

THE GRENADE

by

Patrick Andrew O'Connor

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

Registered: WGAw

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INT. BROOKING FAMILY HOME- DAY

1999- SHERMAN OAKS, CA (OKAY...VAN NUYS, CA)

17 YEAR OLD BILLY BROOKING, with frosted blonde hair tips, is 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 sob.

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 16, 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 front yard. Zach follows behind them, running.

Billy picks Greg up, drapes him over a tree branch and then yanks down Greg's pants, revealing Greg's 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 little
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.

Billy offers Zach a reassuring pat on the arm. Zach smiles.

FLASH TO:

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

2009. HOLLYWOOD (OKAY...NORTH HOLLYWOOD)

Quick Montage of the boys getting ready: Billy, 27, turning 22 year old Zach Oompa Loompa orange with spray-on tanner.

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

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

Billy, overusing his *Axe Body Spray*...then spraying Zach.

The ritual is complete. Billy looks at Zach, his mini-me douchebag clone. Zach and Billy both nod. It's go time.

INT. CLUB MI-6 - NIGHT

Billy holds court in a corner booth at the club. His hair styled to look messy. Muscle noticeable under his clothes.

BILLY

Then she pulls my dick from her throat, looks up and asks, "wanna cum in my mouth or on my face?"

The guy sitting next to Billy, LEN BURMAN, laughs. Len is stylish, charming and sexy in a Seth Rogen-esque way.

BILLY

But says it so la-di-da, like she's asking if I want paper or plastic.

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

DEUCE

Face. Give her the Colonel Sanders.

BILLY

Skin or swim, a tough choice to be sure. So with blast-off eminent, I look down at her and say---

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, very fat 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

She weighs 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 coolly chats it up with the Blonde he just saw. Len and Deuce are hitting it off with their girls as well.

Meantime, Zach sees his Grenade Girl devour a chicken wing, her face covered in barbecue sauce as 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

You were telling me bout *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. Zach stops, smiles.

ZACH
 Britney! Hi, you look gre---

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

DRUNKEN GRENADE GIRL
 I was promised *Hot Pockets!*

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 him 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 na---

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

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

She covers her mouth, stumbles toward 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

Zach opens the bathroom door. Drunken Grenade Girl is passed out, her head resting on the toilet seat.

Zach turns around, grabs his pillow and blanket from his bed.

Zach lifts the Girl's head up from the toilet seat and places the pillow underneath. He then covers her with the blanket.

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

EXT. HOLLYWOOD 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
Women now only need men for three things: buying drinks, grilling meat and hanging Christmas lights.

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

Over to the fourth member of the 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's pierced, she wears Converse. Her body reveals a diet that doesn't rely on reading food labels before eating.

SARAH
I came out here to get away from men. Can't we do a girls night out?

They arrive at the front door of Club STK. Sarah enters.

LINDSAY
WTF!?! Is your cousin, like, lesbo?

ALYSSA
If I have to buy my own cosmo...

MARY
Chillax! Just direct all the losers
that hit on you to Sarah. She'll
be, like...our ugly dude kiosk.

INT. CLUB STK - 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 an 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
Kinda want to dance alone. Sorry!

Frat Boy # 3 doesn't move. Sarah shimmies left. He does too.
Sarah goes right, so does he. She spins. He does too.

Sarah finally storms off the dance floor in frustration.

INT. EXTREME FITNESS GYM - DAY

WHAM! Billy is hit with a punch. He drops to the canvas.

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

DEUCE
No worries, Billy. You're good.

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

DEUCE
Still good.

WHAM! Billy is hit with yet another punch.

DEUCE
Move before he fucking kills you!

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

Zach hops up into the cage along with a TRAINER as Billy hobbles over to his corner, plops down on a stool.

BILLY
I can't move. Think I pulled my groin. Zachy, take care of it.

Zach furrows his eyes, disgusted at the suggestion.

TRAINER
Dammit, Zach, he needs to move!

Zach closes his eyes, cringes. He reaches in between Billy's legs...and begins massaging his brother's groin.

Billy moans in relief. DING! The bell rings again. Billy stands, rushes forward. The other Fighter attacks.

Like last round, Billy gets pummelled. Punches, kicks, knees.

Billy's got enough energy left for one 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 not moving. He's out.

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

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Billy lies on a bench. Ice packs all over him. Zach, Deuce and Len barge into the locker room.

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

Billy smiles, satisfied.

Deuce then drops a magazine on Billy's stomach.

DEUCE

Page 44. Guess who's the top ranked strong safety in the NCAA?

Deuce smiles cockily. He bumps fists with Billy.

DEUCE

Tell em your big news, Lenny.

LEN

Booked a national spot. For *Preparation H*.

BILLY

The...elderly asshole cream?

LEN

Yeah, but it's *Prep H Sport*. Going for a younger demo. The 'roids aren't just for fogies anymore.

ZACH

Well, I just found a new urinal cake vendor for the 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

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, Deuce and Len all look at each other. It's as if Zach just asked for help moving. Billy finally clears his throat.

BILLY

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

DEUCE

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

ZACH

I can talk to her. It's just, I mean, if I get heisman-ed by a neighbor...might be hard to---

BILLY

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

Billy sits up, the ice bags fall off his body.

BILLY

Til your introduction to insertion time with a bar chick is under an hour...you're on grenade duty. For the good of the unit. Our units!

Deuce and Len nod. Zach turns away to leave, defeated.

BILLY

Wait! Zachy?

Zach stops. Excitedly turns 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, Indian dude.

DEEPAK

Deepak on poon patrol. You in?

BILLY

Not ever gonna happen, Deepak.

Deepak leaves. The elevator doors open. Inside the elevator 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.

The words "nice guy" echo. The hallway spins. Vertigo to Zach

Britney now sounds like the adults from a Charlie Brown cartoon.

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
Was Deepak still near you? That
fucker's the CB: the cockblocker.

Zach shakes his head. He scans the club. Girls everywhere.

ZACH
I can do this. I can do this.
(beat)
How do I do this?

DEUCE
Do what I do. 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 still doesn't respond. Keeps with the pensive face. He intensifies it...straining his facial muscles.

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

The people in line rush into action. Zach is taken down to the ground. A Fat Male begins mouth-to-mouth.

FLASH TO:

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

LEN
Make yourself stand out, Z. Jokes, magic. Use the charm like I do.

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.

FLASH TO:

Zach, arms crossed, shot down again. Len pats his shoulder.

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
Relax. Just not buying it retail.
Take off 10 percent, and, 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 at the bar with Billy and Len.

Deuce and Zach walk up. Billy puts his arm around Zach.

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 lower. His face drops.

BILLY

Sorry, Z. Grenades like that are why you gotta start drinking. A lil beer goggle action...it helps.

LEN

For that girl, he needs beer Lasek.

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

Sarah doodles on a napkin as Zach plays iPhone golf. He looks up, then over at Sarah. Zach reluctantly speaks.

ZACH

Want a drink or something?

SARAH

Don't drink.

Zach looks at her, pleasantly surprised. He nods.

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 leans over, curious, sneaks a peek. Sarah has drawn some clothes, a guy's 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 stares at the image, smiles. Sarah's design is an improvement over what the Clubgoer is currently wearing.

ZACH

Nice. But I'd stick him in a cotton T. He can't pull off microfibers.

Sarah looks over at Zach now, surprised at the lingo usage.

ZACH

My brother's a metro.

Sarah CHUCKLES. She hands her pen and a napkin to Zach.

SARAH

Let's see what you got then.

Zach shrugs, begins to scribble something on the napkin.

Zach finishes, holds his napkin up in front of a Female Clubgoer standing in the foreground.

Sarah looks over at Zach's design. He drew a woman's naked body, big boobs and all. Sarah smirks.

SARAH

Birthday suits after Labor Day?

Sarah shakes her head. Zach CHUCKLES. He extends his hand.

ZACH

I'm Zach.

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

SARAH

You're cool. But no need to get cordial. I know your mission ends at last call Mr. Grenade Jumper!

