

THE GRENADE

by

Patrick Andrew O'Connor

Contact: Garrett Hicks
Will Entertainment
(818) 246-4850
Garrett@willentertainment.com

Registered: WGAw

June 2010

INT. BROOKING FAMILY HOME- DAY

2000 - SHERMAN OAKS, CA (OKAY...VAN NUYS, CA)

17 YEAR OLD BILLY BROOKING, with frosted blonde hair, sits at a computer. He's on Napster, illegally downloading music.

17 YEAR OLD BILLY
(singing)
*Dumps like a truck, truck, truck/
Thighs like what, what what...*

Billy's little brother, 12 YEAR OLD ZACH, bursts inside, with a high-pitched, SOBBING cry that puts his gender in question.

Zach covers his face, hides it as he passes by Billy. Zach tries to muffle his latest girlish WHINE.

17 YEAR OLD BILLY
Oh, for fuck's sake, what?

Zach stops, wipes the tears and snot from his face.

12 YEAR OLD ZACH
Greg Hutson pantsed me, Billy. Then
he said I had a tiny pecker.

EXT. GREG HUTSON'S HOME - DAY

GREG HUTSON, age 15, answers the door. WHAM! He's met by a fist to the face and yanked from the doorway.

Billy drags a dazed Greg over toward a tree in the Hutson's front yard. Zach follows behind them, running.

Billy picks Greg up, drapes him over a tree branch and then yanks down Greg's pants. Greg is wearing tighty whities.

17 YEAR OLD BILLY
My bro's hung like a Dodger Dog!

Billy turns around, puts his arm around Zach as they leave.

17 YEAR OLD BILLY
One day, Zachy, when your acorn
wiener blooms into an oak of a
cock...I'll teach you how to wield
it properly. I...will be your
dick's Mr. fucking Miyagi.

Zach smiles.

FLASH TO:

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - NIGHT

2010. HOLLYWOOD (OKAY...NORTH HOLLYWOOD)

An up-tempo GUITAR STRUM. With each beat, a different shot of the boys' apartment. First, their zebra print throw rug.

Then, a matching zebra print duvet, over a turquoise couch.

On one wall, a neon pink light that reads: *Cocktails*. On another, a photo of Johnny Cash, flicking off the camera.

On the floor, a crumpled up *Ed Hardy* t-shirt, next to a Playstation 3...complete with a *Guitar Hero* controller.

On the kitchen counter, several open cans of *Diet Rock Star*, next to a half empty bottle of *Ketel One*.

Empty *Hot Pocket* boxes overflow from the trash can.

BILLY, now 27, enters the room with ZACH, 22. Montage: Billy turns Zach Oompa Loompa orange with spray tanner.

Billy, buttons Zach's *Abercrombie* shirt, pops the collar.

Billy, spikes Zach's hair into the perfect faux-hawk.

Billy, douses himself in *Axe Body Spray*...then sprays Zach.

The ritual is complete. Billy looks at Zach, his mini-me douchebag clone. They bump fists. It's go time.

INT. CLUB MI-6 - NIGHT

Billy holds court in a corner booth at the club.

BILLY

Then she pulls my dick from her throat, looks up and asks, "wanna cum in my mouth or on my face?" But she says it so la-di-da, like she's asking if I want paper or plastic.

Next to Billy is LEN BURMAN, charming, slightly chubby, but with a million-dollar smile. Sexy in a Seth Rogen way.

LEN

Face. Give her the Colonel Sanders.

DAVE "DEUCE" DALTON, speaks up. He's big, black and ripped. A senior strong safety at UCLA and a future NFL draft pick.

DEUCE

No. Hit her wrist. It's like a
semen LiveStrong bracelet.

BILLY

A tough choice to be sure. So I---

Billy stops suddenly, as some Hot Girls pass by their table.

BILLY

I call blondie.

LEN

Brunette.

DEUCE

Latina.

Zach sees the fourth girl of the group. She's ugly, morbidly
obese...and yet still opting for the skin-tight short dress.

ZACH

No! No fucking way. Not again.

LEN

What, Zach? She's got big tits.

ZACH

When you weigh over two bills...
everything's big!

Billy stares down at his brother, strong, yet gentle.

BILLY

Z, you gotta jump on the grenade.

WORDS APPEAR ON SCREEN: *Grenade (n.) gra-nade 1. An explosive
device often used to kill or maim in combat.*

2. The member of any social group you'd least like to fuck.

LATER. Billy suavely chats it up with the Blonde he just saw.
Len and Deuce are hitting it off with their girls as well.

Zach watches his Grenade Girl devour a chicken wing. She
tosses the bone in a bowl, next to its defeated brothers.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - NIGHT

Different night, same result. Billy walks with a Hot Chick.
Next to him, Beautiful Girl # 2 laughs as she walks with Len.

Next to Len, Deuce makes out with Beautiful Girl # 3. And finally, Zach, walking next to a NERDY GRENADE GIRL.

NERDY GRENADE GIRL
Getting late, girls. We should go.

Everyone stops. The guys all look back at Zach, angrily. He sighs, places his arm around the Nerdy Grenade Girl.

ZACH
So...tell me more about *Warcraft*?

NERDY GRENADE GIRL
Ah, yes. Well, as a fourth degree
Night Elf, my cloaking abilities...

Disaster averted. The guys continue marching with their prey.

INT. BILLY AND ZACH'S APARTMENT BLDG - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The guys walk down the hall with yet another set of girls. BRITNEY, a hot neighbor passes by.

BRITNEY
Hey, Zach.

ZACH
Brit...ney! Hey, Hi you, uh, look---

DRUNKEN GRENADE GIRL
I was promised *Hot Pockets*!

Zach is yanked away by the DRUNKEN GRENADE GIRL he's with.

INT. BILLY AND ZACH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Debauchery. The boys make out with their new random girls; Billy on the couch, Len on the floor, Deuce against the wall.

Over in the kitchen, Zach plays cards with the drunk girl.

DRUNKEN GRENADE GIRL
Do you have any fours?

ZACH
Go fish.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Drunken Grenade Girl and Zach barge into his room, kissing.

She shoves Zach down onto his bed...and falls on top of him.

DRUNKEN GRENADE GIRL
You're hot, Brian.

ZACH
That's...not even close to my nam---

She unbuttons Zach's pants. He shrugs, goes with it.

Suddenly, a loud HEAVING noise. Zach grimaces, reluctantly looks down. Yep, the Girl just VOMITED all over his crotch.

She covers her mouth, stumbles into Zach's bathroom and closes the door. Several more loud HEAVES from inside.

Zach looks down at his pants, wipes some of the throw-up off. He then walks over to the bathroom door, knocks. No response.

ZACH
You okay? Ma'am? It's me...Brian.

INT. ZACH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Drunken Grenade is out cold, her head on the toilet seat.

From behind, Zach gently lifts her head up, puts his pillow under her face. He then covers her with a blanket.

Zach then looks into the toilet, cringes. He FLUSHES.

EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

LINDSAY, ALYSSA and MARY strut shoulder to shoulder. They're hot, they know it...and they know you know it.

ALYSSA
Just give off the "you may be able to fuck me in an hour" vibe and men'll give you anything. So easy.

LINDSAY
Yep. Men are only needed for three things: buying drinks, grilling meat and hanging Christmas lights.

MARY
True true. Boys have become as necessary as another CSI spinoff.

The girls stop in front of a club, Guys And Dolls.

Over to the fourth member of their group: SARAH, Mary's cousin. She totally does not fit in with these trendy girls.

Sarah's clothes are older, loose, eclectic, mismatched. Her stringy hair has streaks of blue. Her skin, Midwestern pale.

Sarah's lip is pierced. She wears Converse. Her body's never turned down a cheeseburger. Or a bacon double cheeseburger.

SARAH

Or, since my drink of choice is tap, I could just not go dude dumpster diving altogether.

Sarah winks at the girls as she enters the club. Lindsay, Alyssa and Mary all look at each other, dumbfounded.

ALYSSA

WTF, Mary!? If your cousin forces me to buy my own cosmo---

MARY

Chillax! Whether she wants to or not...Sarah's our ugly dude kiosk.

INT. CLUB GUYS AND DOLLS - NIGHT

Lindsay, Alyssa and Mary are all at the bar, getting their free drinks from three FRAT BOYS.

FRAT BOY # 1

Will your friend fuck our friend?

FRAT BOY # 2

He needs it. He, like, used to be a Jerry's Kid.

Mary shrugs, hands her empty glass to Frat Boy # 1. She motions to the bar. He gets out his wallet.

Over on the dance floor, Sarah dances alone. She turns...and is suddenly face to face with creepy-looking FRAT BOY # 3.

Sarah cringes, turns around, resumes dancing. Frat Boy # 3 pops back in front of her, starts dancing with her again.

Sarah smiles, trying to be nice. She shimmyes left. He does too. Sarah goes right, so does he. She spins. He does too.

Sarah rolls her eyes and finally storms off the dance floor in frustration.

EXT. BILLY BODY GYM - DAY

A health club. Its sign reads: BILLY BODY - EXTREME FITNESS. Next to the sign, a photo of Billy, posing, arms flexed.

Below Billy's photo, his gym's slogan: *Get the body you've always dreamed of...mine!*

INT. BILLY BODY GYM - DAY

TIGHT ON: Billy's face. WHAM! His jaw wobbles after getting decked with a punch. He drops to a canvas floor.

Zach, Len, Deuce and dozens of others YELL outside an octagon cage. Billy is in the midst of a mixed martial arts fight.

LEN

No worries, Billy. You're good.

WHAM! Billy is hit with another punch on the ground.

LEN

Still good.

WHAM! Billy is hit with yet another punch.

LEN

Move before he fucking kills you!

A loud horn BLARES. Round over. Billy is saved by the bell.

Zach hops up into a corner of the cage where he meets a hobbling Billy. Billy plops down on a stool.

BILLY

I can't move, Zachy. Think I pulled my groin. Take care of it for me.

Zach GROANS. He closes his eyes, cringes. He reaches in between Billy's legs...and massages. Billy MOANS in relief.

DING! The bell rings. Billy stands, rushes the other Fighter. But like last round, he gets punched, kicked, kneed.

Billy's got enough energy left for one final punch. He clenches his right fist, rears back his arm and lets loose.

WHAM! Billy connects with a vicious uppercut. The other Fighter goes down in a heap. He's out cold. Billy wins.

The crowd CHEERS. Zach shakes his head in disbelief.

Len and Deuce rush into the cage, jubilantly, along with dozens of girls. Everyone hugs Billy.

INT. BILLY BODY GYM - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Billy lies on a bench, ice packs all over him. Zach, Deuce and Len enter the locker room.

DEUCE

The other fighter just woke up. He
shit his pants when he was out.

Billy smiles, satisfied.

Deuce then drops a magazine on Billy's stomach. Billy opens to an earmarked page, scans it quickly.

BILLY

Top ranked free safety in the NCAA?

Deuce smiles cockily. He bumps fists with Billy.

DEUCE

Tell em your big news, Lenny.

LEN

Just booked a national spot. For
Preparation H.

BILLY

The...elderly ass cream?

LEN

They're going for a younger demo.
The 'roids aren't just for fogies.

ZACH

Well, I just found a new urinal
cake vendor for our gym. Should
save us 37 dollars a month!

Everyone looks at Zach. His announcement, not too impressive.

DEUCE

Doc say you can pull tail tonight?

BILLY

I blacked out during the post-fight
check-up. But I'm sure it's cool.

Zach clears his throat, tries to stand up confidently.

ZACH

About that. You guys know I'm a trooper. Anything I can do for your penises, I'm for it. But tonight, can one of you...grenade jump?

Billy slowly leans up, the icepacks falling off his body.

BILLY

You're not ready to run point, Z. You can't even talk to Britney.

DEUCE

And that bitch has peanut butter legs. Smooth, easy to spread and better with nuts in em. Your nuts!

ZACH

I'll talk to her! It's just I, I---

BILLY

If ya want pussy, you can't be one!

Zach lowers his head, dejected. He turns toward the exit.

BILLY

Zachy...wait.

Zach stops. He smiles and turns back around toward Billy.

BILLY

My groin still fucking hurts.

Billy motions to his groin. Zach sighs, walks toward Billy.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT BLDG - LOBBY - NIGHT

Zach and Billy enter. They see DEEPAK, a short, creepy Indian dude in a sports coat and way too much *Aqua di Gio* cologne.

DEEPAK

Deepak on poon patrol. You in?

BILLY

No, Deepak. Not ever.

Deepak nods, oblivious to the insult. He leaves.

The lobby elevator doors open. Inside, is Britney, gorgeous as ever. Billy looks at Zach. Zach shakes his head. Too Late.

Billy shoves Zach inside the elevator as the doors close.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Zach and Britney are alone. Zach hugs the elevator wall, petrified. He can't even look at her. The elevator opens.

Britney exits. Zach exhales, trying to psych himself up.

INT. BILLY AND ZACH'S APARTMENT BLDG - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Britney walks down the hall. Zach bursts out the elevator.

ZACH

Britney!

She stops, turns back toward Zach. He gulps, exhales again.

ZACH

You...you and I should. I mean...
umm, do you wanna, I...drinks, uhh
...peanut butter nuts.

Sweat beads down Zach's forehead. Britney stares, smiles.

BRITNEY

Oh, Zach...you are such a nice guy.

"Nice guy" ECHOES in Zach's head. The hallway spins. Vertigo.

Britney now sounds like Charlie Brown's teacher.

BRITNEY

Mwah, mwah, mwah, mwah, don't think
of you like that, mwah, mwah, mwah,
mwah, ruin our friendship.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL POOLSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

Zach stands, still shell-shocked, next to his friends. Deuce has his arm around Zach in comfort.

LEN

I bet Deepak's stink was still on
you, Zach. That fucker's the CB:
the cockblocker.

DEUCE

Roll like me, Z. Chicks talk, don't
reply. Just give em a face like
you're thinking. Girls love that
shit. They'll think you're deep.

FLASH TO:

Zach waits in line at the bar. His debit card inadvertently slips out of his money clip and hits the ground.

A GIRL IN LINE behind Zach, notices. She yanks Zach's sleeve.

GIRL IN LINE
Excuse me, you dropped your card.

Zach turns to her, gives his best pensive face, a la Deuce.

GIRL IN LINE
Did you hear me? Your credit card.

Zach just intensifies his look, straining his facial muscles.

GIRL IN LINE
OMG, he's having, like, a stroke!

A FAT MALE quickly tackles Zach to the ground.

FAT MALE
I know CPR.

FLASH TO:

Zach, back with the boys. He wipes his mouth, spits.

Len closes his hand over a quarter. He places his other hand over and opens. The quarter has magically switched hands.

LEN
Magic, Z. Makes you stand out.
Always works for me.

FLASH TO:

A HOT POLYNESIAN GIRL sips a drink alone. Zach approaches.

ZACH
Wanna see a magic trick?

HOT POLYNESIAN GIRL
God no.

ZACH
Great. Okay, so I have a quarter.

Zach displays the coin in his palm, then closes his fist.

ZACH
I close it up, shake it and...

Zach tries to be discreet, but noticeably drops the quarter.
The girl picks up the quarter, keeps it as she leaves.

FLASH TO:

Zach, with an angry face, shot down again.

A CLUB GIRL dances into frame, grinds against Billy.

CLUB GIRL
You wanna dance?

BILLY
Love to... if you lost ten pounds.

The Club Girl freezes, mortified.

BILLY
It's just not happening at retail,
sweetie. But 10 percent off? Sold!

The Club Girl storms away, offended. Billy turns to Zach.

BILLY
You wanna get laid, Z? Be an
asshole. That girl's blowing me in
10 minutes. Believe!

Over by the outdoor entrance to the club, Sarah walks in,
along with Lindsay, Alyssa and Mary.

MARY
The key with L.A. men, Sarah, is
the higher their douchebag level,
the better drinks they'll buy you.
Best I've ever gotten from a nice
guy is a vodka seven with *Smirnoff*.

LINDSAY
But meet a prime d-bag, like a pro
baseball player or producer and you
get the good stuff. You get---

BILLY
Patron shots for everyone!

The girls are now drinking with Billy and the boys.

BILLY
Ladies, this is my little bro,
Zach. Don't let the physique fool
you, he's hung like a black man.

DEUCE

It's true. We're cock twinsies.

