SUBURBIA

by

Eric Bogosian
EXT. ESTABLISHING – BURNFIELD – DAY

Over the various images of Burnfield's strip malls and fast food joints we hear GENE PITNEY singing.

GENE PITNEY (V.O.)
(singing)
"When your young and so in love as we
and bewildered by the world we see
why do people hurt us so
Only those in love know
What a town without pity can do
If we stop to gave upon a star
people talk about how bad we are
ours is not an easy age
we're like tigers in a cage
What a town without pity can do"

INT. JEFF'S ROOM – GARAGE – DAY

JEFF is talking on the telephone inside of his tent which is has set up in his parents garage.

JEFF
(into telephone)
Buff? Yeah, I'll see you down there later.
I just gotta finish some stuff I'm writing. Okay. 'Bye.

Jeff clicks over to the other line.

JEFF
(into telephone)
SOOZE? Yeah, so did you tell him that we couldn't afford twenty bucks a ticket and why didn't he put us on the comp list? No, no, there's always a comp list. Alright.
Well, so then, just get your mother's car and maybe we'll all go do something. Yeah.
I gotta get off. Okay. 'Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA JOINT – DAY

BUFF is the one of the only people working. Pies are over cooking in the oven and Buff is trying to punch out of work as soon as he can.
BUFF
(into telephone)
Hey, Frankie! Hey, what are you doing?
Sleeping? What, at six o'clock? Sleep when
you are dead. Hey, man, I just got off
work. Why don't you meet me down at the
corner. So? Put on some clothes and come
down, man, yeah. Yeah, yeah, I wanna see
you, man. Alright. Yeah. Hey, why don't
you bring that pot you just bought? What?!
Yeah, fuck you man!
(to employee)
Later.

CUT TO:

INT. SOOZE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM – DAY

Sooze's room is covered with a wide variety of artwork, most of
which she as done. She hangs up the phone and walks down the
hallway towards her MOTHERS room. She stops in her mother's
doorway,

Sooze
I'm going out later.

Sooze's mom
No car.

Sooze
The fuck not?

Sooze's mom
You know the fuck not.

Sooze
Fuck.

Sooze's mom
Don't swear it's impolite.

Sooze storms out of the room and back down the hall to her own
room. Sooze's mom is watching a shopping channel on the
television. We dolly into the television.

Shopping channel host
... suggest that you call immediately. We
are truly thrilled to bring you this next
item and it's a Host Value Special. It's
the spiral relaxation lamp. I personally
bought one of these for a very good friend
of mine and ended up falling in love with
it, I found myself mesmerized by watching
the balls. That's why I suggest that if
you're going to buy one, that you buy
maybe two or three...

CUT TO:
INT. CIRCLE A CONVENIENCE STORE – NIGHT

Two POLICE OFFICERS (CHIP and GARY) are at the counter buying cigarettes. Jeff is also inside shopping. The convenience store worker, NAZEER, is watching a cops-like TV show.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
It started with a traffic argument, escalated to the firing of a legally carried handgun, ending with the death of the man it was aimed at. GORDON RIEDHALE claimed he couldn't escape an attacker who was punching him in the head. Concealed carry instructors say, "It's that fear..."

CHIP
Just depends on the filter capacity. What size is that pool?

GARY
Fifty-five thousand.
(to Nazeer)
Marlboros, chief. Hard pack.

CHIP
In that case you need a heavy-duty filter.

NAZEER
Two-fifty.

GARY
Two-fifty? They go up?

NAZEER
Always two-fifty, my friend.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
What that means is that every armed licensee faced with danger must make a split second judgment call.

Gary places two-fifty on the counter and him and Chip walk back to their patrol car. As they leave the parking lot they see TIM sitting on the side of the building.

CHIP
(to Tim)
Timmy-boy!

Tim makes a "smooth sailing" gesture with his hand. Buff rolls over to Tim on his roller blades. He sweeps off a piece of concrete and places down a slice of pizza. Buff begins to play hockey with two empty beer cans on the ground. He shoots one at the dumpster and the other at Tim.

BUFF
Peace! Ah, time's running out, three, two, one!
He shoots the beer can at Tim, barely missing him. Jeff walks up from around the corner holding a package of cookies he just bought. Nazeer is right behind him eating something.

BUFF (CONT'D)
Score! Yeah!

NAZEER
Hey, hey, seven-twenty. Seven-twenty.

Jeff turns around.

JEFF
What?

NAZEER
Seven-twenty.

JEFF
I gave it to you.

BUFF
He paid you man.

NAZEER
You owe me twenty cents. Come on, seven-twenty. Seven-twenty.

BUFF
Yo! Your spitting rice all over us! God.

Jeff digs into his pockets.

JEFF
Here's twenty-five cents.

Nazeer takes the money and walks away.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Guy should cut down on his caffeine intake.

BUFF
Needs some pizza in his diet.

Buff is eating his slice of pizza and skating around the group.

TIM
I don't think I like that guy's attitude at all. Hey, you know what? Take off the blades. I mean it. I'm gonna break your fucking legs. Take 'em off.

BUFF
You're fascist, man. Neofascist.

He sits down and begins to take off his blades.
TIM
Buff, sit. You know what I mean though? Somebody ought to crack that guy with a baseball bat.

JEFF
Yeah, well, he's from a Third World country. He doesn't have it easy.

TIM
What? What the fuck do you know about the third world? You been there? No? No, well, I have. Fuckers live like sardines in a can over there, you know. Everything stinks. It's true, there's no, you know, law, no order. No nothing. The assholes come over here, they think it's gonna be the same.

JEFF
Hey, he's a human being you can give him that much.

TIM
Actually, the only thing I gotta give that guy is a one-way ticket back to Greaseball-land.

JEFF
Yeah, well, that pizza could feed a family of four in Turkey or India or wherever the fuck he comes from.

BUFF
Oh yeah? Oh, how'd you ship it over there, man? Federal Express? Hm? By the time it got there it'd be way cold and coagulated. Total waste. Cheese be stuck to the cardboard.

JEFF
Buff, that slice is the difference between life and death for some half-dead Bangladeshi.

BUFF
Yo, your gettin' me all upset here.
JEFF
You should get upset. Everyone should get upset. When, when Hitler was greasing the Jews, people were saying, "Don't get me upset. Your bumming me out." My duty as a human being is to be pissed off. Jesus Christ, not that it makes a difference on the first fucking place. Nothing ever changes, man. Fifty years from now we're all gonna be dead and there'll be new people standing here drinking beer, eating pizza, bitching and moaning about the price of Oreos, and they won't even know we were ever here. And then fifty years after that those suckers will be dust and bones and there'll be all these generations of suckers trying to figure out what they're doing on this fucking planet and they'll all be full of shit. It's all so fucking futile.

TIM
If it's all so fucking futile, what the fuck are you so fucking upset about, fuckhead?

JEFF
Because I'm alienated.

BUFF
Hey! Hey, you like orgasms? Oh, yeah! (yells)
Oh, Hey, hey, I'm at work yesterday, bitch comes in, orders a twelve-inch pie with extra cheese. So I ask her if she wanted me, like, to carry that out to her car for her. Bitch is obviously in heat. "Yes, right away." So I carry the pie out to her car. We smoke a J. She blows me. We eat the pizza, I chase her with the beer. Smoke, babe, slice, brew. All four bases, fuckin' home run man!

Jeff walks over towards the payphone, Buff follows. He dials a number.

JEFF
Your ability to fantasize is only exceeded by your ability to lie.

BUFF
Oh, untrue, Jeffster. I think, uh, two weeks ago we attended a concert where I had fucked two girls.

JEFF
(into telephone)
Hey, it's me. No, that's, that's the ultimate liar of liars.
BUFF
And your mom.

JEFF
(into telephone)
No, I'm here. Where are you?

BUFF
Where are you-hoo?

JEFF
(into telephone)
No, no, no, no, I don't wanna be stuck with the guy. I want the tickets.

BUFF
Stuck, who? What guy? Huh?

JEFF
Shut up! Aw...

Nazeer opens the front doors of the Circle A and shouts at Buff and Jeff.

NAZEER
Look, you can't be out here all night tonight, okay?

Tim comes out from around the corner. Jeff continues talking on the phone ignoring the argument.

BUFF
Hey, we're just having a conversation.

NAZEER
This is private property, my friend.

TIM
Come on man.

BUFF
Hey, don't tell us about private property. This is America, my friend.

NAZEER
Look, look, look. You gotta go now, okay? The customers complain.

BUFF
We're your customers. We're not complaining.

NAZEER
Please!

Nazeer walks back into the store. Buff and Tim walk back around the corner towards the dumpster. Jeff is sitting by himself. Buff goes to sit down next to him.
JEFF
You don't need to sit next to me right now.

TIM
Who were you talking to?

JEFF
Nobody. Sooze.

BUFF
Stuck with what guy?

JEFF
What?

BUFF
You said you didn't want to get stuck with some guy. What guy?

JEFF
No, uh, nobody. It's, uh, it's my birthday this week and Sooze's brother might come by to wish me a happy birthday.

BUFF
It's your birthday?

JEFF
Yeah.

BUFF
Well, shit! Happy fucking birthday!

Tim and Buff grab Jeff and form a line, simulating sex. BEE-BEE approaches.

BUFF AND TIM
Happy birthday! Happy fuckin' birthday!

BEE-BEE
Um, is Sooze around?

JEFF
Uh, yeah, she should be coming by.

BEE-BEE
Uh, well, what'd she say? Is Pony coming?

JEFF
I don't know.

BUFF
Want a beer?
   (to Jeff)
Is Pony coming?
BEE-BEE
No, thanks. I don't drink. Um, well, what'd she say? I mean, did she talk to him?

TIM
Pony? What's a "pony"? You mean that geek who played the folk music at the senior prom? What's that guy's name? Neil Moynihan?

BUFF
Oh, Pony's band "Dream Girls"? Been on the road opening for "Midnight Hore". Stadiums, man.
(to Jeff)
Wait, so Pony's coming by here?

BEE-BEE
(to Tim)
Didn't you see their video on MTV?

TIM
No, I shot my TV.

BUFF
But, so, Pony's comin' by here to the corner?

JEFF
He's around and, you know, maybe he's coming by. Sooze told him to come by and hang out, whatever. It's no big deal. Me, him, and Sooze are gonna...

TIM
Oh, no, you wanted to get together with your close friend, Pony, the rockstar. I understand. So you, do you, want us to, leave?

JEFF
No. We were just gonna go someplace or something to...

BEE-BEE
We are?

JEFF
Alright. She told him to meet us here. Fuck.

BUFF
(excited)
Pony's coming here to the corner?!

JEFF
Yeah, no, it wasn't even my idea.
TIM
Jeff, Jeff, if you want to be alone with Pony, you know, that's, that's fine with us.

