arm around her and stares ahead.

XANA

So we're having a baby then...

CHASE

I wanted to call you. I should have called you.

Xana raises her head and looks at him.

XANA

You're the dude. Dudes call the girls. Everybody knows that.

He moves the hair from her face.

CHASE

I don't want to call any other girls.

He kisses her.

EXT. PARTY - TABLE - NIGHT

Cole, Carey, Steven and Clint chat around the table.

COLE

I still can't wrap my head around Chase is going to be a father.

CAREY

We live in America, kids get knocked up daily.

STEVEN

Don't you keep up with social media?

Cole shakes his head. Clint finishes his beer and holds the empty bottle up.

CLINT

Steven pull.

STEVEN

Get your own fucking beer.

CLINT

I'm balls deep in conversation with our new friend here. You're closer.

Steven sighs.

STEVEN

Anyone else need one?

Carey kills his beer.

CAREY

Pull.

COLE

I'm straight.

Steven treads away.

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party's in full swing. Steven grabs some beers from the cooler. He's about to leave when he hears a RUCKUS.

KITCHEN

Phelia's dancing on the counter. Three sheets to the wind. Brook and Audrey dance around below her. Steven comes in.

STEVEN

Someone looks alive tonight. How much has home girl had to drink?

BROOK

A lot. Want a shot?

She pours two shots.

STEVEN

You know this girl?

BROOK

We just met her.

She hands a shot to Steven. They down them.

STEVEN

She likes it in the butt.

Brook shoots Steven a confused look.

STEVEN

Oh yeah. Clint and her earlier. He gave me the four one one.

BROOK

No shit?

STEVEN

Oh there was shit alright.

Steven goes closer to Phelia.

STEVEN
You're alive.

PHELIA
What?

STEVEN
Fancy seeing you here. Want a beer?

PHELIA
Didn't you give me a beer at the
beach?

STEVEN
She remembers.

Phelia jumps down from the counter. She takes a beer from
Steven and chugs it.

STEVEN
Oh, chugging again. You're welcome
by the way.

Phelia finishes the bottle and SLAMS it down.

STEVEN
That's cool. Just blow me off like
you did earlier.

PHELIA
What?

She tries to get back on the counter, but falls back. Steven
catches her.

STEVEN
I said you should come down from
there.

She stands up straight.

PHELIA
Got any pot?

STEVEN
Pot?

PHELIA
Weed, weed. Marijuana. Have any?
I'm jonesing.

STEVEN
Yeah. Yeah, I do have some. You
want to smoke?

PHELIA

Yes!

STEVEN

What's in it for me?

She whispers in Stevens ear.

STEVEN

What?

Phelia whispers again. His eyes widen. Phelia leads Steven by the hand out of the kitchen.

EXT. PARTY - TABLE - NIGHT

Clint sees Steven following behind a girl. He stands and waves his arms to get Steven's attention from inside.

CAREY

What are you doing?

CLINT

Apparently Stevey's found some tail and forgot about his boys.

CAREY

About time.

CLINT

Yeah, but what about the beers?

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steven sees Clint outside. He lets go of Phelia's hand.

STEVEN

Don't move.

He grabs a beer and stands in the threshold of the door.

STEVEN

Heads up!

CLINT

Don't throw the son of a bitch.

Steven throws the beer to Clint. He manages to catch it.

CLINT

Now the beer's shaken. Great.

Steven chases after Phelia.

COLE
Nice catch.

CLINT
Yeah it was.

Clint notices a gash in the crease of his finger.

CLINT
Shit, it cut my finger. Look...

Clint holds his hand up for the guys to see.

CAREY
That's nothing.

CLINT
I know, but who knew you could get wounded from a beer?

CAREY
It's a scratch, wipe it off.

CLINT
And get it infected? I need to Germ-X this stat.

CAREY
Who's the vadge now?

CLINT
What if I snuggle up to one of these honeys and I do a little insertion? She'll think I popped her cherry or something.

CAREY
Judging the talent at this place, I'd say that's pretty likely.

COLE
Use the other hand.

CLINT
My left hand's completely useless. Can't even beat off with it. Feels like someone else's doing it for me. And fuck that.