Zach looks around to see if these girls have a fourth friend. He finally spots Sarah, standing alone, behind them.

Zach stares at Sarah, his shoulders drop. Billy notices.

BILLY

See, Z, if you drank, grenades like that wouldn't look so bad.

LEN

Beer goggles won't help with that chick. Z needs, like, liquor Lasek.

LATER. It's a party at a club table. Everyone LAUGHS...except Zach and Sarah. They sit silently at the end of the table.

Zach plays iPhone golf, bored. He looks over at Sarah, she's doodling on a napkin. She seems focused.

Sarah holds up the napkin she was doodling on. She extends her arm with it, then closes one eye, stares at it.

Zach notices. He's intrigued. He leans over to sneak a peek. Sarah has drawn some clothes, a rocker shirt and some jeans.

SARAH

In design school. Just practicing.

She holds up her design and places it next to the head of a Male Clubgoer standing in front of her.

It now looks like he is wearing Sarah's napkin outfit doodle.

Zach smiles. Sarah's design is an improvement over what the Clubgoer is currently wearing.

Sarah hands Zach her pen, and puts a napkin in front of him.

SARAH

You wanna dress his trophy wife?

Sarah points to the Buxom Blonde the Male Clubgoer is dancing with. Zach looks at her, then shrugs. He starts doodling.

After a few seconds, Zach holds up his napkin to the girl. Sarah takes a look. Her mouth opens in astonishment.

Zach has drawn a very stylish evening gown. It's actually a pretty impressive doodle design.

ZACH

I know, looks too glam for a club. But go off shoulder and keep it in a primary color and it works. Plus, you can't really judge, since you put that dude in polyester when he so can't pull off microfibers.

Sarah looks at Zach, stunned at his fashion knowledge.

ZACH

My brother's a metro. He's the one trying to fingerbang your friend.

Zach points to the end of the table. Sarah looks over, sees Lindsay slap Billy's hand from her legs.

SARAH

Nice. My cousin might be into that. She's an equal opportunity slut.

Sarah points to Mary, making out with Deuce.

SARAH

But don't you ever get tired of hanging with the *Entourage* B team?

ZACH

Nah. This is tame. Usually they try to get girls to kiss each other.

Sarah CHUCKLES. Zach smiles. He extends his hand.

ZACH

I'm Zach.

Sarah looks down at Zach's hand, doesn't grab it.

SARAH

No need. I know your mission ends at last call, grenade jumper!

Zach shirks back, caught off guard. He plays dumb.

ZACH

Gre...nade?

Sarah stands up, exits her seat.

SARAH

Gonna go dance. See ya when the girls want another round.

Sarah winks at Zach. He watches her go.

Suddenly, loud YELLS from the other end of the table.

LEN, BILLY AND DEUCE
Go! Go! Go!

Zach looks over, sees his boys egging on Mary and Alyssa...as they lock lips and kiss. The guys all CHEER.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL POOLSIDE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Sarah dances, alone, to her own beat, near the pool. She's interrupted by a WAITRESS, handing her a drink.

WAITRESS
Compliments of the man behind me.

Sarah sniffs the drink, takes a sip.

SARAH
Water?

Sarah looks behind the Waitress. She sees Zach, shooting his fingers in mock confidence. She smirks as he walks over.

ZACH
You missed your cousin downing a tequila shot from Alyssa's ass crack. Impeccable form really.

SARAH
Get enough *Patron* in her and she'd even hook up with that skeeze.

Sarah points to the corner. Zach looks over and sees Deepak. He bobs to the music alone, while sipping a blue cocktail.

ZACH
Leave poor Deepak alone.

SARAH
You know creepy-sports-jacket-guy? Hovering by the bar with his blue drink, hoping a girl gets drunk enough to stumble into his web.

Zach smiles at the description. It's spot-on.

SARAH
There's one at every club. But always only one. Weird.

ZACH
That's cause there's a creepy-blue-
drink-sports-jacket-club. They meet
nightly at 6 and divvy assignments.
Frank takes the Valley, George, the
Westside. Deepak got Hollywood.

Sarah LAUGHS. Finally, she offers her hand to Zach.

SARAH
I'm Sarah.

ZACH
So I've earned the name.

SARAH
Yes. You are easily one of the more
entertaining grenades I've met.

Zach's excited face drops as Sarah dances out of frame.

ZACH
Wait. I'm not a...I'm a grenade?

EXT. CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sarah walks alone to her car. Zach runs up from behind.

ZACH
So, this is the awkward part of the
evening where I ask for your
number, then wait a week to call.

SARAH
You're not getting my number.

ZACH
Fine, no attachments. Just wanna
bag and tag me, I can dig.

Zach smirks. Sarah squares off with him.

SARAH
Listen, project runway, I can't.

MARY (O.S.)
You can!

A drunken Mary staggers into frame and grabs Zach's phone.

MARY
Here's her digits.

Mary types Sarah's number into Zach's phone.

SARAH

Mary!

MARY

Shhhhh!

Mary throws Zach back his phone then pulls Sarah away by her hand. Zach watches as the girls go back to Sarah's car.

Next to the car, Lindsay and Alyssa both puke in the bushes.

Zach turns around, the boys are all waiting for him.

BILLY

Bravo, soldier! Saving us from a grenade like that. Purple Heart-worthy, bro. We need to, like, name an elementary school after you now.

Zach smiles as Billy puts his arm around him.

ZACH

Hope you all did as well as I did.

Zach holds up his phone, shows them Sarah's number.

The guys' faces all drop. Instantly. They glare at Zach.

ZACH

What? She was into me. Which means I might soon be allowed into her.

BILLY

She's a grenade, Z! Fucking girls like that makes you do the walk of shame...in your own home!

ZACH

But she's cool. Got a unique mind.

LEN DEUCE AND BILLY

You can't fuck her mind!

The Club Girl whose weight Billy made fun of passes by.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

That same Club Girl now straddles Billy as they plow inside, passionately kissing. Zach nonchalantly enters behind them.

ZACH

B, am I the grenade of our group?

Billy stops kissing the Club Girl, looks at Zach.

BILLY

Never! You're just a rook. But once you find your stroke, hot chicks'll be begging for your man meat like it's made of fucking *Pinkberry*.

Billy pats Zach on the shoulder in comfort. Zach smiles.

The Club Girl then grabs Billy from behind...and drags him down the hallway towards his bedroom.

Zach flips open his phone. Sarah's name and number are on his phone screen. Zach stares at her number, bites his lip.

Zach then presses DELETE.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary, Alyssa and Lindsay are on the couch. They're all CLAPPING for Sarah, who sits in a nearby love seat.

ALYSSA

Props to Sarah, for jumping on the grenade long enough for...*Patron!*

SARAH

Yeah, a grenade I'll soon be talking to thanks to Mary.

MARY

Like I gave him your REAL number.

Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa LAUGH.

Sarah smiles...fake smiles. She looks down at her phone, a disappointed look creeps across her face.

INT. MALL - DAY

Len joyously raises his arms to the heavens as Deuce and Zach look on. Spin around to: the mall food Court.

LEN

The food court. Forged by God himself to give us sex. And *Sbarro*.

Zach looks around. Hotties everywhere; eating, shopping.

DEUCE

Check out the new *Cinnabon* shorty.

LEN

You can't fuck the *Cinnabon* girl.
It'd ruin us. These food court
chicks gossip worse than TMZ.

DEUCE

But she's got a rack AND an ass.
That's like biologically impos---

LEN

You can't fuck the *Cinnabon* girl!

ZACH

Okay. You guys lead, I'll be
wingman. If Billy sees I can suckle
your hoochie runoff, maybe I'll get
off grenade duty.

DEUCE

Wingman? This ain't 2005, Z. Chicks
are smart. They've adjusted. Watch.

Deuce points to the middle of the food court. A Young Man is
running game on a Cute Brunette.

DEUCE

Check out homeboy, holding his own.
Til that bitch's friend rolls in.

Like a telestrator on an NFL broadcast, the Cute Brunette's
Friend is circled in white as she arrives next to them.

DEUCE

Reinforcements. The wingman cometh.

The Young Man's Friend is circled. A blocking line extends
from him to the Cute Brunette's friend as he walks over and
starts talking with her, distracting her.

DEUCE

But wait! What's this?

From behind, a Chubby Chick, circled by another white arrow
splits through the cute Brunette and her friend.

The Chubby Chick grabs her two female friends and pulls them
both away, leaving the two guys...alone.

The telestrator X's out the Young Man and his Friend.

DEUCE

Ballgame! See, Z, Girls now use a
rear attack to block yo cock.
That's why ya need...a tail gunner!

Deuce points into the food court. Billy talks with a Cute Girl while Len now chats with the Cute Girl's Friend.

But a Third Female Friend eyeballs them from behind. She storms toward the boys, reaches for her girls, when...

DEUCE

How ya doin, shorty?

The Third Female Friend stops, sees Deuce. She smiles. Billy and Len continue flirting. Their rear flank, secure.

DEUCE

Now go, Z. Spread your love. Cause
we got your back. Tail gunner!

Deuce walks away with the Third Female Friend.

Zach looks around, sees a Sexy Latina, eating *Panda Express*. He takes a deep breath, composes himself and walks up to her.

ZACH

Orange chicken. Excellent choice.

From over the Latina's shoulder, her Friend approaches. Zach looks around, waits for his friends to arrive.

ZACH

Ahem, tailgunner. Please report.

Nothing. The Friend pulls the Sexy Latina away from Zach.

ZACH

Need backup, ASAP. Mayday! Mayday!

Back in the food court, Billy, Len and Deuce watch as Zach gets shot down.

LEN

Help him! Z's got Atari game!

BILLY

No! We learned the same way. You
gotta learn how to crawl before you
learn how to fuck.

INT. BILLY'S PICK UP TRUCK - DAY

Zach stares at a crumpled up napkin on the floor. He picks it up as Billy drives. It's Sarah's napkin fashion drawing.

Zach smiles at the napkin, pensively. Billy notices.

BILLY
Stop man-struating! What?

Zach looks away, nervous. He shrugs. Billy picks up on it.

BILLY
It's a girl. Jesus! This is why you
close the night you meet em!
Getting off keeps em off your mind.
(beat)
This about Britney?

ZACH
Uhhh, yeah. Britney. Yep.

BILLY
Gotta think of chicks like Tijuana.
Do it once, no need to go back.

ZACH
And what if one of the girls you
fucked and chucked was your "one"?

Billy LAUGHS. Loudly. He looks back at Zach, settles down.

BILLY
Dude, even if we all have a "one,"
it's fate. So love has no choice
but to get me and her together no
matter how bad I fuck it up.

Billy's cell phone RINGS. He looks in his rear view mirror.

BILLY
Shit! There's a fucking cop. I
can't talk on this and drive.

Billy hands the phone to Zach. Zach checks the caller I.D.

ZACH
It's "Gives Good Head Amanda?"

BILLY
Nice. Tell her I said 'hey sexy.'

Zach flips open Billy's phone, he talks into it.

ZACH
Billy's phone. He says 'hey sexy.'

AMANDA (V.O.)
(thru phone)
Ooooh, tell him I'm wet right now.

ZACH
Billy, take the phone.

BILLY
Why?

Zach squirms. He sighs, then MUMBLES.

ZACH
Shhrrble shhrrble wet right now.

Billy gives Zach a confused look. He doesn't understand.

ZACH
SHE SAYS SHE'S WET RIGHT NOW!

BILLY
Sweet! Does she want me inside her?

ZACH
Jesus, Billy!

BILLY
If you were driving, I'd surrogate
phone fuck for you!

Zach exhales, puts the phone back to his ear.

ZACH
Amanda, hi. Billy wants to know if
you'd, uh, like him inside. Of you?

AMANDA (V.O.)
(thru phone)
God I want him! Over and over and,
oh, my God. I'm coming. I'm, I'm...

Amanda MOANS passionately into the phone. It's so loud Zach has to pull the cell away from his ear.

AMANDA (V.O.)
(thru phone)
Oh, wow. Oh my god. Ahhhh...

Amanda SIGHS, satisfied, thru the phone. Zach turns to Billy.

ZACH
Don't think she needs you anymore.

INT. RITUAL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The boys stare at a collection of scantily-clad hotties.

BILLY
Z, the key to getting off grenade duty is learning to recognize which girls wanna fuck and which ones wanna know your name and shit. So focus. Soon, you'll be able to tell which bitches have an introduction to insertion time of under an hour.

Zach looks around, focuses. From his POV, the club turns infrared, like he's The Terminator. He spots a Hot Girl.

From Zach's now computerized, infrared POV, words appear above the Hot Girl: "*Prospects of Fuckability = 0 percent.*"

Zach moves on to the next Hottie. Again, "*Prospects of Fuckability = 0 percent.*"

A Male Waiter crosses Zach's viewpoint. Also 0 percent.

BILLY
Look. It's those girls from Friday.

Zach looks in the direction Billy points. He sees Sarah and her friends, sitting in a corner booth.

Zach focuses on Sarah. *Prospects of Fuckability = 17 Percent.*

BILLY
Z, need you to grenade jump ag---

Billy looks over. Zach...is already gone.

Over by Sarah, Deepak is busy running his game on her.

DEEPAK
Who wanna grind on Deepak?

Deepak gets a tap on the shoulder, turns to see Zach.

ZACH
Deepak, see that girl behind me?
She's a big fan of your jacket.

Deepak looks over Zach's shoulder. He sees a Drunk Girl, standing...and asleep. Deepak bolts toward her.

Once Deepak leaves, Sarah bows to Zach in thanks.

ZACH
I repel people. My gift...my curse.

Sarah CHUCKLES. Zach smiles. Awkward silence. Zach and Sarah then turn to each other. They both speak in unison.

ZACH AND SARAH
Sorry bout the phone number!

Zach shirks back, confused about Sarah's apology.

SARAH
I just got, like, the mother of all dumpings. So Mary decided...

ZACH
...to give me the wrong number.

Zach gets it. He's off the hook. He sits down next to Sarah.

ZACH
I won't break your heart. I'll fuck up way before you fall for me.

Suddenly, from the other end of the table, loud YELLS.

BILLY LEN AND DEUCE
Go! Go! Go! Go!

Zach and Sarah look over. They see Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa about to 3-way group kiss. Their lips touch. The boys CHEER.

ZACH
And unless you want to be subjected to THAT every time your girls want Patron...I need your number. We'll go out, have a horrible time, then you can tell your girls you're never grenade jumping Zach again.

Sarah contemplates, smiles. She finally grabs Zach's phone. Zach glances at Billy and the boys, snatches his phone back.

ZACH
I'll write it down. I'm old school.

Sarah digs in her purse, pulls out some pink glitter lip balm. She offers it to Zach.

SARAH
No pen. Best I can do.

EXT. RITUAL NIGHTCLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Zach, Len and Deuce help a drunken Billy to the car.

BILLY
Two dates and not even a handie?
That's illegal! Fuck those girls.

Billy looks at the bar receipt in his hands.

BILLY
133 bucks!?! Fuck those girls!

LEN
Z, I saw you with that grenade.

Len grabs Zach's phone away before he can resist. He and Deuce quickly scan through Zach's phone contacts.

TIGHT SHOT ON ZACH'S PHONE SCREEN. His contact list has five people total: Mom, Billy, Len, Deuce and...*Papa John's Pizza*.

DEUCE
You only have five total contacts!?
Papa John's is in your fave five!?

Len reaches into Zach's pockets, pulls them both out. Nothing. No papers...no phone numbers.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach shuts his door, locks it. Double checks. It's secure.

Zach then peels off his shirt. Underneath, on his skin, written in pink glitter lip gloss, is Sarah's number.

Zach dials it. A Filipino-accented woman answers.

FILIPINO WOMAN VOICE (V.O.)
(thru phone)
Who call at this hour!?

Zach freezes, mortified, confused. He looks at his phone. Suddenly, LAUGHTER comes thru the other end. It was Sarah.

SARAH (V.O.)
(thru phone)
Just fucking with you.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Len plays basketball with GREG, an athletic-looking young man. Suddenly, Greg doubles over, grabs his butt.

LEN
What's wrong, Greg?

GREG
Nothing. It's...embarrassing.

LEN
Lemme guess, a back THERE problem?

Len points to Greg's ass. Greg lowers his head, nods.

LEN
I've been there, buddy. So let me tell you bout my secret weapon.