JEFF
Sooze wants to see him.

TIM
Well, you know, I wanna fucking see him. I gotta know what it's like to be on MTV.

BUFF
Yeah, we all want to see him. So when's he coming?

BEE-BEE
Yeah, when's he coming?

JEFF
I don't know. Later. I don't know.

BUFF
(yells)
Yes!

FADE OUT
FADE IN:

EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – LATER – NIGHT

Jeff and Sooze are kissing.

JEFF
God, I haven't seen you all day.

SOOZE
You could've come over.

JEFF
I know, I know, I know.

Jeff pulls out the front of Sooze's pants and looks inside them.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Oh! Trim it!

SOOZE
I hate that.

JEFF
Sorry. Let's go back to the van right now.

SOOZE
No. I'm not going to the van, it's so gross. Come on. I'm doing my performance right now.
JEFF
Okay, so maybe later.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Everyone is sitting around watching Sooze do her performance art piece. She dances and jigs along with the words to her piece.

SOOZE

She begins to dance a jig.

SOOZE (CONT'D)
Bang your head, blow your nose.
Run down the street, suck a hose.
Chew my lips, eat some shit.
Eat a stick of dynamite and blow yourself to bits.
Shut your mouth, go away.
Drink my piss, have a nice day!
I hope you cry and never doubt.
I hope you die with blood in your mouth.
I hope your lies will no more shout
What's in my eyes, what's in your snout.
Your a pig! I know that's true!
I dance a jig! Fuck you!
Fuck you!
Fuck you!
Fuck you!

Sooze ends her piece and looks at everyone.

SOOZE
So?

Everyone slowly starts to applaud.

BEE-BEE
That was really great.

SOOZE
Was it okay?

BEE-BEE
Yeah!

SOOZE
What did you guys think?

BEE-BEE
Slides go with it.
SOOZE
Behind me. I'm making these slides out of these old pictures and paintings and stuff.

JEFF
Was that supposed to be me?

SOOZE
No.

JEFF
Yes.

BEE-BEE
It's called "Burger Manifesto, Part One The Dialectical Expression of Testosterone." Isn't that a great title?

SOOZE
Why is everything about you, Jeff?

JEFF
No, not, not everything. This. I am the man in your life.

SOOZE
Man?

JEFF
Yeah, man, male, significant other, whatever the fuck I am.

SOOZE
It's a piece.

JEFF
Your sure as hell right about that.

SOOZE
I'm not doing it anywhere, Jeff. It's just part of my application to the School of Visual Arts in New York.

BUFF
Ah, you know people there?

SOOZE
I'm just gonna go. I figure the worst I can do is starve to death.

JEFF
"The worst I can do is starve to death." Listen to you.

SOOZE
I don't want to hear it anymore.
JEFF
No, no, no. Y-you know what? Y-your
packing your bags, you're jumping into the
unknown because some conceptual artist who
.teaches at a community college is having a
mid-life crisis and he wants to sleep with
some girl half his age, so he tells you
you have talent.

SOOZE
Mister Brooks has had shows in New York,
Jeff. He's been reviewed in Art Forum. I
think he knows.

JEFF
(in mock British accent)
Oh, well, then you better listen to him.

SOOZE
Well, fuck! Might as well not do anything!
Let's just stick out thumbs up our asses
and twirl.

TIM
Yes, that's right. You know what, honey?
You should go to New York. You should go.
Go show 'em. They need your unique point
of view.

SOOZE
At least I have a point of view, you know?

BEE-BEE
Uh-huh.

SOOZE
I stand for something. And I'm trying to
communicate something.

JEFF
What are you trying to communicate? Tell
us.

SOOZE
So you can give me more shit?

JEFF
No, no. It's an honest question. What are
you trying to communicate?

SOOZE
I'm trying to communicate how I feel,
Jeff. You know raise consciousness. Make
people think for a change.

BEE-BEE
Mn-hm.
JEFF
"Burger Manifesto, Part One" is gonna make people think?

SOOZE
Yes, you asshole.

JEFF
About what?

SOOZE
About things that are important to me.

JEFF
Like what?

SOOZE
Sexual politics, racism, the environment, the military industrial...

BEE-BEE
Um-hm.

JEFF
Wait. Racism? You don't know anybody who's black!

SOOZE
Of course I do!

JEFF
Name one.

SOOZE
God, KAREN JOHNSON.

JEFF
One!

SOOZE
Your completely missing the point.

JEFF
Hey!

SOOZE
I'm talking about idealism.

BEE-BEE
Responsibility, progress.

SOOZE
Yes.

JEFF
No, idealism is guilty, middle class bullshit.

SOOZE
No, sweetie. Cynicism is bullshit.
JEFF
No, no, no. I'm not being cynical, I'm being honest.

SOOZE
But do you stand for anything?

JEFF
Yes, I stand for –

SOOZE
What? What do you stand for?

JEFF
I stand for honesty! I stand for some level of truth!

SOOZE
Oh, yeah, right. Yeah, right. Fuck you.

JEFF
Can I talk here? Let me talk.

SOOZE
You know, all you know is what's good for you.

JEFF
Can I talk?

SOOZE
Typical male.

BEE-BEE
Typical male.

SOOZE
Typical male.

BEE-BEE
Typical male.

SOOZE
Tim, he listens to you. Do you think it's a good idea? Seriously?

TIM
Seriously? It's a great idea.

SOOZE
Ha! Thank you! See? He did it. He left.

TIM
I did. I split, man. I expanded my horizons, you know. Served my country. Saw the world, you know? I've gained wisdom and now I'm back, baby, back from the road. Me and Jack Kerouac.

The group starts to head back up to the Circle A.
SOOZE
I can't wait till Pony gets here, you know? Have a conversation with a human being?

JEFF
Well, if you love him so much, why didn't you go see him play?

SOOZE
Um, because you didn't want to go.

JEFF
Like I'm going to pay twenty bucks to see Neil Moynihan in some band that I helped start.

SOOZE
Okay. Well, you know, he's always been a nice guy and I like him.

TIM, BUFF, & JEFF
(in unison)
He's a geek.

BUFF
Hey, I've been, uh, making these tapes, videotapes. I ripped off a camcorder up at the mall. I thought, you know, it could be something that I do, be a video artist, you know.

TIM
Ladies and gentlemen, Buff, the postmodern idiot savant. He will outdo us all.

As the group walks up the front walk of the Circle A, Buff spots Nazzer sweeping up the walk. Buff harges at him, twisting and turning his hockey stick in mock kung-fu fashion. He stops right in front of Nazzer.

BUFF
(in mock kung-fu scream)
It's safe, come on.

NAZEER
That's it. That's it! I'm calling the police.

JEFF
Why we're just standing here.

NAZEER
Look, your trespassing.
BUFF
Hey, call the cops! Call 'em, call 'em right now, man. Maybe my cousin Jerry will show up. He'll definitely take your word over mine. You can tell him about the trespassing. I'll tell him about how you sell beer to minors.

NAZEER
Look, look, I'm not joking around now, okay? Come on, let's go, let's go!

SOOZE
We're just standing here!

NAZEER
Just go and stand someplace else, okay?

BUFF
You stand someplace else, man. You stand someplace else. This is our corner. You don't fucking own it!

NAZEER
Yes I do. My family owns it. It's ours. You don't belong here.

BUFF
No, you don't belong here. We were here before you.

TIM
Why don't you go back to where you came from?

SOOZE
Hey, Tim.

TIM
No, see, sweetheart, you don't want to stand up for parasite 'cause I can fuckin' smell him from here. You know what? Tow words, man: roll on.

NAZEER
Yeah, yeah, yeah, what are you, huh? You fucking drunk bum. Yeah, you good-for-nothing. You just, uh, hang around. On my property.

TIME
The Hare Krishna's calling me a drunk. Hey, listen, pal, you want us to go?

NAZEER
Yeah, please, go. Come on.

TIM
Make a move. Greasecake. Towel-head.
SOOZE
Hey, Tim, you know what? You win.

TIM
Fucking drunk, huh?

SOOZE
You have the largest penis. Can we go please?

JEFF
Don't let 'em fight.

BUFF
The dude wants it.

SOOZE
This is ridiculous!

JEFF
Tim!

PAKEESA, Nazeer's wife comes out of the store brandishing a gun.

NAZEER

BUFF
Yeah, we're just screwing around. Like Mohammed said. Can't take a joke, man? Hey, I hope you got a permit for that, mama!

SOOZE
We're sorry, okay? We're gonna go.

The group begins to walk away.

TIM
Hey, your gonna regret this.

SOOZE
Come on, Jeff.

BUFF
Fuck her! Come on, let's go.

SOOZE
(from across the parking lot)
Jeff! Let's go!

Jeff is looking at Nazeer.

JEFF
Hey, I'm sorry about that. It was just a misunderstanding. He was upset about something and he took it out on you and I'm sorry. 'Bye.
Jeff walks away quickly to catch up with the group.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD – NIGHT

The group is walking down the street. Sooze and Bee-Bee are in front, a few feet away is Tim who walks by himself, and holding up the rear are Jeff and Buff.

JEFF
No, I seriously doubt that Pony's gonna be in a limo.

BUFF
That's the rock star thing.

JEFF
No, no.

BUFF
Oh, I'll bet you he has a babe with him right out of a triple-x video. Oh, oh, Pony, come on, give it to me! Stud! Oh!

JEFF
Buff, Buff, Buff, Buff, Buff.

BUFF
Sorry.

JEFF
Jesus Christ.

BUFF
You wanna bet he's with a girl?

JEFF
No, he's not with a girl.

BUFF
Oh, right. Oh, oh my God! Pony, it's so huge!

JEFF
You know what? He probably gets bored with all that shit.

BUFF
Oh, yeah, yeah. Wait, um, how do you figure that?

JEFF
I'd get bored.
BUFF
I wouldn't. If I were in his shoes, every morning I'd get up singing, man. Do my work-out, take a shower, followed by a hearty breakfast, steak and eggs, washed down with a pot of hot coffee, six pack of Coors Lite. Then I'd order my bodyguard to go find my babe, who would appear decked out in her all-black leather Victoria Secret custom-made bodysuit. So I'd, like, have to chew off all her clothes until she was completely nude. Except she'd have these amazing dragon tattoos all over her body and pierced nipples with little gold peace signs hanging from 'em. And then she'd take out this half-ounce of blow, we'd snap out a few mondo lines, vaporize a few million brain cells, screw for about an hour, then spend the rest of the morning trashed watching Gilligan.

JEFF
That sounds so great, man. Yes. Yes. Hey, what would you do in the afternoon?

BUFF
Same, more of the same. Yep, just keep doing the same thing all the time, around and around the clock. With an occasional burger or slice of thrown in for our vitamins and energy. Then, instead of watching Gilligan, we'd watch Captain Kirk.