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

ZACH

Gre...nade?

SARAH

I mean, doesn't it get tiring hanging with the *Entourage* b team?

ZACH

This is tame. They usually try to get girls to kiss each other.

SARAH

Ahh. My cousin Mary may take them up on that. She's the one with her tongue down your friend's throat.

Sarah points to Mary, making out with Deuce.

ZACH

Ahh. That's Deuce, Len and my big bro, Billy. He's the one trying to finger-bang your blonde friend.

Sarah looks over. Lindsay slaps Billy's hand from her legs.

SARAH

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

Sarah winks. Zach smiles as she leaves the table.

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.

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 smirks at the description. It's spot-on.

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

ZACH

I think there's a creepy-blue-drink-sports-jacket-club. They meet nightly at 6 and divvy assignments. Frank, you take the Valley. George, the Westside. Deepak...Hollywood.

Sarah smiles, stares at Zach. Finally, she offers her hand

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...I'm not 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

I'm not really looking to date.

ZACH

We don't have to...date.

Zach raises his eyebrows and smirks.

SARAH

Not looking to do THAT either.

Sarah resumes walking, arrives at her car. Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa are all busy puking in the bushes near her hood.

Zach sees the girls, shrugs, turns to Sarah. Silence. He has no idea what to say. Finally, Zach throws up his hands.

ZACH

Well, I guess...good luck with the design stuff then. Maybe you can create something to help Deepak.

Sarah watches Zach go, bites her lip, finally exhales.

SARAH

555-3613.

Sarah's face cringes, conflicted. Zach takes out his phone.

SARAH

3612. Yeah. I mean...3612.

Sarah looks down, shakes her head. Zach plugs in her number.

Suddenly, Billy staggers into frame and yanks Zach away.

BILLY

Bravo, soldier! Purple Heart for that shit. We need to, like, name an elementary school after you now.

Zach smiles as Billy leads Zach back to Len and Deuce.

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.

DEUCE

You can't fuck her mind, bro.

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

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

Billy plows inside, the Club Girl straddled around him. They make out vigorously, as Zach nonchalantly enters behind them.

ZACH

B, am I the grenade of our group?

Billy stops kissing the girl, looks at Zach.

BILLY

Never! And if anyone but me calls you that, I'll knock em out. Chicks will soon be begging for your man meat. Like it's 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 LAUGH on the couch. They all start clapping for Sarah, sitting in a love seat.

ALYSSA

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

LINDSAY

Did I see you give him your number?

Mary and Alyssa gasp. They quickly stare at Sarah.

SARAH

Not...not my real one.

Sarah looks down guiltily. She stares at a crumpled up paper in her hands: It's Zach's napkin drawing of a nude girl.

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

You guys go. I'll observe. When I'm
ready, I'll act as your wingman. If
Billy sees I can drink your 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 you need, a tail gunner!

Deuce points into the food court. Billy talks with a Cute Girl while Len now chats with her 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 by *La Salsa*, the boys watch as Zach gets shot down.

LEN

Help him! Z's got Atari game!

BILLY

No! It's like they say: gotta learn how to fuck before you can walk.

INT. BILLY'S PICK UP TRUCK - DAY

Billy drives. Next to him, Zach stares at an empty *Patron* bottle by his feet. He smirks, pensively. Billy notices.

BILLY
Stop man-struating! What?

ZACH
Nothing. Just...there's this girl.
How do I get her off my mind?

BILLY
You close the night you meet em!
Cuz in the morning, your little
"connection," it fucking resets.
(beat)
This about Britney?

ZACH
Uhhh, yeah. Britney. Yep.

BILLY
Stop trying to date every girl you
meet. 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 not 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 id.

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
Whoa! 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 would
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, you want off grenade duty? Bag
and tag one of these bitches.

Zach scans the bar. From his viewpoint, the room turns infrared, like he's The Terminator. He spots a Hot Girl.

From Zach's viewpoint, words appear above the hottie:
"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 at 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, I hear that girl at the bar
is a big fan of your jacket.

Deepak looks over to the bar, sees a Drunk Girl,
standing...and asleep. Deepak bolts toward her.

Once Deepak leaves, Sarah bows to Zach in thanks.

ZACH
 Yes, yes, I repel people. It is my
 gift. It is my curse.

They stare at each other...then 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. I wanted to give you my
 number. But, right now...I can't.

ZACH
 Right. Cause your number was fake.

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

ZACH
 Look, you don't have to worry about
 me breaking 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 through her purse, pulls out some red lipstick.

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'm concerned with how chummy
you looked with that grenade.

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

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

Pockets. Empty them.

Zach empties his pockets. 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 red lipstick, is Sarah's number. He dials it.

A Filipino-sounding woman answers on the other end.

FILIPENO 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, another 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 *Prep H Sport*.

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

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

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

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

On the TV, Len and Greg smile lamely. The TV image freezes on their smiles, like an old *Mentos* commercial.

Back out to Len, Billy and Deuce.

LEN
So...whaddya think?

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, reaches it under his shirt and sprays.

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

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

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 that 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 guys even going to dinner?

Zach looks confused, unsure of the question.

ALYSSA

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...like Sarah.

LINDSAY

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 figure you can buy your way into her pants with dinner and bad gifts instead. Classy.

MARY
Treat all girls like hookers, Zach?

Sarah enters from her bedroom.

SARAH
You ready?

ZACH
Jesus, yes!

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

MARY
He seemed nice.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER- RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Zach sits alone at a table, eyes closed, talking to himself.

ZACH
You will close tonight. You will
score. You will bend her over and
give her your lovin again and again
til she's wetter than an Italian in
humidity. Then you'll spank that---

Sarah suddenly sits back down at the table.

ZACH
---and hello. Here's your *Sprite*.

Zach awkwardly hands her the drink. Sarah opens her menu.

ZACH
The waitress recommended the
California rolls and spicy tuna.

SARAH
Hate seafood. Won'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
Cuz I thought all chicks ate sushi.
It's like your guys' *Slim Jims*.

Zach sips his soft drink.

SARAH

You thought it would get you laid.

Zach chokes on his drink, coughs, spits some up.

ZACH

Please. I don't even kiss on the first date.

Sarah nods, impressed. She looks down again at her menu.

Zach mouths the word "motherfucker" and hits his forehead.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER- NIGHT

Zach walks with Sarah. She eats a churro.

SARAH

Mexican. A much safer choice.

Zach smirks. 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 meant 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 one of us has to grenade 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, eeeny
 meeny miney moe!

Moe lands on Deuce.

DEUCE

Fucking moe!

The guys turn back to the table. Three Other Guys have
 already rolled in and are talking to the Girls...including
 one who is occupying the grenade.

Billy, Len and Deuce all stand there, staring dumbfounded in
 defeat. 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 and Sarah stare at Zach's apartment building from the
 sidewalk. The giant teddy bear rests at their feet.

ZACH

Come up. We have *Hot Pockets*.

SARAH

Tempting. But I need to go home.

Sarah rubs her hands along her arms, warms herself.

ZACH

You cold? Need a jacket? Cause I
 have one. Upstairs. In my room.

Zach moves behind Sarah, starts to rub her shoulders.

ZACH

Come up, and I'll show you why they
 say I give the best shoulder
 massages west of the Mississippi.

SARAH

Zach...we're not fucking.

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

And 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.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah frantically opens her front door. Zach is 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...

ZACH
Stop! I get it.

Zach turns, walks away, stops. He looks back at Sarah.

ZACH
Sorry your ex fucked you over. But
what'd he 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
He taught me not to waste my time
on shit that'll just make you
miserable in the end. Like men.

Sarah turns away again, walks back to the door.

ZACH
Okay! You're here for your career.
I can dig. So let me help you.

Zach runs in front of Sarah, blocks her from going inside.

ZACH
Please! It won't be a date. But all
great fashion designers need
assistants. I'll be yours. Like an
intern. And like all interns, you
can totally fuck me!