Len holds up a tube of *Preparation H Sport*.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deuce and Billy join Len in watching this commercial on TV.

The TV image of Len wipes into animation of an ass hemorrhoid being dissolved by *Preparation H Sport*.

LEN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(on commercial)
Prep H Sport is specially designed
for those with active posteriors.

The TV image freezes on Len and Greg, smiling lamely, like an old *Mentos* commercial.

Back out to Len, Billy and Deuce. Len smiles, excitedly.

LEN
Pretty awesome, huh?

Deuce looks away. Billy scratches his head. Awkward silence.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zach waits outside, holding a bouquet of roses. He breathes into his hand, checks his breath. It's good.

Zach peels away part of his shirt, sniffs, not as lucky.

Zach reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a can of *Axe Body Spray*. He puts it under his shirt and sprays.

He looks down, reaches into his pants and sprays too.

The front door flings open. Mary stands there. Zach freezes, caught with his hand down his pants.

ZACH

Evening.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zach looks nervous as he waits inside, holding the roses.

Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa all read magazines on the couch.

MARY

Why do guys think we like flowers?

LINDSAY

Seriously. Hey, here's a gift you can't use or eat and it'll be dead in a day. Love you, mean it!

Zach looks at the flowers, tosses them down onto the counter.

ALYSSA

Why you even taking her to dinner?
I mean, Sarah has her own room.
Just go in there and fuck her.

ZACH

Whoa! I'm not...that's not what this is about. I... I like Sarah.

LINDSAY

Ohhhh. So you only fuck girls you don't like?

ZACH

What!? No. I mean, I'd love to...do that to her...with her, but...

ALYSSA

But you'd rather buy your way into her pants with dinner and dying vegetation instead. Classy.

MARY

Treat all girls like hookers, Zach?

Sarah enters the main room from her bedroom.

SARAH
You ready?

ZACH
Jesus, yes!

He leads Sarah quickly outside, closing the door behind him.

MARY
He seems nice.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Zach reads his menu across from Sarah in awkward silence.

ZACH
I hear their tuna rolls are good.

SARAH
Hate seafood. Don't eat things that
can see both ways at the same time.

ZACH
Me too! Fish fucking reeks.

SARAH
Then why'd you take me here?

ZACH
Cause I thought all chicks ate
sushi. It's like your *Slim Jims*.

Zach sips his soda.

SARAH
You thought it'd get you laid.

Zach GAGS on his drink, COUGHS, spits some up.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Zach hands Sarah a churro from a vendor stand at the pier.

SARAH
Yes. Mexican is a much better way
to get some. The churro is a
natural aphrodisiac.

Zach smirks.

SARAH

Oh, and it's your turn.

Sarah points to a Guy passing by. He's wearing a Clippers jersey, shorts and basketball shoes. Zach stares at him.

ZACH

Okay, the basketball jersey means he sucks at basketball. Second, he went with Clippers over Lakers to show he's not a follower. All it really shows is he has bad taste.

Sarah smiles and nods, agreeing with the assessment. Zach then points to a Girl in a short skirt and knee-high socks.

SARAH

You want me to say she's a freaky slut, but you're wrong. She's actually a formerly fat girl who, thanks to her lap band, finally has a body she wants to show off.

ZACH

How can you tell?

SARAH

The socks. Covers up her cankles. Her bod ain't quite there yet.

Zach nods, impressed. Sarah points to a Man in a flashy collared shirt. He stands with some grungy-dressed friends.

ZACH

Hmmm. I say closeted gay who hasn't come to grips with his sexuality. So he tries to show off the real him by wearing increasingly stylish clothes. But his boys know he's gay, they don't care. So they don't call him on his *Marc Ecko*.

SARAH

Aww, that's sweet of them.

Zach CHUCKLES. They pass by one of those pier booth games. Toss the football through the tire...win a teddy bear.

Zach cockily hands a five dollar bill to the Game Operator. He grabs one of the footballs and loosens up his arm.

ZACH

Four year varsity letterman.

Zach turns and fires the ball at the tire. Not even close.

ZACH

I mean I watched Billy letter four times. I was more of a mathlete.

Zach picks up the second ball. Throws again. Another miss.

ZACH

This game is rigged! The ball is bigger than the tire. It's imp---

Sarah picks up Zach's third and final football. She throws.

EXT. PIER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Zach walks with a giant stuffed panda bear in his hands. He looks embarrassed. Sarah walks next to him, smiling.

INT. CLUB L.A.X. - NIGHT

A Tan Beauty talks at a table with an Ugly Fat Guy.

Len, Deuce and Billy all stare at this girl in wonder.

BILLY

Tens can't talk to a 1.5. That's illegal! I gotta go say something.

Billy heads for the table. Deuce restrains him from behind.

BILLY

No! It's rude! It's rude to us.

Len WHISTLES, gets the guys attention. He points to a table.

Billy and Deuce see two Attractive Women hanging with a Third Girl, who's got a unibrow and bad acne.

BILLY

Okay. Me left, Len center, Deuce...

DEUCE

Fuck no!

BILLY

Fine. Lenny?

Len CHUCKLES at the mere suggestion.

BILLY
Well, Zach's sick, taking his
Monistat. So who's grenading it?

DEUCE
Why not you?

BILLY
Because I wouldn't go up in unibrow
with your dick!

It's a standstill.

BILLY
Fine. Paper rock scissors for it?

DEUCE
Doesn't work with three people. My
paper will cover your rock but his
scissors will cut my shit up.

BILLY
Eeeny meeny miney moe?

Len and Deuce look at each other. They nod. It's acceptable.
Billy begins to count off Eeeny meeny miney moe in his head.

LEN AND DEUCE
Out loud!

BILLY
If he hollers let him go, eeny
meeny miney moe!

Moe lands on Deuce.

DEUCE
Fucking moe!

The guys turn back to the table. Three Other Guys are now
talking to the Girls, including one who occupies the grenade.

Billy, Len and Deuce all stare dumbfounded, defeated.

A RANDOM GUY passes by, points at Len.

RANDOM GUY
Hey, it's the ass creme guy!

EXT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Zach, Sarah and the giant bear stand outside Zach's place.

ZACH
Come up. We have *Hot Pockets*.

SARAH
Tempting. But I need to go.

ZACH
You sure? I can show you why they
say I give the best shoulder
massages west of the Mississippi.

Zach starts to rub her shoulders. She turns toward him.

SARAH
Zach...we're not fucking.

Zach shirks back, surprised.

ZACH
Like, not tonight...or not ever?

Before Sarah can respond, loud arguing VOICES ring out. Zach turns, sees Billy, Len and Deuce walking towards them.

DEUCE
It's not even a debate. He's a
fucking wizard. He has spells.

LEN
And Yoda doesn't? He's a Jedi! He
could mind control Gandalf, and
force him to kick his own ass.

Zach looks at Sarah, then his boys. THEY'LL SEE HIM WITH A GRENADE! He's got just seconds til he's outted.

Zach picks up the teddy bear, throws it in the bushes next to the apartment building. Sarah watches the bear fly, confused.

As Sarah turns back to Zach, WHAM! He tackles her into the bushes near his apartment. Leaves go flying.

A second later, Billy, Len and Deuce all walk by, oblivious.

DEUCE
Take away the light saber...and
Yoda is a fucking muppet.

Billy stops, turns back toward Len and Deuce.

BILLY
You really having this argument!?

Deuce and Len look at each. They both get silent. Billy shakes his head and walks up the stairs to the apartment.

BILLY
Yoda by domination.

Len CHEERS. Deuce GROANS. The loud argument resumes as Deuce and Len follow Billy into the apartment building.

As soon as the boys are gone, Zach pops up from the bushes. He helps Sarah and the teddy bear up.

ZACH
I'm so sorry. I...uhh, saw a car.
Thought it was a...drive...by.

Sarah looks at her elbow. She's got a scratch.

ZACH
That scratch needs peroxide. I've
got some. In my room.

Sarah gives Zach a look that says "not gonna fucking happen."

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah opens her front door. Zach stands behind her.

ZACH
I'd like to call you, but if you're
not gonna answer, can you just tell
me now so I can save my minutes?

Sarah looks back at Zach. She shakes her head.

SARAH
Zach, you're a nice guy...

ZACH
Aww, shit. Not again!

Zach puts his hands on his head in frustration. He turns away from Sarah, kicks the ground.

He finally turns back toward Sarah.

ZACH
What the hell did your ex do that
was so damn bad? Go down on your
Mom during the rehearsal dinner?

Sarah steps out of the doorway, forcefully toward Zach.

SARAH

It's not about him...it's about me.
I came out here for me, to have a
life. A career. Not meet someone.

Zach's POV turns infrared again. Above Sarah, the *Prospects Of Fuckability* goes from 17% to 16, 15, 14.

Sarah is about to walk inside. To Zach, the infrared FLASHES. Situation Critical. Fuckability = 10%, 9, 8, 7...

ZACH

Wait! Maybe you met me to help you
find your me.

Sarah looks confused by Zach's sentence. So does Zach.

ZACH

I mean, let me help you. All great
fashion designers need assistants,
right? I'll be yours. Like an
intern. And like all interns, you
can totally fuck me!

Sarah thinks about Zach's offer. She smiles, deviously.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Sarah sits outside a Starbucks, with her sketch pad.

Zach enters frame with a coffee. He hands it to Sarah. She takes a sip...then shakes her head in disgust.

INT. FABRIC STORE - DAY

Sarah checks out several different fabric options. She holds one up to a denim skirt, seeing if they match.

Zach enters frame, shaking his head. He grabs a different colored fabric, holds it up to the skirt instead.

Sarah looks at Zach's outfit suggestion. She cocks her head, analyzes it. It actually looks like a good match.

Zach then holds up a pair of high heels under the skirt. He looks back at Sarah. She smiles, gives him a thumbs up.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Zach brings another coffee to Sarah.

She takes a sip...then shakes her head again in disgust.

She offers the coffee to a Homeless Man sitting nearby.

The Homeless Guy takes a sip, shirks back, then dumps the coffee out. Zach throws up his hands in frustration.

INT. SUPERMARKET -NIGHT

Tight On: A Checkout scanner. Items go by one by one:
Tampons, Summer's Eve, panty hose, *In Style* Magazine.

Pan Up To: Zach, nervously buying everything for Sarah. He gives the Supermarket Checker an awkward smile.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Sarah waits outside. Zach emerges, hands her the shopping bag, then wipes the femininity off his arms, shivers.

Sarah LAUGHS, pats Zach's back, and keeps her arm around him.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

A frazzled-looking Zach brings another coffee to Sarah. She takes a sip...waits...and finally gives Zach a happy nod.

Zach raises his arms in triumph a la Rocky Balboa.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah fixes the hem of a dress. Her face rests next to a pair of feet in high heels.

PAN UP to the model in the dress: Zach. He looks ridiculous.

ZACH

Can I at least model hot pants? I'm
more curvy than chesty.

SARAH

You wanted to help.

Sarah stands. She's face to face with Zach. Their eyes lock.

Zach leans forward toward Sarah. Their lips inch closer.

SARAH

I...I can't.

But Sarah doesn't move. So Zach keeps leaning. They kiss.

They continue kissing, more passionately now. Zach takes one of his dress straps...and throws it off his shoulder.

Zach's hairy nipple is exposed. The mood is killed.

Sarah finally pushes Zach away.

SARAH

We're still not fucking.

Zach GROANS, puts the dress strap back over his shoulder.

SARAH

If it's any consolation, if I'd met you before him...I totally would've at least blown you already.

ZACH

Great! Well, ever think that maybe fate brought us together so I could be the rebound guy you nail to get over him? Cause I can be that guy, Sarah. Please let me be that guy!

Sarah looks away from Zach.

ZACH

Are you even into me? Just tell me now so I can stop wasting my time.

SARAH

Yes! I'm interested in you.

She turns back toward Zach.

SARAH

But right now, I'm not interested in being interested in you.

Zach shirks back, takes that in.

ZACH

Fine!

Zach turns and saunters to the door, in his dress and heels.

He stops, turns back and kicks the heels off.

ZACH

And by the way, even an idiot knows this dress calls for flats!

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zach walks to his car. He drops both dress straps. The dress falls to the pavement. Zach is now only in his boxer shorts.

Sarah runs outside after Zach, his clothes in her arms.

Zach unlocks his car, flings the driver's side door open. Sarah runs in front of him, blocks Zach's path.

SARAH

Look, I wish there were a fucking switch I could hit to be over him.

ZACH

Forget it. It's my fault. I thought this would be easier.

Sarah shirks back, looks offended.

SARAH

Why? Cause that poor grenade girl's so grateful for a man's attention, she'll spread her legs? Fuck you!

ZACH

No! Cuz you're the only girl I can talk to without shitting myself. I thought that was a sign of something. My...fucking...bad!

Zach steps around Sarah, gets in his car, SLAMS the door.

Sarah stands there, watches. The car starts. Sarah's fists clench. She's thinking. Her face scrunches.

INT. ZACH'S CAR - NIGHT

Zach's about to go. Suddenly, his passenger door opens.

Zach's clothes come flying in, smacking him in the face. They're followed by Sarah. She sits down, buckles up.

SARAH

I want a goddamn *Hot Pocket*!

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Billy, Len and Deuce strut, dressed to the nines as usual.

LEN
This is a bad fucking idea!

BILLY
I don't want a repeat of last time.

DEUCE
Where the fuck is Zach?

BILLY
Says he's buying clothes.

DEUCE
Without us? Shit, he'll end up with
cargo pants and *Keds* again.

LEN
Let me rephrase: bad fucking idea!

The guys arrive outside a club door. Deepak jumps into frame.

DEEPAK
What's up, playas!?

BILLY
Deepak. Thanks for coming out.

Billy opens the door for Deepak. He goes inside. Billy looks back at Len and Deuce. He shrugs, defeated.

LEN
We might as well be wearing "I have
syphilis" shirts!

INT. DIMPLES KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Billy is making out with a Hot Girl. Deuce and Len are working on her two friends. The girls both GIGGLE.

Len and Deuce bump fists. Things are looking...sextacular.

Suddenly, Deepak weasels his way in between all the girls. He's double-fisting two drinks. Two blue drinks.

DEEPAK
Which one of you bitches wants
Deepak's jizzy?

The Girls all look at Deepak, beyond creeped out.

The Exotic Beauties grab the girl Billy was making out with too. All three of them quickly leave.

BILLY

Wait! Where's my handy?

Too late. The girls are gone. Deuce, Len and Billy all angrily turn to Deepak. Deepak smiles and bobs to the music.

DEUCE

You even block your own cock!

Len grabs one of the drinks from Deepak. He takes a big, angry swig. Len then looks at the drink, didn't taste right.

LEN

Red Bull and Vodka?

DEEPAK

Red Bull and roofies.

Len looks at the drink, then his boys.

LEN

Fucking Deepak!

A silent pause...then Len falls out of frame, unconscious.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An empty *Hot Pockets* box lays on Zach's floor.

Up on his bed, Zach and Sarah sit on the mattress, backs against the wall. They both hold their stomachs.

SARAH

Oh...cheese. Why? Why!?

Zach smiles. Sarah holds her stomach in discomfort. She rolls onto her side, away from Zach.

Zach looks over at her, a girl, in his bed! He hesitates, then lays down on the bed too, turns toward Sarah.

Zach is still a foot away from Sarah on the bed. He inches forward...closer...then closer. They're about to touch.

Zach hesitates, he breathes in and out, nervously. Finally, he makes his move. He puts his arm around Sarah.

Zach leans over, kisses Sarah's neck, then her ear. She doesn't stop him. So he inches his hands downward.

Zach moves his hands a little lower, a little lower. His fingers hovering now on Sarah's waistline.

Zach puts his fingers down her pants. He gets the forefinger down, then the middle, then...WHAM! She clamps her legs.

Sarah squeezes, her legs are like a vise, trapping Zach's hands. It's super tight. Zach SCREAMS in pain.

ZACH
We're not fucking, I get it!

Zach pulls his hands free, shakes them, grimacing in pain.

Sarah rolls over, starts to get up out of the bed.

ZACH
Don't go. I'll keep my hands above
the equator. I swear.

Sarah looks at Zach. He smiles, in a pleading way. She relents and lays back down on the bed.

SARAH
From here on out, please clear all
fondle attempts with me in advance.

ZACH
Done.

Sarah lays back on the bed, curled away from him.

ZACH
Permission to be the big spoon?