JEFF
That sounds so depressing.

BUFF
Oh, come on, man. Tell me you wouldn't love it!

JEFF
No, I'm not saying that I wouldn't love it.

BUFF
Ah!

JEFF
I'm saying no, I'm saying after a while it'd wear thin.

BUFF
Yeah, a long while. A long, long while.

JEFF
Watch out for that tree.

Buff misses the tree.
BUFF
A long, long, long, long, while.

JEFF
Okay, okay.

BUFF
A long, long, long...

JEFF
Okay.

Up ahead the group is taking two different paths. Sooze and Bee-Bee are headed towards a burger joint, while Tim is headed the opposite way towards the liquor store.

BUFF
Hey, Tim! Hold up.

Buff takes off after Tim.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT – BOOTH – NIGHT

Jeff, Sooze, and Bee-Bee are all sitting at a booth with plates of food in front of them. They are in mid-conversation when we join them.

SOOZE
It was a racial incident.

JEFF
It was just something that got out of hand. Did anyone get hurt?

SOOZE
It got that close.

JEFF
Okay, but nothing happened. Believe me, if I thought something really bad was going to happen, I would've done something.

SOOZE
Oh, yeah?

JEFF
Yeah.

SOOZE
Okay, what would you have done.

JEFF
I would've stopped it.

SOOZE
How?
JEFF
I don't know. I would've done something. This is kind of hypothetical, isn't it? This place is so stupid. I can't believe we're sitting here in this mosh-pit of consumerism. With all these people eating their chunks of dead flesh...

SOOZE
Jeff. Jeff.

JEFF
... like fucking robots. Look at those kids there.

SOOZE
Jeff. You know, I was talking to Mister Brooks yesterday. He has this friend in New York who wants to sublet his apartment for six-fifty a month. I could swing that. Six-fifty.

JEFF
Sooze.

Bee-Bee walks away from the conversation, getting her own booth.

SOOZE
What?

JEFF
Did it ever occur to you that I might have some feelings about you moving to New York?

SOOZE
What feelings?

JEFF
Us.

SOOZE
Of course.

And?

SOOZE
Come with me.

JEFF
No, no, see, that's not what I'm saying. I could go to New York if I wanted to, but what's the point? So I can learn how to order a cappuccino? So I can get mugged by some crackhead? So I can see, see homeless people up close and personal?

SOOZE
So what do you wanna do?
JEFF
Nothing.

SOOZE
No one does nothing, Jeff.

JEFF
Okay, well, then, I'm gonna break new ground.

SOOZE
New ground?

JEFF
Mm-hm.

SOOZE
Taking one community college course on the history of Nicaragua, while barely holding a job packing boxes?

JEFF
Okay, look. My job is not who I am. I don't need that. Why? What's your goal? Status? Money? Getting your picture on the cover of some glossy magazine?

SOOZE
My goal is to make art.

JEFF
So, what, why can't you do that here? What's wrong with here? Why is somewhere else better?

SOOZE
Why should I stay here, Jeff? So we can sit on the corner and watch the lights change, while you bitch about Burnfield?

JEFF
Mm-mm.

SOOZE
So I can spend the rest of my life guessing what it would be like to be a real artist?

JEFF
No, no.

SOOZE
So you and I can fuck while your parents are out having dinner at the Sizzler? What are we doing, Jeff? You and me?

JEFF
I don't know.

CUT TO:
INT. TOP WINE & LIQUOR - NIGHT

Buff and Tim are buying alcohol.

SCUFF
Hey, great game Friday. Kicked Holbrook's ass, huh?

TIM
Missed it. Can I get a fifth of Old Crow?

SCUFF
Just one?

TIM
Yeah.

BUFF
Hey.

SCUFF
You seen the new guy we got? Beavers? The guy can pass. Hey, I've been meaning to ask you. Do you remember that game against North Reading? When you passed to Pierce and he dropped the ball? What do you think happened? Do you think, like, he wasn't there or were you short?

TIM
I don't, I don't remember. What do I owe you?

SCUFF
Uh, eleven twenty-five.

BUFF
Hey! Yeah!

SINGER
"In my head I'm tall My arms are big"

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Bee-Bee is sitting on the side of the wall listening to the radio.

BUFF
Hey!

BEE-BEE
Hey. Do you have a cigarette?

BUFF
No I quit.

BEE-BEE
Hey, you said you did a video?
BUFF

Yup.

BEE-BEE

What's it about?

BUFF

It's really not about anything.

BEE-BEE

Oh. Well, what's it on?

BUFF

A cloud.

BEE-BEE

A cloud?

BUFF

Yeah. There was this cloud and I video taped it.

BEE-BEE

Oh.

BUFF

I was doing schrooms and I saw this cloud. It looks excellent on tape. The video is like my head and, and everything, you know, is, like, is like in there that I see. You know? Plus, I'm gonna come down here one night and walk around inside the Circle A with the camera and tape shit.

BEE-BEE

Oh, that's so amazing. I wish I could see it.

BUFF

You can see it. Whenever you want. Don't you, um, work at a hospital or something?

BEE-BEE

Yeah, I'm a nurse's aide at Mercy.

BUFF

Your a nurse?

BEE-BEE

No, I, you know, I help 'em out. I empty bedpans and bring 'em lunch. That kind of thing.

BUFF

Any gunshot victims?
BEE-BEE
Oh, some of 'em. But it's mostly just strokes and shit. I mean, most of 'em just sleep all the time and get kind of yellow. Usually they die if they're, you know, really yellow.

BUFF
Sounds like a bummer.

BEE-BEE
Oh, no, it's not. I mean, they're not all totally in a coma. I mean, they know when I'm helping them.

BUFF
Mm. Hey, what are you doing now?

BEE-BEE
Right now?

BUFF
Yeah.

BEE-BEE
I don't know. Waiting, I guess. You know?

BUFF
Do you wanna go to the van?

BEE-BEE
Now?

BUFF
Yeah, we could hang out and smoke a dube, you know?

BEE-BEE
I don't smoke dubes and I don't really hang out. But I'll go back. Okay.

BUFF
Okay, whatever you want.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Jeff is standing on the side of the building alone. He sticks his head out to see if anyone else is around and is spotted by Nazeer. He quickly ducks back around the corner, laughing.

JEFF
Shit.

A long, black, stretched, limo pulls up. Pony gets out.

JEFF
Hey, Pony.
PONY
Hey, man. Jeff. How're you doin?

JEFF
Good, man.

PONY
Wow, man. The corner. I mean, nothing's changed.

JEFF
Well, shit, man, you've only been gone for a year, man, Is that your limo?

PONY
Yeah, yeah. Yeah, the record company, they make me use it, you know. I mean, it's dumb, I know, it's just...

JEFF
No, it's not...

PONY
Hey, the driver knows Billy Idol. Wow, huh?

JEFF
Yeah, hey I saw your album at Musicland up at the mall.

PONY
Oh yeah, yeah, we're starting to get good placement and shit like that, you know.

JEFF
Yeah.

PONY
We sold, uh, over ninety thousand units and uh... and Danny says that we're gonna get a gold record. Yeah.

JEFF
Wow. A gold record, man, that's great. So you're, you're like living the wild life now, huh?

PONY
Nah, nah, nah, nah.

JEFF

PONY
Yeah, shit. Naw, man, you know. It's hard work, you know?

JEFF
Yeah.
PONY
The road's hell, you know? I mean airport, hotel, show. And airport, hotel, show. Airport, hotel, show. I mean, fuck, man, you know? You still living at your mom's?

JEFF
Yeah, I crash there.

PONY
Yeah, good.

ERICA, Pony's P.A. person steps out of the limo talking on a cellular phone.

JEFF
Yeah, most nights I'm just sleeping on the couch.

ERICA
(into phone)
Yeah, that sounds cool. Great.

She hangs up the phone.

ERICA
(to Pony)
He says we got to be at the radio station at seven a.m. Can you handle that?

PONY
Oh, sure.

ERICA
Great.

JEFF
(to Jeff)
Hi. I'm Erica.

PONY
Oh, Erica, this is my friend Jeff.

ERICA
Hi, Jeff. Nice to meet you.

PONY
Jeff, Erica. God, it's so amazing to be back home.

ERICA
Oh, wow.

PONY
I mean, we've been playing big places everywhere, but when we did that sound check at The Orpheum, it suddenly hit me. I'm playing The Orpheum, you know? I mean, the last time I played here was, uh, the prom.
JEFF
The prom. That's funny.

PONY
Hey, I though you guys were coming to the show, man?

JEFF
Oh, uh, yeah, we were, but, uh, Sooze, screwed up the tickets.

PONY
Oh, man, we were pretty on tonight.

ERICA
Oh, you were excellent tonight, Pony.

PONY
We were?

ERICA
Oh, yeah, it was a great show.
(to Jeff)
You guys missed it.

JEFF
Sorry.

PONY
So how's college?

JEFF
I dropped out. I mean, uh, you know, this semester I'm taking a, a class, you know, three nights a week. But I'm just trying to think and work on stuff., you know? I've been doing some writing, though. Short pieces, you know.

ERICA

PONY
Short pieces, huh? You should try to write songs.

JEFF
You know, I've thought about that, actually.

PONY
No, man, I mean it. You're a good writer. I remember those things you'd write during honors English. Funny shit.

ERICA
Mm.
PONY
He wrote this thing about his dick once and he read it in front of the whole class.

ERICA
I'd love to read that.

PONY
Funny shit, man.

JEFF
So you think I should?

PONY
What?

JEFF
Write. 'Cause I, I have written some things.

PONY
Like songs?

JEFF
Yeah, they could be songs.

PONY
Yeah. You should show 'em to me.

JEFF
Really?

PONY
Yeah, really.

JEFF
Now?

PONY
Yeah.

A red Jeep Cherokee pulls into the parking lot. Sooze jumps out from behind the wheel and begins to run towards Jeff and Pony.

JEFF
Great.

PONY
Yeah, maybe later.

(to Sooze)
Hey! Hey!

SOOZE
Pony, oh my god!

PONY
Hey!
SOOZE
You showed up. Oh, my god! Holy shit! Look at this car, man!

PONY
Oh, it's stupid, isn't it.

SOOZE
Is that your driver?

PONY
It's stupid.

SOOZE
No, no, it isn't. It's cool.

PONY
Look at you!

SOOZE
Oh!

PONY
Wow. Hey, you look good. Like you, you know, head's in a good place, you know? You, are still doing your painting?

SOOZE
Sometimes, yeah. You know, I started to do performances.

PONY
Oh, yeah?

SOOZE
So? What's L.A. like?

PONY
It's pretty exciting.

SOOZE
Yeah?

PONY
Yeah.

SOOZE
Like?

PONY
Oh, uh... uh, the other night our manager Danny took us to this restaurant and there was Sandra Bernhard.