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: it's Zach.

Sarah peers back, looks at her dress design up and down. Zach fixes the top. He looks ridiculous.

ZACH

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

Sarah stands. Her eyes lock with Zach's. She looks at him, in the dress. She smiles and kisses him on the cheek in thanks.

Sarah and Zach's faces are close now, she stares at him.

Sarah leans forward, toward Zach's lips. He moves toward her. Their lips inch closer...until Sarah jerks away.

SARAH

I...I can't.

But Sarah doesn't move. Finally, Zach leans in again, kisses Sarah. This time, she doesn't resist.

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

The dress sags off Zach's body, exposing his hairy nipple. The mood is killed. Sarah finally pushes Zach away.

SARAH

We're not fucking tonight either.

Zach lets out a distressed breath. He grabs the dress strap, puts it 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

Well, did ya ever think that maybe fate brought us together so I could be the rebound guy you nail to get over him? Cause I have no problem being that guy. Please, Sarah. Let me be that guy!

Sarah looks away. She shakes her head.

ZACH

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

Sarah looks away uncomfortably.

SARAH

Yes! I'm interested in you.

ZACH

Then what's the fucking problem!?

SARAH

Right now, I'm not interested in being interested in you.

Zach shirks back, takes that in. He then turns and saunters out of the room, in his dress and high 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 down Sarah's driveway, heads toward his car. He drops both dress straps. The dress falls to the pavement.

Zach is now only in his boxer shorts.

Sarah runs outside, with Zach's 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

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.

(MORE)

ZACH (cont'd)
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. Her 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.

DEUCE
This is a bad fucking idea!

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

LEN
Where the fuck is Zach?

BILLY
Says he's getting clothes.

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

LEN
D is right, Billy. Bad 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. Both EXOTIC-LOOKING BEAUTIES.

EXOTIC-LOOKING BEAUTY # 1

You'll hook me up with your agent?

LEN

Sure. Roll back home with us and we can talk about your...demo reel.

The Exotic-Looking Beauty enthusiastically nods. Len smiles. He and Deuce bump fists. Things are looking...sextacular.

Suddenly, Deepak weasels his way in between all the girls.

DEEPAK

Which one of you bitches wants Deepak's jizzy?

Deepak salutes the girls with his blue drink. The Girls all look at him, 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. Deepak follows after them.

Deuce and Len angrily turn to Billy.

DEUCE

Dude even blocks his own cock!

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

Cheese always puts me in a food coma. And gives me gas.

ZACH

Me too! Man, we dislike all the same shit. Seafood, alcohol, sports jackets. Lactose.

SARAH

Great minds hate alike.

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 good 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 toward her boobs.

But the second Zach reaches her blouse, Sarah grabs his hands, moves them back up to her arms.

Zach lays there with her for a moment. He kisses her neck again. She turns back toward him, now their lips touch.

Zach and Sarah start making out. He moves his hands, down this time, slowly, toward her ass.

Zach passes her pelvis. He tries to reach in under her jeans and grab her butt. Once again, Sarah grabs his hands.

She rolls away from Zach, with his hands, and places them on her stomach. She curls up. Zach looks up, frustrated.

Zach gets antsy. He looks over, Sarah has her eyes shut.

Zach moves his hands toward Sarah's crotch. No resistance.

Zach raises his head up, smirking, pleasantly surprised.

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!

Sarah releases her legs, Zach pulls his hands free, shakes them out, grimacing in pain.

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

SARAH

I should go. I can call a cab.

Zach stands up in front of her.

ZACH

No. No. We don't have to do anything. Just stay. Please.

Zach smiles, cheesily. He runs his fingers through her hair.

ZACH

Cause I'd gladly stay awake all night...just to watch you sleeping.

CUT TO:

The Next Morning. Zach SNORES loudly, sound asleep. He stirs, pops up in bed. He looks over, Sarah is gone.

ZACH

Motherfucker!

Suddenly, Zach's door opens. It startles Zach. He gets tangled in the sheets and falls to his floor.

Billy walks in, sees his brother on the floor, wrapped up in his sheets, half clothed.

BILLY

I told you. None of that asphyxiation shit. Just schwack it to Katie Couric like a normal dude.

Zach gets up, sits on the edge of his bed.

BILLY

Listen, got a bitch in my room and she's dryer than a camel's cunt. I'm outta lube. Will this work?

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

ZACH

Olive oil'd be better. And it's good for her. 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. 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

Oh, Zach. Lies make baby Jesus cry.

Zach relents, sits back down.

BILLY

But seriously, you have a bitch over? Who? Where'd ya meet her? Why aren't I fucking one of her friends right now? Wait, how could you meet a girl without me? What the fuck!? Is it that god 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's room. Zach lets out a big sigh of relief.

Two seconds later, Billy suddenly returns.

BILLY

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

ZACH

Uhhh...it's...it's homeopathic. Yeah. Homeopathic pheromone stuff. Like how *Ritalin* makes normal people schizo, but when you give it to a hyphy kid he calms down.

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: "*Had a great time last night. Thanks for the help. 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! Slower!

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

The bed shakes more vigorously as Zach crawls toward Billy's laptop. He discreetly grabs it, brings it down to the floor.

SEXY GIRL (O.S.)
Little faster.

The bed really shakes now. 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 rolls for cover, 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. Zach slips on the olive oil. WHAM! His face hits the floor.

The mattress is really shaking now. The Sexy Girl SCREAMS in pleasure. Billy lets out an animalistic GRUNT too.

BILLY (O.S.)
Yahtzee!

Zach shivers in disgust when, WHAP! Something flies off the bed and lands right on 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, right in front of the girl. She is taken back, surprised.

DEUCE

What up, beautiful?

BLACK GIRL

Scram skeeze.

She motions for Deuce to leave. He shirks back, dumbfounded. She motions again, more forcefully, for Deuce to go.

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 to her as Deuce follows after him. 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 would say if I were
 eight. And at a birthday party.

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

LEN
 What just happened?

Deuce approaches the *La Salsa* Girl. She shakes her head.

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
 Did you fuck the Cinnabon Girl?

Deuce looks down, ashamed. Len throws his arms up, 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, turns
 the shirt around. It reads: "Grenade Jumper."

ZACH

That what you think I'm thinking?
If only you could create a line of
shirts that display what people
really mean when they say things.
Like if I say, "No, you don't look
fat," my shirt would read, "I'm
fucking your skinnier friend."

SARAH

That's a great idea.

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

Zach and Sarah begin walking side by side through the mall.

ZACH

So what are you doing tonight?

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

Well, maybe we can do something low
key. *Netflix?*

Zach's shirt: *"Wanna come over and fuck?"*

SARAH

Maybe.

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

ZACH

I gotta use the bathroom.

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

Zach takes a step toward the mall's Men's room. WHAM!, Zach runs right into someone.

Zach looks up. The person he ran into...is Deuce. Zach shirks back, surprised.

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

LEN
You're...you're with a grenade?

DEUCE
Bro! She has a name.
(beat)
Sweetie, what's your name?

ZACH
Uhh, guys, you know my FRIEND,
Sarah. Sarah, Len and Deuce again.

Awkward smiles all around. Zach turns to Sarah.

ZACH
I'll be right back.

Zach pulls Deuce and Len a few feet away.

ZACH
It's not what it looks like. Not
trying to date her. Just fuck her.

LEN
You don't work it for ugly chicks.
That's like getting a student loan
for your GED. Bad investment!

Zach looks back at Sarah. He smiles, turns back to his boys.

ZACH
Listen, I don't wanna grenade jump
the rest of my life. But I can't
start pulling bar skanks like you,
without a few notches under my belt
first. I gotta log some field time.

Len and Deuce look at each other. Not convinced.

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
No. I was a Freshman All-American.

ZACH
Well, fuck you for fucking up my
analogy!

Sarah watches the boys talk. She does not look happy.

DEUCE

Just hit it and quit it quickly with this bitch, Z. Fuck fugly's too much and you get a 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. I'll handle him later.