COLE
There's nothing wrong with a handy. It's like an intimate hand shake.

CLINT
Fallacious!

Carey gives Cole a look of 'here we go again.'

CLINT
I did *not* sign up for male-female bonding to have them bestow onto me something that I already bestow onto myself every single day.

CAREY
Dude, just clean your finger. Fuck.

COLE
You a cunnilingus guy?

CLINT
God no, my face stays above the waist.

CAREY
That's because he can't navigate the female anatomy.

Clint stands up from the table.

CLINT
I'll let my dick do the navigating.

He rushes away.

CAREY
Maybe grab another tampon too.

INT. PARTY - HALL - NIGHT

Clint KNOCKS loud on the bathroom door. He twists the knob. It's locked.

CLINT
Hello? Is someone in there?

GUY O.S.
Is the door locked, cock smoke?

CLINT
I'm wounded, yo!

GUY O.S.
Fuck off!

CLINT
I hope you get crotch rot!

Clint turns and walks away.

INT. PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is fogged from smoke. Steven and Phelia are on the bed. She exhales a cloud of smoke. Steven kisses her.

STEVEN
(in between kisses)
I'm glad - I had - some weed...

His hands explore her body.

PHELIA
I need to pee.

STEVEN
Now?

She staggers away from the bed into the bathroom. Steven takes off his shirt and pants right as Clint walks in.

CLINT
Steven? I knew it. She blew you off, just like the girl earlier.

STEVEN
(whispering)
Dude get the fuck out of here!

CLINT
That beer you threw at me cut my finger. Look at this shit.

Clint shoves his bloody hand into Steven's face.

STEVEN
Get your hand out of my face!

CLINT
Just look at the finger.

STEVEN
I don't want to look at your finger. Get the hell out of here.

The toilet FLUSHES. Clint and Steven look at the closed bathroom door. Steven quickly faces Clint.

STEVEN

Dude, get out of here! Go!

The bathroom door opens, Clint jumps behind the opening door. Phelia stumbles out, closing the door behind her.

She goes to Steven. He looks at Clint, who's shocked.

CLINT

(mouthing audibly)

Dude, what the fuck?

Steven pulls Phelia on top of him. He waves Clint out.

EXT. PARTY - TABLE - NIGHT

Carey and Cole are LAUGHING as Clint runs up.

CLINT

Remember that girl I was talking about earlier?

CAREY

The one who gave a shotgun a blow job?

CLINT

Not only is she alive, but I just saw her getting with Steven.

CAREY

Steven? Bullshit!

COLE

We should fuck with him.

Carey and Cole get up to dart off.

CLINT

I've got a confession to make.

Clint grips Carey's shoulder.

CLINT

She used them on me.

CAREY

What?

CLINT

The beads. The knots. The strand.

CAREY
Okay, I get it.

COLE
You were sodomized by anal beads?

CLINT
Yes. And I shat. You can't control
it. But you know what? I liked it.

Carey slaps him across the face.

CAREY
To be continued.

They run off.

INT. PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steven is on top of Phelia.

PHELIA
You have a condom, right?

STEVEN
Do I...

He reaches for his pants below. He pulls out a waded up
condom. He holds it up for her with a smile.

He tears it open and applies it, under the blanket. They are
about to get it on. The door slowly cracks open.

Carey and Clint CHUCKLE. Cole's eyes go wide at the site.

COLE
Phelia?

Steven startled, jumps up, slipping off the bed. He SLAMS his
head on a side table.

INT. PARTY - CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chase and Xana make love. They hear a BANG. He stops.

CHASE
What was that?

XANA
I didn't hear anything.

She pulls his head back down.

INT. PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cole storms out of the room.

PHELIA
Cole! Wait!

Phelia staggers to put on her clothes. She runs after cole. Steven lays on the floor naked, holding his head.

STEVEN
What the fuck guys? Come on, I was just about to nut.

CLINT
Which comes before or after post cum?

EXT. PARTY - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Cole runs out the door. Bobby's selling weed to CLIFTON, 20.

BOBBY
Cole. There you are, baby. I've been looking for you. Oh my God, you should have seen this girl.

He sticks his two fingers out as Cole passes by him.