SOOZE
No, she was just sitting there?!
PONY
Oh, yeah, just sitting there eatin' a salad, you know. That kind of thing happens all the time in L.A. It's, you know... I met Johnny Depp.

SOOZE
You did? I love him. Yeah, you know, I'm thinking of moving to New York.

PONY
New York, huh?

SOOZE
Yeah. To go to school and, you know, paint, performances, paint.

PONY
You have to go. You always did such, uh, you know, great work. I still have some of those drawings that you'd do in study hall.

SOOZE
You do not!

PONY
I do. Jeff, don't you think Sooze should go to New York and, uh, you know.

JEFF
Yeah, uh, that would depend, but yeah. She should.

SOOZE
Mm.

Buff and Bee-Bee walk up, after they're excursion to the van.

BUFF
Hey, yes! Hey, Pony, man! Great concert tonight!

PONY
Oh, you were there?

BUFF
No, but I heard it was great.

PONY
Oh, thanks. Thanks.

SOOZE
Hey, Pony, this is my friend Bee-Bee.

PONY
Hey.

BEE-BEE
Hi.
PONY
How're you doing? Nice to meet you.

BUFF
So tell us, man. Party time, trashin' hotel rooms, babes around the clock?

PONY
Naw, naw, we don't have time for all that.

BUFF
Oh, So what about her?

ERICA
Hi.

PONY
Oh, uh, Erica? Erica is the publicist for the band.

ERICA
Hi, I'm Erica.

SOOZE
Hey, I'm Sooze.

BUFF
Yeah, right, publicist.

ERICA
Nice to meet you Sooze.
  (to Bee-Bee)
Hi, I'm Erica.

PONY
Yeah, she, uh, works for the record company and takes care of interviews and, you know, shit like that, Uh, we were actually just doin' an interview and Erica said she's like to see Burnfield, so...

JEFF
So, do you guys want to do something, go someplace or something like that?

BUFF
So, we're all old friends of Pony's. We go way back to our childhood.

ERICA
Yeah, he's told me. Burnfield. We all hear about Burnfield.

BUFF
Mm. You know, does he tell you about how, uh, Jeff, Pony, started the band...?

ERICA
Oh, you were in the band?
BUFF
Yeah.

JEFF
Well, I helped start it, but, you know, uh...

PONY
Well, not exactly.

JEFF
For a while.

PONY
Well, I mean, we jammed a couple of times. You know, I mean, you play harmonica, but that was before we were really a band, you know, before Danny signed us.

ERICA
Right.

JEFF
Yeah, well, I, I came by more than a couple times.

Tim walks over to the group.

TIM
So you came by to see how the other half lives, huh? Well, here we are, What do you think? Pretty fucking pathetic huh? Kind of like one of those documentaries on educational TV?

ERICA
It's nice here. It's different.

TIM
Yeah, totally.
(to Pony)
So, uh, what do they interview you about?

PONY
Well, uh, there's this benefit for Rwanda we're gonna do. And, uh, you know, my songs, uh, where I get the ideas for them, uh, you know, stuff like that.

TIM
Where do you get your ideas?

SOOZE
Leave him alone, Tim.

TIM
Uh, excuse me, I'd like to know where he gets his ideas.
Sooze
Tim's jealous, you know? He wants to have ideas too.

Tim
Yeah. Yeah, I'm jealous of MTV faggots who are named after animals.

Sooze
Jeff!

Buff
Your his publicist?

Erica
Sure I am. It's fun.

Buff
Mm. And your like, what else?

Bee-Bee watches Buff flirt with Erica. He face grows a long scorn.

Erica
What do you mean? His girlfriend?

Buff
Well, that's one way of putting it.

Erica
Am I fucking him?

Buff
Shit.

Erica
Pony, what would you say our relationship is?

Pony
Um, mother-daughter.

Erica
Pony and I are friends.

Buff
So, then, you're, like, available?

Erica
In what way?

Buff
Mm, in a horizontal and wet way!

Buff shakes a can of beer at crotch level, sending foam and beer spray everywhere.

Sooze
Ew! Oh, Buff! Relax!
TIM
Why don't you fucking relax? He's having verbal intercourse, Sooze.

ERICA
Oh, god!

SOOZE
No, he's not. He's objectifying her and he's entertaining us at her expense.

ERICA
Oh, it's okay. What's your name?

BUFF
Buff.

ERICA
Buff is funny. God.

TIM
Buff is funny, okay? She likes Buff, so why don't you whip shut the feminist hole.

SOOZE
Hey, why don't you swallow your cock and choke on it? Oh, I forgot, it's not big enough.

JEFF
So, um, Pony, where are you staying? Are you staying at your mother's house?

PONY
No, no, they, uh, you know, that can be kind of a hassle, so, uh, you know, I just stay at the Four Seasons. It's easier.

TIM
Yeah, yeah, I stay at the Four Seas, it's ease.

JEFF
Wow, that must be pretty nice there.

PONY
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, yeah, it's, you know, it's a bed and hot water.

ERICA
It does look good.

SOOZE
Yeah, so what do you guys do next? I mean, what's your band do now?

PONY
Oh, uh, we're gonna go in the studio and we're, we're doin' a new album.
SOOZE
Yeah?

PONY
Yeah, and I was thinking, Sooze, you could do the cover.

SOOZE
You do not want me to do your cover.

PONY
I don't want you to do the cover, I, I need you to do the cover.

SOOZE
You're not serious.

PONY
I'm always serious.

SOOZE
Oh they'd never let me do what I want.

PONY
I get final approval. It's in my contract.

SOOZE
Would I get paid?

PONY
Yeah, we'd have to fly you out for meetings, you know.

SOOZE
Yeah?

PONY
Yeah.

SOOZE
Oh, God, that would be something I really want to do.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP WINE & LIQUOR – NIGHT
Tim is back again, to buy more alcohol.

TIM
Hey, can you cash this?

Tim hands Scuff a treasury bill.

SCUFF
Yeah. Yeah. How's the air force, Tim?

TIM
It's not the air force anymore, Scuff
SCUFF
So where are you?

TIM
I'm here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The group is still hanging out at the Circle A.

PONY
Okay, now, you guys all take care, okay? Oh, man, I feel so good. I feel good 'cause I'm hanging out with you guys, man. You know? I mean, I forgot what it was like to just hang out.

SOOZE
Yeah.

PONY
And you know why it's so good? See, because, see, you guys are real. No, man, I mean it. You guys have a sense of humor. You live your lives, you know. It's simple, you know. The guys on the road, I mean, the band, all they talk about is scoring chicks... and Danny, all Danny talks about is money.

BUFF
Yeah, we're all above that.

PONY
See, I wrote something about all this. Uh, it, it's a song about...

BUFF
Well, play it, man.

SOOZE
Yeah, come on, play it.

PONY
Oh, no, man. I can't.

BUFF
Yeah.

SOOZE
Come on.

BUFF
Play it! Come on!

PONY
No, no, no, no, no, it's new.
BUFF

Please.

PONY

I just started it.

Buff walks over to the limo and picks up Pony’s guitar and harmonica from off the trunk of the car.

BUFF

I don’t care. I’m gonna drop it. I’m gonna drop it. I’m...

PONY

Don’t drop the guitar, man.

Buff pretends to almost drop the guitar.

BUFF

Whoa!

PONY

No, no, whoa!

Pony grabs the guitar away from Buff and begins to put it on. Everyone gathers around Pony, except Jeff.

BUFF

Yes! Free concert!

ERICA

Alright, Pony!

PONY

Alright, alright already.

SOOZE

Alright!

BUFF

Yes! Hey, unplugged Pony!

Pony begins to play and sing.
PONY
(singing)
"Drove down the highway
there was a big jam
The family had died
There inside their minivan
There was a backup
It went on for miles
But as bad as it was
It was gone after a while"
(to group)
Chorus here.
(singing again)
"You may think there's nothing to it
and the truth is hard to see
To be an invisible man is a remarkable
thing to be
thing to be
thing to be"

SOOZE
That was so great!

ERICA
It's coming along.

PONY
Thank you.

BUFF
Hey, I'm glad you put truth in your song,
man. That's important.

PONY
Hey, thanks, man.

JEFF
So who are you?

PONY
What do you mean?

JEFF
Well, if we're, like, the man invisible,
what are you?

PONY
I don't know. Uh, I'm an artist, I guess.
You know, there's life and then there's
the people watching the life, commenting
on it.

JEFF
Yeah, well, that's what I do too.

PONY
What?
JEFF
Comment, say things, think. Whatever. Why are you so special?

PONY
Well, I, I didn't say I was special, but it's one thing, you know, and it's another thing to actually communicate it to people. You know what I mean? If a tree falls in a forest and no one hears it, does that make a sound?

JEFF
Of course it does.

SOOZE
You know, that is my worst fear. Making a sound and no one hears it.

PONY
Mine too.

JEFF
W-wait a minute, wait a minute.

PONY
You know what I'm saying?

SOOZE
Sure. You make art and you want people to see it.

BUFF
Wait, what happened to the tree?

JEFF
Yeah, but that doesn't mean that your tree is not artistic if no one cuts it down.

SOOZE
Jeff likes to argue for the sake of arguing.

JEFF
No, I don't.

SOOZE
Yes, you do.

JEFF
No, I don't.

SOOZE
You do.

JEFF
No, I don't.

Tim walks up to the group from behind Erica. He stops and talks to her.
TIM
Hi.

ERICA
Hi.

TIM
So you, like, come from a town like this or...?

ERICA
No, not really. I come from an "area". Bel Air.

TIM
You rich?

ERICA
No, not really. Middle-class.

TIM
Oh, me too. Middle-class.

ERICA
Maybe upper-middle-class.

Pony is singing another song. Buff, Bee-Bee, and Sooze are all sitting on the asphalt in front of Pony, wide eyes. Tim is talking to Erica on the car and Jeff is pacing back and forth.

PONY
"See what's around you listen to their lies"

TIM
So, like, your dad's a big deal, right?

ERICA
Thinks he is. Well, he is.

TIM
He is?

ERICA
Yes.

TIM
He is.

ERICA
He is.
TIM
And you love him a lot. He bought you a BMW for your birthday, but you finally had to move out and get your own place. I mean, I know, it's time to leave the nest. Parents hate your smoking. You didn't tell them about the abortion. All your friends got boob jobs, you got the tattoo instead. Subscribe to Variety Fair.

Tim feels Erica's arms.

TIM (CONT'D)

PONY
"I sound like an idiot
watching the parade
I know there's no tomorrow
only the charade
I am dead
Deep inside my head
All the lies
There's no then
Only now
I will love
show me how"

Bee-Bee stands up and walks away. Jeff watches her leave and begins to pace faster.