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: *"Screw you, asshole."*

INT. EVOLVE POLE DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Dozens of stripper poles stand in a large aerobics room. It's a pole-dancing workout class.

Sarah stares at the poles, in wonder. Next to her are Mary and Alyssa, in bras, underwear and heeled stripper shoes.

Sarah wears an oversized t-shirt, cutoff sweats and *Keds*.

MARY

It's a killer core workout.

ALYSSA

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 rest of the class walk around their poles to warm up. Sarah follows suit.

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

SARAH

Where's Lindsay?

MARY

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 suddenly tiptoes up to the girls.

ALYSSA

Linds! What's up sexy bitch?

MARY

Missed you. Mean it.

Mary, Lindsay and Alyssa all hug. The girls then in unison get back into the groove of class, jumping on their poles.

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

Then Sarah, in the same position, briefly. Her legs tremble and she falls off the pole. THUD! She plops onto the ground.

MARY

Squeeze more with your legs. Like you're straddling your boyfriend.

SARAH

Zach's not my...he's a dick.

LINDSAY

If you care enough to think he's a dick...then you obviously like him.

ALYSSA

Here's the test. Imagine Zach fucking another girl. If it makes you go "grrr!" instead of "ehhh," he's your boyfriend.

FLASH TO:

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach, 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!

FLASH TO:

Back to Reality. Sarah shakes the image out of her head.

She grabs the pole to try and clear her mind. Sarah pulls herself up, wraps her legs around it, hangs upside down.

Sarah squeezes her legs with all her might. Her face strains. Sarah's sweats 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 stands 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- "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. But there is no reply from Sarah.

Zach's face contorts. He looks a little surprised.

INT. EXTREME FITNESS GYM - DAY

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

Zach exhales, frustrated, looks away from his phone. Finally he lunges for it, checks again. Still no return message.

INT. EXTREME FITNESS GYM - OCTAGON CAGE - DAY

Zach has some 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.

Zach reaches for his phone, gets his fingers on it when WHAM! Billy rains down a punch into Zach's 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 and heads straight for the kitchen.

Zach opens the freezer, pulls out a bottle of Vodka. He opens it, smells the liquor, jerks away in disgust.

Zach takes a deep breath. He holds up the bottle, tilts it toward his mouth...and starts to chug.

BILLY (O.S.)

Thatta boy!

In surprise, Zach turns on the lights. Zach immediately spits the vodka out his mouth and covers his eyes.

ZACH
Jesus, Billy!

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

BILLY
I was bout to stage an intervention
to get you to start drinking.
(beat)
So what's the bitch's name?

Zach is busted. He shrugs, looks away from Billy.

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

ZACH
Sorry. But she won't text me back.

BILLY
Ahhh, textually frustrated.
(beat)
Was it a text that needed a reply?
Like "wanna grab dinner?" or "need
me to pick up the RU-486?"

ZACH
This is stupid. I'm calling her.

SINDY
No!

Zach turns to Sindy, 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?

Zach lowers his hands from his eyes, stares at naked Sindy.

SINDY
Yeah. But if you call her, she'll
know it bothered you.
(MORE)

SINDY (cont'd)

Then she'll have the upper hand and she won't return your texts in the future any time she wants to exert her dominance. It's Pavlovian.

BILLY

Like a baby crying for a teet.

Billy looks up at 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 waits outside Sarah's as Mary answers the front 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 reaches down, then holds up a full bottle of *Patron*.

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 on my new cashmere blouse? Some summer formal 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, I'm sorry. This is new to me. 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 heads for the door, pulling the fabric out of the sewing machine as she goes. It tears.

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.

ZACH

You can't pull up stakes after one mistake. By that standard, no man in America would ever get a chick.

Sarah moves closer to Zach, drunkenly flips him off.

SARAH

Fuck the y chromosome. We don't need you. I don't need you.

Sarah staggers. She feels dizzy.

SARAH

Scratch that. Need you to catch me.

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

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

Zach carries Sarah, draped over his shoulder.

Britney passes by in the hallway. She stops, stares, surprised as Zach takes Sarah inside his apartment.

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 want you next to me.

Zach ignores Sarah, lays down on the floor.

SARAH

Seriously. I'm horny.

Zach is suddenly on the bed, next to Sarah.

Sarah pulls Zach on top of her. He rips off Sarah's shirt.

Zach props up on his hands, straddling Sarah. She reaches her hands into his underwear.

Zach looks down at Sarah, obviously compromised. He closes his eyes, strains, thinking...and then he gets off Sarah.

ZACH

I can't do this!

Sarah looks up at him, offended, confused and mostly drunk.

ZACH
I mean, I can do it. I want to.
Like repeatedly. But not like this.
Not when you're in Lohan mode.

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

ZACH
Fuck I just Deepak-ed myself.

Zach exhales, tries to regain his composure.

ZACH
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're welcome.

Zach looks at Sarah, thinks.

ZACH
Do you wanna do it n---

Sarah interrupts by shaking her head. Zach mutters "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
Well, again. Thank you.

Sarah leans in, kisses Zach.

SARAH
But you're still getting tested.

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

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

BILLY
Dude, 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 re-enters the room, walking backwards.

Zach and Sarah then enter the room, together, from the hall.

ZACH
Gentlemen.

Zach nods at the boys and then heads out the door with Sarah.

Billy stares at the door, his face stuck on stunned.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ZACH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Zach kisses Sarah as she sits in her car. She shuts the door. Zach steps away, smiles as Sarah drives off.

SCREECH! A truck suddenly pulls up in front of Zach.

Len and Deuce jump from the truck, put a pillowcase over Zach's head and pull him into the truck before he can resist.

Billy hits the gas. The truck speeds away.

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, the hot Asian Masseuse.

LEN

They rub out more than just muscle knots here, Z. And it's on us. You need this. You need...Chin-La.

Chin-La yanks Zach's pants off in one quick, strong motion.

ZACH

What the fuck!?

Zach curls up in a ball on the table, in just his underwear.

BILLY

Your built up man juice is clouding your judgement. Let's make it rain!

Chin-La reaches for Zach's underwear, yanks them off.

Zach SCREAMS girlishly, covers up and rolls off the table.

BILLY

Your cock still has training wheels on it, Z. But one day soon, I'm gonna have to take them off and let you go. And you'll struggle and wobble. But I wanna see you and that wiener will fly down that hill all alone, right into some vagina.

DEUCE

Just not the grenade's.

LEN

You're in a drought, we get it. But trust in your balls, Z. Grow some trusticles!

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

ZACH

I like Sarah, okay!? So why's it matter if she doesn't look like all the girls you fuckers bone?

BILLY

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

CHIN-LA

He want spanky-spanky or no?

ZACH

Spend five minutes around Sarah and you'll see she's special. And not in the Corky from *Life Goes On* way. The good special.

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

ZACH

Just hang with her once before you judge her? I've earned that, boys.

Zach waits, no response. He turns around. The boys are being led out of the room by Chin-La and two other Asian Masseuses.

BILLY

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

EXT. CLUB GUYS AND DOLLS - 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, mini-Billy. Even he's starting to look confident.

RECORD SCRATCH. Pan over to Sarah, holding Zach's hand. She offers the boys an open roll of candy from her purse.

SARAH

Anyone want a *Mentos*?

They arrive at the club entrance. Zach and Sarah head inside.

The boys stay outside. Billy gathers them in a huddle. All three put their fists on top of each other in the center.

BILLY LEN AND DEUCE

Friends don't let friends fuck grenades!

INT. CLUB GUYS AND DOLLS - NIGHT

Billy, Len, Deuce, Zach and Sarah all sit in a cramped booth. No one talks. 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

Yeah. Very Huxtable.

Billy chugs his beer, lets out a huge, obnoxious BURP.

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?

Billy turns to Sarah with a devious smile.

BILLY

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

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 is mortified. He puts his head in his hands.

SARAH

Actually, Deuce, next time you wanna go sphincter spelunking, 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 2009* time.