Sarah smiles.

SARAH
Permission granted.

Zach puts his arm around Sarah. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

The Next Morning. Zach stirs. He reaches his arm over for Sarah...but she's not there.

Zach looks up, confused, and then falls off the bed. THUMP!
Zach lands on the floor, tangled in his sheets.

Suddenly, Zach's door opens. Billy walks in, sees his brother on the floor, wrapped up in his sheets, half clothed.

BILLY
What did I tell you!? No schwacking
asphyxiation without a spotter!

Zach stands up, gets free of his sheets.

BILLY

Listen, got a girl here. She's got a little desert crotch going on and I'm outta lube. Will this work?

Billy holds up a can of *Pam* cooking spray.

ZACH

Olive oil's better. Healthy fats.

Billy nods, points at Zach in thanks. Billy leaves the room.

Suddenly, Billy returns to the doorway. He sniffs. Billy steps inside and sniffs again. Zach looks confused.

BILLY

It smells like pussy in here.

ZACH

Uhh, yeah. Yeah. Banged a girl last night. Finally. A bar girl too. Guess I'm off grenade duty, right?

Billy steps forward, looks deep into Zach's eyes, peers into his soul seemingly for the truth. Zach blinks, nervously.

BILLY

Lies make baby Jesus cry.

Zach relents, sits down on his bed.

BILLY

Did you have a bitch over? Who? Where'd ya meet her? Why aren't I fucking one of her friends right now? Wait, how'd you meet a girl without me? Is it that damn gren...

Zach bolts up.

ZACH

No! No girl. That smell, I, uhh, I didn't...uhh, I bought that pheromone cologne they sell in the back of *Maxim*. Yeah. Smells like pussy to attract pussy.

Billy nods. Sounds plausible. He leaves. Zach sighs.

Two seconds later, Billy suddenly returns.

BILLY

Wait, why would straight women be attracted to the smell of pussy?

ZACH

Uhh...it's...homeopathic. Yeah. Homeopathic pheromone stuff. Like a vaccine. Yeah. You inject yourself with a disease to not get it.

Billy opens his mouth as he processes that. Makes sense.

Billy leaves...and then returns again two seconds later.

BILLY

Can girls buy cock-scented perfume?

Zach closes his door, shutting Billy outside.

Zach shakes his head, walks over to his computer. He turns it on, logs onto the internet.

Zach's *Facebook* page appears on his computer screen. He now has a message posted on his *Facebook* Wall. It's from Sarah.

Her message reads: "*Sorry, had to leave early for class. Thanks for the Hot Pocket. And you look great in heels.*"

Zach smiles...until he looks to the left of his *Facebook* page. Under his Friends list...there's Billy, Len and Deuce.

They can read his *Facebook* page!

ZACH

Oh, fuck!

Zach hits the keyboard repeatedly.

ZACH

Delete posting! Delete! Delete!

BEEP! Zach gets an error tone. His computer is frozen.

ZACH

Oh, Jesus, no!

Zach wiggles his mouse. Nothing. He hits ctrl-alt-delete. Still nothing. Zach hits the power button. Still nothing.

ZACH

I'm a PC my ass!

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A bottle of olive oil rests on Billy's nightstand.

Billy lays on top of a SEXY GIRL. They are both oily.

SEXY GIRL
Smells like pasta.

Billy's bedroom door opens a crack. Zach army crawls inside.

Zach is obscured by the foot of Billy's bed. The mattress starts shaking. Loud MOANS fill the air.

SEXY GIRL (O.S.)
Faster! Faster! Slower!

BILLY (O.S.)
Those are contradictory commands!

Zach quietly crawls toward Billy's laptop. He discreetly grabs it, brings it down to the floor.

SEXY GIRL (O.S.)
Little faster.

Billy's bed shakes more vigorously. Zach logs into his *Facebook* page. Finds Sarah's comment. Hits delete. It works.

SEXY GIRL (O.S.)
Too fast! Losing traction.

The Sexy girl slips right off the bed, landing with a THUD on the opposite side of the bed as Zach.

Zach freezes in fear. The Sexy Girl gets up, jumps back into bed without seeing Zach. The mattress starts shaking again.

Zach exhales in relief. He army crawls back to the door.

SEXY GIRL (O.S.)
Slower. Slower. Nope. Too slow.

BILLY (O.S.)
Fucking women drivers!

Zach reaches the spot on the floor where the girl landed. His elbow slips on the olive oil. WHAM! His face hits the floor.

The mattress really starts to shake now. The Sexy Girl SCREAMS in pleasure. Billy lets out an animalistic GRUNT too.

BILLY (O.S.)
Yahtzee!

WHAP! Something flies off the bed and hits Zach's forehead.
Zach peels it off. It's Billy's used condom.

INT. MALL - DAY

Len and Deuce walk side by side. They look frazzled. Their normally impeccable style and grooming have disappeared.

DEUCE
I haven't gone this long between bones since I was 12, man. Look at me. I got the shakes!

LEN
Bro, I'm so desperate...I went online looking for a Faceboink.

The guys arrive at the mall food court. Shangri-La.

DEUCE
Home sweet home.

Deuce heads for a BLACK GIRL in a *Hot Dog On A Stick* uniform.

DEUCE
Excuse me, you using this chair?

The Black Girl shakes her head without looking at Deuce.

Deuce nods, grabs the chair...and then sits down in it.

DEUCE
What up, beautiful?

BLACK GIRL
Scram, skeeze.

She motions for Deuce to leave.

Deuce stands, mortified. He gets up and slowly backs away from the table, until he's back with Len.

DEUCE
But the chair grab always works.

Len motions to the ORANGE JULIUS GIRL behind the counter.

LEN
Watch and learn.

Len walks toward her. Deuce follows. When Len gets to the register he grabs a straw from a cup on the counter.

Len winks at the *Orange Julius* Girl as he hits the straw against his hand once, twice and then makes it disappear.

ORANGE JULIUS GIRL
That's so cool...
(beat)
...is what I'd say if I were eight.

Len's smile drops. He turns back to Deuce.

LEN
What just happened?

Deuce spots a *La Salsa* Girl. He approaches. She runs away.

Len turns to the *Subway* Girl. She pelts him with a bag of *Sun Chips* before he can even make a move.

LEN
It's like someone told every food
court girl we don't do monogamy.
This is fucking sexual sabotage!

Len looks at Deuce. The lightbulb goes off. He quickly glances over at the *Cinnabon* stand.

Sure enough, the CINNABON GIRL is staring daggers at Deuce. Len quickly looks back at Deuce.

LEN
Did you fuck the Cinnabon Girl?

Deuce looks down, ashamed. Len throws up his arms, pissed.

DEUCE
She gave me head and free danishes!

Suddenly, a loud YELL.

RANDOM DUDE (O.S.)
Hey, it's the ass creme guy!

LEN
Fuck you!

QUICK PAN TO: Zach. He's also in the mall, standing and waiting outside one of those make your own T-shirt places.

Sarah exits the store, tosses Zach a bag. He opens it, pulls out a green, military colored t-shirt.

Zach turns the shirt around, looks at it. He smirks. Printed on the front of the shirt are the words: "*Grenade Jumper.*"

ZACH

Guess I need to get you one too.

Sarah smiles. They walk side by side through the mall.

ZACH

Know what you should do for your fashion show final thing? Create shirts that display what people really mean when they talk. Like if I say, "No, you don't look fat," my shirt would read: "I'm fucking your skinny friend."

SARAH

Very *Annie Hall*. I like it.

Sarah is now wearing a T-shirt that reads: "*That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.*"

ZACH

So, what are you doing tonight?

Pan down to Zach's shirt: "*Can we please fuck?*"

SARAH

Not sure yet.

Sarah's shirt: "*If I can't find better plans, we can hang.*"

ZACH

We can go low key. *Netflix?*

Zach's shirt: "*No, come over...so we can fuck.*"

SARAH

Maybe.

Sarah's shirt: "*Seriously, we're not fucking.*"

ZACH

I gotta use the bathroom.

Zach's shirt: "*Fine. If we're not fucking...*" He turns, the words continue on his back: "*...I gotta go rub one out.*"

Zach steps toward the Men's room. WHAM! He runs into someone.

Zach looks up. The person he ran into...is Deuce.

Deuce and Len both stare at Zach...then move their eyes over to Sarah, standing right next to Zach.

Len and Deuce's mouths drop open. ZACH IS WITH A GRENADE.

Zach turns to Sarah, gulps nervously.

ZACH

B.R.B.

Zach grabs Deuce and Len and yanks them a few feet away.

LEN

You're with a grenade! On purpose!

DEUCE

It's desperation, right? We've all hit up the 99 cent pussy store in our darkest moments. Tell me this grenade is just coupon coochie, Z!

Sarah overhears "grenade," as she watches the guys talk. Her eyes furrow. Zach looks back at her, smiles, waves.

ZACH

Of course. She's...just for sex.
Yeah. I mean, me, date her? Please!

Zach tries to LAUGH it off. Len and Deuce don't buy it.

ZACH

Okay, listen, I don't wanna grenade jump forever. But I can't start pulling hot skanks like you guys, without a few notches under my belt first. I gotta log some field time.

Zach puts his arm on Deuce.

ZACH

UCLA didn't just drop you into the Rose Bowl, D. You worked up the depth chart. Paid your dues, washing jocks on the scout team.

DEUCE

I was a Freshman All-American.

ZACH

Well, fuck you for fucking up my analogy!

LEN

Just promise us you'll hit it and quit it quickly, Z. Too much fugly fucking gives you a bad rep. Then, even chick water polo players will think they have a chance with you.

ZACH

One and done. Promise. Just don't tell Billy. He's...sensitive about such matters.

Deuce and Len look at each other, they reluctantly nod.

Zach pats them on the arms and walks back over to Sarah.

ZACH

Sorry about that. You cool?

SARAH

Yep. Cool.

Sarah's shirt: "*Fuck off!*"

INT. EVOLVE POLE DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Sarah stares in wonder at the dozens of stripper poles in a large aerobics room. She's in a pole-dancing workout class.

Next to her, Mary and Alyssa wear bras, underwear and stripper shoes. Sarah's in a t-shirt, cutoff sweats and *Keds*.

MARY

It's a killer core workout. And it helps with your body image.

SARAH

Right. Cause strippers are known for their self esteem.

Up-beat TECHNO MUSIC starts. Mary, Alyssa and the class walk around their poles to warm up. Sarah copies them.

Everyone in class grabs the pole with both hands and begins doing bends, touching their asses to the floor.

SARAH

Where's Lindsay?

MARY

Probably busy with a dick in her mouth.

ALYSSA

Please. She has no room for cock
with all the food she shoves down
her throat. We, like, need to
encourage her toward Bulimia.

Lindsay tiptoes up to the girls, their demeanor changes.

ALYSSA

Linds! What's up you sexy bitch?

Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa all hug and bounce giddily.

LATER. Pan across: Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa all have their
legs wrapped around the pole. They hang upside down.

Then Sarah, trying and failing to even get on the pole.

MARY

Squeeze with your legs. Like you're
straddling your gren...I mean Zach.

SARAH

That jackass will NOT be straddled.

LINDSAY

If you care enough to think he's an
ass...then you obviously like him.

ALYSSA

Here's the test. Imagine Zach
fucking another girl. If it makes
you go "grr!" instead of "ehh,"
you're into him.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach is naked, aside from a cowboy hat. He's mounted a Hot
Naked Girl from behind and rides her like a horse

ZACH

Down the stretch I...come!

BACK TO REALITY. Sarah shakes that image out of her head.

She grabs the pole, pulls herself up, wraps her legs around
it, hangs upside down. Sarah squeezes with all her might.

Sarah's sweatpants split at the seem. She drops out of frame.

SARAH (O.S.)

Grrr.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: an image of Sarah with another man. Her Ex. They are both smiling, in winter gear. A snowman behind them.

The image flickers, changes to another one. Sarah and her Ex in matching Ohio State football jerseys. Tailgating.

Image changes again. Now, Sarah and the Ex are both passed out on the floor. Someone's drawn a Hitler moustache on her.

Pullout to Sarah, looking at all these pictures on her *Flickr* page. She stares at them, solemnly, teary-eyed.

Suddenly, a loud, vibrating BZZZZZZ. Sarah pulls her cell from her pocket, checks the screen. She has a text.

Sarah flips open her phone. The text is from Zach. It reads- "*I'm sorry bout that mall shit. I miss you.*"

Sarah stares at the screen, circles her keypad with her thumb...but closes her phone instead without replying.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach holds his cell phone. The screen says "*text sent.*" He sets his phone down on his night stand, and lays down.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - DAY

The next morning. Zach wakes up, immediately checks his phone. No reply from Sarah. Zach looks a bit surprised.

INT. BILLY BODY GYM - DAY

Zach, at work behind the front counter. He taps his fingers nervously on the desk. He checks his phone. Still no reply.

INT. BILLY BODY GYM - OCTAGON CAGE - DAY

Zach wears boxing headgear and gloves as he spars with Billy in the octagon cage. Billy tackles him to the ground.

Zach lands next to his cell, which rests outside the cage. He reaches for his phone, when WHAM! Billy slugs him in the jaw.

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE THRU - NIGHT

Zach readies his order. His hair, frazzled. His arms, quiver.

ZACH
Can I get a cheeseburger, large
fries and a *Diet Coke*?

Zach checks his phone, still no reply. He grits his teeth.

ZACH
Make that a regular *Coke*. And a
milkshake. And one of those soft
serve cones. Also more fries.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach is in bed, tossing and turning, he can't sleep. He reaches over and checks his cell again. Still no reply.

ZACH
FUCK!!!!

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zach storms out of his room, through the darkened apartment.

He walks into the kitchen, opens the freezer and pulls out a bottle of *Vodka*. Zach opens it, smells the liquor, cringes.

Zach exhales. He holds up the bottle, about to chug it...

BILLY (O.S.)
Thatta boy!

Zach stops, jerks in surprise. He turns on the lights. Zach immediately covers his eyes and looks away.

ZACH
Jesus, Billy!

Spin Around to: Billy, on the living room couch. He's straddled by the stunning, *SINDY...WHO IS COMPLETELY NAKED.*

BILLY
So...what's the bitch's name?

Zach is busted. He shrugs, keeps his eyes covered from seeing Billy or the naked *Sindy*.

BILLY

This is why you're the grenade jumper, Z. Cause you let girls get in your head, instead of your bed.

ZACH

She won't text me back.

BILLY

Ahhh, textually frustrated. Was it a text that needed a reply? Like "wanna grab dinner?" or "need me to pick up the Day-After pill?"

ZACH

This is stupid. I'm calling her.

SINDY

No!

Zach turns to Sindy, still covering his eyes out of respect.

SINDY

She's playing you. Sometimes girls don't text back cause we like you and we wanna see if you like us.

ZACH

Really?

SINDY

Yes. Call her and she'll know it bothered you. Which means she knows you like her. She'll have the upper hand and in the future won't return your texts any time she wants to exert dominance. It's Pavlovian.

BILLY

Like a baby crying for a teet.

Billy grabs Sindy's naked breasts.

ZACH

So what do I do?

Zach sits down right next to Sindy. He's so into her advice he becomes oblivious to the whole her being naked thing.

SINDY

She'll probably call tomorrow and say she fell asleep. Then you play her back. Say you didn't notice.

Suddenly Zach's cell VIBRATES. Loudly. He's got a text.

Zach looks up excitedly. Sindy clasps her hands in anticipation. Zach furiously flips open the cell phone.

The text...is from Billy. It reads: "*Stop being a pussy!*"

EXT. MARY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Zach holds a brown paper bag outside. Mary answers the door.

MARY
She's not here. Try her iPhone.

ZACH
She's not answering.

MARY
iChat?

Zach shakes his head.

MARY
i...-think-you-need-to-take-the-
fucking-hint?

Zach pulls a bottle of *Patron* from the paper bag.

ZACH
Can you just tell me where she is?

INT. DESIGN SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is inside her classroom, alone. She forces fabric through a high tech sewing machine.

Suddenly, all the lights in the classroom flick on. Sarah covers her eyes. It's bright.

She turns around toward the front of the class. Sees Zach.

SARAH
Here to try some summer dress wear?

She LAUGHS. Her speech is slurred. Zach scans the room, spots a bottle of vodka on the floor near Sarah's feet.