PONY (CONT'D)
"I buried my hand in a fire
I haven't slept for a week
I cut my feet on the glass
Never finding what I seek
I need salvation
I need"

Suddenly Jeff stops pacing and jumps up screaming.

JEFF
FUCK! Pony, if we wanted to hear you sing, we would've gone to your concert!

SOOZE
Jeff!

JEFF
So you sold ninety thousand units. So what? Does that mean you're a genius? You're a great artist? You're higher up the ladder? You got an extra gold star on your fuckin' forehead?

TIM
Wow, you're cute when you're angry.
JEFF
Why don't you write a song about Sandra Berhard's salad, asshole?

SOOZE
Jesus, Jeff.

PONY
Hey, man, uh, look, if you don't like my stuff, uh, I won't sing it, okay? I'm sorry, you know?

JEFF
No, that's not what I'm saying. I'm saying I don't need a limousine to know who I am, alright?

TIM
Right on. You know what? He doesn't need the limo, man.

JEFF
I mean, you know, at least I admit that I don't know. I know that things are fucked up beyond belief and I know that I have nothing original to say about any of it, alright? I don't have an answer. I don't have a fucking message.

TIM
Okay, great. Well, now he's crying. Are you guys happy?

JEFF
Oh, shut up, Tim. This isn't funny, man.

SOOZE
(sighs)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

PONY
No, no, no, no, no. Uh, hey, man. You know I'm really sorry if I, if I said something wrong. I, I...

JEFF
No, man. Hey. No, you know what? Hey, it's you, man. It's you, know what, you know what it is? It's this tarpit of stupidity that we're all stuck in. It's this cell. It's this void, you know.

PONY
Oh, no, man, look. Look, you know, it's me, okay? I come out here and I'm, so used to everyone, you know, kissing my ass and I think I'm a fucking star, man, and I'm really sorry if I'm full of attitude. I, I really...
JEFF

PONY
Look, man, it... Shit. Why don't we get something to eat? I mean food?

ERICA
We'd have to hurry.

SOOZE
China Gate's open till midnight.

PONY
George can drive us. There's plenty of room in the car. Jeff?

JEFF

PONY
Why don't you come with us, man? I mean, I want to hear about those songs you've been working on. You too, Buff.

BUFF
Limo ride!

Buff runs and jumps into the limo.

PONY
Tim?

TIM
Uh, I didn't write any songs. You guys go ahead. I gotta stay here and guard the parking lot.

Sooze walks over to Jeff.

SOOZE
Come on.

JEFF
No. No, no, no.

SOOZE
Come on. I'm not gonna go if you don't come.

JEFF
No, I just don't feel like it. That's all.

SOOZE
Why don't you just try? Please. For me. Come on.

Buff sticks his upper body out of the limo's sunroof.
BUFF
Hey, come on, man! Limo!

SOOZE
Hey, wait, where's Bee-Bee? Bee-Bee! Bee-Bee, where'd you go? Did you guys see where she went?

PONY
Erica, you coming?

ERICA
Mm-mm.

BUFF
Are you sure? Okay.

The limo pulls out of the parking lot and onto the road. Erica walks over to Tim, who is lying on the hood of a car.

ERICA
You got everything right but the car. My dad didn't get me a BMW.

TIM
What'd he get you?

ERICA
A Porsche.

TIM
Mm.

ERICA
Yeah. So, what about you?

TIM
What about me? I don't have a car.

ERICA
You just seem to know all these things about me and I don't know anything about you, you know. What kind of music do you like?

TIM
Military marching bands.

ERICA
You think I'm rich and you hate me.

TIM
Now, how the hell would you know what I think? Hm? You don't know me.

ERICA
I'd like to.

TIM
Oh, yeah?
ERICA

Mm-mm.

CUT TO:

INT. BEE-BEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bee-Bee slowly creeps up the stairs and into the bathroom, the entire house is dark. She opens the medicine cabinet and pockets a bottle of sedatives.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Erica and Tim are still talking.

TIM
You know, it was the biggest mistake of my life.

ERICA
Really?

TIM
Well, I mean, you have to understand I was just this dopey kid mopping floors and kissing officer ass. I mean, well, I enlisted right out of high school. So I just wanted something different in my life.

ERICA
Mm.

TIM
"It's not a job, it's an adventure." Right? I hated it. I had to get out. So I was working in the kitchen, chopping lettuce, you know, real heroic stuff, and I, uh, I had this big fucking knife and I chopped off the tip of my little finger and three days later I was a free man.

ERICA
You cut off your little finger?

TIM
Well, they, uh they were nice enough to sew it back on.

ERICA
Let's see.

Tim shows her his scar. Erica gently rubs her fingers over it.
TIM
Honorable discharge. Disabled while serving. I get a check every month.

INT. CHINA GATE RESTAURANT – LOBBY – NIGHT

The group is standing in the lobby, no one is around. It appears as if their closed.

BUFF
(yells)
Um, four for smoking, please.

The RESTAURANT HOSTESS walks up to them, she is Chinese.

RESTAURANT HOSTESS
Closed, closed.

BUFF
(mocking her)
Oh, man, no closed, we just got here!

SOOZE
No.

RESTAURANT HOSTESS
Midnight closed.

SOOZE
Oh, come on! We're hungry. Please?

Buff decides to take control and walks over to the hostess.

BUFF
Yo, do you know who this guy is right here? That's Pony Moynihan from MTV. Yeah look at his limo out there.

RESTAURANT HOSTESS
TV?

BUFF
TV. MTV, what your going to turn him away?

PONY
(to Buff)
Come on, man. Sh, sh, sh.

BUFF
No man.
(to hostess)
He's probably the most famous guy that'd ever come in this place. You're lucky he's here.

RESTAURANT HOSTESS
Take-out only. Wait, I get picture.
PONY
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

BUFF
Thanks. See man?

PONY
You know? I remember coming here with my parents.

SOOZE
Really?

BUFF
You know, I should, um, make a video of this place. You know, bring the camera in.

PONY
You make videos?

BUFF
Oh, yeah, all the time. That's what I do now.

PONY
You know what would be cool is, like, to do a music video, you know? But, like, you know, have it set in here. You know, like, like, with her and shit. You know, like, you know, like, "Closed, closed, closed, closed, closed, closed."

BUFF
"Closed, closed, closed." But with your music.

PONY
You could do it.

BUFF
I could.

PONY
Yeah!

BUFF
Yeah.

PONY
I mean, do you have something I could show my manager? I mean, do you have a reel?

BUFF
Yes!

PONY
Yeah!

BUFF
A reel?
EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Tim and Erica are still chatting away in the parking lot.

ERICA
I mean, what is there to be happy about really? I mean, going to the gym, climbing the StairMaster, eating the yogurt, checking the voice mail. Smoking the low-tar cigarettes, shaving the bikini line. Sometimes I just want something different, you know?

TIM
What was your name again?

ERICA
Erica.

TIM
Erica. So do you think you and I are alike, Erica?

ERICA
Deep down. Way down.

TIM
It's a mistake to think that.

ERICA
We could still talk, you know? It's nice to talk.

TIM
It's nice to do a lot of things.

ERICA
That's what I mean.

TIM
I'm not a nice guy.

ERICA
I know. It's okay.

TIM
Yeah?

ERICA
Mm-hm. I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself. If I didn't want to be here, I'd be in a limo right now with a bunch of kids looking for Chinese food.

TIM
No, no, see, you, you don't understand.
ERICA

Hay? Yeah? So teach me a lesson.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMOUSINE – NIGHT

Buff, Sooze, Jeff, and Pony are all in the back of the limo coming back from China Gate. Pony's demo tape is playing in the background as Buff stuffs his face with noodles.

BUFF
Mm-mm. Hey, when I get shitfaced I can get this huge appetite. God. I don't know why. Most people don't, but I do. Whoo!

Suddenly Buff stops eating, his face drawing a blank. He starts to look sick.

PONY
You okay, man? You okay?

BUFF
I didn't want to eat this much, man.

PONY
Wait, I'll get you some air.

Pony starts to open the sunroof when Buff jumps up and starts heading towards the window.

BUFF
Wait, do the windows, okay? Just do 'em.

Pony opens the window and Buff sticks his head out, throwing up alcohol and Chinese noodles all over the side of the limo.

SOOZE
Oh, yuck! Oh, gross!

PONY
You done?

BUFF
Yeah.

Buff sticks his head back out of the limo and throws up again before finally settling back inside the limo.

LIMO DRIVER
Oh, crap!

The limo pulls over. The driver gets out and begins to wipe the throw up off of the side of the limo. Buff is wandering around, Jeff is sitting on the curb looking irritated, Pony and Sooze are still inside the limo. Sooze is on the car phone.
SOOZE

(into telephone)
Oh, oh, hi. Oh, Missus Douglas, I hope I'm not calling too late. No, have you seen Bee-Bee? Well, no, yeah, she was, I was just wondering if you'd seen her. She did? Okay. Yeah. No, I'm sorry to bother you, Missus Douglas. Okay, 'bye.

(to Jeff)
Shit. She always answers.

Buff is up in someone's front lawn.

BUFF
Hey! Hey, you guys!

Buff comes running from the front yard, holding in both his hands a lawn leprechaun.

LIMO DRIVER
No. No. Put back the leprechaun.

JEFF
Yeah, put it back. Oh, fuck. What are you doing, you...

Lights come on inside the house.

BUFF
Go!

JEFF
... idiot! Open the damn door! Go, go, go, come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A – VAN – NIGHT

Tim and Erica are on the side of the van, making out.

ERICA
Oh, man, don't be gettin' soft on me. I mean, sorry, it's okay. It's okay, just don't think, okay? Just don't think.

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMOUSINE – NIGHT

Sooze, Buff and Pony are singing an old high school cheer while Jeff looks very un-amused.

SOOZE, BUFF, & PONY
"Black and orange
Black and orange
Hear that hearty yell
Rah rah rah"
SOOZE
"G, O, F, O, R, I, T. Go for it!"

BUFF
Hey, play that demo again, man. Alright.

PONY
Oh, man. Wow. I was never into football, you know?

JEFF
I gotta take a piss. Do you mind if we pull over really quickly?

PONY
Oh, yeah.

JEFF
I'm sorry. I, I gotta...

PONY
Oh, no, no. Uh, uh, George, pull over.

George pulls the limo over to the side of the street. Jeff walks down a small ravine, looks back over his shoulder, keeps walking.

JEFF
Fuck 'em. Fucking assholes.

PONY
Burnfield. No place like it.

SOOZE

PONY
I can't believe you're still here.

SOOZE
I'm moving.

PONY
If...

SOOZE
No, I'm going.

PONY
Mm-hm.

Sooze and Pony pick at each other with their fingers, playfully flirting.

SOOZE
Soon.

PONY
Yep.
SOOZE
What's that supposed to mean?

PONY
I don't know. I say what I mean.