DEUCE

Who wants their medicine first?

SARAH

I'll play.

Len and Deuce both 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.

DEUCE

I can cover! Tell her, boys.

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

SARAH

Least you're not the ass creme guy.

Sarah points to the TV. Len's *Prep H Sport* commercial is on. He looks over 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.

Zach finally relaxes his face, exhales in relief. A second later, the COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR pops up from behind Zach.

COUNTY HEALTH DOCTOR
No anal warts. Have a seat.

The Doctor pulls off his latex glove. He looks old, haggard, like Nick Nolte's mugshot haggard.

Zach pulls up his underwear. He sits down, it's too painful for his ass. He squirms and pops back up to his feet.

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 tries to grab his chart back from the Doctor. The Doctor pulls it away and shields himself from Zach.

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 hands Sarah his test results. He kisses her then starts to furiously unbutton her shirt.

Sarah pushes him away.

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

Zach 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 heads to her room, motions for Zach to follow.

ZACH
By "something," do you mean vagina?

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Zach wears a button-down shirt, complete with a stylish and unique bead-studded design down the side. He looks...good.

SARAH

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

Zach smiles. He leans in, kisses Sarah gently.

ZACH

You're amazing. I love it. And it'd look even better on the floor.

SARAH

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

ZACH

No. But it's definitely top 3.

Zach realizes something, turns to Sarah.

ZACH

Wait, we in a relationship now?

Sarah is caught off guard by her slip of the tongue. She shrugs and turns away from Zach, ignoring the question.

She grabs a pen, sits down at her easel, begins to sketch. Zach loudly CLEARS his throat. He wants an answer.

SARAH

I don't...Fine. Let's just say...we're...seeing each other.

ZACH

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

SARAH

Sure. If you'd like to SEE me kick your ass.

Zach exhales 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

Well, I'm not the one that started this game. You rolled the dice, you passed go.

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)

If you don't like the rules, go take the Reading Railroad, to some sleazy motel on Park Place and bang that skank with the big community chest!

Zach stares at her, dumbfounded.

ZACH

What the fuck are we talking about?

Sarah GRUNTS, turns away from Zach. He throws his arms up in frustration, heads for the door.

ZACH

Dating shouldn't be this hard!

Sarah LAUGHS loudly. Zach stops at the door, faces her.

SARAH

Yes it should. It always is. People don't ever just... "click."

Sarah steps closer to Zach.

SARAH

When you love someone, and I mean head over heels Hallmark channel love...they're gonna drive you insane too. If your lover doesn't make you contemplate pulling a Sid and Nancy murder-suicide at least once, you need to dump them ASAP.

Zach takes that all in. Sarah stares him down.

ZACH

So should I hug you right now...or shoot you up with heroin?

Zach offers her a pleading grin. Sarah relents.

SARAH

I suppose the former will do.

They hug. Zach then slowly moves his hands down her back.

SARAH

And...we're still not fucking.

Zach stops, moves his hands back upward.

INT. MALL PET STORE - DAY

Len and Deuce hang alongside the mall railing. Deuce notices something, slaps Len's arm, points 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? This is 2009. America's moved past these racial barriers, D. I mean, we are the country that elected Barack Obama.

Deuce takes that in. He nods in agreement.

DEUCE

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. 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.

HOT BLACK GIRL

Ohhh, you poor thing.

The Hot Black Girl hugs Len in comfort.

HOT WHITE GIRL

You want us to drive you around?
Help you look for her?

DEUCE

Could you? Oh, you two are angels!

The Hot White Girl smiles, puts her arm around Deuce. 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.

Showdown. Deuce and Len quickly try to lead their girls away but it's too late. The Cinnabon Girl storms toward them.

CINNABON GIRL

Hi, Ladies, you should know that 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

Girls, that is not true!

(beat)

I go ten inches on a cold day.

Deuce smiles. The Girls both leave. Deuce puts his head down.

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...

The Floozy pushes Billy away and heads for the door.

BILLY

No, don't go...Be...yonce?

The Floozy leaves, slamming the door behind her. Billy turns to Sarah, fuming. He storms toward his bedroom.

SARAH

Shit! I totally cockblocked him, didn't I? 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
That bitch has got to go!

LEN AND DEUCE
Agreed!

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 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.

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.

They point across the bar...to an oblivious Zach, standing around alone, trying to sip his drink coolly.

CUTE ASIAN GIRL
Looks like someone else enlisted.

The guys turn, see Sarah now hugging Zach.

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, SPARKLES. She is obviously a hooker, with a short skirt, fishnets and big vinyl boots.

Billy looks at Sparkles. They start making out.

Billy discreely shoves a 20 dollar bill in between her breasts as Zach and Sarah watch them go at it in disgust.

Zach leans over, whispers to Billy in mid-kiss.

ZACH
Next time you hire a hooker as your date, make sure it's not a tranny.

Billy rolls his eyes...but then wonders. He pushes Sparkles away and reaches in between her dress, feels around.

BILLY
Awww, fuck!

INT. EXTREME FITNESS GYM - JACUZZI ROOM - NIGHT

Zach sits in a hot tub, soaking with Len and Deuce.

ZACH
Sarah thinks Billy top-shelfed my toilet. I don't even wanna check.

Zach takes a big breath out.

ZACH

He's being ridiculous. Sarah and I are going to a hotel tonight to escape him. I gotta focus on her.

DEUCE

If you need to focus, try *Adderall*. Makes *Ritalin* look like *Valium*.

LEN

Seriously, Z. *Adderall's* great. I take it before auditions, workouts, fucking. Schwacking it.

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

Deuce pops open the bottle, hands a pill to Zach. He looks at the pill, unsure, then at the boys. Len and Deuce both nod.

ZACH

Thanks, boys.

Zach gets out of the jacuzzi, pill in hand. He leaves.

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

BILLY

Jesus, how do the Swedes handle that shit?

DEUCE

It's done.

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

INT. MORTON'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah is dressed nicely.

SARAH

So our instructor sees the girl's dress and says 'this is so hideous, I wouldn't let my dog shit on it. 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 the girl starts bawling.
Like, *American Idol* vote-off
bawling. I felt bad.

(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?

Sarah tries to get up, can't. Zach starts to SNORE.

EXT. HOTEL POOL - NIGHT

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

After a few seconds, Zach surfaces in the water. He looks around, gets his bearings. He finally sees Sarah, poolside.

SARAH

We're done! I'm not dating 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.

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

ZACH

Fine. Next time Billy's a dick,
I'll talk to him. Stand up to him.

SARAH

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

ZACH

I spank my own monkey, thank you.

Zach gets out of the pool, dripping water everywhere.

ZACH
My boys...they just don't get us.
They're not big on inner beauty.

SARAH
And I don't have any outer?

Sarah shakes her head, turns, walks away from Zach.

Zach runs after her. But his wet feet slide on the pavement.
He lands with a THUD in front of her. Zach grimaces.

ZACH
Have I ever disrespected you?
Outside of the sex begging.

Sarah looks away. She reluctantly shakes her head.

ZACH
So obviously, I like you. That
should be enough. As for my
boys...they'll come around.

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

Plates of delicious food sit atop Zach and Billy's table.
Billy, Len and Deuce sit at the table with Zach and Sarah.

Deuce takes a bite of some ravioli. He MOANS in delight.

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

LEN
Seriously. Total foodgasm.

Sarah smiles, stands, heads to the kitchen. Zach follows her.

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

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

Deuce peels the ravioli off his forehead.

BILLY

Sorry. Can I have my ravioli back?
It is...tasty.

Deuce looks at the ravioli...and eats it himself, right as Sarah and Zach re-enter the kitchen.

BILLY

You gonna cook for my bro, Sarah?

SARAH

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

BILLY

It'll do for now. But soon, Zach, you'll get sick of pumpkin ravioli. Cause you're gonna have it over and over again, every fucking day. And you'll see other foods, and you'll want a bite, but you can't. Cause you've already committed to the pumpkin ravioli for the rest of your fucking life!