It's the same size and brand of vodka that Zach drank.

ZACH
Are you...you're hammered!

Sarah shrugs, gets back to her sewing.

ZACH
Look, sorry if I messed up, okay?
I'm not good with relationships.

SARAH
We're not in a relationship!

Sarah bolts up from her seat, gets in Zach's face.

SARAH
I'm not your girlfriend. You're not
my boyfriend. Check my *Facebook*
status. It's: single!

Sarah, grabs her keys and staggers toward the door.

ZACH
Stop! You're a walking DUI.

SARAH
I can fine. I'm drive.

Zach reaches for Sarah's arm. She knocks his hand away.

SARAH
Fuck the Y chromosome. We don't
need you. I don't need you.
(beat)
Scratch that. Need you to catch me.

Sarah stumbles forward, drunkenly, into Zach's arms.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach gently lays Sarah down on his bed. He grabs his pillow and tosses it on the floor.

SARAH
Where are you going?

ZACH
I'll take the floor. That's what
gentlemen do. Single gentlemen!

SARAH
But...I'm horny.

Zach is suddenly on the bed, next to Sarah.

Sarah pulls Zach on top of her. She reaches into his pants.

Zach looks down at Sarah, she's obviously alcoholically compromised. He closes his eyes, strains, thinking.

ZACH

Dammit!

Zach jumps up off Sarah, puts his hands through his hair. Sarah looks up at him, offended, confused and mostly drunk.

SARAH

This is all you wanted, right? No more begging. We can fuck tonight!

ZACH

Not when you're in Lohan mode.

Zach turns away, head in hands. Damn, this is hard.

ZACH

I totally just Deepak-ed myself.

Zach exhales, tries to regain his composure.

ZACH

But in the morning, if you still wanna, I am so down. I'll be---

ZZZZ! Zach is interrupted by the loud sound of Sarah SNORING.

EXT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - DAY

The next morning. Zach is now asleep on the floor, drool in his mouth. He is lightly jostled by a kick. Then another.

Zach opens his eyes, groggily. He looks up, sees Sarah.

SARAH

Thank you.

Zach rubs his eyes, takes him a few seconds to gain his wits.

ZACH

You still in the mood?

SARAH

No.

Zach MUTTERS the word "Dammit."

SARAH

Plus, I make any guy I might sleep with get tested first.

ZACH

I'm clean. Haven't dated any girls that are guaranteed lays. Like a stripper. Or *Starbucks* barrista.

Sarah leans in, kisses Zach.

SARAH

You're still getting tested.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Len and Deuce play PS3. Billy staggers in, hungover.

BILLY

There's a hot chick in my bed. Is she statutory?

LEN

Nope. 19. You're good. And you told her you were a race car driver.

DEUCE

Who finished third in the Indy 500.

Billy takes that all in, nods, impressed with himself. He then turns, heads back down the hall, toward his bedroom.

A second later, Billy backpedals into the living room, followed by Zach and Sarah, holding hands, in the hall.

ZACH

Gentlemen.

Zach nods at the boys and then heads out the door with Sarah. Billy stares at the door, turns to Len and Deuce, stunned.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ZACH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Zach waves at Sarah on the street as she drives away.

SCREECH! Billy's truck suddenly pulls up in front of Zach.

Len and Deuce jump from the truck, put a pillowcase over Zach's head and throw him into the truck.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Zach struggles, screams. Finally, the pillowcase is removed.

Zach looks around. He's on a massage table. Above him stand Billy, Len, Deuce and CHIN-LA, a hot, female Asian Masseuse.

LEN

They rub out more than just muscle knots here, Z. And it's on us.

BILLY

You're in a drought, we get it. But that built up man juice is clouding your judgement. Let's make it rain!

Chin-La yanks Zach's pants and underwear off in one quick, motion. Zach SCREAMS, covers up and rolls off the table.

DEUCE

Your balls deserve better, Z. Trust in them. Grow some...trusticles!

Zach stands up behind the table, a pillow covering his groin.

ZACH

I like Sarah! So she doesn't look like the girls you fuckers bone---

BILLY

She's pale with blue hair. You're dating a reverse Smurf!

ZACH

Spend one minute around Sarah and you'll see she's special. And not in the short bus way. The good special!

CHIN-LA

He want spanky-spanky or no?

Zach turns away from everyone, moves the pillow over his ass.

ZACH

Can you guys just hang with her once before you judge her? I think I've at least earned that.

No response. Zach turns around. The boys are being led out of the room by Chin-La and two other hot Asian Masseuses.

BILLY

Let's stick with the lavender oil this time, Chin-La. That peppermint shit gave me *Ben Gay* dick.

EXT. CLUB FOXTAIL - NIGHT

The boys walk together, shoulder to shoulder, strutting.
First Billy, high posture, confident, like he owns the place.

Then Len, a wry smile, he knows he's cooler than you.

Then Deuce, big, muscular, all eyes are on him.

Then Zach and...RECORD SCRATCH...Sarah, holding Zach's hand.
She pulls an open roll of candy from her purse.

SARAH

Anyone want a *Mentos*?

The guys ignore her as they arrive at the club entrance. Zach
exhales a nervous breath and leads Sarah inside.

Len, Deuce and Billy stay outside. One by one they put their
fists on top of each other's in solitude.

BILLY LEN AND DEUCE

Friends don't let friends fuck
grenades!

INT. CLUB FOXTAIL - NIGHT

Billy, Len, Deuce, Zach and Sarah all sit in a cramped booth.
Silence. It's awkward. Finally, Zach clears his throat.

ZACH

So, boys, Sarah is like a freaky
talented designer? She even made
this sweater for me. By hand.

Deuce looks at Zach's sweater closely. It's got vertical
stripes in a weird collection of vibrant colors.

DEUCE

Very Huxtable.

A Waitress passes by. She has a large butterfly tattoo on her
lower back. A tramp stamp. Billy points out the body art.

BILLY

Sarah, know what that tat means?

(beat)

It means butt sex ain't out of the
question.

Len and Deuce LAUGH. Zach...does not.

ZACH

Billy!

LEN

You two gone back door yet, Zach?

BILLY

Shit, anal is first base for me.

DEUCE

I'm not a big fan. Cause when you're as thick as I am you gotta kinda loosen her o-ring up with your hand first. And if she ate recently, ya get the fudge fingers.

Zach puts his head in his hands. This is not going well.

SARAH

Actually, Deuce, next time you wanna go rooting around a rectum, take her to *Olive Garden* first.

Zach lifts his head up, surprised at Sarah's remark.

SARAH

See, girls don't want you to think we're fat. So we'll opt for the salad bar instead of the never ending pasta bowl. And that ruffage really de-greases our engine.

Billy, Len and Deuce all stare at Sarah, dumbfounded.

Zach puts his arm around her, shoots the boys a cocky smile.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The boys and Sarah all pile into the apartment.

Deuce turns on the TV and the PS3. *Madden 2010* time.

DEUCE

Who wants their medicine first?

SARAH

I'll play.

Billy, Len and Deuce all LAUGH.

SARAH

Got six older brothers. I can play.

ZACH
Sweetie, don't do it. Deuce doesn't
go to class. Madden is his major.

DEUCE
Nah, I'll give her a chance, Z.
I'll play with Detroit.

LATER. Billy, Len and Zach all stare at the TV, mouths agape.
The TV screen reads: Detroit Lions - 7 Cleveland Browns - 48.

DEUCE
Fucking Lions!

SARAH
Maybe you can beat me next year,
Deuce. When Detroit drafts you.

Deuce turns to Sarah, surprised.

DEUCE
You follow college? You know me?

SARAH
Of course. I was at the Ohio State
game last year. You balled.

Deuce smiles, elbows Zach. Zach smiles too.

SARAH
And you're so big, I bet you'll
play linebacker in the NFL.

Deuce's smile drops. He looks down at his body.

DEUCE
Linebacker? I'm not...am I...

SARAH
No, not FAT big. I just meant
you're good at hitting. More than
say, running and covering people.

DEUCE
I can cover! Tell her, boys.

Zach quickly stands. Turns on the TV to change the subject.

Len's *Preparation H* commercial just happens to be on.

SARAH
Hey, at least you're not the ass
creme guy.

Sarah points to the TV. Len looks at Sarah, hurt, offended.
Sarah looks at Len, then the TV, realizes it's him on screen.

SARAH
Oh, fuck.

ZACH
Okay, boys. Thanks for coming out.

Zach quickly yanks Sarah away toward his bedroom.

DEUCE
Linebacker? I don't look fat, do I?

BILLY
No, bro. You look great.

LEN
I'd fuck you.

Deuce and Billy look at Len.

LEN
I mean, if I...you know.

INT. PUBLIC HEALTH DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Zach stands, shirtless, arms spread, face red, strained.

A COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR pops up from behind Zach.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
No anal warts. Have a seat.

Zach sits. It's too painful for his ass. He stands back up.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
Before we run your blood, a few
questions. Are you sexually active?

ZACH
I will be if you pass me.

Zach smiles. The Doctor does not. He looks at his chart.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
Have you ever been to prison?

ZACH
What? No. Of course not.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
Ever had sex with anyone who just
got out of prison?

ZACH
Uhh, no.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
Ever had sex with anyone who was
from Nigeria, or visited there?

Zach CHUCKLES, shakes his head.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
Ever had sex with anyone who's been
in a Nigerian prison?

ZACH
No!

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
Ever used intravenous drugs?

Zach shakes his head again, frustrated at the questions.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
Ever exchanged sex for drugs.

ZACH
Drugs...no. Candy...yes.

Zach smiles...until he sees the Doctor writing it down.

ZACH
Wait, sir! Sir? No!

Zach reaches for his chart. The Doctor pulls it away.

INT. MARY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Sarah opens her front door, a weary-looking Zach stands
there. He holds up his STD test results.

ZACH
I'm purer than a Mormon Trekkie.

Zach kisses Sarah and starts to furiously unbutton her shirt.

SARAH
Whoa! Getting tested is just a
precursor. It doesn't equal access.

Sarah pushes Zach away. He stares at her, frustrated.

ZACH
Have you ever been to a fucking
free clinic? Even the hand
sanitizer has syphilis!

SARAH
That's why I got something for you.

Sarah grabs Zach's hand, leads him to her room.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Zach now wears a unique, bead-studded shirt. He looks...good.

SARAH
Found the shirt at Goodwill for six
bucks. Then I added the beads.

ZACH
I love it. And it'd look even
better on the floor.

Zach leans over, tries to kiss Sarah. She leans away.

SARAH
Jesus, is pussy all you want out of
this relationship?

ZACH
Of course not.
(beat)
But it's definitely top 3.

Zach realizes something, turns to Sarah. She bites her lip.

ZACH
Wait...you said...relationship.

SARAH
No. I mean...we're, umm...I
guess...we are...seeing each other.

ZACH
Seeing each other? That mean I can
SEE other women too?

SARAH
If you wanna SEE me kick your ass.

Zach throws his hands up, paces in frustration.

ZACH

So I can't fuck you, I can't fuck other girls. That...that violates anti-trust laws. You have a fucking illegal vagin-opoly.

SARAH

Hey! I didn't start this game. You passed go, you collected 200 bucks! If you don't like the rules, take the Reading Railroad to a sleazy motel on Boardwalk and bang that skank with the big community chest!

ZACH

What the hell are we talking about?

Sarah GRUNTS, turns away from Zach.

ZACH

Dating shouldn't be this hard!

SARAH

Yes it should!

Sarah turns back to Zach.

SARAH

When you love someone, and I mean head-over-heels Hallmark Channel love, they're gonna drive you insane too. Cause if they don't make you contemplate pulling a Sid and Nancy at least once...you're with the wrong person!

Sarah exhales and turns away again.

ZACH

So do you want a hug or...heroin?

Zach walks up and gently hugs Sarah from behind.

ZACH

I won't tell people you're my girlfriend. Just my "see"-friend.

Sarah smiles. She rests her head against Zach's arms.

INT. MALL PET STORE - DAY

Len and Deuce hang alongside the mall railing.

Deuce slaps Len's arm, motions to the mall pet store. A HOT BLACK GIRL and a HOT WHITE GIRL exit the store.

DEUCE

Showtime! Me-nubian. You-casper.

LEN

No! That is so sterotypical. I find black girls attractive. Why can't I jungle jump? America's moved past these racial barriers, D. We are the country that elected Obama.

DEUCE

Yes. Yes We Can!

The guys switch positions and head for the girls. Deuce walks up to the White Girl, holding a flyer. He hands it to her.

DEUCE

Excuse me, you girls seen our dog?

The White Girl scans the flyer: it's a photoshopped image of the *Taco Bell* dog on a Missing sign. A total fake.

LEN

Buffy hasn't had her medication in a few days. We're worried that---

Len pauses to fake cry. He turns away, appears emotional. The Hot Black Girl puts her arm around Deuce in comfort.

HOT BLACK GIRL

Ohhh, you poor thing.

HOT WHITE GIRL

Want us to help you look for her?

DEUCE

Could you? Oh, you two are angels!

The four of them all leave together. Deuce winks at Len.

As they walk past the food court: trouble. The Cinnabon Girl is walking towards them. Deuce spots her. She spots him.

The Cinnabon Girl storms toward them before Deuce can react.

CINNABON GIRL

Excuse me, Ladies? You should know this small-dicked mother fucker is a lying, cheating, immoral piece of garbage who fails at life.

She spits at Deuce and storms away.

DEUCE
That is so not true, girls!
(beat)
I go ten inches on a cold day.

The Girls both leave. Deuce puts his head down in shame.

LEN
Can you say it? Just say it now.

DEUCE
Sorry I fucked the *Cinnabon* girl.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zach and Sarah cuddle on the couch, watching a movie. Billy then enters the apartment, another Floozy on his arm.

SARAH
Billy, who's this beautiful lady?

BILLY
Ummm, uhh. She...this is...
Jen...Ash...Lau...Geor...Beyonc...

The Floozy storms out of the apartment. Billy turns to Sarah.

BILLY
What are you...Deepak's sister?

Billy storms toward his bedroom. Sarah turns to Zach.

SARAH
Shit! I don't even have a cock and
I still blocked his.

ZACH
It's fine. He'll get over it.

INT. JERRY'S DELI - NIGHT

Billy sits at the deli table, across from Deuce and Len.

BILLY LEN AND DEUCE
That bitch has got to go!

Len has a *Hustler* magazine and a porn DVD in a bag in front of him. Deuce has a bottle of *Jergens* moisturizer.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sarah is in Zach's kitchen, fixing a bowl of cereal.

BILLY (O.S.)
Sarah, I need a girl's opinion.

Sarah looks up, sees Billy, buck ass naked. SMASH! She drops her cereal bowl in shock as Billy points down to his crotch.

BILLY
Is this a pimple or the herpe?

Sarah covers her eyes and runs out of the kitchen.

BILLY
What? Ingrown hair?

INT. CHIMNEY SWEEP BAR - NIGHT

Len and Deuce roll up to a CUTE ASIAN GIRL at the bar. They direct her attention to Zach, standing alone near the door.

LEN
Sweetie, our buddy just got back from Iraq. He's having a rough time adjusting. Can you go flirt with him? Get his confidence up.

DEUCE
Yeah. Don't let the terrorists win.

CUTE ASIAN GIRL
Looks like someone else enlisted.

She points to Zach. The guys turn, see Sarah now hugging him.

LEN
No, that's just his friend.

Sarah kisses Zach on the lips.

LEN
Sister.

Sarah and Zach then start aggressively making out.

LEN
West Virginia sister.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - NIGHT

Billy sits across from Zach and Sarah, smiling deviously.
PULL OUT TO: Billy's date...Deepak, creepy as always.

DEEPAK

So let's all come back to my place,
a little ja-cooze, little wine, a
little Propofol. And we see what
happens. Maybe it's naked Marco
Polo. Or maybe we play stuff the
schnitzel live on my webcam.

Billy covers his mouth, muffling a LAUGH.

SARAH

Deepak, seriously? The jacket? We
gotta make it less...date rape-y.

Sarah pulls a sketch pad from her purse and starts doodling.

SARAH

Now, here's what I'd do with you.

Deepak looks at Sarah's doodles, totally intrigued. Zach
smiles. Billy throws up his hands in frustration.

Billy grabs Deepak's drink, sips it. He looks at the glass.

BILLY

Fucking Deepak!