SOOZE
Oh, yeah, you're just so smart.

PONY
That's because I am.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A – VAN – NIGHT

Erica and Tim are still leaning up against the old van.

ERICA
It's okay. This kind of thing happens. It's just never happened to me. I'm sorry. It's true though. Mm. So, um, what's your TCB tattoo stand for? What's that about?

TIM
Taking care of business.

ERICA
I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. PONY'S LIMO – ROOF – NIGHT

Sooze and Pony are sitting on top of the limo looking out over Burnfield.

SOOZE
I hate it here. It's so ugly, it's like being dead. You got out of here, you know? I'm ready to go.

PONY
Yeah, but sometimes I try to figure out why I left in the first place, you know? I think about people and I wonder what they're doing.

SOOZE
Yeah.

PONY
I think about you. I mean, a lot.

SOOZE
Me?
PONY
Yeah, I have, I have, yeah.

SOOZE
Yeah, you know, when you called I thought, there's a name from the past.

PONY
Or the future, oh, no, no, I mean... I mean, we'll be working on that album cover, right?

SOOZE
Yeah, I know what you're saying.

You do?

SOOZE
Yeah. God, you showed up at such a weird time in my life.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Jeff walks into the parking lot to find Bee-Bee sitting on the side of the building by herself, bottle by her side and listening to the radio. Jeff walks up to her.

JEFF
I just walked all the way from Westside to here. I haven't walked that far since junior high. I thought you didn't drink.

BEE-BEE
I don't anymore.

JEFF
Can I have some?

BEE-BEE
Knock yourself out.

Jeff takes a hard swing off the bottle.

JEFF
You know, one moment things are so fucked up than you look at it from a totally different angle and it makes sense.

BEE-BEE
Yeah.

JEFF
Did you ever hear that saying, "This too shall pass"?
BEE-BEE
Sure, all the time, in Group.

JEFF
In Group?

BEE-BEE
Rehab. Outpatient. I have to go once a week. It's kind of like AA.

JEFF
Oh, yeah, you had to go to Highgate. That must've been intense.

BEE-BEE
Intense.

JEFF
How long were you in there?

BEE-BEE
Uh, ninety days. And now I just have to go once a week. See, I'm rehabilitated.

JEFF
Well, you shouldn't drink. Are you gonna drink?

BEE-BEE
No. Oh, maybe. Fuck.

JEFF
I mean, that would suck if you had to go back to rehab.

BEE-BEE
Yeah, it would suck big time. I'd kill myself first.

JEFF
It was pretty bad, huh?

BEE-BEE
It was like hell with windows. You know, there's shit on the walls. Kids my age sucking their thumbs. I mean, every day I would, I'd wake up in my cell and I'd think, my parents put me here. Why? Why? Because I stayed out all night one time. Uh, because I broke the VCR when I was drunk. Because I was out of control. I thought my parents loved me.

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMO - NIGHT

Buff is holding onto the lawn leprechaun as if it was his girlfriend. He comes in and out of sleep.
BUFF
Hey, do you got any water? And some B-One?
Hey, where did everybody go?

LIMO DRIVER
Hey, hey. Okay?

BUFF
Sor-sorry, Bruce.

EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

JEFF
We were all riding around and it suddenly hit me what we were doing. We were getting off on the fact that we're in a car teen feet longer than all the rest. And I got out and I just started walking.

BEE-BEE
Yeah.

JEFF
Well, what it was... I, I don't want to admit it, but, you know, I was jealous of Pony.

BEE-BEE
Well, sure, he's rich and he's famous. He's got everything and you've got nothing.

JEFF
Yeah, but, when I was walking, I realized that he's stuck in that limo all the time. He's stuck with his interviews, he's stuck with his autograph, he has to do whatever his manager tells him to do, you know? He's not free. He's just part of the machine, and if you think about it, freedom's all that there really is.

BEE-BEE
Yeah, I guess.

JEFF
You know? And it used to scare me so much that I didn't know what was coming in my life.

BEE-BEE
Mm-hm.
JEFF
You know, like, like, I would always
think, uh, you know, what if I make the
wrong move? But maybe there isn't any
right move. You know? I mean, look at us.
You know, we all dress the same, we all
talk the same, we all fuck the same, we
all watch the same TV. Nobody's really
different, even if they think they're
different. "Oh, boy, look at my tattoo,
you know?" And see, that's what makes me
freak. Because I can do anything I want,
as long as I don't care about the result.

Jeff begins to remove articles of his clothing.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Anything is possible. It is night on
planet earth and I'm alive. And someday
I'll be dead. Someday I'll just be bones
in a box, but right now, I", not. And
anything is possible. And that's why I can
go to New York with Sooze because each
moment can just be what it is. There's no
failure, there's no mistake. I just, I
just go there and live there and what
happens, happens. And so, right now I'm
getting naked and I'm not afraid. You
know? I don't, I don't need money, man. I
don't, I don't even need, I don't even
need a future. I, I could knock out all of
my teeth with a hammer. So what?! You
know, I could poke my eyes out. I'd still
be alive, you know? At least I'd know that
I was doing something real for two or
three seconds, you know? It's all about
feat and I'm not afraid anymore, man. Fuck
it! Fuck fear!

Jeff is standing in the middle of the parking lot, completely
nude. Tim appears from on top of the roof.

TIM
Bravo, you son-of-a-bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMO – NIGHT
The limo is pulling into the Circle A. Everyone is looking out the
window at Jeff.

PONY
Is that Jeff?

SOOZE
Oh, my god!

CUT TO:
EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Jeff is putting his clothes back on. He sits down next to Bee-Bee and takes another swing off the bottle.

BEE-BEE
Jeff? Do you, do you ever wake up in the morning and think, "Well, here's another day"? You know? It's just like the last one. I mean what difference does it make, you know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A – PARKING LOT – LIMO – NIGHT

Tim is on the roof of the Circle A watching Pony and Sooze get out of the Limo. They kiss. Tim keeps watching.

SOOZE
You know, my mom has this saying.

PONY
Yeah?

SOOZE
"Don't write any checks you can't cash."

PONY
Really? What else does your mother say?

JEFF
Oh, hi. I thought you guys got lost.

SOOZE
(to Bee-Bee)
Hey, where did you go? We were worried about you.

BEE-BEE
Uh, home, you know.

SOOZE
Yeah, I talked to your mom. I think I woke her up. I hope I didn't get you in trouble.

BEE-BEE
You didn't get me in trouble.

PONY
Hey, where's Erica?

JEFF
I don't know.
SOOZE
Gee, Jeff, I thought you were gonna go take a piss, not join some alcoholic nudist colony.

JEFF
No, no. I just got sick and tired of listening to that demo tape over and over again, you know? I mean, I felt like a fucking groupie, you know.

SOOZE
Mm. I enjoyed the ride. Sorry you didn't.

JEFF
But wait! Sooze, I don't wanna fight. I'm so sorry.

SOOZE
What?

JEFF
No, I mean it. No, look, when, when I got out of the car I walked all the way here.

SOOZE
Mm-hm.

JEFF
And I fig- and I figured something out.

SOOZE
Oh, yeah?

JEFF
I, yeah.

SOOZE
Mm.

Buff comes running from around the corner holding the lawn leprechaun. Tim walks from around the corner and opens a box of the take out Chinese.

BUFF
Hey! On behalf of Burnfield, I present to you the keys to the city.

TIM
So, how was the ride, kids?

BUFF
Great.

TIM
Really?

SOOZE
It was the nicest thin I've done in a long time.
TIM
Oh that's nice for you.

PONY
Where's Erica? You seen her?

TIM
Erica? She said she was tired. She went back to the hotel.

PONY
Oh, How'd she get back?

TIM
I called Bucky's. I got her a cab. Is there any hot mustard?

JEFF
I don't know.

PONY
I'm gonna go to the car for a 'sec. I'll be right back.

Pony walks away, around the corner.

BUFF
They are old, we are young, they are fast, we are fun.

TIM
Buff, please, would you jus fuck off, okay? Fuck off!

JEFF
Wait, Sooze, I, I have to talk to you, 'cause I, there's something I figured out.

SOOZE
God, you smell like whiskey.

JEFF
No, no, I have to talk to you.

SOOZE
Is that a threat?

TIM
I ate a dog when I was in Thailand. Tasted exactly like this sparerib.

JEFF
No, wait, no, I thought about New York.

SOOZE
Forget about New York, Jeff. I don't want to talk about New York anymore.
TIM
There was this other place where they served live monkey brains. Sweat to God. You walk in, they bring the little monkey out, shave his head, crack it open, and you eat it's brains while it's still alive. I didn't go in, though, 'cause I didn't have any money and my mom has a saying: "Don't write any checks you can't cash".

Sooze's face drops a little in surprise.

JEFF
Tim, what are you talking about?

TIM
Ask your girlfriend.

Pony walks back to the group.

PONY
Well, I called Erica's beeper. There's just no answer.

TIM
What are you? Her pimp? She said she might go get a drink first.

PONY
Well, I mean, she always answers her beeper.

TIM
Pal, she's a big girl, you know? I'm sure she's alright.

PONY
Yeah? Well, what'd she say?

TIM
About what?

PONY
About where she went. I mean, what bar?

TIM
She didn't say. Maybe she's at the bar at the hotel.

PONY
The bar at the hotel? She told you that? What did she say exactly?

TIM
Well, Dad, she said she wanted to suck my cock.

Sooze
Tim, why don't you shut the fuck up?
PONY
I think I gotta go.

JEFF
See ya later.

TIM
What? Oh, come on. You're not gonna suck my cock?

PONY
Fuck you, man. I never did anything to you!

Tim gets up gets into Pony's face.

TIM
Okay. You know what? Watch your fucking language, alright? Or I might have to.

PONY
Whatever.

TIM
Oh, come on, Pony. I'm just kidding. Wow, you rock stars are really sensitive, huh? You know, there's a life on the road?

PONY
Don't do that, man, okay?

SOOZE
Could you give me a ride?

TIM
Oh yes! Yeah, man, give her the ride, the ol' Pony ride back to the hotel.

SOOZE
Tim, go throw up somewhere.

PONY
You know, man, it's none of your business what I do, okay?

TIM
It's none of my business?

PONY
Yeah.

TIM
Oh, okay, it's none of my business. Yeah, so, you—you're trying to fuck my best friend's girlfriend and it's none of my business?!

SOOZE
What the fuck are you talking about?!
PONY
Nobody's fucking anybody!

TIM
No, see, Neil, if you're fucking with one of my friends, then you're fucking with me.

PONY
Don't do that.

TIM
What are you going to do? Hm?

PONY
If you hit me...

TIM
Yeah?

PONY
... my manager will slap an assault charge on your ass faster than you can say AA, okay?

TIM
Your manager?

PONY
Yeah, man, my manager and my lawyer.