DEUCE

Should I not ask for seconds?

Zach stands up from his chair, glares at Billy.

ZACH

Billy....balcony. Now!

Zach heads for the balcony. Sarah smiles at him, proudly.

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

Zach waits outside as Billy shuts the Balcony's sliding door.

ZACH

I get that you don't get Sarah, but she makes me happy. Isn't that what you always wanted for me?

Billy thinks...then reaches over and twists Zach's nipple. Hard. Zach SCREAMS in pain.

BILLY

You wouldn't know happiness if it sucked on your dick!

ZACH

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

BILLY

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

Billy puts his arm around Zach.

BILLY

I admit, for a girl I would never, EVER sober fuck, Sarah's kinda cool. I do get that. But ya can't commit to the first girl who lets you stick your finger in her ass.

ZACH

Ewww! She doesn't let me do that.

BILLY

Then why the fuck you with her?

Zach removes Billy's arm from him, pushes away.

BILLY

Just remember; if you and Sarah are meant to be...it's gonna happen regardless. So have some fun first. That's all I'm saying.

Billy turns, heads back inside.

BILLY

And switch to fucking McNuggets!

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zach walks Sarah to her door. She stops when she gets there.

ZACH

Look, it doesn't matter what Billy and my friends think.

SARAH

Once you believe that, we're golden

Zach smirks, nods. Sarah pulls his head up, they kiss.

Zach moves his hands down Sarah's body. This time, Sarah doesn't stop him. He 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

Zach lies above Sarah, arms propped on her bed. He looks down at Sarah, lying on her bed, in her bra and panties.

Zach puts his arms around her. He fiddles with Sarah's bra, trying to unfasten it. No luck.

Zach switches hands, fiddles some more. Bra is still stuck.

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.

ZACH (O.S.)

Okay, it's...it's...is it in?

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. You're amazing. How's it for you?

SARAH (O.S.)

That's my armpit sweetie.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning. 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 bumps into people passing by, doesn't care.

Suddenly, every club girl that has rejected Zach in the story walks by, one by one. They all stop to stare at Zach.

The girls smile, amorously. But Zach...keeps on strutting.

Britney passes by. Zach shoots his fingers at her, cockily.

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

Zach struts in. Billy's in his workout clothes. He stares at Zach, then sniffs. Billy moves closer. He sniffs Zach again.

BILLY

Please tell me you're wearing that pussy cologne again.

ZACH

No, brother. This...is eau de Zach.

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 Adrian Brody nose...cause of your Beyonce thighs. And she gets pissed at me!?

Sarah exits her room, pensively. In a trance almost, she sits down at the kitchen table. Doesn't acknowledge anyone.

The girls all stare at her.

ALYSSA

Shit! They did it. Go 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. No, 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

She just doesn't take care of her
body like we do.

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! No. My brother will come. Zach
always comes to get me.

Billy pulls out his cell phone. Dials.

TWO HOURS LATER Everyone leaves the bar. Billy is still
slumped on the ground.

A RANDOM CLUB GIRL approaches him.

RANDOM CLUB GIRL

Hey! *Patron* guy. Need a ride?

BILLY

Zach is coming. Like the Great
Pumpkin. He is coming.

Billy finally looks up at the Random Club Girl. From his
vantage point, she looks pretty cute. Billy shrugs, gets up.

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.

Suddenly, loud SOBS are heard from outside the apartment.

BILLY

Great! She followed me! Clingyness
and PMS...a winning fuckin combo!

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

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

Billy opens the door and sees the crying girl. It's Britney.

BILLY

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

I know!

Billy sits down on the stairs next to Britney.

BILLY

You know they're making a mistake
and you try to tell them...and they
get mad at you. They ignore you!

Billy and Britney both sigh simultaneously.

BRITNEY

Men blow! Well, except you of
course, Billy. And Zach.

Billy smiles, nods. Suddenly, BLING! The lightbulb goes off.

BILLY

Zach. He...he's always asking bout
you, Brit. Thinks you're amazing.

BRITNEY

Really? But isn't he dating
someone? I always see him with that
blue-haired pale chick.

BILLY

No. Just with him for a green card.

Britney takes that all in. She shrugs.

BRITNEY

What the hell. Yeah. Can you---

BILLY

...set it up? Done and done. Just
know that my bro...super shy. So
you gotta make the first move. Be
aggressive. Like, Jessica Simpson
at *Hometown Buffet* 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 pumps his fist in relief and excitement.

EXT. CASA VEGA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Zach and Sarah walk together. Billy Len and Deuce follow.

Zach reaches over, grabs Sarah's hand. She looks down at their fingers, now interlocked. She pulls away.

Sarah opens the restaurant door, walks inside. Zach follows.

Billy, Len and Deuce wait outside. They stare at the door.

LEN

Boys, switch your dicks to standby.
We won't be using them tonight.

BILLY

Optimism, boys! Our cocks are half
full. 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 only you were single.

The Hot Bar Girls shake their head and leave. Zach watches them go, his mouth wide open.

Billy, Len and Deuce walk up to him.

ZACH

Did you fuckers see that?

BILLY

Sure did. It's the poon principle.

LEN

Chicks can tell when you're getting some. Makes them wanna give you some too.

DEUCE

Like when you see someone yawn it makes you yawn.

BILLY

Shit, if that's happening to you already, Z, means you're officially ready to ditch grenade duty.

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

Ladies...fantastic work.

Billy hands the girls a \$100 dollar bill.

SECOND HOT BAR GIRL

There was more to our deal.

Len reaches into his pocket, hands the girls a tube of *Prep H Sport*. They joyously grab it.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Clothes and fabric are all over the floor and Sarah's bed. She has her scribbled designs pinned up on the wall.

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 just rides. I'd loosen the hips. As for the blouse, let's be honest. Unmitigated disaster.

Sarah GRUNTS in frustration, turns away from Zach.

Zach bounces, crosses his legs, grabs for the skirt.

ZACH

I drank all your *Crystal Light*.

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 unbuttons the skirt, removes it.

Suddenly, the sound of urine hitting toilet water. Sarah furrows her brow. She turns around.

Sarah sees Zach, peeing. WITH THE DOOR WIDE OPEN.

SARAH

Jesus!

Sarah closes the door for Zach. A few seconds later, the toilet FLUSHES. Zach exits the bathroom.

ZACH

What? Sorry.

Sarah shakes her head, shivers in disgust.

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 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?

Sarah heads over to him, puts her arms around Zach's neck. Zach smiles. Sarah 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, shoes shined, designer jeans, stylish shirt on, but unbuttoned.

BILLY

If she doesn't miss you after a week...you're done for good. 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

Roll out with me tonight. Only way to get over a chick...is to get under another one.

ZACH

I'll be fine. It's just a week.

Billy shrugs, leaves the apartment.

MONDAY

Everything around Zach speeds up as time elapses. He 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 comes flying 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 the 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 friend.
Perhaps we can win on appeal. Til
then, don't drop the soap.

ZACH

She'll call. She just needs space.

Billy looks at Zach, shakes his head. He leaves.

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...she sees Billy. He weasels his way inside before she can stop him.

Billy looks at Mary, Alyssa and Lindsay. He nods at them.

BILLY

Hello, skank, skank two, skank who
won't give me a handy.

MARY

Umm, did someone order delivery.
From the TOOL store!?

BILLY

Maybe I'll order from that store
named after your vaginas. It's
called *The Gap*!

Sarah enters the room from her bedroom. She stares at Billy.

SARAH

What do you want?

Billy exhales, reluctantly walks toward Sarah.

BILLY

Look, Sarah, as you may have
noticed...I'm a dick.

(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)
 But I just want Z to be happy. And
 for whatever reason, you make him
 happy. 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*...

Billy motions for her to remove an article of clothing.

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. Just stopped letting Billy style it.

In the kitchen, Billy fixes Britney's drink. He looks out the balcony window, which faces the street below.