BOBBY
Want to meet her?

Cole doesn't acknowledge him and goes straight to his bike.

BOBBY
That's my bike!
(friendly)
You can borrow it though, I don't give a shit.

CLIFTON
You know Cole?

BOBBY
Are you going to buy this shit or not? I'll throw in one of these...

He pulls a pill out of his pocket. HELICOPTERS fly overhead. Bobby looks up, freaked.

BOBBY
They found me! I told you they were looking for me!

He grabs his bag of weed and books it. Everyone clears out!

BOBBY

You're never going to catch me. I'm
Bobby Baudin from New Orleans
motherfuckers!

He speeds away as Phelia runs out.

PHELIA

Cole, wait. Wait a minute!

Cole holds the bike, facing away as she approaches.

COLE

I'm waiting.

He drops the bike and faces her. She moves closer to him.

PHELIA

What are you doing here, Cole?

COLE

What am I doing here? All day. All
day I've been thinking about you
and hoping to hear from you and the
first time I do, you're in there
fucking some guy.

PHELIA

You stopped talking to me,
remember? That was fucking
embarrassing. It's not like I
cheated on you. We're not even
together.

COLE

I know we're not together. But I
thought we had something...

PHELIA

What we had was one drunken night.
I wanted something with you. But
how was I supposed to call you
after that? Hey, sorry for puking
on your floor?

They stand in silence.

PHELIA

I'm sorry you saw that. I had no
idea you were here or that you even
wanted to see me again.

COLE
I did. I do, I think.

She grabs his arms.

PHELIA
Look, It's been a long time since
we've seen each other and I know
this isn't the best situation.
Maybe we can just start over?

COLE
You want us to start over?

PHELIA
Yeah. We can start from here.

She kisses him. He doesn't return the kiss and steps back.

COLE
Maybe we should talk tomorrow when
we're both thinking straight.

Phelia's put off. She composes herself.

PHELIA
You're right.

She looks at her cell phone.

PHELIA
It's getting late. I got to open
the store in the morning.
(beat)
We can meet when I get off.

COLE
Okay.

Cole gives a heartbroken smile and slowly heads to the house.

PHELIA
Hey, Cole?

He turns back around.

PHELIA
Good seeing you again.

He nods and walks away.

INT. PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clint pours a shot. Steven has an ice pack on his head. Carey's looking really drunk at this point.

CLINT
Whiskey?

STEVEN
Don't talk to me.

CLINT
Dude, come on. It was funny.

He hands a shot to Steven. He gulps it down.

CLINT
Easy there, cowboy.

Clint takes his shot.

CLINT
Carey, take your shot. We're ready for round two.

CAREY
I told you I wasn't drinking anymore, I don't want to get sick.

STEVEN
No, you're taking that shot. You fucked me over. You owe it to me.

CAREY
Clint was there.

CLINT
I'm happy to oblige in shots. It's you who's being a little bitch.

CAREY
I'm not taking a shot!

STEVEN
Just take the shot!

CAREY
Okay!

He slams the shot, then leans against the counter.

CAREY
There...

He looks concerned.

STEVEN

I remember my first shot.

Steven makes GAGGING sounds. Clint joins in. Carey GAGS and runs to the bathroom.

STEVEN

Looks like he won't be joining us
for coffee time.

Clint pulls out his pipe.

CLINT

That's too bad.

MONTAGE:

Cole finds an empty room and slumps down on a couch.

Chase and Xana hold each other, asleep.

People leave and pass out around the house.

The house is trashed.

Clint and Steven stand over Carey. He's hunched over a toilet, passed out. Steven holds up a sharpie. They smile.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. PARTY - DAY

The house stands in ruins. Trash and bodies litter the yard. The guy on the segway rides by.

INT. PARTY - CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chase and Xana are intertwined in bed. Chase jolts up.

CHASE

What time is it?

XANA

Still morning. Keep sleeping.

CHASE

My car!

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cole is asleep on the couch. A phone RINGS. He wakes and looks around. Clint and Steven are outside smoking.

KITCHEN

Cole comes in and silences the phone. Chase and Xana walk down the stairs.

CHASE
Good, you're up.