TIM
Well, just, you know, have 'em call me. Y-you know where to find me, right?

PONY
Oh, yeah, drunk on the corner, man. Hey, why don't you buy another beer. It's on me, okay?

BUFF
Thanks, man!

PONY
(to Sooze)
I'll be in the car, okay?

JEFF
Wait, wait, wait a minute, Sooze. What are you doing?

SOOZE
I'm leaving. Is that alright with you? Do I have your permission? Maybe you want to think about it.

JEFF
Where are you going?
SOOZE
For a ride.

JEFF
Wait, away?

SOOZE
Yes, Jeff, away. Away, away, away.

JEFF
To his hotel?

SOOZE
Shit, Jeff!

BUFF
You know what we should do? Go to the...

JEFF
So you can do an album cover?

SOOZE
I've run out of words.

JEFF
Wait. What, what are you saying?

SOOZE
I don't know. And I don't care that I don't know.

JEFF
Well, what about us?

SOOZE
What about us? I'm moving away your staying here.

JEFF
No, maybe not though. That, that's what I'm trying to say.

SOOZE
Maybe not? You think that I'm with somebody else and now it's maybe not?

JEFF
Oh, no, no, no.

SOOZE
You're unbelievable.

JEFF
Wait, no, I... Look, Sooze, I figured something out.

SOOZE
You did, huh? Good for you.
JEFF
Oh, fuck it, man!

BUFF
Fuck it!

JEFF

BUFF
In the limo!!!

Buff runs off to the limo.

JEFF
Do your covers and all that shit.

SOOZE
'Bye, Jeff.

JEFF
Go.

SOOZE
What?

JEFF
Just go.

Sooze walks up to him and gets in his face.

SOOZE
You really suck, you know that?

JEFF
Just go.

Sooze walks away and into the limo. Tim walks over to Jeff.

TIM
To women. They're all whores. Let us not forget what Chenowsky said. "The greatest men are the most alone." And without suffering, Jeffery, you will never gain wisdom.

JEFF
I'm not suffering, you know. I don't give a shit.

TIM
Good. That's good.

Tim and Jeff walk towards the front of the store. Jeff stops at the corner and looks at Bee-Bee for a long moment, then disappears behind the corner. Bee-Bee downs the entire bottle of whisky that was at her side.

CUT TO:
EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeff and Tim walk by the small glass window that Nazeer sits behind. Jeff raps it with his comb before walking up to catch up with Jeff. Nazeer picks up the phone. Jeff and Tim stop in the middle of the parking lot by the pumps.

TIM
Yeah. Yeah, no, you're right. It's no big deal, you know. Guy probably has his arm around her right now, holding her close, nudging her titty with his elbow, talking about the deep significance of his music, while she looks up at him with her big brown eyes. In a few minutes they'll be back at the Four Seasons. You ever, you ever stayed in one of those places?

JEFF
No.

TIM
Well, it ain't no pup tent in the garage, you know what I mean? Fuck. So they'll talk and talk. They'll probably talk all night. And, oh, they'll decide that they're gonna spend the night together, right? But, you know, they're gonna keep their underwear on and they're not gonna do anything. By six a.m. he's parking the pink Cadillac. Fuck. There's really only one answer.

JEFF
What?

TIM
Anarchy, my friend. Fuck 'em. You know what I mean?

JEFF
Yeah, fuck 'em.

TIM
No, no, say it like this. Fuck 'em!

JEFF
Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em all, man!

Jeff throws his box of rice, hitting the big window on the Circle A food shop.

TIM
Yes! Your learning, kid. That's right! You're learning. Oh, it's the man.

Chip and Gary pull into the Circle A with their cruiser. They get out and walk over to the boys.
CHIP
What's up guys?

TIM
Uh, you know, just admiring the scenery, you know?

Nazeer comes running out of the store.

NAZEER
This one.
(points at Tim)
He causes all the trouble.

CHIP
Been drinking again, Timmy-boy?

TIM
You were a shitty lineman and now your a shitty cop. Yeah, blow me, I'm drunk.

CHIP
Okay, come on. Time to slow down.

TIM
Who's going to slow me down? You, you fat pig.

CHIP
Alright, get in the car before I have to embarrass you in front of your friend.

TIM
Hey, Gary, how's the divorce comin'?

GARY
Asshole. Cuff him and stuff him.

They start to put Tim in the car, he resists.

CHIP
Will you stand up for me?

TIM
Okay.

CHIP
Come on. Inside.

TIM
Okay. We'll go for a ride.

They put Tim in the cruiser and walk over to question Nazeer.

GARY
Can you tell me what happened?

NAZEER
He's drunk.
GARY
Uh-huh.

NAZEER
He causes problems. He was here earlier.

Tim screams to Jeff from inside the car.

TIM
Hey, Jeff!

Jeff walks over the police cruiser and squats down next to the window.

JEF
Yeah.

TIM
You gotta help me out, man. I'm in trouble.

JEFF
Oh, no, no, no. This is no big deal, you know? I can come down and, and get you out.

TIM
No, no. I'm not, I'm not talking about this. I did a bad thing, Jeff.

JEFF
What? What'd you do?

TIM
That chick, Erica?

JEFF
Well, w-what happened?

TIM
Well, I, you know, I took her to the van, you know. It was goin' all hot and heavy and she started hanging on me, you know? And she started crying, "Tim, Tim, what's the matter? I love you. Don't go!" And I was just looking at her stupid face and her stupid eyes, stupid mouth and I was filled with disgust, man. And I fuckin'...

Oh, man, I really...

JEFF
What'd you do?

TIM
I hit her.

JEFF
You hit her? Oh, wait, wait a minute. Why'd you hit her?
TIM
Because I was fucked up, man. I just kept hittin' her till she didn't move anymore.

JEFF
Wait a minute, wait a minute. She's unconscious?

TIM
Go look, man. Go look. Go see for yourself, if you got the guts.

JEFF
Oh fuck.

The cops get in the car and pull away. Nazeer walks over to Jeff.

NAZEER
You know, this, what you're doing with your life...

JEFF
I don't know.

NAZEER
You know, it's not you. You know? You seem like a smart guy.

JEFF
Yeah, well, thank you for the advice, but you wouldn't understand what is going on with me.

NAZEER
Oh, it's very complicated, huh?

JEFF
That's right.

NAZEER
Complicated or not, life moves on. Hm?

Jeff walks away from Nazeer.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - VAN - NIGHT

Jeff approaches the van, slowly, nervously. He spots something on the ground and picks it up. It's Erica's pager.

SLOW FADE OUT

SLOW FADE UP:
EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Jeff is sitting on the side of the Circle A by himself. He looks very confused. Buff comes walking across the parking lot looking clean and very awake.

BUFF
Hey! Whoa, you look like shit. You been home yet?

JEFF
No, no.

BUFF
Huh? No, alright. Well, you know what we need? A hot cop of coffee. Hand on. Ohh, hey, I was up all night too, man. A long, long, long night.

Buff walks into the Circle A to get the coffee. Jeff makes his way over to the pay phone and dials a number. Nazeer, who is sweeping the parking lot stares at him.

JEFF
(into telephone)
Hi, uh, yeah, I'd, like to report a...
What? No, yeah, no, I'd like to report a, report a crime. No, I can't hold, I don't... alright.

Buff walks up with the coffee.

BUFF
Hey. Hey. Are you trying to get a hold of Sooze?

JEFF
No.

Buff walks out into the parking lot, next to Nazeer.

BUFF
It's gonna be a beautiful fucking day, man.

Buff throws the wrapper of the donut stick he's eating on the ground. Nazeer stares at him. Quickly Buff picks up the wrapper and runs towards the dumpster.

BUFF
Oh, God! Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two!

Buff slams the wrapper into the dumpster.

NAZEER
Yeah. Yeah, it's okay for you. It's okay. Enjoy yourself.
BUFF
Are you talking to me?

NAZEER
It's okay.

BUFF
Glad it's okay.

NAZEER
I'll tell you what. When I get my engineering degree and I'm swimming in my swimming pool, it will be very fucking okay.

BUFF
Um, if you're talking to me, could you make some sense? 'Cause I don't speak Swahili.

NAZEER
In two more years I'll have an engineering degree. We'll sell the store, we'll move away from Burnfield and the store and you standing here.

BUFF
Good. See you later.

NAZEER
You're a drunk and an idiot.

BUFF
You're wife sucks my cock every night, swallows my cum and loves it. That's okay.

NAZEER
Yeah it's okay. You know, we have a saying back home: "Either the salt is rotten or the meat."

Nazeer starts to go back into the store.

BUFF
Yeah, well, uh, you're not so smart, chief, 'cause I'm moving out to L.A.

NAZEER
Ah, that's nice. They have many convenience stores there for you to stand in front of.

Nazeer walks back into the store. Buff goes back around to the side of the building where Jeff is sitting against the wall.

BUFF
Yeah. Get ahold of Sooze?

JEFF
No, no, I wasn't trying.
BUFF
She was at the Four Seasons last night, man. But you shouldn't worry about that.

JEFF
No, I'm not, I'm not worried. I'm not worried.

BUFF
No. Life is too short.

JEFF
No, I'm not worried.

BUFF
Good.

JEFF
Uh, Buff, I'm, I'm, gonna tell you something and, uh, you got, you got, you gotta promise not to tell anyone, alright?

BUFF
Sure.

JEFF
No, I mean, no one.

BUFF
Hey, you know me.

JEFF
Buff, look at me for a second. No, this is serious.

BUFF
Yeah.

JEFF
Uh, last night...

BUFF
Yeah, I should've stuck up for you, man, I know. You're my friend, she's your old lady.

JEFF
No, no.

BUFF
I feel really bad about that, but I was busy, you know, I mean...

JEFF
No, look, this is not about Sooze, alright. Wait, wait, wait, wait. She stayed at the Four Seasons last night with Pony?
BUFF
Yeah, we all stayed at the Four Seasons, man. It was party time. Hey, I hung out with Danny, Pony's manager. Really nice guy. We talked about the video. They want a raw look. Something fresh. Danny said if I can capture the reality of Burnfield, it'd make a great tape.

JEFF
Okay, Buff, listen to me for a second alright?

BUFF
No, I know what you're going to say. I don't know anything about making a video. But that's a plus.

JEFF
No.

BUFF
Because since I'm just starting out, I've got a fresh point of view, and that's good for, you know, marketing, demographics...

JEFF
Buff, listen to me. Could you just-

BUFF
But I'd, I'd do it for free. You know, just for my reel.

JEFF
Buff, can you listen to me for a second?

BUFF
Oh, and guess who showed up.

JEFF
No, shut up! Look, look, alright, Tim is in trouble.

BUFF
I know, man.

JEFF
You know?

BUFF
Yeah, that's what I'm trying to tell you. That chick Erica?