Outside, Billy sees Sarah exiting her car along the street.

Billy reaches into a kitchen drawer. He grabs off a piece of scotch tape, puts it on his finger and smiles deviously.

Billy heads back to the living room, hands Britney her drink. Billy places his other hand on the wall-mounted intercom.

Billy looks at Zach, then Britney. He places one hand on each of their backs and pushes them together before he leaves.

The piece of tape Billy had in his hands is now pinning down the TALK button on the intercom box behind Zach.

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? I mean, you know I thought you were...bangin, Britney.

Sarah freezes, eyebrows furrow. She turns to the intercom.

BRITNEY (V.O.)

(voice thru intercom)

So, are 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 glances over at Billy. He's watching them. Billy holds up his hands, pushes them 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, sees Zach kissing Britney.

Zach then looks up, sees Sarah. He pushes Britney away. Zach tries to explain to Sarah, but no words come out.

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!

Zach nods, runs outside. Billy heads over to the intercom near the door. He removes the scotch tape he put there.

Britney stands there, dumbfounded. She turns to Billy.

BRITNEY

So what, is Zach like dating the green card girl?

EXT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sarah storms outside. Zach exits behind her, reaches for her.

ZACH

She mouth raped me, okay!

Sarah ignores Zach, keeps moving. So does he.

ZACH

What, Sarah? Are we not SEEING each other anymore? You need more space? Or can you finally just cop to being my girlfriend.

Sarah stops, turns back to Zach.

SARAH

How bout EX-girlfriend!?

Sarah heads toward her car. Zach watches her.

ZACH

Stop punishing my cock for the sins of another's!

Zach catches up with Sarah, runs in front of her. They are now face to face.

ZACH

I'm sorry you got hurt before, but I'm not him! We can be different.

Sarah LAUGHS. She points up to his apartment.

SARAH

Yeah, different. You were raised by a league of douches whose idea of a long term relationship is letting the girl spend the night!

Sarah opens her car door.

ZACH

We were happy. Then we bone and now you're miserable. Was I that fucking bad? I'll take lessons. Go to some sexual DeVry if you want.

Sarah doesn't respond, sits down in her car.

ZACH

Just...just tell me what I'm supposed to do next. Please.

Sarah clenches the wheel, finally turns to Zach.

SARAH

If you have to ask...then I'm not the answer.

Sarah starts the car, her door still open.

ZACH

It shouldn't be this hard.

SARAH

Always is. And it always ends like this. With misery!

Sarah slams her car door shut.

She drives away.

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 easily and is really good at basketball."

Then: "Anyone know where I can get some *Propofol*?"

And: "The way I feel makes *Atonement* look like *The Hangover*."

DEUCE

I don't even know why Sarah got so mad. So Zach kissed another chick. 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! Every one knows the not-cheating line extends up to fucking another girl...as 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 center of the club, looking around at all of the Hot Girls dancing, drinking, hanging around.

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...soldier? Fall in! Fall in!

Zach breaks free of Billy, continues right for Simone.

BILLY

He's gone AWOL. D, take him down.

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.

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, together now.

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. The Waitress nods and leaves. 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. He looks away, then finally takes a peek.

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 shrugs, heads toward Zach's room. Zach shirks 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 Zach.

BILLY

You are about to become a man. It's your sexual bar mitzvah. Mazel tov!

Zach offers a half-smile. Billy rubs Zach's shoulders.

BILLY

I told you. I told you I would always look out for your cock. And here we are. The promised land. The training wheels are off, Zachy. Pedal away, brother. Pedal away.

Billy shoves Zach towards his room.

INT. ZACH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach is on top of Simone, sweaty, panting. He lets out a satisfied GRUNT and then turns limp.

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. She scratches her head...and then exits 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? You finally
fucked a girl...I'd actually fuck.

ZACH
I feel...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.

Back by the table, Billy has a Mall Girl completely into him.

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 annoyed.

Len and Zach roll up to the table, with the Asian Twins.

ASIAN TWIN # 1

So we'll call you boys tonight?

ZACH

Sure. I love...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.

The Mall Girls acknowledge Zach and Len with waves.

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.

MALL GIRL # 1

What a bitch.

ZACH

No. She was---

BILLY

But with my help, he now gets more
ass than a discount proctologist.

Deuce ignores Mall Girl # 2. Instead, he stares intently at
the Cinnabon Girl as she helps customers in the food court.

DEUCE

I can't take this shit anymore.

Deuce quickly stands up, almost knocking Mall Girl # 2 over
in the process. He 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. He begins to YELL, loudly.

DEUCE

Attention, distinguished food court employees and eaters! I'm in love with the Cinnabon Girl. She is sweeter than a thousand freshly baked cinnamon rolls.

BILLY

Lenny, get him down. Stat!

LEN

It's too late, B. He's gone off grid. We can only watch him burn.

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 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. Zach smiles.

LEN

I'll be damned. Guess you can fuck the Cinnabon girl.

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 would like to take this one, however.

(beat)

I lost my *Sham-Wow*.

The Instructor leaves. Sarah looks at all her clothes. She angrily flings the 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. She starts to remove his shirt.

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.

EXT. ZACH AND BILLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zach mopes from his car to his apartment.

Deepak approaches, with BEATRICE, a cute girl, on his arm.

Zach stops, stares at Deepak. He's actually with a girl!

DEEPAK

What up, playa!? Check out my
Beech. Met her at the laundromat.
Best place to find pussy. Cause it
all smells like *Snuggle*.

Beatrice waves at Zach. He waves back, stunned.

ZACH

Deepak...has a girlfriend?

BEATRICE

I'm Beatrice. Bea for short.

DEEPAK

That's what I say. Beech.

Zach continues to stare, still can't believe it.

DEEPAK

Deepak had to work his ass off for
this Beech.

BEATRICE

Turned him down four times. I
thought he was trying to GHB me
with those hideous blue drinks.

DEEPAK

Love don't happen. Deepak make that
shit happen.

Zach takes that in. He nods in agreement, enlightened. Deepak
grabs Beatrice's hand. He leads her away.

DEEPAK

Deepak hungry. Beech, where's my
dinner?

INT. EXTREME FITNESS GYM - DAY

POP! POP! POP! Billy punches his fists hard into the 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.

ZACH
I can't do this anymore.

Zach unfastens the mitts. They drop to the canvas.

ZACH
I need to...I...I quit the gym.

Billy shirks back, surprised.

BILLY
You can't quit. This is our place.

ZACH
No. It's your place. You started it. I...I gotta find my own thing.

Billy stares at Zach.

BILLY
Are you breaking up with me?

ZACH
Course not. It's not you, it's m...

BILLY
Jesus, Zach, that damn grenade infected your head. She gave you... fucking...mental...herpes!

Billy shakes his head. He mutters.

BILLY
You should thank me for breaking
you two up.

ZACH
What?

Billy pauses, bites his lip. He didn't mean to say that.

ZACH
What did you just fucking say?

Billy exhales, finally shrugs.

BILLY
I invited Britney and Sarah over
that night. I set you up...to set
you free!

Zach is speechless. He just stares at Billy.

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 Zack'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. WHAM! It hits Billy right between the
eyes. Billy is dazed. Zach shoves Billy 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.

That's the final straw. Zach uses all his strength and bucks his hips up. Billy flies off him. They both stand up.

Zach scrambles, grabs onto Billy's back wraps his arms around his neck...and 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, stands up. Billy rolls over to his knees, rubs his neck, COUGHS for air.

BILLY

You're my little bro. 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.

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

Don't worry. 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 turns back to Billy.

ZACH

I want her back, Billy.

Zach runs his hands through his hair.

ZACH

Go start your car.

BILLY

Whoa, how bout instead we just---

ZACH

Go start your fucking car!

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. Len leans over to the Cinnabon Girl.

LEN
Big fan of your work.

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 a make up pouch. Zach reaches in. He pulls out a tube of lipstick.

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - DAY

Sarah stares out blankly as she drives a big U-Haul truck. One of her large boxes rests in the passenger seat.