COLE
Someone's phone wouldn't stop
fucking ringing.

XANA
That's Brook's phone.

Clint and Steven come in drinking beers.

CLINT
Morning love birds.

STEVEN
Glad *someone* got lucky last night.

CLINT
You'll know how it feels one day.

STEVEN
He's kidding. I know what it feels
like to penetrate.

XANA
Have any of you seen Brook?

CLINT
Looks like a love fest over there.

He points to the den. Many people are passed out. Brook dangles partially off of a love seat.

XANA
Looks about right.

CHASE
Cole, we need to get to my car.

COLE
Shit. I completely forgot.

STEVEN

We were just talking about how
perfect the day is for the beach.
We can drop you on the way.

CHASE

Thanks. That'd be great.

CLINT

We just need to snatch up Carey and
we can get out of here.

XANA

Where is Carey?

INT. PARTY - BATHROOM - DAY

The door opens. Carey's wrapped around the toilet.

STEVEN

Wake up, faggot!

CAREY

Coffee time?

CLINT

Beach thirty, baby.

Carey looks up at them. His face is covered in sharpy marker.

EXT. PARTY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Clint and Steven shotgun a beer next to the car. Carey's in
the back. Cole locks Bobby's bike on a rack on Clint's car.

Chase and Xana walk over to Brook's car nearby.

CHASE

I hope you work everything out with
your mom.

XANA

Yeah me too. She'll just have to
accept it. Hope everything works
out with your car.

Chase hugs her.

XANA

Call me later?

CHASE
Shit. I don't have a phone. I'll
figure it out.

He kisses her.

CLINT
You guys are cute.

STEVEN
How cute?

CLINT
Too cute.

He knocks the beer can out of Stevens' hand.

CHASE
I'll see you soon. We've got lamaze
classes, sonograms --

XANA
Maybe a couple dates before all
that?

He kisses her one last time.

BROOK
Let's go, Xana.

CLINT
Hey, let the kids have their
moment.

She runs off and get's in the car with Brook.

XANA
Audrey go home with someone?

BROOK
You know that girl.

Brook speeds away. Chase goes to Clint's car.

STEVEN
Let's do this.

INT. CLINT'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Clint drives. Steven sits shotgun. Carey, Chase, and Cole are
in the back. Cole is deep in thought, then turns to Chase.

COLE
So you knocked her up?

CHASE
Yeah. Guess I did.

COLE
Ya'll going to have it?

CHASE
Yeah. Guess we are.

COLE
Aren't you fucking scared shitless?

CHASE
Yeah. I am.

COLE
Stop saying yeah to everything.

CHASE
I'm responding to your questions.
Yes I'm scared, but it's the right
thing to do. And I care for her.

CAREY
You're a good man, Chase.

COLE
Ya'll don't even know each other.

CHASE
There's time for that.

COLE
I wouldn't waste it. Times a
tick'n. When were you planning on
telling me this by the way? I tell
you about my shit.

CHASE
What do you mean? I just found out
about it. And we both know that
isn't true.

COLE
Get this, I ran into Phelia last
night.

CHASE
Seriously? What happened?

COLE

Ask Steven. He was fucking her.

STEVEN

Yeah, and I didn't even get to finish.

CHASE

Seriously?

COLE

And remember Clint's girl with the anal beads? Her too.

Clint winks to Chase and gestures a gun with his hand.

CHASE

Shit. I'm sorry man.

COLE

It's whatever.

CHASE

You're not still thinking of getting with her, are you?

Cole shrugs.

CHASE

You are! She's a sperm bank. She fucked two guys in one day, with anal bead no less.

CLINT

Yeah. I mean we all know why she wanted to sleep with me but Steven?

COLE

There's just some kind of cosmic chemistry that I can't detach myself from.

STEVEN

Ditch the bitch, man.

COLE

I'm tired of almost finding the right girl. Thought she was it.

CHASE

She's definitely not. You'll find the right girl, man.

Cole looks out the window.

COLE

Clint pull a right at the light.
Her work is right over here.

CLINT

You going to tell her what's up?

COLE

Yeah.

STEVEN

Maybe you should fuck her first. We
could all say we've been inside the
same girl.