JEFF
What, they're looking for her?
BUFF
No man, she showed up last night at the hotel. We has a great time together. I stayed in her room last night, man. What can I say?

JEFF
Wait a minute, wait a minute. You saw Erica last night?

BUFF
Yeah, I saw all of Erica last night, man.

JEFF
Buff, you got to stop making shit up. It didn't happen.

BUFF
Y- s-sure it did.

JEFF
No. It didn't, Buff.

BUFF
Wait. Hey, man.

JEFF
Erica is in the van back there.

BUFF
What?

JEFF
Look.

BUFF
Hey, man.

JEFF
She's in the van.

BUFF
What she doin' in the van, man?

JEFF
Buff...

BUFF
What?

JEFF
She's dead.

BUFF
She's dead?

JEFF
Look, Tim confessed to me last night.
BUFF
Tim...

JEFF
Tim killed Erica. Tim's a murderer.

BUFF
Bullshit.

JEFF
No, no, no.

BUFF
That's bullshit. That's total utter bullshit.

JEFF
Oh, really? You wanna go look?

BUFF
Yeah, man.

JEFF
Let's go look, then. Let's go look, then!

BUFF
It's bullshit. Look! Look!

Pony's limo pulls into the parking lot, and Erica pops out.

ERICA
Cock-a-doole-doo! Good morning!

Erica throws herself on Buff.

BUFF
Hey! Hey.

ERICA
I'm so burnt-out.

BUFF
Oh, how did you get burnt-out?

ERICA
Playing with something really hot. Yeah.

BUFF
Yeah?

Erica notices her pager in Jeff's hand.

ERICA
Oh, my God, you found it. Thank you so much.
(to Buff)
Did you get your tape?
BUFF
Yup. Hey, um, so, um, listen, man, I got to go show the tape to Danny at the hotel, and if I get the gig, Erica is gonna teach me how to surf in L.A.

ERICA
Oh, I'll teach you how to surf even if you don't get the gig.

BUFF
I can come visit?

ERICA
You better! Yes!

BUFF
I will.

ERICA
It was really nice meeting you, Jeff. If you're ever in L.A., you should come by the offices. I talked to Pony earlier. He said he had a really nice time and he's really looking forward to reading some of your songs.

JEFF
Yeah, tell Pony to go fuck himself.

ERICA
Okay, I'll do that. Okay, hurry up.

Erica and Buff play fight. It look's like a mix between an old kung-fu movie and a cat fight. Erica gets back into the limo.

BUFF
Ow! Hey! Get the heck in there!
(to Jeff)
Hey... Not dead! Definitely not dead!

JEFF
Guess not.

BUFF
See, I wasn't making shit up, man.

JEFF
No.

BUFF
God, Tim lied to your ass, man. That guy's sad, man. Well, uh, I gotta go, but, uh, listen, if I don't come back, I'll send a video of me surfing. Alright, man? Get some rest. Go with the flow.

JEFF
Alright. 'Bye, Buff.
Buff jumps into the limo.

BUFF
Hey, George.

The limo pulls off and it passes Tim who just entered the parking lot.

BUFF
(to Tim)
Hey, man.

TIM
Hey.

Tim walks over to Jeff and cracks open a new beer.

JEFF
They let you out?

TIM
Yeah, of course they let me out. Chickenshits. I gotta pay some class C misdemeanor ticket. So did I call it or did I call it? She spent the night, didn't she? Hm? Oh, that sucks for you, pal. Oh, shit.

JEFF
You lied to me.

TIM
You want to know what your problem is, Jeff? You want to believe so bad, you'll buy anything. It's true. Look at you. You're gullible and you're gutless.

JEFF
No, no. That's not the way it is at all. No, I stayed up all night trying to figure out how to protect my best friend. Wait, yeah, no, I was trying to come up with some lie so that you wouldn't have to go to jail for the rest of your life.

TIM
Wow. You did that for me?

JEFF
Yes.

TIM
Well, you know, all I can say is, you're a fucking fool.

JEFF
Why? Because I give a shit?

TIM
Oh, shit.
JEFF
Because I care, I'm a fucking fool?

TIM
Oh, Jeff, give me a break. You didn't even have the guts to go look in the van, did you?

JEFF
Oh no, no. You know what? Fuck that. No, you lied to me. You lied to me because you're gutless. You're a gutless, drunken looser.

TIM
I'm a loser. And I'm drunk. But I'm not gutless.

JEFF
You know, and what are you doing here in the first place, man? He's just gonna call the cops again.

TIM
Good, good. I, I hope he does.

JEFF
The sun hasn't even come up yet and you're drinking.

TIM
Hey, you saw that brown bitch point a gun at me last night, man. Did you think she was gonna use it?

JEFF
I don't know.

TIM
You don't know?

JEFF
No.

TIM
Come on. You don't think that after they called the cops on me, her and Mohammed had a nice laugh?

JEFF
No.

Tim pulls a gun out of his pants and loads it.

TIM
No? Well, I disagree. I think they did. I think they probably went home last night and, you know, kicked off their sandals and had a nice laugh about the drunk on the corner, you know? Makes me sick.
JEFF
What are, what are you doing? Look, Tim, just go home. Alright. Go home and sleep it off.

TIM
Well, what am I supposed to sleep off? My life? You know, I'm supposed to go home and go to sleep and when I wake up, what'll I be, Jeff? A pilot? Maybe a Super Bowl quarterback or, no, maybe a fucking rock star. Right? I don't think so, man.

JEFF
Just go home, alright?

TIM
This is my home.

JEFF
Why, why did you start this in the first place, man? They never hurt you.

TIM
They never hurt me? They hurt me every day with their attitude. You know, like they even have a right. Who the fuck do they think they are? Let me tell you something, I was born here. Alright? I'm an American. And I'm owed something. Look, they took it from me.

JEFF
They're just people. Alright? They got feelings, you know?

TIM
What about my feelings? What about my fucking feelings? These assholes, they come over here, they know all the answers, right? Well, they don't know shit.

JEFF
Will you just put the gun down?

TIM
No.

JEFF
Just put it down.

Nazeer walks out of the store.

NAZEER
What is this... now, huh?

Jeff starts to walk towards Nazeer.

TIM
Jeff, stay there.
JEFF
He's got a gun. He's got a gun.

TIM
Well, then, there now, why don't you go inside and call the cops and I'll come in there and blow your fucking brains out.

NAZEER
Why should I call the police, huh? They don't do any good.

TIM
Well, you gotta call your wife then, you know, 'cause she kind of handles these heavy matters anyway, right?

NAZEER
No. No, you see, I don't have to call my wife.

TIM
Well, what about this?

Nazeer pulls out his gun and points it at Tim.

NAZEER
What about this, huh? Go ahead, big man.

TIM
Camel jockey.

NAZEER
You know, why do you call me names? You know, I never hurt you. I'm only working here.

TIM
Yeah, yeah. That's the fucking problem.

JEFF
No, wait, wait! Wait, wait, wait, wait! What is your name?

NAZEER
Look, why do you care, huh?

JEFF
Because maybe if we know each other's names, things wouldn't get like this, My name's Jeff.

NAZEER
Okay. Nazeer, okay?

JEFF
Nazeer what?

NAZEER
Nazeer Chaudry!
TIM
Hey, w-why don't you see if he's hiring, you know? Get an application?

JEFF
That, that's Indian?

NAZEER
Pakistani. Okay? We're from Pakistan.

TIM
Alright, alright, enough with the Boy Scout routine.

NAZEER
Please. Look...

JEFF
Please?

NAZEER
Look, look, just get off my property.

TIM
What?

Tim jumps up on top of the dumpster.

NAZEER
Look, get down off my property.

TIM
Why? What are you gonna do? Huh? You're gonna shoot me for standing on your fucking trash can?

NAZEER
Get off my property!

TIM
Hey, you know what? Go fuck yourself.

NAZEER
Fuck you! You know, I'll call the police.

TIM
Go ahead! They love you just about as much as I do.

JEFF
Tim, can we go? This is ridiculous.

TIM
Hey, Ma, look at me! Top of the world, Ma!

Tim fires three shots into the air.

NAZEER
Get off my fucking roof, you fucking drunk! You bum!
Pakeesa runs out to them, screaming in Pakistani.

NAZEER
Look Pakeesa...

TIM
Oh, there you are, honey. We were waiting for you. What happened?

NAZEER
Look, get down now, you fucking drunk! You bum!

TIM
You know what? Go ahead and shoot me. Go ahead! Fucking shoot me! Come on! Come on, man! Come on!

Tim walks further onto the roof. We can't see him anymore.

NAZEER
Get off my roof!

TIM
Oh, shit. Jeff. Jeff, come up here!

NAZEER
Look; okay, come on. Look, what are you doing? Look, that's enough. My wife called the police. They're coming.

Tim comes back into view holding Bee-Bee, who's unconscious, in his arms.

TIM
Jeff! Come up here!

JEFF
Is that Bee-Bee?

TIM
Come on!

Pakeesa is screaming at Nazeer louder now.

NAZEER
Look, look, you see? They were drinking on the roof and, what, is she drunk? J-just get her off! What are you saying?

Tim is handing Bee-Bee's unconscious body down off the dumpster to Jeff.

TIM
Ready?

NAZEER
What are you saying?
Jeff places Bee-Bee on the ground and starts to check her vital signs. Tim jumps down off the dumpster.

TIM
You got her? Fuck.

Tim walks past Nazeer and over to the pay phone.

TIM
I hope you're happy!

NAZEER
This has nothing to do with me, this, uh, drinking, yeah.

TIM
No, this has everything to do with you.

NAZEER
No, no, she went up by herself. This was not my responsibility.

TIM
Hey it's your roof. It's your fucking problem.

(into phone)
Hi, uh, there's an emergency down at the Circle A on first Street, Yeah, Okay.
(to Nazeer)
You're fucked now, pal!

(into phone)
Um, send an ambulance 'cause I, I think it's an overdose or something. Okay. Okay.
(to Jeff)
Jeff, they're coming. Just wait here. I'm gonna go over to Scuff's and see if he's got his truck.
(to Nazeer)
Listen, if she dies, you're gonna be so sorry that you ever showed your brown face in this town!

Tim runs off. Nazeer is getting screamed at by Pakeesa.

NAZEER
This has nothing to do with me! She went up by herself. Yeah I tell them don't go on the roof! They can't go on the roof!
(to Jeff)
How is she?

JEFF
I don't know. I think she's breathing.

NAZEER
Okay. Okay, look my wife called the police. They're coming. It's not too late. They'll come, they'll take care of her. I'm going inside.
Nazeer starts to walk back inside, but stops.

NAZEER (CONT'D)
Oh, God. You people are so stupid! What's wrong with you?! Throw it all away, huh?! You throw it all away!

SLOW FADE OUT

THE END