Sarah hits a road bump. The box tips over, something spills out: the teddy bear Sarah won on her first date with Zach.

Sarah looks down at it, glances away, pained.

Sarah rolls down her window, reaches over, grabs the teddy bear...and flings it out the window.

A few seconds later, flashing lights. Police SIRENS blare.

SARAH
Motherfucker!

Sarah pulls over, waits, shakes her head in frustration.

A POLICE OFFICER, in mirrored shades, walks into frame along the driver's side of the car.

He looks at Sarah...then holds up the teddy bear.

POLICE OFFICER
Gift from the ex?

Sarah sighs. She nods.

POLICE OFFICER
He musta been a real ass.

SARAH
No. He...it's relationships. We
were gonna end up miserable.

POLICE OFFICER
Right. Cause ya seem so happy now.

Sarah stares at the Officer.

SARAH
Can I just get my fucking ticket!?

The Officer heads back to his car.

Sarah exhales, tries to calm down. She looks over at the rest of the box. Inside, are some of her clothes, her designs.

She grabs a blouse, pulls it out. Sarah stares at it, crumples the fabric between her fingers.

Sarah closes her eyes in thought. She punches the dashboard.

The Officer returns to her window with both the teddy bear and a ticket. Sarah looks over at him.

SARAH
You're right. I'm miserable.

Sarah grabs the teddy bear...and hits the gas pedal.

EXT. U-HAUL TRUCK - DAY

Sarah's U-Haul speeds away from the Officer, before he can give her the ticket. He runs after her, to no avail.

INT. FASHION SHOW AUDITORIUM - DAY

A catwalk and stage are set up under flashing lights.

Sarah's Instructor and dozens of other people all sit in chairs, watching this fashion show.

Billy, Zach, Len, Deuce and the Cinnabon Girl all rush into the auditorium, toward the back of the stage.

Zach has notes written in lipstick all over his arms. They include: "I like you," "Sorry" and "no more douchebags."

Zach charges for the stage. Suddenly, a big, burly SECURITY GUARD steps in front of Zach, blocking his path.

ZACH

I just need to go on stage. To say something quick. Please!
It's...it's for love.

The Guard doesn't budge. Just shakes his head.

Billy stares at his brother, then the Guard, then Zach again.

BILLY

Z, you sure this bitch is the one?

Zach looks back at Billy.

ZACH

She drives me fucking insane. She has to be.

Billy exhales. He looks up at the Security Guard. This guy is big. Billy smiles at him.

WHAM! Billy suddenly cold cocks the Guard, right in the face.

The Guard responds by tackling Billy. Len and Deuce look at each other. They rush in to help.

The Cinnabon Girl stands there, shrugs, joins the fray too.

It's a brawl now. More Guards rush in. The show stops. One Guard pulls out his taser. BZZZZ! He tasers Billy.

BILLY

Pssh. Tasers can't stop me.

BZZZZ! Billy gets tasered again. He YELPS in pain.

BILLY

Dammit, Z. Hurry!

Zach looks over at the stage. The Announcer has left his microphone behind to help detain Billy.

Zach runs over, grabs the microphone and hops on the stage.

ZACH

Sorry everyone. The show will
resume, after this brief message.

Zach looks over the entire crowd. All eyes are on him.

Zach exhales. He looks at the lipstick notes on his arms.

ZACH

Sarah, I blamed you for pushing me
away. But it was my fault. Cause I
wasn't strong enough to fight back.
I wasn't willing to work for you.

Zach checks his arm, his sweat now blurs the words.

ZACH

There's something about a douchebag
here...I can't read...aww, fuck it!
Look, Sarah, I'm done listening to
my friends...and you. I know it's
gonna take a lot of work to make us
work, but isn't that the point?
It's supposed to be hard. It's not
gonna just happen. But we can make
it happen. For ourselves. Together.

Zach feels a tap on the shoulder. He spins around...but it's
not Sarah. It's her Instructor.

INSTRUCTOR

Sarah...isn't here. She dropped out
of my class last week.

Zach shakes his head in disbelief.

ZACH

What? No! My speech. I poured that
shit out. I'm winning her back.
That's how it works, right? Right?

The Instructor shrugs. He grabs the microphone from Zach. The
Instructor then points to the DJ. The music restarts.

Zach backs away, shellshocked. He slowly walks off the stage.

Suddenly, Billy grabs Zach from behind. Deuce, Len and the
Cinnabon Girl frantically approach from behind.

BILLY

Hurry! Just violated my probation.

Billy and the guys rush Zach toward the exit. Zach goes along with them, still looking numb that his big speech failed.

INT. AUDITORIUM LOBBY - DAY

Zach, Billy and the crew all rush out of the auditorium and into the lobby. Billy pats his brother on the back.

BILLY

Chin up. It's like I always say...

Billy looks up, something catches his eye.

BILLY

..can't fuck up what's meant to be.

Billy smiles. Zach looks up, sees what Billy is staring at.

It's Sarah, standing right by the lobby door.

Zach looks at her, he moves away from Billy, runs up to her.

ZACH

I had a speech. You gotta hear it.
I said...uh...boys, what did I say?

DEUCE

Some shit about listening. But
I...wasn't.

Sarah puts her finger to Zach's lips, stops him.

SARAH

I don't need a speech. Cause I
realized I'm gonna be just as
miserable without you as with.

(beat)

So I might as well get some free
dinners and sex out of it.

Zach smiles. He leans in. They kiss. Sarah pulls away.

SARAH

Just wish I coulda realized that
before I dropped my damn class. I'm
hoping to convince my teacher---

ZACH

You have your clothes with you?

SARAH

Yeah. But no models.

Zach looks back at his friends. He smiles.

INT. FASHION SHOW AUDITORIUM BACKSTAGE - DAY

Tight shot on Zach and Billy's heads. Billy looks pissed.

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.

BILLY
If I do this...I get a reprieve on
all the shit I did.

SARAH
Agreed.

Billy shakes his head, walks down the runway with Zach.

INT. CLUB MI-6 - NIGHT

The Boys hang out in the same booth as the beginning. Billy holds court. But this time, Deuce is with the Cinnabon Girl.

And Zach...is with Sarah.

BILLY
So she's stroking me, like hard
too. And then she starts tea-
bagging me. So boom goes the
dynamite. I explode, like someone
just stepped on a *Twinkie*. Got it
on her face, even some on her
wrist...looked like she was wearing
a semen LiveStrong bracelet.

Everyone LAUGHS. Sarah just shakes her head with a smile.

BILLY
She takes it in, right. All is
well. Then, out of nowhere...she
spits. Spits it all 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, Britney walks up to the table. She stares at Zach and Billy. They look at each other...uncomfortably.

But Britney, turns to Len.

BRITNEY

Excuse me, aren't you the...

LEN

...the ass creme guy. Yes!

Len shakes his head, frustrated. Britney smiles.

BRITNEY

I know the feeling. Two years ago,
I was...the *Valtrex* Girl.

Len looks at her, excited. He stands. They stare in each other's eyes and smile. Len grabs her hand.

BRITNEY

Come back to my table. And yes,
Billy, I got a friend for you too.

She points back to her table. Len and Billy both look at Britney's Friend. She's hideous. Total Grenade.

SARAH

Oooh! Tough break, Billy.

BILLY

Sarah! Hasn't my brother taught you
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

You're right, Billy. Good for you!

Billy leans over, whispers into Zach's ear.

BILLY

Plus, check out that grenade's back
tat. Butt sex, baby!

Zach smiles. He bumps fists with Billy.

Billy, Len and Britney all get up and head over to her table.

Deuce and the Cinnabon Girl are oblivious, just making out passionately at the booth.

Zach turns to Sarah, stares at her. She stares back.

ZACH

I'm glad we're starting over.

Pan down to Zach's shirt. It now says: "*I love you.*"

SARAH

Me too.

Sarah's shirt: "*Yep. We can fuck tonight.*"

FADE TO BLACK.