Sarah continues showing Deepak her new designs for him. Zach
checks them out too. They look good.

Billy slumps into frame, out cold from Deepak's roofie.

INT. BILLY BODY GYM - JACUZZI ROOM - NIGHT

A frazzled Zach sits in a hot tub with Len and Deuce.

ZACH

He's fucking killing me! We booked
a hotel tonight to get away from
him for our two month anniversary.

LEN

Two months. Know what the gift is
for that?

Len slugs Zach in the arm. Zach winces. That hurt.

LEN

It's a bruise for being gay.

DEUCE

Know what'll help you focus on her tonight, Z? *Adderall*. Take some. Makes *Ritalin* look like *Valium*.

Deuce stands up and reaches into his duffel bag, sitting near the jacuzzi. He pulls out a prescription pill bottle.

LEN

Yep. I take it before auditions, workouts...schwacking sessions.

Zach gets out of the jacuzzi as Deuce hands him a pill.

ZACH

Thanks, boys.

Zach looks down at the pill...and leaves the jacuzzi room.

As soon as Zach is gone, the nearby sauna door opens. Steam spills out...followed by a nearly dehydrated Billy.

BILLY

How do the Swedes handle that shit?

DEUCE

Relax. It's done.

Deuce holds up the pill bottle. It's actually *Ambien*.

INT. MORTON'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah is dressed nicely as she sits at a restaurant table.

SARAH

So our teacher sees her dress and says 'I wouldn't let my dog shit on this. His feces deserve better.'

Zach sits across from her. Thanks to the *Ambien*, he is so tired he must use a breadstick to keep his head propped up.

SARAH

And then she starts bawling. Like, *American Idol* vote-off bawling.

(beat)

But the dress was fucking hideous.

The breadstick breaks, Zach flops face first onto the table.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah lays on her stomach on the hotel bed. Zach straddles her back, massaging her shoulders, trying to stay conscious.

THUMP! Zach collapses onto Sarah's back, sound asleep.

SARAH

This like some new shiatsu thing?

EXT. HOTEL POOL - NIGHT

Zach is now asleep, SNORING on a wheeled hotel luggage cart. Suddenly, SPLASH! He and the cart are pushed into a pool.

Zach splashes, then surfaces. He looks around, gets his bearings. He finally sees Sarah, poolside. And angry.

SARAH

Happy two month, slapdick!

ZACH

It's not my fault! My boys gave me *Adderall*. It doesn't work for shit.

SARAH

Your friends. This is why you shouldn't idolize jackasses!

Zach tries to get out of the pool. Sarah pushes him back into the water with her high-heeled shoe.

SARAH

And you're brother...

Sarah shakes her head and shivers at the thought of Billy.

SARAH

We're done, Zach! I can't date a guy who's gene pool is swimming with douchebag DNA!

ZACH

We're only half douchebag. On my Dad's side. I take after my mom.

Sarah finally lets Zach get out of the pool.

ZACH

I'll have a talk with Billy.

SARAH
No you won't. He does everything
for you but masturbate. Least I---

ZACH
I spank my own monkey, thank you.

Zach shakes the dripping water off. He approaches Sarah.

ZACH
Look, my boys...they don't
understand inner beauty.

SARAH
Ohh. So I don't have outer?

Zach bites his lip, speechless. Sarah storms away from Zach.

Zach watches her walk around the pool, toward the exit. He
jumps in the water, swims toward her as fast as he can.

Sarah is a few feet from the door, when a dripping Zach slips
into frame. He lands with a THUD right in front of Sarah.

Zach can't talk. Or breathe. He holds up a finger, asks for a
moment...before he finally stands up, in front of Sarah.

ZACH
You are beautiful inside, outside,
upside down. Think I'd be trying so
hard to fuck an ugly girl?

Sarah looks away, her anger subsides.

ZACH
It doesn't matter what they think.

SARAH
And once you actually believe
that...we'll be golden.

Zach gently touches Sarah's arms, drenching her blouse.

ZACH
I think you're awesome. And soon...
they will too.

Sarah looks at Zach, gives Zach a "really?" kind of look.

ZACH
You're right, they're retarded.
Let's just bribe them.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sarah, in an apron with cherries on it, places a plate of delicious looking food on the table, joining several others.

Billy, Len, Deuce and Zach all sit around the table, chowing down. Deuce takes a bite of some ravioli, MOANS in delight.

DEUCE

Sarah...this is amazing. My tongue is like ejaculating right now.

LEN

Seriously. Total foodgasm.

Sarah smiles as she heads back to the kitchen. Zach follows.

Once they're gone, Billy flings a ravioli at Deuce. WHAP! It sticks right to Deuce's forehead.

BILLY

You're worse than Benedict Arnold betraying us to the Nazis!

Deuce peels the ravioli off his forehead...eats it.

Sarah and Zach re-enter the kitchen. Billy CLEARS his throat.

BILLY

So, Sarah. You gonna cook for Zach?

SARAH

I'll try. Pumpkin ravioli's pretty much the only thing I can make.

BILLY

Oh, it'll be fine for now.

Billy turns to Zach, a serious, yet devious look on his face.

BILLY

But soon, Zach may get sick of pumpkin ravioli. Cause he's gonna have it over and over again, every fucking day. And he'll see other foods, and he'll want a bite, but he can't. Cause he's already committed to the pumpkin ravioli for the rest of his fucking life!

Zach stands up, glares at Billy.

ZACH
Billy...balcony. Now!

Sarah smiles at Zach, proudly as he walks outside.

DEUCE
Should I not ask for seconds?

EXT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Zach waits on the balcony as Billy shuts the sliding door.

ZACH
How many girls have you brought here? Not all of them were fucking models. And I never said shit.

BILLY
Cause my girls are like Shamrock Shakes at *McDonald's*. For a limited time only! You're girl's a Big Mac. A staple of your fucking franchise!

Billy rubs his eyes, calming himself down.

BILLY
Zachy, have I ever, EVER, led you wrong? You ever doubt for one second that I don't have your back?

ZACH
No. Of course not.

BILLY
So why won't you listen to me now?

Zach thinks, doesn't have an answer. Billy comes up to him, puts his hands gently on each side of Zach's face.

BILLY
I admit, for a girl I'd never, EVER sober fuck...Sarah's cool. But if you two are meant to be...it's gonna happen regardless. So have fun first. Just like I would. Don't you wanna be like your big bro, Z?

Billy kisses Zach's forehead, pats his arm as he turns and walks back towards the balcony door.

BILLY
So switch to fucking McNuggets!

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zach walks Sarah to her door. She stops, turns back to Zach.

ZACH
I'll try talking to him again and---

Sarah interrupts by kissing Zach. He's totally surprised.

Zach throws his arms around Sarah, moves them lower...and lower. For once, Sarah doesn't stop him. Zach pulls away.

ZACH
Wait. You didn't tell me we're not
fucking yet. That means...

Handel's *Hallelujah* plays, triumphantly.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah lies on her bed in a bra. Zach is on top of her.

They kiss. Zach puts his arms around her. He fiddles with Sarah's bra. No luck. He switches hands. Still no luck.

ZACH
Is it fucking welded?

Sarah reaches back herself, unfastens the bra quickly. The kissing resumes. Sarah reaches over, turns off the light.

Darkness. Now, only Zach and Sarah's voices can be heard.

SARAH (O.S.)
No. Lower. Whoa! Not happening
there, *Olive Garden* or not.

ZACH (O.S.)
My bad. Wait! I...I feel wetness,
some stubble. I'm in. Wow! I'm in.

SARAH (O.S.)
That's my armpit sweetie.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning. Hall and Oates' *You Make My Dreams* plays, a la *500 Days Of Summer*.

Zach exits Sarah's place. He's wearing a bathrobe, Hef style.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Zach struts down the street, in his robe, a huge smile on his face. He's on cloud nine. He is the only one.

A Random Guy walks by. Zach holds up his hand for a high five. The Guy looks at Zach funny and leaves him hanging.

A Random Girl walks by. Zach smiles at her, then grabs her hand and kisses it. She yanks her hand away, disgusted.

Zach dances up to a crowded street corner. He spins and his robe flies up, giving everyone a view they would've rather not seen. Several of the people cover their faces.

A Middle Aged Woman next to Zach is holding a *Starbucks* cup. Zach grabs it and takes a swig before handing it back to her.

Zach then crosses the street. Behind him, the Middle Aged Woman has to be restrained by others from charging at Zach.

Zach is oblivious as he dances across the street. Cars SLAM on their brakes. He crossed on a green light.

Zach walks over to a parked car with tinted windows.

Zach looks in the car's window. In his mind, his reflection looks exactly like Zach Morris from *Saved By The Bell*.

The window suddenly rolls down. A Creeped Out Woman sitting inside the car shoots Zach with some pepper spray.

Zach covers his face and drops to the ground in pain.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zach, wiping his now bloodshot red eyes, enters the apartment. Billy sits in front of the living room TV.

Billy sniffs. He moves closer to Zach, sniffs him again.

BILLY

Wearing that pussy cologne again?

ZACH

No. This is eau de fucking Zach!

Zach shoots his fingers at Billy, then walks down the hall.

Billy watches Zach go, then doubles over, nauseated.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa sit on the couch, drinking coffee. A box of doughnuts rests on the table in front of them.

MARY
I'm like, no one sees your Brody
nose cause of your Beyonce thighs.

Sarah exits her room, in a trance almost. She sits at the kitchen table. The girls all stare at her.

ALYSSA
Quick! Get her the "I fucked a
grenade" emergency kit.

Lindsay grabs a doughnut. Alyssa reaches into the couch cushions, pulls out a flask. They offer both to Sarah.

SARAH
No. I...I wanted to fuck him.
(beat)
That's the problem.

Sarah stands up, opens the front door, walks outside.

LINDSAY
How's she so fat? She never eats.

MARY
Doesn't watch her figure like us.

Mary grabs the flask from Alyssa, empties it into her coffee and then pounds the drink. She chases it with a doughnut.

EXT. BIG WANG'S BAR - NIGHT

A plastered Billy gets tossed from the bar by a big BOUNCER.

BILLY
But she asked to see it!

BOUNCER
I'll call you a cab, Billy.

BILLY
No! Zach always comes to get me.

Billy pulls out his cell phone. Dials.

TWO HOURS LATER. Billy is still slumped on the ground. Alone.

RANDOM CLUB GIRL
Zach is coming. Like the Great
Pumpkin. He is coming.

Billy glances up. He sees a RANDOM CLUB GIRL. She looks cute.

RANDOM CLUB GIRL
Hey, *Patron* guy! Need a ride?

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Next morning. Billy pops up in bed, grabs his head in pain.

BILLY
Ohhhhhhhhhh.

Billy looks over, the Random Club Girl is sleeping next to him. The vision of beauty he saw last night, was a beer-goggle illusion. This girl...is not attractive.

BILLY
Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A frazzled Billy yells at Zach.

BILLY
I fucked a fugly! That's on you, Z.
Cause you didn't pick up your damn
phone. This bitch was on the rag
too. I woke up with *Twizzler* dick.

ZACH
Where is she now?

BILLY
I did the gentlemanly thing...and
gave her half the cab fare to bolt.

Suddenly, loud SOBS are heard from outside the apartment.

BILLY
Oh, great. She's a clinger!

Billy angrily flings open the apartment door, exits.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

Billy opens the stairwell door. The SOBS get louder.

BILLY

Look, if I break the "there's the door, out by four" rule for you, I have to break it for everyone.

Billy looks down, sees the crying girl. It's Britney.

BILLY

Oh. Sorry. Wrong menstrual chick.

Billy turns back to the door, opens it to leave.

BRITNEY

I did everything for him. Then he just leaves me for some bitch!

Billy stops, moves away from the door. He looks at Britney.

BILLY

Yeah. I know the feeling.

BRITNEY

And she's not even that hot.

BILLY

Tell me about it!

Billy sits down on the stairs next to Britney.

BILLY

You know they're making a mistake and you tell them...and they get mad at you. For trying to help!

Billy and Britney both SIGH simultaneously.

BRITNEY

I need to start dating nice guys. Like your brother.

Billy nods. Suddenly, DING! The lightbulb goes off.

BILLY

Zach. He...he's always asking bout you, Brit. Thinks you're amazing.

BRITNEY

Really? But I always see him with that blue-haired pale chick.

BILLY

Oh. Yeah. Smurf..elda. She's just with Zach for her green card.

Britney takes that all in. She shrugs.

BRITNEY
What the hell. Can you maybe---

BILLY
...set it up? Done and done. Just know that my bro...super shy. So you gotta make the first move. Be aggressive. Like, Kelly Clarkson at *KFC* aggressive.

Billy heads for the stairwell door. He turns back to Britney.

BILLY
By the way, did a chick who needs to lose 20 pounds roll by here?

BRITNEY
Yeah. She left a while ago.

Billy exhales in relief.

EXT. CASA VEGA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Zach and Sarah walk together. Billy, Len and Deuce follow.

Zach grabs Sarah's hand. She looks down at their interlocked fingers. She gently pulls her hand away as they walk inside.

LEN
Boys, switch your dicks to standby. Won't be using them tonight.

BILLY
Optimism! Our cocks are half full. See, we failed cause we're trying to throw Zach's grenade away.

Billy turns to Len and Deuce, smiles deviously.

BILLY
It's time we pull the pin.

INT. CASA VEGA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Bartender hands Zach two drinks. As Zach turns to leave the bar area, he bumps right into a HOT BAR GIRL.

HOT BAR GIRL
You gonna buy me a drink too?

ZACH
I would, but...have a girl.

HOT BAR GIRL
So do I.

A SECOND HOT BAR GIRL comes up to her. The girls kiss.
SMASH! Zach drops his first drink. His mouth agape.

SECOND HOT BAR GIRL
He's cute. Can we bring him home?

HOT BAR GIRL
I'm trying.

ZACH
Wait, really? I mean, you girls
would like...do me?

HOT BAR GIRL
And each other.

SECOND HOT BAR GIRL
While you watch.

SMASH! And there goes the second of Zach's drinks.

HOT BAR GIRL
I mean, IF you were single.

The Hot Bar Girls leave. Zach watches them go, mouth agape.

Billy, Len and Deuce walk up to him.

ZACH
You fuckers see that?

BILLY
Sure did. It's the poon principle.

LEN
Chicks can tell when you're getting
some. Makes 'em wanna nail you too.

DEUCE
Like when you see someone yawn it
makes you yawn.

BILLY
Shit, if that's happening to you
already, Z, you're officially ready
to ditch grenade duty for good.

ZACH
I am? Really?

BILLY
Yeah. But not like it matters.

Billy motions over to their table. Sarah sits alone, head down, doodling on a napkin. Oblivious.

Zach nods, puts his head down. Walks back toward Sarah.

As soon as Zach goes, the Hot Bar Girls re-enter frame. Billy opens his wallet and hands the girls a \$100 dollar bill.

SECOND HOT BAR GIRL
There was more to our deal.

Len rolls his eyes. He pulls a tube of *Prep H Sport* from his pocket and holds it up, just like in his commercial.

LEN
Lemme guess, a down THERE problem?

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Clothes and fabric are all over the floor and Sarah's bed.

Sarah is on her hands and knees, staring at the hem of a vintage looking frilly jean skirt.

Sarah tugs at it once, twice, finally angrily slams her fist to the floor in frustration. It just doesn't look right.

Up to: Zach, he's wearing the frilly jean skirt and also a psychedelic blouse that pairs with the skirt.

ZACH
The skirt rides. I'd loosen the hips. As for the blouse, let's be honest...unmitigated disaster.

Zach bounces, crosses his legs, grabs for the skirt.

SARAH
Go! Pee!

Zach heads over to Sarah's bathroom, leaves the door open.

First he lifts the skirt up, goes to sit down. Thinks better of it. Zach then pulls the skirt down.

Suddenly, the sound of urine TINKLING toilet water.

Sarah furrows her brow. She turns around, sees Zach, peeing.
WITH THE DOOR WIDE OPEN.

SARAH

Jesus!

Sarah closes the door. A second later, the toilet FLUSHES.

Zach exits the bathroom, sees Sarah, looking disgusted.

ZACH

Lemme guess, your ex liked to pee
al fresco too, now I remind you---

SARAH

No! He closed the door. He wasn't a
fucktard! He also washed his hands!

Zach looks down at his hands, nods. Zach heads back into the
bathroom. The faucet turns on. Water RUSHES. Then stops.