He laughs. No one joins in.

STEVEN

No? Okay...

He sits back in the passenger seat.

EXT. XANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Xana KNOCKS on the door. Karla answers.

KARLA

Forgot your keys again?

Xana nods.

KARLA (cont'd)

Come on.

Xana walks in.

INT. XANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Xana and Karla sit at the table. Karla drinks a cup of
coffee. Xana composes herself.

XANA

Where's Greg?

KARLA

Xana, I know I haven't been myself
lately.

Xana nods in agreement.

KARLA

That's partly what I'm talking about. I'm forty three years old. I have no business dating a guy eighteen years younger than me.

XANA

Come on. You know you're a cougar.

KARLA

Well... that's not even the point. Last night, I don't know what to say about last night.

XANA

Yeah last night was unlike us. We both could have handled it better than we did. But, I want you to know I spent the night talking with Chase. That's the guy that--

KARLA

Yeah...

XANA

We talked it out. We're going to have it. And I want you to accept my decisions. I know I'm young but--

KARLA

Xana, wait.

XANA

No, let me finish. Even if I'm not prepared mentally to be a mother right now, I've got the best mom out there to help me along the way.

Karla looks like she could cry. They embrace.

XANA (CONT'D)

I love you, mom. I'm sorry for calling you crazy.

KARLA

I am a little crazy sometimes. I'm sorry too, honey.

They pull away from the hug.

XANA

What were you going to say?

KARLA

Well, hopefully this isn't too disheartening.

(beat)

You're not pregnant.

XANA

What? I'm pretty sure I am.

KARLA

I've been on the phone with the clinic all morning. You're results are negative. There was a mix up.

XANA

What about the home test I took? That was positive.

KARLA

Sometimes they're faulty. But your blood work is negative.

XANA

Wait, why did they call you instead of me?

Karla leans in, endearing.

KARLA

Next time you're trying to be sneaky, don't list an emergency contact.

XANA

Right. Damn those scam likely calls. How was there a mix up?

KARLA

Someone with the same name maybe?

XANA

Go figure there's another Xana going through this same thing.

Xana springs forward.

XANA

I gotta go.

INT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

A few patrons browse through clothes. Phelia's behind the register. She looks up as Cole comes in.

PHELIA

Cole, you're early. I don't get off for another couple hours.

He comes up to the counter.

COLE

This couldn't wait. Can you take a small break?

Phelia comes around and peeks her head into an office.

PHELIA

Raquel, I'm going to step out for just a minute.

Her and Cole exit.

EXT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

Cole and Phelia sit at a bench.

PHELIA

I'm really glad you wanted to talk.

COLE

Phelia, before I lose my nerve there's something I need to say. I liked you. I liked you a lot.

PHELIA

I like you too.

COLE

Wait. Just hear me for a sec.

Phelia composes herself.

COLE (CONT'D)

I built you up in my mind as something that you're not.

Phelia is taken aback.

COLE (CONT'D)

Not that that's a bad thing. I mean you like sex. A lot of sex - with several different people - in a span of twenty four hours.

(beat)

Which again, isn't a bad thing. It's just not me.

(beat)

COLE (CONT'D)

What I'm trying to say is, I think I was fixated on the idea of you. Even though I didn't really know you. But now that I do, we're just different people.

She sighs.

PHELIA

Not surprising.

COLE

Don't beat yourself up.

PHELIA

I know I use sex objectively. And it scares guys off before there can be a connection.

Cole touches her shoulder.

PHELIA

Too bad it didn't work out between us. Could have been something good.

COLE

Hey, you may have missed out on the fuck of a life time, but I'm sure you'll find some fuck that will last a life time.

She LAUGHS.

PHELIA

You think so?

COLE

I do. Come here. Give me a hug.

They hug.

EXT. SIDE OF THE STREET - DAY

Clint and Steven rest up against Clint's car. Chase paces furiously in the absence of his car.

CHASE

Fuck! I can't believe my car got towed!

Carey tries to wipe off the sharpy. Steven nudges Clint.

STEVEN

See the conch I stole from the party?

CLINT

Who do you think you are, Piggy from Lord of the Flies?

CHASE

What the fuck am I going to do now?