Zach re-emerges from the bathroom, hands wet.

SARAH

Look, this fashion showcase is like
30 percent of my grade. I blow
it...and this whole L.A. adventure
is a fucking waste.

ZACH

I know. That's why I'm helping.

SARAH

You're not.

Zach shrinks back, looks somewhat hurt.

SARAH

I need a little space. Just gimme a
week to do this. Okay?

Zach nods, still looking stunned.

ZACH

Yeah. What...whatever you need.

Sarah smiles. She puckers her lips. Zach puckers his. She
leans in...and kisses Zach on the cheek.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zach sits on the couch, looks shell-shocked.

Billy enters the room, looking ready for a night out.

BILLY

If she doesn't miss you after a week...you're done for good, bro. For her, this...is a trial dump.

Billy shakes a can of Axe, sprays it all over his body til it literally empties. He tosses it back down the hall.

BILLY

Let's roll out tonight. Only way to get over a chick...is to get under another one.

ZACH

I'll be fine. It's just a week.

MONDAY

Everything around Zach speeds up as time elapses.

Zach never moves from the couch.

Billy returns home, with a Floozy. They go to his room, then return to the living room. She leaves. Night turns to day.

TUESDAY

Zach, on the couch, eating a bowl of cereal. Billy leaves, then returns with another Drunk Girl. They go to his room.

The girl re-appears, alone, yelling toward Billy's room. Since it's sped up, she sounds like a chipmunk. She leaves.

WEDNESDAY

Zach, still on the couch, two bowls of cereal in front of him now. Day turns to night. Billy leaves again.

Billy returns home, with a Fat Chick. Goes to his room. Billy returns, lets the Fat Girl out. He doubles over in disgust.

THURSDAY

Zach, still on the couch. The whole box of cereal in front of him now. His white shirt stained. His beard growing.

Day turns to night. Billy leaves. He returns, this time with two Drunk Floozies. They all head to his room.

Billy re-enters the living room, shows the two girls out. He then dances joyously, thrusting his hips.

FRIDAY

Zach, still on the couch. Two boxes of cereal, dirty bowls and several empty Krispy Kreme boxes litter in front of him.

Zach now nearly has a Jesus beard. Billy leaves, returns home with a Smoking Hot Chick and a Guy. They head to his room.

The Guy flies back into the living room, followed by Billy. Billy punches the Guy in the face, throws him out.

SATURDAY

Back to normal speed. Zach is asleep in his couch filth.

Billy enters the room, the Smoking Hot Chick passed out in his arms. He opens the front door, tosses her outside and then shuts the door again. The sound wakes Zach up.

BILLY

The trial is over, my brother.
Perhaps we can win on appeal. Til
then...don't drop the soap.

ZACH

She'll call. She just needs space.

Billy pats Zach's shoulder, heads back to his room.

ZACH

She just needs space!

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Lindsay, Alyssa and Mary sit on the couch as usual. There's a KNOCK at the door. Mary stands to answer it.

Mary opens the front door. Billy weasels his way inside.

BILLY

Hello, skank, skank two, skank who
won't give me a handy.

MARY

Umm, did someone order delivery.
From the TOOL store!?

BILLY

Touche! I was just at that store in
the mall named after your vaginas.
It's called *The Gap*!

Sarah enters the room from her bedroom. She stares at Billy.

BILLY
Hi. Okay, so you may have
noticed...I'm a dick. But I just
want Z to be happy. And for some
reason...you make him happy.

Billy exhales, reluctantly walks toward Sarah.

BILLY
So please, roll by tonight. Z needs
you. He's miserable.

Sarah stares at Billy. He looks sincere. She sighs.

SARAH
Fine.

Billy smiles, opens his arms to hug Sarah.

SARAH
Ewww.

Billy turns around, heads for the door. He stops by Lindsay.

BILLY
Last chance. I brought olive oil.

LINDSAY
Double ewww.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy, Deuce and Len are all on a *Twister* mat, their arms and legs tangled up with three Hot Girls.

Zach sits on the couch. He spins the *Twister* pinwheel.

ZACH
Left foot red.

Billy grabs the ankle of one of the Girls. She falls over.

BILLY
Ohhh, tough break, sweetie. But,
per the rules of strip *Twister*...

Suddenly, there's a KNOCK at the front door. Before anyone can answer it, Britney walks inside.

BILLY
 Britney! What a pleasant surprise.

BRITNEY
 You...told me to com---

BILLY
 I'll get you a drink.

Billy heads to the kitchen, leaving Zach and Britney alone near the door. Zach nods at her. She smiles back. Awkward.

BRITNEY
 Did you, uhh, get a haircut?

ZACH
 No. Billy just no longer styles it.

Billy re-enters frame, hands Britney a glass of wine. Billy places his other hand on the wall-mounted intercom.

Tight On: Billy's hand. He has a piece of scotch tape on his finger, he uses it to tape down the intercom's TALK button.

Once his mission is done, Billy puts his hands around Zach and Britney. He moves them closer together before he leaves.

Zach stares at his brother, oddly. Britney smiles, nervously.

BRITNEY
 You do look good though, Zach. I mean, I've always thought so.

EXT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sarah passes by the intercom outside, she's about to open the front door to the building, when she hears Zach's voice.

ZACH (V.O.)
 (voice through intercom)
 Really? Well, you're totally...bangin, Britney.

Sarah freezes, eyebrows furrow. She turns to the intercom.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
 (voice thru intercom)
 Aren't you like, dating someone?

ZACH (V.O.)
 (voice thru intercom)
 Ummm, no. Just SEEING someone.

Sarah's face scrunches angrily.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Britney moves close to Zach, aggressively.

BRITNEY

I think it sucks how girls take nice guys like you for granted.

ZACH

Yeah. Yeah it does suck.

Britney looks over at Billy. He's watching them. He motions his hands together, eggs Britney on.

Britney takes a deep breath, closes her eyes and kisses Zach. His eyes widen. He is totally caught off guard.

The front door flings open. Sarah bursts inside. She glances over, just in time to see Zach pushing Britney away.

Zach then looks up, sees Sarah. He opens his mouth to speak.

SARAH

No! It's good. I'm...I'm fine.

Sarah quickly exits. Zach looks over at Deuce and Len.

ZACH

She's not fine is she?

LEN

Fuck no!

DEUCE

Run. Now!

EXT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sarah storms outside. Zach exits behind her.

ZACH

She mouth raped me, okay!

Sarah keeps moving, doesn't turn back toward Zach.

SARAH

No. It's my fault. For thinking you were different than the league of douches you surround yourself with.

Sarah stops. She finally turns back to Zach.

SARAH

You're...you're him. You're Billy fucking junior. You're dream is to become a man whose idea of a long term relationship is letting the girl spend the night.

Sarah walks away.

ZACH

So what, Sarah? Are we not SEEING each other anymore? Cause you've been looking for an excuse to run from me ever since we met!

Sarah gets to her car, opens the door.

ZACH

Just like you ran from him. That's why you came out here. You got hurt! So you run from the pain.

Sarah's eyes well up as she sits down in her car.

ZACH

Can you stop running and just finally cop to being my girlfriend?

SARAH

EX-girlfriend.

Zach steps back, hurt. Sarah cries as she starts her car.

SARAH

It shouldn't be this hard.

Sarah pulls out and drives away. Zach watches her go.

ZACH

Yes. It should.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Billy messes with his laptop. Deuce and Len play PS3.

Deuce takes a swig directly from an Orange Juice carton in front of him. He offers it to Billy and Len, they decline.

Deuce sets the carton down and grabs a vodka bottle. He swigs it, adding it to the OJ still in his mouth.

Deuce gargles and then swallows. Makeshift screwdriver.

BILLY

Shit, I'm starting to worry. His
Tweets are becoming really emo.

Billy turns around his laptop so the guys can see Zach's
Twitter page: @ZachAttack.

The first post: *"My soul is so dark it gets pulled over a lot
and is really good at basketball."*

Then: *"The way I feel makes Atonement look like Anchorman."*

Finally: *"@Deepak_da_Playa - Got any more Propofol?"*

DEUCE

Why'd Sarah get so mad? So Zach
kissed a girl. That ain't cheating.
Now if Britney gave Zach a handy---

LEN

Handies aren't cheating, bro. If
Britney blew Zach then it---

BILLY

You idiots! The not-cheating line
extends to fucking another girl...
long as you keep it in missionary.

Suddenly, Zach emerges from the hallway and enters the room.
He is clean, well-groomed and dressed to the nines.

The guys all stare at him, surprised, shocked.

ZACH

I'm single now, motherfuckers.
Let's go pull some bitches!

INT. CLUB SOCIAL - NIGHT

The boys stand in the club, surrounded by hot girls.

BILLY

In honor of Zach's debut with the
first string, I'll grenade it.

(beat)

Provided the following conditions
are met: My grenade weight cap is
160. No cougars. And I'm trying to
wean myself off Asians. Armenians
are as far east as I'll go.

Zach looks right, sees four girls in the corner, partying by themselves. Zach zeroes in on SIMONE a raven-haired beauty.

Zach readies himself to charge at her. Billy grabs his arm.

BILLY
Down, Z. You can't go commando
and...

Zach breaks free of Billy, continues right for Simone.

BILLY
...soldier!? Fall in. Fall in!

It's too late. Zach has reached Simone and her friends.

ZACH
Ladies, my name is Zach and I'll be
hitting on you this evening. Our
special today is generic
compliments. Can I start you off
with a cheesy pick-up line?

The girls all look at each other, caught off guard. Suddenly, Simone busts out LAUGHING.

The boys all watch as Simone interlocks her arm with Zach's. They talk, more LAUGHS, as she leads him back to her table.

BILLY
Holy fuck, boys. Look at him!

Billy shakes his head, smiles proudly.

BILLY
No need to worry bout
grenades...when you plow ahead like
an armor plated tank.

INT. CLUB SOCIAL - RESERVED TABLE - NIGHT

It's a party. The boys, Simone, her friends, all together.

The Club Waitress comes up to their table.

ZACH
Know what? I want a drink. A drink
with alcohol. A manly drink!

Deuce, Len, Billy and the girls all CHEER.

ZACH
Mike's Hard Lemonade, please.

Silence from the group. Zach turns back to Simone.

ZACH
 So, you're a communications major?

SIMONE
 Yep. I like, enjoy...communicating.

ZACH
 That's a creative major. Are you creative? An artist? Designer?

SIMONE
 Not so much. But I did shave my landing strip into a playboy bunny.

Simone pulls her pants down slightly, giving Zach a view of her pubic artwork.

ZACH
 Wow. Bunny ears and everything.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party continues at Zach and Billy's place. Deuce talks with one of Simone's Friends. Len shows another a coin trick.

Billy sits on the couch. SIMONE'S FRIEND # 3 on his lap.

And Simone talks to Zach. She rubs her arms to stay warm.

ZACH
 I have a jacket. In my room.

Simone heads toward Zach's room. Zach shrinks back, surprised his line actually worked. He follows after Simone.

As Zach follows Simone, he and Billy make eye contact. Billy pushes Simone's Friend # 3 off his lap and runs to Zach.

Billy excitedly puts his arm around his brother.

BILLY
 I told you! I told you I would always look out for your cock. And here we are. The promised land. You are about to become a man. It's your sexual bar mitzvah!

Billy shoves Zach towards his room.

BILLY
Mazel tov!

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach is on top of Simone, sweaty, panting.

SIMONE
Good job.

From her back, Simone...HIGH FIVES ZACH. He stares at her, then his hand in disbelief.

Zach shrugs it off, lays down. He reaches over for Simone, trying to snuggle with her. But she bolts out of the bed.

SIMONE
I should probably get your cum out
of my body now. Five second rule.

Simone stops, looks down at her groin area. She GIGGLES.

SIMONE
My bunny looks like the Colonel.

INT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The next morning. Zach sits on the couch, alone, pensively. Simone's Friend # 3 enters the room.

SIMONE'S FRIEND
Have you seen Billy?

Zach shakes his head. She looks around, confused, before she finally just leaves the apartment.

As soon as she's gone, the living room window opens from the outside. Zach SCREAMS, bolts up from the couch, scared.

It's just Billy, he crawls in through the open window.

BILLY
The Houdini. Always works.

Billy rolls over to the couch, gets up, sits next to Zach.

BILLY
So how's it feel to finally fuck a
girl...I'd actually fuck.

ZACH

Dirty.

BILLY

Yep. That usually lasts about four hours. Or two with *Patron*.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

Zach and Len talk to a set of ASIAN TWINS.

LEN

See I don't actually have hemorrhoids. Just a commercial.

ZACH

Seriously. You should see his anus. You could...eat...off it.

Over at a food court table, Billy flirts with a Mall Girl.

BILLY

If it didn't go to yellow on lap 197, I probably woulda won.

The Mall Girl smiles, moves even closer to Billy. Meanwhile, Mall Girl # 2 feels Deuce's biceps. He looks disinterested.

Len and Zach roll up to the table, with the Asian Twins.

ASIAN TWIN # 1

So we'll meet you boys tonight?

ZACH

Absolutely. Can't wait for...sushi.

She kisses Zach. He fakes a smile as the Twins leave.

ASIAN TWIN # 2

Goodbye, ass creme guy.

LEN

Or Len is fine.

Len shakes his head. He and Zach sit down at the table. They smile politely at the Mall Girls.

Billy sits up, points at Zach.

BILLY

Girls, I know it's hard to believe, but a few days ago, this chiseled specimen of a little bro was pussy-whipped by a girl that didn't even give him that much pussy.

Zach looks away, uncomfortably.

BILLY

But with my help, he now gets more ass than a discount proctologist.

Deuce stares intently into the food court. At the Cinnabon Girl as she helps customers.

DEUCE

I can't take this shit anymore.

Deuce quickly stands up, almost knocking Mall Girl # 2 over in the process.

Deuce storms toward the *Cinnabon*.

LEN

No, D! Stop! Let's cut our food court losses while we still got *Wetzel's Pretzels*.

Deuce ignores Len. He cuts right in front of all the customers and is now face to face with the Cinnabon Girl.

DEUCE

There's something I gotta say.

Deuce stares her down now. She glares back, looks angry.

DEUCE

I love you, girl.

Deuce's visage and tone immediately change from mad to sweet.

Deuce runs over to a nearby food court table, stands on it.

DEUCE

(yelling)

Attention, distinguished food court employees and eaters! I'm in love with the Cinnabon Girl. She is sweeter than a thousand freshly baked and glazed hot rolls.

The Boys all watch Deuce's food court display, shocked.

BILLY

Lenny, get him down. Stat!

LEN

It's too late, B. He's gone off
grid. We can only watch him burn.

Back to Deuce, still on the table, letting it all out.

DEUCE

Now I messed up, by messing around.
And I'm sorry, girl. But I can't
get you off my mind. Gimme one more
chance, and I promise I'll stick to
you, and only you, like that white
sugar shit sticks to my hands when
I eat your sweet, sweet Cinnabons.

Silence. Everyone in the food court awaits her response.

Finally, the Cinnabon Girl jumps from behind the counter. She
runs to Deuce, steps up on the table...and kisses him.

Everyone in the food court CLAPS loudly.

LEN

I'll be damned. Guess you can fuck
the Cinnabon girl.

Zach stares at Deuce and the Cinnabon Girl, together, happy.

A bittersweet smile creeps across Zach's face.

INT. SARAH'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Dozens of dresses, shirts, pants and other clothes rest on a
clothing rack. Sarah stands next to them.

Sarah's INSTRUCTOR carefully examines her collection. He
studies her clothes, takes down notes.

SARAH

I've had a lot more free time
lately. Finally been able to focus
on my designs.

INSTRUCTOR

Then why do they suck?

Sarah's face drops. She's stunned by the harshness.

INSTRUCTOR

There is no passion in these designs. No power. If I wanted dull, dreary clothing with no story...I'd shop at Fred Segal.

The Instructor shakes his head.

INSTRUCTOR

I liked your stuff, Sarah. Your designs had emotion! So whatever was on your mind before, please, get it back before the showcase.

Sarah looks down at the ground, doesn't respond.

The Instructor grabs a vibrant dress from the clothing rack.

INSTRUCTOR

I'd like to take this one, however.
(beat)
I lost my *Sham-Wow*.

The Instructor leaves.

Sarah angrily flings her clothing rack to the ground.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach stares blankly ahead as Asian Twin # 1 kisses his neck.

She unbuttons his shirt. Zach raises his arms robotically.

Zach never takes his eyes off whatever it is he's staring at.

SPIN AROUND TO: Zach's closet. He's staring at a shirt, hanging in his closet. It's the shirt Sarah made for him.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah throws some of her shoes into a large box. Most of her stuff is packed up in several other boxes around her room.

She grabs a blank white t-shirt, the template for what was going to be a new design...and throws it in the trash.

MARY (O.S.)

Show some respect! Some Taiwanese girl got 17 cents to stitch that.

Sarah looks over, sees Mary in the doorway. She approaches.

MARY

So you may not pass your stupid fashion final. Just wing it and hope for the best. Like I do on home pregnancy tests.

SARAH

My clothes suck! My ideas are gone. I...I have nothing.

MARY

So sack up and call him already.

SARAH

It's not about him.

Mary stifles a LAUGH. Sarah's eyes furrow.

SARAH

Look, thanks for letting me stay here this summer, but I really don't need love advice from someone whose relationships end as soon as the buoyancy of her lime does.

Sarah turns away from Mary, resumes packing.

MARY

You like him, and that sucks. I'd be embarrassed too if I fell for a grenade. But at least stop denying it. Cause it's so obvious, even Lindsay picked up on it. And she's pretty much retarded.

Mary's cell RINGS. She looks at the caller ID, then answers.

MARY

Hey, Linds. Missed you girly.

Mary leaves the room. Sarah looks down, pensively.

INT. BILLY BODY GYM - DAY

POP! POP! POP! Billy punches his fists hard into some pads held up by Zach as he circles the octagon.

Zach then taps Billy lightly on the head with his pad.

BILLY

Stop hitting like Mom.

ZACH

Well, maybe this fight you can
avoid the Rocky Balboa defense of
blocking punches with your face!

POP! POP! POP! Billy throws another punch combo. Zach again
follows with a light hit on Billy's head with the pad.

Billy throws his hands in the air, frustrated.

BILLY

Oh for fuck's sake, what!?

Zach looks down, takes a deep breath to psyche himself up.

ZACH

I can't do this anymore.

(beat)

I need to...I...I quit the gym.

Billy shirks back, surprised.

BILLY

You can't quit. This is our place.

ZACH

It's yours. You started it. It's
not Zach body. It's Billy body.

Zach unfastens his boxing mitts. They fall to the canvas.

ZACH

I just...I need to find my own
thing. I mean, you have this, Deuce
has football. Len has anal
cream...what do I got?

BILLY

Me!

Zach looks away. Billy stares at him in disbelief.

BILLY

Jesus, Z. This isn't you talking.
It's that damn grenade. She
infected your head. Gave you...like
fucking...mental...herpes!

Billy turns away from Zach, mutters under his breath.

BILLY

You should thank me for breaking
you two up.

ZACH

What?

Billy bites his lip. He said it louder than he wanted.

ZACH

What did you just fucking say!?

BILLY

I said I broke you two up! I invited Britney and Sarah over.

Zach is stunned into silence. He just stares at Billy.

BILLY

You wouldn't listen to me, Z. So setting you up was the only way to set you free.

Zach's stare at Billy intensifies. His face muscles twitch.

BILLY

No need to thank me.

Zach lets out an unearthly, primal YELL. He charges Billy. WHAM! A perfect form tackle. Zach takes Billy to the ground.

Billy calmly hooks Zach's left arm, and his left leg. They roll. Now, Billy is on top of Zach. An easy reversal.

BILLY

Calm down, before you get hurt.

Zach throws an elbow from the bottom. WHAM! It hits Billy right between the eyes. Billy is dazed. Zach shoves him off.

Back by the gym entrance, Deuce enters with the Cinnabon Girl and Len. They see Zach and Billy fighting.

DEUCE

Oh shit! Should we break em up?

LEN

Nah. They're brothers. They won't hurt each other.

Zach grabs the wooden stool in the corner of the octagon, holds it up...and YELLS as charges Billy with it.

Len and Deuce look at each other...then hustle to the cage.

Billy tackles Zach down, gets on top of him again.

ZACH

Did you ever think that maybe, just maybe, I can make my own decisions?

BILLY

No. Cause look who you decided on.

Zach YELLS again. He uses all his strength and bucks his hips up. Billy flies off him. They both stand up.

Zach scrambles, grabs onto Billy's back and wraps his arms around Billy's neck. Zach locks on a choke hold.

Deuce and Len stare in awe. Zach finally beat Billy.

BILLY

I tap. Uncle. Uncle!

Billy taps Zach's arm, gives up. Zach keeps squeezing.

BILLY

Aunt?

ZACH

Why couldn't you mind your own fucking business!?

BILLY

Brrr crr shrr d...

DEUCE

He can't answer without circulation, Z.

Zach lets go of Billy and stands up. Billy rolls over to his knees, rubs his neck, COUGHS for air.

BILLY

You're all I have, Zach. I need you to be happy!

(beat)

Cause I'll never be.

Zach shoots his brother a confused look.

BILLY

I try, Z. I try to care about the girls I fuck. But the next morning...nothing. I'm still waiting for my vaginal Holy Grail. The one bitch that'll make me wanna give up all the others. But it won't happen!

Billy rises to his feet, slowly, rubs his neck.

BILLY

And my clock is fucking approaching midnight, bro. In a few years, I'll be the creepy blue drink, sports jacket guy. Hoping, praying I can pull some 23 year old drunken tail.

LEN

Nah, man. We'll put you outta your misery before then.

BILLY

I got the looks in the fam, Z. But you got the feelings. You're the one that can actually settle down and shit. So I'm gonna have to live and feel all that through you.

Billy lets out a deep breath, looks Zach square in the eyes.

BILLY

Which means you need to have the hottest wife possible!

Zach runs his hands through his hair, takes this all in.

BILLY

And Sarah, bro...I mean...really?

ZACH

Yes!

BILLY

Why?

ZACH

Because I like myself better when I'm with her then I do when I'm with you!

Billy shirks back. That hurt.

BILLY

But...but I made you awesome.

ZACH

No. You made me into a douchebag!

Billy GASPS, offended. He turns to Len, Deuce and the Cinnabon girl. They all nod in agreement with Zach.

BILLY
 Don't worry, then. If Sarah's your
 "one", it'll work itself out.

ZACH
 No! It won't! Love takes work. It
 is not unfuckable. I fucked it up
 quite easily.

Zach runs his hands through his hair.

ZACH
 Billy, get the truck. We're going.

BILLY
 Whoa, how bout instead we just---

ZACH
 Go get your fucking truck!

BILLY
 Yes, sir.

Billy runs from the cage.

INT. BILLY'S TRUCK - DAY

Billy drives as Zach squirms impatiently in the front seat.

In the back, Len, Deuce and the Cinnabon Girl all sit,
 cramped together.

ZACH
 Why can't you go faster?

BILLY
 Cause it's a Ford!

Zach looks around the floor of the car.

ZACH
 I gotta figure out what to say to
 her. Gimme something to write with.

Billy pops open the glove box, A bunch of items pour out.

BILLY
 Check here. It's where I keep all
 the shit chicks leave in my car.

Zach looks through all the stuff. No pen, but he spots
 something that'll work: a tube of pink glitter lip gloss.

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - DAY

Sarah stares, blankly, from behind the wheel of a U-Haul truck. Several boxes of her stuff lie in the passenger seat.

She takes a deep breath...and then turns the ignition.

EXT. MARY'S PLACE - DAY

The U-haul sits in Mary's driveway. Sarah slowly starts to back it out when... SCREECH! Billy's truck zooms into frame.

The truck stops, blocking Sarah's U-Haul from leaving.

Sarah rolls down her window, sees Billy driving the truck.

SARAH
Move, jackass!

BILLY
Can't. Zach's in charge now.

Zach exits the car and runs over toward the U-Haul.

SARAH
Zach....

ZACH
Just listen to what I have to say.
I wrote it down so I'd remember.

Zach's arms are covered in smeared sparkly lip gloss.

ZACH
Okay, it's kinda hot, so it all ran
together. I can't really read but
there's something here about
respect. And not being a douchebag.

MARY (O.S.)
What the fuck!?

Zach looks to the front door of the house. Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa all come outside to see what's going on.

MARY
Uh oh. I'll go call animal control.

BILLY
Please do. It's about time your dog
face is put down.

Billy steps out of his truck along with Len, Deuce and the Cinnabon Girl. It's a battle of the sexes showdown.

ZACH

Sarah, I'm done listening to Billy.
I just wanna be me...with you.

MARY

Rule of thumb, Sare. Don't ever
listen to a guy wearing *Ed Hardy*.

BILLY

Like she'll take fashion tips from
a girl whose roots are so blatant,
Marlee Matlin could see them.

ALYSSA

Marlee Matlin is deaf, not blind,
fuckhead.

ZACH

So, please, just get out of the
truck and give me a chance.

DEUCE

Let love bloom, Sarah!

Lindsay looks at the Cinnabon Girl.

LINDSAY

Are you guys bringing back the
Dutch creme swirl soon?

CINNABON GIRL

Next month. I have coupons.

The Cinnabon Girl reaches into her pocket for the coupon.
Lindsay excitedly skips over to her.

SARAH

Move your car, Zach.

ZACH

No!

MARY

Girls, slash their tires!

BILLY

Aren't you sick of flat things?

Billy stares at Mary and mockingly rubs his chest.

Meantime, Alyssa, stares intently at Len.

ALYSSA

Wait a minute, aren't you...

LEN

Yes! I'm the ass creme guy. Have a laugh. But the 'roids aren't funny.

ALYSSA

I know your pain. Two years ago, I was the *Valtrex* girl.

Len stops, stares at Alyssa. She stares back. He smiles.

LEN

You were. Big fan of your work.

Len and Alyssa's eyes remain locked. Two kindred souls.

The Cinnabon Girl is showing Deuce and Lindsay the new online cinnamon roll catalog on her iPhone.

Mary and Billy are still YELLING at each other.

ZACH

Guys, please. I can't hear---

VROOM! The roar of the U-Haul engine quiets everyone.

Sarah cranks the wheel and drives over Mary's lawn and then over the curb to get around Billy's truck.

Sarah hits the road and drives away. Everyone is stunned. Especially Zach. He runs after the U-Haul.

It's a residential area, so Sarah is not going very fast. But even at full speed, Zach can't catch up.

ZACH

Sarah, stop. Just listen, just---

Sarah stops at a stop sign in the neighborhood. Zach quickly veers to avoid smacking into the truck himself.

He grabs onto the side view mirror and lifts himself up onto the runners of the U-Haul as Sarah hits the gas again.

Zach is now face to face with Sarah through the driver's side window. He's outside the U-Haul, she's still driving.

ZACH

Can you stop the truck?

SARAH

Nope. And don't scratch anything.
Or you owe me a 75 buck deposit.

Sarah drives a little faster. Going 25 MPH now.

ZACH

Fine. This is perfect actually.
Cause I wanna prove myself. I wanna
prove I'm committed.

Zach looks down. The ground is moving pretty fast.

ZACH

Remember what you said?
Relationships aren't supposed to be
easy. They drive you insane. Well,
we have arrived at psychosis.

SARAH

We're done, Zach.

ZACH

No! I'm not. I wanna be with you,
Sarah. I stood up to Billy finally.
Totally choked him out!

Sarah hits the radio, tries to drown out Zach.

ZACH

And I told him...it's you. I wanna
be with you. And I don't care how
hard it is. Or how much it hurts.

Sarah's eyes start to well up.

ZACH

I'm not going anywhere, Sarah,
until we're both happy...or you get
a restraining order.

Sarah grips the wheel tighter.

SARAH

Just let me go.

ZACH

No. Now, I can't promise I won't
hurt you. I'm a guy, which means I
can pretty much guarantee that I
WILL fuck things up. But I won't
run away. I won't ever leave you
without un-fucking them up.

A tear rolls down Sarah's cheek.

ZACH
 You were never the grenade in this
 relationship, Sarah, I was. So
 please...jump on me again!

Tears erupt from Sarah's eyes now.

ZACH
 Give us a chance. Stop running.

Sarah still won't stop the U-Haul.

ZACH
 Stop running, Sarah. Stop---

SCREECH! Sarah slams on the brakes. With his left hand still
 secure on the mirror handle, Zach's back SLAMS against the
 side of the truck.

ZACH
 Stop...stopping!

Zach falls down to the ground, GROANS in pain.

TIGHT ON: Sarah, opening the U-Haul door to check on Zach.
 She hops out and then stares at Zach on the ground.

Sarah smiles as she stares at Zach's writhing body.

SARAH
 I love you too.

SPIN AROUND TO: Zach, from Sarah's perspective. The front of
 Zach's shirt is now torn open from his fall.

Written in pink sparkly lip gloss on Zach's chest are the
 words: I Love You!

Sarah helps Zach up. He GROANS even more.

ZACH
 Have you seen a molar?

Sarah pulls Zach toward her, kisses him, longer and more
 passionately than they've ever kissed before.

They finally pull away, stare in each other's eyes.

ZACH
 Your fashion show final. Why were
 you leaving if it's today?

SARAH

I wasn't gonna go. I mean, I have all my designs ready. Just...never booked any models.

Zach and Sarah think...then both look back at Mary's place.

INT. FASHION SHOW AUDITORIUM - DAY

Deuce and the Cinnabon Girl both strut down the catwalk, wearing some of Sarah's eclectic designs.

They are followed by Mary and Lindsay, in vintage looking early 80's punk dresses.

Behind them, Len and Alyssa, now holding hands. Someone from the crowd yells when they hit the edge of the catwalk.

GUY FROM CROWD (O.S.)

Go ass cream! Go *Valtrex!*

Len and Alyssa both angrily sneer at the guy. They jump into the crowd after him. Security guards rush in.

INT. FASHION SHOW AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Billy looks pissed as he stares at Zach and Sarah.

BILLY

If I do this...I get a pardon on all the shit I did.

SARAH

Agreed.

Billy exhales, looks at Zach.

ZACH

Hey. Pink is the new white.

BILLY

Pink is the old gay.

Pull out to reveal: Zach and Billy, both wearing two of Sarah's vibrant pink dresses. They look ridiculous.

They both head out toward the catwalk together.

Sarah watches them go, a huge smile on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUB MI-6 - NIGHT

The Boys hang out in the same booth as the beginning.

Just like before, Billy holds court. But this time, Deuce is with the Cinnabon Girl. Len is with Alyssa.

And Zach...is with Sarah.

BILLY

So she's stroking me and then she switches to the tea-bag. Boom goes the dynamite. I explode, like a *Twinkie* in a microwave.

Everyone LAUGHS. Sarah shakes her head with a smile.

BILLY

She takes it all in her mouth. All is well. Until she spits. Spits it out. Like I'm not even there. My passion, my dreams, my little me's...dying, in a puddle on the floor.

Billy shakes his head, seriously offended.

Suddenly, Mary and Lindsay walk up to the table. Mary slugs Billy in the arm.

MARY

Found a car salesman with bottle service. He's paying out. But I need someone to occupy his sister.

Mary points over to the table. Next to the Car Salesman is his Sister. She's hideous. Total Grenade.

SARAH

Ooh! That's a grenade jump, Billy.

BILLY

Sarah! Haven't we all learned the importance of not judging others till you meet them?

Billy stands up.

BILLY

I'm gonna go talk to this girl, enjoy her company. And who knows, maybe there'll be a spark.

SARAH

Wow, Billy. You're right. Good for you!

Billy leans over to Zach and points over to the Car Salesman's Sister. Billy whispers.

BILLY

Check out that grenade's back tat,
Z. Butt sex, baby!

Zach smiles. He bumps fists with Billy.

Billy head over to the other table with Mary and Lindsay.

Zach turns to Sarah. Next to them, Deuce and the Cinnabon Girl and Len and Alyssa are both making out furiously.

Zach smiles, looks into Sarah's eyes.

ZACH

Thanks for not running.

Pan down to Zach's shirt. It now says: *"I love you."*

SARAH

Thanks for running after me.

Sarah's shirt: *"Yep. We can fuck tonight."*

Zach and Sarah kiss. A nice long romantic pullout...until some Hot Girls come running by, looking scared.

A few seconds later, Deepak creepily dances into frame after them, holding a blue drink in each hand.

FADE TO BLACK.