CLINT

Call someone, dude.

Cole rides up on Bobby's bike.

COLE

Where's your car?

CHASE

Fucking towed. That's where.

COLE

It got towed?

CHASE

Yeah, like I said it would.

COLE

Damn, shouldn't have left it here.

CHASE

What the fuck do you mean? It was your idea!

COLE

You didn't have to listen to me.

STEVEN

So, how'd it go with the skank-asaures?

COLE

I gave her the proverbial stiff arm to the face.

CLINT

Good. On. You.

CHASE

Cole, what are we going to do about my car?

STEVEN

Hey man, for all intents and purposes consider this a voice of reason. The car's towed, man. This being a weekend, there's nothing you can do until Monday.

CAREY

Cars get towed on weekends.

Clint shoots Carey a stern look.

STEVEN

Now, we've got some cold beer and a nice breeze. So, we can stand here and piss and moan. Or we can take this beach side. Me, I'm feeling the latter.

CLINT

I second that.

COLE

Come on, man. We'll worry about it later.

Chase shakes his head.

CHASE

Fuck it.

CLINT

That's what we're talking about!

They CHEER and head toward the beach.

INT. KARLA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Karla drives. Xana stares out the window, anxiously.

KARLA

I don't know how you're going to find him. You should just call.

XANA

He doesn't have a phone.

KARLA

This just keeps getting better and better.

XANA

Mom...

KARLA

Sorry.

Xana looks back out the window and sees Chase with the guys.

XANA

Stop. Stop the car, there he is.

EXT. SIDE OF THE STREET - BEACH - DAY

The car SCREECHES to a stop. Xana jumps out.

XANA

Chase! Chase!

Chase turns and sees Xana running toward him. He runs to her.

CHASE

What are you doing here? Are
You okay?

She stares back at him with a smile. Carey, Clint, Steven and Cole watch Chase and Xana from a distance.

CAREY

Look at those two.

CLINT

They're going to make a cute kid.

COLE

I hope she didn't run down here to
tell him she's having twins.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The gang finds a spot amongst the crowded beach. Clint and Steven set the cooler down as Xana and Chase walk over.

XANA

What's gonna happen with your car?

He shrugs.

CHASE

I'll figure it out.

They sit beside the rest of the guys.

CLINT

Have a beer, Chase.

He hands Chase a beer. Xana grabs his beer and sips it. Carey leans up and looks at her.

CAREY

General surgeon clearly states you shouldn't drink when you're pregnant.

XANA

Well, good thing I'm not then.

CAREY

You're not?

XANA

Another case of mistaken identity.

She hands the beer back to Chase.

CAREY

I know I should have said this when I first heard the news, but this is more fitting. Congrats. That's good fucking news.

Carey clinks Chase's bottle.

STEVEN

(to Clint)

There's still a chance.

Clint LAUGHS.

CLINT

Yeah. Right... So, what did we think of the party?

CAREY

It was good until I double decked the toilet.

STEVEN

And when you assholes cock blocked me. Sorry, Cole.

Cole shrugs.

XANA

I'm just relieved that I'm not pregnant.

CHASE

Me too.

They kiss. Steven pulls an empty bag from his pocket. He lets it go with the wind.

STEVEN
Bummer alert.

They watch the bag fly away. Cole reaches into his pocket and pulls out a sack of weed.

COLE
I completely forgot I had this.

STEVEN
Oh, thank God.

CHASE
Thank Bobby. Shit wasn't cheap.

Clint hands Cole the pipe. He loads a bowl.

STEVEN
(to Clint)
Think he's noticed yet?

CLINT
Not a chance.

Clint smiles to Cole. Carey still has sharpy on his face. Chase has an arm around Xana. Her head's on his shoulder.

Cole sticks the pipe to his lips.

COLE
It's coffee time.

They CHEER and smoke from the pipe. Clint and Steven LAUGH.

CAREY
What? What do you guys keep
laughing for?

Xana and chase shake their heads. Carey has a BALD SPOT shaved into the back of his head.

People walk past them and set up camp nearby. They're at a very crowded part of the beach.

The guy on the segue rolls by. Ginger chases after him.

FADE OUT:

THE END